

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Forster Fiddler Forsan Felletter.

Vol. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, MARCH, 1882.

No. 2.

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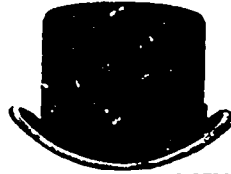
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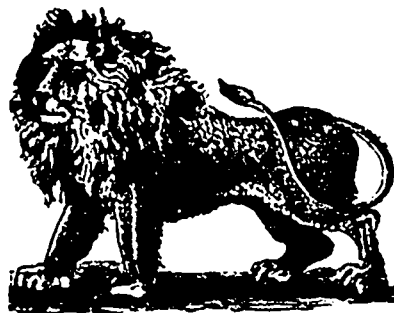
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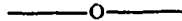
FORTITER FIDELITER FORSAN FELICITER.

Vol. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, LENT TERM, 1882

No. 2

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.



The Matriculation Examination will begin on Tuesday, October 3rd, 1882, when the following scholarships for general proficiency will be offered for competition:

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOLARSHIP OF \$200.

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For the subjects of the examination and further particulars, apply to the Reverend the Provost, or to the Registrar, Trinity College.

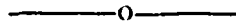
By a recent change in the University Statutes, provision has been made for the granting of Degrees in Law by examination to gentlemen who have not graduated in Arts at Trinity College.

For the subjects of these examinations and other regulations respecting Degrees in Law, application should be made to the Registrar.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

IN AFFILIATION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF HALIFAX.



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For information in regard to LECTURES, SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS, &c., apply to W. B. GEIKIE, Dean of the Medical Faculty, 256 Victoria Street, St. James' Square, Toronto; or to Dr. J. FRASER, Secretary, 482 Yonge Street, Toronto.

December, 1882.

TWO SONNETS.

1. Peasant Faith.

"I'm not afraid," said to me by a dying man

"What time I am afraid, in Thee I'll trust"
So spake from out the depths the Psalmist's kingly soul,
Nobly triumphant mid the foremost roll
Of those who battled with all powers unjust.
But not, as Rabbits dreamed, is now confined
The Princely* Spirit to the favoured mind
Of rich, or wise, or great—God's promise must
Be evermore fulfilled. In th' latter days,
Even His servants and His handmaids aways
His Spirit, down'ring with grand and elevating thought,
Now found among the lowliest of the flock unsought.
So have I seen the Peasant face to face with death,
And heard him say with quiv'ring lip and breath,
"I'm not afraid!" for so his God had taught.

J. C.

* As Bp. Horne and the older writers took Ps. 51. 12. It was a maxim of the Rabbits, "God doth not make his Scheckina to reside upon any but a rich and humble man, a man of fortitude."

2. The Philosopher's Faith.

"How beautiful is God!" (Charles Kingsley's last words.)

Dar'eyes! that in God's world behold Him not
Or, seeing Him, how dark the bounded soul
That recognises not the mighty whole
Kindling in witness, ne'er to be forgot,
To all the full-orbed excellence divine
Of Him who scorns our scanty measuring line,
And prints His glorious Name in every spot.—
Attractive more the meditation deep
Of Him who mused the angel's number and their skill,
In all their ranks, while lingered still
His spirit here, which naught on earth could keep.—
But at that dying soul, which, rapt, ecstatic, cries
"How beautiful is God!" and to Him flies,
What eyes refuse a gracious rain to weep.

J. C.

* Richard Hooker. Dr. Sarana found him just before his end "deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse; which gave the Doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, 'That he was meditating the number and nature of Angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in Heaven.'" Walton's Life of Hooker.

GERMAN PATRIOTIC POETRY.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

Among the varied notes of poetry that echo the deepest and sweetest emotions of men, there is one which must be placed beyond the pale of the exacter rules of criticism; and that comprises those small collections of patriotic verse which each nation clings to with a glorious affection, as the passionate expression of the feelings which stirred to the inmost depth its greatest and bravest hearts in the stirring periods of the national history—the embodiment in mighty music of the faith and the glory of its forefathers. For they are generally rude and rugged words bearing in them little of the finish of art, yet revealing such an intense deep fervour and devotion as stirs strangely even the most disinterested listener. The Germans have a larger stock of these ballads perhaps than any other nation in the world—fine bursts of patriotism, that paint in the clearest colours the affec-

tionate character as well as the romantic history of that brave people. Once or twice in modern times the hard heel of the conqueror has descended upon the free, honest spirit and hardy patriotism of the "Fatherland," in an hour when its valour slept and its children were divided against themselves; and then was seen the wondrous spectacle of a United Germany, bound together by a mighty affection and impelled by a gigantic upheaving of something of the old Gothic spirit of its forefathers, rising in its might and inflicting a chastisement on its foes, undreamed of and unparalleled. Out of these periods of convulsion sprang the greater number of the patriot ballads,—many of them written by the greatest singers of the time, many by mere rude soldier poets, whose inspiration was the smoke of battle and who never wrote in any other strain.

The greatest of these uprisings was that of 1813, when the fearful might of the first Empire had stretched its tyranny from the Rhine to the Niemen, and the children of Frederic were groaning beneath the exactions of a conqueror, as terrible as Attila, as ruthless as Tamerlane,—a dark shadow, mysterious in its strength, that had deadened the limbs of Europe in its gloom for thirteen years—a wonderful time when the greatest trembled and the very crowds in the streets of Berlin wept on that sad day after the bitter peace of Tilsit, when the King of Prussia and his beautiful Queen—red-eyed with weeping—rode through the multitude to the palace, shorn of half their dominions and bound hand and foot in the fetters of remorseless France.

Then came the rising; and the songs of that period ring with a solemn majesty of wrath that makes the reader almost shudder. Listen to the following exhortation:—

"Canst thou serve with the French so deceitful,
Enslaved by a monster so foul;
When thy bearleader stirs thee for dancing,
Canst thou dance and not utter a growl;
Shall his ring through thy nostrils be passed,
On thy lips shall his nozzle be laid,
Till he make thee a hare from a lion,
Till he change the war horse to a jade.

No longer! To arms! Clutch thy weapon!
The delivering steel seize again!
Arise, though thy vengeance be bloody,
Quick, conquer thy freedom again!
Uncover thy far-flying banner,
Let thy sword flash its glittering fires,
And show thee at last a free German,
And worthy the fame of thy sires."

These words are strong and terrible even in the translation, what must they be in the original language. They are from the pen of Ernst Moritz Arndt—Father Arndt—"Der Deutche Deuche," as his countrymen affectionately called him—one of the giants of those days, perhaps the greatest a brave, honest, loving heart, who trained himself by labour and more than a hermit's abstinence for the struggle he foresaw—fought with a hero's constancy for the "good cause,"—escaped

oftentimes barely with his life—wrote songs, pamphlets, books, whose fire lives in the hearts of his children to this day—and lived to see his divided country free again—lived to see his ninetieth birthday celebrated with rejoicings all over Germany,—presents and congratulations sent by thousands of loving hands to "Father Arndt," the saviour of his Fatherland.

Others of this period were young Theodor Koerner—warrior poet indeed—who fell on the field of battle, and left many a stirring song behind him, and Max Von Schenkendorf, the sweetest of them all, whose love for the Fatherland was untainted with any personal hatred of the foe. In his "Soldier's Evening Song," he says:—

"Sleep sweetly, e'en in yonder camp,
Although ye be our foes;
We have no private cause for hate,
Our blows are honest blows."

These and many other brave singers—treasured above all in German literature—left behind them as an eternal legacy the beloved stories of that liberation time. Such as those of Schill, who marched out one morning in 1809 from Berlin, and died at Stralsund in a desperate attempt to raise the standard of Germany; and Hofer, who perished with his brave Tyrolese in the same year, in defence of his country's right. They left behind them too, the vision of a United Germany, the central dream of the ballad music, and one which was not yet to be accomplished without much blood. Walther, the minnesinger, sang with a desponding heart in the dying days of the great Empire of old; these new bards stood upon the threshold of the new Empire, reviving his spirit, but singing hopefully of the time to come. Long after Germany had sunk back into her old lethargy and disunion, this grand vision was still cherished with an intense affection by the dreamers of the nation, finding its keenest life in the Universities, where many a fine ballad was added to the list; till the dark days of 1848 brought it to light again only to be crushed seemingly forever by the feudalism of Prussia. About that time the threats of the French ministry under M. Thiers, certain prophetic murmurings of that policy which sought to aggrandize France at the expense of Prussia, drew forth a fresh burst of ballad music from Arndt, who was still living, and others. Uhland, one of the Apostles of liberty in Germany, philosopher, scholar and poet—was living too, and wrote some of the greatest patriot poetry in the language. At length the iron might of Prussia in our own time opened a new prospect for German patriots. A united Germany with Prussia supreme and at its head was better than nothing. So in 1870, the old enthusiasm burst forth afresh, and more vehemently than ever. France had always stood in the way of German unification. A dark remembrance passed over Germany of the terrible days of the Empire, and a determination seized every heart that no Frenchman should again pass the Rhine. The whole people rose

once more in their might, with a clear vision of a United Germany within their grasp and marched to battle with the old songs of the liberation upon their lips. Never in the history of the world was seen such an uprising of Teutonic might, and it was half due to the beloved ballads whose music spread like wildfire at the first approach of danger. The great dream was at last accomplished on that terrible day in August, 1870, when the eagles of the Empire lay trodden in the dust of Lorraine, and the dark shadow of Bonapartism fled from France forever, let us hope—like the awful spirit from him that was possessed of a Devil. The marvelous rejoicing of the time is strongly portrayed in the ballads to which that war gave birth. This is a verse from one of them:—

"How long in whispered sorrow,
How long with knitted brow,
My German Fatherland, thy name
Was named—how proudly now!
All old disunion pas'd away,
Shout, shout, from shore to shore,
We've found our Fatherland at last,
We'll never lose it more."

Another from Freiligrath:—

"Up Germany! and God with thee!
The die is cast! we go;
Heart-rending though the thoughts must be
Of all the blood must flow!
Yet heavenwards let thy lances soar,
Victorious shalt thou be.
Grand, glorious, free as ne'er before,
Hurrah, my Germany!"

The character of the German people is deeply marked in these ballads. The strain running through them all is that of defence—duty to home and Fatherland:—

"For wife and child, for hearth and home,
For all things dear below,
To guard them all we gladly come
And dare the furious foe!
For German speech and German right,
And homely German life
For all we hold good, dear and bright,
Hurrah! we court the strife."

How different the French verses of the same kind. In them all is victory, glory, ruin to the foe—the sanguinary fervour of the Marseillaise. Such, too, is the distinction between German and French courage,—the one grounded on duty and affection, the other on egotism—the one rapid and violent, like a flash of gunpowder; the other as Carlyle describes, burning long and steadily like the fire of the anthracite coal. The Frenchman fights well when glory is to be got by it—his onset is terrible, but short lived in case of repulse. When the eyes of the world are not upon him he is not worth much. The German is bidden to stand by the Rhine, his Jordan, the sacred river, until death in defense of wife and child and country—and he will stay there.

What a fine definition of true courage is that of Ernst Moritz. A brave soldier will not boast himself for the

sake of worldly fame, nor be puffed up with vanity, *but faithfulness to his Fatherland will be his brightest glory, and a quiet courage his highest ornament.*

In many of the ballads there is a strong religious feeling, especially in those of Schenkendorf and Arndt, a spirit of devotion in perfect harmony with the character of their courage. For instance.

Now rise up from your earthly couch,
Ye sleepers, with the day!
Already all our tethered steeds
Their early greeting neigh!
Our weapons glisten brightly
In morning's rosy breath.
As we wake from dreams of laurels,
And pass to thoughts of death.

O God, in grace abounding,
Look down from heaven afar!
Thou callest forth our legion—
Thou marshallest our war
Uphold us by thy presence,
This day beside us be,
For thine, O Lord, the banners are,
And Thine the victory "

Strange and unusual is the pathetic spirit which runs through some of these. Instance the little verse translated thus :-

"Dawn of day dawn of day"
To death thou showest me the way
For when the bugles loudly blow,
Full soon will I be lying low,
With many a comrade true "

These songs are said to be as popular with the German soldiers as any—shewing, perhaps, the deep, true basis of the courage of those who sing them—men who fight and die, often looking upon the pathetic side of the matter.

COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

(CONTINUED.)

The portion of college life within these walls, which produces the most lasting and pleasant memories, seems to be that of freshmanhood, uninitiated tyroism the spring time, in fact, when our hearts were as green as the May grass in the Ravine. What a time it was with us, and has been with most men! The transition from strict school discipline—the rude tyranny of master, cane and imposition hanging depressingly over the head of the simple, marble playing urchin, to the sudden and dazzling glory of college freedom and embryo manhood. How cloudlessly happy we were in those days, when the broad wing of paternal protection still hung soothingly over us, shutting out with its obvious shadow all the realities of future existence, when the ancestral coin still jingled safely in our capacious pockets before the ominous Little-go had brought the first darkening shadow, sobering us a little, and the final gloomy ap-

proach of bachelorhood—grand consummation of all things—had reminded us of the inexorable stride of time, bringing sad glintings of coming labor and care, mingled with depressing doubts of a future sufficiency of most necessary bread and butter. How solemn an expression rests upon the countenance of the new hooded bachelor, half strutting in a kind of mild exultation, a Nestor in his own opinion, far removed from the poor, ragged-gown under-graduate, who looks at him admiringly and fearfully at the same time—yet half-sad at heart to feel that the old-time security of these grey walls has passed from him forever, fading out of sight in the growing gloom of independent manhood—once longed for but now dreaded. How green we seem to our reflective selves to have been in those freshman times, quite old now by comparison: methinks we feel half inclined to examine ourselves in a looking-glass, whether or not our hair be grey or there be wrinkles on our aged faces. What a buoyancy of spirit we had, and what an exemplary regularity we displayed during our first term, gradually falling off, however, as we observed and humbly imitated the *blaze* habits of our seniors. How inimitably regular we were in our attendance at lectures—not yet having acquired the senior's facility for neglecting them—and how comparatively unblemished were our translations, venturing even an occasional deviation from Bohn, and sundry bold excursions into the unexplored region of Liddell and Scott. How astonishing was the integrity of our forces in chapel, where we sat and shivered on dreary November mornings, gazing yearningly at the empty pews on the senior side and questioning within ourselves whether we had courage to do as those bold spirits did. How we delighted in the general meetings of the College—vast expense of wind and words about nothing—wherein the orators of the place, much admired by us, ventilated their ideas with all the verbose formality of a parliamentary debate: we liked them for their novelty. How loyal we were upon the foot-ball ground, even turning out, of our own free will, and needing not the earnest exhortations of one or two Rugbyite fanatics who were wont to scour the College in our time, flinty-hearted to all excuses, and making day hideous with the clangor of the dinner-bell, until senior and freshman were compelled to turn out for peace of minds' sake. How desperately we fought in the scrimmages, repentance coming afterwards in the shape of black eyes, lame legs and general debility. How proud the feeblest of us felt when once we succeeded in getting hold of that precious ball, only to be dislocated, flayed and pounded to a pulp for our pains.

How above all we enjoyed those occasional students revels—hardly to be termed Bacchanalian, being rather presided over by the milder Collegiate deities of Labatt and O'Keefe—when senior and freshman met together in some large vacant room and drowned care in truly Gothic style—ceremony nil, capacity immense, bread and cheese and beer in noble abundance, the whole

soothed and sweetened by the vigorous and appropriate efforts of a couple of Italian minstrels hired for the occasion. Who will forget the genuine ring of the old college choruses at such times, vast volume of sound, strong-lunged, roaring—rolling, with all its multiplicity of keys, through hall and corridor afar even to the wondering ears of the drowsy Dean. Who will forget the cheery speeches made then, and the hearty outflow of genial good fellowship over the last disappearing morsels of bread and cheese and the last sweet drops of ever flattening beer; or the uncertain waltzes and fragmentary quadrilles, which usually succeeded in the main hall, to the music of the minstrels.

Will the grave senior, in his third year, or still graver graduate, in his law office, ever forget the long, protracted conversations over old times, which he listened to with such reverence, in the long evenings of his first term, perhaps when some condescendingly urbane senior would grant him the honor of sitting in his room and consuming his beer and tobacco, deigning to discourse at great length to a group of awe-stricken tyros gathered about him upon the marvelous and incredible adventures of his previous college career, adding also still more wonderful legends of the dim-remembered past which had preceded him, strange doings in the city, daring freaks in the College, contentions with the authorities, mysterious and intricate devices for smoothing the difficulty of passing examinations—all stirring the spirit of emulation in the listener to its inmost core, and inspiring him to the commission of certain lawless deeds which in time, perhaps, brought down upon him the wrath of aforesaid authorities and convinced him that a quiet course of milder recreation was, after all, most conducive to his peace of mind.

There has been a great change in the last few years in the relation of the years to one another. The line between senior and freshman was strongly drawn in our time. We were seldom invited to a senior's room, and when we were we found it best to be extremely respectful. Any unseemly behavior on our part was sternly repressed by this aristocratic class, who reserved to themselves the sole right of all riotous conduct. In those days strange pranks were played on innocent, unsuspecting freshmen. Can the members of a certain year ever forget that memorable scene at Convocation three years ago, when under solemn direction from the grave-faced head of the College, they marched up to the top of the new hall and coolly established themselves in the chief seats, destined for the honoured fathers of the University, amid the astonished stare of the graduates, the wondering gaze of fair faces in the body of the Hall and the intense and uproarious glee of the demons in the gallery—taking it all in of course as a mark of admiration for themselves. Ah! crimson were the blushes and meek the bended heads when the smiling lips of the Dean showed them the never-to-be-forgotten error they had fallen into.

Jokes there were too of a rather more practical nature—

the gauntlet for instance—resorted to when the unfortunate freshman year happened to be guilty of some offense distasteful to the moral sense of the judicial senior. You will perhaps remember some cold winter night, when you were pulled from your midnight dreams and led, blindfold, to the entrance hall—a dark vista opening on your restored vision of two parallel rows of stalwart executioners armed with pillows—how a tall senior, after recounting grimly to you your crimes and misdeeds and solemnly warning you against the commission of such in future, consigned you calmly to that glimmering fanning-mill of pillows, through which you plunged and waded helplessly to the safe resting ground beyond, where, under guard, you gaze back with unspeakable delight upon your successors, dancing and hopping in the same muscular chaldron.

There was one senior prank, however, in the olden time more reprehensible than either of these, and which has, we are glad to say, long since been discontinued. That was what was known as "routing," a rather serious and disagreeable jest. For instance: scene—dark winter night in a silent freshman's bedroom—freshman sleeping placidly—enter stealthily two dark, prowling figures on tiptoe—one takes one end of the bed, the other the other—bed turns neatly upside down, freshman landed beneath, right in the middle; a good solid mound of bed mattresses, blankets, &c., resting on top of him—exit prowlers rapidly—freshman, now fully awake to the difficulties of his position, proceeds, with some pain, to excavate himself, which, in the course of the night, he does—proceeds to smooth down his bruises, whispering all the while softly to himself, and searching round for some convenient things to throw up and down the corridor, outside; but finding this of no avail, gathers up the scattered ruin of his bed furniture and settles himself down to a couple of hours of ardent reflection, revolving a dozen or two of ethereal schemes of vengeance to be consummated, if possible, in his second year. Such was "routing," a thing which has now, fortunately, become no more than a legend of the forgotten past, the authorities having some years ago wisely suppressed it by requiring every senior of that time to sign an agreement to have nothing to do with it.

We always took great interest in the institute in that pleasant freshman time. Seldom did any of us miss a meeting. The novelty of the thing was vastly attractive, the strange formality—almost ridiculous, considering the smallness of its numbers, the elaborate constitution, bearing the impress of all the embryo wisdoms of the place for thirty years, work of many careful hands that have passed away to the four corners of the earth and forgotten it and its abode long ago; carefully worded clauses, to be ever flung in the teeth of the contumacious member by those sturdy conservative Scribes and Pharisees learned in the law, the members of the Institute Council. Wilt thou ever forget the tremendous ebullitions of party spirit that would now and then result from

the ghastly proposition of some mischief making heretic to add a new clause to said constitution, the desperate contentions, the wrathful harangues, sometimes degenerating into promiscuous shouting of all hands on their legs together, requiring an iron-willed chairman to reduce order out of chaos—thou wouldst have thought the liberties of the Fatherland were at stake.

Shall time ever wipe away from our memories the vision of the first night of our admission to the Institute, how we were escorted ceremoniously to the august presence by two ushers—publicly appointed for that purpose—now, after the performance of various evolutions about the room to the intense amusement of the spectators, we shook warmly the extended hands of the smiling chairman and still more widely grinning secretary, and finally attempted a speech, subject to extremely candid criticisms shouted from the body of the hall. Some few of us, too, have reason to look back pityingly upon the first dread time when we sat among the six debaters on the dais and endeavored to address that terrible array of whiskered auditors—seeming the very embodiment of criticism—who sat listening below—the careful preparation of hours dissolving itself into a few stammered words, accompanied by the melancholy shivering of our knees, a brief jumble of disconnected thoughts about as correctly arranged as the geographical specimens in the College Museum.

With how strange, half-bitter a reflection must the sensitive man, who has become case-hardened by life experiences—convincing him of the fact that men are but small things after all—look back upon that young age when imagination seemed to govern him in all things, when everything practical had a terrible magnitude for him, every human being seemed a vast intelligence, before which his own was as nothing, every pair of eyes a mysterious witchery that burrowed to the bottom of his soul and laid it bare to his discomfiture. He has discovered, since, that his sensitive fancies were wrong; but yet perhaps he regrets that much simple sincerity and tender hearted sympathy have passed away with them.

(To be continued.)

Our heart-felt sympathy is with Mr. Broughall, who has been compelled, at least temporarily, to drop his Classical lectures owing to ill health.

The Lecturers should be very careful under the present regulations about getting down correctly the names of those who are present at lectures.

We noticed in a past number of the *Varsity* a statement that we had monthly examinations here, coupled with a denuncive wail about descending to the level of the High School, and so forth. This is a curious mistake. We wonder where they got the information from. Certainly not from the columns of the ROUGE ET NOIR. We have no examinations of any kind except at Christmas and Midsummer.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1882.

WE are glad to be able to inform "Ink Pen" and all others interested that a new statute has been passed, compelling those who enter the Divinity Class to have at least one year's standing in Arts. This is hardly enough but is a beginning.

WHY send to England for a new Professor in Divinity? Surely among all our clerical graduates, who form the most distinguished class in the Ministry of the Church in Ontario, one could be found competent to fill the office of assistant Professor of Divinity. Besides it is only justice to those able men, who have laboured faithfully and brought honour to their Alma Mater that their reward time should come.

THE annual election of graduate members of the Council is now near at hand. It is of the greatest importance that able and energetic men should be chosen who will be most faithful friends to their Alma Mater, doing their utmost to advance her interests both in word and deed. Of the clergy we know no one fitter for this distinction than the Rev. O. P. Ford, whose learning and ability every one knows. On the side of the laity we would propose the name of Christopher Robinson, Q. C., whose reputation and influence would certainly be of great use in the Council, and who has been such a liberal subscriber to the new professorship scheme.

WE feel rather inclined to question the merits of the new system of granting prizes at Christmas instead of at Midsummer as heretofore. Of course there may be supposed to be an advantage in separating the scholarship from the prize by placing one in June, the other in December—also in stimulating the men to additional exertion in Michaelmas term. The result however will be that some men who would keep up a very fair competition through the whole year for a prize at midsummer will work hard in December, the quantity required being small, and if successful will be content to rest on their laurel for the remainder of the year. At any rate the quantity of work at Christmas seems too small to merit a prize.

COULD not some better method be found for enforcing attendance at lectures than the present 75% system. The latter is of course very neat, and saves a deal of trouble, but when looked into at all it becomes from different points of view either illogical or unjust. If the Council propose obliging men to keep their terms, they must either make them attend all the lectures or if any division is to be made, it can only rationally be in the middle, making it half. If the rule is intended as a punishment it is unjust, for a man who has fallen short by half a lecture suffers the same penalty as one who has missed dozens over his mark. In any case, that a man who has failed to the trivial extent of say half a lecture, perhaps purely by accident, should lose a term which means losing a year out of his life, and be perhaps irreparably thrown out of the way of business is an absurd severity which will every now and then turn up, proving the injustice of fixing any hard inexorable line with such a terrible consequence as we have in this case. Could not the wise heads of the Council hit upon some better plan?

NEARLY \$20,000 have been subscribed toward's the founding of two new Professorships, and great efforts are being made to raise the rest of the proposed sum of \$100,000. The question seems to us to be which of these new chairs should be established first. The Council appear to have decided in favour of that of Divinity since, as we hear, they have authorized the Provost to negotiate for a competent man in England to fill the post. We are inclined to doubt the wisdom of this step. The Science professorship is, from a practical point of view, by far the most needed. We are endeavouring to draw men to us by offering to the country the inducement of a professorate more in accordance with the progress of the age. We have already one Professor in Divinity and several lecturers—surely sufficient for the present need at any rate to pull through with—whereas the want of a Science chair is in the public mind a lamentable deficiency, and one which leaves us out of all comparison with sister institutions. The Bishop of Ontario knew this when he declared the other evening that he would far rather see the Science chair in operation among us than the proposed new one in Theology. The matter is deserving of careful attention, as its accomplishment one way or the other may affect our advancement deeply.

THE good taste of the sentiments uttered in our correspondents column by "A graduate who was disappointed," might be questioned by some, and most of all we think our late venerable Provost would feel hurt by them. That we did not sit down and weep over our losses at the late meeting convened solely *prospectively* was indeed a great omission, yet we doubt the judiciousness of publicly proclaiming the fact. The late Provost has received at our hands every honor we could possibly bestow even upon one so distinguished as he undoubtedly

was—he was presented with two addresses, his portrait was hung in Convocation Hall, and publicly at the late Convocations he received the most unbounded applause, and at the present moment his name would awaken among the undergraduates immense enthusiasm. But *le roi est mort vive le roi!* and though we love to pay a parting tribute to the memory of the departed, yet to fold our hands idly and weep would be the acme of bad policy. No,—let us push forward, forward! and having a man at the helm who seems to realize his position, we place the utmost confidence in the rest of the crew—even though they were so injudicious upon the evening in question. Could not some more profitable groove be found for the energies of restless and progressive spirits than to dampen the ardor that has been so long in kindling? The flame as yet is sickly and rather needs fanning.

THE College authorities have aroused themselves, and for the first time in many years we see a strong effort on foot to increase the number of our matriculants by offering various inducements to the public. Among other things we would suggest to the Council one or two changes which might be made in the working of the entrance examination. The first is the possible propriety of either abolishing altogether or at any rate reducing the difficulty of the work in Divinity for that examination. Such a move might be perhaps contrary to the rule and spirit of our Constitution, yet from a practical point of view it would undoubtedly be no small assistance to the increasing of our roll list. At any rate it is worth taking into consideration. If we are ever to boast any considerable body of undergraduates within our walls we must depend upon the High Schools throughout the country as our main feeders, schools where Divinity is not taught, and so many other subjects occupy the student's attention that he has neither time nor inclination to devote himself to any outside study such as is required for matriculation here. The consequence is that many men who would be otherwise inclined to cast in their lot with us (this we know for a fact), are driven from us to other Universities into which they can gain admittance upon the routine of work to which they have been accustomed. Moreover very little is gained by this examination after all. Since all the work required for it is afterwards included in the course of College lectures. If the hard condition were done away with, the well intentioned High School man might enter with the rest of us, without endangering his pass in other branches by endeavouring to cram up at the last moment a bare sufficiency of a subject of which, lamentable to say, he is densely ignorant, and might then devote himself with a good will to succeeding lectures upon his weak point—a thing easy to be done.

Moreover could not the matriculation examination be held in June instead of October, when candidates would be fresh from their school work. This would also

give the matriculant a second chance in the fall in case he were plucked which would be better than complicating things by granting a supplementary matriculation at Christmas. These are two suggestions which we think the Council would be wise in considering.

THE STUDENTS' UNION.

A slight review of the objects and purposes of the Students' Union, which has been much heard of lately, may not be out of place in view of the numerous invitations which have been extended to the Students of this University to enroll themselves among its members.

In the preliminary circular issued by the Union, beyond certain Utopian Schemes, such as Student representation in Parliament, and the like, which, however desirable, are and will be, for some time to come, very far distant, nothing definite in the way of attraction or advantage was referred to but a co-operative scheme for obtaining books at a lower cost than at present. This is the point which all the meetings, which have been held up to the present time, have put forward as the keystone, as it were, of the Union. The scheme in question is to establish an Emporium, where all the students of the Union would obtain their books, apparatus, &c., the proprietor of course getting them at wholesale prices and charging on such prices such an advance as would ensure to him a reasonable return for his risk and trouble. At first sight this seems to be a very feasible idea, but on closer examination various difficulties will appear which, when weighed, will be found to more than counterbalance the advantages. In the first place, though the scheme has been laid before all the great book-selling firms in this city, they have all, up to the present, declined to undertake it, the sole offer coming from a Mr. Smith, proprietor of a druggist's establishment on Queen Street West, and he is not by any means prepared to take up the matter as his own speculation. He requires a guarantee of so much business. I think at the last Mass Meeting \$1,000 for the first year and \$10,000 a year afterwards, were the terms mentioned. In addition to this the various details of the business, such as keeping the accounts, receiving orders, &c. would necessitate the employment of a Secretary whose salary would have to be paid by the Union.

The refusal of the leading bookselling firms to undertake the business, the question of the guarantee, the inexperience of Mr. Smith in the trade, are all points which would naturally cause some hesitation in undertaking the matter, but granted that these difficulties could be surmounted the main question comes up as to what profit the students would derive from such an Emporium, supposing one started and in full operation. At the Mass Meeting held in the Temperance Hall on February 23, this question came up for discussion and was argued very fully on both sides. Mr. Lob,

the author of an able argument in the *Varsity*, of Feb. 17, made an able speech in which he conclusively shewed that the pecuniary advantages were so little, if any, in advance of what can be obtained by any number of students acting in concert, that, if the Union had no other particular aim in view but this one, its promotion would certainly not be of any benefit. He stated that the average profit made on students' books was some 25 per cent., roughly speaking. By the establishment of the Emporium, there would be an apparent immediate gain of 14 per cent., Mr. Smith requiring 10 per cent. above the wholesale cost price for his time and trouble; but to offset this and the salary of the Secretary, and the 10 per cent. discount which any student can now obtain for cash under the present system. This leaves a profit of say 5 per cent., and this certainly is not sufficiently large to form any inducement to Trinity to enter a Union offering no other practical advantages. In fact if we only combined among ourselves in the same manner as McMaster Hall and Knox College, we could obtain a discount of 25 per cent. from any wholesale house in town, which would amount to more than could be obtained under the Emporium system viewed in its most favorable aspects.

We have dealt at some length with this question of co-operation, as so much stress has been laid upon its advantages ever since the inception of the Union. With every wish to see a hearty co-operation among student bodies on all matters affecting their general welfare, we cannot think the Students' Union, as far as it is at present developed, meets the want. As a trading Association, we think it would soon prove a failure, and as existing for no higher purpose than social objects, could not sustain itself.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE LATE MEETING IN THE CONVOCATION HALL.

To the Editors of Rouge et Noir.

DEAR SIRS.—A short time ago we were called together to a gathering of the Friends of Trinity College for the purpose of receiving a report as to the progress of supplemental endowment fund, and considering what steps should be taken for completing the work in Toronto. The invitations to this meeting were, I suppose, issued to all those who, it might be supposed, were interested in the College, doubtless with the very laudable object of raising an enthusiasm somewhat commensurate with the amount to be raised and the work to be done; and very encouraging it was to see, from the report issued, the way many of our old friends had come forward with the greatest liberality.

At the meeting there spoke from the platform three Bishops, one Chief Justice and one Clergyman, besides the Provost and Chancellor. Of these, the three Bishops, the Chief Justice, and the Chancellor have, more or less, been most prominent in the government of the University for many years, and yet the speeches were a

disappointment to a great number of the graduates and many others of those present. The speakers treated almost entirely of the future of the College, and the abilities and usefulness of the present Provost. Far be it from me to belittle the importance of looking to the future, or to speak disparagingly of one with whom I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance, and of whom I can hear only praise and commendation, whether it comes from his own university in England, where he was looked upon, among distinguished scholars and eminent men, as a superior in intellect, and as a man of piety and learning, besides standing high in social attainments, or from this country, where the men, with whom he has had most to do, have already learned to look upon him with love and admiration; yet I, for one, and many others with me, would not forget that Trinity has a past and that a glorious one; nor could we forget that a great and good man—a man whose name need only have been mentioned at that meeting to raise such applause as was not heard throughout the whole evening—had but a few short months ago left our midst; and many at that meeting were incensed at the evident care with which the speakers avoided that name the name of him who bore the burden and heat of the day. But it is not necessary here to sound the good man's praises; the readers of ROUGE ET NOIR know well what he was to Trinity—what care and attention he bestowed upon her from her earliest days, and how he spent the best thirty years of his life in her service, and this man to be wholly ignored at "a gathering of the friends of Trinity College!"

Some of the speeches indeed reminded one very much of that abortive attempt of some aspiring undergraduate which appeared in *The Mail* of a late date, so evident was the intention to court the favour of those who would not listen to our courtship were we to plead it on our bended knees.

I fully expect to see in the next number of *The Evangelical Churchman* an article with head lines somewhat like this: "A Mass Meeting of the Friends of Trinity." "The Late Provost Treated with Silent Contempt." "The Thirty Years of his Life Spent in Trinity's Service Wholly Ignored."

But this was not the only defect. How was it that out of all our graduates only one was called upon to speak, who, as it were, on second thoughts, was asked if he would like to make a few remarks from the body of the Hall 'before the motion was put.' It would certainly have looked better if some prominent graduate (there were many present) had been chosen as one of the speakers of the evening; then reassured "Prov." would not have been overlooked; any graduate would have pointed to the excellent and speaking portrait of the old man, as it hung on the wall, a reproach to the speakers, and referred to him as, if not the founder of the College, certainly the foster-mother and the tender nurse of her early years; the choice of our founder to care for "The child of his old age;" the champion and defender of the Church in Canada. The greatest scholar, the most eminent theologian and the most conscientious and true man with whose influence our University, and the church at large in Canada has ever been blessed. But no graduate was called upon, the idea pervading the whole management seemingly being to evade the past—for what reason I do not know.

These were serious defects, or at least, appeared so to many who were present. Each speech, though doubtless good as far as it went, was a disappointment.

Instead of leaving a feeling of enthusiasm upon the audience, it left a blank sense of something lacking—almost a feeling of resentment, at least such was the effect upon me and, I believe, many others. Never, I trust, again will "the friends of Trinity" meet and wholly ignore the past and the great and good man who has so lately left us.

A GRADUATE WHO WAS DISAPPOINTED.

ANOTHER GROWL.

To the Editors of *Rouge et Noir*.

DEAR SIRS,—

The circulation of our paper is chiefly, I know, among Trinity's graduates and friends, so that I shall not hesitate to say what I feel, and what I believe many other people feel, upon a question brought again into notice by the meeting in the Convocation Hall a few days ago. Much good work was done upon that evening for our dear old Alma Mater. The warm sympathy of the clergy was well represented in the person of Canon Carmichael, that of the laity by our old friend Chief Justice Hagarty. The fatherly protection of the Bishops was shown in the excellent speeches of their Lordships of Ontario, Niagara, and Toronto, with an encouraging letter from the Bishop of Montreal. We were informed of the nobly liberal response to the appeal for funds to found the new Professorships and build the Chapel. We were delighted to hear of the wonderful success of the Provost as an intellectual and spiritual guide. All this was interesting, gladdening, rousing. I have no fault to find with what was done. It was altogether excellent. But there was a great deal not done. There were several very significant omissions at that meeting, —omissions not to be passed over in silence by any who observed them, especially by our paper with whose politics they are at direct variance, if its attitude remain what it was at the foundation. What was that position? Was it not this? The attitude of one protesting against two great evils. One—the genteel inactivity into which the College Fathers had sunk—with their 'keep it dark' policy, their apologetic and compromising tone towards those 'enemies' they seemed so much to dread,—appearing to have lost sight of the fact that Trinity was and is a protest against the non-religious education—not the 'godless University'—against Trinity—and that 'a blow once struck entails a battle' and 'a slip ingloriously out of sight proclaims a want of moral courage in the striker or *absit omen!* a weak cause.' That was the first and primary evil against which our journal raised her voice,—yet not *hers*, but that of a large body of graduates speaking through her. This evil seems rapidly to be remedying itself. The Council have wakened up. *Rouge et Noir* can now afford to be quiet on that score.

The second evil is still in existence though partially remedied by recent statutes: 1: is the exclusion of graduates from any voice in the affairs of the University. Bishop Strachan's intention was to found a University on the English plan. Her corporation as then constituted was to take charge of her until she could walk without their help or with less of it. She has about four hundred graduates—yet their voice is barely permitted to be heard at all. They are looked upon much as boys who have left school—not as members of a University. The permission lately given them of electing two members of Corporation annually was a grand step in the right direction, but was only a step. Graduates

are still ignored to a great extent as was clearly shown at the meeting of Tuesday, February 14th. The interests of all were represented, but theirs. Not a D. D. or a B. D. was to be seen or heard from. Not an M. A. was upon the platform,—not a graduate spoke. Why, may I ask? Are the College Fathers ashamed of all the work they have turned out and want to begin again? Do they hope to gain popularity and new friends by alienating their old ones? It certainly looks like it,—very like it; and the other omissions support the same suspicion.

Perhaps it is true that we have seen the last of 'our enemies.' Perhaps all our opposition, all our troubles are buried in Newton Toney. I do not believe a word of it, but grant it for argument's sake. Grant if you will that our dear old 'Prov.' was an utter failure in every way—surely nobody would ask so much—that he steered the old ship into dangerous shoals from fearing to put to sea, that he should have been removed long ago—anything else you choose. Would that, I ask, justify the way in which he was treated at our meeting? He was directly alluded to but once. He was indirectly pointed at several times in words of thankfulness that old things had gone by—and by some who seemed to have forgotten the copy book proverb about 'Comparisons.' Whether he steered well or badly is not the question. He stood to the helm when few other men would have done it, through many a long year of trouble, slander and persecution. He gave his energy, his intellect, his learning (and *what* learning!), his prayers, his life to Trinity for thirty years, and at the end of it he is sent back to where he came from with a 'Thank you,'—and a sigh of relief.

* Methinks of all the sins that pierce the heart of Christ anew,
And once again in bitterness bring Calvary to view,
That in those hands and feet again the nail-prints deep impress
The blackest is the loveless sin of dark unthankfulness.

This was not all. Trinity had another good friend in times past besides BISHOP STRACHAN and PROVOST WHITAKER: one whose connection with her began while she was still in embryo, and whose constant, living, helpful interest in her welfare terminated only with the day of his death but three years ago. Yes—gentlemen of the management—there was such a person as BISHOP BETHUNE. His existence was not even hinted at on the evening of the meeting, which was intended, I suppose, to rouse the graduates into renewed and earnest work for Trinity—as well as to tell the public what she ought to be. From the lowest standpoint one would suppose that the graduates would be consulted in every way. Self-interest alone would keep them active, the value of whose degrees depends upon the standing of the College in the eyes of the public.

If the authorities instead of forsaking old friends would forsake old fallacies: if they would ignore their old policy and not their old Provost, we and our enemies would have little to complain of. What was done at the meeting was, I repeat, very excellent. Would that many more had been there, that the proceedings had been well reported in the daily press, that those might see what was done who had not the privilege of being present. All hail to the New Provost. May he prove the very great success his present course promises. Hail to the new life in the Council, to their new enterprise. May our very good machinery soon want no new appendage in the way of Chairs and Buildings. And all hail to the approaching day when the voice of graduates,

students and authorities may be one,—when ROUGE ET NOIR can become the 'purely literary' journal some would like her to be—when there will be nothing nearer the hearts of her supporters to write about.

Yours, etc.,

MEGATHERIUM.

Toronto, February 28th, 1882.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The January number of the *King's College Record* came to hand too late to be noticed in our last issue. It is a paper which commands our deepest respect—indeed we deem it almost a model of what a *College* record ought to be. In all the words which its pages contain respecting the local affairs of the venerable institution which it represents, we find one thing which seems to us to be rare in our age and country, that is a true sympathy with all that is of real value in a University course, a genuine fondness for those old things about an old College which always linger in the memory of an honest man, making him look back upon his Alma Mater not as a place where he acquired his little stock of dry learning or was implicated in a few lawless freaks generally of no very reputable nature, but as a transition period during which he trained up within him a turn of mind or perhaps rather a turn of heart and imbibed certain sterling principles which clung to him and helped him ever after. We find too in the columns of the *King's College Record* none of that coarseness of tone, or that editorial smartness, if we may be allowed the expression which we regret in many of our American exchanges, especially from the west, where the multiplication of Colleges seems to have divested the University system of its last fragment of romance and reduced it almost to the level of a mere collection of degree-granting public schools. Moreover there is a strong tinge of pure literary taste running through its pages which makes us turn to it with more satisfaction perhaps than to any other of our exchanges. We are glad to see that the debt which hung over the paper sometime ago has been so much lightened that no serious difficulty now lies in its way. The staff has been increased from three to six, and publication during the summer vacation months is to be discontinued.

The *Occident* is a fair paper of its kind. "Brother Bartholomew" in the number for February 9th is a pretty thing, and so is *not* "What She Could." The rest of the paper does not amount to much.

The *College Record*, from Wheaton College, Illinois, is considerably above the average. "A fragment" in the February number is an uncommonly good little copy of verses. We thoroughly agree with the *Record* on the secret society question. The editorials are well written and well meant. In speaking of their examination system we find the following statement: "The plan recently adopted by the faculty is to have two written examinations during the term, and one oral at the close, and these, together with the daily recitations taken collectively, are each to stand for one fourth in making up the term mark." This is marking with a vengeance!—completely reducing things, we should think, to the level of one of our ordinary High Schools.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is as able and steadfast as ever. Its strong, unwavering loyalty to College and principles, together with literary taste and purity of style

give it a deep mark of individuality among the best of our contemporaries. We find in it none of the indescribable barbarism of expression which characterizes so many of the smaller western College papers. Every thing is good about it—not least the exchange column, which is always clever, careful and good natured. The *Scholastic* for February 25th bravely defended the "Roll of Honour" against its various foes and we think perfectly successfully, though we hardly like the "Roll" ourselves. The Editors state they are to have a new dress of type shortly, and that the little paper will present a better appearance in future. We wish them success to their heart's desire for the *Scholastic* is surely one of the very best papers the kind we have ever seen.

The *Dartmouth* is another of our favourites—chiefly for the reason that it is a *College paper* containing not merely so many beautifully printed pages of indifferent verse, stale essays, jocular editorials, &c., from which we learn little or nothing; but much respecting the familiar objects, customs and manners of the place and body of men which it represents—an interest in College life in fact, which, we take it should be the distinctive feature of a paper of this kind. An editorial entitled "The Chapel" in the number for February 7th is one of the pleasantest bits of description we remember to have seen in any of our exchanges. In several other of the editorials also, especially one on student societies, we observe the same interest in the social life of the University—a fact which makes us turn to the *Dartmouth* with more than ordinary pleasure. Besides all this the literary matter of the paper is very good and the local and exchange notes are free from the emptiness and vulgarity which are so popular at present among our contemporaries.

We have before us a particularly good number of the *Monmouth Collegian*, February 25th. Its literary department is the best part of it—containing as it does some very interesting and instructive matter.

The *Portfolio* for February contains an excellent little editorial on Valentines. The exchange notes are very well written, though perhaps a little too nicely critical. However the fair editor uses her power mildly, contenting herself with playing with her exchanges rather than dealing any very rude blows. The brother exchange who has fallen victim to one of her mild goingsovers must feel very much like the spoiled kitten who receives for his offences a few gentle pats on the head, with a half regretful warning to do better next time.

The *Lariat* of February 25th is before us—one of the best numbers we have seen of it. The immense enthusiasm for the class parties and society contests of the time which its pages display is extremely refreshing. The literary department is upon the whole so good that we think the editors might afford to give us more of it. "Children of the Past" is one of the sweetest, best written things we have seen in any of our brother journals for many a day. The other articles are fair. The *Lariat* differs from most College papers in placing its local items in front—hardly a good arrangement we think. Ought not the food for reflection to come first, amusement afterwards. At any rate the literary matter looks best at the beginning of a number.

Carletonia, a new paper from Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., has been coming to us for some months past. The February number is before us. Its literary columns are largely and creditably filled, the articles on "The outward facts of things" and "George Eliot as a Novelist" being particularly good.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Actually a telephone pole. Good omen. Thanks.

On Sunday, February 12th, the Bishop of Niagara preached in the Chapel.

Died of a rapid decline, and in the flower of its youth, the Shakespeare Club—*requiescat in pace*.

How melancholy to hear the poor way-worn senior asserting in a loud and vehement voice in the still hours of the night, that he is "the only one that's left of all the family."

What name can you apply to the jests of a certain member of the first year—not "puns" surely, nor "plays upon words,"—perhaps outrages upon the Queen's English would do.

We watch with interest the filling of that mysterious place, the ice house. The question which troubles us is where does the ice go to? We had no opportunity of knowing last year.

Father Episcopon still flourishes still the offenders meekly bow beneath his flail. Yet all hands cling to him, and his pages are no whit less bright than of yore. The December number was very popular in College.

If the authorities are desirous of doing a benevolence to us, let them cast their eyes upon the neglected condition of the reading room. Much might be done for the comfort of the place by adding a few comfortable chairs and a good table.

The pun disease is breaking out ominously among the weaker minded of the community. A vigilance committee would be a good idea; also we might advise a fire brigade for the purpose of quenching the poetic flame which is committing such ravages at present.

Mr. E. Buck, the new Lecturer in Elocution is a decided success, and his class appear to be doing well. Mr. Buck is evidently well up in his profession, having studied successfully both in England and the United States. Personally he is very popular with the men.

Mars is in the ascendant, and the war God's votaries are legion. We shudder when we think of the martial appearance the ranks of the Q. O. R. will present when the stalwart forms of Capt. C—ahem! and Mr. A— are added to them.

During last term and this the men in College, both Divinity and Arts, have had the benefit of a course of lectures delivered by the Provost in his own house on Sunday evenings. These lectures terminated with the beginning of Lent. The last subject dealt with was the Epistle of St. John. They have been numerous attended from the beginning.

It seems that there is a certain point beyond which the neglect of duty in the members of the Council of the Literary Institute cannot go. This fact was proved a few weeks ago by the vote of censure passed upon the Secretary, who in consequence resigned, and was replaced by Mr. Davidson. The office of Librarian left vacant by the promotion of that gentleman, was filled by Mr. Hudspeth, of the third year.

The College clock over the door of the Porter's lodge still remains unlighted, except by the occasional glare of the stove opposite when it happens to be burning brilliantly. Although the student may have a watch, College time is so variable that he prefers to keep his

watch with city time, so that all the routine after dark, such as chapel, tea, emptying post box, &c., being governed by College time, it is annoying to find yourself too late for any of these by trusting to your watch.

Could not something be done for the poor deserted fossils in the College Museum cases. All the fossils in the Council have been now duly ticketed and set to work in their right places, while the neglected ones of the Museum are still crying aloud for the like good offices to them. Any Geologist who should happen to bother his head with them on a visit here, would surely go away with no very flattering opinion of the scientific acquirements of our authorities.

The boxing mania is prevalent in College, and the gymnasium is the scene of daily encounters of a very desperate character. As might be expected in the L.W.C. the noble art has descended to a barbarous fighting with sticks. Our fighting editor lives there, and is to be seen at all hours bruised, maimed and ferocious of aspect, prowling round bearing a dilapidated club. He is dangerous and has to be appeased occasionally like Cerberus, with Virgilian sops, of which he gets a great plenty in the Classical lecture room.

The pancake lay upon the dish,
And it was large and round;
The sharp knife through the pancake passed,
With harsh and grating sound.

And it was brown and thick and tough,
And it was wondrous hard;
From every rubber pore did ooze
Great clois of dirty lard.

The youth was hungry, worn and tired,
He sat him down and cried:
"Life passeth like a summer cloud,"
He ate and then he died.

The Choral Club propose making a kind of operatic tour about to various places in the Easter vacation, carrying with them the vast bulk of the talent of that estimable body. This is right. It is only fair that the country at large should bear its share in this infliction. It is also darkly hinted at, that these gentlemen will perform the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice. We could believe mostly anything of the Choral Club, but this slightly astonished us. There is an awful dignity about such audacity which quite overcomes mild men like ourselves sometimes.

Now the festive "sup" approacheth
How the fearful "pluck" doth sigh,
And his inmost soul reproacheth,
For the idle days gone by.

And he sitteth down and grindeth,
While low burns the mid-night oil,
And the gentle snore remindeth
Him, of spirits free from toil.

Many a gentle respiration
Sounding like a summer breeze,
Make him say in desperation
"Oh! that I had worked like these."

The Institute meetings, which had been growing rather dull at the beginning of the term, have been picking up of late. In the last few evenings very good speeches have been made by Mr. Angell, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Broughall and others. The wonderful mazes of the constitution have as usual been subjected to a few rather important changes. Programme lists are posted up for the whole year instead of before each meeting as was formerly the custom. The speaking from the body of the Hall after debate is not allowed till the vote has been taken—a good change.

Happy thought! Why not call a meeting of the "Friends of Trinity" for the purpose of agitating for subscriptions to a fund for the erection of a new gate? N. B.—Not for the restoration of the old one though.

"Porter," the thirsty youth doth cry,
"Some beer, thy glass hath nothing in it,"
To which the porter makes reply
"It will be ere, sir, in a minute."

Several improvements have been made in the Library. New books to the value of \$24.00 have been presented by the freshmen of '81-2. A good work—the best for some years—has been done by the last indefatigable Librarian, Mr. Davidson, in arranging the books, and posting up a complete index of the pamphlets and reviews which have been accumulating for many years. Old numbers of the *Nineteenth Century* and *Contemporary* reviews, and *Punches* have been bound. *Blackwoods' Magazine*, the *Edinburg Review*, *Harper's Monthly* and *Scribner* have been added to the Reading-room list.

In our last number we omitted to mention the result of the Christmas examination. Under the new scholarship regime, prizes are awarded at Christmas instead of Midsummer. The winners for this year were:—3rd year. Mathematics, T. O. Townley; Classics, A. Lampman and J. Carter, æq.; Divinity, J. C. Davidson, Science, R. N. Hudspeth; French, J. Carter. 2nd year. Mathematics, G. H. Broughall; Classics, S. D. Hague; Divinity, C. B. Kenrick; Science, W. Moore and C. B. Kenrick, æq.; French, G. H. Broughall. 1st year. Mathematics, Divinity, Science and French, N. F. Davidson; Classics, F. Dumble.

The Provost lectures on Friday evenings during Lent in St. George's school house. His lectures are numerous attended and well worth a good walk to hear. There is one thing we regret, however, about this and the military mania, and that is that the Institute meetings, which ought to be the first and foremost consideration with the men in College, are now very thinly attended. On Friday evening, March 10th, there were so few that no meeting was held at all. This is too bad. The men should make a little sacrifice for the good of the debating society, which can be made, if properly attended, not only interesting but very beneficial. On Friday, March 3rd, a very just vote of censure was passed upon some prominent members who were absent.

The Annual general meeting of the cricket club was held on Tuesday evening, in the College Hall, the 7th inst. The purpose of the meeting was to receive the outgoing committees' report of the past season, to elect new officers and to discuss cricket matters generally. The meeting was an unusually large and enthusiastic one, and though the Secretary read a report anything but complimentary to the way in which the men supported the club during the past year, yet there seemed to be quite a new spirit aroused within them, and nearly every one promised to support the club to the best of his power during the coming season. The Provost, Rev. Prof. Jones, Rev. Prof. Boys, and some Graduates were present. The following are the newly elected officers:—

President, Rev. Prof. Jones, M. A.; 1st Vice-President, Rev. Provost Body, M. A.; 2nd Vice-President, Elmes Henderson, Esq., M. A.; Treasurer, Mr. Hague; Secretary, Mr. Scadding; Executive Committee, Mr. Townley, Mr. Martin, Mr. Carter.

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