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Vol. II.

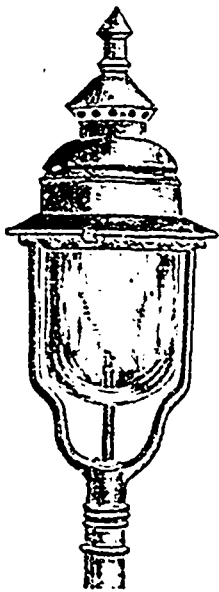
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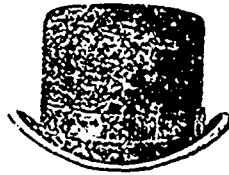
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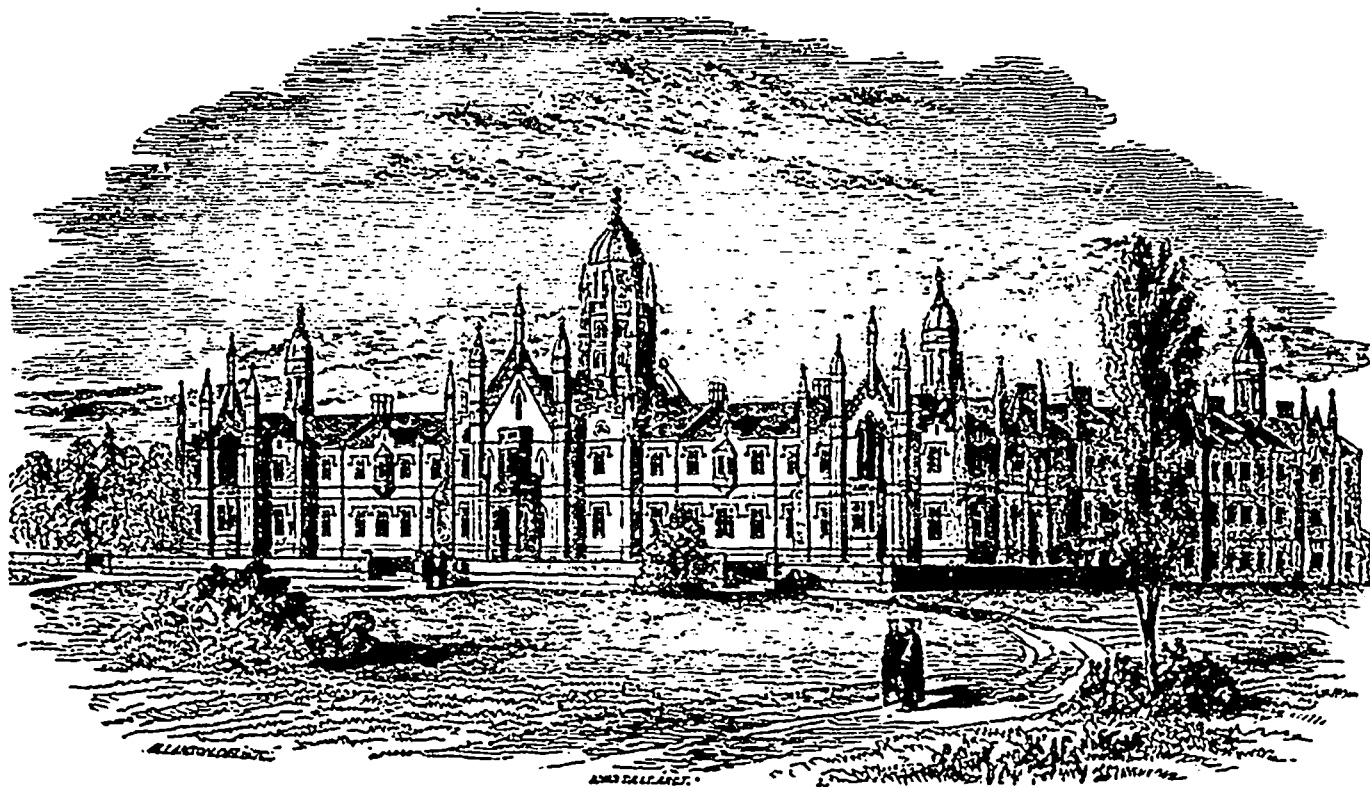
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VOL. II.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, EASTER TERM, 1881.

No. 3.

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THE SUN'S FUNERAL.

By R. T. NICHOI.

'Twas the golden evening fair,
As I lay among the flowers,
Heeding not the passing hours,
Framing castles in the air,
Like those far off cloud-built towers;
Listening to the brook's wild song,
As singing sweet, romantic rhymes,
Welling forth quaint, fairy chimes,
It laughing skipped along.

In the meadows far away
Rose a convent's Gothic spires,
Tipped with yellow evening fires
From the ebbing waves of day;
While the grove's sweet vocal choirs,
Each in glowing, heartfelt notes,
Were pouring forth such joyous lays,
Holy, vesper hymns of praise,
As joy would burst their throats.

And a bell with solemn toll,
Like a strain of music choice
Bidding care-worn men rejoice.
Breathed a calmness o'er the soul
With its deep, sonorous voice;
Crying sweet while sank the sun
'Mortals, cease to strive and toil,
'Cease your slavish care and toil;
'The weary day is done.'

Then a mournful murmur swept
O'er the swelling evening breeze,
Like the sighing of the trees,
Like the voice of those who wept,
Sad it floated o'er the leas:
'Dies ira', came the strain,
Very sadly slow, and faint,
Like the widowed turtle's plaint:
Then sudden sunk again.

Not to herald labour's close,
Had the bell that evening rung;
But to toll a knell for one
Freel from this world's bitter woes
Had it waked its iron tongue,
Still the words it sung before
Might be to dead as live addressed
'Tired, way-worn mortal rest,
Thy weary work is done.

And from out the convent gate
Poured a train of sisters fair,
Bearing on a load of care
In all death's hollow state:
While athwart the hazy air
Spread the sun's last golden glow,
And slowly sounded still the bell
Rose the chant with solemn swell
As sad the strain did flow:-

*'Requiesce Jeau pie,
'Quod cum causa tua rir
'Ne me perdas illa die.'*



THE PROVOST.

BY REV. C. E. THOMSON, M.A.

On Monday week good-bye was said to one who has for nearly thirty years presided over Trinity College. Naturally the group assembled at the railway station to wish God speed to Provost Whitaker and his family, consisted mainly of past and present students of Trinity College: but there were not a few besides of those who in other than Academical circles have learned to esteem them, and who were present to give them a parting salutation. Judges and Senators, clergy and laity, gray beards and youths, united to do honour to those who, for so long a time have been identified not only with Trinity College, but with the city in its best and highest aspects.

It may be permitted to an old graduate of Trinity College to contribute a few words in remembrance of the Provost's Canadian career. Thirty-one years ago the writer of these lines stood on the wharf to witness the departure of the lion-hearted Bishop Strachan, when he went to England in behalf of the projected Church University. In less than two years from that time Trinity College was formally opened, with Mr. Whitaker as Provost and Professor of Divinity, and Messrs. Parry and Irving in the Classical and Mathematical Chairs. The first term (a winter term) was one of some discomfort. The building was new,—only half of it, from the entrance eastward, being fit for occupation: the men were unaccustomed to Collegiate discipline and restraint. The Steward had a hard time of it, and I am afraid many voted him a tyrant. But on the whole we managed to get on pretty well, thanks, as I can see now, to the management of those in authority, whose tempers must at times have been severely tried. At this moment, probably, none feel a warmer attachment to the Provost than most of those earliest students upon whom he made his first experiments as a College Head,—and who, notwithstanding some irritation at the time, have learned in later years to do justice to the conscientiousness of his administration.

With regard to the Provost as a Professor of Divinity, I may perhaps be allowed to say a few words. He never had fair play. He was required to be a Tutor rather than a Professor. This was well enough, as things are in this country. But he was expected to teach the members of his class Hebrew, and Greek Testament, and Pearson's Notes, and Pastoral Theology, and Church Catechism. Oh those Pearson's notes! How often I wished that the Provost would dispense with some of the precision and minuteness involved in the reading of those often erabbed little bits of learning. To do all this work as the Provost did it, a man must be as he is, a sort of walking encyclopaedia. That he performed satisfactorily, so far as one man could, these multifarious duties, I think most of those who have passed under his hands will bear witness.

Any conscientious man in such a position as the Provost held will necessarily run counter to some one else's views. Mr. Whitaker's case was no exception to this rule, and he found opponents in various quarters, of whom the principal was the late Bishop of Huron. It is not necessary to enter at any length into the merits of this controversy. But I think most candid persons will agree that the Provost had the best of the argument. His position was sustained by four out of the five Canadian Bishops—it was before Confederation—by a decisive majority of the Corporation of Trinity College, and in the Synod of Toronto in 1861, by a vote of eighty-four to twenty-four.

There never has been any danger that Romish views would be inculcated by Provost Whitaker. The extent of his Theological learning, the accuracy of his research, his systematic method, the judicial fairness of his decision will be admitted by nine-tenths of those who have had the advantage of his instructions, and make it impossible for him to endorse or promulgate errors of this sort. No element in his teaching has been more prominent than his scrupulous care to train his students in the tenets of the Church of England as set forth in her authoritative formularies, and maintained by her most learned and approved writers. Indeed, I imagine that the Provost has done not a little to preserve in the Toronto Diocese that moderation and freedom from irregularity either by excess or defect which so generally obtains here. The services in Trinity College Chapel have always been characterized by a very decided plainness, to say the least. And lastly, I think I may repeat now after eighteen years more trial what Bishop Fulford, the Metropolitan wrote in 1863—"I believe there is no suspicion that any one of the students, who have now during twelve years been subject to the Provost's teaching, has left the communion of the Church of England to join the Church of Rome, and as far as I can judge of the general tenor of his teaching from the text and spirit of the documents before me, whatever difference of opinion I may entertain on some points, respecting which a liberty is allowable to all, I should not believe it to be such as would lead to any such result."

As a powerful preacher and speaker, the Provost has left behind him no superior, and few if any equals, in the Canadian Church. His manner is quiet in the extreme, and he is free from any of those stage tricks of so called oratory which are much thought of in these days. But he commands an eager and attentive hearing by his manifest sincerity, and by the value, the fulness, and the force of the thoughts which he clothes in language always chaste and graceful. When he spoke amongst us in College Chapel or Hall, in Church or in Synod, or in other places, he always had something worth saying, and it was said with elegance and simple force. The Provincial Synod, com-

posed of chosen representatives from seven dioceses, is not a body to be trifled with, or addressed except in words of truth and soberness. As a member, or as Prolocutor of that august assembly no one was listened to with more ready respect than was Provost Whitaker.

In general society, too, the Provost's loss will be deeply felt. He came to this city when it was very much smaller than it is now; his family have been for the most part brought up here, and have secured a lasting niche in the grateful memories of very many. Near thirty years' residence of such a family in a growing town identifies them with most that is best and truest in its society. In spite of a constitutional reserve almost amounting to shyness of manner, the Provost could and did converse well and freely, and could and did unbend amongst his friends in the most genial and attractive way. Doubtless there are many who will miss him and his family at their social gatherings, and who will feel that to have enjoyed their companionship has added to the brightness of their happier hours, and has perhaps sometimes cheered them in seasons of depression.

In writing thus I think that, though it be feebly and imperfectly, I am expressing the feelings of most Trinity men, past and present. We have parted with one who was to us an able teacher, a wise counsellor, a true and obliging friend. The present students of Trinity College, I believe, appreciate his many good qualities; and I venture to say that not a few of us who have gone before are indebted to the Provost for graceful tokens of interest in us after we had finished our Academical course. Many a country parson has looked forward with eager anticipation to a promised visit, has enjoyed it when it took place, and has looked back upon it with gratitude. Without parading himself before the Church, Provost Whitaker was ready, when duty allowed, to give a Sunday's help to a lonely and overtaken parson.

Well! the first Provost of Trinity College has gone from us, carrying with him into his well earned retirement not merely the admiration, but the grateful regard of most of these who knew him best. Let us hope that he may long live to enjoy the comparative leisure and freedom from care of his English benefice. His College in Cambridge has done herself honour by appointing to it one of her most distinguished sons. Our thoughts will follow him to his new home, and will shape themselves into the desire that he and his family may be loved and honoured there as they have been here.

Who will be the successor of Provost Whitaker the writer does not know. Doubtless a fresh and younger man may do much that at his time of life we could not expect from Mr. Whitaker. If true to herself and to her distinctive principles, Trinity College may do the work for which she was designed, and may maintain her place amongst the foremost of our Educational Institutions. Should a brilliant future be hers as a *Church University*, some of the praise, at least, will be due to him who, in conjunction with men like Bishop Strachan, Chief Justice Robinson, and a few other loyal Churchmen, laid here a solid foundation for the acquisition of sound learning coupled with the fear and love of God.

[The Provost graduated in first class Honors in Classics and Honors in Mathematics at Queen's College, Cambridge; was Classical Lecturer and Fellow of the same College, and Vicar of Oakington, before he came to this country. On the 1st of October, 1875, he was appointed Archdeacon of York.—Evs.]

EGYPT FROM A RAILWAY TRAIN.

BY G. A. MACKENZIE, M.A.

Three years ago I stood on the deck of an Australian steamer at Suez and looked out over the gulf with a pleasant sense of expectancy. For six weeks we had been at sea, labouring across the stormy Australian Bight, slipping over the great billows of the Indian ocean, with the constant trade winds and the tireless albatross behind us, gliding under dim mountain-peaks in the gulf of Aden, or sweltering through the sun-plagued reach of the Red Sea. At last we had steamed past the desolate heights of the Sinai range—what a world of sacred history the sight calls up!—and drawing near the cloud of sand which hangs over the head of the gulf, had dropped our anchor in the middle of a cluster of the ships of many nations, waiting their turn to enter the great canal. And now, with a great "land-hunger," to use the term Mr. Gladstone applies to Ireland, upon us, we gazed at the low dusty plain where Suez was, and at the boats with one great wing-shaped sail which skimmed over the water towards us. Presently the occupants of these boats were clambering over the side of our ship, and the deck was in the possession of a crowd of genuine orientals. Some were clothed in graceful loose-flowing robes and parti-coloured turbans. But most of them were men of the poorer class, boatmen and fruit-sellers in white skull-caps and coarse blue gowns, their brown legs and feet bare, and little of the brilliancy of the Orient about them. We had seen them before in copies of the monumental designs and hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt.

You may travel round the world, from London to New York, from New York to San Francisco, from San Francisco to Auckland, from Auckland to Melbourne, from Melbourne to Suez, and until you reach Suez you will not feel that you are in a foreign country. But here at last you leave Britain and Britishers—for the places I have named are but settlements in that "Greater Britain" of which Sir Charles Dilke writes—and know the fascination of being surrounded by an entirely strange and distinctive civilization.

Since the opening of the Suez canal passengers for London from Australia or India generally make the whole journey by water. But the judicious traveller will, if it be in his power, disembark at Suez, take the rail to Alexandria, and thence proceed to his destination by way of Messina, Naples, Rome, and Paris. Even if he cannot linger on the way the glimpse of Egypt, of the vine-clad Sicilian hills, of Ætna Stromboli and Vesuvius, of the Bay of Naples and the wonders of Rome and Paris, will well repay the divergence from the direct route. This divergence I had determined to make, and with two Italian fellow-voyagers bound for Genoa, I committed myself to the tender care of an Arab boatman, who undertook, for an exorbitant consideration, to land us at the town of Suez.

When we drew near the landing place a mob of ragged citizens came whooping down to the water's edge to receive us. Having dragged the boat ashore, despite the protests of the boatman, who grudged others the privilege of plundering us, they quarrelled among themselves for the possession of our effects, and without recognizing the existence of the owners finally carried them away. We had not expected to be robbed in broad daylight in what we had understood to be a partially civilized town. Such, however, seemed to be the fate in store for us, until there came to our aid a gentleman in a white petticoat who

begged us to be calm. We had only to place implicit confidence in him, he would see us safely through all dangers; the robber-horde was merely conveying the baggage to the custom-house; it was his profession to take care of helpless travellers; in a word, he was a dragoman. A dragoman! we felt that we were indeed in Egypt.

At the custom-house we found the mob with the luggage, still contending amongst themselves for the control of the various articles. When a monetary transaction with the brown gentlemen in fezzes who presided over the customs had been gone through by the direction of the dragoman, which transaction was accepted as a guarantee that we had no dutiable goods, a procession was formed for the hotel, somewhat in the following order:—

Citizen with valise,
Citizen with trunk,
Citizen with hat-box,
Citizen with umbrella,
Other citizens with other effects,
The dragoman,
The travellers,
Unemployed youth of Suez.

Narrow unpaved streets where the desert sand flows about at will, low plastered or clay houses, now and then a trellised window, a dome sometimes and a minaret, bespeaking a mosque—this is Suez. Arabs in brilliant turbans and robes sit at their doors smoking, or trot by on donkeys, and from a cross street, his nose high in air and his contemptuous underlip protruding, a swarthy rider perched upon his back, shambles a camel who does not belong to a menagerie.

"The Hotel D'Orient, advantageously known, offers to travellers, besides an excellent comfort, the calm and tranquility of a boarding-house. Halls for baths. A private saloon for billiards. They speak English, French, and Italian."

Such is a literal translation of the advertisement of the little French hotel at Suez. Though the party who spoke English was apparently absent on important business—he generally is—though I was unable to find the saloon for billiards, and the "*salles de bains*" dwindled into one sepulchral cell, where some yellow Nile water had been stagnating for several weeks past, still I feel bound to say a good word for the Hotel D'Orient. It does give a sense of comfort and tranquility, after six weeks of the sea, to sit in a little plot of clay—there is no turf in Egypt—protected from the sun by a trellised vine, under which a fountain splashes musically. It is pleasant to partake of a clean and well-cooked dinner, and learn once more what fresh bread and vegetables taste like, particularly when one is ministered to by a stately and courteous Mahometan who owns four wives.

Beyond donkey-riding I do not know that there is much exciting employment at Suez. If the glory of the town as a place of trade has departed—and it has, since the canal has been opened to carry past the commerce which used to discharge there—the glory of its donkeys still remains. I have no strong feeling for the camel. Personally I have but a distant acquaintance with him, but I confess to a prejudice against a creature who, with such personal disadvantages, can look so supremely self-satisfied. But the donkeys of Egypt, especially those of Suez, are faithful, willing, and easy-footed. They have been known, it is true, to lie down in front of a railway train, but the rider has only to dismount and the donkey is sure to get up again in good time.

"Has the donkey a name?" I inquired of the bright-eyed black urchin who trotted along behind me, urging on the animal I rode, with outcries and a sharp stick.

"Oh yis, Fruit of Philosophie!"

"Fruit of — ? Well, that is a strange name! And the others?"

"Dis one, Obalah! dat one, Sir Roger-r-r Tichborne?" This last name was almost too much for the Arabian tongue.

"Where do you get such names?"

"Oh, gemmeln come in P. and O. boat—give good name—oh, me plenty name—Dr. Kenealy—Champagne Charlee—Wo Emma!"

"You speak English very well, Ahmed." You can safely call any boy in Egypt Ahmed, short for Mohammed.

"Oh yis, me spik Inglis plenty well."

After a moment of thoughtfulness Ahmed made another essay in "Inglis."

"You come in ship of Australie?"

"Yes, all the way from Australia."

"Plenty gold in Australie ship, I tink." This being an obvious approach to the subject of 'backsheesh,' I took occasion to change the conversation.

Backsheesh—"ahms"—is the first and last word you hear in Egypt. The Egyptians are a nation of beggars, and are not ashamed of it. What they do produce is taxed fearfully to pay the interest on foreign loans, maintain the government, and build palaces for the Khedive. Thousands of people hang about the cities who seem to have no opportunity of labour at all. But they don't appear to be unhappy in their idleness and poverty. They bask all day long in the sun under the almost changeless sky. A little mud makes them an excellent house, a yard or two of cotton a suit of clothes, a handful of dates and rice a meal. Their impudence knows no bounds. We left the railway station at Suez amid the execrations of a gang of sturdy mendicants who claimed that they had rendered us some service, though we had never seen them before. At every station on the road we were besieged by a similar mob, if we dared to shew our heads at the window of the carriage.

I spent one night in Suez, a sleepless night by reason of my anxiety to taste genuine Turkish coffee, which has no milk in it and a great many grounds, and is execrably strong. A cool sweet air blew from the far off Wilderness of the Wanderings, and I passed the night in enjoying its freshness, looking at a brilliant moon, listening to the bray of donkeys, and the occasional call of a watchman or a muezzin, and trying to realize that I was in Egypt. In the morning we took the rail westward.

For some hours the railway journey from Suez to Alexandria lies through a cheerless tract of desert. Sand, piled into drifts and scooped into hollows, surrounds you on every side. The sun glares upon it from a cloudless sky, so that the eye can not rest upon it without pain. The movement of the train whirls the sand into the air to dispose itself in a fine powder in the interior of the railway carriages, and in the eyes, noses and ears of their occupants.

Sometimes you are startled by the sight of the masts and yards of a ship rising above some sand hillock not far off. It is not a mirage but a veritable ship making its way through the canal, near which, for a while, the railway runs. Can life exist in this hopeless waste? Apparently so, for now and then the train stops at a small collection of clay houses, where people live. And the desert is not hopeless after all. Industry and irrigation may make a garden of this waste, as they have done of other parts of Egypt, and of the valley of the Great Salt Lake. "He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water springs. And there He maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation, and sow the fields and plant vineyards, which

may yield fruits of increase." The railway journey at present, however, is for a long time next to insupportable, so desolate is the prospect, so hot the sun, so irritating the sand. But at last the tourist catches sight of a palm tree against the distant horizon. Presently another appears, and then another, till the eyes are gladdened by an entire grove. An oasis in the desert? No, but the outlying districts of the famous delta of the Nile, the old land of Goshen, redeemed from sterility by the waters of the ancient river.

The train is soon passing through a highly cultivated land, intersected by frequent canals of yellow water. In places the soil is rich and dark like the prairies of Nebraska. The whole is flourishing with crops of grain and roots. Men in blue and brown frocks are working in the fields hump-backed cows are toiling at water wheels: strings of camels jog along the roads with great bales on their misshapen backs.

The clusters of sun-baked clay houses, which form the Arab villages, become numerous. Sometimes the train stops at a more important place, where the station is large and cool, and minarets rise above the huts. Sometimes there passes by a car full of women, a harem doubtless, whose blue-black eyes are visible above the long pink face-cloths. As the train proceeds the life grows thicker. Trades-people and country-folk are going home from Tanta, a large town where an annual fair has just been held. They pass along the road, which runs close to the track a stream of movement and colour. They present an array of bright clothes, of turbans and fezzes and robes like the patriarchs', of camels and donkeys, of pedestrians with bundles on their backs, and veiled women with bare-headed children on their shoulders. As the traveller glides smoothly along in the cars the whole thing seems to be a dream. It is a panorama in which gay-looking puppets are worked for his entertainment. Presently the man behind the scenes will decide that you have had the worth of your money and the curtain will fall.

We cross the Nile—muddy like the Mississippi and not to be spoken of in the same breath with the St. Lawrence—and presently the curtain of night does begin to fall. A Franco-Mahometan, who has entered our compartment, entertains my friends with a voluble description of the operas of Alexandria and the ladies of the ballet, whom the Khedive—his friend—greatly esteems. The level rays of the setting sun light dimly a wide expanse of marshy country. In the slowly gathering dusk we glide into Alexandria.

More dragomans—more mendicants—a rattle over stony streets, between tall houses of the Italian stamp, and we are at the Hotel des Messageries. Very sleepy, I follow the Italian waiter up the great stone stairs. He conducts me to my room. He throws open the windows which reach to the floor. A gush of cool air shakes the curtains and wafts in the noise of ocean surf. I step eagerly to the balcony, and there beneath me, on the sandy shore, rolls the long-dreamed of Mediterranean.

The present city of Alexandria is partly built upon a neck of land formed of the rubbish to which time has reduced the ancient city. Under the shops, hotels, cafés, and dwelling-houses of a modern Italian town lies all that is left of the palace where Anthony and Cleopatra drank the Lybian sun to sleep, of the famous Alexandrian library, of the lecture-room of Hypatia, made interesting to us by the genius of Charles Kingsley; of the halls of learning, where Euclid, and other sages, dear to the undergraduate mind, held high discourse.

Alexandria, once considered the second city in the world

when Rome was the first, has known many fluctuations of fortune. She held the key of the commerce of the East until the discovery of the route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, which greatly diminished her prosperity. The construction of the railway to the Red Sea built up her fortunes again, to be again threatened by the Suez Canal. Alexandria is a most interesting city by reason of its being the meeting place of so many different nationalities. In the Place des Konsuls, on any day towards evening, when the Turkish Military band is playing, you will see representatives of every country in the Mediterranean, and of many others besides, displaying every variety of costume and complexion. Turks, Greeks, French, Italians, Armenians, English, Nubians, vendors of sherbet clinking their brass cups together, vendors of dogs, vendors of walking sticks, of red and yellow slippers, of fezzes—Egyptian women veiled to the eyes, Parisian women painted to the eyes, little black Arabs (streetarabs) and English children losing their roses in the hot climate—all mingle together in the buzzing crowd of the Place des Konsuls like the bits of glass in a Kaleidoscope.

The Arab quarter of the city is ancient, tortuous, and dirty. It is a bee-hive where the natives of the country swarm, with the clothes and customs of the world when it was young. The bazaars are good-sized packing-boxes in rows where sit tailors, goldsmiths, shoemakers plying their trades full in the public view. It is all very quaint and picturesque, and recalls of course the Arabian nights.

After a few days spent in Alexandria in the exploration of scenes which I cannot now describe, I took ship for Naples, and in an hour or so had no other prospect than the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

EASTER TERM, 1881.

It is strange what a terrible press of work comes over one of our graduates the moment we ask him for anything in the shape of a written contribution.

We are sorry to see that the beautiful flag-pole, which was so kindly presented to the College by a clergyman of this diocese, still lying at the side of the road where it was deposited some weeks ago. The donor particularly wished it should be put up before the 24th. Who is to blame?

The column devoted to College items in our last number contained an advertisement which was given us with the special request that it should so appear. Having since

received a protest from a suburban club, bearing the initials L. M. S.,—evidently the Society intended—we wish to apologize to the members, and promise to be more careful in future. There were many applicants.

It is a sad yet too true state of affairs that unless the paying-subscription list is increased—or unless many more on the subscription list pay their dues, *Rouge et Noir* must cease from publication. Our journal has been highly spoken of by all College papers of any importance. The graduates profess to approve of it. There is no lack of matter contributed for the columns. Is it to die for want of a few 50c. yearly subscriptions?

The election of the two new members of the Council for this year has come and gone: and it is with unmingled satisfaction that we record the result. The new Councillors, the Rev. H. W. DAVIES, D.D., Principal of the Normal School, and A. P. POUSETTE, B.C.L., of Peterborough, are graduates of high standing, and men who will be likely to uphold the best interests of their University. The former is a particularly good choice on account of the high position which he occupies as principal of perhaps the best known of all our government schools. The College could hardly have done better.

Their Lordships of Ontario and Toronto, with John Cartwright, Esq., M.A., have crossed the Atlantic to select from their respective Universities a successor to the united offices of Provost of the College, Vice-Chancellor of the University, and Professor of Divinity both in Arts and in the Divinity School. To procure a suitable man for so difficult a position is no easy matter, as the Rev. gentleman found who during the last year has been searching for a Provost. Although the wisdom of the Corporation in expending so great an amount of money as the delegation must require has been rather severely criticised by outsiders, a deputation such as the present one cannot fail in its object, which will be well worth the expense. We may confidently expect a new Head for our College before the beginning of the coming Michaelmas Term. Our whole University graduates, undergraduates, clergy, laymen, will watch the selection with breathless anxiety. Very much depends upon the choice. We hope for the best, yet who can venture to expect a Divinity Professor equal to the departing occupant of the chair?

ENGLISH.

There is room for one more lecturer. We do not believe that a Professorship of English is never to be added to our staff. On the contrary, it seems probable that we shall see such a chair established in the comparatively near future—as soon as our sage councillors see fit to take measures for raising the necessary funds. In the meantime it has been happily suggested that they might set apart sufficient to pay a lecturer in that important subject. This would be much better than nothing. It would, at all events,

keep alive the literary spirit so much inclined to die at times, and would serve to draw out hidden powers in some minds which in other branches never shine. The procuring of a suitable person to lecture in English need present no difficulty. There are many in Toronto who are thoroughly competent to fill the position, and some, no doubt, who would be glad to take the post were it offered them.

THE CALENDAR.

The volume for 1881-2 of this publication appeared in much better time than last year. This is an improvement, and not the only one in that mystic pamphlet. Last year an index was given us to guide us through the labyrinth.—an unspeakable boon—but the ugly innovation in the cover counterbalanced this benefit in some degree. This time we still have the index, but the old cover. Instead of publishing the Matriculation Classics eighteen months only beforehand, the compilers have now given the matriculants of 1884 a list of the authors to be read for that year. The full list of Undergraduates in Arts too, has been replaced in its old form. These are all small steps, yet they tend in the right direction. They make us long for a further step, which, though a long step, we may yet live to see accomplished, viz., the removal of the suicidal 25c. pricemark upon the cover in the bookstores. People generally are not so anxious to get information concerning us, that they will pay so largely for it. Our advantages, as we have frequently said, should be advertised as much as possible. We are glad to hear, however, that many copies have been scattered about the country—among the Graduates, High Schools, &c., and we learn from the residents that they have all received copies of the Annual *gratis*:—all of which is very hopeful.

JAMAICA.

During the Lent term a deputation came to Toronto, sent by the Church in Jamaica, to examine our Educational Institutions, and to make arrangements for sending students from that Island, especially divinity men, to finish their course in Canada. What opinions the Ven. Archdeacon formed of our Universities and Divinity Schools we cannot say; and the result of the interviews with the various other boards of management remains a secret. The step taken by our own Council—unlike most of their decisions—has been allowed to creep out, and we are happy to be able to congratulate them upon their action.

The great difficulty which met those who wished to take a Canadian University course was in the Matriculation Examination. Men could not be expected to come so great a distance upon the mere chance of being able to continue their studies. A failure to matriculate would necessitate a return to the south, and at least a year's delay. To meet this difficulty the Corporation have wisely made arrangements to have this Examination carried on in our Southern

Sister Colony, so that none but the successful need leave their homes to seek our Northern Lecture Rooms. This appears to be a very good step, though of course the result yet remains to be seen. We can hardly venture to look for a Creole contingent to the Freshman ranks this year as the time for preparation will be too short, but we may hope, at all events, in 1882, to gain new life from the advent of some of those fortunates who have been nourished amid the 'spicy breezes' of that lovely Island of the Carribbean Sea.

OUR MUSICAL DEGREE.

It is a matter of no small satisfaction to us that our observations in the last number of *Rouge et Noir*, under the title of "Our Musical Degree," have excited at any rate some slight interest. In the May number of the *Arion*, one of our exchanges, published in this city, we find a letter from Dr. Strathy in answer to our remarks. In this letter a quotation is made from the previous number of the *Arion*, in which the editor of that paper, who is one of the most prominent members of the musical profession in Toronto, acknowledges that he had not before been aware of our existence as a musical-degree-granting body. This is rather a startling and unpleasant confirmation of the extraordinary neglect of this branch, of which our authorities have been guilty. From the same quotation we gather that a proposal had been made to found a Chair of Music in one of the larger Universities; and it is just possible that, while we are neglecting our opportunity, some such chair may be established, and then our chance will be gone. After commenting on this quotation from the *Arion*, the Doctor proceeds to correct us for a misrepresentation in our editorial; he states that the lectures in music at the beginning of the present session were discontinued because the requisite number of names had not been sent in. This doubtless makes the matter a little better; yet it hardly seems to us a complete fulfilment of the duty of one occupying his position, whose best efforts should be devoted to the advancement of his charge. The duties of his professorship should be no secondary consideration. However, the lectures in this branch among the undergraduates are a matter of no great importance since there are very few among us who will be called upon to devote much attention to the study. The all-important point is the establishment of the degree upon a working footing, quite independent of the Arts Course, among those throughout the country, who intend to devote themselves to music as a profession: and the greater part of the blame of having thus far neglected an important branch of our academic capacity evidently lies at the door of the governing body of the University.

The number of men, who would prove themselves capable of passing satisfactory examinations in the higher branches of the science would undoubtedly be very small; yet it is of the utmost importance to the country at large, and a need which all true students of music feel, that such

a uniform test should be established whereby the real merit of a few might be proclaimed to the public, and pretentious ignorance exposed. The want that is felt in this direction would bring us candidates, we believe, very quickly. If regular courses of lectures were announced, the subjects for examination and the dates on which they would be held appointed, and printed in the calendar, and the efficiency of our faculty publicly advertised, some adventurous individual would be sure to try his luck, and then a Trinity degree in music would very soon become the fashion.

As we go to press, the June number of the *Arion* is before us. In another letter to that paper Prof. Strathy, after sharply criticizing some of the editor's remarks, invites him to take his degree; and in a short article in the beginning of the paper the latter promptly accepts the challenge. If this answer is really meant, and application shall be made, we have already an opportunity of placing the first name on our lists. We hope the authorities will make the most of it.

OUR ADVANTAGES.

For some time past there has been a general outcry among those, who are interested in the welfare of our University, for a more extensive advertisement of the advantages which it offers to—we hope—no small section of the Canadian people. The principal of these advantages, and one which arises for the most part from the singularity—we are sorry to say—of our position in the country as a University at war with the secularizing tendency of the educational institutions of our day, consists in the close connection existing within our walls between an arts course, furnishing all that has ever been deemed necessary for the education of a gentleman, and the study of Divinity, the established principles of the grand old Church whose name we bear. There are many, very many—at least we hope so, for the good fame of our country—especially within the pale of the Church, who have felt the pressing need and longed earnestly for the possession of some such distinctive home of healthy and untainted learning as this, where the inestimable blessing of religious teaching and of necessity no small uncture of religious feeling together with the old traditional respect for decency and gentlemanly conduct which has ever existed among us, cannot fail to extend their softening influence over every department of University life. Our old and most treasured boast of being a *college of gentlemen*, which to shew that it is no vain one is fully borne out by the testimony of all who know anything of us, combined with the fact that our educational status is not the pitiable farce, which, as far as we know, it is generally supposed to be among government institutions, ought surely to be an immense inducement to all churchmen at any rate. These advantages however, great as they may be, appear for the past thirty years to have been of very little avail, chiefly for two reasons: first and foremost the almost

total want of any proper kind of advertisement, and secondly, because any advertisement that we have received has been from the hands of a hostile party who have been exceedingly diligent, to instil into the minds of those, whose duty it is to support with all their weight, a false impression of our religious tendencies, albeit that terrible bogie Rome—take our word for it—has about as much to do with our teaching as with that of Oxford or Cambridge, or any other University we know of.

It is, therefore, the personal duty of every one of our graduates to do all that lies within his power to set our position in every respect right before churchmen, and especially is this the duty of our clergy, who form the most influential body in the ministry in this diocese at any rate. This would be the grandest service they could do us, the most practical and successful advertisement they could give us. If every one of them were to go little further than a few occasional sentimental expressions of attachment to their *Alma Mater*, and bestir himself to set clearly before those of his parishioner who are desirous of a University training, the advantages which we really possess, correct false impressions conceived about us, and endeavour to send up as many as possible to our examinations: then some day Trinity might indeed become the grand counteracting educational influence and centre of pure Church teaching, which under active guidance from the beginning she might, we doubt not, even now have become.

THE PROVOST'S DEPARTURE.

Monday last closed upon many sad hearts in Toronto and will long be remembered as the day on which the long impending departure of the Provost and his family became a melancholy fact of the past. They left by the 3.20 train for New York. Before the hour for departure, nearly all the clergy of the city, and a large number of sorrowing friends had gathered together to cast one last long lingering look after the receding forms of those they had learned to know and love so well. It was a trying ordeal for all, and not women only, but strong men wept as they turned away from saying their sad good bye. And well they might, for in our judgment no event more full of sad reflexions could have happened. It is quite true that the Provost is going home to a well endowed English living, but old trees when transplanted do not readily take root again, and for himself and his family, the painfulness and desolation of having broken loose from the associations and attachments of a lifetime, will only then be realized when they are quietly settled in their new home. But if sad for them, it is surely doubly so for us. In learning, ability, and loftiness of character, the Provost has no peer, and never has had a peer, amongst the clergy of this land. And we say it without hesitation, it is a burning shame that he should have been allowed, after spending thirty years of his life in labouring for the good of the Canadian Church, to go away because there was no suitable provision for his retire-

ment. Would any of the denominations have allowed such a man to leave them for such a cause? Are there not rich men among them who would have felt it an honour to have endowed some position which would have provided such retirement, and ultimately have served as a lasting memorial of the Provost's long connection with Trinity College? And yet the whole Canadian Church has not stirred a finger to do itself this honour. What have the Bishops, the natural heads and leaders of the Church been about? How does their conduct contrast with that of many of their illustrious predecessors in office, who laboured and suffered in order to reward and honour learning and ability in their clergy? It will not surely happen that nothing will be done now that the Provost is gone, to procure some such memorial; and yet if anything is done it must be done at once.

It is useless to speculate yet upon the effect of the Provost's departure upon Trinity College itself. Very much, everything in fact depends upon the sort of man that may be chosen to succeed him, and a very solemn responsibility rests upon the delegates to whom the task has been entrusted. But for the present while everything will be done that can be done by our popular Dean and his learned colleagues, and while the work within the College halls will go on very much as usual, everybody feels that the central figure, the one which gave dignity and solidity to the staff, is gone, and we instinctively feel that we are moving upon a lower plain without him.

It is now nearly thirty years since the Provost first came amongst us. During all that time he has toiled and taught, and has never spared himself that he might assist his brethren and promote the interests of the Church. He has received an abundance of misrepresentations and persecution, and but little worldly remuneration or honour, and yet though no outward memorial of his work has been established, he may yet justly feel as he looks abroad over this land, or in fact over the world, for the graduates of Trinity are to be found in well nigh every land, he may well feel as he thinks of the men whose minds have been moulded by his hands, whatever the world may do "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*"

This, however, will not excuse us from the discharge of a duty which we owe to the Provost, to our country, and to ourselves, and we call upon all good Churchmen in the Dominion, and especially upon the graduates and students of Trinity College, to take steps at once for the foundation of a Whitaker Fellowship or Professorship, or at least Scholarship.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Our present system of general proficiency scholarships, may have arguments in its favour, yet we are inclined to doubt its efficacy. The objects for which these prizes were established we believe, would be much more satisfactorily attained by awarding scholarships for proficiency in particular branches. The evils arising from

the system now in practise are very manifest. Some even of our ablest men, here in Canada where students in the vast majority of cases receive a very insufficient previous preparation for a University honour course in any branch, have continually complained of their inability to attain to any great excellence in the branch of study, for which they are especially suited, on account of the irksome necessity of applying the greater part of the time at their disposal to outlying subjects which they find great difficulty in making any considerable progress in at all. The consequence is, that many men who might have taken a degree in a particular branch which would have made them an honour to their College, have at the end of their time obtained only a very insufficient smattering of a number of branches, and are obliged to leave the favourite object, for which their honour course was undertaken, for the most part unattained. There is a prize for the best poem in Latin verse offered annually for competition. How is it that so few names are on the list as having won it? One of the reasons no doubt is, that most of our honour men in their endeavour to obtain a high examination percentage in all the branches, have not had time to accumulate sufficient knowledge of the classics to enable them with confidence to attempt Latin verse.

Though we might find a few men of rare ability, who would be capable of mastering all this complication of subjects, yet it cannot be denied that the interests of pure and accurate learning are deeply injured by the shallow tendency of this system. A good mathematician for instance, judging from all cases which have come under our notice, can never hope to gain that mastery over the difficulties of his subject, which would enable him to look forward with certainty to the attainment of a high first-class degree, the object he has rightly set his heart upon, if he is obliged to spend, we might always say, the greater portion of his available time on the study of classics and other branches more difficult to him than his own, and often quite distasteful. We have noticed this disastrous result in the absurd but necessary attempt to read double honours made by men in almost every year, men who were manifestly incapable of accomplishing any success, in such an effort, but who, if left for the most part to their own bent, would attain to a very creditable scholarship in some particular branch. Many a man of marked capacity for following some such special branch with success, is wholly discouraged by this necessity for devoting himself mainly to studies for which he has no taste, perhaps little ability, and drops out of the race altogether; for this very reason, our honour list has to our certain knowledge, been deprived of men who would, without a doubt, have been an ornament to it. The student, however great his ability, would certainly devote himself with more heart to his work if that dark impracticable mass of distasteful labour were removed from his sight. Labour, which he feels with dismay, will gain him but a poor smattering in the end, and leave him almost too weary for the pursuit or rather repursuit of the studies in which he might have made himself a

name. We seriously think that a vast improvement might be made, a more wholesome and hearty devotion to study on the part of the students attained, if single scholarships of equal value were awarded for the highest proficiency in each of our principal departments, and the general standard of marks for the pass examination of honour men placed at a reasonable figure, say 40 per cent. This would ensure a respectable knowledge of the different branches, while the sufficiently undivided pursuit of an advanced course in one of the honour branches would be open to those whose tastes or necessities might lead them to enter into competition for a scholarship. This is a matter of great importance, and should meet with the earnest consideration of those who desire that our educational capacity should be placed upon the firmest and healthiest basis.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

How about the reception room ?

Mr Broughall is on a trip to England. We wish him a pleasant tour and a return of good health.

The Institute prizes have been awarded as follows:—Debating, G. B. Sage '80; Essay, J. C. Davidson, '82; Reading, C. L. Shaw, '81. We congratulate the winners.

The freshmen have made a very valuable addition to the Literary Institute. We are grateful. It is a pity some good soul would not make an extensive donation to it. It needs it very badly.

The "heavy grind" hangs depressingly on our spirits. This lane generally makes its appearance, together with "June bugs," about the middle of May, and gives rise to a good many unpoetical laments among the about-to-be-plucked.

Major Milligan's pic-nic on our grounds was not a success, owing to the gloom of the day. We hope he will be more fortunate next time. We also sympathize with the improvident Don who staked his dinner on the same and lost.

How little music we have now-a-days! Where are all the clubs? Grinding?—cricketing? The "chorals" have only appeared once. The "glees" have not been heard at all—even the "Jubilees" are fainter than usual. Many congratulations to those living near the music room.

The slat-walk in front of the gates has not proved such a success as might have been expected. It is rather too frail to stand the merciless treatment of exuberant undergraduate high spirits. However, now that the marks of door-step frequenters' heels have been repaired, we hope that the men will be considerate enough to preserve it.

The Divinity class has met with a loss by the unexpected departure of Mr. G. B. Sage, B.A. '80, our prize debater, and pillar of the institute. He is soon to be admitted to the Order of Deacons in the diocese of Huron. May he meet with success in his labours. In his place, Mr. Davidson '82 has been elected to fill the office of Treasurer of the Institute.

Since the days when the Moks had their convocation in November with the rest of the University, their day of assemblage in the Hall has been considered rather a stupid affair. There was a good admixture of artsmen in the gallery who did their best to enliven the proceedings, and

succeeded fairly, with medical assistance, in giving vent to some heartrending strains and jokes.

The Provost, we are informed, has left a number of valuable books to the University library. All such contributions are an invaluable boon: but, alas, they are of little service to the students, to whom the great library is even more of a mystery than these walls are to the majority of people who pass the gate. Why is it that freer access to it is not granted to the undergraduates?

We are very sorry to see the cricket-field so deserted by a large number of the resident Students. It was simply disgraceful, that there should have been only eight men the other day to face the Upper Canada College eleven. Trinity has always maintained a high reputation among Canadian clubs. The men have generally been very diligent at practice until the present year. The fair fame of the team should not be allowed to go down for want of a little self-denial on the part of its members.

On the Monday before the departure of the Provost our Hall was used by him and Mrs. Whitaker in receiving their many friends at a farewell conversation. During the very pleasant evening the Chancellor read an address which accompanied a present given by the many friends of our late Head, and received a reply. Equally well responded to was an address read by the Dean of the Medical Faculty from the members of his department. The music was good. The many farewells made rather a sad ending to a very enjoyable evening.

Dandelions are all very well in their way. They are delightfully refreshing to the eye after it has been surfeited for four months on the barren wastes of winter snow. But to have a college park literally choked and overgrown with them is rather too much of a good thing, and now that the blossoms are gone and everything is covered with the ugly white-headed stalks, they do not add to the beauty of the place at all. Surely it would have been no waste of trouble and expense to have had them all destroyed before they ran to seed.

What has become of the lawn tennis? After all the dollars spent last year in purchasing rackets and nets; and all the trouble taken in clearing and measuring grounds; we might expect to see the park alive every afternoon this summer with the graceful experts in that delightful game, but instead of that the only trace we have of the valiant but improvident attempt is that two small patches on the grounds are covered with a more than usually luxuriant crop of healthy dandelions, casting their seeds from one to the other, in a mock game of tennis no doubt but not the one that we wish to see.

It is a source of intense gratification to us to hear, as we do now and then, of the success of our old graduates in their different walks of life, especially those within our own memory. Two of them we wish especially to congratulate, and shall never cease to hear from with interest, W. M. Cruttenden, B.A. '80, a double-honour man of last year, and one of the founders of our paper, is now editor of the *Evening Mail*, a leading newspaper in Des Moines, Iowa. We wish him all success. The Rev. Fred. E. Howitt, our earliest business manager, has lately been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Niagara. We shall always be glad to hear from him. All thanks, Crutty, for the *Evening Mail*, which we welcome among our exchanges.

The flower beds in front of the building and along the walks to the gate are being set out with garden flowers, and are in a fair way to look very beautiful when the plants are in bloom. The young trees also of different kinds along

the walk are growing splendidly. These together with the grand old foreresters already in their prime which are scattered about the ground, the flowerbeds, the creepers clinging to the walls at both ends of the College, and the Ravine that loveliest of places in summer time, would make our park one of the prettiest in Toronto, if only that lamentable old fence were exchanged for something that would be a little more ornamental and at the same time enable people outside to catch a glimpse of the beauties within, which are at present buried under a bushel, so to speak, and a very ugly bushel at that. The gardener says that his great desire is to have a conservatory to raise his own plants in. We think this would be an excellent idea one which would enable him to use at once a greater variety, a greater number, and a better quality of plants.

CRICKET.

BY A GRADUATE.

The season of 1881 has commenced in a manner creditable to the College: a "draw" with Toronto, being followed by a most exciting victory over our other ancient foes at Newmarket. May similar good fortune attend the Eleven in future matches.

Trinity College, May 24th.	1ST INNS.	2ND INNS.	TOTAL.
Toronto.....	76	52*	128
Trinity College ...	55	55
Drawn.	*7 Wickets down.		

Owing to the previous heavy rains and the want of practice on both sides, the scoring was naturally slow, and the individual innings small. Those, therefore, who got a few runs, are entitled to credit for their performance, as are also the bowlers for their gallant struggle against difficulties. On the part of the Metropolitan Club, the batting of Gamble (25 and 2), A. Townsend (10 and 12), Morrison (15 and 2, not out), and Behan (1 and 17) was exceedingly good, while Jones (21), and Godfrey (not out, 10), well maintained the honour of the College. Among the bowlers, Gamble alone met with any success, taking 6 wickets at a cost of 17 runs.

Newmarket, May 26th.	1ST INNS.	2ND INNS.	TOTAL.
Trinity College....	65	53	118
Newmarket.....	67	42	109
Trinity won by 9 runs.			

This match turned out, as usual, a hard fight, resulting in a well earned victory for the College, who, though weak, played well together and won after a most exciting struggle. For the Home Club, Ashworth's 20 and 16, Atkinson's 14 and 7, and Jas. Boddy's 9 and 1, were the principal scores; while the reputation of the University was bravely upheld by Allan's 26 and 4, Howard's 5 and 14, H. J. Campbell's 11 and 1, and Allen's 3 and 5. (n. o.) Boddy and Ashworth bowled well for Newmarket; while Allen, for Trinity, took 12 wickets at a cost of 27 runs—his under-hand bowling proving remarkably destructive. The good humour and discipline of Trinity in the last innings, undoubtedly won this well-contested match. If Canadian Elevens generally would play the game in the same sensible manner, and extend the same unhesitating obedience to their captains, the noble game would undoubtedly advance in a very short period to the position which it is so well worthy to occupy among the characteristic amusements of the English speaking race.

THE LITERARY INSTITUTE.

The weekly meetings of the Literary Institute recently came to a close for this academic year. A review of its operations, since last October, is productive of mingled pride and regret in the minds of those members who have mainly contributed to maintain it in its present state of ambitious mediocrity. With all the parade and machinery of the most popular and flourishing institutions of its kind, it boasts an existence which rests to a great extent on the pride it feels in own individuality, and its time honoured past. This may be a good thing to have, but it is only apparent in a form of spasmodic enthusiasm, and at times when other and more

weighty considerations engage the attention. It is insecure as a support, and affords but little satisfaction to those who feel that more good can accrue to them from a judicious use of present opportunities, than by indulging delusive hopes of utilizing the future to better advantage. The attendance has been up to the average, but the interest taken in the debates, essays, and readings has not been as great as subjects of such paramount importance should demand from young men preparing themselves to breast the temblous waves of an uncompromising world. The zealous and energetic, of whom happily there are many, find but little matter to prompt exertion when they see such undue appreciation on the part of the majority for the scope and efficacy of what is designed to be a most potent auxiliary to the academic course, in educating and practising the faculties which are brought into action in all public vocations, and on the right use of which every day affords additional evidence that success in life is largely dependent. There are some members who, though proud of the existence of such a motor in their university, willing at all times to acknowledge its utility, solicitous and zealous of its honour, but alas! hold themselves aloof from all active participation in its workings, and leave to a few whose zeal is well nigh spent, to maintain it in its integrity, while they languidly indulge their drooping propensities in the reading room or library. There are others again who regard their membership as a compliment, to be repaid in obsequious flattery, and are unwilling to acknowledge any benefit, lest by so doing they might detract from the value of their patronage.

One thing worthy of mention has been instrumental in bringing about and fostering the lack of effective force which has been observable in the recent past. Harmony has existed among the members to a more than usual extent, which in small as well as great is not always productive of the most general good. How many old members look back with pride and exultation on the fiercely contested debate on some proposed change in the constitution, or an impeachment of the council, which generally resulted in its overthrow.

In the early part of this term the graduates, resident throughout the city, were invited to meet the members in the College hall for the purpose of discussing and fixing upon some plan for rendering the Institute more effective in the accomplishment of the objects for which it was designed, and for strengthening the bond of union between the graduates who have ceased to have any immediate connection with the College and the present members. It was felt by those who instigated the movement that much good would result from the active co-operation of the honorary members. Their presence would inspire new life into the Institute, and swell its list of membership.

The Dean occupied the chair. Mr. Langtry, Mr. Worrell, Mr. Ferguson, and several others, spoke at some length on the proposed changes. A resolution was passed recommending the removal of all distinctions between honorary and ordinary members, and the admission of all under graduates to full membership on certain limitations.

In the early part of last month a public debate was held in the College Hall. A number of invitations had been issued, and were well responded to, a good audience being present, of which the larger proportion consisted of ladies. The Secretary read a letter from the Provost, regretting his inability on account of illness to occupy the chair. The Dean was thereupon chosen to take his place. The subject discussed was "Co-education." Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Carson supported the affirmative, and Mr. Langtry and Mr. Sage the negative. After a short summary by the chairman he called for the yeas and nays, which resulted in a victory for the negative.

The revision of the constitution is a work which is continually thrusting itself on our notice. At present it only exists in a traditional form in the minds of the oldest members. To be sure there is a manuscript which is being continually appealed to for the settlement of disputes, but it has been amended and recommended to such an extent that it is practically unintelligible.

On the 17th of February the Annual Conversation was held in the College Hall, under the auspices of the Institute. There was a large attendance of guests, the number exceeding six hundred. The musical programme was excellent. It consisted of vocal and instrumental selections by the best composers. The band of the Queen's Own assisted with several very beautiful airs. Mr. Smyth, lecturer in Physical Science, exhibited electric and lime lights in the large entrance hall. The College library was thrown open, and many indulged in an inspection of the old and curious volumes which form a large proportion of that excellent collection.

At the last meeting ballots were cast for the best debater and the best five readers. Mr. Sage received the debating prize. The latter were examined by M. Pernet for the final decision of the reading award. The choice fell on Mr. Shaw. The essays were examined by Mr. Worrell, Mr. Davidson received the prize. The money contributed by the freshmen to the library was expended in the purchase of Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. The want of such a work has long been felt.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of *Rouge et Noir*.

DEAR SIRS,—Will you kindly allow me through your columns to correct an error which appeared in the exchange column of one of the best papers upon your file. The *Notre Dame Scholastic* (May 14) has a quotation taken, says the editor, from a book written by a Protestant Clergyman, Rev. W.A. Johnston, entitled "Vox Populi aut Dei." This is a mistake. It is an open secret that the book, though published anonymously, was written by a layman in the Anglican Diocese of Niagara.

Truly yours,

THEOLOG.

EXCHANGES.

How easy it is to criticize; how difficult to improve. And surely no one is in a better position to fully appreciate this fact than the exchange editor of a College paper. But if only the criticisms are made, and received, in a proper spirit, who will think them better unsaid?

In our last issue we had somewhat to say of the *Portfolio*. True, we did not *gush* over it: yet neither did we make our humble suggestions in harsh terms, nor even unmixing with commendation. Also, there was a question or two tangled in the paragraph.

How little we dreamed, while writing it, that we were preparing trouble ahead. The *Portfolio* for April has honoured that poor little paragraph of ours with nearly three columns of attention in its editorial department. We appreciate the distinction.

The article is written in *Portfolio's* best style,—and the standard is not by any means low—and yet we must take exception to it in two points. In the first place, there is plainly an attempt, on the part of the writer, throughout the whole article, to be sarcastic. Now, not only is it very forced, and evidently not at all in keeping with the fair writer's real nature, but it betrays a sad lack of appreciation of the true spirit of our criticisms. And secondly, it would have a College paper little more than a bald chronicle of dry events, with an essay exercise department attached. What they say of their local column is entirely wide of the mark. It is nonsense to waste time in definitions as to what 'local' means. There is no misunderstanding on that head. We said that there was little more than half a column of matter in the February number, which was of local interest. We can only repeat the assertion.

There is, of course, much difference of opinion as to just what a College paper should be. Here is what the C. C. N. Y. *Free Press* thinks on the subject. 'A College paper need not be instructive; instruction can be found elsewhere. A College paper should be vivacious, humorous, and occasionally sarcastic; should look to the amusement of its readers and not their mental development. They are supposed to receive enough of the latter in their class rooms; a journal should effect a change in the dull monotony of the student.' Yet one need only read papers like the *Wittenberger* to see that there are some who have opinions the very reverse—save perhaps in the matter of sarcasm. *Wittenberger* is always half made up of literary articles mostly on the heaviest obtainable subjects.

The *Berkelyan*, after quoting the *Free Press*, as above, adds: 'a College paper must be interesting, else there is no excuse for its existence. This does not mean that all serious matter should be excluded. Let us have articles witty, articles wise; articles humorous, articles serious. Banish dullness from the paper, for by this will the subscription list grow.' To this we would add: it should be the mouth-piece of the students and graduates, and its appearance should be attractive.

Very few college papers, we fear, satisfy this description. Some come very near it, however. The *North Western* is one of these: its various departments are well balanced, and generally ably written. The *Lantern* is another, its editorials especially strike us as well written, fearless, and plain. Both are most attractive in appearance: so also, Queen's College *Journal*, *Haverfordian*, *Ariel*, and some others. Not so, the St. Vincent *College Message*, a paper of most sorry make up.

It is rather strange that Heidelberg College cannot edit her own paper, but has to get it done for her by outsiders. Perhaps that accounts for the 'strong weakness' of the *Journal's* exchange columns, locals, &c.

'but now comes *Rouge et Noir*, all the way from Canada, with two-thirds of a column filled with sugar plums for the *Scholastic* and hot shot for the *Lariat*,' says *Lariat*. In truth, we took just two lines and a half to say that *Scholastic* noticed *Lariat's* blunders with forbearance and good temper. Seventy lines to the column.

Beltrusco has changed its name, it is now called *Academica*. It is a good paper, by whatever name they call it, interesting and neat.

Acta Victoriana shows many signs of improvement, and is already quite a nice paper. We are pleased to see that it has adopted, in its 'new form, our suggestion as to having two columns to the page. The local editor is evidently a man of some wit. The picture of Faraday Hall should be in a more conspicuous place. *Acta* now compares favourably with many of our exchanges. Its editorials are sensible, and display a creditable amount of information. We always shall be glad to see it.

Thanks, *Undergraduate*, for the very flattering way in which you speak of us. Yes, you are right; this is an 'Episcopal' college. But we never before heard of an Episcopal style of architecture. Trinity is built in the Perpendicular style, we have always been taught.

Lariat speaks of the 'cold regions of Canada'; and *Illini* refers to *Sunbeam* (Whitby is thirty miles east of this) as coming 'from a region proverbial for the rigor of its climate.' Will the good folks over the line never learn that Toronto is only 130 miles north of Chicago? Why will our enlightened neighbours across the way persist in speaking of us Canadians as if we lived in snow huts, subsisting on whale-fat nine months of the year, and fighting Indians and polar-bears the other three. Look at the map my friends.

Student Life is responsible for a very exciting four act tragedy, entitled 'The Co-Ed's Revenge.' The scene in which the 'berluddy villyan' wipes up the gore with the freshman, is specially strong.

Not the least interesting part of the *Hellmuth World* is formed by its letters, particularly those from Europe.

The exchange which calls for most attention, however, is the *Saturday Evening Mail*, of Des Moines, Iowa—first because of its merits, and secondly because we look upon it as a near relation of ours. It is ably edited by one of the three original founders of our paper—W. M. Crutenden, B.A. Our friend's opinions on Prohibition and Political questions beam strongly from the editorial columns. The whole journal is interesting and highly creditable to the management. We wish it every success.

Scholastic and *Detroit Every Saturday* continue to come as regularly as clockwork, with perhaps no equals, certainly no superiors, the one as a weekly college paper, the other as a weekly society and art paper. We would direct *Scholastic's* attention to Theolog's letter on another page.

We can forgive the O. I. C. its music-lessons, if only on account of *Sunbeam's* interesting 'German correspondence' and racy exchange column. You won't understand this. Given away with tea, you know.

And now we must leave *Lantern* to struggle against 'Evo,' Oberlin *Review* to correct *Wittenberger*, King's College *Record* to instruct *Portfolio* on the George Eliot question, *College Message* to wither *College Cabinet*, and the dreadful 'Alabama man' to give *Lancel*, *Haverfordian*, *College Message*, and others 'fits,' and the other papers to go their respective ways. We must hand over our exchange list and pen, and 'step down and out.' We have had a few little sparring matches with our exchanges at odd times, but we never wore hard gloves. In saying farewell, we feel as if we were parting with a company all friends.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges since our last issue: *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Volante*, *Oberlin Review*, *Arion*, *Brunonian*, *Lariat*, *Rockford Magazine*, *Ariel*, C. C. N. Y. *Argus*, *Illini*, *Kansas Star*, *Emory Mirror*, *Oracle*, *College Rambler*, *Normal News*, *Haverfordian*, *Heidelberg Monthly*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Berkeleyan*, *Academica*, *Ryan's Collegian*, *Saturday Evening Mail*, *University Press*, *Every Saturday*, *Euphonian*, *University Reporter*, *Critic*, *Sunbeam*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *Philologist Gazette*, *Universal Penman*, *Hellmuth World*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Undergraduate*, *Hamilton School Magazine*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Anglo-Catholic*, *College Message*, *Sibyl*, *University Magazine*, *Wittenberger*, *Campus*, *College Record*, *Sackville Argory*, and 'Varsity.

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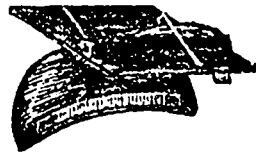
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