

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Fortiter Fideiiter Forsan Felicitat.

Vol. VII.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 1.

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The following is the Latin version of the above :—

Epinicium, sodales,
Carmen cantare oportet
Viris victoriam ferentibus
Mercedem dulcem laborum.

CHORUS.

Dignum dignis viris
Sine invidia est praeonium,
Quodque est reliquum iis vitæ
Utinam jucundas habeat fortunas.

Ipsam vero validum cor,
Adjutrix causa victoriae,
Possidentibus quam corona
Res est multo melior.

CHORUS.

Pium autem animum,
Quae sola gloria
Mortalibus immortalis est,
Maxime diligit Deus.

CHORUS.

A NEW COLLEGE SONG.

The following song has been lately composed for ROUGE ET NOIR. It is intended especially to be sung at the distribution of the prizes for the Annual Steeplechase.

Tune—MARYLAND.

Ἐπινικίον, φίλοι,
Ἕγμον ἄδειν χρεών,
Ἀνδράσι νικηφόροις
Μισθον γλυκύν πόνων.

χορός.

Ἄξιον τοῖς ἀξίοις
Ἄνευ φθόνου γέρας,
Ὅ τε λοιπός σφιν βίος
Τερπνὰς ἔχει τύχας.

Αὐτὸ δ' ἄλκιμον κέαρ,
Νίκης συναίτιον,
Τοῖς ἔχουσι στεφάνου
Κτήμα πολλῶ κρείσσον.
χορός.

Ἄλλὰ φρόνημ' εὐσεβές,
Ὅπερ μόνον κλέος
Θητοῖς ἀφβιτον ἔφυ,
Πλείστον φιλεῖ Θεός.
χορός.

HOME RULE.

Why should not Ireland have Home Rule? is a question which is now sometimes asked, and which might be answered by another: Why should it? What good would Home Rule do to Ireland? A child must not have everything that it cries for. Wiser persons than itself may know that a particular object of its desire would be very bad for it, and therefore may refuse it. Nay, more, the child may hurt not only itself, but its neighbours; and in that case a double duty is imposed upon those who have the power to hinder it. When a child wants to play with fire, it is probable that, if its wish is gratified, it will do itself some harm, and it is very improbable that the harm will terminate with itself. If a certain number of the Irish people want something to be done which they think will be agreeable to themselves; and those who have the power to give or to withhold the thing which is asked, conscientiously believe that, in conceding it, they would do no good and much harm, then their duty is quite clear.

It is childish and irrational to keep reiterating that the Irish people want Home Rule. The Irish people do not all want Home Rule. The best of them are as violently opposed to it as the worst of them are eager for it. Indeed, we cannot be quite sure that there is even a majority in favour of it. The present system of terrorism

in Ireland silences all those whose views are opposed to those of the dominant faction; so that any estimate of the real state of feeling is impossible. It is said that no one can doubt of this who listens to the kind of talk which is heard all over Ireland. But this is no more a trustworthy test of the state of feeling than the number of votes. Every one knows that it is the discontented who speak, while those who are satisfied with their condition generally say nothing about it. Grumbling is always more common than gratitude, even when the grievances are few and the blessings multitudinous. We have no reason to believe that Irish grievances would have an end when an Irish Parliament was sitting in Dublin.

There is one thing on which a great many Irish tenant farmers seem to be agreed, and that is, that they should pay no rent. It is not mere equity that they want, compensation for improvements and the like. Rent itself, as such, is a badge of subjection, an injury inflicted on the toilers of the soil, and therefore must be swept away. This is a question that will not bear arguing. We have no more right to confiscate the property of landlords than that of tenants. People who refuse to pay rent would soon be unable to understand why they should pay taxes; and no doubt the suspension of government would lead to a thoroughly Irish method of life, every man protecting his head and household with his own shillelah.

There is still another view of the matter. If Home Rule is conceded to Ireland, why not to Wales or Scotland, or to any of the ancient Kingdoms that made up what was called the Heptarchy? They do not want legislative independence, it may be said. But the time may come when they shall want it. Must it then be granted? Wales was as much a conquered country as Ireland was. In some respects it was more difficult to conquer. Probably there is fully as large a proportion of Celtic speaking inhabitants in Wales as in Ireland. The Welsh still have the grievance (if it is one) of an Established Church, to which the large majority of the people do not belong. Some day an anti-Saxon feeling in Wales may demand separation. Is it to be granted? Or to Scotland? It may be said the Scotch are too long-headed to want separation. Just so. But if the Irish are not, that is no reason why they should be allowed to hurt themselves and others.

If Ireland is to have Home Rule, then why not the separate provinces of Ireland? Ireland never was one United Kingdom apart from England; there is no reason applicable to the legislative separation of Ireland as a whole from England, which would not apply to the separation of Ulster and part of Leicester from the rest of Ireland. If it is said that the Irish people do not love the English, it certainly cannot be believed that the people of Ulster have a greater affection for the rest of the Irish.

Home Rule, then, is involved in absurdities, and would be productive of hardly anything but mischief. Any

English minister who should propose it would be a traitor to his country. We cannot believe that such a measure will ever be seriously proposed or even meditated.

P. P.

PROHIBITION IN THE NORTH-WEST.

If there ever was any true meaning in the term Prohibition in the North-West it has now become an empty symbol, without any true significance whatever. To any one who has travelled in the country and carefully examined the effect of these so-called prohibitory measures, it is at once apparent that so far from prohibiting they actually encourage the very evil which they are intended to destroy. The whole power of granting permits is vested in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor, who, in the discharge of this function, is irresponsible, and with an autocratic freedom grants or denies, solely at his own caprice, the privileges asked of him.

However theoretically advantageous this system of paternal government may be, in which an irresponsible personage watches over the moral well-being of the people, it is plainly not adapted to this country, in which the people for the most part are enlightened and educated, nor would it ever be suitable, even for the most rude or semi-civilized community, except under one condition, and that is when a ruler can be found whose actions are uniformly unbiased and impartial—a phenomenon which has never yet occurred in the world's history. The petty 19th century potentate who rules the North-West Territories is certainly not a contradiction to this verdict of the past, but is one who, "clothed with a little brief authority," grants his favours to those who make the worst use of them, and again withholds them from others whose conduct is irreproachable.

That the evils of this system of permit-granting are not exaggerations, but have borne and are bearing the bitter fruits of an only too disastrous reality, I can testify from personal observation in one of the most important far west towns, which is a fair example, although perhaps a rather extreme one, of many others.

Here permits are almost always brought in by people least fitted to have them—men who, in the language of the country, "treat the boys," and their arrival is the signal for a general debauch, in which wild excess throws off the cloak of conventionalism, which is at best a flimsy garment here.

In these far western towns, where civilization's boom is but faintly echoed, drunkenness is seen at its worst. The people have to a certain extent thrown off the restraints of civilized life, consequently, when such an appetite as drink is aroused, all attempts at decency are blown to the winds; unbridled passion runs riot, and the community gives itself up to a mad Saturnalia of the lowest kind of animal enjoyment.

In the face of these facts it is astonishing how eastern people cling to the idea that in this country prohibition means no liquor. Yet I have constantly met young men who have been sent up here to cure them of drinking habits; indeed, the town at which I am at present staying seems to be a kind of refuge for inebriates—a refuge, however, which never cures its victims, but invariably drags them down to the lowest scale to which their appetite can reduce them.

Prohibition, then, in the North-West in the way it is at present carried out, it must be confessed, is a failure. Under another system it might attain a certain measure of success, but it is very doubtful whether prohibitory measures, under any form whatever, could be of real or lasting benefit. The whole system of endeavouring to compel a nation to become sober or moral in any way by legislative measures, no matter how incapable its people may be of self-control, is fundamentally and fatally wrong. Here, as everywhere, the true remedy is found in educating the community up to the standard of choosing right when wrong lies within its reach. Respect a man and he will respect himself. Treat him like a child, and he will indulge with all the wild thoughtlessness of unreasoning childhood in the follies which manhood's knowledge has taught him. The state of affairs here is a very good exemplification of the truth of these facts.

The settlers are told they may not have a certain luxury. This is revolting to them, for they see clearly that their own judgment should be the proper guide whether they should have it or not. The desire for the forbidden something becomes ten-fold stronger because of the difficulties thrown in the way of obtaining it. A sullen determination to evade the law, which is as a rule crowned with success, is the result, or a mad debauch follows, in which each one tries to out do his neighbour in brutish excess, on the principle of getting as much as he can while opportunity lasts. Thus the very law which professes to make the people sober is at once the cause of abnormal desire or mad indulgence. To tamper with the free agency of man, an eternal and God-given gift, has ever been a dangerous and useless experiment. Appeal, rather, to his strong spirit of manhood, which prompts him to refuse to yield to temptation, no matter how powerful it may be, instead of weakening his will and dethroning his self-respect by the cast-iron restriction of the "Thou shalt not!"

This method, of course, would be very unacceptable to those who are in love with the *theory* of prohibition but have never seen the utter worthlessness of its practical working; it would be scoffed at by the rabid "temperance" lecturer, with whom vituperative epithet very often takes the place of argument. Notwithstanding, however, the sneers of the apostles of total abstinence, I would urge that since prohibition in this country is proved to be an utter failure, the people be freed from the trammels of a useless and hated restriction, and that it be superseded by this other system, higher and better, in that it gives credit

to human nature for more exalted purpose and stronger resolve, and tends to develop and nourish in a people whatever there may be in them of true manhood and moral stamina.

F. CARROLL MACDONALD.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

If a person were asked to define the boundaries of wit and humour, he might, without reflection, reply that there is no sharp line of demarcation between them. But I think that on further consideration he will change his opinion and pronounce the line clear and distinct.

Wit is generally the outcome of a keen logical and critical intellect, while humour is found in all classes. In fact, the sense of humour is often very well developed in some individuals who cannot express in words what tickles their fancy. True humour springs as much from the heart as from the head, and must always be tempered and is usually accompanied by good sense, moderation, and sensibility. It is the plaster which heals all the wounds that wit, irony, and sarcasm may inflict. Wit, although it always carries away our reasoning faculties by its acuteness and penetration, does not always excite our sympathies nor mellow our minds as true humour does. A humorous person may not necessarily be a witty person, but a witty person is generally a humorous one.

The wit and humour of a nation are as characteristic as any of its other traits. The typical down-east American whom Judge Haliburton has so well portrayed in his amusing sketches, is essentially a boaster. He abuses foreign institutions and extols his own. He tells the *Eye-talians* that his "Niag" will put out their "Vesuve" in ten minutes. He calls the Alps a bit of risin' ground that he came over in his matudinal walk. He is afraid of walking about in England for fear of stepping over the edge.

He has a tendency to exaggerate. The negro that Lowell describes was so black that charcoal made a white spot on him. What stories we have of the War of Secession! From all that I can gather there was only one private in that war, the rest were generals, colonels, majors, &c.

With the western Yank this tendency to exaggerate seems to grow in direct ratio to his distance west. He goes beyond exaggeration, he is, in fact, a fluent and picturesque liar. How many improbable stories do we hear of animals, mountains, trees, mines, desperadoes, and cyclones from the far west? The trees in California are so high that it takes two men and a boy to see up to the top of them; the tornadoes so fierce and swift that a Chinaman could, in lieu of a kite, fly an iron-shutter with a log-chain attached to it. Nature is on a big, large, and immense scale, and man must talk grandiloquently to describe her phenomena. The rude life of the western man has begot in him a love of simplicity, as an eastern man once learned

to his cost. The oriental had arrived at an occidental location clothed in a "biled" shirt and white duck trousers. A Committee was immediately appointed to put him on the next train going east and send him off. They told him they could stand a *biled* shirt, but a *biled* pair of trousers *never!*

Surprise is another element an American humour. We are all surprised at the way in which the man, who owed Artemus Ward, cancelled his debt. He came to Artemus in tears and said he would be compelled to leave him. Artemus reminded him of his little obligation of four hundred dollars. This distressed the man, and Artemus kindly threw off two hundred dollars, whereupon the debtor exclaims, "Mr. Ward, generous man, I cannot allow you to out do me in generosity, I will throw off the other two hundred!"

The Germans are not noted for their humour, and what there is of it is peculiar, weird, and legendary. Jean Paul Richter and Heinrich Heine (who, however, lived in France during the greater part of his life) are the two most notable German humourists. Carlyle considers Jean Paul an extraordinary author and humourist. I quite agree with Carlyle's assertion that he was as eccentric as a comet, and he was certainly original. But for the average German an ordinary witticism will suffice for many months. An American forgets a joke as soon as he has uttered it, but a German will turn it over and over and look at it from all points of the compass, and then lay it aside for future resuscitation.

With the Frenchman plays on words pass for wit and and humour. The gay and vivacious Parisian inclines to the light and fantastic. His education and the French Academy teach him the science of language. Hence his wit turns mostly on words. Of late, however, a few American jokes, of venerable reputation, have been imported into France, and are creating a new standard there.

In England social and political jokes have a conspicuous place. The typical Englishman, according to "Punch," is always saying something embarrassing or uncomplimentary to his hostess or some other lady or gentleman, and thus placing himself in a ridiculous position. The political situation is also caricatured in a happy manner, although all the hits are not appreciated by one who is not an Englishman.

I would like to have said a few words about college humour, since we are the only students who have a college "Punch," but space does not allow me many words. "Episcopon" is a wonderful institution for preserving College wit, quip, joke, and caricature. It serves three purposes. It develops the literary ability of the men in College; it corrects their faults and lastly it affords them amusement from its unfailling fund of wit and humour. The wit and humour enshrined in it are always the more appreciated, because the reader knows thoroughly the character whom it takes off.

G. N. B.

HOPE.

Kind, welcome fairy, of my dreams,
Delightfulest of poet's themes,
What shall I sing in praise of thee,
Or how excite thine ecstacy?

Sad, sad would be this world of ours
Were't blessed not with thy wondrous powers.
How cold, despondent, selfish, crude;
How base, tyrannical, and rude:

The poor man, struggling up life's hill,
Would lose vitality of will;
And sinking 'neath his heavy load,
Lie down despairing on the road.

Thou comest as the Sun's light rays,
Breaking through clouds on darkened days;
Thou peerest through the tempest's pall,
Dost gloom destroy and comfort all.

In undertakings high and grand,
Who cannot see Thy potent hand?
The evidence of Thy great might,
Awakes within us sweet delight.

Science, Art, and everything,
The humblest toiler and the King—
All who traverse Life's thistled way,
Owe Thee a debt they cannot pay.

JEMAPPES, 1792.

Dazzled by the lustre of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Jena and Friedland, we are apt to exaggerate their importance, and to ignore or belittle the victories won by the armies of the infant republic.

How different should be our estimate of them! The fruits of the Napoleonic victories were conquests which perished with the downfall of the conqueror; but the fruits of Valmy and Jemappes, of Fleurus and Wissembourg, were the abolition of the old Feudal system in France, the permeation of republican ideas through every part of Europe, and, by showing the Germans that their only safeguard against French aggression lay in union, the foundation of the present Germanic Empire.

Not even the crowning glory of Jena could compare; in lasting effects, with these efforts of a liberated people.

These fantastic, ferocious "pratiques" with ragged clothing, shoeless feet, and quaint "tricornes," their minds inflamed by revolutionary excesses full of iconoclastic zeal, and intoxicated with that patriotic fervor which has such power over the emotional Frenchman, forming huge columns, to supply quality by quantity, hurled themselves upon the position of the enemy, and by sheer weight of numbers and the reckless vehemence of their attack, defeated their better disciplined and more methodical adversaries.

Strange fellows they were, these great, gaunt "sans culottes"; fine material; none better; many of them among those who bore the Imperial Eagles in triumph to Vienna and Moscow, but uncouth, undisciplined, apt to mutiny and murder their officers; in

short, difficult fellows to manage, as Dumouriez and his fellow-officers found out.

Wild, ragged, untrained, and insubordinate, they yet inaugurated that career of victory which was to carry the Imperial armies into all the countries of Europe. Where would have been the glories of Jena and of Wagram, of Lauscha, of Tudela, and Borodino had not those masses of reckless, undrilled desperadoes, animated by the spirit of recovered freedom, driven back the Prussian charges on the heights of Valmy, and flung themselves fiercely against the redoubts of Jemappes."

The unconquerable spirit of regained liberty manifested itself in the strain of that noble hymn which, bursting spontaneously from forty thousand throats, thundered victoriously over the redoubts of Jemappes and up the pine-clad Wissembourg crags.

It is to this free and joyous feeling, acting upon the emotional nature of the Frenchman, and to the mutual influence of large bodies of men, animated by the same spirit, that we are to look for an explanation of their extraordinary success.

The victory of Jemappes, to which we are at present to confine our attention, is worthy of note as being the first step in that course of aggression, which raised all Europe against them. Hitherto they had defended themselves, but now they entered upon a new path.

In October, 1792, the Comité de la Salut Publique, wishing to please their fierce constituents and gain some additional credit for themselves, resolved to assume the offensive. With this object in view they summoned to Paris Dumouriez, the victor of Valmy, who had forced Brunswick to retire beyond the Vosges, and given the embryonic republic an opportunity to nerve itself for the struggle.

At the conference which ensued, it was determined to maintain the defensive on the strong eastern border, while the bulk of their forces, under Dumouriez in person, was to assume the offensive in the north, expel the Imperial forces from the Low Countries, and give the people of those provinces an opportunity to throw off the Austrian yoke.

The Eastern frontier, from the Mediterranean to Landau, was covered by the commands of Montesquieu and Biron; while Meusnier (12,000) and Kellerman (20,000) extended from Landau to Luxembourg, with Custine (17,000) thrown forward to Mainz. Kellerman was to march by Treves on Coblenz, and this movement, combined with the advance of Valence (18,000) upon Namur and Liege, would, if carried out, cut the Imperialists' line of retreat, and hem them in between the French army and the sea.

Dumouriez advanced on Mons with 40,000 men, supported on his right by D'Harville (12,000), and on his left by Labourdonnais from Lille. The Imperialists, under the Duke of Saxe-Teschén, were only about 40,000 strong and were disposed over a long line from Mons to Tournai, according to the usual defective strategy of the Austrians,

who had not yet learned, by bitter experience, that "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link."

In consequence of this fatal dispersion, they could only concentrate about 25,000 men at Mons to check the advance of Dumouriez.

On the evening of the 5th of November the two armies faced each other near the little village of Jemappes, a short distance south of Mons. The Imperialists were strongly posted along a range of heights crowned by three villages (Jemappes, Cuesmes, and Berthaimont): their front protected by abatis, woods, and a steep slope which enabled their artillery to search every portion of the ground before it, while the position was further strengthened by fourteen redoubts; altogether a tough nut to crack.

Dumouriez determined to attack in front with two columns, supported by attacks on both flanks; and, in accordance with this plan, D'Harville (who had joined on the previous evening) moved forward at daybreak to outflank Beaulieu, seize the heights at Berthaimont, and menace the line of retreat upon Ath and Brussels.

Shortly after sunrise Beurnonville opened the ball by a furious attack on Cuesmes. His brigades advancing in that loose, impetuous manner so characteristic of the French, rushed forward and strove to reach the enemy's lines, but recoiled shattered and disordered, their ranks riven through and through by the splendid practice of the Austrian artillery; and Ferrand's men were baffled in an attempt to flank Jemappes. It is now nearly midday, the enemy are still unbroken, the French have lost heavily, the untrained recruits are becoming unsteady, and showing symptoms of panic. Something must be done, and that right speedily. Dumouriez sends Thouvenot to replace Ferrand, and soon, through the smoke of the furious cannonade, can be seen the columns advancing; dashing forward with the bayonet, through Quaregnon, and up the heights to the west of Jemappes. Simultaneously with this attack, Dumouriez with the main column, drove straight at the Austrian front. With a shout of "*Vive la République*," the column puts itself in motion, and moves swiftly across the intervening space, but the men are untrained, excited, and shaken by the hail of bullets which ploughs through the massy columns; and now, to aid in their discomfiture, the splendid Austrian squadrons prepare to charge their flank. The forward movement is checked; one brigade on the right wavers, loosens, and falls back in disorder; the moment is critical; one charge, well pressed home, would scatter in panic flight that yielding mass of conscripts.

But the opportunity is lost, the brigade rallies and regains its place, and a furious combat ensues; while the enemy's powerful artillery pours a steady, unceasing, and deadly fire into the huge French columns.

The din is terrific; heavy banks of smoke lie brooding upon the earth along the line of the heights, pierced by the incessant flashes of the cannonade, and through which the

dense masses of the French rush forward to the attack, only to recoil again, shattered by the deadly shower. Hard pounding this, and the raw recruits are beginning to give way, but the Duc de Chartres rallies them, leads them forward in person, and once again they essay to crush that stubborn defence. And a grand defence it is; for the Austrians, albeit methodical and somewhat lacking in dash, are well trained and brave, and Clairfait is their best officer.

Feurnonville, in the meantime, is making spasmodic attempts to carry the heights at Cuesmes; but the Austrian artillery, well placed and splendidly served, tears huge gaps in the close French formation. In vain they strive to reach the line of redoubts; crushed, broken, and dismayed, they retire beyond that fiery cloud.

The Austrian cavalry, hovering on their flank, are threatening to charge; and what stand can that disordered and panic-stricken mass make against the first cavalry in Europe. But at this moment Doumouriez arrives from the left, and the men catch some of the spirit and confidence of their great commander. Seeing, at a glance, how matters stand, and realizing that it would take but little to convert this check into a disastrous defeat, he dashes in among them, revives their drooping courage with hot words of reproach and entreaty, and once again forms them for attack.

The enemy's cavalry comes thundering down upon them, shaking the earth with the tread of charging squadrons, but no longer are they attacking a body of terror-stricken fugitives. They now have before them a compact mass of men, inspired by the presence and exhortations of a born leader, filled with the fierce joy in, and raging desire for, battle which sent the glad cry of "Vive la nation" pealing down the slopes at Valmy.

As a wave bursting into spray against some rock, they are shattered against that serried mass, and now Dumouriez lets slip upon them a regiment of hussars, who drive them back to their very guns. Then, taking advantage of a lucky diversion by Dampierre, he leads the division forward in person. Simultaneously the Duc de Chartres advances against Jemappes, brigade after brigade joins in the charge, until like an avalanche, gathering strength as it advances, the whole French army springs at the heights.

As they advance, their great longing and thirst for combat finds vent in song, and to a grandly-swelling "Marsellaise," they sweep triumphantly over the redoubts.

Jemappes is won, From right to left the Austrian position is carried, and they sullenly withdraw towards Ath and Brussels, a road which would have been closed to them, had D'Harville assaulted the heights as ordered. From henceforth ceased the Austrian domination in the Low Countries.

K.

THE HILLS OF FAME—A DREAM.

Of fame, a seeker long, I fell asleep,
And dreamed:—When, lo! before my wondering eyes,
A vast wide plain did stretch its lonely length,
To where a band of purple shining hills
Bounded the limitless extent; they glowed
With light from an unseen, but even so,
All present Sun. The centre of the plain,
A starting place, was present to my eyes,
For many, by loitering stage for more.
Thence leading out, I seemed to see, from this
All-joining centre where the nations met,
Ten thousand thousand stern and rugged paths:
All tending to that bright circumference
Of richly glowing peaks; and on each way
Its name was graved in letters bold and clear.
One Poetry was called; the name I read,
And bright and glorious was that oft-tried path,
Though many an opposing mount was there,
And darkest vales of deep despondency
Did block the way. Another History
The title bore, and Painting, Sculpture, all
Were there; and others many more, of Art
Divided ways, and them among, the sweet
Melodious path of Music wound its own
Mysterious course. Of Science not a few
The members were. Of others yet I could
Not read the names, but all were fairly named.
And some men chose one path! some others took
To Fame, those envied hills, upon which stood,
Surrounded by the halo of renown,
Men, who by struggling long had reached the heights,
So bright, that they did even seem to take
The glory from that all-mysterious Sun
And render it less bright; yet only seemed,
For they were but reflectors dim at best
Just beck'ning on the strugglers in the way
And pointing to the monuments they'd left
To help and guide succeeding pilgrims up.
Few paths were used, and some unseen were there
The fact of whose existence was not known,
And thence their leadings to those glorious hills
Of fame were unexplored and all untried,
But paths unknown by shortest routes did lead
Up eminences only to be reached
By longest windings of the older roads.
The entrances were large, and there men thronged
In countless numbers, young and ardent all,
And all with fixed intentness eyed the hills.
The most were confident, as yet no doubt
Had dimmed the brightness of their upward glance.
A few were downcast, humble, trembling, and
Scarce daring, as it seemed, to lift their eyes
Above the rocky plain yet these were they
Who, as the sight unfolded to my view,
Made progress most and most appeared to near
Those distant, shining peaks. Now each man had,
By which to carve a struggling road to fame,
His talents, heavenly tools, great gifts of God.
Somewhat or less, but all at least had one.
Yet of examination for the use
Of all those keenest instruments and gifts
None seemed to have the power; indefinite
And undefined were all. Each man was sure
He knew what tools to him belonged and how
To use them best. Yet many men had those
Of which they deemed that they were most in need,
And those of which they thought to obtain most help
Were wanting; but with care and constant use
Those instruments were sharpened which at first
But sorry tools, untempered, rough appeared,
Though, if abused, were rendered coarser still
Until, destroyed, for nothing they were fit.
Then each man choosing which he deemed was best
And fittest for the implements he had
Upon his venturous road to fame set out. —I. F. A. W.

HANS FINGERHUT'S FROG-LESSON.

A FAIRY TALE.

Long ago, almost out of recollection, there lived in a small town in a woody German valley a poet named Hans Fingerhut. He had come from the far north somewhere, and had travelled many years with his harp from court to court and hall to hall, buying his bread with songs that the gentlefolk at first were never tired of hearing. But Hans Fingerhut's desires were of the largest. He longed for unlimited good living, sympathy, and above all, for praise. But it seemed to him that the further he travelled the less the world had to give him. Other poets received as much praise as he; and those who were of better figure and bearing were more successful in many things than he. Many a rebuff and many an ill deed befell him. Then his songs began to grow peevish and querulous, and men would no longer listen to them as they had done to the fresh and joyous ones of his youth. His querulousness grew to anger. His harp-strings no longer trembled to the recital of wonderful and beautiful things; but shrieked and thundered with songs full of wrath and bitterness. The great people turned him from their gates; and in despair he broke his harp, rented a stall in the town, and became a tailor—for he had been apprenticed to that trade in his youth. All day he sewed and stitched, and scowled at the passers-by, and half the night he wandered about the streets, scrawling satires on the gates of all whom the people honored. Nothing prospered with him. Often as he sat and sewed, great songs seemed to come to him, beautiful visions and thoughts that dawned on him and strove to combine with the restless melody in his soul; but the remembrance of his disappointments and forlorn condition always turned them into chants so dreadful and ferocious that little children were afraid to pass his door. At such times his cutting and sewing all went wrong, and people refused to pay him for his shapeless work.

At last one day, driven to distraction, he left his stall and passed away out of the town, determined never to return. Everything seemed to mock him as he walked; the blue sky and the fresh green earth, the song of the birds, the piping of the crickets and grasshoppers, the wind in the trees and the clink of the cow-bell, all so full of fair delight and contentment. The farther he went the fiercer he grew. He cursed the heavens and the earth and all happy and beautiful things in them.

At last he came to a forest and then to a little stream running among stones and fallen moss-grown trees. More than ever the cheery ripple and murmur of the water angered him. It seemed to say to him—"How very miserable you are, to be sure, Hans Fingerhut, you dishevelled outcast; see how happy I am and how delightfully I sing." And Hans Fingerhut began to fling stones into the stream; but never heeded. Every stone that he

flung made the water ripple and dance and sing the merrier, and the bigger the stones the louder the song. Then he seized a great stick and stirred the stream, and raised thick clouds of mud, so that the water ran away yellow and foul; but the song never ceased. At last in his rage he leaped into it himself, and kicked and danced, and lashed the water with his stick till he was tired. But when he was done the stream still rippled round his legs in perfect contentment. Weary, wet and distracted, he laid himself down on the bank among the ferns, and after a long while fell into a sound sleep.

He had not been long asleep, he thought, when something pricked him sharply on the end of the nose, and he awoke with a great start, for behold, there stood beside him a more curious and beautiful little elf than he had ever described in any of his old time songs. He was not more than a foot high. He wore for a hat a big thistle bloom, hollowed out on the underside so as to fit his head. His jerkin was made of the white petals of the water-lily, wonderfully pieced together, and buttoned with crimson seeds. His hose and stockings were made of the down of the most delicate alder catkins, woven in an elfin loom; his shoes of the thickest golden petals of the marsh-marigold, laced with silver threads of flax, around his shoulders was cast for a mantle a great leaf of the water-lily, and in his hand he held a sprig of thistle, with the spiked blade of which he had pricked Hans Fingerhut on the nose. He had little keen, calm blue eyes, a soft yellow beard that reached to hip waist, and long yellow hair that hung and curled in delicate fringes over the great green water-lily mantle.

The elf looked very sternly at Hans Fingerhut. "Wretched mortal" he said, "you have disturbed my beautiful stream, because it retains forever the peace and gladness which you by your own fault have lost; because it sings to you, as you once sang imperfectly in your youth; because it teaches you a wonderful lesson which you are now too blind and degraded to understand. In your songs long ago you interpreted the song of the stream more than once, but not rightly. Do you know it now?" "No," answered Hans Fingerhut, "I have no heart nowadays to interpret anything but what is dark and dismal." "Then," said the elf, "I will turn you into a frog and you must remain a frog until you find out the meaning of the stream-song." So saying he pricked the poet again with the end of the thistle-staff and Hans Fingerhut sank down into a great frog, with webbed feet, wide ugly mouth, and staring eyes.

The elf was gone and for many hours Hans sat on the bank of the stream utterly stunned and wretched, he felt himself so clumsy and ugly, and more than ever useless. The grass, which a few hours ago he had brushed aside with his strong feet, now towered high above his head, and the thick weeds hung so close and rank around and above him that he could scarcely think of penetrating them. At last, however, he grew very hungry and fell to snapping at

the flies and mosquitoes. Presently as the evening drew on he heard the innumerable voices of the frogs, at first sharp and fitful and at last swelling into a steady thunder far away down the stream. Finally he jumped into the stream, and all that night journeyed down with the curling water to a great marsh, where thousands of the other frogs were congregated. The stream flowed by itself through the flat watery waste, and Hans, knowing that he must discover the meaning of its song, kept generally near to its bank.

For many days he sat among the long coarse grasses, listening intently to the ripple in the reeds, snapping now and then at the gnats and flies, and keeping a vigilant lookout for the long-legged cranes that waded sometimes in the shallows or passed low over the marshes with wide heavy wings, or sometimes perched themselves on the limbs of dead trees and peered remorselessly down into the deep grasses. At times he grew fierce and restless, and jumping away into the pools outdid all the other frogs in the marsh in the depth and harshness of his discordant bellowings. Here it was just as it had been before with him. The thick grass teased and impeded him, flies were hard to catch, and the long-billed cranes haunted him perpetually. There was no satisfaction in life anywhere, so he lifted up his discordant voice and reviled the marsh and the cranes and the frogs, and, when he was tired, went back and listened wearily to the mysterious song of the stream.

One day he said to himself, "I know the song of the stream," and instantly the little elf appeared beside him, and pricked him with his thistle wand. "What, then, is the song of the stream?" he said. Hans Fingerhut answered very humbly, "I am very weary and confused and can hardly grasp the meaning of anything, but it seems to me the water says this: 'I see the green earth round me, and the blue sky above me, and the sweet stars at night. The wind murmurs in the trees and many little birds sing—more than I can count. The voice of the frogs and the sigh of the gnats, the call of the water hen and the chatter of the wild goose are pleasant. All these things and many others are joyous; why should I be sad? Because everything is glad so am I glad.'" "That is good," said the elf, "but it is not the song of the stream: you must find out the stream song." But before he vanished the elf, how pinched and hungry Hans looked, waved his wand and brought out of the grasses a swarm of rich plump gnats, so thick that Hans had no difficulty in catching two or three of them at a time, and so enjoyed the first square meal he had had since he became a frog.

Many days Hans sat beside the stream, either listening and thinking or rending the drowsy air with his lonely and cheerless bellowings. The other frogs would have nothing to do with him; nay, even sat around sometimes and abused him, for there was something uncanny about Hans Fingerhut. He talked often to himself in a tongue

unknown to them. Sometimes he wept in silence—a thing which astonished them very much, for no other frogs could weep—and then he was very clumsy at catching flies, and was grown quite starved and thin.

Again, Hans Fingerhut said to himself, "I know the song of the stream," and immediately the elf was beside him. "What, then, is the stream song?" he said. "More than ever I doubt myself, for I am very tired," said Hans humbly, "but it seems now to me that the stream song is this, 'My way is slow and crooked and hard to go. The grey stones and the reeds impede me. The sun dries me up. The cattle come down and trample in me and fill me with mud. The millers dam me and turn me and disturb me with their eternal wheels. I have need to do something to keep my heart up against all these things. I sing gladly, therefore, as the weary weaver may sing to cheer himself at his loom.'" "You have wandered farther away from the stream song," said the elf; you must wait yet till you find it out. Why how thin you are, poor Hans Fingerhut," he added quite kindly, and waving his wand, brought up from the earth a host of worms, which Hans devoured with hungry rapidity.

Once more after many days, Hans Fingerhut said to himself, "I know the song of the stream," and the little elf said: "What then is the stream song?" And he answered more humbly than ever. "The world is wretched and men are wretched, and I more wretched than all. Alas! it seems to me now that the stream song is not joyous at all, but very patient and sad. It seems to me to say, 'The stream course is long and weary, and I have to go on and on, no rest, or quiet forever; but yet there is no use in fretting, so I sing, not angrily, but sadly and sweetly, as the elves of the hill do on summer evenings under their mounds, making beautiful, hopeless music. Those who imagine my songs to be joyous only think so because they themselves for the time are joyous.'" "

"Nay, Hans Fingerhut, you are farther from the stream song than ever," said the elf, and vanished; not, however, before he had refreshed poor Hans with a larger feast of flies and worms than ever.

Hans Fingerhut sat beside the stream again for many days utterly wretched, and wished that he might die. He took no more heed to the cranes and scarcely ever looked for a fly or a worm, for he could make nothing of the stream song, and it went round and round in his head till he thought he must go mad. He had no heart left even to bellow.

At last he determined to go back up the stream to the place where he first became a frog, and see if he could not make something of it in the coolness and stillness of the forest. It took him many days to make the journey, he was grown so weak and tired. At last one moonlight night he came to the bank where he had flung stones in the stream, and in his envious rage pelted the clear curling water. As he sat on the bank with his big ugly head fallen down between his shoulders he thought it was

marvelously beautiful in the moonlight; and the murmur of the water, mingled with the sigh of the midges, seemed to him the loveliest song he had ever heard; neither merry nor sad, but happy and peaceful. Then he wept, and the tears ran down over a stone into a dark eddy, and gathered against a small jutting ledge. And Hans did not see for a long time that from each tear drop sprang a delicate little fairy no larger than a gnat, and that they formed a ring on the stream, shining in the moonlight, and that the ring grew ever wider and wider as the drops ran down. At last he heaved a great sob and two specially large tears, trickling down and joining together, passed out into the middle of the ring and became a fairy much larger and even more beautiful than the rest. Hans started and looked down wonderingly into the glimmering ring and heard a sweet small voice come up from the shining water. What it said was this: "Poor Hans Fingerhut, you have endured enough and are very weary. Shall we sing you the song of the stream in your own mortal tongue?" Hans Fingerhut's eyes looked down now bright and wet with joy and gratitude, and he tried to smile, forgetting that he had a frog's mouth, which is not made to smile, so he contented himself with saying, "Ah, I must die soon, if I do not hear the stream song."

And the fairy ring widened till it touched either bank, and began to go round with a motion so soft and delicate, and each link was so small and beautiful that Hans would have been entranced and stupified with wonder and delight had his mind not been set with all its faculties to catch the fairy song. Then the fairy who stood in the middle waved her wand and the little song rose up scarcely louder than the voice of the midges, yet so distinct that Hans Fingerhut's frog-ears caught every word of it. This was the song they sang—the song of the water drops; for Hans used often to repeat it afterwards, and all the good children in the town knew it well:—

By silent forest and field and mossy stone

*We come from the wooded hill and we go to the sea;
We labor and sing sweet songs, but we never moan,
For our mother the sea is calling us cheerily;
We have heard her calling us many and many a day,
From the cool grey stones and the white sand far away.*

The way is long, and winding and slow is the track;

*The sharp rocks fret us; the eddies work us delay;
But we sing sweet songs to our mother and answer her back,
Sweetly we answer our mother, gladly repay,
Oh, we hear her, we hear her, singing wherever we roam,
Far, far away in the silence calling us home.*

Poor mortal, your ears are dull and you cannot hear;

*But we, we hear it, the breast of our mother a-beat,
Low, far away, sweet and solemn and clear,
Under the hush of the night, under the noontide heat,
Gladly we sing for our mother, for we shall please her best,
Songs of beauty and peace, freedom and infinite rest.*

We sing and sing through the grass and the stones and the reeds,

*And we never grow tired though we journey ever and aye,
Dreaming and dreaming, wherever the long way leads,
Of the far cool rocks and the rush of the wind and the spray.*

*Under the sun and the stars we glitter and dance and are free,
For we dream and dream of our mother, the width of the sheltering sea.*

As the last echoes of the song died away the fairy ring faded off into the quiet moonshine. Only the larger fairy remained in the middle, and it was no longer the fairy but the little elf of the thistle, looking more beautiful and wise than ever. "Do you know the stream song?" said he, and no frog's voice ever sounded so sweetly as Hans Fingerhut's as he repeated word for word the fairy song of the stream. "Was I not right," said the elf, "when I said that the water drops sing forever as you, too, once sang imperfectly in your youth? Night and day, as they journey, they feel the far off strength and grandeur of the sea, calling and beckoning them on, and the song that they sing is neither weary nor sad, but perfectly happy and peaceful. So everything in the world has something great and noble to strive towards. You, too, Hans Fingerhut, gifted above most men, have your sea to seek without ceasing—a wondrous and absorbing sea of strength and beauty and peace. You can never come to it, but you can approach ever nearer and nearer. If you understand this rightly, the troubles and vexations of life, all its trials and difficulties will no longer fret you, but only arm you with the wide knowledge and power." So saying the elf once more pricked Hans Fingerhut on the nose with his thistle-staff and Hans again became a man.

All night long Hans sat beside the stream in the moonlight, very quiet and thoughtful, listening to the eternal ripple of the water. It seemed to him that he could now render the sweet, joyous voice distinctly into words, and the murmur ever seemed to say:—

*"Oh, we hear her, we hear her, singing, wherever we roam,
Far, far away in the silence, calling us home."*

At last the dawn came and Hans Fingerhut went down to the stream and bathed his face and hands, taking the utmost care never to disturb its clearness, and he blessed the stream and turned away homeward through the forest. The voices of the birds came soft and muffled out of the cool trees, and the bells of the waking cattle sounded fitfully across the far off hills. As he passed out of the woods the sun rose, and the birds broke into full chorus; the labourers began to go afield and anon the grasshoppers piped in the warm grass. All these things no longer made Hans Fingerhut angry, but only seemed to him so many different versions of the stream song. They seemed to say to him, "Ah, Hans Fingerhut, you have changed and become like us again. We are all happy and peaceful, for we have all something noble and beautiful to work for. We long to hear you sing." So Hans came to the town, and the noise and stir of the streets were become quite pleasant to him. He no longer walked with his usual defiant stride, downcast face and scowling brow. The portly figures and round faces of the busy burghers, and the well-filled purses at their girdles no longer made him fierce and envious, but he greeted them all with a quiet and pleasant "good morning."

All that day, and many days, he sat in his stall and sewed and stitched diligently and sang so many glad,

beautiful songs at his work that the little children, instead of making a long circuit to escape his door, as they had been wont to do, came and gathered round him now and listened to his singing, with delight and wonder in their eyes. Hans Fingerhut thanked the little children, knowing that what they loved must be good, and he became very fond of them, for there was something of the freshness and beauty of the stream song about them. He bought cakes and sweetmeats for them out of his savings, and sang and played on his harp for them in the intervals of his work. The fame of his singing spread, and the halls of the great were opened to him again. But from that day the great songs that he made were nothing like his former ones. There never was anything bitter and complaining in them. They were all sweet and beautiful and wise. He would receive no reward for them, nor did he ask the favour of anyone. When others received higher praise than he, he never envied them in the least, for he knew that what he sang was just such as the Great Father had given him. So ends the story of Hans Fingerhut and his frog lesson.

A LAMPMAN, in "Man."

Rouge et Noir.

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

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

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

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1886.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

With this issue ROUGE ET NOIR enters upon its Seventh Volume. It was first published in 1880 as a quarterly, to supply a long felt want of the friends of Trinity, viz., an organ to express their views on College matters as well as to afford an opening for literary zeal. Although for a time it met with not only no encouragement from the authorities but even with bitter opposition, and was often on the verge of destruction, yet it still survives and grows. For the past two years it has been issued twice each term and with this volume we purpose to increase its size from sixteen to twenty pages per number. We also wish to extend its usefulness by making it a University journal and not a College paper only. With this end in view, we ask from all the graduates, undergraduates, and friends of the University of Trinity College their sympathy and assistance both in a literary and monetary way. The usefulness of such an organ as ROUGE ET NOIR has been fully proved by many of the reforms which it advocated being carried out.

To the graduates the paper is valuable in that it keeps them informed of the current life of the College, and recalls their own days spent there, and thus strengthens their attachment to their Alma Mater; while to the undergraduates it affords a means of calling the attention of the proper authorities to any grievances which may exist as well as an opportunity for exercising their literary acquirements.

In conclusion, we invite all our old contributors to contribute again, and I hope to hear from many new ones.

Towards the close of last term, we requested the members of the College to contribute to our columns, but as yet we have received no response. It can not be because there is no literary talent among the men, for undoubtedly there is a good deal. What then is the reason? It is not hard to find. The men in College now are too lazy and too selfish to give a little time and trouble to help the paper. They appoint the editors and then expect them to fill the paper unaided, and even if they do sometimes condescend to interest themselves in it, it is only so far as to find fault with the editors or the Business Manager. One says "the paper ought to have been out last week"; another "why did you put this in, it is awfully weak." When the much tried editors, who would need the patience of Job to keep cool, suggest that they should write something better themselves, the answer usually is, "well really you know, I haven't time." Then this poor fellow, who is so pressed for time, will go out tobogganing all afternoon, and will spend the evening in some other man's room keeping him from his work. This is a very good illustration of the truth of the old saying, that those who do least work are always the busiest. The editors have probably as much work as any of the men in the College, and much more than most of them, and yet what a row these busy men would raise if a number of the paper were cancelled because we hadn't time. These very men would be the loudest in their denunciations. How they would talk of our laziness. What speeches they would make at College meetings against us!

Gentlemen, do try and help us as much as possible. The larger the number of contributions we have to select from, the better will our paper be, and it is only by having plenty of matter that ROUGE ET NOIR can hope to maintain its position among College Journals.

The first of the series of public lectures inaugurated by the faculty, was delivered by Rev. Prof. Clark, in Convocation Hall, on Saturday, Jan. 23rd. A large and appreciative audience filled the Hall. The subject was Kingsley's Water Babies, which the lecturer elucidated in an entertaining and instructive manner. After a few introductory remarks he proceeded to shew the allegorical character of the book. He divided Tom's life into three portions and explained that there was in each a progressive development of character. Thus in the first period, Tom, the little hero of the tale, thought only of himself until he helped the

lobster out of the trap; there and then he learned the principle of love and of helping others and so was enabled to recognize the other water-babies, who had heretofore seemed only shells or sea-creatures, and so on for the other periods. The learned gentleman interspersed his lecture with illustrative selections from the book, which were read with happy effect. He explained that Mother Carey represented Dame Nature, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid law, and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, grace.

Mr. Kingsley's work is certainly a curious and interesting literary production. There are a great many practical truths underlying the apparently frivolous surface, and Professor Clark was the first, as Mr. Kingsley himself states, to grasp the true import of it all. The book itself would repay reading, if only on account of the exquisite bits of description with which it abounds. It also points out the value of observing all nature's works both *great and small*.

These lectures are certainly productive of great good. The friends of Trinity are gathered together for an intellectual and social treat. For, after the lecturer finishes his intellectual discourse, each professor and student can extend his hospitality to his friends and thus make it a social success. But the chief object of these lectures, as we understand it, is to instil into the minds of the students and their friends a love for intelligent and appreciative reading of the works of standard authors. First of all the work which is to form the subject of the lecture must be read, and then a clear idea of it can be obtained from the lecturer. Often persons who, perhaps, would never have thought of reading a certain author, are tempted to do so when his works are announced as the subject of a public lecture. Some of the lectures, of course, are not to be of a literary nature, but might be classed under the head of general information.

TRUTH.

We live, perceive, and reflect. Our sphere of observation is not co-extensive with our sphere of reflection, though they bear a ratio, perhaps a changing ratio, to each other. They re-act upon one another. If, for example, we are observing any natural phenomenon such as an active volcano, or a growing plant, or a breathing animal, we immediately begin to enquire the cause and source of the heat, why light is necessary to the plant's assimilation of atmospheric food, and how breathing contributes to the life and temperature of pulmonary beings. Observation and reflection upon these phenomena suggest experiments or collateral evidence which will satisfy our desire for the truth, and having obtained it, reflection collects, classifies, and generalizes—

"As thought on thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened; and the nations echo round."

The search after truth is an impulse of the human mind. It goes on in every avenue of thought. In the

common walks of life truthfulness of the individual is an essential element in the progress and happiness of society. "Veracity is derived from instinct and marks superiority of organization. Even Lord Chesterfield, with his French breeding, when he came to define a gentleman, declared that truth made his distinction." It is quite right to say that the mark of a gentleman is this or that. Yet such characteristics are but the dress of a gentleman which may be and often is worn by vulgar and unprincipled people. But this is a digression. I propose to examine the subject briefly in a more general sense.

Man is intimately connected with all else that environs him. He lives upon his less fortunate neighbours of the animal and vegetable creations; he seizes upon all the elements of nature which are essential and agreeable to his physical and intellectual capacities. He is closely related to his fellow-beings. "You are fit," (says the supreme Krishna,) "to apprehend that you are not distinct from me." This statement involves the sentiment of universal brotherhood in a most forcible and suggestive manner. Yet we may go still further. We but weakly realize that nature is a unit—the handiwork of an architect who has left the impress of an Infinite Mind upon the ever-varying yet adaptive machinery of this complex universe. The palpable enters man's consciousness as a demonstration of co-operative design. Nature required man, as the superlative exponent of Divine wisdom, to complete the scheme. "Because the history of nature is characterized in his brain, therefore is he the prophet and discoverer of her secrets." He speculates and theorizes. "A too rapid verification, and an excessive appliance to parts and particulars are the twin dangers of speculation." In experimental science we find a magnificent check to this Scylla and Charybdis. Theory and experiment are ever correcting or assisting each other. They serve to keep the "understanding in its prime." They apply and mould beyond their own sphere. The question "Why?" echoes along the whole range of knowledge, and experiment keeps it ringing in our ears.

Experimental science has a peculiar function. It differs from all abstract science in the accuracy and satisfactoriness of its evidence. It examines the never-failing fountain whence flow the secrets and glory of a Divine intelligence. Here meet "the Asia and the Europe;" the adoration of the eternal and the study of His word and works; the completeness of two essentials by combination—completeness re-acting on the individual mind, lifting it to a region which overlooks the whole mental landscape dotted with the busy centres of local thought. It is the only union which will make progress safe, because it is the meeting of the infinite and finite to form continuous and therefore convincing Truth.

Can any of our readers supply us with the following old numbers of ROUGE ET NOIR?

Vol. I., No. 1.

" II., No. 4.

" IV., Nos. 1, 3 and 6.

" V., " 1 and 6.

The same apathy and selfishness on the part of the men, which we noticed with ROUGE ET NOIR, extends also, we are sorry to say, to the Literary Institute. This Society still holds its regular weekly meetings, and as regards attendance they are very fair; but we never find the full number of prepared debaters and essayists present.

The men see their names down on the programme, and indifferent alike to the interests of the Society and the advantages it offers to themselves, and caring nothing except to save themselves some little trouble, do not attend, and consequently spoil the meetings for those who are present. Again, even if they do put in an appearance, they very often come unprepared and make a few incoherent remarks, and probably attempt to be witty and then sit down. Those whose names are down as essayists and who do not attend, are even more to be blamed than the debaters, for they can choose any subject they like to write.

It is a sad reflection on human nature, but nevertheless it is a fact, that the best way to get men to bestir themselves is to appeal to their self-interest. Therefore we wish to remind them of the chances which this Society affords them of becoming good speakers and essayists. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of acquiring the art of public speaking and of essay writing, especially to those who are studying for the bar or the church. Let every member of the Institute do his best, both as a debater and as an essayist, and he will be amply repaid for his time and trouble.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR,—

GENTLEMEN: At regular intervals it is instructive, alike to individual and Corporations, to reflect on the past, and to examine its teachings for the guidance of the future. In this letter, (on which, I regret to say, I have not bestowed sufficient time or thought,) I will discuss some of the lessons which Trinity may gather by reflection. With a Corporation, such as this College boasts, comprising right reverend bishops, venerable archdeacons, and reverend canons, chief justices, queen's counsels, and barristers, doctors of law, doctors of divinity, and doctors of medicine, senators, learned professors, and gentlemen distinguished in the commercial world—with such a Corporation as this, Trinity may reasonably defy the imputation of error. But is not man universally mortal and liable to err? Alas, too true, and though it were pleasanter to describe our Corporation as "wisdom incarnate," yet we reluctantly admit that it has an occasional shortcoming.

The University of Trinity College has existed for thirty years. How much of its progress is due to the fostering care of the Corporation? How much is due to the progress of the country during this time? In a word, can Trinity be fairly said to have made that advancement

which, in progressive times and under an active Corporation, we would expect to find after an existence of thirty years?

Its most sanguine supporters will hesitate to answer YES. True, the Trinity Medical School, is abreast of any rival in the Province. Nor is the legal department, (thanks to the services of Prof. Goldwin Smith,) likely to decline, if a yearly increase in the number of candidates and its rapid growth in popular esteem are evidences of vitality. The musical course also, has a cheerful prospect. But can we say as much for the departments of arts and divinity? Perhaps those of the Corporation, whose domain is theology, and who may possess the consolations of prophecy can foresee a future transcendently glorious, but those whose vision is circumscribed by the present order of things, must admit that there is abundant room, if not actual need, for re-doubled activity in publishing the advantages and promoting the popularity of these two departments, which form the back-bone of the University. I say *back-bone*, because these two courses are the only ones including a religious education, to provide for which this University was founded. This renewed activity must operate in two channels—in the removal of all hindrances to its progress, and in a readiness to seize all the opportunities for improvement which continually present themselves.

I will briefly outline some things which I regard as impediments, and suggest what I think will remedy them.

It is indisputable that Trinity is more known as a *social* and *religious* than as an *educational* centre. Accordingly when students are choosing a University, they may pass Trinity by, believing that it is only a divinity school. Even in Toronto how many *thousands* are laboring under this mistake! And why? Because religion has been forced into an unnecessary prominence, and at the same time no special effort has been made to ally ourselves with the educational system of the Province. The high schools have therefore not sent here the number they might and would send if their patronage were sought one-tenth as assiduously as the yearly quota of five or six men from Trinity College School.

A course of public lectures, such as are now being given, tends very considerably to establish our *educational* position and might with great advantage be repeated yearly.

That an atmosphere of ecclesiasticism has settled on the College is too true, and for this the Corporation is answerable. Compulsory attendance at chapels is almost synonymous with compulsory religion, and to both, there seem to be grave objections. Is not the essence of religion to be voluntary? Coercive morality means ecclesiastical slavery, and corporations, though they may compel men to attend divine service, cannot extort the devotion of the heart which is the *sine qua non* of true worship. On the other hand, they may excite contempt for religion instead of inspiring zeal. I think the difficulty would be met by

obliging divinity students to attend chapels as at present, but *releasing arts men* from the obligation. Divinity students, by their choice of the clerical profession, are supposed to have no objections to religious services, no matter how long or how frequent, but all arts students are not known to possess this insatiable thirst for religion, albeit those who do would have the same opportunities for worship, as the compulsory system affords, without its unnatural stimulus.

Moreover, the presence of Church Catechism and the Articles, among the compulsory subjects of the arts course is liable to objection. Chancellor Allan declared in Convocation Hall, that men of all creeds were welcome to the advantages of this University. How is this invitation to be turned to practical account? Clearly not by enforcing what will not be accepted. What is the remedy then? Without proscribing these subjects altogether, they might be removed from their usual places in the calendar. A foot-note could be added, saying that Church Catechism and the Articles would be required from Anglican students and an equivalent amount of religious literature, common to all Christian bodies, would be required of others. This scheme would secure all the good results, and supply a defect of the other. Churchmen, as before, would read their doctrinal theology, and others would be induced to take our course, and compete on equal terms with us. The present system commends itself to no one who is not a Churchman; the proposed scheme would not deter a Dissenter, as he is now deterred, on the mere reading of the calendar, and it supplies a provision, the absence of which, may be regarded as the principal weakness of this institution, *i. e.*, comprehensiveness. Of course, some may regard *exclusiveness* as one of the chief merits of a university which provides a religious education; but leaving theories aside, I must remark, that exclusion is ridiculous when practised by a body, by no means the most numerous in Canada, for it simply means closing the door on those who have no need or inclination to enter.

A movement, on which I lay much store, is the disposition to unite Trinity Medical School more closely to this College. There is, it is true, a hollow Pharisaism, which views the medical student as *unclean*, and a vulgar squeamishness which stigmatizes him *brusque*, but there is also a sound public opinion which acknowledges him a good and useful member of society.

If the medical students consent to establish a medical department in ROUGE ET NOIR (as I trust and think they will) and to extend its circulation, our journal will then go into three or four hundred more hands than it now does, and Trinity College will be known and appreciated correspondingly more than it now is. If a strong bond of sympathy unite the Medical School to this College, we can count then on the loyal and constant support of more than two hundred active, influential men. On the other hand, if differences should unhappily estrange the two institutions, Trinity Medical men, can manage better with-

out us, than we without them, for the loyalty of two hundred men we cannot afford to despise.

Other suggestions I had intended to offer, but I have already made my letter too long. When I have more leisure, I may write again with more clearness and deliberation than I have employed above. Yours,

T. G. A. WRIGHT.

To the Editors.

SIRS,—Could not the Council arrange to have the terrace carried around the Chapel to the ravine? It would cost but little, and would relieve the south side of the Chapel of a great part of the bareness which is at present but too evident to every observer.

Yours, etc.,

KRITIKOS.

Toronto, Jan., 1885.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR.

DEAR SIRS.—Could not Prof. Boys be induced to add a lecture to the Saturday afternoon Series? I am sure it would be well attended and appreciated by the public at large.

Yours,

VISITOR.

DEAR SIRS,—When are the corporation going to have a new fence on Queen Street? The present one is a disgrace to the College, and gives rise to many questions as to whether Trinity is still inhabited or has moved out of the city.

Yours,

SEPEB.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1886.

How the whistling wind drives sleet and snow
 O'er each eave and each ledge, o'er each fence and each bough,
 O'er tracks on earth's surface, o'er man's footsteps of sin,
 The angel of God scatters purity in;
 Reminding proud Mammon through each cycle of time
 How the Heavens are pure and the Earth full of crime,
 How his carvings and workings in iron and clay
 Are hidden and covered by God in a day,
 Where man reared his mounds for the proud or the just,
 They are levelled and equalled by Nature's white dust.
 It falls upon king and pauper alike,
 Regardless of station, of wealth, or of might,
 The white cloaks of courtiers it contrasts to shame,
 To the blush of the cheek it adds freshness and flame,
 To the festive in age or the sportive in youth
 Earth's wintry garlands are atoms of truth.
 Then welcome the snow, though heavy the fall;
 God's emblem of purity, power o'er all.

CHARLES SHKARD, M.D.,
 314 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

EXCHANGES.

Town Topics is an exchange from New York. It is for the most part a society journal, but has some clever and well-written articles in it. It is entertaining, amusing and always welcome.

Two of our best exchanges are the *Yale Literary Record* and the *Hamilton Literary Magazine*. They never allow any badly written or senseless article to disgrace their columns. Their literary merit also commends them to the cultured reader.

Berkelayun, do you not know that one of the jokes in your last issue was senseless, profane, pointless and witless? Do not again allow the shadow of a joke to overcome your morality.

The last *Lantern* we received contains about one page of literary matter, while the other pages are devoted to incidents around college. This makes the *Lantern* very interesting to an outsider, especially when he has seen the literary part in the *Chronicle* beforehand.

We have noticed that the general tendency of American college journals is to commence their local column with several lines containing a single word, sometimes accompanied by an interrogation point or a mark of exclamation. It needs a very subtle intellect indeed to perceive any humour in this. The Critic is a miserable sinner in this respect.

The prose of the *Queen's College Journal* has always been superior to its verse. The last number was no exception to this rule. The Australian drought, which one of the poems describes, was doubtless very bad; but the poetry is infinitely worse. We select two or three lines at random, for they are all equally bad.

"Cattle and sheep but slowly creep, with low and piteous moan;
While some down lie, waiting to die, and most heart-rending groan.
Hope deferred, as you have heard, it maketh the heart sick,
But prolonged drought, there is no doubt, doth turn it almost brick;
But some there are, though few and far, whose hearts can ne'er grow cold
Till still in death, from want of breath, they crumble into mold."

What connection has the last half of the second line with the others? "Whose hearts can ne'er grow cold?" the cattle's?

PERSONALS.

Mr. J. A. Tanner, M.A., '83, has been re-engaged as Headmaster of the Omecce High School, at a handsome salary. We would be pleased to have an article on Education from him, as he is one of the few graduates of Trinity who are actually engaged in the profession of teaching.

We congratulate the Rev. Prof. Clark, M.A., on being the recipient of a handsome present from the congregation of St. George's, on the occasion of his retirement from active work there.

Rev. Henry Auston, M.A., '80, is the rector of a flourishing parish at Gananoque. Since his appointment the Church has made steady progress there. The interior of the Church has been so beautified by memorial windows, &c., that it is now one of the handsomest in Ontario Diocese. The Choir is surplised, and a new organ was added by the congregation last year.

Mr. John Boyd, "*novus homo in perpetuo*," is in a bank in St. Thomas.

R. B. Beaumont, B.A., '82, has passed his barrister examination. We congratulate Mr. Beaumont on his success, which has been somewhat delayed owing to the illness, which resulted from his North-west Expedition.

H. K. Merritt, '86, we regret to say has been laid up with a serious illness since the New Year. We tender our sympathy to Mr. Merritt, and trust that he will soon be able to resume his duties.

W. P. Atkinson, M.A., '81, was returned by a large majority as chancellor for St. Alban's Ward in the Town of Parkdale this year. By this is shewn the great popularity and sterling qualities of our esteemed Bursar.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

John George has immured himself once more within collegiate walls, and intends to take up his course with his usual energy and determination.

N.B.—John George has not yet arrived, but when we wrote this, rumor was rife about his coming. We are not to be defrauded of a local by his non-arrival.

The upper western corridor has been presented with a new stove at the expense of the Students. It was not, however, a voluntary offering on their part, and consequently many of them regarded it as an imposition when they saw the item on their bill. They forget that all luxuries of such a nature have to be paid for, even if they do not derive any benefit from them.

It seems by the lists posted up that a number of men are going to lengthen this term by staying here during the first week of the Easter vacation. We wish them success, and better luck than was theirs at Xmas.

The Business Manager has been busily engaged during the Xmas vac. in securing advertisements to fill up our enlarged space. He announces a general financial depression consequent on the failure of the N. P., but intimates that ROUGE ET NOIR stock is away above par.

The toboggan slide has been well patronized during the last few weeks, and every day we hear of hair-breadth escapes and exciting perpendicular descents. Perhaps its popularity is due to the fact that some of the fair sex occasionally enliven it with their presence. The Tobogganers propose to give an "At Home" sometime in the near future.

ROUGE ET NOIR generally enters its annual protest against the condition of the gymnasium at this season of the year, but the utter hopelessness of getting it repaired has deterred us from doing so this year. It is some time since it has been approached by a student, and the feats of strength and agility once performed within it are fast becoming legendary and time-worn.

There were rumours towards the close of last term of an impending duel between the melodious warbler of the "Warrior Bold" and a renowned highlander of the second year. We are glad to learn that matters were smoothed over by the latter gentleman tendering an apology to the vocalist.

To those who have withdrawn their subscriptions to ROUGE ET NOIR because they have been piqued at some article in it, we wish to say that this Journal will always tell WHOLESOME TRUTH on all matters, even at the expense of losing one or two subscribers every time it does so. It is an absurd instance of narrow-mindedness to withdraw one's support for such a trivial cause.

Conversazione matters are booming. The College meetings to discuss it were exciting, but out of the confusion nothing definite has yet issued. We hope the difficulties in the way of giving one will be overcome.

Since writing the former paragraph about the Conversazione, some further advances have been made. Committees have been appointed and the dates have been fixed for Thursday, February 18th. The Musical Committee acting in conjunction with Prof. Clark, have prepared a good programme.

The second lecture of the Course at present being given in College, was delivered on Saturday afternoon in the Convocation Hall, by the Rev. The Provost. The subject was one on which the extensive knowledge of the lecturer showed to advantage, viz:—"The close of the first Christian Century." The lecturer referred, in the first place, to the overthrow of Judaism by Christianity, and dwelt at some length on the early struggles of the church, shewing the crisis through which it passed when it lost the glowing enthusiasm of its early youth. The researches of theological scholars shew that although we are divided on some minor points, still that Apostolic succession was never doubted from the earliest times of the church. He then proceeded to prove by three lines of thought the authenticity of the Gospels, especially that of St. John, the date of which has been disputed by some. He paid a graceful tribute to the scholarships of Bishop Lightfoot and Canon Westcott, two eminent divines to whose untiring energy we owe much, and in a detailed manner he proved by documentary evidence the substantial ground upon which we place our faith. The learned gentleman, in conclusion, explained that he had chosen his subject from a deep sense of its importance, not for the purpose

of arousing controversy, and trusted that it might be the means of stimulating the interest of his hearers in the rapidly advancing science of Theology. At the close the Provost was heartily applauded. The next lecture of the series will be delivered next Saturday, at the usual hour, by the Rev. G. Haslam; subject, "Animal Intelligence."

The smokers of the College are indebted to Messrs. Kimball & Co. for the neat packages of cigarettes which they received from that firm. They all agree that they never smoked better ones.

A friend has made a suggestion which we think deserves some consideration. It is that the authorities break the present fence, along the Queen street front, into small pieces and sell them to relic-hunters. In the present revival of antiquarian research we are sure that thousands of 'devotees' would only be too glad to avail themselves of this grand opportunity. If they do not care about carrying on a retail trade in 'old fence,' they might sell it "in bulk" to the Canadian Institute, which would, we are sure, be delighted to obtain at a reasonable price such an addition to their museum. By adopting either of these methods, the corporation might obtain sufficient to defray the expense of erecting a new fence.

The following complete the number of Lectures to be delivered during this term:—February 6, "Animal Intelligence," Rev. G. Haslam; February 13, "Cowper," Rev. W. Clark; February 20, "Burns," Rev. Principal Grant; February 27, "Heathen Virtues and Theories of Life," Professor Hutton.

We are glad to hear that our vacant Chair of Divinity is at length about to be filled, its prospective occupant being Rev. J. E. Roper, of Keble College, Oxford.

The advent of another Oxford man amongst us is a matter for congratulation, and as Mr. Roper has filled the position of Chaplain to Brasenose, we anticipate great things of him, and are prepared to extend to him a hearty Canadian welcome.

A toboggan "At Home," was given by the Club on the 2nd of February. It proved to be a very enjoyable affair. It is said that none of the ladies present asked to be drawn up the hill on the toboggans as was wrongly reported. Refreshments were indulged in after the return of the party from the slide.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL NOTES.

A movement has been set on foot this term amongst the students in order to obtain their diplomas on parchment instead of on paper as heretofore, also to have written examinations take the place of *viva voce*. We are sure that the authorities who have the interest of the school so much at heart will speedily smooth over these difficulties.

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To these favorite books has been added a third, the popularity of which is attested by the fact that every edition has been exhausted as fast as printed. This book, "College Songs," (mailed free for fifty cents) is unquestionably the best as well as the cheapest of its kind. It contains not only a selection of the best "old songs," but a splendid collection of new songs recently introduced in College circles, most of which are copyrighted and can be found in no other collection. Among them are such capital ones as "Funiculi," "Faddy Duffy's Cart," "Darling Clementine," "In the Morning by the Bright Light," "Irish Christening," "Emmet's Lullaby," "McSorley's Twins," "Spanish Cavalier," "Solomon Levi," "Caro dat Possum," "To the Bravest," (quartet) "Rosalie," "Good bye, my Lever, Good bye," "What Beams so Bright," and many more choice gems.

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