

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. V.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 3.

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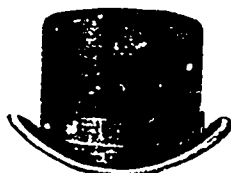
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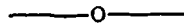
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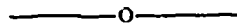
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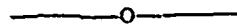
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ROUGE ET NOIR.

Vol. V.

TRINITY COLLEGE, FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 3.

A FANTASY.

[Suggested by a picture by *Elihu Vedder.*]

I.

In a land of twilight and dim shadows,
Lying alone, where no man wandereth ;
Between the gray sand dunes and salt sea meadows,
The pale shades meet some short space after death—
Gibber and flee along the wind-swept place,
Knowing no home—loth dwellers in cold space.

II.

Shadows that fail, and fade, and are no more,
Wailing a dirge like wild winds in the reeds,
Along some lonely, wave-washed, winter shore ;
Shrieking along the way that nowhere leads—
Swiftly they pass, and so are clean forgot,
Meeting but shades, that know each other not.

J. A. R.

ON CONDUCT AND MANNER.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

A few more words are that need be said on the subject of behaviour in a slight sketch like the present. It may seem probable that very little can be done to teach manners to those who have grown to manhood and womanhood, but this is not altogether true. Certainly there are differences which can hardly ever be eradicated between those who have had the advantages of careful, early training and those who have missed it ; but there is much that may be done even for those who have had the most unfavourable social surroundings in youth, much may be corrected, even if we cannot entirely reform.

At least, this must be the case if what we have said of manners is true, that it is not a mere surface polish, or a mere veneering which hides the real material of which we are made. If it is more than this, if it is the outcome of what we are in ourselves, in mind, character, temper, then, just as the inward disposition may be transformed, so a transformation may be effected in the deportment of the outward man.

And it is with the inward part that we must begin. If we would be courteous, we must have the courteous

mind ; the thoughtfulness for others which bespeaks the unselfish man, the consideration for the interests, and the preferences, and the feelings of those who are about us, which shows that we are capable of self-forgetfulness and a genuine interest in others.

Then, along with this, a man's (and still more, if possible, a woman's manners) should be natural and unaffected. And unfortunately it is generally imagined that it is a very easy, simple thing to be natural, while the reverse of all this is much nearer the truth. Paradoxical as it may seem to one who considers the mere words apart from actual experience, most people are not natural. Children are natural, and old people are generally natural. But between these two extremities of human life only well-bred people are natural. Plenty of people are rough, and bluff, and off-handed, and this passes for nature with others ; and, no doubt, it is the nature, or the outcome of the nature we are thinking about ; but it is not the nature which we should like to be ours.

When we emerge from childhood we become self-conscious and constrained. Then comes a time when the spontaneousness of early youth is no longer quite satisfactory to ourselves, and still less is it acceptable to others. To some men, but not very many, and perhaps some women, it is given to be natural through life, but not to the majority. The average young man, for instance, is not natural, he is either awkward or affected. He lacks simplicity, he is too conscious of himself. It is only when his awkwardness is clipped, and pruned, and affectation gets beaten out of him by an impatient world, or his own improved sense or taste discovers its absurdity, that he becomes, natural. A man leaves his first nature behind him with his childhood ; it is often a long time before he gains his second nature.

Again, in good behaviour there must be a certain regard for the customs of the society to which we belong. It is easy to rail against conventionality ; and if by conventionality be meant falseness, unreality, the mere parrot-like repetition of other people's words and ways, then let us have done with it as soon as possible. It is an evil and a pestilent thing. Yet it may be desirable to follow custom or even the fashion. And on this general question we are all agreed, although we may use different language in speaking about it. The most unceremonious man, the most flagrant violator of conventional propriety, will be as much offended as the most

ceremonious, if his own notions of propriety are correct. Some of our habits which we regard as good, or at least as harmless, would be most offensive to the inhabitants of some other countries. Some of their ways would be equally objectionable to ourselves. No one who respects himself, no one who respects others, will lightly depart from the customs of the society in which he lives. A man who regards with disdain the prevailing customs of his country is, if possible, more foolish than one who is always in a state of alarm lest he should have not known and adopted the latest fashions.

We have said that courtesy must be genuine, its foundation must be truth. But we must add that it cannot be brought to perfection without self-restraint and self-control. Perhaps there are few things which require so much taste as the hitting of the happy mean between liberty and restraint in word and in deed. There are some men who never open their mouths on the subject of their fellow-men, or of the esteem in which they hold them. They blame no one. They are solemnly silent if any are found fault with; but they are equally silent if others are praised. If they have no censure to inflict, neither do they indulge in commendation. They are not the most interesting of men.

Yet the fault which lies in the opposite direction is greater; the fault of those who not only utter every thought that arises in their mind, and usually such people's thoughts are of the least possible value, but think as recklessly as they speak. There is, no doubt, a great charm in an open, frank, unconstrained manner. There is a great charm in an out-spoken man. But there must be limits and restraints imposed on speech. There is a certain reserve which is good, nay, which is necessary, if men are to be endurable. And it is the same with action as with speech. The man who errs on the side of self-control errs on the safe side. What we call *abandon* needs the finest taste to prevent its being offensive.

But we must come to an end, although it is difficult when there is so much to say; and we must repeat what we have already said, as the most important in this whole consideration, that the great rule for all behaviour is genuine kindness of heart, unselfish considerateness for others; that humble, gentle, kindly spirit which is productive of a true and not a servile deference and thoughtfulness towards the opinions, the feelings and the interests of our neighbours and associates. True kindness is true courtesy. You cannot have genuine courtesy without it; you will hardly ever miss courtesy where that is present. The language of kindness is one which all understand; high and low, rich and poor, the most cultivated and the most unlettered. It is a good rule also which says to a man. "Seem what you are, and be what you wish to seem." The man who is *good and genuine* will seldom go far wrong in behaviour.

A NIGHT'S FISHING OFF THE LIZARD.

The day was glorious, life in the air, life in the water, life, if one may so speak, in every curve and outline of the bold coast. The sky a deep warm blue, such a sky as must ever awaken in the mind of him who gazes upon it a feeling of calm and repose, a feeling only intensified by the steady sailing of the great fleecy clouds in the upper air-currents. The water reflecting in even warmer tints the glories of the sky, stretched far as the eye could see to southward. For leagues beyond the Lizard and the Tol Pen, the British channel fading off to the horizon, calm and unruffled in the distance. Between those mighty headlands roller after roller chasing each other up Mount's Bay, past the Logan, past beautiful Lamorna on the one hand, by Kynance, Gunwalloe, Port Leven on the other, breaking on St. Michael's Mount, or plunging against the sea wall at Penzance, and deluging with spray the unwary loungers on the promenade. All along the shore where the waters shoaled, wild horses dancing, tossing their white manes silver in the sunbeams, careering over some hidden sand bank, running mimic races with each other, starting, plunging, outrunning their very selves, spreading and being lost in the surrounding waters. It was one of Cornwall's pet spring days.

For perhaps a fortnight a strong souwester had been very constantly blowing, raising a heavy sea, and preventing the fishermen from putting out, although mackerel were in abundance. It had now apparently blown itself out. A brisk fishing breeze had sprung up from the south, the sea had rapidly fallen, and in anticipation of a heavy "catch" all was bustle and excitement about the boats, and by noon the entire fishing fleet had started from Penzance bound for the Lizard.

We had a splendid run and accepted the invitation of the captain or skipper of the boats to "come and see for myself how the mackerel were caught"—making some eight knots an hour; two new boats were in the fleet, they had been launched about a fortnight before; this was their trial trip, and so each skipper believing that his own boat, under favourable conditions, could show as fast a pair of heels as any of the rest, did his very utmost. Our goal lay off the Lizard, some twenty miles from Penzance as the crow flies, for here fish were believed to be in greatest numbers, the prize, the most likely berth for the man who being first up was there to occupy it and so all raced; we were not first, perhaps we should have been but for the wind, which did not favour us as it did others; nor were we last, far from it, and after four exciting hours, lowering all sail except a small mizzen, we lay to about five miles south of the Lizard. It was early evening, the nets would not be "shot" till sundown, thus there remained some hours to whie away. The crew, seven all told, the skipper John, the boy his son, and five men occupied themselves in various ways, turned in, looked after details in their gear,

tightening here, setting straight there; one or two remained on deck watching the less fortunate boats as they raced up, the foam flying from their bows, and passed on to occupy the outer stations. How fine was the view from that fishing boat. As I lay upon the sails and looked around I could not help asking myself how it was that so many know absolutely nothing of half the beautiful scenes which are to be found at home in their own country, and wondering, and trying to discover for myself what strange impulse it is that drives men to the furthest corners of the earth in pursuit of pleasure which they may find at their very doors. Seagulls were circling listlessly around the boat, floating lazily on the water or skimming between the crests of the waves, now and again a gannet would dash headlong into the sea making the very water foam again as he plunged far below after some hapless fish. Around us lay the boats, some few were near the land, scores were scattered far as the eye could reach to west and south, whilst here and there some larger craft, a coaster, or stately merchant man or steamer bound down channel gave variety to the picture; such was the view looking seaward. Landward, blue in the distance, lay England's westernmost bulwark, the rugged, inhospitable, storm-swept Land's End, which has for countless ages stood an impregnable rampart against the waves of the Atlantic. I had myself from that point of vantage watched the struggle between the elements; the water lashed into perfect fury by the south-west gale, battling against those rocks, rocks worn and seamed, showing ghastly marks of the conflict, the huge waves plunging against, bursting with noise like thunder on the land, hurling far overhead great blinding clouds of spray. Now in the distance, softened, evened down, it appeared a low line of hills on the margin of the water, of Mount's bay, which swept in a noble inland. Penzance was no longer visible, nor were the white sands of Marazion, but St. Michael's Mount, Trewavas Head, and nearer still the iron bound coast between Mullion and the Lizard, with the intervening coves and stretches of silvery sand, smiling fields, and struggling little fishing villages appearing as if almost clinging to the rocks, formed a perfect picture. I sat and drank a deep full draught, then envied, aye envied, for, even at such moments, the baser feelings will intrude themselves; envied those who had the power to make their canvass speak, who can reproduce in tints and shades less beautiful yet still so like, those glorious scenes which we can only gaze at for the time, then must forget. I hardly heeded that the evening was creeping on, hardly noticed that the wind was gradually freshening, that the boat was rolling more and more with the rising swell, that the hour for shooting the nets drew on.

It was perhaps seven; the sun was just touching the horizon, all was preparation on board the boat. The crew, each man had a place assigned to him, worked with a will, and soon a dark line of corks bobbed up and down upon the rollers as the train of nets was paid "shot"

over the side of the boat to be drifted down by the tide. How those men worked, net after net was fastened securely to the footline—a strong rope, which by its weight, sinks the lower end or foot of the net, which thus, as the head is buoyed up with corks forms a perfect wall in the water—and sent overboard, some forty-five pieces, in all a train perhaps a mile and a half in length; then down with the mast to ease the rolling a little, supper, arrange the watches, and turn in or sit about the stove in the little cabin and listen to yarns of storms, of wrecks, of fishing experiences and fishing boats, till the rising of the moon when the nets would be hauled. I spent part of the time on deck watching the little points of light bobbing up and down all around us, now lost for a moment, hidden by the intervening waves, and again flashing up all the more brightly when raised for the moment on the breast of a larger roller. These were the lights of the boats, lights which all fishing boats must, in accordance with regulations display, when riding or drifting with their nets. I listened to the stories for a time and slept for the remainder.

Between eleven and twelve I was awakened by a great clattering and pounding of feet overhead. I turned out and clambered on deck, how the wind was blowing, keen and strong, how the boat was pitching, it required a man to have his sea legs well under him she was so lively, in fact the night was what might be called ugly; we had had what the sailor would call a short slant of fine weather, the bad weather had left us but for a brief spell and was now returning; the nets however must be hauled, and so the men took up their positions in the bows to pull on the nets, and ships to lift them overboard and to take out the fish; in the net room to stow these away, and so to stow that damages might be repaired, or fresh nets put in without all having again to be disturbed; at the capstan, to heave the stop line, and in the rope room to coil this away. The night being bad, the work was heavy on all hands. I assisted at the capstan, this when the strain is great as is generally the case when a heavy sea is running, is fitted with a pair of handles so that two men can work at the same time. Well, we worked for two, for three, for more than three hours, kept comparatively cool by the wind and the spray, which now and again dashed over us wetting us to the skin; the work was much too warm to allow of "oils" being worn. Meanwhile the others toiled away at the nets; how beautiful these looked as they were lifted from the water, dripping with living fire, *briming* as the fishermen express it. It was perfectly fascinating, every mesh of the net beaded with innumerable globules of light, semi-transparent, phosphorescent. Now they streamed off in a broad undulating band of light, then separated and mingled with their myriad brethren; the sea all around was brilliant with them; sometimes too, when the surface currents of the water would turn the nets aslant, fathom upon fathom, far as the eye could see, floating just beneath the surface,

a wall of light, silvery as the moon's, waving to and fro in the most bewitching contortions, then fading gradually out. I must confess that at times whilst watching what I have just endeavoured to describe, I gave but little assistance at the capstan. Yet who could resist the spell! Not even those fishermen toiling for their daily bread, who had watched them night after night, year after year, and who perhaps had little reason to regard them with complaisance.

Half the nets had been hauled, some of them much damaged, and not a dozen mackerel, the prospect was not a bright one, when in a moment fresh energy seemed to be infused into every member of the crew as the man furthest in the bows sang out "brail! brail! brail and his mate; pill O!" and in ones, in twos, in small bunches, and finally by scores the mackerel appeared in the nets. What a picture were those nets as weighted with the struggling fish they were lifted over the side. They were brilliant before, they are simply indescribable now. A pulsating, trembling mass of silver, silver animated, all life, silver set with, studded thickly with the purest brilliants, with pearls, flashing and sparkling and glittering in the moon beams. I can recall no similar sight. All worked with a will though the wind was blowing stronger and stronger, though the sea was racing past, though the boat was jumping and heaving and starting, though the foot line was at times taut as a steel rope; and at three o'clock, under small sail, we were running for Penzance before half a gale of wind, all as snug as could be expected on board, and some sixteen hundred splendid mackerel in the fish-hold.

G. E. H.

* Brail is the Cornish name for mackerel. A train of nets consists of some forty-five pieces which are fastened "squinched" end to end, they are the property of the men, each supplying a given number, usually some five or six; the skipper, or owner of the boat supplying the remainder. Payment is made by shares. At the end of each week the gross take is divided into two equal parts. The first is re-divided, if there be a crew of seven, into eight equal parts, or as they are termed, body shares. One is apportioned to each man and one goes to the owner of the boat. The other is subdivided so as many shares as will correspond to the number of nets, forty, fifty, or whatever it may be; each man receiving a share for every net of his in the train. The boat usually has a share of nets, and the skipper, who need not own the boat, is allowed to place in two or three more than the men, the extra profit made constituting the pay for his trouble looking after the boat. The boy, if young, receives a small weekly sum, but if strong enough to do a man's work, receives one of the body shares, but is not allowed to have nets. It is often asserted, and probably with truth, that the "briming" on the nets by rendering them visible to the fish, either warns or frightens them away. Fishermen's hands are often badly stung by the larger medusæ or by their stinging apparatus left entangled in the nets. The fishermen call all medusæ "morguls." "Brail, brail and his mate, Jrudga, pempas, pill," are terms used to express certain numbers of mackerel, thus brail being cried out, all on board would know that there was one; brail and his mate, two; pempas, a small bunch; pill, a score or more of mackerel together; and so on. The fishing boats used in Cornwall are of the lugger build, averaging perhaps between ten and fifteen tons. The smaller class being used in a great measure for pilchard, and perhaps herring fishing.

OF SOME BORES.

The bore is not a modern creation—he is, doubtless, as old as mankind himself—and primeval man, in his cave, may often have yawned as some friend related to him with minute and circumstantial care the mighty en-

counter he had just had with an ichthyosaurus. But the bore has shared in the general process of evolution until to-day he has attained a magnitude and capacity for worrying his fellow-men, as much in advance of his ancestors as they are. He is universal, but wherever one may find him, he is a monster, morally speaking, always on the look out for victims. Various as Proteus are the forms he assumes, but in each one of them he has the one predominant characteristic, he is ever on the look out for fresh victims, and woe to the man who falls into his clutches. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner was one of the first magnitude and the most deadly kind, and although, fortunately, he is rare, yet every one knows some disciple of his who follows in his footsteps.

It is not my purpose to write any lengthened treatise on so vast a subject—a volume would not suffice—but the anguish of my soul compels me to put on record a brief and imperfect description of some of the numerous species with whom it has been my sad lot to have met. As a wide definition, one may term a bore a man with a hobby, which he inflicts on every one else, regardless of whether his victim is interested or not. Among the numerous species included under such a definition, there are one or two of particularly venomous character—and chief among these is he whom I may term the "athletic bore." In this zone of manly sports, he is unfortunately only too common; and there are two sports he particularly affects, football and cricket, probably because the intricacies of both amusements afford him ample opportunity to calarge. His way of proceeding is generally much the same. Having selected a likely victim, he proceeds to make a call upon him. The unfortunate has a strange presentiment of his doom. He at first cherishes a wild and insane idea that he can propitiate the remorseless one. To this end he enters him with effusive cordiality, and at once enters into a conversation with feverish eagerness on every subject except the one of athletics. The bore is perfectly conversant with this little ruse, he watching the struggling victim much in the same way that a bloated spider surveys an unfortunate fly, knowing he has only to wait and his time will come. Sure enough it does. As if by some irony of fate the unhappy man sees the conversation drifting to the dreaded topic. More and more frantic become his efforts. But, alas, all is in vain. Some chance word or expression has given the cue, and with a calm resignation he awaits his doom. The bore has no mercy. He begins in a light and airy vein to discuss athletics generally, and after delivering an interesting essay thereon, proceeds from the general to the particular. Say his forte is cricket. He will probably commence the real agony something in this way. "Grand season this has been for cricket"—grunt from his auditor, which might mean anything, but is decidedly discouraging. Nowise daunted, he proceeds: "Did you see that wonderful score Sprodgkin made up in Yahoo, 54 not out? I never saw

such beautiful cricket. Sims was bowling, you know Sims?" The victim disclaims any knowledge of the gentleman. "What, not know Sims?" in a tone of disgusted wonder. "Oh, you must remember that grand average of his in 1873—5 wickets for 9 runs. How bad your memory must be," adds the insulting tormentor. The victim is too crushed to repel the unjust accusation. He would like to rise in his wrath and consign Sims to the place immortalized by Dante, but the bore has fixed him with his glittering eye and—humiliating confession—he daren't. And so the bore proceeds, and having given a short biographical sketch of Sims and another of Sprodgkins, with a brief review of all the latter's scores for the last fifteen years, he diverges into some one else's doings, and so on until his unhappy hearer writhes with anguish and impotent wrath. This is bad enough, but there is an old saying, there is nothing so bad but what it could be worse, and it holds good here too. Perchance the bore has a small record himself, and then the agony is increased tenfold. He dilates on the score he made in what he considers the match of the season, the Sheboygans versus the Mudpouts. He tells, with much amplification, the story of how he went in and demoralized the opposition bowling, what a grand cut he made, &c., illustrating with dramatic action. "You see Snooks bowls this way"—much action of arm—"and I knew if one stepped out or back, as the case may be, you could get him. So I just stepped out like this"—more dramatic action—"and got a splendid cut at him. It was a good ball too, deucedly hard to play." And so he goes on, while the victim sits regarding him with an inane smile, intended to be amiable, on his face, and rage in his heart, and devoutly wishes for an earthquake or that the ceiling might fall or that he would dissect his tormentor had he the chance. The latter is bound to have his say, and when finally he concludes and says, "he guesses he must go," he leaves behind him a wilted individual, a mere shattered wretch of his former self. Worst of all, the bore always takes it for granted everyone is just as much interested as himself, and if the victim has, what is very rare, the pluck to assert that he doesn't care a hang what Sprodgkins made, or how Snooks bowled, the tormentor will regard him with a look of mingled pity and disgust at once humiliating and aggravating.

There are, of course, species even worse than the athletic, but space will not allow us to dwell on their baneful characteristics. One of the most virulent is the religious, who usually takes the form of a mild monomaniac on some knotty point of doctrine or ritual, to which every conversation, no matter how foreign, must eventually veer. I can recall one of this class who dragged in his favourite topic in some marvellous way in a conversation on the Zulu war. He always excited my admiration, he had such a marvellous faculty of looking at everything through his own particular glass.—T. B. A.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1884.

NOTWITHSTANDING our frequent strictures on the subject, the Museum remains in the same deplorable condition. There is no earthly excuse for this as there is at least one gentleman in College who is fully competent to undertake the task of classifying and arranging the now heterogeneous mass of objects, and has already signified his willingness to do so. We hope this matter will be attended to at once.

We would suggest that in the next Calendar the curriculum of the Divinity Class and the books required be inserted. At present the books are selected by the professors without any apparent reference to any but a very uncertainly defined plan. If this suggestion were adopted, men proposing to enter the Divinity Class would know for a certainty what is required of them, and what books will be needed as the men taking the Arts course.

ON January 28 an important meeting attended by a large number of clergy and graduates of Trinity was held at the College for the purpose of forming a Society in College with missionary objects. Though a large amount of outside work has been done by the students of the Divinity Class it has been done in a hap-hazard way which deprived it of much of its effect. This Society has now remedied this, and in future any clergyman in the diocese requiring assistance will have it afforded him, if possible, on application to the Rev. Prof. Schneider. At the meeting in question the Provost took the Chair, and after some interesting remarks from the various gentlemen present, the Society was formally constituted; Mr. Haslam, B.A., being appointed Secretary. The good effect of this important work being done in a systematic manner has already become apparent, as the applications last week were so numerous that all the members of the Divinity Class were engaged in outside work on Sunday. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Kenrick, M.A., and Davidson, B.A., have started a Mission in Seaton Village, on which they report very hopefully. A sub-Committee is now engaged in drawing up a Constitution for the Society.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

A meeting of graduates and supporters of Trinity College was held on the evening of Tuesday, 5th inst., at the Synod office for the purpose of considering the question of the proposed application by the University of Toronto to the Ontario Government for additional State aid. The chair was occupied by Hon. G. W. Allan, Chancellor. The chairman stated that letters had been received from the Bishops of Toronto and Huron and several friends, expressing their regret at not being able to be present at the meeting. He then, in an eloquent speech, protested against the proposed grant to University College, and in able *resumé* of the history of that foundation showed how its present demands were not only unfair to the other Universities in the Province sustained by private contributions, but had not been deserved by the work done. The Chancellor was followed by the Provost, who, in the course of an admirable address, defended Trinity in regard to her curriculum, saying that personal knowledge enabled him to state that curriculum compared very favorably with that of Cambridge. With regard to Honour Courses the speaker said that the dangers of one too extended had already been experienced in Cambridge where after some years trials the extended Mathematical course had been almost unanimously given up. With regard to the Endowment of University College the Provost drew attention to the very different circumstances attending the passing of the first Endowment Act, and those now prevailing, and to the fact of a sectional feeling existing then which accounted for no provision being made for religious teaching in University College, but which has now passed away. After paying a high compliment to Bishop Strachan, the Provost concluded a long and able address by calling on the friends of Trinity to carry out that work which had been begun to its completion. The Bishop of Niagara then moved the following resolution, seconded by Mr. S. J. Vankoughnet, the following resolution:

That this meeting, representing the graduates and supporters of the University of the Trinity College, Toronto, expresses its emphatic protest against the proposal to deal with the University question now before the public by the partial method of simply increasing the income for endowments of the University College of the University of Toronto, for the following reasons:

That in considering any proposal to go beyond the original endowment handed over to the University of Toronto by the legislation of 1851, and to obtain for it further State aid, regard should be had to the changed circumstances of the colleges at the present time.

That less than one-half of the graduates in Arts are graduates of the University of Toronto, and still fewer have been trained in University College, results which directly contradict the expectation of the Legislature in founding the Provincial University in 1851.

That the attempt to settle the question of religious teaching in university education by excluding Christian instruction from the curriculum has not met with the approval of the Christian people of this province is plainly shown by the successful efforts which have been made to provide efficient university education, which shall not be divorced from religious training.

That the present growth of the province renders it necessary to have more than one college and one teaching faculty to adequately meet the needs of higher university education, and that this question is altogether separate from that of the desirableness or the reverse of federating the several colleges now possessing university power into a new university body.

That the other chartered universities of the province—whose hold

upon the affections of the people is proved by their training a majority of the graduates of the province, and by their having received of recent years voluntary endowments to the extent of \$600,000—have done work which is absolutely essential to the intellectual welfare of the province, and which, had it not been done by them, would have entailed upon the State enormous additional expenditure.

And that this meeting is of the opinion that if the University question is re-opened by the State no settlement can be considered satisfactory which is not of a comprehensive character, having due regard to the work actually accomplished by other chartered universities of the province and their rightful claims.

That the chairman be authorized to transmit this resolution on behalf of the meeting to the Attorney-General of Ontario.

Which after some remarks by Chief Justice Spragge, the Rev. Mr. Langtry and others, was unanimously adopted. The meeting then adjourned.

IN the strife of educational systems, as applied to Universities, now raging, the classical, mathematical and scientific have each their champions to present their respective claims in the most favourable light. It seems to some, however, that there is quite as much danger of running the advantages of a purely scientific education to death, as of Latin or Greek. No one denies the usefulness of these latter as part of a really good mental training, quite as important a part, too, as mathematics, which in this country seem to be gaining a predominance, especially in the State schools, which is not altogether an unmixed benefit. There is one branch of study, however, so practically important that it is a constant source of wonder to us why its claims have not been loudly and persistently advocated, and that is the study of the modern languages. Here is something really practical, and as practical education is the great end of the age, it should surely receive much attention. It is doubtless a very good mental training for a boy or young man to enter on the higher branches of mathematics which now so exclusively occupy their attention in the upper forms of the High Schools, but when we come to the question of utility, their much-lauded advantages seem to dwindle somewhat, for it is in the professions or callings that such knowledge is of any real value. This is not by any means the case with modern languages. In the olden days when a few miles of water was an almost insuperable barrier between countries the necessity did not exist, but now that every one is more or less a citizen of the world, this study has now become not merely a question of expediency, but one of grave consequence. There is not a profession in which a knowledge of modern languages, more especially German and French, is not a distinct benefit, and in a country such as Canada, where there is already a large proportion of French speaking people, and a constant influx of other nations, more especially Germans, the question comes up as one of vital importance. Let us then have some attention paid to these subjects, as much, if not more, as is now devoted to Conic sections and Demosthenes. As regards ourselves, it is true that provision has been made for taking a Degree in Modern Languages and Literature, but we think that they should have been treated on the same footing as classics and mathematics, so that a man

could devote himself to them exclusively during his second and third years, without being obliged, as is now the case, to take either mathematics or mental philosophy in addition during his second year. The difficulty of both these subjects would effectually prevent much time and attention being given to modern languages as their importance deserves. The chair of Science is to be founded very shortly. We hope that the very next professorship will be one of modern languages, so that, as far as Trinity is concerned, the stigma which certainly attaches to *English speaking people of never knowing*, as a rule, any language but their own, may be obviated as much as possible.

OBITUARY.

On the 24th of November last, there died in this city a graduate of this University, whose career, all too short, had been a continual exhibition of the highest Christian motives and character. The Rev. John Wood, who, at the time of his death, was on a visit to this country for the benefit of his health, was Vicar of S. Matthew's, Luton, a flourishing parish, founded and built up mainly by his own individual exertions. After graduating from Trinity in 1859, he worked for some time in the Ottawa District, and then went to England and undertook the Curacy of Ripley, removing from there in 1862 to take up missionary work in the poor and thickly peopled district of Luton, known as High Town. Here his work was so successful that it soon became necessary to build a church. A temporary one was first erected, and this was succeeded in 1875 by a permanent one; the first stone of St. Matthew's being laid in that year by the Duchess of Bedford, the Duke of Bedford himself subscribing £100, besides giving the site. Even at that time Mr. Wood's health was not quite what it should be, but he had an able assistant. Finding even this assistance was insufficient to relieve him in any way he left the church in charge of two Curates, and tried a visit to Colorado, but with few or no beneficial results. A second visit proved equally ineffectual, and while on his way to his father's home he died in Toronto. The news of his death caused profound grief in his parish, and on December 2nd the Vicar of Luton preached an eloquent sermon to his memory, in which his early labours in Ontario, in the Ottawa District, and in Ottawa itself, which doubtless laid the foundation of his bad health, and his subsequent work in England were alluded to with much touching appreciation. His distinguishing characteristics were sterling worth, and a pre-eminent spirit of self-sacrifice which led him to sacrifice health and comfort (for he had ample private means) in the great work of the Gospel; during the worst form of contagious disease, a small-pox epidemic, in Ripley, in the discharge of what many men would have considered beyond their duty. He lived a life of the greatest self-denial, and even in his last illness employed every means at his disposal for the further-

ance of his cherished work. And his love for his work and for the Church was displayed not only in his own parish but elsewhere, for it was through him that the Church Defence Association in Derbyshire was formed, which has been most useful in affording information and dissipating prejudice respecting the Church.

Such is a brief record of the life work of one who, though his name was never trumpeted abroad, though his work was confined within the borders of a country parish, and was never rewarded with promotion, yet was of such a character as to make his *Alma Mater* as proud of such a son as of one who has gained the highest applause and honours the world can bestow.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

On Sunday, the 3rd inst., Prof. Clark preached an able and interesting sermon to the Medical Schools of the city at All Saint's Church.

Our reading room is well supplied with the latest journals, and contains much valuable reading matter, as is evident by the number of the men continually perusing its contents.

Dr. Sheard, President of the Literary and Scientific Society, has spared no pains towards making the entertainments successful, and the men feel very kindly his evident desire to further its prosperity.

Our Athletic Club is in full swing, especially the clubs, and many of our students are making rapid strides in John L. Sullivan's direction with the gloves, and many chances of testing the coagulability of blood are open to enterprising sports.

The session of '84 once more finds the men all back, evidently having enjoyed the holidays to the utmost. We are pleased to see in addition of some ten new faces amongst the class, and in the fact of having the largest school from any part of the Dominion. The question of coming examinations has been heard on all sides already, and many a student may be seen poring quietly over Gray and Kirke in a secluded chamber.

On Saturday, the 30th, the first meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society, since the re-opening of College, was held.

Mr. Bingham read an excellent paper on typhoid fever, which was freely discussed by Messrs. Lake, Williams and Logan. All three gentlemen showed a very clear appreciation of the disease, and Mr. Logan advanced some theories highly startling to his third-year colleagues.

Our Glee Club sung with good effect the songs of Trinity. Messrs. Lockhart, Brown and Gillespie were highly applauded for their songs. Readings by Mr. Schaver, and songs by Mr. Farrar made up a very entertaining programme. Drs. Geikie and Teskey both gave their valued experience regarding typhoid. Dr. Teskey spoke, relating to the effluvia theory, and advanced many interesting points in connection.

BOOK NOTICE.

OLD WORLD IDYLLS. By Austin Dobson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Into this delightful little volume Mr. Dobson has gathered, with a few exceptions, the cream of his two previously published volumes, *Vignettes in Rhyme* and *Proverbs in Porcelain*, both of which are out of print at the present time. So popular indeed has his graceful work now become, that the entire first edition of the present work, was sold in the first week after publication, and yet the audience to which he appeals is not a particularly extended one, as may be seen from his own delicate—we might almost say—invocation, since there can be but little doubt that his muse is a dweller in May Fair, and takes form astral or otherwise in the "English Girl."

*To you I sing, whom towns immure,
And bonks of toil hold fast and sure:—
To you across whose aching sight
Come Woodlands bathed in April light,
And dreams of pastime premature.*

*And you, O sad, who till endure
Some wound that only time can cure,—
To you, in watches of the night,—
To you I sing!*

*But most to you with eyelids pure,
Scarce writing yet of love or lure:
To you, with bird-like glances bright,
Half-paused to speak, half-poised in flight;
O English Girl, divine, demure,
To YOU I sing!*

Perhaps the most striking thing in all Mr. Dobson's work is his lightness of touch and perfect ease and grace of expression, which must certainly be his own good gift and inheritance of the gods, for he is told he 'had writ nothing' until he was twenty-four, and so can scarcely have served apprenticeship, through the usual fustian producing period, of most verse makers, who are invariably recorded, and are indeed at all, as having lisped in numbers for the first time, which proved in most cases a somewhat worse misfortune than the impediment referred to, and is not so easily cured, but if indeed the remark here be the effect of that time of probation, we can certainly heartily recommend all youthful aspirants to refrain as wisely.

In order to give the reader some idea of Mr. Dobson's power of portraying delicate humour and simple pathos, we propose to give some short illustrations from the selections from his two earlier works and the miscellaneous poems, included in this volume.

The poems coming under the general title of *Old World Idylls* are, unfortunately, for our purpose, too long to reproduce at length, but we give some suggestion of their character, from the following quotations from the poem entitled "A Dead Letter," of which we quote the first two verses:

*I drew it from its china tomb:—
It came out feebly scented,
With some thin ghost of past perfume,
That dust and days had lent it.*

*An old, old letter, folded still!
To read with due composure,
I sought the sun-lit window-sill,
Above the gray enclosure.*

Here its (the enclosure's) quiet beauty, as it lies "glimmering in the sultry haze, faint-flowered, dimly shaded," leads our poet's thoughts astray for a moment from his dusty treasure, while he expatiates in tinkling, limpid verse on its general desirableness as a place of abode.

*A place to live in—live,—for aye,
If we too, like Tithonus,
Could find some god to stretch the gray,
Scant life the fates have thrown us.*

But he returns at last.

*The time is out of joint; who will
May strive to make it better;
For me, this warm old window sill,
And this old dusty letter.*

Then comes the letter. We presume it is a love-letter, but whether of the modern fashion or not we are unable to say, having no personal knowledge of such matters, and not having access to any documents of the sort, from an unreasonable and selfish desire on the part of the possessors of such things to keep them religiously for their own perusal.

*Dear John (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,
For Father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam,
And Mother's storing apples,—'True and me
To our elbows making Damson jam;
I shall meet before a week is gone,—
Tis a long lane that has no turning John!*

Then she appoints the trysting place, with praise worthy deference to the conventional, if not to the proprieties—"Behind the white-thorn, by the broken stile." It continues in the same pretty, simple, ingenuous strain, and ends with not a little passion.

*My dear, I don't think I thought much
Before we knew each other, and
And now, why John, I must find you,
Gives me enough to make me
See, for I send you there, 'tis
Look in this corner and find it John!*

The italics are our own. Then follow some pretty verses, descriptive of her who sent this simple old world message, but it is of her as the poet knew her, with "pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed;" a sweet and gentle dame, with her "old store of garnered grief," for to that one of all men to whom it should have proved a living thing, it was but a "dead letter."

*Peace to your soul! you died unwept—
Despite this loving letter.
And what of John? The less that's said
Of John, I think, the better.*

The prologue to *Proverbs in Porcelain* we think sufficiently explains their *raison d'être*, but is unfortunately too long for reproduction. The two following verses may however serve the purpose.

*Then I produce my Prize, in truth:—
Six groups in Seven, fresh as youth
And rare as Love. You pause, you wonder,
(Pretend to doubt the marks, forsooth!)*

*And so we fall to why and how
The fragile figures smile and bow;
Divine, at length, the fable under—
Thus grew the "Scenes" that follow now.*

Of which we give

THE CAP THAT FITS.

SCENE.—A Salon with blue and white panels. Outside persons pass and repass upon a Terrace.

HORTENSE. ARMANDE. MONSIEUR LOYAL.

HORTENSE (*behind her fan*).

Not young, I think.

ARMANDE (*raising her eyeglass*).

And faded, too!—

Quite faded! Monsieur, what say you?

M. LOYAL.

Nay,—I defer to you. In truth
To me she seems all grace and youth.

HORTENSE.

Graceful? you think it? What, with hands
That hang like this (*with gesture*)?

ARMANDE.

And how she stands.

M. LOYAL.

Nay, I am wrong again. I thought
Her air delightfully untaught!

HORTENSE.

But you amuse me.

M. LOYAL.

Still her dress.—

Her dress at least, you *must* confess.

ARMANDE.

Is odious, simply! *Jacotot*
Did not supply that lace I know;
And where, I ask, has mortal seen
A hat unfeathered!

HORTENSE.

Edged with green!

M. LOYAL.

The wigs remind me, let me say,
A fabric I heard to-day.
Have I permission?

BOTH (*with enthusiasm*).

Monsieur, pray

LOYAL.

"Myrtle is a scind...
I had... I the...
I... on...
M... a resource...
To... a hat...
On the...
Whether to Petit or...
I know not: only this I know:—
Head-dresses then, of any fashion,
Bore names of Quality or Passion.
Myrtilia tried them, almost all:
• Prudence, she felt, was somewhat small;
• Retirement seemed the eyes to hide;
• Content at once she cast aside.
• Simplicity, 'twas out of place;
• Devotion for an older face;
Briefly selection smaller grew,
• Vexatious! • Odious!—none would do!
Then, on a sudden, she espied
One that she thought, she had not tried.
Becoming, rather,— Edged with green:—
Roses of yellow thorns between.
Divine, enchanting, tasteful neat
In all the tones, "And this you call?"
• ILL NATURE, Madame, it fits all."

HORTENSE.

A thousand thanks! so naively turned!

ARMANDE.

So useful too,.... to those concerned!

'Tis yours?

M. LOYAL.

Ah! no.—some cynic wit's;

And called, I think,

(*Placing his hat upon his breast*),

"The Cap that Fits."

What could be brighter than this? It is the delicate
sevres group, endowed with life and speaking for itself;
a scene from the court of the sleeping beauty, awakened
by Mr. Dobson's loving touch.

There are many pretty things among the poems en-
titled *Vignettes in Rhyme*. Perhaps this is as dainty as
any, a little offering to his muse, the English Girl.

TU QUOQUE.

An Idyll in the Conservatory.

"romprons-nous.

On ne romprons-nous Pas?"

LE DEBIT AMOUREUX.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss McTavish,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best, the mildest "honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review,"

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Really you would! Why, Frank, you're quite

... as black of hue;
Born... could not look so frightful
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is so... mean your Chaperon is
Bri... curled juvenile. Adieu!
I... that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

... by express, sir!

... or Peru?
... address, sir,
... were you.

FRANK.

No, I remain, to stay, and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue.

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?

FRANK.

I should admit that I was piqued too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

[Waltz-Excerpt.]

But life is not all sunshine, and though Mr. Dobson loves to linger in the light, he occasionally leads us into cloudland, and then his touch is stronger, his feelings deep, and his pathos pure, as we find it in the poem called

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim,

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said, too late "He is weary;
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed.—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

In the "Prayer of the Swine to Circe," we have a still stronger note, the strongest indeed in the whole volume: a virile poem which might well be ranked with those of men whom, as yet, he has not sought to emulate, but whom he evidently might with success, should he care to do so. Mr. Dobson is also very much at home among the old French verse forms, such as the *Rondeau*, *Rondelet*, *Villanelle*, and has done some charming work in them. We might give examples, but we have already far exceeded our allotted space, and must desist. Strange to say, Mr. Dobson's verse, though eagerly sought for in England, and to some extent in New York and Boston, and also by a small outside audience, to whom he has been introduced chiefly through the medium of the *Century* and *Harper's Magazine*, yet practically unknown to a great number of readers in Canada and the United States, who might derive great pleasure in its perusal, did they but know its existence.

A. R.

LOUISIANA

Query:—Where is the list of books which the Freshmen of '85 have presented last term?

Owing to want of space we are reluctantly compelled to defer till next number the publication of the continuation of "Mosses from a Rolling Stone."

Professor Ritter, of Vassar College, has been appointed Musical Examiner for October, 1884, in place of the Rev. Mr. Dale, Mus. Doc. Q. O. R.

Gate fines are the order of the day. Some twenty odd were posted at the end of last week. The library should steadily increase in size from this source of wealth which ceaselessly streams into the college coffers.

Smelts are in again, and in place of the time-honored tin plate or fire-shovel, which of yore obtained in lieu of a frying-pan, we now possess a real article, which a Divinity man was kind enough to purchase for the

benefit of his fellow students. We understand that he has used it himself once or twice however.

When we came up after the "long" we noticed two cases of stuffed birds had been added, in our absence, to the Museum. We were in the dark as to who was the donor of the handsome present until quite recently, when it was found out that Hon. G. W. Allen, the Chancellor, was the benefactor.

Out of the smouldering ruins of the Choral Club has arisen, Phoenix-like, a wraith of its former self, under the high-flown appellation of the "Appollo Club," composed of men who meet together for the advancement of musical culture and mutual edification. They mark themselves "Strictly Private," to which the occupants of the 3rd year corridor, immediately under which they practise, have added the word "Nuisance"

The weekly meetings of the Literary Institute, although poorly attended, have latterly been exceptionally good. Messrs. Symonds and Dumble, the former on the affirmative, and the latter on the negative, of the question, "Are the divisions of Christianity a bar to its progress?" at the last meeting, made powerful speeches, on their respective sides, which showed a preparation that should be more generally pursued.

A meeting of those interested in getting an organ for the chapel was held on Friday, Feb. 1st, in the Provost's lecture room, but adjourned for a month without anything definite being decided. A sum of \$1,500 has been voted for the purpose, and that \$1,200 has been promised by the students, of whom some \$300 is in the treasurer's hands. If an effort is made on the part of collectors, little difficulty will be experienced in raising the required amount.

Under the new regulations the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts passed the examinations, which, beginning with the first, comprehend in turn all departments of the theory of music. At the first examination, held in October last, two candidates were successful, Rev. W. R. Roberts, and Miss E. S. Mellish, both of whom ranked in First Class. Miss Mellish has thus the honor of being the first lady undergraduate of this University, and the creditable examination which she passed speaks highly for her musical ability.

The annual *Conversazione* of the Literary Institute, was held on Thursday, the 7th inst, and the respective committees of it deserve congratulations on its success. Nearly a thousand guests thronged the halls. The musical management had prepared an excellent programme, noticeable features of which were the songs of Mrs. Whitehead, of Port Hope (who deservedly received an encore) and Miss Berryman. Mrs. Atkinson rendered Bishop's "Shall he Upbraid" beautifully, and Mr. Thompson, although suffering from a severe cold, took a prominent place on the programme. The Band of the Q. O. R. was stationed in the main hall, and at intervals played selections.

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