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SOCIALISM.

II.

From what has already been said, it should be evident how unfair it is to endeavour to dismiss the subject by declaring, for example, that Socialism seeks to abolish all private capital, to confiscate all private property, and to blot out all individuality of character. Of course Socialism has certain teachings on these points somewhat at variance with the selfish individualism now rampant, but in reality they are far removed from any such sweeping assertions as the above. Socialists believe, with Mr. Ruskin, that it is impossible for an individual to amass a large fortune honestly, without in some way unduly taxing the labour of other men, or profiting by fraudulent or dishonourable transactions. Under the present conditions of inequality, therefore, many recommend the imposition of a heavy progressive income tax, and think the government is justified in interfering in the relations between labour and capital. The principle of the cumulative taxation is already recognized in most countries, in as much as incomes under a certain amount are not taxed at all, and it does seem reasonable that the stronger man should bear the heavier burden for the general welfare of the community. In India the system of taxation enforced by the Imperial Government, has lately undergone some changes to further realize the idea of a progressive income tax. Again it is thought desirable by some Socialistic schools of economy, that great national

industries should be worked for the profit of the nation as a whole. Here it must be borne in mind that such a "revolution" has been, and might again be effected, without any robbery or other injustice, and that it is a mere question of expediency either one way or the other. The English Government has taken over the telegraphic enterprise, and the Imperial Government of Germany has assumed control of the railway system, and the Chancellor has just brought forward a scheme for a government "Schnapps monopoly." In each case the change has been effected peaceably and constitutionally.

Socialists, who are thorough collectivists, advocate the assumption by the State of all the instruments of production, but this section by no means represents the most influential force in the Socialistic body. Many of the Christian Socialists, on the other hand, lay down a fundamental rule to the effect that "the state is neither capitalist, nor producer, nor director of works, but its mission everywhere is simply to guarantee rights."

As for personal property the fullest use, consistent with the rights of others, would be allowed to the individual who produces any wealth by his own exertions, yet a distinction is made in regard to inheritances and bequests, for the receivers of such do not possess the same rights as the original creators of the property. This fact, also, is even now accepted in part, seeing that a government tax is placed on all legacies and the conveyance of property. And though Socialism lays great stress upon the social bond and inculcates the duty of living more for others, it by no means seeks to efface individuality. Nay, rather it spurs on the wholesome ambition of the separate units of society to perfect both themselves and the race by their unselfish strivings for the common weal. Socialists recognize the fact that the community depends upon the individuals composing it, and therefore believe that "in rendering these individuals perfect lies the whole principle and aim of society." Nor do they look for a communistic equivalence in respect of education, profession, or station in life. Different classes, defined not by birth but by merit alone, would be quite consistent with a Socialistic state, and remuneration would be awarded according to the deserts of the person concerned. The idea of paying an equal price for bad as for good work is Communistic, and abhorrent to the "proportionate equality" advocated by true Socialism.

Moreover, certain doctrines have been set forth by Socialists and others regarding profit and interest, but these are questions to be solved by the moralist rather than by the economist. It may be well to note the fact that the condemnation of interest so eloquently expressed by Mr. Ruskin, is fully in accord with the ideas of the cultured minds of antiquity, and indeed, of the Christian Church up to the 15th century.

With regard to the scheme for the nationalisation of the land, it may be considered quite apart from any connection with a Socialistic system as a mere question of justice, and in fact the so-called "scientific Socialists" quietly ignore the importance attached to this reform by its more zealous reformers. I do not propose to enter here upon the defence of this proposal, but would refer all interested parties to the admirable work of Mr. Henry George, "Progress and Poverty." I will merely point out that a broad distinction is clearly drawn between the earth with its natural products, "the primitive capital, the Divine inheritance of man," and property which to a great extent is the direct result of man's labour, and it is contended that one generation does not possess the right to barter property to which future generations will have an equal right, or to deliver up land to an individual proprietor to be disposed of in perpetuity according to his will, though prescription may be a comfortable convention for society to endure, yet it is quite inadequate to establish any absolute right to property unjustly obtained or unwarrantably donated in the first instance. For, it is Mr. Herbert Spencer who asks the question, "at what per cent. a year does wrong become right?"

In studying this subject it should be remembered that it is not a mere reckoning of profit and loss resulting from the transaction, but a fair estimation of the righteousness of the case. A hearty protest must be entered against that commercial spirit which computes all the great questions of the day according to some selfish and low utilitarian standard. Socialists are quite willing to allow that with the decline of the fierce competition now raging, and the more equitable distribution of property, the sum total of wealth produced may undergo a sensible reduction. But the general happiness of people being enhanced, and the unrestrained pursuit of mammon discouraged, they would deem the gain far greater than the loss. And surely this opinion should commend itself to every true Christian.

Before people join in a wholesale condemnation of Socialists, it would be advisable for them to form some acquaintance with the purest manifestations of Socialism as set forth in standard works on the subject. There has lately appeared in England an excellent work entitled "Socialism of to-day," a translation from the French of M. Emile de Laveleye, which gives a comprehensive view of Socialism the world over. A full and philosophical exposition of Christian Socialism may be found in "Le Régne social du Christianisme," a book written by another eminent French thinker, M. Huet. For those who are more interested in

the purely economical side of the question, I should recommend Toynbee's "Industrial Revolution," and Montague's "Limits of Individual Liberty."

Another old charge that is often brought against Socialists is that they expect to make men virtuous by act of parliament. The real fact is that the State is regarded as a powerful instrument which may be utilized for beneficial ends, yet social perfection is believed to be attainable only after a long course of mental and moral training. "The moral order," says M. Huet, "will ever hold the first place, yet without economical reform the moral order will never reach completion." And even professed Atheists, like William Morris and Dr. Aveling, of the English Socialist League, declare the movement to be pre-eminently an educated one, and expect more from the exercise of individual virtue than from the supervision of the government.

We may readily grant Mr. Herbert Spencer's dictum that government is an evil, in so far as its very existence predicates the presence of vice and crime to be punished and restrained, but in the present state of society it would hardly be safe to abolish all restraint of law and compulsory order. And Socialists now ask for greater interference on the part of the state, only that in the time to come when people have become more virtuous and dutiful its salutary provisions may be no longer required. In that happy condition of affairs, if it is ever to be reached in this world, we may hope to approach that ideal state of Anarchy where all is peace and contentment, and where individual existences are so impregnated with altruistic notions that egoist aggressions are unknown.

The object of this article has not been to offer a complete view of the principles and action of Socialism, nor to answer fully all the objections raised against it. If, even to a small degree, the spread of serious misconception regarding one of the most interesting developments of human ideas has been prevented, the design of the writer has been fully accomplished. I can well imagine some easy-going person asking in astonishment what all these conflicting theories have to do with himself, with something very like an echo of the vain old individualist excuse, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The fact remains that every one is responsible to the extent of his or her power and influence for the injustice, the sin, and the misery, which desecrate God's fair earth. And it is a positive duty, particularly incumbent on all Christians, to study the remedies proposed, and in some way strive to alleviate the evils of the age.

In the emphatic words of Mr. Ruskin, "You have thought things would right themselves, or that it was God's business to right them, not yours. Peremptorily, it is yours. Not, observe, to get your rights, but to put things to rights."

EXON.



MAR SABA.

BY TREFOIL.

How glad we all were that we had no ladies in our party as we neared the grim old tower by the Kidron gorge that marks the entrance to Mar Saba ; for had there been any we must have camped outside the gate, and that would have diminished very greatly the pleasure of the visit. I fancy that the monks would rather admit a tribe of Mohammedans than a party of lady tourists.

It was the evening of a busy day. We had travelled on horseback from Jerusalem to Bethlehem in the morning ; and from there had made our way slowly and wearily down through the Plain of the Shepherds, so green and brilliant with flowers, through the Field of Boaz where a blue-robed Syrian girl would have done quite well for a Ruth had there been art enough or energy enough amongst us to make a sketch ;—down by a rough bridle path, now amongst sand-hills, now down a rugged ravine, now along the edge of an alarming precipice, down, still downward (how high Jerusalem must be!), the country growing wilder, more and more barren as we neared the Dead Sea region. It is indeed the 'wilderness of Judea.' There is little life to be seen in the valleys and what there is seems to make the desolation more deep,—now and then a shepherd playing tunelessly upon a reed while his mingled sheep and goats browse in a fertile spot between the rocks, now and then a wandering Bedouin, now and then a herd of camels. It was a tiring ride and right glad we all were when, after a stretch of more level country, our dragoman dismounted to knock at the door of the old Greek Monastery. He had to knock several times and loudly before the porter took the least notice, but at last the gates opened and we entered. Up to this none of us could have had any clear idea as to where the Monastery was. Nothing is to be seen from the outside but a tower and a wall along the edge of the valley, and when the gate opens one almost expects to see nothing but the great chasm. Once through the gate a strange sight broke upon us, for, on all sides of us stretched the buildings of the Monastery built upon a hundred ledges of rock in a hundred different ways. It looked quite like an ordinary walled convent that had been pushed over the edge and had stuck on all the projections. And now we must go down again ; down, down flights of steps, until we found ourselves in a square in front of the church. "At the bottom at last" one thinks as he looks up at all the overhanging buildings, yawning caves and bits of garden on the rock-shelves. But he is not at the bottom all the same, not nearly at the bottom, as he will see when he goes out behind the Church. The Church inside was like every other one belonging to the Easterns but the paintings upon the *iconostasis* looked older than those we saw in Greece and Egypt, though like them, they appeared

more devotional than artistic, the reverse of the pictures in Italy. Some people find S. Nicholas' Chapel, across the court, more interesting, for there in a cave behind a grating are heaped together the skulls of the monks who were slain by the Persians twelve hundred years ago ! Twelve hundred years ago, indeed, this quaint old gathering of odd-looking houses and chapels clung together among the crevices of the rock ; yes for thirteen hundred years pious monks have lived here in the caves that honeycomb the cliffs, that they may worship God apart from the world. Why should people laugh at them for seeking "freedom to worship God" in their own way especially people who laud to the skies the Pilgrim Fathers for professing to have done the same thing ?

All the caves and houses are connected together by steps and tunnelled passages that nobody without a guide need hope to traverse. Monks are seen in most unexpected places, here walking up and down a few feet of rock away up above, there another sitting sewing at the mouth of a cavern, further off a third hanging out clothes on a line stretched across a crevice,—one is puzzled to know how they will get down when the bell calls them again to their devotions.

When tourists arrive a thing that is never forgotten is the displaying for sale, as mementoes of Mar Saba, walking sticks, made of lemon-wood, crosses and medals of pewter with figures of S. Sabas and his companions stamped upon them by the Monks. We did not see the library which is supposed to be a most valuable one. I wonder where it is and why it is kept so jealously guarded. Nobody is ever let into it. When we had dined in the guest-chamber and night had come on it was suggested that we should retire so as to be ready for our onward journey in the morning. But two of us preferred to go out upon a sort of balcony behind the church to have time to look about and think a little. The bright clear light of the full moon streamed down into the gorge that yawned nearly six hundred feet below us, making dome and tower and crag stand out weird and white against their shadows on the cliff side. What silence ! what desolation ! Not a living thing to be seen but a tall sad palm-tree, the one S. Sabas planted, and now and then a jackal far down below in the valley. The full moon has looked down into the chasm more than seventeen thousand times since the time that S. Sabas lived and died in his hole in the rock. That was in the days when the Roman Empire shuddered and fell before the hardy men of the north, when Leo the Great from his throne on the Vatican ruled so much of the Church, when the error of Pelagius troubled the West and Eutychianism distracted the Eastern Christians, when Saxons began to settle in South Britain and S. Patrick preached the Gospel to the Irish. When the good Saint came to his cave the first difficulty he met with, was in the form of a lion that had taken up its abode in the cave. The hermit at first took no notice of him but went on with his prayers and then fell asleep ; when the lion dragged

him out of the grotto twice. S. Sabas at last thought that some settlement must be made so he said to him, "We are both creatures of the same Creator; but since I am the reasonable being it is but just that you should cede your place to me." The king of beasts saw the force of the argument and from that time forth occupied a corner of the cave by himself. The monks will show you the very spot if you ask them and that will no doubt remove your scepticism if you have any. Then there are three other caves far apart from one another where three hermits of the sixth century lived, Xenophon, Arcadius and John; who used to salute each other every morning from the cave-mouths but remained too far apart to speak.

Perhaps the most interesting Monk of Mar Saba was S. John Damascene who lived here in the eighth century. Although he was a poet the Superior to try his humility did not allow him to write anything at all, and afterwards set him to do some of the most menial duties in the convent. His ready obedience bought for him permission to exercise his talent, and soon he had composed some of the most beautiful hymns used in the Greek Liturgies. We ought to be grateful to him, for he wrote "The Day of Resurrection, Earth tell it out Abroad!" and I don't know how we could well do without that hymn at Eastertide I shall always like it better now that I know that it came from the clefts and crags of Mar Saba.—Upon what scenes has the moon looked down since then? Many a prayerful Saint and many a pillaging soldier. The last time the Monastery was sacked was in 1834. Since that they have had peace, for the Russians now keep a watchful eye upon the home of the Saints they reverence.—But we really must climb up to our cell or we shall not make the early start to-morrow. Besides that we have nine hours in the saddle before us.

Next morning we left bright and early, a picturesque cavalcade in spite of the tourists' sombre western garb; for at our head rode a handsome Bedouin Sheikh, wrapped in a cloak with broad stripes of black and white and a sword at his side, and next to him upon a spirited Arabian came our blue-clad dragoman, his head encircled by a rich eastern handkerchief of yellow silk striped and tasselled, his saddle and harness decked with many colours; while behind us followed a tall Maltese servant in a long white linen garment with a coloured girdle and bright head-gear; and a donkey-boy in red and blue seated crosswise upon the baggage and water-skins all piled upon a poor little donkey. Thus we began our advance towards the Dead Sea, as it lay in all its calm beauty before us reflecting from its light blue surface the green valleys and rugged mountains of Moab towards the sunrise. It looked but a stone's-throw from us, yet we had before us a twelve miles' ride and a descent of some eighteen hundred feet before we reached its shore at noon to rest upon our journey. There were many things as we went through the land to charm and to teach us; many things to think of at the Jordan fords, many things at

Jericho, at Bethany, on Olivet and about the Holy City; but I don't think any of them, or anything that we have since met with can ever dim the memory of that moonlight night in the old Convent of the Kidron valley.

When you go to Palestine take care not to miss it. You will say, I think, that it is well worth the trouble of getting there.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

In the February number of the North American Review, three articles appeared bearing on this subject. The first, by the Marquis of Lorne, is strongly in favour of a closer connection between England and her Colonies. The second is an able essay by Mr. Alex. Pirie, who very fairly states the advantages which might accrue to Canada in the event of her taking up a position of full independence, or if she formed part of a Union of the whole North American Continent. Finally we have some half-dozen lines from the pen of Sir John A. Macdonald, with which he curtly dismisses the question as beyond the range of practical politics. There is always the danger, however, of so-called "practical politics" becoming synonymous with "party politics," in which case nothing more soul-destroying could be imagined. Surely a statesman's duty is something higher than merely to wait cap in hand till the People have formed their opinions for better or for worse, and then servilely to carry out their sovereign behests. A true politician with the real welfare of his country at heart would not satisfy his conscience by the manipulation of the petty questions of party politics alone, without regarding the future prospects of the nation, and where needful, warning and preparing the people under his charge for any changes that may be in store.

Now, to any one who has studied the history and development of nations, or who has any appreciation for the remarkable growths of national feeling in our own times, it should be evident that the question of Imperial Federation affects the most vital interests of the English Empire. The present relations between the mother country and the colonies can not last for ever, however agreeable and beneficial they may be at present. Sooner or later the decision will have to be made, whether the colonies are to be firmly established as integral parts of the Empire by giving them a fair representation in an Imperial Parliament, or whether an amicable separation of the constituent portions of the realm should take place. No doubt we colonists are well pleased just now to bask at our ease beneath Britannia's aegis, especially as we do not have to pay for the privilege. But every enthusiastic colonist should look forward to the time,—perhaps not so far distant after all,—when Canada and Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, (and possibly even India), shall be important enough, and educated enough, to emerge from a position of "dependence," and shall be entitled to cast their votes in matters which concern the general weal of

the Empire at large. Nor would it be difficult to suppose sundry causes to hasten the crisis in such a decision. A long European war, for instance, entailing a demand for funds and troops from the colonies, might raise again that very old subject of taxation without representation; or the veto of some colonial governor upon a pet scheme of the colonies, such as a commercial reciprocity treaty with another nation, might awaken doubts as to the advisability of a free people being dictated to by an alien parliament; or again, there might be an aggravated case of gratuitous insult to English colonists, like the haughty refusal of the English Government to allow the patriotic Australians to fly the Union Jack on the ships of their navy.

Those people, therefore, who are in favour of the continuance of a real unity of the Empire, should exert themselves in devising ways and means of binding together its scattered parts in lasting bonds. And, under the present condition of good feeling and harmony, such a consummation would seem possible with the least amount of friction. Canada in particular should be eager to attach herself to the mother country, or one of these days she may find the interests and inclinations of her people ready to be combined with those of her flourishing neighbor. The careful article by Mr. Pirie, referred to above, points out a considerable tendency in that direction, and Prof. Goldwin Smith, who is by no means lacking in mental acumen, has always consistently maintained the value of such a policy. Perhaps more emphatic signs of the drift of public feeling, are afforded by the regular migration of enterprising Canadians across the line, which, I fear, are not decreasing in number or extent. And beside office clerks and other needy individuals in quest of the almighty dollar, other people occasionally leave us whom we can ill afford to lose. As a case in point might be mentioned the late departure of three Trinity men in Holy Orders—could they not find work to do in their own country? Again our labour organizations are affiliated with their American brethren and identity of interest may easily arouse more sympathetic feelings. There are some very fair reasons then, why Canadians should take up the question of Imperial Federation, and do what they can to help on the good work which is being done elsewhere. For though our worthy Premier is of opinion that no "practical result" can follow from any discussion on the subject, a good many Englishmen in different quarters of the globe have become convinced of the pressing need for a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. To take England first, upwards of 70 members of the House of Commons are on the Committee of the Imperial Federation League. This society already numbers many enthusiastic and influential members in its ranks, and has especially met with a favourable reception throughout Conservative England.

Mr. Chamberlain, too, in his speech on the Irish Home Rule Bill referred favourably to some large scheme of Imperial Federation.

It must be confessed that the ordinary Englishman

generally has rather hazy ideas about any definite scheme for Federation, or the probable results of such a policy. The common-place Tory is always taken with a grand conception of "maintaining the Integrity of the Empire." And he has now for the most part come to the conclusion that a Colonist is after all "a man and a brother," and therefore that there is no insuperable reason why he should not be represented in the National Assembly.

But when it is pointed out that although at the present time the population of the Colonies is much less than that of Great Britain, there is every probability to believe that in a century or two the once-despised Colonists will constitute by far the largest proportion of the nation. In that case under an equitable system of representation, the Colonial influence in the Imperial Parliament would pre-nominate. Now though the British Islander has no cause to suppose that a Canadian or Australian would be any less concerned for the general interests of the Empire than himself, yet many of them can not help thinking that it would be rather derogatory for England if "her own" Colonists had an important share in her government. But I fancy such good people may be prevailed on to see things in their proper light, for they really mean well to the race. And certainly, on the face of it, there is no valid reason why a free-born Colonist should labour under a sort of political disability with regard to the higher affairs of the nation, as compared with his fellow-subject in old England.

In New Zealand the intention of the Imperial Federation League has been well received. The House of Representatives has favourably noticed it, and has even voted a number of resolutions worded by the League itself. Some Canadians, at all events, are moving in the matter, and branches of the League have already been established. Distinguished men in Queensland and South Australia have joined. There are two branches in South Africa, and it is fairly represented in Singapore, Hong Kong, Barbadoes, and Gibraltar.

What remains, then, to be done? To cultivate a strong public feeling in favour of Imperial Federation both in England and, especially, in the Colonies. Until the Colonists speak with no uncertain voice on this subject, the bulk of English politicians will probably be content to let things go their own gait, and will rather occupy themselves with more private interests. At least, every citizen should know what meaning, and what splendid auguries of future prosperity, are contained in the phrase, Imperial Federation.

BOHEMIAN.

A circular issued by the Chancellor, together with a note from the Provost, was sent to all the graduates requesting their attendance at a meeting to be held on May 20th for the purpose of taking steps to place Convocation on a practical basis. Owing to certain unforeseen circumstances this meeting was postponed. We hope, however, that it will be held, and this much-needed step taken:

AN OLD STORY.

Long ago on the shores of old England
In the days when King Alfred was young
The song I would tell in new numbers
By saga-men sailors was sung.

A Scottish king heard of a country
Where silver and gold were as dirt,
And the cedar, the oak, and the elm,
The hills and the mountains begirt.

Then calling his nobles about him
He asked them if any would go
And find the new country, and bring him,
The tidings he so longed to know.

And there in that mighty assemblage
But one man spake thus to the throne
"I will seek Oh my King till I find it
Else never return to my home."

He sailed 'mid the shouts of the nation,
But old men stood wagging their heads
As to catch the soft favouring breezes
The venturesome sail he outspreads.

The soft winds soon left the bold sailor
And ruder blasts drove him astray
Long days and long nights of fierce ampest
And then he grew weak, who was gay.

As sadly he sat in his lone boat
And wearily watched the white foam
A lovely sea maid swam before him,
He thought of his wife and his home

But a voice like the e'ery rippling
Of wood streams o'er pebbles at evo
Bade him love her and loving go with her
His King and his mission to leave.

Her limbs in their beauty and whiteness
Were moving in grace by his side
As moonbenims will glide o'er the surface
And under the calm summer tide.

Her long glossy hair was loose, flowing,
And fell on the heaving breast, white
Like the clear bubbling spring of the forest
In purity rising to sight.

She threw her white arms then about him
And drew his head down to her breast
On his wan cheeks, and lips pale with fasting
Her warm loving kisses she pressed.

Oh! come with me, come! cried the maiden
Oh! come with me under the sea
There soon shall we free from all trouble
At rest in a coral bed be.

The wild waves are bitterly beating
The wild winds are cruel and keen,
I love you and offer my loving
And visions of joy yet unseen.

Her liquid eyes, each a blue ocean,
In miniature, brimful of love,
In their sweetness and gentle expression
Would rival the fairest fair dove.

How could he do other than answer
And seize on the upward turned lips,
While released from his rule in a moment
His vessel beneath the wave dips.

As 'locked in a loving enclosure
Of arms clear and smooth as the pearl
He sank in a dream of love longings
To live with the ocean-born girl.

• • • • •

Long years did the King wait his coming
And long years waited his wife
And she never knew how he had struggled
And how lost an evil love strife.

I. F. A. W.

THE HYDAH INDIANS.

In the Pacific Ocean between the parallels of 51 and 55 degrees of north latitude, lie a group of islands, of which, until lately, little was known. These islands by name The Queen Charlotte, are inhabited by a tribe of Indians called the Hydah, who certainly are a very remarkable people. In number they are about 800. The most common type of the adult averages 5 feet 6 inches in height, thick set, large boned, with rather regular features, black hair and eyes, and bronze complexion. They have, as a rule, both men and women, well developed breasts and arms, caused by their use of the canoe paddle from infancy, but as a result from much squatting and little walking, few have well formed legs. On the whole, however, they compare very favourably as to physique, with any other aboriginal race, though certainly they cannot be called handsome. In dress, to a great extent, they have adopted the costume of the whites, but still adhere to the use of the blanket or *ra-xin*, which is generally very costly, woven from the wool of the mountain goat, and is worn thrown over the shoulder. The women are very fond of bright colors, and indeed the men also, but occasionally they exhibit considerable taste in the selection of their garments. Nearly all the adults are tattooed, the designs representing family crests and *totems*. These latter are five in number, and were established apparently to avoid too close intermarriage, as those of the same *totem* are forbidden to marry, and the children perpetuate the system by adopting the same *totem* as the mother. The women paint the face for dancing—a habit not altogether confined to the Hydah Indians—they are very fond of ornaments, and when possible to obtain it, wear jewellery in great profusion. The domestic relationship of these people commence at a very early stage in life, the females frequently entering the marriage state at the age of fourteen. The ceremony of marriage is a simple one, consisting merely of a family meeting where the praises of the young man are recited by his friends, if the girl is satisfied with the encomiums lavished upon him, she rises from her place and sits down beside her intended husband, and taking his hand in hers the ceremony is complete. Formerly polygamy prevailed to a large extent, but under missionary influence it is being gradually discontinued. The Hydahs are very fond of dancing, and display great ingenuity in devising fanciful costumes for wearing upon such occasions, and the representation of every beast, bird, and fish of which they have any knowledge, is called into requisition in order to decorate their garments. Special ceremonies have their own peculiar dance, such as the death dance, and the house-building dance, nearly all these, however, have been abandoned in those villages which missionaries have reached.

Religion of any sort, amongst these people, so far as our information extends, is almost unknown. They believe in a Great Spirit, a future life, and transmigration

of souls, but there is no word in their language which signifies praise or adoration of a Supreme Being. As is to be supposed under such circumstances, their moral degradation is so great that they seem to be nearly destitute of any sense of wrong-doing, so much so that their extinction seems inevitable unless these causes be removed, and the sole chance of their survival seems to rest on the hope of training up the children in a belief in God. As amongst all tribes of Indians the minds of these people are full of weird fancies and imaginations. Grasping in the dark, in ignorance of the discoveries of science, it is no wonder that in his struggles to solve the great problems which are a mystery to us all—the origin of man and original creation—he should have wrought out that strange mixture of ignorance and superstition which mainly composes their legends and traditions. Some of these are doubtless based upon actual occurrences in remote ages, but the greater number are pure fictions handed down from generation to generation. One example, that of the creation of man will suffice to prove this: "Once, when the water which covered the whole earth subsided, a raven was the only living creature, he in his loneliness flew round the islands and in his travels heard sounds proceeding from a cockle shell lying on the beach, suddenly the noise grew louder and there issued therefrom male children who, increasing in stature, joined with him in a search for mates. Upon reaching another island they found females clinging to a rock, these they married and peopled the islands." Such is the way that these poor creatures account for the creation of man. This tribe is distinguished above all other Indians, for their superior skill in carving and canoe building, nearly every article they use being carved to represent some animal or crest. In Skidegate and in several other villages are columns from 50 to 75 feet in height covered with carvings, from top to bottom, the workmanship of these, of course, is somewhat rude, still considering their miserable tools and appliances, these carvings are very remarkable. Such is a brief account of a people, of whom, until the last few years, but little was known.

AFTER ANTIETAM.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

The nineteenth day of September, 1862, still presented the scenes of the indecisive battle waged two short days before. The Confederate troops had retired from the fair State of Maryland. The victory of the seventeenth lay with the brave Northern Commander by reason of the hasty retreat of the foes across the little river whose banks had witnessed the hands of havoc and death a few hours before. The fields stretched on every side with the silent witness of the devastation wrought by the belching of cannon and crack of rifle. Whatever could be attempted in that short season to alleviate the miseries of the

situation, the kind ministrations of sympathetic hands wrought. Here there remained a fallen horse and dismounted rider; here, a brave defender of his country's right and freedom lay stretched with his face to earth, attesting the fidelity to his cause; there, another representation of hardy Northern manhood had given up his life-blood for the preservation of the Union—on all sides were silent reminders of the recent struggle. Some, but perhaps few, had considered the sadness which would befall happy homes both in the North and South by the ill news of the sudden cutting-down in the bloom of youth or in budding manhood the life of those whose memory is now cherished and revered. Some had rashly sacrificed their lives; others had answered duty's call, and obeyed its behest. But borne from the field of battle, a sturdy example of health and firmness, was a handsome-faced man of maybe thirty years of age; his uniform, that of the Confederate gray; his rank was betokened by his apparel as that of a Captain; he was wounded in the terrible engagement which had taken place; faint and bleeding, he was another victim of the terrible effects of the war. By the hands of very enemies, he was borne to tendering nurses. But his haughty Southern soul despised, feeble as he was, the kindness of his Northern brothers,—yea, brothers in their very hour of despair. The wound received might be fatal, yet, possessed of his faculties, he motioned away all who wore the blue uniform of the Nation,—even the kind old surgeon could scarce examine the patient. With plaintive look, he swept his arm forward with its warning, commanding no one to touch him. Who he was, who he might be, none would he tell; he refused every gift, refused an answer to every interrogation. A man of distinction doubtless in his own home, a gentleman of refinement was evidenced by his clothing. No question would gain the least reply. A gun-shot in the leg would necessitate the amputation of the member, and the effects of the wound and operation might prove fatal. A hurried consultation took place, and the surgeons agreed that there might be a chance of the life, which the young Southern Captain seemed to value so lightly. He shook his head as usual with its silent nod when informed of his fate. No, not even for life's sake would the proud spirit of Southern chivalry yield. But by strategy, his consent was secured, and even now this officer disdained the kind officer and sympathetic wishes of the Northerners, who endeavoured to alleviate the sufferings of one wounded and in affliction for the same devotion which had impelled both to leave their homes. Besides the little nourishment tendered, he still maintained his defiant air towards those who offered their sympathy. The silent nod and gentle wave of the hand beckoned all away. The results of the operation were now apparent—there could be no recovery unless fuel should be supplied to the human furnace. The Northerners were provoked at his obstinacy, and expressed hatred towards them. He meant and was ready to die. The Pale Spectre had no terrors

for him ; he had given up life for his side, and, in despair, now would be a fitting season in which to end his days. The Colonel on his inspection viewed the young man, who still remained as if dumb. The Commander knew that in his train was a good sister of mercy, not in black habit, but a mother, who had lost a boy in the service and whose husband was now in the field. She was an Angel of Mercy ; sent for, she came ; to the hospital she went, and spake to the discontented Southerner. He still persisted in his refusal to answer. She, as a mother, appealed to him to remember perhaps those at home ; their grief if death should overtake him. Relentless, he lay with no word to disclose his identity. Hopeless seemed the good woman's work, but ere she departed made one final appeal, a touching one to a young and tender heart. She called him to remember, perhaps, his sweetheart, basking in the sunny South in expectation of his return with glorious deeds achieved. He answered not ; she moved to go, but a sudden thought came to her. She took the red rose pinned to her bosom and gave to him that it might seem to remind him of home and his earthly Paradise. "Thanks," barely gasped he, as he received the little token in his hand. The good woman, tendering her kindly aid, promised a visit on the morrow.

The promise was fulfilled. The ministering woman did come, but in place of the piercing eyes of the young Captain, there was found a vacant cot. The Reaper had claimed him as his own—a martyr to firmness of will. To his grave he went bravely, and a simple board before a small mound bears the inscription, "Unknown."

RAJAH.

Rouge et Noir.

Published by the Students of TRINITY COLLEGE. Contributions and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

All matter intended for publication to be addressed to the Editors, Trinity College.

No notice can be taken of anonymous contributions. All matter to be signed by the author, not necessarily, &c.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

EASTER TERM, 1856.

We are glad to see that our respected Provost is convalescent, and able to be about again. By the counsel of his medical advisers he is spending a few days at Niagara. He sails on the 10th, for England, where he purposes spending the long vacation. We trust he will return invigorated, and the commencement of next term may find him amongst us again engaged as usual in the discharge of his official duties.

Several weeks ago the announcement was made that Local Examinations for Matriculation and Scholarships would hereafter be held in the various High Schools of the Province, subject to the same conditions as the University of Toronto now hold theirs. Also that steps were being taken for the establishment of a uniform standard of work for examination with Queen's and Victoria Universities. We congratulate the Corporation on these two important steps towards the improvement of our University standing. The next step should be a federation of the degree-conferring powers of these three Universities.

The present age has been called an age of progress, and so it is, but whether this progress is towards better things or worse, the future alone can decide. For our part we confess to no slight uneasiness when we look upon the unsettled state of things, when we see the vast changes that are being made. On all sides is change, it seems as if the disturbances of the physical world had found their way into the societies of men. The relations between different classes are disturbed, and anarchist teaching seems to be spreading with giant strides o'er the land. Law and order are openly denounced, recourse to dynamite and assassin's knife openly preached, while men are trying to overthrow the faith in the being of that God Who made them. In this case the question as to what is our duty as Christians and as educated men, will often occur to us. To those of us who are entering the professions this question is doubtless of great importance. How are we to deal with these things when we meet them in our own public life? Each one of us must answer this question for himself. The more the subject is studied the more it will be found that the only satisfactory answer to it must rest upon that foundation of Divine revelation vouchsafed by God.

It has unfortunately been our lot more than once to deplore the lack of interest taken in College affairs by the men, especially in one in which we are most interested, namely, ROUGE ET NOIR. This is not as it should be. A College paper, as the organ of its students, should be supported by the students. We don't speak altogether of support from a monetary point of view, although that in its place is very necessary, but we allude to the contributions of articles and other matter for publication by the students. This year, with one or two exceptions, we have not received any contributions from the men in residence. In this category we do not include correspondence, it, as a rule, deals with personal and private grievances with which we have nothing to do. Why this apathetic state should exist we are at a loss to determine. It cannot surely be due to the fact that our students are lacking in mental calibre. We do not ask for the discussion of deep scientific questions, what we desire are good, readable articles, which can entertain as well as instruct, and to

aid us in carrying out this object we ask for the coadjutorship of every student. But while we are making this appeal to our fellow-students, we would not have it forgotten that this paper is also an organ of the alumni and to several of them we return our sincere thanks for their valuable contributions, still there are many of them who could write, but don't, to whom we appeal and ask for help. Let us always keep before us the fact that the literary columns of a College paper are a true index to the character of that college, and with this idea before us we will ever strive to maintain the reputation of ROUGE ET NOIR.

We have received several letters from correspondents in which they discuss, some favourably and some adversely, our insertion of the letters in the last issue. Some of our subscribers have even given up the paper, but on the whole our subscription list shows no diminution of names. No benefit can accrue to anyone by reopening the subject, and we have therefore decided not to insert any letters bearing on that point. We published the letters in the former number of ROUGE ET NOIR with the best intentions and with the best interest of the College at heart, but we seem to have struck no responsive chord in the hearts of those to whom reform is synonymous with the upheaval of the existing state of affairs and a slight change with a total overthrow. There is a most unfortunate tendency among us to suppress wholesome originality in the men, and to recast them in one common mould from which there must be no variation or difference. Thus it is that a student who comes to College with any striking characteristic, good and harmless, and worthy of development though it may be, is often met with that ridicule and scorn which proceeds from persons with a limited knowledge of human nature of its grandest and brightest parts.

At this time, when Canada, no longer content to rest on what has been accomplished in the past, is awakening to a sense of the responsibilities and possibilities of her future life, it is important that every Canadian should be acquainted with the lessons her past history teaches. Nothing has more influence in fitting a man to become a good citizen than an appreciative knowledge of the history of his country. In view of this, why is it that no provision has been made in our Curriculum for the study of Canadian history? A University which professes to train the youth of an infant country to become good citizens, should be a centre from which emanates those stores of patriotism which are the life of a country. How can these "patriotic fires" be kindled better than by the study of the efforts, the successes, and the failures of past generations, than by reading the records of what men have done and suffered for our country? A step in the right direction might, we think, be taken by the substitution of some standard work

on Canadian history for one of the volumes now read in our History course, or better still, the establishment of a complete course in Canadian history. We venture to predict that no course would be more popular, for the study is one of absorbing interest. What Canadian can read unmoved the sufferings of the early Jesuit Missionaries, the toils of Champlain, the struggles of the French and English for possession, the hardships of the U. E. Loyalists, the deeds of Brock, of Brant, of Tecumseh, and of many others? Canada, though young, has still an heritage of tradition of which her sons may well be proud. We trust that the authorities may see fit to take some steps towards establishing this course, that Trinity may no longer incur the reproach of professing to meet the requirements of the country, and yet altogether ignoring its history.

CRICKET.

Once more the season of cricket has come around. Never have our grounds looked to greater advantage, and the fostering care and untiring industry of the Captain of the team is well repaid by the fact that a splendid wicket is always to be obtained. The *personnel* of this year's team is much the same as that of last, but a few familiar names are absent. Cummings a host in himself we miss. Scadding also of bowling celebrity, some of the new men, however, notably Messrs. Bedford-Jones, Guthrie and Cooper, give promise of showing good cricket ere the season closes, whilst the old ones are decidedly playing up to last year's form. So far this season has opened somewhat un auspiciously, our early reverses destroying the possibility of having an unbroken record of victories to schedule as we had last year, still these are the chances of the game and must be looked for. The first match of the season was that of Trinity College C. C. vs. Guelph C. C., on May 15th. The wicket, owing to the previous day's rain, was rather sticky, but played true. Guelph won the toss, and elected to take the field. Trinity facing the bowling of Martin and Lockwood. The innings opened well for Trinity, five wickets falling for 62 runs, but after this a rot set in, the remaining five wickets only adding 9 runs to the score, making a total of 71 runs. Trinity furnished three substitutes to field and by their sharp fielding Messrs. Allan, Guthrie, and Jones, W. W., lost their wickets. The principal scorers in this innings were Allan 15, Guthrie, J., 13, Jones-Bedford 11, Tremayne 10, and Roper 7 not out. After an excellent luncheon, Guelph went to bat and secured a total of 99, of which Jackson, by magnificent batting, obtained 62 not out and Guthrie 13. Owing to time being limited no second innings was played, Guelph thus winning by 23 runs. The most successful bowlers were, for Guelph, Martin 5 wickets for 30 runs; for Trinity, Allan 5 wickets for 31 runs. On the 22nd an eleven from Hamilton essayed to lower our colours on the home ground. Backed up by the bowling of Gillespie and Ferric they proved by no means contemptible adversaries.

The scoring on both sides in the first innings was low. Hamilton 44, Trinity 46. The only one to reach doubles was Allan who played pretty cricket for his 18 when unfortunately he was run out. Cooper's bowling aided considerably in obtaining the victory, his analysis for this innings being five wickets for 16 runs. In their second innings Hamilton succeeded in topping their previous score by two, whilst for us Allan and Guthrie going in second and third wicket down completely collared the bowling and knocked up 22 and 16 not out respectively, thus winning the match by eight wickets. Monday the 24th witnessed our contest with Toronto Cricket Club. Notwithstanding the counter-attractions of the day elsewhere, the match was witnessed by a large number of spectators amongst whom were many of the fair sex. The day proved a fine one, the sun shown out brightly and the parterre was gay with flowers and the varied toilettes of the ladies, behind which the lengthening shadows of the old building slanted across the sward, whilst from the neighboring rink the dulcet notes (as played by the band) of the "flowers that bloom in the spring tra la" floated on the air with a cadence peculiarly their own. Success alone was wanting to make a perfect day, unfortunately it was not forthcoming. Play commenced about eleven o'clock by the Torontonians going to the wickets, which they held possession of until a score of 64 had been run up, to this Messrs. Dixon, Saunders and Bethune contributed double figures the latter placing 32 after his name. We failed to reach this score by 31 runs, thus losing the match on the first innings, Allan and Broughall alone secured doubles the latter obtaining a very fine drive to square leg for four. Boyd's bowling for Toronto was excellent his average being eight wickets for 27 runs and the fielding of the team was almost perfection. Toronto's second attempt was productive of a fine display of cricket, no less than 185 runs being credited for 9 wickets, of this number Saunders going in first, obtained 85 not out. Seldom is it our lot to witness on Canadian soil such a masterly exhibition of the game, his score consisted of 1 six, 1 five, 1 four, 2 threes, 15 twos and 31 singles. He was ably seconded by Boyd who ran up 36 by sterling play. Bethune and Brown also got into double figures, five bowlers were tried on but Saunders' defence was invincible and call of time relieved our fielders from a heavy afternoon's work.

On Saturday, the 29th, another defeat was sustained, this time an unexpected one, at the hands of the Port Hope School. The boys, with the aid of their professional, ran up 76 and 74. To which Morris, in the first innings, contributed 30, obtained principally by leg hits of which he sent away 4 in succession, thus affording the fielder an excellent opportunity of practising his locomotive powers. In the second innings, O'Neill (Prof.) hit away merrily for his 32, and Mr. Perry carried his bat for a well made 15. Altogether the boys played a very good game, and exhibited throughout, what cricketers so much require in this country, the advantage of professional training.

The College confident of victory played a weak team, but as the sequel showed the confidence was misplaced. The fielding at times was very loose, no less than 13 byes and leg-byes being recorded against us. Our attempts with the bat were productive of 77 and 68. Messrs. Allan, Broughall, and Cooper, got into doubles in the first innings, and the latter gentleman with Messrs. Jones and Tremayne, followed suit in the second, but the staying powers of the team were insufficient, and Trinity College School carried off the palm of victory by 7 runs.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

The annual meeting of the Cricket Club was held on March 25th, the Rev. the Provost in the chair. The reports of last year's committee being read and adopted, and the resignation of the officers being accepted, the meeting proceeded to the election of officers for the present year, with the following result:—

President—Rev. Provost Body.

1st Vice-President—Rev. Prof. Jones.

2nd Vice-President—Mr. W. W. Jones.

Secretary—A. C. Allan.

Treasurer—H. O. Tremayne.

Committee—W. H. Lewin, J. S. Broughall, and A. C. Bedford-Jones.

Delegates to the Ontario Cricket Association—Messrs. Allan, Jones, W. W., and Broughall.

The following matches were arranged:—

May 15th. vs. Guelph C. C., at Guelph.

" 22nd. vs. Hamilton C. C., at Trinity.

" 24th. vs. Toronto C. C., at Trinity.

" 29th. vs. Trinity College School, at Trinity.

June 7th & 8th vs. University College, at Trinity.

" 12th vs. Toronto C. C., at Toronto.

By reference to the above list it will be seen that the matches arranged for are all against first-class clubs. The match with the University has also been made a two-day one, so that it may be finished and not end so unsatisfactorily as last year.

The Club has been strengthened by several important additions, and although we cannot expect as successful a season as last year's, when every match was won, yet we look forward to a reasonable amount of success.

The Lawn Tennis Club has been reorganized, and Mr. M. A. Mackenzie elected secretary.

We would like to know when they are to hold their Annual Tournament.

The last meeting for this year of the Pow-wow Club, was held on May 5th. A most enjoyable evening was spent. It is to be hoped that those members who are back here next year will not allow the Club to drop, but will keep it up, and also bring more to the front, the literary aim of the Institution.

There is a mysterious building in the process of erection at the back of the eastern wing. Many conjectures have been made as to its object. Some assert that it is to complete the quadrangle, others say that it is a cloak-room, while others talk of a new gymnasium, or an observatory. Probably all are wide of the mark as it may be a back kitchen.

One of our students had a marvellous escape from drowning during the Easter Vac. His canoe had been overturned in a daring attempt to shoot the rapids of the Grand river, and he was precipitated into the water and locked in the vortex of the whirlpool at the foot of the rapids. By a superhuman effort he reached the buttress of the bridge after a desperate struggle for three quarters of an hour with the waves. By climbing up the bridge he managed to reach the land. He is to be congratulated on his escape from a watery grave. We learn that this is not the first escape from such a fate that he has had.

The bricking up of one of its windows has given the reading room a gloomy appearance. The one window in it is doing its best to supply light enough to read by, but it labors under a severe disadvantage in the middle of the day when the sun cannot get at that part of the building. Add to this the fact that some men occasionally stick their large feet in front of the window, and some idea of the intense mirkiness of the room may be obtained. Could not the Curator who is fertile in resources, do something to remedy this?

There is a freshman in one of the western corridors who woes the drowsy god of sleep every morning until lectures begin.

Now, without care, he will sleep, sleep, sleep
But when exams. come he will weep, weep, weep
As he thinks of his sleep, so deep, deep, deep,
For only those who sow, will reap, reap, reap.

We have several base-ball connoisseurs in college. The standing of the league at any particular second of any minute can be ascertained in one or two rooms of the college. It may be mentioned that the base-ball intelligence varies in accuracy and bulk inversely as the square of the distance from the said rooms, so that you need not be at any great distance to be a leagueaway from the truth.

PERSONALS.

C. P. Anderson is assisting the Rev. S. Bennetts at Thomasburg.

Mr. Snowdon has been appointed Missionary to Gloucester, Carlton.

Mr. L. I. Smith intends, on leaving here, to take a course in Divinity at Ely College.

We have received from J. G. Bourinot, clerk of the House of Commons, an able pamphlet on the Fishery question. Mr. Bourinot is an old Trinity man, and anything which proceeds from his trenchant pen is always

reliable and worthy of perusal. His work on Parliamentary Procedure, is now a standard one.

J. M. Snowdon, B. A., 1885, was admitted to Deacon's orders on Sunday, May 16th, by the Lord Bishop of Ontario.

Rev. E. A. Oliver, B. A., paid a flying visit to Trinity a few days ago. His church at Bolton is in a flourishing condition.

We extend our congratulations to Messrs. Dumble and Church, on their having so successfully passed their first Intermediate Examination at Osgoode Hall.

H. A. Bowden has left us to take charge of a Mission at the Batteau, near Collingwood. A letter has been received from him, in which he states the success of his work so far.

Of the present Divinity Class, C. C. Kemp, B.A., goes to Niagara Diocese, J. G. Lewis will remain in Toronto Diocese. J. M. Snowdon received an appointment in Ontario Diocese, and S. D. Hague, B.A., being under the required age, will not go up for ordination for some time to come.

Rev. A. J. Belt, M.A., 1884, has issued a chart of Ecclesiastical History, which has met with very favourable notice. Something of this kind has long been wanted, by which the Church History might be presented in a plain and convenient form, so that the leading points might be at once thrust upon the attention. Mr. Belt is to be congratulated on the success of his attempt, which will be found especially useful by teachers for Bible and Confirmation Classes.

EXCHANGES.

In the *Rockwood Seminary Magazine* we find a contribution under the head of "Science versus Alcohol." We never knew before that there was such an antipathy between science and alcohol. In fact we always thought that the majority of scientific men were, in a mild way, devoted to it; but this effusion has readily dispelled our visions of science and (perhaps) of alcohol. Our old friends Francis Bacon and Cardinal Wolsey again turn up in character sketches. Peace to their memories.

We were especially pleased with an article entitled "Our first Essay" in our new contemporary the *St. John's College Magazine*. There is an amount of piquancy about it which reflects much credit on the author. We give one quotation which depicts the schoolboys struggling with the essay after the subject had been announced:—

"Most of us now felt that blank incapability of purpose which novelty of purpose begets in the young mind; and as often as brows were knit in efforts to focus some glimmering idea, as often would dull nothing respond to the invocation. Here was the time also when some of the older boys were sorely envied and wistfully watched as they, in the whirlwind of their description struggled with unabridged dictionary words and foreign verbiage."

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