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Vol. VIII.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, JUNE, 1887.

No. 6.

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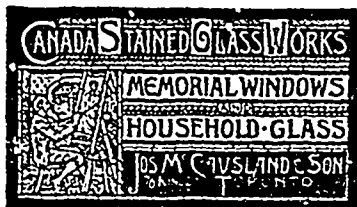
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SKETCH OF CANADIAN CHURCH HISTORY.

The heroic efforts of the great Bishop of Toronto for the establishment of a new Church University for Ontario, and the successful accomplishment of his object in the foundation of Trinity in 1852, are well known. To quote words lately uttered: "At or aye beyond the term usually allotted to human existence, when power of body and mind alike lack the vigour and elasticity of former years, the first Bishop of Toronto set himself, in the name of God and in reliance upon Him, to accomplish the two stupendous tasks of entirely reconstructing the constitution of the Church over which he presided, and of founding for the second time a great Christian University." The difficulties which impeded the course of a Royal Charter to the new University were at length successfully overcome, and in his charge in 1853 the Bishop thus refers to the successful issue of his labours: "This University is already surrounded with interesting and endearing associations. It is the offspring of a suffering Church; it has been watered with her tears, and may be justly named the child of her adversity. But, "though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning" and, accordingly she now presents a noble and living proof of the Catholicity of the Anglican Church in Great Britain and Ireland, in the United States, within this Diocese, and scattered all over the world. Our supplication for help was met with the kindest sympathies and the most generous gifts." Thus, with bright hopes and liberal offerings of hundreds of church people scattered through many regions, the young University started upon its high mission, and made after the lapse of almost thirty-five years, the high aspirations

of its Founder find a deep echo in the hearts of all loyal Churchmen that it may be permitted to proceed from century to century, like the Universities of our Fatherland, preparing and moulding the baptized, generation after generation, for the Kingdom of Heaven. The requisite legislation giving to the Church of England in Canada the right of self-government by means of Diocesan and Provincial Synods, was obtained from the Canadian Legislature in 1856, and although clergy and lay representatives had met in the Diocese of Toronto at the call of the Bishop since 1851, still these meetings possessed no legal status, and the passing of the above act may be regarded as completing the re-organization of the constitution of the Church. It might have been expected that a Church which had passed through such heavy trials, and suffered so many losses would have learnt from the sad discipline the needful lessons of unity and mutual loving co-operation amongst its members. The institution of Synods from this point of view, can hardly have fulfilled the natural expectations of their promoters. A sharp separation between clergy and laity in Synodical action accentuated by trivial disputes about ritual matters, have greatly lowered the value to the Church of that system of self-government which the Church in Canada was the first amongst the Colonial Churches to introduce.

It is clear that something was amiss, when Bishop G. J. Mountain, of Quebec, has to defend himself in a letter to his Diocese, from which the following is a short extract:

"It has pleased God who chooses His own instruments, unworthy in themselves, and puts the 'treasure' of His Gospel in earthen vessels, that I should occupy in the Anglican Church the Episcopal charge originally of the whole of Canada, and now, by successive subdivisions, of that part of it, which constitutes the reduced Diocese of Quebec. I have held this charge (without speaking precisely as to the months) for twenty-three years, being exactly one-third of my life, another third was previously passed in the subordinate grades of the Christian ministry, with the exception of three years in Quebec. I have, in one ecclesiastical capacity or another, gone in and out before this people, my own people in Quebec for forty-one years. It is forty-one years I have watched and prayed, and worked for them without ceasing. With whatever errors of judgment, with whatever deficiencies in practice—and I know that they have been many—I have been chargeable, I challenge

the world to show that over all this extent of space and time, among high and low, rich and poor, one with another; I have been unfaithful to the true interests of the reformed Church of England, or swerved from the proclamation, according to the doctrine of that Church of Christ crucified as the only hope of fallen men, and the Word of the living God as the only basis of didactic theology. I have trodden in the steps of my two venerable predecessors in the See, and with all the human infirmities attaching to each of us, I have the comfort of feeling that I am, as they were, pure from the blood of all men in the extent of the case here under consideration, and this consciousness, I shall carry—thank God it is not far—to my grave. It might be thought, perhaps that under all the circumstances which I have here described, the hope could have been left to me of being spared from such a task as defending my Diocese and my own administration of it from the charge either of Romanizing tendencies or of deficiency of concern for the spiritual well-being of the children of the Church." Meanwhile the progress of the Church, though often sadly impeded, yet went steadily on. The Diocese of Toronto was sub-divided, the Diocese of Huron being set off in 1857, and that of Ontario in 1861. Before the great Bishop's death which took place in 1867, after a careful episcopate of twenty-eight years, Trinity College School had been founded in 1865, a year memorable from the meeting of the first Pan Anglican Conference at Lambeth, a gathering which marked a new era in the history of the Anglican Communion, and the idea of which was first suggested by a Canadian Bishop, the present Bishop of Ontario. The Bishop Strachan school for girls was opened in Toronto in 1867, and these two schools have ever since been performing a work for our Church, the importance or the results of which it is almost impossible to over-estimate.

The list of Ontario Dioceses included in the original Diocese of Toronto is completed by the mention of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma, set apart in 1873, and of the Diocese of Niagara constituted in 1875. The Diocese of Rupert's Land has been similarly sub-divided into six Dioceses since its constitution in 1847, and now forms a separate Ecclesiastical Province. Signs have not been wanting of recent years of the decay of partyism, and the growth of an intelligent vigorous Church spirit throughout the whole Canadian Church. The time has long passed for resisting precious opportunities in blind, and senseless controversy, and the fact is rapidly becoming recognized. Upon the clergy lies the responsibility of seeing that the opportunity is well utilized by responding heartily and diligently to the growing desire for intelligent systematic instruction in the principles of the Church, with the certain result, if this be done, of uniting in the power of God's truth all orders and sections of the Church, to press on, as befits those who have such an ancestry and so precious an heritage in the great work of building up in this Canada of ours the Church of the living God.

GARDEN GROUND.

I know a lovely garden in South Devon surrounding a certain vicarage, itself covered to the chimneys with a luxuriant growth of intertwining leafage, a tangled mingling of grey and blue and brown and yellow greens, satisfying the eye as only such century growth can. But the green is only the background. Throughout the winter we can gather monthly roses from the wall, and all the rest of the year a network of blossom, wisteria and clematis, jasmine and many tinted climbing roses, giant geraniums and wax flowers, honeysuckle and japonica, myrtle, lemon verbena and passion flower, glorifies the building to a beauty indescribable. That is the heart of the garden, and about it, among the ordinary English shrubbery with many semi-tropical bushes less dear because less common, are more roses; old-fashioned Lancaster and York, damask and blue, cabbage and sweetbriar, and here and there a dainty modern beauty. There are carnations with their delicate china-like blossom, and masses of sweet old English flowers, not in ribbons, but apparently growing just where they like best to grow and revelling in their own beauty and scent. There are spaces of velvety lawn and damp corners where ferns grow, as they only grow in Devon, and the sweet spring wild flowers bloom among them, and sheltered there one finds clusters of violets in January. Tired of colour there are nooks where one may lie in a green darkness, a fragrant stillness more restful than words can tell. The birds love the place, sit on their nests to be looked at and sing with a free merriment, a glad carelessness which only utter security can bring about. This garden has an informing spirit, a love that meets the loveliness and draws it out ever more and more into answering perfection, but

"The art which all that wrought appeareth in no place."

It lies behind me now, never, perhaps, to be again seen, but the remembrance of it endears the more other garden-ground, of which the key is always at hand. Join me and we will enter it together.

We find ourselves on a grassy slope, bordered by thickets of myrtle, with here and there a palm; orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit and flower, form shady coverts, and beds of roses and lilies weight the air with scent. On all sides one hears the ripple of waters, and a soft breeze stirs the tops of the beeches and firs that close the view. It is broad noon and the birds are silent, but we know that the nightingales will sing at sundown, as they have done ever since Ariosto caught and placed them there.

Passing through the orange grove by a winding path we come to a gateway, of which the double, richly-carved doors are of silver and the hinges gold. On the one sits Hercules, with the distaff, love, beside him clad in his lion skin and playing with his arms. On the other great door, Antony flies after Cleopatra's galley from Actium. A

push parts them and we enter a labyrinth of green paths leading now by a pond, now by a brook, now at the foot of a hill on which the sun rests, now under a dense shade of thick-growing trees. Now we come to a cool grotto offering unneeded rest. So mingled are care and carelessness, that nature seems to play at imitating her imitator, art. Fruit trees abound. The ripe figs hang with others scarcely formed amid the leaves. Apples ripe and golden, green and hard, are mixed with flushing blossom, and on the sunny slopes the vines hang out their clusters, now gold, now red, and heavy with glowing juice. The wind carries the whispers of water and leaves now loudly, now softly in answer to the birds, till one of the latter, a gorgeous-plumaged beauty, sings such notes as flash all others in listening admiration. He is Tasso's bond servant and wears his livery.

His song ended, we pass on and reach a gate of purest ivory,

"And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medea is writ."

Within is a broad lawn dotted with groups of flowers, and the air is that of English June, though June it cannot be, for opposite is another gateway, "no gate but like one," of arched boughs embraced and bound together by a vine, and the great bunches hang tempting, some hyacinthine purple, some ruby red, some still green as emerald. But it is the ear which is charmed here even more than the eye. No earthly music can be sweeter. In Spencer's garden,

"Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree";

and only Milton's "melting voice through mazes running" can produce the same effect of dreamy, delicious fascination. Upon all these three gardens there rests a rosy haze which enhances the beauty by veiling it, spreading a faint pink mist over tree and flower, over fountain and hill.

Passing out the misty glamour is gone, but not the pleasure, for we come upon a mingled scene of orchard and pleasance, of vineyard and lawn which is exquisitely pretty.

"The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach,
Stumbling on melons as I pass
Ensnared with flowers I fall on grass."

Andrew Marvell might call himself a puritan, but he forgot his puritanism when he planted that garden.

My lord of Verulam has a pleasance near by, but we will pass that and look in at a quaint little enclosure where grow basil and thyme, balm, marygolds and cuphrasy, lavender and marjoram, with a birch tree drooping overhead. As we turn away we hear a quavering old voice singing "such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete," and for once we like to hear them.

Now we turn aside to a field where flowers spring as though there had once been a garden now neglected. Here grow Christmas roses, Star of Bethlehem and Purification flower, Lent lilies, Passion flower and Crosswort, Pasque

flower, Whitsuntide flower and Herb Trinity, Our Lady's Laces, Our Lady's Smock, Our Lady's Bedstraw, S. Mary's Gold and S. John's Lilies, Michaelmas daisies, the flowers of S. Margaret and S. Valentine, Herb S. Robert, Sweet S. William, S. John's Wort and S. Barnaby's Thistle.

A stream runs here, and standing by a tall Annunciation lily we look across. There is no bridge, but we may see something of the Garden beyond. The air seems filled with a golden light and thrilling with sweetest sound as though the tree-branches were Æolian harps and answered every breath of air with music. There are glorious palms and cedars, and under their shade

"There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As now here else are seen."

"For things that pass are past, and in that field
The indeficient spring no winter fears."

Many plants there are, but two are so lovely that we hardly mark the rest, for

"Martyrdom hath roses
Upon that holy ground,
And white and virgin lilies,
For virgin souls abound,"

Lilies with petals of silvery brightness like snow in sunlight,

"Albeit with crimson
Some more precious leaves are veined."

The beauty we have seen before was such as we could understand, this is beyond us:

"It is all gold, it is all splendour—wings
Like pearl and sapphir and such lovely things
Are soaring round."

Walking towards us from the other side comes a form we know well, the face turned upwards, eyes seeking the sky. Some eyes are brilliant, some glowing, but these! they fill us with a sense of what the faculty of sight *may* be, as having seen and seeing what no other eyes have looked upon, We follow the direction of their gaze and the sky above is quivering and shimmering into waves of white light, and the waves curve into form, and shining one behind another in snowy folds are the petals of a great rose. And as we still look, these petals are instinct with life, and we know that each one is a choir of Paradise, and that the brightness flashing from one to another is the golden light of the angels' wings. Our eyes fall. They cannot brook long the glory that Dante loves to look upon, and we draw back from the margin of the stream. But the lily and the rose are more precious to us than before, and we handle them more reverently as faint types of the perfect beauty

BELFIELD.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

III. CHARLES SANGSTER.

Mr. Charles Sangster is probably the best known and most popular, as he is certainly the oldest and most voluminous of Canadian Poets. Much of his finest work has been done at Kingston, where indeed he has lately retired to regain somewhat of the strength lost in his arduous public duties of Ottawa, and Kingston claims him as her own, just as Montreal would claim his fellow-worker. Reade. Of the two published volumes of his poems, the earlier of 1856, containing *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay*, is much the larger and contains some of his truest and freshest efforts. The long poem mentioned above upon the great Canadian rivers, is by no means unworthy of the subject, and to Loyal Canadians it will appear that higher praise cannot be given. Thoroughly untried with a sense of the grandeur of his theme his rich imagination is touched by every change in the rivers' course, and the strings of his lyre answer the touch. Changing with the river from the deep strong flow into a mad rush of wild rapid and broken grandeur, into the musical laughing of the shallows, and then again resuming its still quiet flow, only to change it for ever varying forms of rhythm equally beautiful, while through it all comes out the stateliness of that noble old Spenserian Stanza that holds in its rich setting some of our greatest jewels of poesy clustering round the *Fairy Queen*. It is indeed a work that Canada should be proud of. As an example of one of the graceful lyrics so skilfully introduced we may quote the following stanza from that *To the Isles*.

Here the spirit of beauty keepeth
 Jubilee for ever more;
 Here the voice of gladness leapeth,
 Echoing from shore to shore.
 O'er the hidden watery valley,
 O'er each buried wood and glade,
 Dances our delighted galley,
 Through the sunshine and the shade—
 Dances o'er the granite cells,
 Where the Soul of Beauty dwells.

Among the masters which Mr. Sangster has most to acknowledge we may, perhaps with greatest distinctions, trace the influences of Thomas Moore and Edgar Poë; more than once do we hear the sound of the joyous harp of the former and detect the deep mysticism of the latter though always in a modified form and one in which it would be difficult for even Lord Macaulay to find the crime of plagiarism. When will critics learn to realize that there is nothing absolutely new, no thought that the mighty intellects of Assyria and Egypt, Greece and Rome have not fathomed ages ago, nor even then was it a new discovery? Let us cease from accusing our cotemporaries of using thoughts belonging to a neighbour when in reality they may have both ambled the idea over a school

task in the translation of Homer. But to return to my author:—His greatest charm and power consists in a description of some common or trivial thing of everyday, life; here the poet is always true, and like Burns sings a true philosophy in the language native to his soul. We quote in this connection a few lines from what appears to be the best, or one of the best, of his earlier attempts, *The Yellow Curl*:

To others, valueless,
 To me, a most inestimable prize,
 That doth possess
 True loveliness.
 It speaks of childish joy, and manhood sighs.
 At quiet evening, when my work is done,
 I live to look upon

That Yellow Curl.

And I will hoard the gem,
 Will keep the golden treasure as secure
 As a rare diadem;
 Blossom from a graceful stem;
 I look on it, and know that thou art pure
 Thoughts crowd on thoughts, and fancies strange
 and new,
 Love to do homage to

That Yellow Curl.

There are many more of a like character, simple, true, and to the average reader beautiful, but lacking the polish and delicate finish that a classical taste might demand. This is the reason that, although Mr. Sangster has acquired a well deserved popularity, his verses have been so severely criticized by the press. Yet some of his lines are graceful indeed, witness the following extract from *The Impatient Lover*:

Haste hither, my love, the river
 Is tinged with the pale moonlight,
 The leaves of the dark trees quiver,
 And throb in the parting night.
 Why linger, my love why linger?
 Swift fly the hours away,
 And soon will Aurora's finger
 Point to the dawning day.

The second volume of Mr. Sangster's poems, entitled "*Hesperus and other Poems and Lyrics*," was published in 1886, and displays more culture though less freshness than his former volumes had done.

"*Hesperus*, a legend of the stars" is a telling in verse of the wondrous birth of the planetary system, and here our author would follow in the steps of such great masters as Homer, Dante, and Milton; but his cosmogony is short and weak in comparison with the great originals, and he has had the wisdom to see this and make his poem a shorter one than the prelude gives promise of. Had we not the ideals of these great masters before our eyes we might find much to admire in this work, but as it is a comparison is always induced which must of necessity end

unhappily for our author. The rest of the poems in this book are very good indeed but space forbids us to quote any and perhaps it would be difficult to make a choice.

In conclusion we may say that Mr. Sangster is truly a Canadian Poet. Her rivers and mountains, streams and valleys, woods and seasons, are all sung by him in truly Canadian verse. He deserves the name that some one has given him, of the Patriotic Poet.

I. F. A. W.

ST. LAWRENCE.

A. CARSWELL.

I've oft' disport'd in lucid flood,
Borne strongly up in thy paternal arms,
As was Horatius once, in Tiber's wave.
Thy limpid stream has been my wholesome drink
My food, thy finny denizens, and the corn
Thy wave hath watered : O, I do believe
Thou slowest in my blood, and I love thee,
St. Lawrence, and am proud to be thy child.

Far, where the setting sun his course delays.
And lingers, shedding soft his parting rays.
Where noble forests crown the highlands bold,
And fertile plains yield forth a hundred fold ;
Where cities, filled with wealth and enterprise ;
Where nature's work is on a lordly scale,
And thoughts, in keeping great, in men prevail ;
Where horizons of crystal meet the skies,
Mid beauty rare, St. Lawrence takes his rise.

O, who has visited, in summer tour,
Those verdant shores, and passed a swift sped hour.
Unmoved by all the witching of the view.
Nor longed to visit those fair scenes anew ?
Those frowning cliffs, those fairy nooks serene ;
These Isles like emeralds, clothed in living green ;
Each has its story, each its legend hoar,
The memories old, of that romantic shore.

Of hardy voyageurs, of former time,
From far Quebec, who braved the Northern clime ;
Of lonely missionaries, brave for God,
Who preach the truth, and sealed it with their blood ;
Of gentle Indian maids, of warriors bold—
Tales often round the evening fires retold.

A stately commerce sweeps the broad expanse,
Each year is witness to the great advance
Of wealth and power : and, to the unclouded eye,
A future, bright with glory, rises nigh.
When prosperous millions throng those fertile strands,
And peace and plenty reign o'er all the lands.

Through narrowing maps, with ceaseless beauties crowned
By busy marts, where lies historic ground :
Past memories of war and gallant deeds,
That stir the pulse now, of him who reads :

Anon is felt the current, faint, that grows
In strength, as we advance, and swifter flows :
And, pressed between the rocky narrower shores,
The waters lift their heads ; the torrent roars.

So there, on these sharp rocks, that maiden fair,
Who erst in other streams, by music rare
Led oft' wary boatmen to their fate ;
Mid swirling floods, and far flung spray : Too late
To find their fond delusion fled ? How strange
Is human nature, ay, how passing strange.

A hundred pens have tried, in vain, to trace
The wildering beauties, of that wondrous place.
Distracted by unnumbered charms around,
While 'Niagara stuns with thundering sound ;
The hand has lost its cunning,—eye and brain,
And every sense, does that great scene enchain.

The tumbling sea of waters, foaming white :
The awful roaring leap, the dizzy height :
The lofty rising mist, with colors rare,
That gently sinks upon the verdure fair,—
O ! 'twere in vain, to see into other eyes :
Pen, tongue, and pencil, all, this scene defies.
Let him who would these matchless beauties know,
A quiet visit mid them not forego.

O, noble river, 'twere a heavy task
To sing of all thy glories : man could ask
No higher bounties than thou offerest free.
O happy he who has a home by thee !
Freedom broods over thee, thy people brave
Have deep imbibed its spirit from thy wave ;
The sturdy nations on thine either shore
Have come, through thee, to marvellous wealth and power.
And this but an anticipation slight,
Of those soon coming days, when high in might,
They take their part, in Earth's great questions ride,
And spread abroad the influence of the tide.

THE GENIUS OF BACON.

In taking Francis Bacon as the subject of this article it is not with the spirit of a special pleader presenting only his greatness of intellect while glossing over the weakness of his moral character, nor yet one who wishes merely to point out the beauties of some fault discovered in this many sided diamond, but we approach the subject as explorers in the realms of genius whose wandering glance falling upon this colossal figure is drawn irresistibly to a closer scrutiny, for it is impossible but that men must admire the colossal, whether found in the physical or the mental sphere, nay whether it appear as a power of evil or a power of good. While disdaining any intention of pleading the cause of this Modern Belial of morality as Bacon has been sometimes termed, it may not be inconsistent to regret that with the popular mind his moral

failings should be allowed so greatly to overshadow his genius, and that posterity has thought fit to deny him that leniency which it has ever accorded to the great of all ages. Great men have great faults—Cicero, Caesar, Napoleon, Goethe, Rousseau—for the more powerful the character the stronger the passions that must be subdued, and the loftier the heights to which genius raises them, the more headlong and ruinous their fall. Recognising this, mankind has always been indulgent to its great, and looked with forgiving eye upon their failings. Time is a great purifier, and as water becomes clarified by crystalization, so the action of ages crystalizes the character of great men, expels what is impure, and presents posterity with a spotless transparent prism in whose clear depths we may behold unimpaired all the beauties of genius. So we hope it may prove with Francis Bacon. To unfold in all its complexity a spirit so vast and far reaching as Bacon's would require volumes; and hence we can only hope to put the reader in possession of one end of the woof by which he may unravel at leisure the whole web, a web in which he will find that every pattern, however intricate or diverse, is but the same thread woven in a different form. Seldom if ever has it been granted to any one mind so powerfully to stamp its impress upon the thought of future times, so completely to reform that of preceding ages. To appreciate all that is meant when we say this and the no less than Herculean task which Bacon set himself when he planned his *Instauratio Magna*—the Reversal of Science, the restoration to man of his empire over nature—let us glance for a moment at the state into which learning had fallen. The almost Egyptian darkness which fell upon and enveloped the intellectual world during the fifteen centuries which succeeded the gradual decline and fall of the Roman Empire till dispelled by those two day stars of modern enlightenment the Reformation of learning by Bacon, and Religion by Luther, divides itself naturally into three distinct periods. The first period comprising the first seven centuries of the Christian era, and known as the epoch of the Ancient Fathers, marks the turning point between the Antique and the Modern world, the gradual decay of an old faith and an old civilization, and out of the ashes the slow and struggling rise of a new. To look for any advancement in learning or any definite results would be to look in vain, one of the most voluminous of ages so one of the most unfruitful. The range and variety of the writings exceeding description and directed chiefly to the new religion, issuing from every philosophic school, creed, and nationality presents a curious, though interesting medley, particularly noticeable being efforts of the followers of Plato, Neo-Platonism, and Aristotle, to blend their teachings with those of Christianity, to unite the head of the Roman eagle to the body of the Christian dove. Then follows the still more barren period of the Scholastics whose hair-splitting metaphysical discussions filled the next seven centuries with logic drawn fine as gold wire, and whose theological and philos-

ophical speculations convulsed the mediæval world. Aristotle became Pope, no one dared think for himself. Nature was forgotten, and the world hung upon the lips of an Albertus Magnus, a Thomas Aquinas or a Dun Scotus. As distinguished from Scholasticism in the third period or the mystic school we have a direct reaction. Based upon Intuition it represented a natural theology flowing from the rugged but clear fountain of man's instinct, and whose simple doctrines grew daily more antagonistic to those elaborate speculations founded on formal logics and like a human corpse beautiful but lifeless. In mysticism we but see the daybreak which presaged the appearance of the sun itself upon the horizon. Francis Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, was born on the 22nd of February, in the year 1561. Sent to Cambridge at the age of thirteen, he remained there till sixteen, when he left, it is said, disgusted with the philosophy of Aristotle, which held undisputed sway in all the great schools of learning. From this time till the day of his death his life's aim was the development and execution of the mighty task he had set himself, and we may do well to pause for a moment and meditate upon the transcendent genius of a young man, who still in his teens conceived the dream of converting knowledge from a speculative waste into "a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate," and the boundless ambition, the stern discipline, and the unrelaxed tenacity with which, in the midst of a thousand duties, he held onward to the goal.

(To be Continued.)

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

EASTER TERM, 1887.

THE JUBILEE.

There can be and there is but one opinion about the Queen's Jubilee. It has been a triumphant success without a single drawback. The voice of England, the voice of the British Empire, has spoken as the voice of one man. Even in the American States all that was best has joined union with their kinsman under the British Flag in acclaiming the Queen of the parent lands.

How could it be otherwise? The Queen has not only been a Lady of blameless life, but she has been a loyal, thought-

ful, patriotic Queen. She has done her duty as much almost by what she has not done, as by what she has actually accomplished. She has known when to interfere, and when to abstain from interposing. Consequently the State chariot has moved on without check or delay. There has been no jar between the Sovereign and her Ministers or her people. And yet she has not been a mere nobody. All this has been now said over and over again; and it is hardly worth while to repeat it here once more.

Wonderful, indeed, is the progress which has been made in the British Empire since the accession of Queen Victoria. Some one has said that science was but in its infancy fifty years ago; and, if the remark needs qualification, it is quite true of many branches of science. It is indeed astonishing to think what has been done within the Queen's reign. The marvels of the Electric Telegraph alone would mark it out as an epoch during which the whole method of communication between nations was revolutionised. As far as the conveyance of intelligence is concerned, time and space are practically annihilated. The influence of this change on modern civilization is incalculable. The barriers between nations are broken down. National peculiarities are being modified, and men are more and more considering themselves citizens of the world. But there is much more to come in the future than has yet appeared, much more of brotherhood and peace and love.

If again we think of the literature of this last half-century, we cannot doubt that it will hold its own with the productions of any similar period in our history. To a great extent it is the same with Art. If we have no contemporary architecture that will match the splendid production of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it may yet be said that, during no like period, has there been so great progress in architecture as during the present reign.

As regards the material increase of the Empire, it is prodigious. Whilst the population of France has been almost stationary, that of the self-governing British dependencies has increased from three to nine millions. The increase of the home population, in addition to the multitudes who have gone forth to the Colonies and to the United States, has been over eight millions. As regards the increase in wealth, that is a subject which cannot be dealt with here, except at one point, the material progress of Ireland. It is frequently said that British rule is ruining Ireland, and impoverishing the unhappy people more and more. Here are some facts. In 1852 the revenue was under four millions and a half, in 1885 it was over seven millions and a half. In 1852 the value of live stock was under 31 millions, in 1885 it was over 60 millions. In the earlier period the excise duties was a million and a half, in the latter they were four millions and a half, that is three times as much. One other fact, in 1862 the deposits in the various banks were £16,556,000; in 1886

they were £341,623,000, more than double the amount of four years before.

It would be easy to enumerate reasons after reasons for astonishment and thankfulness for the goodness of God to the great Empire of which we form part. But we must turn for a moment to the future, and consider what we may hope for in regard to the future development of the great nation over which Queen Victoria presides.

In the first place, we must hope and strive for the Consolidation of the Empire. Union is strength. The present attempts to disintegrate the Empire are to be resisted strenuously and persistently. They are foolish and unpatriotic. They can be productive of nothing but mischief. If the thing could be accomplished, it would be the undoing of the work of centuries; and, although it might not be the ruin of England, it would be the destruction of her place among the nations. Home Rule, in Mr. Parnell's sense and Mr. Gladstone's sense, cannot be permitted or thought of by those who love England, or Scotland, or Ireland. Imperial Federation is a scheme somewhat more vague. Yet something may be done. Many sober and thoughtful English people are beginning to think that free trade has been carried too far; and it is not unlikely that some attempt may be made to establish a fiscal union between the various parts of the Empire.

To this subject we may return again.

M. A.

CONVOCATION.

The Annual Convocation this year was a decided improvement on those of former years, there being just enough fun interspersed to enliven the proceedings without at all interfering with them.

A feature of great interest was the presentation of Bishop Anson, of Qu'Appelle, and the Bishop-elect of Saskatchewan, for the honorary degree of D. C. L. The reverend gentlemen were presented to the Chancellor by our popular classical professor with Latin orations.

The Chancellor, in his speech, referred to the Federation question. The Government not being disposed to make compensation to Trinity for the great expense she would be put to in removing the buildings, the corporation had decided that it would be in our best interest for Trinity to remain out of the Federation. In closing he alluded, in a very touching manner, to the death of the late scholar and judge, Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron.

Professor Goldwin Smith being asked to "say a few words," made a very humorous speech, complimenting the Chancellor on his gorgeous apparel, and suggesting that on such occasions as the present he (the Chancellor) should be preceded by the college mace. He then gave the "gentlemen in the gallery" some sensible advice on reading for

examination, by which no doubt they will be very greatly benefited.

The Minister of Education, being an invited guest on this occasion, then spoke very highly of the work done at Trinity, as evinced by the eulogistic remarks of the Provost and Examiners, and assured the authorities of his good-will and friendliness towards the college, wishing them God-speed in their good work. He congratulated the undergraduates on the high honors they had achieved at the late examination.

Refreshments on the Terrace were afterwards greatly enjoyed by the large and brilliant assemblage.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

The Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle preached an eloquent sermon to a large congregation at a special service in the College Chapel, held Monday evening, June 27th.

M. A. Mackenzie, '87 leaves us to study Mathematics at Cambridge.

H. P. Lowe, '89 has taken charge of S. Matthews for the summer, Mr. Howard having left for England on a holiday trip.

A. C. Allan, '87 on his return from his cricketing tour intends studying law in Winnipeg. He has our best wishes for future success.

F. C. Heatcote, '89 will be found at Woodbridge assisting the Rev. C. H. Shortt.

As usual the last number in the Easter term of 'Rouge et Noir' has been left to the Business Manager to get out, and this accounts for the late appearance of this issue. Better late than never! We take this opportunity of reminding our subscribers that many of last, and the greater part of this year's subscriptions are yet unpaid, and we trust they will give this intimation their earnest consideration.

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By a recent change in the Statutes, Candidates for pass are required to take Latin, Greek, Mathematics, History and Geography, and one of the four departments:—Divinity, French, German, or English. Candidates for Scholarships may take two of the four departments:—Divinity, French, German, or English.

Candidates not competing for General Proficiency Scholarships may substitute for Greek, two of the departments, Divinity, French, German, Physics, Chemistry, or Botany, provided that French or German must be taken.

The examinations for the degree of B.C.L. will begin as follows:—The First and Final on June 13th, and the Second on June 16th.

Notice for the Law and Matriculation Examinations must be given by June 1st.

Application should be made to the Registrar for the requisite forms for giving notice.

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:o:

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