

ROUGE ET NOIR.

FORTITER FIDELITER FORSAN FELICITER.

Vol. II.

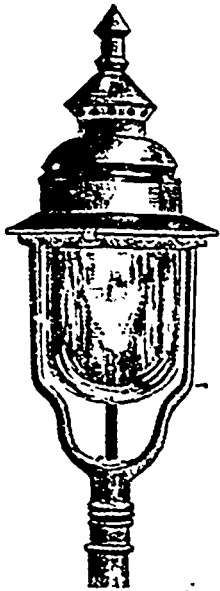
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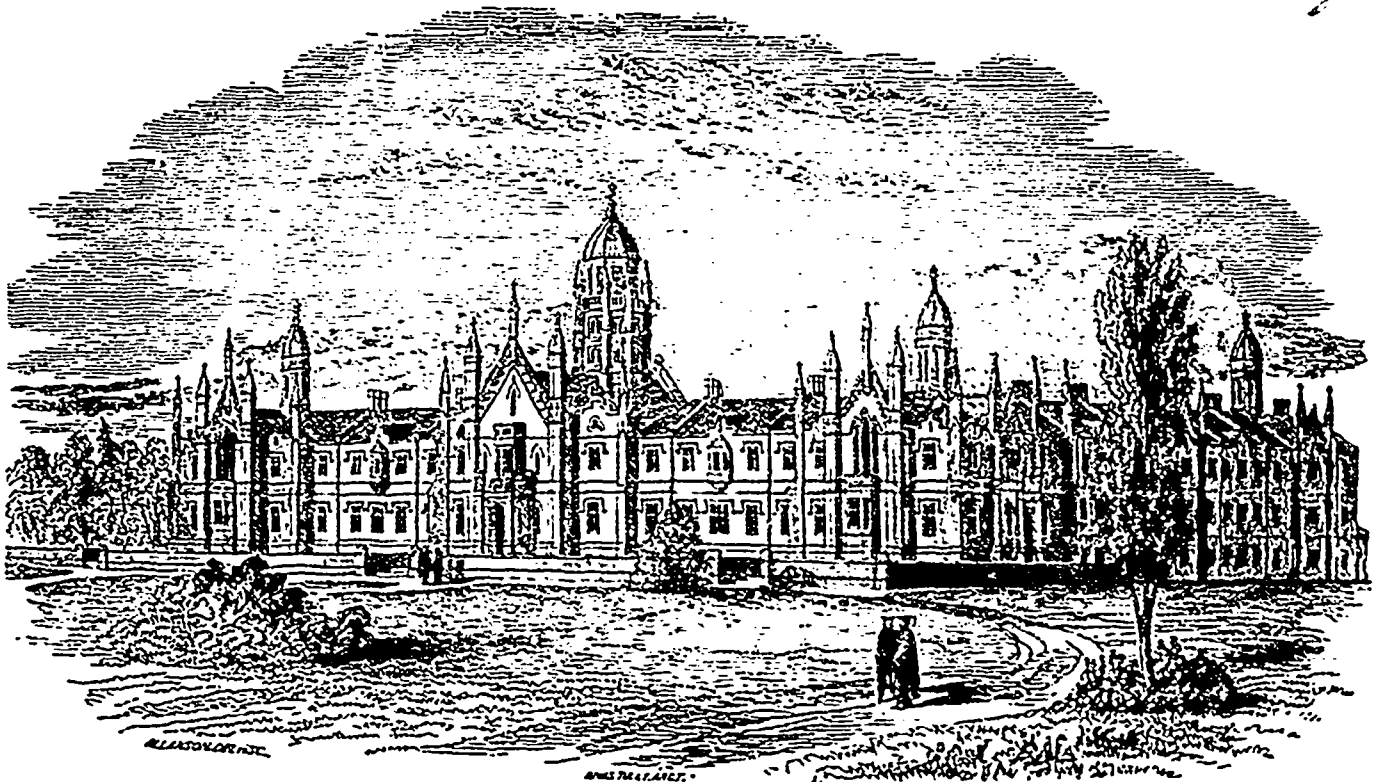
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No. I.

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ABRADATES AND PANTHEA.

From the Cyropædia.

BY ALBAN GREAVES.

Here they laid the form that, stricken,
 Lost had nigh the warrior soul :
 None spake as, unto its passage,
 Deathless from the scene it stole.

As soft as failing hours of daylight
 Pass the yielding gates of eve,
 Noiseless as a darker mantle
 Night the dim world o'er doth weave—

So 'twas sped ; and then, unaltered,
 Lay the casket of the soul
 Sleeping as they sleep who slumber
 Whilst the years to centuries roll.

Long they tarried, watching sadly
 By that form so gently laid,
 Tho' they knew that now no spirit
 Burned within the dead that stayed.

"Come, ye maidens ; he no longer
 Now can need your anxious stay !
 Others have, thro' shadows leading,
 Lit the torch to guide his way."

Ah ! this grief would lighten burden,
 Might I view that spectral ground,
 Did some token tell but even
 Where to dream the homo he's found.

Yet, wherever dwell the spirits
 Of the noble fair and true,
 Where they toil not for their gladness
 Loosed from care that here they knew.

There no thinks that he doth tarry,
 And hath worthier union far
 With the brave of braver ages,
 Where all nations heroes are.

Gaze your last, then veil those features
 And go leave me with mine own :
 In the silence here beside him
 I would weep unseen, alone.

Leave us awhile : for few remaining
 Are the hours that I may stay :
 I will guard him, once so valiant,
 For his might hath passed away.

"Then farewell to thee now, my husband !
 Nor it long farewell shall be :
 'Tis a weary night that ending
 Here hath none. Farewell to thee !"

Few were braver than the warrior
 By whose death-bed they had stayed,
 None were nobler than the woman
 Who was dead beside him laid.

WORK AND PLAY.

BY T. G. TOWNLEY.

"Every scope by the immoderate use
 Leads to restraint."

It is taken for granted by a vast majority of young people, and especially by those of the higher class who have means at their disposal, that diversion is the only, or at all events the principal means of attaining and preserving

happiness ; and in fact to such an excess is this idea carried that it becomes the grand ruling passion of their lives, which tints all their thoughts, words, and deeds, and causes them to look upon the serious duties of life with loathing and disgust ; while on the other hand, what a cheerless prospect is presented to a dispassionate observer who views labour in the abstract without reference to its promptings, inducements, and possible consequences ! But from these limits as the extremities of the base of our remarks—the former whose

"Step is as the tread
 Of a flood that leaves its bed,
 And its march it is rude desolation,"

—which is as absurd in its conception, as ruinous in its results, and under whose banè mirth degenerates into senseless rest, and gratification, soon cloyed, terminates in satiety and disgust ; the other a barren vista of cheerless toil—let us strive to shew by approximation that happiness is the joyous birth of their happy union, and that 'work and play,' each in its proper bounds, must ever go hand in hand in order that the aim of our existence may be fulfilled. For that happiness does not spring from a mere selfish course of pleasure and self-gratification may be shewn by proving that there is no enjoyment in life without labor. The terms generally used to signify diversion are relaxation, amusement, and recreation. "The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow which must be *unbent* when it is not wanted to be used that its elasticity may be preserved. Amusement literally means an occasional forsaking of the *Muses*, or the laying aside our books when we are weary with study ; and recreation is the refreshing or *recreating* of our spirits when they are exhausted with labor, that they may be ready, in due time, to resume it again." It is quite patent then from these considerations that he who never "works" can never "play" ; for he who is never bent can no more relax, nor can he leave the muses who is never with them, than play can refresh him who is never exhausted with business. When diversion becomes the business of life its nature is changed ; all rest presupposes labor. "He that has no variety can have no enjoyment ; he is surfeited with pleasure, and in the better hours of contemplation would find a refuge in labor itself." Seeing then that some employment is absolutely necessary for ultimate, positive enjoyment, let us consider the dignity of conscientiously pursuing work, even from no other motive than duty. Thomas Carlyle says : "There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task ; and doubt, desire, remorse, indignation, and despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying flame, wherein all poison is burned up ; and of the sour smoke itself, there is made a bright and blessed flame. Destiny has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set *revolving*, grows round, ranges into strata, and is no longer a chaos, but a compacted world. What would become of the earth did it cease to revolve ? So long as it revolves, all inequalities disperse themselves, all irregularities incessantly become regular. Of an idle unrevolving man, destiny can make nothing more than a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor, let her spend on him what colouring she may. Let the idle think of this." General as this question is, it may with great propriety be narrowed down to a particular appli-

cation, and brought to bear upon the student and his surroundings. His sojourn at college is the intermediate state between childhood and manhood—the fulcrum of his life. Round this point, on the one hand, the force of boyish habits—foolishness, recklessness, and indolence—is opposed by that of a growing sense of the fact that he is a responsible being. The problem for him to solve is, which is going to counteract the other, and upon the result hangs his destiny. Is this crisis, then, in his existence a time for self-indulgence and diversion, or ought it not rather to be employed in forming and cultivating principles for his future guidance, and in sowing seed for a prospective harvest? Serious question which every student should ask himself. And what more ennobling principle, or one more calculated to bring success, can be formed than industry? 'Tis a hard lesson for the majority, and many succumb.

"Need I describe his struggles and his strife,
The thousand minor miseries of his life,
How Application, never-tiring maid
Oft mourns an aching, oft a dizzy head!"

But assume that he has overcome the throes of initiation, and is a loyal subject of sovereign diligence, what are his sensations?

"Few are his pleasures—yet those few are strong,
Not the gay transient moments of delight,
Not hurried transports felt but in their flight,
Unlike all else, the students' joys *culture*
Intense, expansive, energetic, pure;
Whether o'er classic plains he loves to rove,
'Mid Attic bowers or through the Mantuan grove,
Whether, with scientific eye, to trace
The various modes of number, time, and space—
Whether on wings of heavenly truth to rise
And penetrate the secrets of the skies,
Or downward tending, with an humble eye,
Through Nature's laws explore a Deity,
His are the joys no stranger breast can feel,
No wit define, no utterance reveal."

To a poor worldly-minded student, that ideal anomaly—who loves books because he loves them, and learns simply for the sake of learning—is as difficult of comprehension as negative infinity.

But is *Duty* the only incentive to work? Has Ambition nothing to do with progress? Yes, in a great degree it has. And yet, indeed, in many cases the incitements of Duty and the urgings of Ambition would prove futile were it not for the growing sense of unworthiness and entire insignificance and ignorance of what he before considered quite a creditable chip from the block of humanity. This feeling grows in proportion to the amount he reads, and to lessen it becomes the passion of his life to which all others are subservient. The great Richelieu said: "In the vocabulary of youth there is no such word as *fail*," and using this as the pillar of fire in the night-time of despondency, with the firm conviction that nothing is impossible, or that what man has done man may do, he strives to raise himself from the sloughs of ignorance, to prove himself not an altogether ungrateful recipient of blessings bestowed upon him, and to utilize to the utmost the talents given him, and not have to confess finally that a napkin received them.

Duty, Ambition, and Sensitiveness thus combine to overcome the inertia of a sluggish spirit, and to fan into actual existence the spark, which, without such stimulants, would be smothered in the rose-beds of indulgence, or extinguished by the mists of indolence. And what satisfaction is it to see difficulty after difficulty vanishing before the purging flame thus kindled!—to feel the birth of a new spirit within him—to foster and nourish it in the swaddling-clothes which the world since the creation has

been carefully making—to wean it gradually from dependence upon a mother's milk until by successive gradations it becomes a hearty child, able to stand upright, and clothed in the glorious garb of individuality.

And in moments of contemplation, so dear to a true student, when the mind is released and the spirit set free, then Hope, his ark, opens her windows, and Imagination unfolding her wings speeds her flight over the vast expanse of the unexplored sea of futurity, and, though she find "no rest for the sole of her feet," yet her return is never without an olive branch. Fancy rules the hour, and it is pardonable if his *chateaux en Espagne* are somewhat elaborate—if he fondly pictures to himself all barriers broken down, and all he has ever loved, all he has striven to attain, nestling lovingly in his embrace.

In the words of Campbell:

"Thus, with delight, he lingers to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim discovered scene,
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

But to return to things terrestrial; as labor then is necessary to procure an appetite for the body, so also must there be some exercise of the mind in order that it may enjoy happiness. And as diversion, by a senseless prosecution, results in a hypochondriacal defeat of its primary object, so also, by an intelligent and judicious selection, should amusement be found to furnish profit as well as pleasure; and it should be a man's aim in striving after an education, befitting a gentleman—not an education, however, which is suggested by the power of making an occasional mysterious allusion to Aristotle's *Ethics*, or the bringing of the Asymptotes of the Hyperbole to bear upon some problem in Trigonometry with a nod calculated to convince the uninitiated and confirm the wavering; but a training as rigid physically and morally as mentally—it should be his aim, I say, not to rush dogmatically forward, but judiciously to assimilate his "work" with his "play," and under the Shibboleth "Progress,"

"To strive that each to-morrow
Find him farther than to-day."

OLD WILLIAM.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR BOYS, M.A.

In rustic cottage, at the mountain's foot,
Beneath a sheltering tree, dwelt William Brown—
Old William generally called, though why
None knew, but such familiar title showed
That all the village reckoned him a friend.
The children loved him, too, and tired of sport,
At eventide would gather round his chair
To hear the stories wonderful and true
That he was wont to tell of things he'd seen,
And wild adventures, both by sea and land.
For he had been a sailor in his youth,
And spent his manhood travelling the length
And breadth of his own land with pedlar's pack.
No scholar he with ponderous lore equipped,
For early had he worked to earn his bread;
Yet his the massive brow, and calm, keen eye
Betokening power to observe and think:
And, studious, he had gathered mightier lore
Than books contain—deep knowledge of men's hearts.
A rude though sound philosophy was his
Of men and things, and piety expressed

In few but weighty words, and pious deeds.
 His forehead time had wrinkled o'er; and grief
 Had traced its record in deep lines, great grief
 That by its burden his strong soul had bowed
 Down to the very dust, but had not broken.
 Those furrows, each a monument of strife,
 Stern strife heroically won, he wore
 - A crown more glorious than the wreaths men twine
 For conquerors flushed with blood-bought victory,
 Blending with strength and majesty sublime
 The deep repose that on his countenance dwelt.
 He had an air of native dignity,
 Unconscious, grave, yet with simplicity
 So sweetly tempered and frank courtesy,
 That awe inspiring, it banished fear,
 And gained the willing homage of the heart.
 His cottage faced the west, and overlooked
 A gently undulating plain, spread far
 As eye could reach, with hamlets here and there,
 And homesteads nestling among trees that grow
 Here solitary, there in pleasant groves.
 A silver-shining stream with devious course
 Through pastures wandered filled with grazing herds,
 Whose distant lowing oft the stillness broke.
 And when the sun, declining in the west,
 With temperate glow that eyes might gaze upon,
 A red and golden splendour shied on all,
 Old William loved upon a bench outside
 His cottage door to sit, and watch its parting.
 And, sitting oft beside him as he watched,
 I marked the looks of gratitude and awe
 That mingled in his countenance, and thought
 How like the scene were those his latter days
 In the grand beauty of their hallowed rest
 And oft there shone upon his reverend face
 A radiance not borrowed from the sun,
 As though the fount of light celestial
 That sprang within him, as a river flows
 In subterraneous caves, were struggling
 To burst its prison and regain its source.
 Then would he break the silence, and give vent,
 Like prophet of old times, to wondrous thoughts,
 In words of wisdom supernatural,
 Words flowing on in cadence musical
 As harmonies that, at the Vespers' close,
 Float through the dim cathedral's echoing aisle.
 His voice upon the listening ear would fall
 With soothing spell, and softly find its way
 Into the hidden regions of the soul,
 That great abyss, precipitous, profound,
 Whence thought reels backward or upon the verge
 Stands melancholy, gazing at the clouds
 That roll and surge beneath impenetrable,
 And whirled with the fall and swell of voices,
 Distinct though mingled, both of joy and woe,
 Borne ever upwards through the gloom, as though
 Imprisoned spirits, struggling to be free,
 Were calling on each other from afar.
 His accents, breathing peace through trust in God,
 Stilled the wild tumult, and the soul enabled—
 Unsolved its own tremendous mystery—
 Calmly to brave its destiny obscure,
 Reposing on the Author of its being.
 Such influence benign was his, because
 Not his the tongue that, rimed with formal phrase,
 Discourses of eternal things to men,
 The spirit grovelling in the dust meanwhile
 His words were like the flood of silver light
 That from the lake's unruffled mirror streams,
 When the moon shows her full orb in the sky,
 The natural effluence of a placid soul

Illumined from on high, and powerful
 By magic of sincerity alone.
 And thus, as when a tread, and stir of robes,
 That break, but startle not, the stillness round,
 Betray the passing of a stately form,
 Passed one by one, but not unnumbered passed,
 The span of days vouchsafed him after toil
 For holy meditation and repose,
 For retrospect of days with blessings crowned,
 And contemplation of the endless day
 That soon should dawn upon his raptured eye.
 And when the measure of his time was full,
 Came death to him, but not with dire alarms,
 Nor with the might of ruthless Tyranny
 Conceded to him o'er the slaves of sin,
 But, as by Christ subdued, he hath become,
 Tho' grave but gentle messenger of God,
 Old William in the little churchyard lies,
 A simple cross of wood above his head:
 His memory and its golden lesson live
 Still fresh, and fruitful still, in other lives.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

"Friendship, in the old heroic sense of the term," says
 Carlyle, "no longer exists, it is in reality no longer
 expected or recognized as a virtue among men." How
 true is this indeed. Where civilization, that restless
 march of the intellect over the ruins of the rude greatness
 of the past - glorious ruins, amid whose flowers and mosses
 there has ever been much that is tender and beautiful,
 though their shattered fragments have been very nearly
 all borne away, like the great stones at Carnae, and built
 into some more modern specimen, of cold symmetry—
 where this civilization yields an influence uninterrupted
 by these political storms, which bring with them long
 continued fear and doubt, and danger, true friendship,
 such friendship as prompts men who feel it to sacrifice
 advantage, property, even life for those they love, is, in
 the ordinary positions in which men are placed, almost
 an impossible thing. Man's life runs evenly on from
 boyhood to old age: his aims are selfish: he is striving
 for wealth, or power, or fame. there are no great and
 sudden dangers to beset him, such dangers as in a semi-
 barbarous state of society make the future full of uncer-
 tainty and dread. he lives on calmly and contentedly,
 happy in the accomplishment of his purposes, and confi-
 dent in the belief that no dangers can fall upon him which
 he is not capable of meeting. It is an age of pride, inde-
 pendence, and self-reliance. Men feel not the necessity
 of friendship, and it springs up very tardily in their
 hearts. Gratitude is uncultivated; indeed it is a very age
 of ingratitude, for men, calm, and cold in the stiffness of
 the unendangered pursuit of their own selfish aims, in
 the stiffness of their hard, false pride, stoop not to receive
 kindness, and thus put themselves under obligation to
 others, while those benefits which are forced upon them,
 perhaps in an hour of adversity, when prosperity returns
 they pass by in contempt. In the olden time it was differ-
 ent. Governments were unsettled. Dangers were on
 every side. People were brought together by common
 interest into small communities. A man's life and pro-
 perty were liable to destruction at any moment. The
 future was a great cloud of gloom, doubt, and peril into
 which he marched in fear and trembling. Then it was
 that one man was obliged to cling to another for comfort
 and support, and knew well how to shew gratitude for

services of which he would perhaps very soon be in need again. Those were ages of suffering, anxiety, and oppression; but yet a man possessed that one very great source of happiness—confidence in the faithful attachment of his friends and a knowledge that in an hour of reverse a trusty arm would be uplifted to save him, something really risked out of true friendship for him. In our time he has not the dangers and anxieties of an age of feudal vassalage to bear up against, and he has a contentment in the steady uninterrupted course of prosperity which civilization allows him, but he has lost and can never know that most perfect happiness that rises out of faith in the attachment of those who would call themselves his friends. Even the ties of relationship bind men no longer. Brothers go forth into the vast Babel of life; are separated far apart and enter upon the pursuit of different schemes of ambition. If one fails and sinks with a cry for help upon his lips beneath a burden too heavy for him to bear, the rest content themselves with a few cold words of feigned pity, and leaving him to his fate, pass on with the ceaseless stream of human activity and remember him no more. Thus it has been in every age in which a high standard of civilization has been attained—friendship and gratitude have been for the most part unknown. When the great Italian Republics, the wonder of the Middle Ages, first cast off the irksome rule of the German Emperors, and every member of a community was obliged to bring his property and his life, and lay them at the feet of his country, when war and discord desolated the whole country from end to end, then people stood manfully by each other, for no man could order his course of life for himself from one week to another, and ingratitude was a crime which brought with it hatred and contempt. But when the wholesome hostility of the emperors was withdrawn, and these gifted republicans at peace with one another, turned their energies to the acquisition of wealth and power, and of refinement in arts and literature, then this blessed tenderness of heart was lost, and every man's heart was hardened against his brother in the selfish strife for success. A state of civilization was indeed attained which made Italy a magnificent enchanted land of wonder and beauty to the semi-barbarians who visited her from the rude North lands. And yet, I know not but that I would have preferred the hazardous life of those who dwelt under the despotic rulers beyond the Alps. For in Italy, with all its civilization, the restless, selfish, yet refined march to prosperity and power, in which every man was engaged, produced a state of society in which no man could trust his brother, or knew his friend from his foe. Thus it will always be. And in our age he who rushes into the great world, restless with its countless multitudes of cold selfishly-struggling, or changing beings, filled with the hope that he may find some faithful soul from whose unflinching attachment he may receive confidence and counsel in prosperity; and comfort, assistance and purest happiness in the hour of distress, let him not look for such an one amid the din of enterprise and life, as it is called, the home of pleasure and ambition, for he can find naught but neglect and contempt, and will have to make his own way coldly and sternly to the front till he grows as selfish and immovable as the rest; but let him choose the man, if he can find such an one, who cares little for the world, and knows less, one who has never ventured to elbow his way among the merciless crowd, whose heart is unclouded by its sophistries, whose feelings are free to turn the way that nature would lead them. And when he has found such an one, let him cling to him as a drowning man clings to his rescuer, for if he lose that greatest of all blessings a mortal can have, he may never find another.

ARTS AND DIVINITY.

BY ALBAN GREAVES.

It is the fashion among men who are supposed to know, to decry what they consider undue brevity in the period assigned by any institution as the minimum required for graduation, and to characterize all courses of study conducted without regard to a becoming length of time that they must occupy, as superficial. This applies to the medical and legal professions; and, as far as it goes, is perhaps well founded.

But when one compares the extent of mental acquirement and general literary condition of some minds that come up to a University for matriculation, with the degree of culture and development, which should attach to a graduate leaving it to enter the church, one has cause to be thankful that the courses prescribed for effecting the transformation are no shorter than they are.

The course in Trinity College assigned for men who wish to obtain their degree, and in addition to attend the Divinity Lectures preparatory to taking Holy orders, is one of five years. In ordinary cases it should be no less. Modifications may arise with circumstances, as in the case of those who come up already well prepared from a curriculum in some other University or College but these are the exception.

A supposed simplicity in the study of theology has evidently been presumed, a thing that might be acquired, kept up, and improved at any time hereafter, when parish work has begun. But this idea is as vain as it is specious and alluring. How much would many of those now in the field give (if they had it!) to have been able to take a thorough divinity course at College?

To some persons it is almost a saddening thought that the Church has its secular as well as its moral aspect:—that I, for instance, a priest or deacon of the Church am liable to be saluted, and perhaps most unmistakably brought down to the common level of thought and existence in a moment by a chilling *why?* or an unspiritual *wherefore?* when my heart and intentions could not be improved upon.

Here is not the place, nor is it to the point, to speak of the prime importance in a clergyman of personal piety, nor even of zeal and devotion. The question is one of capability. The eyes of men will hereafter wait—and that with no superficial attention—in matters involving culture and information, as well as intelligence and ability, upon him whose very profession lays him open to all such inquiries. He is expected to be fully up with the times (if not a little ahead of them); and his information and attainments are always, and by all, assailable. He must not only be able to lead but also to impart; not only to declare but also to explain: nor must his advice or opinion be lightly given, or they will be thrown back at his head together with the contempt thereby earned. And, if in every day matters the people's respect be weakened or destroyed by deficiency on his part, who can say whether his authority and influence for good in spiritual matters, may not *pari passu* also be reduced?

This has been too often exemplified in the past, and not only has the Institution whence the man drew his secular inspiration borne the blame, but the Church at large has been made to suffer.

But these things may not be. For it is evident that much of what we have just supposed lacking may be acquired, though the degree of perfection may be a mere personal matter. Judgment, tact, and power of

thought and language, not to mention a large information (which always brings respect to its possessor), all these things may be vastly improved by the due mental preparation of which opportunities are not afforded, and which, moreover, no intending candidate for Holy Orders can presume to ignore, if in any way attainable.

In this view of things can any University afford to allow her undergraduates to compress (necessarily to the injury of both) the two courses of Arts and Divinity into one, or her Divinity students to take no Academics at all, or curtail in anyway their course in Divinity? Whether, in addition to the reason of the thing, we point to the example of other Theological Colleges, or to the general opinion of clergymen or to instances in the history of the past, the answer appears the same.

A very simple step for the authorities here to consider would be, at least, the preventing a Divinity student from coming up for his Arts with the rest of his year in June, (which is the time for his theological examinations); so that by his waiting until the Fall for his Arts, less time might be stolen from his Divinity work in June.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

(I) LENT TERM, 1881.

—Another landmark gone. One more of our pillars, one more of the links which bind us to the past is soon to be taken from us. Dr. CHARLES MACRAITH, for thirty years Bursar and Secretary of Trinity College, at the last meeting of the Corporation submitted his resignation, his advancing years not allowing him to carry on his numerous duties to his satisfaction. The vacant place is to be filled by W. P. ATKINSON, Esq., B.A. A better could not have been chosen. We congratulate the Council upon their acquisition.

—In May (or April?) next the second election of two representatives by the members of Convocation takes place. These will hold office for four years. Within the next three years eight members, similarly chosen, will sit at the Council Board. It is important that two representative and influential *Graduates* should be chosen. As at present there is no Society of Graduates, no *Alma Mater* Association, at which such matters can be discussed, we would humbly suggest the names of MR.

CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, Q. C., and the REV. O. P. FORD, M. A., to the consideration of the electorate, thinking it advisable that the clerical and lay element should be both represented. And how can we do better than by such a selection?

—One of the charms, physically speaking, of Trinity College is its perfect, its peculiar isolation. Our beautiful building stands in the middle of a large park far from any street, and separated by a wooded ravine from the life and bustle of Toronto. Yet this is mere surface isolation. We are more truly insular than one, who had never lived here, can well conceive. Ours is about the only building in the city that can boast of having not a telegraph wire near it! Yet strange as it may seem, we venture to assert, that the inhabitants could put up with a little less isolation, even at the cost of a wire run up from the gate. Nay, let us be bolder, we are quite sure that one of the city telephones placed in the building would be the greatest benefit that could be conferred upon us all, and that at a very trifling expense.

—We would like to make a suggestion to our authorities as to a means, found very successful in other Canadian Institutions of bringing our College, with its advantages, before the public. The proposal we would make is this: that small exhibitions should be established by Trinity for competition in the larger schools of the Province, to be held by those only who are preparing for matriculation here. The institution of a few of these—say in the Trinity College School, and in the Galt, London, St. Catharines Collegiate Institutes—would not draw upon the University chest to any great extent, and would prove, we are very sure, a successful speculation, looking at it from the lowest stand point. Should it do nothing more, it must draw attention to us. We need not fear inspection. Our ship may be a little out of repair in some places, but she is thoroughly sea worthy still.

Whether the University statutes have, with their manifold amendments, been printed and published for distribution we cannot tell, if so, the thing was done in a corner. Yet the necessity for having the pillars of our constitution ranged in order and set out for public inspection is sufficiently obvious. The Act of Incorporation, with its offshoots healthy and otherwise—fungus growth and nurtured tendrils, in neat pamphlet form, is our modest request. To those who are suspicious that the brick and plaster about our corner-stone are crumbling, its presence might be a relief. We pray that out of the abundance of their hearts the Council of Trinity will supply us with a key a-piece that we may examine her foundations and perhaps suggest a serviceable mortar, should any be needed. For the dry rot may have set in there, too, who knows? Such a show of effort on their part—a little well-intentioned courtesy in recognition of the zeal of the graduates for Trinity and her future—would be appreciated, and might, too, convince the skeptical that her

fathers have not resolved forever to sit in the seat of the scornful. Unfortunately the interest of a graduate in the future of Trinity has, till lately, been regarded merely as sentimental interest in *his* past.

—The concessions of the corporation to the demands of the University for self-government granted in the autumn of 1879 are to be still further increased. It is proposed to alter the provision as to the qualification of an elector. 'Such members of Convocation as are members of the Church of England,' and have annually paid \$5 to the Registrar, are at present competent to vote at the election of Chancellor (once in five years), and for the 'Tribunes' in the first week in May. The ambiguity of this provision is now to be elaborated thus: 'That the Chancellor shall be elected by such Masters of Arts, Doctors of Medicine and Civil Law, and *Bachelors of Arts as have proceeded to any degree in Medicine, Law, or Divinity*, as are members of the Church of England, and have made an annual payment of *one* dollar to the University chest'—the same electorate having the privilege of voting at the annual election of representatives in April. The modification of the tax on zeal is highly commendable. It will be possible to too compound for such annual payment. But we urge there is a further modification necessary. When an undergraduate has taken his degree—newly fledged and as full of enthusiasm for his *Alma Mater* as three years of kindness and association can make him—'tis then of all times his interest and affection should be kept alive. Hear his voice, give him a vote when he dons the *toga virilis*. Don't wait till he has become a professional man, he has other things then to engross him. He will be weaned. While he is just without the shadow of your wing, busily idling with the Law or Divinity, clinch his affection. Strike while the iron's hot. Else, ye legislators, he will be lost to you, as many another. There is no fertilizer of apathy like ardour dampened—or accepted on terms. And in the name of good faith and honour, don't frame a pitiable revenue tariff, and force those who are zealous, despite it, to buy a B.C.L. or kindred commodity.

TRINITY'S POSITION.

Our University is nearly thirty years old. The question may now be fairly asked, has it answered the purpose of its founders? This demands our thoughtful consideration. To a large extent, we think, it has. Its roll of graduates is large and influential. Its fidelity to its first principles remains unshaken. Financially, too, as far as its ambition goes, its condition is satisfactory. But this is not all. If its relative position to the other educational means of the Province is to be considered, and if in a spirit of friendly rivalry we do make the contrast, what then? Their opportunities were in most cases, such as ours. Our appeal for support was restricted avowedly to a section of the public—to churchmen—so, too, in the case of others.

Our endowment or our staff, though not pretentious, will bear comparison with that of our kindred contemporaries. And the result? Trinity's best friend will confess that there is room for improvement, though her sphere is limited, still her present state of efficiency and her numbers shew she has not yet reached the ears or pockets of the church generally throughout the Province. We must look at home for the causes of our short comings.

Trinity is assuredly the child of deliberate and resolute convictions. The want in Ontario, upon the loss of King's College, of an educational means under the control of the Church of England, was its *raison d'être*. It was intended as a spirited and active protest against the secularization of the Provincial University. Its policy and tendencies were aggressive, but, since the death of the dauntless and energetic founder, its ways have changed. Her ways now were not his wonted ways. For a blow once struck entails a battle. To slip ingloriously out of sight proclaims a want of moral courage in the striker, or may be a lack of the 'sinews of war' and force of character, or (*absit omen!*) a weak cause.

' Beware
' Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
' Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.'

A vigorous and strongly sustained struggle is expected from such beginnings. But Bishop Strachan's successors have gradually settled into another groove. They seem to have clean forgotten their duties to their step-child. In the similarity on the surface of our system to that of the Universities in the Mother Country they have, apparently, lost sight of the difference in soil. Canada is not ripe for such a college as All Souls. Educationally, the policy of stiff-necked indifference, of lofty exclusiveness finds its theological equivalent in our midst. Sublime inactivity may be a welcome rôle, but its assumption is an unwarrantable conceit. Again, we urge, a patient reliance on the efficacy of mere orthodoxy, will never do. Earnest helpfulness is quite another thing.

In the light of common sense let us face the facts. Trinity still lives. In default of advocates her very stones, trumpet-tongued, would cry out as much. Constitutional weakness was once a ground for alarm. Her constitution never was good, but it seems to be slowly improving with age. Physical decay is her greatest danger. Though not in a moribund condition, there is more to be feared from slow decline than from anything approaching a galloping consumption. Galloping, indeed, is not in her line. Poor Trinity, time ambles withal. Yet if she would exercise herself a little for her good, there would be little cause for apprehension. And to be plain this is the sovereign cure. For thirty years we have merely kept our head above water, let us now strike out, and make some way. Do we want men? then let us advertise, exert ourselves, push our claims. Do we require additions to our staff? then if we can't afford to pay more professors, let us ask funds of those who need but the asking. For, on consideration, we are forced to one of

two conclusions, either that our trustees are not fully utilizing the moneys at their disposal, or that they and their 'friends in council' are too apathetic to ask for more. We suspect the latter inference to be the more plausible. Queen's College has demonstrated amply the truth of the promise 'ask and ye shall receive.' By all means let the church public be made aware of our rich endowment of scholarships. Tell them of it till they tire of hearing it, till they are too weary to try to forget it. Let our claims upon churchmen's generosity be systematically prosecuted. Better dead than sleeping.

In the name of our Founder abandon genteel inaction. Peace at any price may be dearly bought. Should you make a desert, gentlemen of the Corporation, you alone will call it peace.

A PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH.

The above title will call for various remarks from different readers. One will ask 'What, are they at last sufficiently awake in Trinity to find out their greatest need?' A second will say, 'Why an English Professor? Every man should be his own professor of English;' while one of the largest class will probably exclaim, 'The old subject again. Why agitate it? It has been proved over and over again impossible, though very desirable.' Our reply to the first must be simply to point at the remark of the third. It is an old question, a long and keenly felt need amongst us, that we have no Professor of our own language, nor even a lecturer to encourage us in our literary pursuits, no person to direct us in selecting, none to guide us in reading, none to assist us in understanding our own great authors.

That every person should be his own Professor of English, is only true to a very small extent. One must, we admit, supply the taste for this study, and the labour of following it, if labour it can be called, but that is all. None can do more without help. A journey through the Alps is a very profitable pleasure, but without a guide, is dangerous. So it is with English, quite as much as it is with the Classics—and more, for there the track is definite and well beaten. Which of two gondolas moves through the Grand Canal with greater profit to its burden—this one which carries a traveller whose only guide is his natural taste, or that which bears a disciple of Ruskin through his beloved Venice?

The former, would say, as he looked at S. Mark's Campanile, and passed on, 'What a great ugly tower!' while the latter must pause to examine how perfectly the Renaissance builders reared it, how exactly it fulfilled its object, and how they enobled in it a soulless architecture.

Surely then in our own vast tangled forest of English writers, it would be well to have a good botanist to shew us the beauties of the vegetation. Why should we alone be without any help in this department, when every other institution from the Public School to the Provincial Uni-

versity, has it to a greater or less extent. That the establishment of an English chair has been proved impossible, we doubt very greatly. For what reason will they tell us is it a hopeless undertaking to found such a department? They will answer first that the necessary funds for the support of any new professor could not be raised. Pray, how do they know that? Has any body ever tried to raise ten cents for the College since the noble old founders left our present structure so well supported? We cannot think it hopeless. Far from it. Judging from the marvellous success of Principal Grant, of Queen's College, amongst the Presbyterians, quite an opposite conclusion would seem probable. But to *push*, would be something new in Trinity, and to do anything new, would be quite against her principles.

Another reason alleged against an English chair in our University is this, they think;—that the subject must be made compulsory, or the Professor would not have enough work to keep him employed, our numbers being too small to be divided up into many specialties. This rests entirely upon the assumption that our numbers are ever to remain what they are; which, if true, would not be of great force, since there has always been a literary element alive in Trinity which could supply, we are sure, as many specialists in the English line as in the other branches. But why not make it to a certain extent compulsory? Of six subjects, Divinity, Classics, Mathematics, *English*, Science, and Modern Languages, why not make all compulsory up to the end of the second year of the pass course, as they are now, and any of the first four optional for the Degree examination? This would make the last year's work much what it is now, with the opportunity of a very important study added. We decidedly object, however, to the assumption that we are not to increase in numbers. Our prospects are very hopeful at present. The old policy of keeping as secluded as possible has been abandoned for a more rational one, so that there is every reason to look for a greater number of undergraduates. If without any advertising, without any effort, our building has kept full, with always a number of non-residents, is it not highly probable that we shall increase when we take to a more lively course? Let us hope so, and let us hope, too, that the corporation will give this their attention, and try to find some means of adding so important a chair to our Professorate.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

Trinity is very fortunately situated in being within the city limits. But the residents of late years have not utilized their opportunities, nor the town graduates theirs. They see very little of each other, and, we think, unfortunately for both. *Esprit de corps* in Trinity is praiseworthy as far as it goes. The students can be as one man on occasion. But a true University spirit cannot be inculcated nor expected from men whose acquaintance is limited to

their contemporaries. They become isolated in sympathy and sentiments; and

'Think the cackle of their bourg
The murmur of the world.'

Nine terms is not a long period. It is intercourse with their predecessors which keeps alive tradition and nourishes sentiment. It should be the primary ambition of a matriculant to be a worthy and intelligent member of his University. Without it he is a mere bird of passage. At best his is the transitory interest of a public school boy. A step has been lately taken which may bring the past and present in some measure together—the amplification of the Literary Institute. But this is but partial. Something more of an organization is needed. The town graduates themselves must feel the lack of a more tangible bond of union *inter se* than a common *Alma Mater*. Pleasant it would be, and expedient at times, for all to meet together in harmony. Seasons of re-union, co-operation, and conviviality ought to characterize Trinity's sons now as it did in their students' days.

What we need is an *Alma Mater* Society. Are we, and do we trust our successors will be, advocates of self-government? Is union strength? Is an exchange of ideas nothing? Are two or more heads better than one, though it be your own? If so, some machinery is necessary. Why not at seasonable times a caucus of Convocation? Enthusiast! you might as well try to cage the four winds—*Æolus en masquerade* without a cave! Each of us thinks he knows best. Yet self-centred resolution without an audience, individualism spinning a thread to be tangled in another's, is egoism meeting its reward. One has ability, another an idea, a third energy, yet each churlishly hideth his talent in a napkin. An iron bar, a fulcrum, a force: ay, the factors of strength are diverse, yet once bring them together, apply them aright, and a mountain might quake, not to say a mole-hill.

The annual dinner, our Literary Institute, this PUBLICATION, and Young Trinity's kindred means of expression are dissevered complements. Let us have a hub, around which these and more may revolve to some use. As many spokes to the wheel as you choose, but let them circle in harmony. At a special meeting of the Institute, referred to in another column, a graduate was of opinion that Trinity men needed no Society, an individual consciousness of the responsibilities of their degree was enough; they should seek nothing more tangible than the privilege of membership in a University whose well-being was so dear to all her children, etc. We differ. The time has come when Young Trinity must put the best foot forward. Yet, in an individual, self-assertativeness and self-sufficiency is disgusting. But without co-operation there is no alternative left the honest. Shall the sincere then rest content to be an impotent member of a body whose lethargy he deplors, who would recognize him only as a feeder of fatness—one more feather in a sluggard's pillow? No, if it is within the power of you and your contemporaries be more. It is a pitiful ambition, an unworthy status, to be

mere vulgar fractions of the University, multiplied continually, yet then at best mixed numbers.

We do not advocate the organization of a church faction for party purposes in the Synod, to be again disbanded 'at request.' An *Alma Mater* Society should, as a body, carefully avoid embroilment in Diocesan politics. Ours is a University whose main tributary is Trinity College, and happily, a feature of her teaching is the wholesome doctrine of the Church of England. Relatively, however, this is too prominent. Trinity is too often confounded with its divinity class. But the kindly features of *Alma Mater* may yet be shaped to more harmonious proportions. Our proposed Society should be a tangible recognition of the University idea, not (of all things) the ignition of a theological fire-band. The broad ground its name would proclaim should be the criterion of membership. Graduates, undergraduates and matriculants, clergy and laymen, all who have the good cause of their *Alma Mater* at heart ought to unite in the scheme we suggest.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

New Steward:

That Piano will play waltzes of its own accord before long.

Grub-grumbling committees are the order of the day. Pity the Dean.

Is the Reception-room idea to be realized? Why not? It is *sadly* needed.

The new paving in front of the gates and along the terrace, adds very greatly to its appearance, as well as to the safety of walking.

One—two—three—kick! What an appalling spectacle is that of a gentleman, who stands six foot three in his stocking feet, dancing the raquet.

We long, but long in vain, for the improved Library and Reading Room. The former is as crowded, and the latter as gloomy and uncomfortable as ever.

What has become of 'Ἐπισκοπῶν? The old gentleman is very quiet this time. Are the men not contributing? Are the editors disagreed? Or, is the scribe lazy?

We must remind the men again that it is only fair to those who patronize our advertizing columns, that the custom of the students should be transferred to them as far as is possible.

We are happy to state that the Corporation have seen fit to make the office of Dean a reality, and have appointed the Rev. the Professor of Mathematics, to fill it, the functions of which he has performed for some years.

Mr. Fidler, our efficient organist, laments the poor attendance of the students at the weekly choir practice, the consequence of which is, that the singing in the chapel goes on unimproved, week after week, while with good practice, &c.

We acknowledge, with many thanks, communications from Rev. Henry Wilson, B. D., Rev. John Farncomb, M. A., Rev. C. Harris, George Bousfield, Esq., and others. The letter from 'Pay all Debts,' cannot be published, not being accompanied by the author's name.

The man who rubbed the wax candle upon the floor of the music room, is responsible for a great deal. Professor Pernet thinks that better Examinations would be passed in French, were some men to exhibit as great zeal in that branch as they appear to do in mastering the Raquet

Why those appallingly empty front seats on Sundays? Could not the Divinity Students arrange their country duty in some way or other so that all would not be away upon the same Sunday? It interferes with the responding and singing in chapel, besides diminishing our numbers.

It is a common thing now a days to see a man meandering into chapel in the morning late owing to precious moments lost in excavating a hole through the ice in his water jug. About 7 A.M. the air is filled with the sound of breaking ice, mingled with energetic expressions of opinion, and loud demands for help.

TABLEAUX.—A certain gentleman, who has left the key of his slip-lock behind him, struggling in the ventilator above his door—his legs performing mystic and agitated revolutions on the outside, while he fishes round with a pair of tongs on the inside; all the time muttering in a language unknown to the Divinity student.

Old residents would be much surprised were they to see the present arrangement of the rooms. One-third of the men in the Divinity corridor, are artsmen. The third year corridor has but one of that year. That of the second year is full of fresh-men, while there is only one of the first year in the ancient haunt, the 'Wilderness.' More strange perhaps—the L. W. C. is quiet,

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness," says the careworn student as his ear catches the sweet sound of mingled voices from an adjacent room. bass, tenor, falsetto, steam-whistle, roar, grunt and variagated squeak—in fact a very fair imitation of bag-pipes—the whole heightened and rendered unutterably intense by the melancholy gaspings of that brass nuisance which a certain gentleman loves to regard in the light of a cornet.

The Corporation have made a very happy stroke in their last appointment, viz., that of Mrs Charlotte Morrison as Lecturer in Elocution. This talented and deservedly popular lady is too well known to require any lengthened notice here. (By the way—are not the Council in this a step ahead of the men in the direction of co-education? The last institute debate is said to have been decided against it.) Her lectures are very interesting and useful.

Thanks—many thanks for the double sashes upon our south windows. These were considered heretofore so ugly, that the authorities thought it better to have the winds blowing through the cracks to their heart's content, than spoil the architecture by putting them anywhere but on one lecture room. They have changed their opinion now, and have warmed and gladdened the hearts and fingers of many a shivering student by waiving their æstheticism for the colder months.

The archways upon either side of the entrance hall have been filled in with crimson baize doors, to be taken down, we believe, during the summer months. They do not add to the appearance of the hall, but prevent the cold air of the corridors from circulating so very freely. The temperature is still very low, in spite of 14 stoves or so. We heartily wish that the suggestion of the correspondent in our last issue, could be acted upon, and that some better plan for warming our corridors could be devised.

A concert will take place at Fairbank, a few miles out of the city, on Monday, February 14th, and the onus of the programme will fall on the Trinity College Chorus Club. The following are the members selected to take part in the programme under the direction of Mr. John Carter, Jr.:—Messrs. Tanner, Roberts, Broughall, Fidler, Hooper, Lye, Oliver, Lawson, Clementi, and Hudspeth. It is proposed to give several choruses from Sullivan's Opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," and also the famed "Branigan's Band." In addition, Mr. Lye will sing, Mr. Oliver recite, Mr. Tanner read, and Messrs. Carter and Fidler perform on the piano, and Mr. Lawson give some comic songs. We wish them success.

After dark it is perfectly impossible to find out what the hour may be, unless one possesses either a watch or the eyes of a bat. To reach the clock, since the new doors have been in the arches, the dim rays of the gas-jet far away by the library, have to stretch along a corridor and turn two corners. A very bright jet might do this at a pinch—it's quite beyond the power of our brilliant flames, which, when they are lighted upon rare occasions, illuminate dimly a space of about ten feet around them. Some are never lighted. We cannot wonder at economy on the part of the management, however, when the men waste gas in such an inconsiderate way. The gas is often left burning for hours in unused rooms—rooms generally, by the way, of those who grumble most about dim corridors.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

There are rather more than the average number of new boys this term. Five, not yet arrived, are coming from the land of the setting sun, Vancouver's Island.

The tobogganing has been very good this winter, and we are enjoying it to the full of our bent. We must not omit another popular amusement here, termed, in school vernacular, 'bussing.'

The rifle corps is flourishing as a green bay tree. It has unfortunately lost its instructor, Sergeant Racket, who had proved both a popular and efficient instructor. His place has been filled by Sergeant ———.

The building put up last term, intended for a drill shed, has been turned into a gymnasium. A stove has been put in, and with new mattresses and other material, it has become a popular place of resort in the long afternoons.

The half-holidays this term, as yet, have borne an unpleasant resemblance to 'angel's visits.' However, the fellows don't grumble, and, as a whole, are working well, most of them looking forward to the time:

"When spring returns, and e'en to us return
The vernal joys our early years have known."

When they can don their flannels, shoulder their bats, and begin the cricket campaign of 1881.

The rink has afforded the chief amusement of this somewhat dull term. A good number of the boys have taken advantage of it to indulge in the graceful amusement afforded there, to say nothing of the numerous chances offered for converse with the gentler sex. There was a carnival last week, which was well attended by the boys; the dresses worn, though good, were hardly unique. The followers of the black flag were especially numerous, and with the help of much burnt cork, presented a really respectable appearance of ferocity.

It having been noticed that boys who have gone from here to the Universities have always been more or less deficient in public speaking, some of the elder boys at the beginning of the present term determined to organize a Debating and Literary Society. Accordingly a meeting was called in the Speech Hall, on Monday, January 24th, when the following officers were elected: H. K. Merritt, President; F. B. Hill, Vice-President; C. H. Brent, Secretary; A. E. Abbott, Treasurer; Executive Committee—E. C. Cayley, C. C. Ambury, and J. A. Ritchie.

Trinity College School, February, 1881.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A MONTHLY ISSUE

To the Editors of *Rouge et Noir*.

DEAR SIRS,—One of the greatest advantages to be derived from coming before the public, is to be found in the adverse criticism which the public is sure to bestow either upon a prominent individual, or a public enterprise. Criticism, from whatever source it comes, so long as it is not prompted by a spirit of enmity, is generally worth at least some consideration, and we ought to be ever ready to acknowledge our transgressions, especially, where they are aptly criticised. Such criticism as this is to be found in the *Varsity*, of January 7th, in reference to *Rouge et Noir*, and well deserved it truly is.

Trinity has, I am thankful to say, after many years of stagnation begun, in some matters at least, to raise her head amongst the other educational bodies of the country, and a long felt want has been supplied in the institution of a College Paper. It has certainly, in the garb of a Reformer, during even the short period of its existence, been a great success; the Council have, it may be unconsciously, most certainly carried out many of its suggestions: but I will not particularize.

The state of the treasury tells us it has been a financial success—that it has, at least, paid for itself. Many of the literary articles which have appeared in it, have been of a first-rate order, and have been noticed as such not only in our College exchanges, but in the leading Papers and the Magazines as well. In fact *Rouge et Noir* has become, after four issues, quite a factor in the University. With all this before us, why should we not attempt at least a monthly paper, it would only incur twice the number of that of our present issue, and would require very little more trouble and time, than at the present bestowed. The taunt of the *Varsity* was well deserved. Even Trinity men who are not right on the spot, are apt almost to forget the existence of the paper between the times of issue, and outsiders have frequently asked me, "What has become of your College paper? has it died out?" I feel quite sure that we have enough literary talent among our grad's and under-grad's, to support a monthly (that is, eight issues annually,) of the same size as our present quarterly; all that is necessary, is, to get the men interested, and a more frequent issue would tend greatly to bring this about. There is nothing like keeping before the public, if we wish to keep up the public interest in our doings. Just now, too, judging from recent occurrences, is the time to look for greater assistance and more general support from the graduates; and while I am on the subject of stirring up a general interest, I would remind those still in College, that if enthusiasm is to be infused into the graduates, it must first come from

the undergraduates; if they are lukewarm it throws cold water on the whole scheme, if they are enthusiastic the graduates will follow them.

I trust then, gentlemen, that you will consider it advisable to bring this matter up before the College, for I feel confident that if we attempt a monthly issue, we shall be successful.

January, 1881.

ALUMNUS.

RALLY!

To the Editors of *Rouge et Noir*.

SIRS,—The support which *Rouge et Noir* deserves from the graduates, she unfortunately appears not as yet to have received. I refer entirely now to support in a literary way. This is obvious from the fact that those articles to which names are attached do not display a great variety of contributors, and it is far from likely that those which are anonymous do so in a greater degree. The reason of this is, I think, very simple and not hard to hit upon. It doubtless is that the use and importance of the paper are not fully recognized; and I wish now to point out one or two at least of the most marked benefits of a College Paper, in Trinity especially. The fact of the matter is, Trinity has too long held much the position of an advanced boarding school; and Trinity men think with a great deal too much awe of those terrible ogres, the authorities. Now I do not wish to appear to be writing in a spirit of insubordination, for I hold authority in high esteem, both theoretically and, in this case, practically; but I have sufficient respect for the authorities to think and believe that could the voice of the University generally, in any way be heard in matters of moment, they would at once give it due and careful consideration, and, where practicable, act upon it. Now, by making *Rouge et Noir* a University, and not merely a College paper, in fact as well as in name, we at once have a means whereby we can freely express ourselves, and the only means which, at present at least, seems a practical one. Its columns, of course, will ever be open to general discussion, and though its leaders must necessarily take a decided stand on University questions, yet its general columns in a corresponding degree will ever admit of the thorough ventilation of all shades and opinions. For this reason alone I should expect Trinity men, both old and young, to stand by the paper. But there are other reasons for doing so almost as strong. In the first place, every University and College on the continent has its journal, and with all these *Rouge et Noir* exchanges, thus becoming a great advertising medium (a thing which by-the-by we sadly lack), and in order that it may be such to the honour and glory of Trinity, let the grad's come forward in support and subscribe their articles as well as their money. Then again, it becomes a bond of union among the old men, and keeps up that strong love, that *esprit de corps* that every Trinity man feels long years after he has left college. It keeps the old place, old scenes, and old familiar names and memories ever fresh and bright before us. This alone is a sufficiently strong appeal to ever loyal sons of our loved Alma Mater. Let these reasons for support suffice, though many others, and quite as strong ones, too, could be added. Let us rally round *Rouge et Noir*, and give it our true, loyal support, thereby making it in earnest, what its founders ever meant it to be, the voice of the University.

Yours, etc.,

B. A.

Wellington street, Toronto.

EXCHANGES.

Concordiensis comes out this year in a new dress—an 8 by 12 pamphlet form, with tinted cover—neat and pretty. "The Last Scene," is a little of poem of much beauty, but the essay which follows, "American Activity," has entirely too much of the over-done Yankee-patriotic-flap-doodle-ism about it. Every body, even we Canucks, must admit that the American Eagle is the most noble of all domestic fowls, but even the American Eagle should remember that there are other birds besides himself in the world.

Some of the United States Colleges appear to have very vague ideas as to just where Canada is, or what Ontario means. We received one Exchange addressed to "Trinity College, Canada, Ont.," exactly that, and nothing more. It speaks volumes for the state of education in Illinois. Hardly a Canadian boy of twelve, but can give the name and position of every county in Great Britain and Ireland, and the United States of America, with their chief cities.

Speaking of addresses reminds us of a very delicate hit that the *Varsity* gave us, in the last term, when it directed one of its numbers to *Rouge et Noir*, Trinity College, Queen St. West, City.

By the way, how is it that we have not seen the *Varsity* this year? We have been told, by those who ought to know, that our name is still on its list—all the same, it does n't come. In the last number which we have received, (Dec. 25, 1880) the Patriarch Student appears to have just discovered the fact that "two of the Colleges at Cambridge University, Girton and Newnham, are exclusively for women." We hope the Patriarch Student won't see this, for it may not please him, in which case it is all up with us.

O! that we had space to quote what the exchange editor of the *Sunbeam* says of the *Varsity*, in the December number—the whole column—it is certainly the best bit of exchange writing that it has been our good fortune to see in any Ladies' College Paper.

Thank you, sister *Sunbeam*, for your friendly tone towards us, in your January number. You are not the first of our Exchanges to say, we should like to see the *Rouge et Noir* oftener; and we appreciate the compliment. The *Scholastic*, though one of the best of College Papers, needs the hint you give its local editor, and, happy case, you've said enough, and not too much. But who, sister *Sunbeam*, looks after your local column? Surely it might sometimes be improved. The last (January) number of the *Sunbeam*, is the best yet, however.

We are always glad to welcome the *Queen's College Journal*; but, dear *Journal*, while thanking you, too, for the kindly spirit of that paragraph about us in the last January number, we must ask you to please explain where the joke is, in speaking of the "dim religious walls of Trinity College." Is it a hit at our poor much-talked-about Divinity class? It's beyond us. The pretty little four stanzas of verse, bidding farewell to 'Scotia,' speak well for co-education. Altogether, for neatness, sound sense, and good taste the *Journal* comes near the top. The *Journal* calls the *Clonian Monthly* 'a very poor representative of American female papers.' That you may judge for yourself, the following is quoted from a description, in the December number of the *Clonian*, of a sleigh ride: 'After the abashed gents (italics ours) had rescued the now undignified seniors, and had righted the sleigh, they found to their amazement that it was broken. Holy Moses! What was to be done?' &c. Truly, that is a trifle too bad.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* gives evident signs of a much healthier style of composition. On reading

the title of the third essay in this month's number, 'A Girl's Thoughts on Politics and Politicians,' we said, 'there's heading for a good article,' but on reading it we found that it might all be put into one sentence, something like this—Jefferson, Adams, Patrick Henry, Monroe, Calhoun, Douglas, Jeff. Davis, Buchanan, Tilden, Hampton, Hendricks, Tweed, Hancock, English, and Gen. Lee, were Democrats, and 'Solid South' men, ergo, either bad men or 'mistaken patriots': Washington, Franklin, Clay, and Daniel Webster, were great and good men, ergo, Republicans. If you be a Republican, you are sure of heaven; if a Democrat, you yearn to torture your 'dark-hued' brethren, and you will certainly go to — some place that is not heaven. Q.E.D. That's logic. The editorial matter is good, and 'All Night on a Stage' is capital.

Acta Victoriana, for January, contains the following remarkable paragraph:—'The *Rouge et Noir*, of Toronto, seems to be scorched to a crisp by a former issue of the *Sunbeam*. The big brothers must take care and order their steps aright, and also their pens.' Perhaps it is a 'funnyism.' Will *Acta*, or the *Sunbeam*, please explain.

We welcome a new-comer in the *Portfolio*. Only the December number has put in any appearance, up to date. 'Come again,' *Portfolio*.

Dono's Journal is also a new exchange; space will not permit more than this acknowledgment of its arrival.

Of the *Scholastic*, we can only repeat what we have said before, and what other College papers continually say, "it is a model College paper." We will have more to say of it next time.

And here is the Detroit *Every Saturday*, too; there surely could be no better society paper published. Its musical and dramatic notes are especially good.

Copy!—so our other exchanges must wait over till you see us again.

COLLEGE WORLD NOTES.

Amherst has lost, through death, Professor Root.

"The Sophs go round in masks, and haze the freshmen at Amherst." —*Ex.*

"The entire Senior class at Madison University, has left College, owing to some trouble about their studies." —*Ex.*

The following needs no comment.—"They have been holding revival meetings at the Northern University, and a social lethargy has resulted."

The pass mark has been raised to 40 per cent. at Queen's. Also, at the same place, the Scotch University 'Locking, Out' custom has been introduced.

"At Williams," says *Concordiensis*, "they are in continuous trouble about the chapel choir." When Williams gets her choir into good shape and proper working order, would she be so kind as to send the receipt along to Trinity College, Toronto.

Union University has received a gift of a second \$50,000, from Judge Parsons, of Fort Plain. The interest of it is to be used in the maintenance of thirteen scholarships, to be known as the 'Levi Parsons Scholarships.' Union is to be congratulated.

Harvard has the measles. That's because it opens its library on Sundays, no doubt. Harvard is just 240 years old now, and should know better. But no! "from bad to worse" is its motto, apparently, for the latest is, that the pass mark has been raised from 33½ to 40 per cent. Who can wonder at the measles, after that?

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