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Vol. VI.

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ON THE NILE.

It was on an afternoon in March, last year, that I first learned to envy those favoured ones who can spend some sunny months upon a dahabiyeh. The day was Egyptian; I cannot praise it more, bright, as it was, with the brightness of southern Italy, clear, with the clearness of one of our own October afternoons, a gentle breeze, cool with the coolness of a sea wind, but twice as fresh, waving the ripening barley and swaying the palm trees sleepily, as we made our way, my friend and I, over the great lion-guarded bridge to the mooring place of the Nile boats. "There will be wind enough to take us up the river, but the Arabs must row us back again." A sail on the Nile! This was more than I had looked for; a fitting close to my happy stay at Cairo.

"What is a dahabiyeh?" Well, it is something like a cottage and something like a scow, with romantic associations and a big sail. To be sure it has a graceful bow, and its cottage is not of the ordinary type at all. For, by way of a roof, it has a deck with an awning above, where one may sit to sip his coffee and enjoy the delicious desert air. The sail, too, is quite unusual, stretched upon a boom that springs from near the bow, like a great inverted crescent, and cutting the mast at about a quarter of its length, sweeps away up into the sky above. One may rent a dahabiyeh as he would a house, "furnished" with everything, even the crew, steward, cook and general servants, as well as captain, helmsman, sailors and rowers;

and from the time that the tenant enters into possession he finds him possessed—taken in hand completely—by the sheikh, so that henceforth he need not even think again if he would rather not, until the season is over. Everything can be provided and every journey planned without him. To be sure he need only hint that he would like to have a few days at Philae, or a trip into the Delta, and it is done. He knows quite well that were he to sleep for a few days, Karnak or Tauta would be reached rightly enough. His wife need never be at all disturbed about the roast beef, for the kitchen is equally self-acting. If she is one who likes directing, she may enjoy seeing her commands carried out to the letter; but if she would rather think about other things, or not think at all, the marketing and the cooking will go on wonderfully well without her. She may go to sleep, too, if she likes, and I think she had better do so, if she does not appreciate the Nile. Some people don't. Poor things! There really are some human beings who do not enjoy the Nile land, in spite of all her charms. Like her queen of old, Egypt generally vanquishes her conquerors, holds them there by a magnetism quite her own, or sends them away again her longing lovers; but yet there are some she cannot hold through no fault of hers. Octavianus did not yield, but the reason is not to be sought in Cleopatra. Like the notorious silver churn, that could not be wheedled as a knife or a needle, the want was in his own metal. Beings who can't appreciate Egypt and her river should not be allowed to stay there. They are unhappy themselves, and they are a great nuisance to everybody else.

The beauty of the Nile is quite unique. Although its banks are low and flat, yet there is no monotony in the scenery, ever-changing as the boat glides on, here a stretch of waving grain, there a grove of palm trees, now the villa of some Pasha gleaming in the sun, and at the next bend a low, gray village near the bank; here a patient ox toils his weary way round and round, as the graceful sakiyeh lifts its water-buckets to irrigate the fields, away off there, near the sky-rim, a hoary pyramid speaks of the elder time, now a loaded camel shambles along the shore, and now a mouldering ruin comes in view, and behind and beyond all, the desert sands rise and fall in hill and hollow, gleaming and glowing, now gold, now purple-brown in the shifting light and shade of a southern winter day. That river would have a fas-

cinating beauty even if it had no stories to tell us. It would be a delight to live upon its dark, swift waters had they never washed the sides of a Roman galley, or floated an ark of bulrushes. Ruskin has taught us how greatly the natural loveliness of a landscape is increased by a touch of human interest, in a passage of matchless beauty at the beginning of his "Lamp of Memory." You, perhaps, have felt it yourself, after looking over the glittering ripples of Lake Champlain, and over its soft wooded shores at the rugged heights of the Adirondack hills reared grimly against the sunset sky, when you have come in sight of the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga, crumbling away like the spirit that reared them. Were you not bound to admit that the memories made the scene grow lovelier far? The case is just reversed in Egypt. Before one goes there, the varied history, the mighty works, the holy associations, the fathomless antiquity of the land of Migraim crowd out all thoughts of modern Egypt and her beauties, but when he reaches there and sees her as she rests upon her fair, green couch between the deserts, he is enchanted by her charms, so unexpected. If you love nature, go to Egypt; if you love memory, go to Egypt: but if you cannot truly enjoy a ramble in the "Arabian Nights," if you care about neither Memnon nor Mirian, if you are not moved by God's harmonies in leaf and cloud, in sea and sand, then you are much better somewhere else. I'm afraid you are a silver churn.

"But can you think of the proper things when you are in a historic spot?" Alas, there lies one of the most distressing things in travelling. No, it is usually quite hopeless to try to think of anything but the present—the disagreeable, matter-of-fact present. Nobody, in nearing Westminster Abbey, ever gives a thought to S. Edward the Confessor, or anything else, but how to dodge the hansoms and keep from slipping in the mud. On top of the great pyramid, who can possibly remember anything but the presence of a noisy legion of Arabs? A man's whole attention is taken up in the struggle to retain his senses and his francs, enough at least to take him safely back to Cairo. Upon a dahabiyeh all is different. There is no noise, no distraction, nothing to hinder, but everything to help one's reveries. On that bright afternoon, as we sailed along so peacefully, one could wander back, fearless of dragoman or beggar, far into the ages of antiquity and revel in the memories of that sunland. Boulak, Ghizet, Rhoda, Sakkara, Memphis! Is this really Egypt, or is it but another of the dreams I have longed so often to see fulfilled. No, it is sweeter, better, brighter than any of them.

As evening came on, our host summoned one of the crew and delighted him by asking for some "Moosuk." Soon a dozen or so of the most picturesque figures gathered in a ring, squatting upon the deck near the mast, a motley group both in face and dress, from the dusky Nubian of the upper Nile to the pale-faced fellah from

the Delta. I wish I could show you a photograph of that chorus, but I would like still more to be able to give you some clear idea of the "Moosuk." Two drums, tuned to about a third apart, formed the sole accompaniment. The soloist threw back his head and knitted his brows; then from a pearl-edged chasm he poured forth some of the wierdest, wildest strains I ever had heard at all, wandering up and down a short scale, in semitones, with no definite tune apparently, but only a sort of rhythm rising and falling like a prolonged caterwaul; but, I have no doubt, highly expressive of the words. It would have been a very dreadful nightmare. After a time the programme was varied by a dance, quite as strange to a Western as the music. One of the Arabs took his place in the middle of the circle, and when the music began, gently moved about, generally backwards, without raising his feet from the deck, but making up for the monotony "of his step" by variety of attitude. Throughout the performance, everything was explained by the dignified sheikh, clothed in turban and white tunic bound about the waist with a rich girdle, his graceful blue cloak, fur-edged, flowing loosely over all. The way we were rowed back again was just as much out-of-the-way as everything else on the Nile. Each of the ten had a long oar which he dipped in the water as far forward as he could, and then after six hard pulls lifted it out again, coming down suddenly upon a narrow seat, with a shout as he did it. This yell formed the chorus of a song howled by one of them during the stretch of six pulls. Again all rose, another long stretch and solo, six strong pulls and a shout, and so on as we sped along towards Cairo. It was now dark and as I watched by the gleams of lamplight the curious mixing of the murky men and their shadows, I thought of the terror of Tom Hood on his Demon Ship. It did not at all interfere with the pleasure of the peaceful sail in the afternoon. It made it better. It was all so new, so different to every other place I had ever seen; and it showed me that one need not go to the moon nor the dog star to get out of this hum-drum world of ours.

I have skimmed along the surface of our own Canadian waters in that graceful easy craft, the Indian birch bark canoe; I have glided so smoothly down the Isis where the ivied towers of Oxford rise above the trees and meadows; I have stretched at ease in a gondola when the moonlight shone back from the marble palaces of Venice, and I have thought that in each of them one could be very happy. But I like the dahabiyeh better still, and its river far more. When Bayard Taylor had been for a while on his 'Cleopatra' this is what he said about it:—'If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.'

TREFOIL.

We are glad to see that a step in the right direction has at length been taken, viz.: Making attendance at the lectures in elocution compulsory on the members of the Divinity class.

GENERAL GORDON.

"And I heard sounds of insult, shame and wrong
And trumpets blown for wars."—*Tennyson*.

Set on the page of fame, to earth bequeathed
By men of mighty deeds, since time began,
Stands now the storied name of him who breathed
But for his fellow-man.

Of him, on whom throughout a breathless year
Turned in a fierce suspense, a race's eyes
Beheld the setting of that fair career
Of restless enterprise.

When after turbid scenes of shifting fight,
Deeds wrought for men that in men's hearts endure,
A bright and wandering star was lost in night
The warrior cynosure.

As black the locust-cloud of Arabs lay
Around, and compass'd with a seething strife
The city of the desert far away
Wherein he gave his life.

When he, the hero of his time—the great
Shut up alone to meet undreaded doom,
Had cried for help, and grappled with the fate
Which set upon Khartoum;

Had gazed in hope across the Nubian sands,
And waited for the help which never came;
Where, 'neath the Libyan sun the land expands
Red like a gulf of flame;

The land which, in the san I of ages past,
Whole armies had engulfed, nor left a trace;
Till wavering trust turned from him at last,
Treachery took its place.

By treachery he fell, who ever led
The lowly steps and heard the anguished plea,
With soul yet moving to the larger tread
Of human destiny.

Who, warring often, under many climes,
Bore, in the lines of trench, or labour'd mine,
Or screaming front of fight, a hundred times,
A spirit leonine.

Where the shell dashes on the rocky square,
Or into fight the surging squadron comes
In crimson-suited pomp, with trumpet's blare
And roll of warlike drums.

Or in the fire-zone of beleaguered towns;
Who first had heard a hostile cannon's roll
Where, grey across the Black Sea waters, frowns
Iron-bound Sebastopol.

Or where the hail of Tai-ping bullets sped
Across the Soo-chow marshes, as when he
The serried army of the East had led
To constant victory.

Or where, in fiery-heated, lone Soudan,
He strove the nomad slaver's lust to tame,
And single-handed choked the sale of man
Which formed a whole world's shame.

The furnace glow of central Africa
Possessed no terrors, self-concern no claim,
For him who held to lands the hand of law
In singleness of aim.

The mystic who saw dreams, yet with no lack
Of saving power of action, prompt and free,
The art of war—defence, and bold attack,
And brilliant strategy.

Who, though betrayal frequent having known,
By constant treachery still unsubdued,
Breathed into men the spirit not their own
Of knightly fortitude.

The loyal, the brave, the patient soul of high
Honor, the frank of speech and pure of thought;
Unconscious of distinction rendered by
A fame he never sought.

Who saved an empire from rebellion's clutch,
Restored to dynasties the shaken reign
Of centuries, in utter scorn of touch
Which would have proffered gain.

Who ever against wrong and error strove
In lofty seated purpose, by the seas
Where, all in vain, ambitions minions wove
Circian sorceries.

No minster o'er him stately shadow throws,
Where marshal grief and pomp would lay his bones
For whom a nation's funeral music rose
In diapason tones.

But where at evening, seen among the old
Dead beauty of the Nile, in dying light,
The slender palm-shaft stands against the gold
Of the Egyptian night.

There by the river—home of languid lay
And grave of vaulting thought and high emprise—
Stung by the asp of Egypt's latter day
In unknown grave he lies.

Who bore undaunted to that festering den
The spirit which possesses heroes high—
The race and lineage of mighty men
Whose deeds do never die.

And in neglect, or shifting impotence
To stay the ravage of oppression's hand,
The nations see sepulchral darkness dense
Closing upon the land.

W. J. ROGERS.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND IN THE EIGHT- EENTH CENTURY UPON SUBSEQUENT ENGLISH THOUGHT.

I.

A general survey of the world's history at once reveals the fact that whilst on the whole there is a marked development, a progressive unfolding of the capacities of mankind, yet such development proceeds in constantly enlarging circles rather than in a straight-forward march. The men of one age think and act very much as those of that which precedes, the main difference being that whilst they both move around the same centre, the circumference of the later age is greater than and includes that of the earlier. Hence the division of History into ages or periods, whose limits are determined according to the standpoint taken. If it be the course of Revelation we consider, different ages can be plainly distinguished, and their developments traced. Speaking roughly, it seems to follow a uniform course. An initial act of God appears to be the starting point of each period, from which advancement, progression ensues, till a climax is reached, from which point there is a steady retrograde movement, until a new initial act inaugurates the new age which precedes and recedes in like manner. And that same Revelation assures us that the end of the

present age will not be different from that of the first. "As the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark. And knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

Revelation is undoubtedly unique, yet it has often strong analogy with what is popularly called secular history. Kingdoms rise from obscurity, gain a magnificent eminence and sink again to obscurity as profound as that from which they rose. In like manner the course of human thought follows the same law of development. Confining our attention to the continent of Europe, we may speak of three great ages of Philosophy: Ancient, Medieval and Modern. The varying circumstances of each age modify to some extent the problems which are pondered and wrestled with. But they are nevertheless essentially the same, as are the successive answers attempted, the different systems elaborated. In each age the Empirical, the materialistic conception of the world, which offers such solution as the senses afford, is opposed to the Idealistic, in which the things of sense are more or less unreal, in which it is "the things which are not seen" that alone really are. In each age a one-sided development of the Empirical and the Idealistic leads to a despairing or scoffing scepticism. And lastly as the human mind cannot remain long at this point, mysticism claims by immediate intuition to grasp the Absolute, to attain to the vision of the Eternal.*

The longer we fix our attention upon the eighteenth century, the more plainly does it stand forth as the termination of an old age and the initiation of a new one. Scholasticism was doomed as early as the fourteenth century, but lived on even into the seventeenth. It failed indeed in its great object, viz.: The rationalization of dogma, the demonstration of matters of faith; but it bequeathed to future generations an abundance of profound and original thought. The contempt which ignorance alone could pour upon it is undeserved. There was much that was curious and perhaps trivial in discussions upon subjects, which are beyond the power of man to elucidate, but there was more that was solid and lasting, and a St. Thomas Aquinas would, perchance, in the present day be justified in the astonishment he might express at some of the speculations of a nineteenth century Philosopher. But it is nevertheless true that Scholasticism was left behind by the advancing tide of science. New knowledge was being sought for, new questions were being asked, which were outside the sphere of Scholasticism, and which required a new style of Philosophy to grapple with and be baffled by. For it is not Scholasticism only which attempts questions beyond the limited power of man to answer, nor is it in our opinion

Scholasticism which indulges in the most unreasonable speculations. The effect of living in another age accounts for the apparent absurdity of Scholastic subtleties, and the same effect may yet raise a smile on the faces of the men of a future age at the subtleties of the present.

The transition from the dying philosophy to that about to be born is marked by the Revival of Letters known as the Renaissance, by the German Reformation, and by the growth of Natural Science. It was especially discoveries about the worlds around us, the world we live in, and the beings which inhabit it, which drew away the minds of men from the subjects which delighted the Schoolmen. Men returned from heaven to earth, as it were, yet that earth was also part of God's universe, and was, therefore, no unprofitable field for investigation. One great effect of this was the Secularization of Philosophy. Philosophy and Theology had been interchangeable terms, now they stood for different subjects. The Theologian had been, heretofore, the Philosopher. The sphere of Philosophy was now open to all comers.

Yet the first attempts at an Independent Philosophy were by no means successful. Disciples of Paracelsus, or of Tauler and Böhme, their speculations were wild and fantastic, though there was, for the greater part, an earnest craving for truth underlying them. Amongst such England finds a representative in one Robert Fludd. They had broken free from an effete system, but they hardly knew what they wanted beyond freedom of investigation. Others as Campanella and Bruno attempted to revive various theories of the universe, which had been taught of old in Greece. Bruno was a Pantheist of the School of the Stoics. Campanella, a man with extraordinary imaginative powers, embellished therewith the Parmenidean philosophy, which lay at the foundation of his writings.†

These and other attempts mark the transition from the old to the new philosophy. Out of the chaos which ensued, a new creation was to rise. Science was all this while making great strides, which are connected with the names of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and Harvey, but there was yet wanting the master-mind which should employ itself in setting men's minds in the right direction, and should indicate the course along which a solid pathway to knowledge should be constructed. The man who is wanted to meet the necessities of the times is seldom long wanting. In this case there were two who stand out in the commencement of the seventeenth century, as morning stars of the new era. With Descartes we have not to do at present, though his influence upon English thought was very great, particularly on the subject of innate or universal ideas. In England, Francis Bacon is the great name of the period. His influence upon English thought has been incalculable, though for the most part exerted indirectly. Bacon hardly commenced the accomplishment of what he proposed to him-

*G. Cousin's Lectures on History of Philosophy.

†Hallom's Literary History of Europe.

self. Such a fact ought not to lower him in our estimation, but rather the contrary, as also should the fact that he did not fully comprehend the nature of the subject he worked upon. That this was so is shown by his expectation that his induction "was to end by no very prolonged or difficult processes in absolute certainty. And next it was to leave very little to the differences of intellectual power, it was to level minds and capacities."—(Ch. Eng. Men of Let., Bacon, p. 180). He aimed at nothing less than a comprehensive scheme of philosophy and science, which should cover the whole ground of those subjects. His "Instauratio Magna" was divided into six parts, but their working out is scarcely more than commenced. What then did Bacon accomplish? And how did his work so largely influence the subsequent course of thought. Like Descartes, he begins with a universal scepticism, which is his starting point for reconstruction. Before he could build, the ruins of the old edifice must be cleared away from the site; and when this was done, then he laid the foundations of that wondrous palace of knowledge, which, though still incomplete, has since been reared on it. More than this he did not do, but this was sufficient to justify his position as one in the first rank of Englishmen. He did not invent anything, but he taught all succeeding ages the road to invention. He did not discover anything, but he indicated the sure methods by which discoveries were to be made. It is his insistence upon the true method of experiment, observation and verification that makes Bacon so great a man. It was not merely genius that distinguished him, but also the possession of the true prophetic spirit, which seems dimly indeed, but surely to see the end before it, which knows the truth and the importance of its message to mankind by intuition, the surest of all knowledge, and hence makes the propagation of it a life work. He was inspired with the desire of gaining knowledge, of discovering the secrets of nature in all its departments. It was an ever-present desire, maintained with a steady enthusiasm which has borne great and rich fruits. The love of knowledge filled him, not only for its own sake, but also for the sake of the good which would flow to the race from it. Benevolence to mankind was a chief aim of Bacon.

From Bacon dates the reform of the methods of natural science. As we, to-day, survey the wondrous results of that reform, we at once see how great the influence of Bacon on subsequent researches has been. Of modern invention he is the father. He prescribes the method, he leaves it to others to carry it out. He has been compared to Moses surveying the promised land from the mountain top, but not permitted to enter therein.

But to make a true estimate of the influence of Bacon, we must not look on the good results of his life-work alone. True, it is, that benevolence was what he aimed at, but how disappointing in many respects is the event.

Pains-taking and self-denying men have indeed done much to alleviate misery and pain, to save life and to prolong it. Science has performed tasks beside which the labours of Hercules seem but trifling. But the men of this generation have seized upon inventions and discoveries with rude, unscrupulous hand, and distorted them to their own ends, to aid them in amassing wealth. Not only has inventive science been thus harnessed to this degrading service, but principles of business, of political economy, have likewise been wrested from their proper use, to enable the sharp man to get the better of his less-gifted fellow, so that the result has not been the amelioration of all, not "the survival of the fittest," but of the sharpest. More than this—if science has taught us to save, it has taught us also to destroy. Engines of war, dealing death wholesale on all sides, powerful explosives, which can be ignited by reckless hands from a distance, so as almost to defy discovery, on the one hand, and on the other, subtle devices for accumulation of wealth at the expense of life and health, as for instance, the adulteration of food and drink. We have purchased our luxuries, often at the expense of our health. Moral as well as physical science has placed wealth in the hands of the few, and for them 'as made life idle and selfish too often.

The nervous disorders which prevail to such an alarming extent have not descended from our ancestors, but are a development of our altered conditions of life.

Yet, in spite of these considerations, which cannot be omitted, the general result of the application of improved methods of thought to the world and its contents, we believe have been beneficial. Some of the branches of science are yet very incomplete. When we gain a clearer knowledge of the science of political economy, for instance, the manifest unfairness of much in the existing departments of business, notably in the case of speculation, may be removed.

We have yet to mention the influence of Bacon upon philosophy proper. This was so entirely indirect that it may be dismissed with a few words. In insisting upon experiment and observation, he prepared the way for that modern, empirical, sensual school of philosophy, whose founder was John Locke. Locke had, indeed, a precursor in Hobbes, who, however, achieved distinction rather in the field of moral and political science.

Locke, like Bacon, may be said to begin with a universal scepticism of all previous philosophy. Bacon had shewn that experiment and observation was the true way to arrive at certainty, and had condemned anticipations of the results. So, too, Locke applies the same method to the investigation of the human understanding, and was against the theory that the human intellect possesses innate ideas. "Nihil in intellectu, quod non fuerit in sensu" is the motto of Locke. He combats all those philosophers, from Socrates downwards, who had concerned themselves with the grounds of being. The

account he gives of the object of his treatise is so concise and clear that it must be quoted, for the understanding of his position :—

“I thought that the first step towards satisfying several inquiries the mind of man was very apt to run into, was to take a view of our own understandings ; examine our own powers, and see to what things they were adapted. Till that was done, I suspected we began at the wrong end, and in vain sought for satisfaction in a quiet and sure possession of truths. That most concerned us, whilst we let loose our thoughts into the vast ocean of being, as if all that boundless extent were the natural and undoubted possession of our understandings, wherein there was nothing exempt from its decisions, or that escaped its comprehension. Thus, men extending their inquiries beyond their capacities, and letting their thoughts wander into those depths where they can find no sure footing, it is no wonder that they raise questions and multiply disputes, which, never coming to any clear resolution, are proper only to continue and increase their doubts, and to confirm them at last in perfect scepticism. Whereas, were the capacities of our understandings well considered, the extent of our knowledge once discovered, and the horizon found which sets the bounds between the enlightened and dark parts of things, between what is and what is not comprehensible by us, men would, perhaps, with less scruple, acquiesce in the avowed ignorance of the one, and employ their thoughts and discourse with more advantage and satisfaction in the other.”—Locke, “Of the Human Understanding,” Chap. L., p. 133, Bohn’s Ed.

This important paragraph shows clearly the tendency of Locke, to clear his ground, like Bacon, so as to make a completely new starting point available. Just as Bacon appeared to anticipate absolute certainty, as the result of carrying out his principles, so Locke seems to expect that “the capacities of our understandings well-considered, the extent of our knowledge once discovered, men would be quite satisfied to forbear launching out ‘into the vast ocean of being,’ and cease to pry into those things that are, or are considered ‘unknowable.’”

The essay on the human understanding—about which a few words must be said—was published near the close of the seventeenth century. In it Locke puts forth and defends two propositions :—

- (1). That there are no innate ideas.
- (2). That all knowledge springs from experience.

The Intellect he compared to a blank leaf, upon which observation of outward phenomena makes certain impressions, and further reflection thereupon gives bristle to ideas. This Essay was subjected to many attacks from those who saw what consequences might flow from the development of his theory. Bishop Hillingfleet was amongst the most notable of these. But on the other hand he found defenders from amongst the clergy.

Locke himself was probably a Christian, and he actually wrote in defence of Christianity, but the argument of his Essay, viewed from one standpoint, was decidedly influential against Christianity. The materialistic aspect of the Essay was rapidly taken up and developed to its utmost limits. Locke derived knowledge from sensation and reflection, but there were not wanting followers to unite the two, to speak of reflection itself as a kind of sensation. To such there exists nothing but the sensible world, i.e., matter. We cannot see, hear, touch, taste or smell anything else, therefore nothing else exists. Nor indeed is there necessity for anything else. All that man needs for his life, that is for the satisfaction of the senses, he finds in the world around him. When he dies his body corrupts and moulders to dust, and as that entails the destruction of the senses, so of necessity it is the end of man. Since matter only exists, there is no God. Nor again is there any necessity for one. Matter contains within it the necessary potentiality for developing phenomena. In our own days philosophers superadd to matter a mysterious Force, which is the Author of Law, and the cause of all the changing phenomena of sense. The arguments in favor of Materialism have, it is thought, received a great stimulus from the elaboration of the Darwinian theory of Evolution. By it the existence of different gems and species is explained, so that the old argument of special creation of each is overcome. But the Doctrine of Evolution is now held by many who are by no means Materialists, and it is only by falling back upon unverified hypotheses that it can be entirely materialized.

Such has been the development of Materialism. In its last and most negative stage it becomes Atheism. It is not, however, just to charge Locke with responsibility for this last result, any more than it is to charge Bacon with responsibility for the darker side of the results of Scientific investigation ; but it cannot be denied that as the latter is the founder of Modern Science, so the former is the founder of Modern Materialism.

The antithesis of the Philosophy of Locke, in its most Materialistic development, was in our own country maintained by Berkeley. The tendency of Empiricism was, as has been seen, to materialize mind, to make it a mere resultant of sensation. The tendency of Idealism is to take an opposite course, and so instead of resulting in the materialization of spirit, arrives at last at the Spiritualization of matter. The Sensualists cried, “There is nothing but matter!” “Nay,” replied the Idealists, “There is nothing but spirit!” This latter extreme result was not reached directly any more than the former. A more moderate form of Idealism is connected with the name of the great German, Leibnitz. As opposed to Locke, Berkeley maintained with much earnestness and ability that our ideas are not derived from the material world, which has indeed no real existence, but from God Himself. The things we see and touch have no existence

apart from Mind. In the Mind of God they exist, and from Him we receive sensations in our minds.

Thus we have seen that in the seventeenth century there arose a philosopher whose work formed the starting point for two very opposite tendencies, which were developed in the eighteenth century. But the thought of mankind will never be wholly divided between two opposing parties. There will always be those who refuse to be satisfied that the whole truth rests with one School, so long as another can oppose itself with powerful enough arguments to gain many followers. And when two theories utterly incapable of reconciliation are opposed to each other, men are apt with great reasonableness to argue that the unaided human mind cannot arrive at absolute certainty, and therefore its proper attitude towards many subjects is doubt. This was the doctrine which was now put forth with great skill by David Hume (1711-1776). His name is of very great importance in the history of Philosophical thought. Hume is a logical outcome of the exaggerated Realism and Idealism, and himself the parent of Modern Agnosticism and Positivism.

Locke had not carried out his Materialism consistently. He had still allowed objective existence to *substance*, which yet was not a thing of sense, but a complex idea emanating from subjective thought. But if substance, which is an idea of the mind, has an objective existence then it is manifest that the mind is not the blank page, the "tabula ras." which Locke declared it to be. It was then at this point that Hume set to work to revise the philosophy of Locke. The most important part of Hume's philosophy is that in which he deals with the idea of casuality. The conclusion at which he arrived was that we have in reality no knowledge whatever of causes. What we see is an invariable succession of events, and this sequence of events is all we know. "Post hoc, ergo, propter hoc," is a fallacy in every case to which it is applied.

It is easy to perceive the result of such reasoning. Our notion of Cause is derived from the sense of the power which we possess to originate motion. I desire to pass from one place to another. I set my limbs in motion, and am conscious that I am the cause of their motion. Thus it seems impossible for us to get rid of the notion of a number of secondary cause; for all sorts of motion, which traced back, ultimately lead to the conception and belief of a first cause. When, therefore, Hume denied the relationship of cause to effect, he was but consistent when he denied the Personality of Man, his possession of Will. "The self or *ego* is nothing else in fact than a complex of numerous swiftly succeeding ideas under which complex, we then suppose, placed an imaginary substrate named by us soul, self, *ego*. The self or *ego* therefore rests wholly on an illusion." (Schwegler History of Philosophy, p. 183). From this denial of Personality followed of necessity that of the

immortality of the soul. Hume also directed his attacks against the existence of the Deity, and the reality of Miracles. The fallacies contained in the latter argument have been frequently exposed. His scepticism was thus of a most comprehensive nature, was maintained with great ability and has exercised widely-reaching effects.

Here then we leave the subject of Speculative Philosophy. We have seen the rise in the seventeenth century of Empiricism and Idealism, which continued to develop themselves throughout the eighteenth century. Springing out of these opposites, as we should naturally expect, Scepticism exercises wide sway and becomes the starting point for a new Philosophy, i.e., Positivism.

The opposition to Hume and the construction of a new Idealistic Philosophy was the work of German thinkers. Their work occupies much attention in England at the present time, but does not come within the scope of our subject.

DOUBT.

When I felt the morning ending,
And my life its footsteps bending
Onward where the vain delusions
Of a childhood sweet must go,
Then my soul in doubt and trembling,
Yet with all, the vain dissembling
Of a spirit used to assembling
With its fellows here below,
Asked the question, vainly seeking,
For an answer here below,
"Is our life a weal or woe?"

"Or is't the weary, weary fighting
'Gainst a wrong that lives by righting;
Struggling for a prize, at sighting
Which we turn away with scorn;
Then the vain, regretful sorrow,
And the feeling that the morrow,
From the past is doomed to borrow
All the past's unaltered wrong?"
Crushed my hopeless soul completely,
Hopeless at the weight of wrong,
And a strength that seemed too strong.

Then a spirit seemed to near me,
And my soul began to fear me,
Lest, perchance, a God should hear me,
Hear me murmuring at my fate;
But a "still small voice" was creeping
O'er me, all my senses steeping,
While as if my mind was sleeping,
Gentle whispers soft did state,
Clear the blessed sweet assurance,
Thrilling through me as they state,
"God is Life and God is Fate."

"'Twas His will we should have breath,
From His hand at last comes death,
All things here must have an ending,
And we also shall depart.
We are children, lessons learning
With a child's weak, wayward yearning
For the myst'ries, angels earning
God's goodwill with joyous heart.
Do not know nor seek the knowledge."
"When wilt thou grow calm, my heart,
Taught in anguish, trained to smart?"

LEAVES FROM A PROPHET'S NOTE-BOOK.

III.

If a man be born more of an ass than a philosopher it is his misfortune, but here the inequality should end, for he should be allowed, equally with his more endowed brother, both the right to hold his own opinion on any matter, and also (should he be able to secure an audience) the privilege of expressing it, always remembering that what may be meat for him may be but poison and thistles for another. If you are a "new man," standing up from the ranks of obscurity to state your opinions for the first time, you may always defy the worst by commencing with "It seems to me." With this preface one may open his mouth boldly with words, whether they be wise or whether they be foolish. From here, as from a fortress or behind a shield, he may shoot arrows whether they be blunt or keen; or striding boldly into the midst of the foe, come out with a whole skin.

IV.

Variouly gifted, as we all are, with both good and evil in us, the two not fused but mingling, should we not recognize how we each have given to us an individuality, and, moreover, how, in order to maintain that individuality, every man in his dealings with others should try to be true to himself—in all that is not vicious—true to his own nature, feelings and convictions? If truth is manifold (I suppose it is, only *humanly speaking*), it is only because different minds see different sides or faces of truth. To more than this we cannot attain here. Man is not God. God only knoweth the whole; and to us here, full often, these must be, as Job says, "but parts of His ways" to us who see so little and know less, to whom life is full of problems which we cannot solve and the world has a thousand cries of distress which cannot be appeased, so that often, while some are concluding this and some that, at best we can but go on blindly, as we seek the stars, until that which is perfect is come. For observe that if a man says he can see both sides of a thing, still he is unable to combine them; if he declares he can see both sides at once, behold he "cannot reconcile" them! And not till we come back from mystery upon mystery, from asking again and again, do we finally learn that we are human, and the great lesson that is set us.

But I believe that every man sees *some* truth, at least if he will consider, and that every man has some good in him, *i.e.* exemplifies some form of goodness, so that we are in a way *complementary* to each other, as, perhaps, by a limited comparison, the Apostle Barnabas may be said to have been to St. Paul, and, therefore, I do not want yet to tell me what I think, but what you think. You be yourself and not I, while for you, I will be myself and not necessarily you. We are not acting parts in a drama—or, rather, we are performing the character that has been assigned us in life: accepting it, let us make the best of it. Like an army, our aim is one and

common; but we carry different weapons. The soldier does not handle all arms, yet, in the fight, or after it, he recognizes, and owns himself indebted to all. We are all journeying together towards life's Sabbath—*quam fluctus diversi, quam mare conjuncti*. We will strictly maintain for our own rule what we regard as the right; but, while disagreeing with, we will give credit to each other, not only for honesty, but also for seeing some side of truth, however narrow. Bishop Wiiberforce said that every heresy owed its success to the germs of truth it contained, and many a man has labored and died in a strange land and done no more than remove some of the stones from the path of him that should follow. But what about the feelings of others when we assert our own individuality? Why, is it not the very soul of friendship that we should say what we think, what we feel, to each other? Is not this true love? In whatsoever or whomsoever found, I know not what is more estimable than sincerity. Yes, and we can be kind without conforming; polite while yet declining, while not necessarily subscribing.

V.

The following notes upon sermons and preaching are made rather from experience than from reading. If the ideas are old and have all been said before, at least it is something to know that they have been run through the mill of experience and found to contain some practical truth.

(1) WORK.—I do not believe much in inspiration, for inspiration in composition, even with the greatest genius, most emphatically requires to be *worked up*. When your mind is at a white heat, then you are inspired. No man ever got up from sleep or from dining and straitway ascended and brought down to us "the heavenlies." No man ever "surpassed himself" in cold blood. The most powerful passages now before the world have been evolved *after* a good deal of stuff that the author would not like to show. The charm of perfect oratory! It has all the fascination of music; we listened, eye and ear, intellect and emotions delighted, were carried away and pronounced the orator inspired. He *was* inspired, for he was wrought up to it by the mental activity or excitement of perhaps many hours.

But more frequently, and more to our present purpose—and this applies both to poetry and to music and to all powerful prose—the finest passages that have charmed the listening, worshipping world, and live forever have (prosaic term!), been *constructed*, and they on whom most fame has breathed, have been *laborers*. And even when, in the sense named above, a writer *is* inspired, and his mind gushes with rich ideas and striking expressions, too rapidly perhaps for his pen to chronicle—even then the best of his results thus rapidly obtained must be pronounced capable of further improvement by calm, deliberate labor, study and criticism, without which they will appear verbose or crude. Look at

Gray's "Elegy"—a piece of perfect work—the labor, to speak freely, of eight years. Edgar Poe has himself led us behind the scenes into the workshop of his dim, mysterious "Raven," assuring us that it, by no means came into existence at a nod, or its wild and haunting music depending upon the favor of the clouds or wind, some dark, tempestuous night, and yet these two poems are perfect of their kind—the best of what to man is given—as good as they would have been had they been composed under the *furor* of one frenzied hour and, withal, perfectly natural. In both, as was said of Irving's Lyceum Theatre, "The art that conceals art is over all." The old Greeks called the poet the *poietes*, or maker. We do not deny the fact of genius; but genius without toil and patience is like the horse as nature bestowed him, wild upon the prairies. In all ages mankind has owed more to the latter than to the former. Art means skill, and he that would become skillful, from the circus boy to the painter of the Vatican, must labor and persevere. Many times ere he becomes perfect, he must follow Ovid dealing with his first poems, *Emendaturis ignibus dedi*. Ovid tells us that although in his youth he could not speak without talking poetry, yet he gave his earlier efforts to the flames to correct. And of the contemporaries of Horace, one boasted that he wrote two hundred verses a day, while his rival only produced two. Now nearly two thousand years have passed, and time has pronounced for the one and not for the other. Horace may still claim his *Non Omnis Moriar*, while probably the verses of the more fecund songster did not survive the loss of the accompaniment of his own fiddle. It is only by art and man's device that the diamond exists to serve and beautify the world. It is rescued from being a mere clod.

Now, let us regard a sermon as a work of art, and accordingly as a field for the exercise of labor and application, and whose success will infallibly be greater or less according to the amount of *time* spent upon it. Upon this question of Time, says an eminent writer on homiletics—one whose sermons were masterly specimens of the sacred art of preaching, "Some of the first sermons of a young man may, with advantage, receive the thought and labor of weeks and even months, instead of days." President Porter, of Yale College, in writing of Dr. Lyman Beecher says that "he often spent *two weeks* on a sermon, and," he adds, "it was this painstaking, this thoroughness, this patient working over and working up his material that made his sermons models of strength and perfectness, and effectiveness for all time."

I think that the tax upon newly ordained men is often tremendous. Undoubtedly the first year is the most trying, apart from the view of the impending exarmination for priest's orders, for most young clergymen seem held by the delusion that at their ordination they promised always to preach their own sermons, and that their people will tolerate no other, and so they try to produce regularly two sermons a week, which is disastrous to themselves in more ways than one, and also to the congregation. Two or three discourses per month would be ample. In order to meet the deficiency, let a young man copy printed sermons, and, having rehearsed and studied them, let him announce from the pulpit the name of the author, and then proceed to

deliver them as his own. The act becomes perfectly graceful if the author's name is given out—it is only common justice to do it—and then, moreover, no painful misunderstandings can arise. It is better to copy out than to take a book into the pulpit, which looks slovenly. Also, it is unkind, if not dishonest, to change and alter what another has printed as his best. If you observe what you consider defects in another's work, *your own* compositions are the place to avoid them. It is a mistake to think that your people will object; however excellent your own may be, they will rather *welcome* a discourse by another man, as they would occasionally a fresh preacher. "How many discourses do you think a minister can get up in a week?" was once asked of Robert Hall. "If he is a deep thinker and condenser, one sermon," was the reply; "If he is an ordinary, average man, two sermons; if he is an ass, he will produce half-a-dozen."

What would be the glories of a sermon on which a hundred hours had honestly been spent, which had been six times re-written! I think that if such an one ever came into being, it would not be too much to say that it might be repeated once a year in every parish a man might minister in. Yes, if only in this, a good sermon pays—that it will bear *repetition*. I know an intelligent and fairly educated man, who heard the same sermon twice on a Sunday. The clergyman with whom he was travelling (now I believe deceased) had intended to give it also at the third station, but hesitated on account of his companion. The latter, on learning this, begged that he would not consider him, since, for his part, he would enjoy it again. This settled the matter, and in his own words, "My friend enjoyed that sermon more the third time even than the first time." And, we ask, how is it *possible* or *natural* that the people should be able in twenty or twenty-five minutes to come into *full possession* of what it cost *you*, say fifteen hours to put together? I believe that in cases where a pastor's discourses have continuously failed to interest or arouse—ideless and dull, and exercising principally (after George Herbert) the virtue of patience in them that hear—when all history and biography, when all the natural world, when one's own personal experience in the past and daily passing events in the world around, when the Bible itself, are full of interest, replete with striking memories and may all contribute to illuminate his subject; in these days of many books and cheap, good church papers, gleaning the earth over, and laying it week by week ever fresh and varied at his feet, doing half the work for him, by all of which he may illustrate and enliven, make real and profitable every subject he is called to treat—that in such cases it will mostly be found that *time* has "failed" the man, through pressure of other duties, or else that he has failed to make good use of his time, and can blame no one but himself. If anything must "go," it should not be reading. As the *Church Times* said recently, "It is of much more importance that the parish priest should preach useful sermons and hold good classes for further instruction, than that he should keep the accounts of the penny bank, or preside at the choir practice." Further it adds, "But in point of fact, it is bad distribution of time, rather than actual lack of time, which makes a conflict of duties apparent. It is an old and true saying, that only busy people have ever time to do anything, and it is ridiculous to allege that an ordinary small country parish makes such demands on its incumbent's time that he has no leisure for reading."

So here we utter a plea that longer preparation be given to our discourses, addressing, as is seemly, only our younger brethren. I entirely recognize that the sermon is, in reality, the least important part of our, or any, service; yet, practically, we must allow that it can be so only where the parish is well established and the congregation composed of good church people who have been educated up to it, and love the Prayer-Book. In the country districts, where the attendance is mixed and the privilege of worship not realized or valued as it should be, the sermon will, I am sorry to say, continue to be considered the chief part of the service. Let us be ready to meet the situation. After all it is *the* great opportunity put into our hands for teaching the truth and extending the church through the world. Often we do not appreciate it sufficiently; we do not "begin to" make the most of it. But, to conclude this note, how in the name of common sense can a good sermon be expected, any more than a good poem, a good house, or a good picture, without work, or in two or three hours of time? Q.

Rouge et Noir.

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MICHAELMAS TERM, 1885.

With the present number ROUGE ET NOIR enters upon a new collegiate year with a complete change in the staff of editors. The former editors were men of talent and experience, and it is, therefore, with no little hesitation that we step into their shoes. But however unequal we feel to the task which we have undertaken, yet we hope and trust—with the help and influence of the members of this University—to present to our readers an interesting and readable publication. With this end in view, we solicit from our graduates and undergraduates contributions both literary and monetary. Our aim is to maintain the high character for literary excellence which has always clung to ROUGE ET NOIR, and it should be the ambition of every undergraduate to assist us in carrying this out. Already we have had promises of assistance from graduates who have made their mark in the literary world, and we hope that the undergrads will not be slow to follow their example. We propose to extend the usefulness of the paper, to introduce some new features, and to make it—as we think—more interesting to our readers.

It has always been a matter of wonder and disappointment to us that Trinity has not a better organized

and more suitable English course. While we have splendid scholarships to give to the mathematical and classical scholars of the second and third years, and smaller ones in all the other branches, we offer no encouragement at all to those desirous of taking an English course. This arrangement seems to us unnatural and erroneous, for, after all, English is most important. It is among English-speaking people that the majority of us have to live and to speak, and, therefore it is of the utmost importance to us to be thoroughly versed in our own tongue. We are too prone to prefer a superficial knowledge of a foreign language to a deep and thorough grounding in our own, the most beautiful and flexible on the face of the earth. We would not have brought this before the authorities had we not thought of the possibility of a remedy. The Burnside and Wellington scholarships are larger than those offered by any other University in Canada; we see no reason why a small sum could not be taken from each of these and devoted to an English honour course.

We must congratulate the Literary Institute on the brilliant prospects that lie before it for the ensuing year. In no other year during our time at College has the outlook been brighter. Nearly every man in residence, and several non-residents, have entered into it heart and soul and, from the head of the College down to the last joined Freshman, all seem determined to avail themselves to the utmost of the advantages afforded by this institution. Especially do the Freshmen deserve credit for the way in which they have come forward and shown their willingness to do their utmost to advance its interests. But, while rejoicing at these signs of prosperity, we would like to see more members putting down their names for Debates and Essays, and hope that they will not only do this but will try with all their power to study their subjects up and make the discussions interesting. Before leaving this subject we would like to call the attention of the Council especially to the lax manner in which the finances of the Society have been managed in former years. No reports or statements have been submitted to the Institute concerning these matters, and it is doubtful whether any accounts have been kept. Many members have not paid up their fees for several years back, which is an injustice not only to the Institute but also to those members who have paid. We trust that during the coming year the Council will take steps to place the Institute upon a sound financial basis, and will compel the different officers to submit their accounts to the Society at the end of their term of office. One word more: Could not the Council make arrangements for holding a Public Debate this term? All who were present recall with pleasure the last Public Debate held in 1883, and we see no reason why another should not take place and pass away with the same success which attended the one of '83.

FOOTBALL.

The football season opened this year with bright prospects. This has been the first time in some years that Trinity has been able to put two fifteens in the field. At the annual meeting the following officers were elected: Captain, Mr. E. C. Cayley; Committee, Messrs. A. C. Allan and W. H. Lewin. The first game was a practice match with the Pacifics, of West Toronto. It resulted in favour of Trinity by 87 points to 0. It may be said, however, that several of the Pacifics did not turn up and substitutes had to be played in their places. The next game was a tie-match with Toronto University, which is stronger than usual this year. Trinity showed up well in the first part of the game; but their want of condition soon told, and they were defeated by twenty-one points to nothing. Cayley and Jones, W. W., played well for Trinity behind the scrimmage, as did also Morris at back. Broughal, G. H., and Smith, H., played well among the forwards. There are matches on with Upper Canada College, Guelph Agricultural College, a return match with Toronto University, and possibly a match with Trinity College School, Port Hope.

LITERARY NOTES.

If the love of the English classics were a passion difficult to arouse in the student heart, we could easily kindle the fire by a glimpse at the admirable publication of Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., containing the *Review of the Ancient Mariner* and select odes of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with notes by J. W. Connor, B.A., and that masterpiece of prose, Macaulay's charming essay on *Warren Hastings* carefully edited with notes, introductions and themes by G. Mercer Adam, the late editor of the *Canadian Monthly*, and one of the foremost literary men of the Dominion. Besides the *Ancient Mariner*, "one of the supreme triumphs of poetry," and the odes comprising the *Ode to the Departing Year, France, To William Wordsworth, Dejection and Youth and Age*, Mr. Connor has prefixed a brief life of the great lake scholar as a bard, a journalist and critic, and as a philosopher, together with the opinions of the writings of the colleague of Wordsworth by such authorities as Mrs. Oliphant, Swinburne, and Principal Shairp. But, aside from the interest which would naturally be attached to any book bearing the name of Coleridge, it is with pleasure that we turn to Mr. Adam's able treatment of his, at least, interesting essay. To those who have been compelled in former years to read their English works in ponderous tomes, this publication will prove a boon. In comparatively small compass, we are enabled, by the aid of maps, a life of Macaulay, an account of India before Hastings's time, a sketch of that man, and hints on

English composition, to form a more correct idea of the great Indian leader than ever the famous historian can give us. It is unnecessary to say anything concerning the essay itself, but merely to state that Mr. Adam, by his careful work, has done much to render a pastime the preparation of work in English for University examinations.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHOIR.

DEAR ROUGE ET NOIR.—It is to be regretted that more of the men do not go into the choir. There are many with good voices, who are quite willing to spend time over the piano, singing songs, but who will not take the trouble to devote one hour's regular attendance per week to assist in improving the chapel music.

It might easily be done without any inconvenience, and certainly must be done if we wish to improve the music or even to keep it up. Scanty and irregular attendance is not a meet appreciation of our choirmaster's services, which, only the strictest economy of time enables him to give. Gentlemen, let us have more volunteers.

Yours, etc.,

CHAPEL MUSIC.

OUR GREEK SONG.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR.

SIRS.—The return of our festal day reminds me to write for some information about our old college song. I should like to know, 1st, who wrote it; 2nd, when it was composed; 3rd, how it was originally worded; and 4th, how it is sung now.

I send you with this two versions of it, the first written by a graduate from memory of the sounds of the words in his day (1868); the second the version in use in my time at Trinity (1879). You will observe how great are the changes in its countenance after eleven years and I think you will agree with me that they are not for the better. There may be more alterations by this time, though I venture to hope not, for the song, so peculiar to Trinity, should be held as a sacred trust; and except *Episcopon*, more zealously guarded than anything we have.

I hope that this will call forth the original.

Yours, etc.,

Woodbridge, Oct. 28th.

C. H. SHORTT.

[Our present version is the same as that in use in 1879. We trust that some of the old graduates will furnish the necessary information with regard to the other questions. Copies of the two versions to which MR SHORTT alludes can be had by writing to the editors as we are unable to insert the originals.—ED.]

ABOUT COLLEGE.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. A. P. Poussette, '67, an honour graduate of Trinity, on his recently acquired affix, Q. C.

Rev. A. Fletcher, '76, an honour classic, has accepted the position of Rector of San Gabriel, South California. We wish him the success, which he deserves, in his new parish.

Among the names of the successful candidates at the recent first intermediate examination at Osgoode Hall were, we are glad to see, those of Messrs. N. F. Davidson, '84, and C. R. Hanning, '84.

We congratulate our former editor, J. A. Ritchie, B.A. (How does it look in print, John?) upon his successful victories over the Gods of War. May this hero of a "hundred struggles" often contribute to our columns.

We notice that several much-needed improvements have been made about college during the long vac, notably the remodelling of the staircases and the re-painting of the corridors.

Our last year's Managing Editor, Mr. H. K. Merritt, suddenly folded up his tent and strayed into the camp of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York—"the largest and best in the world"—where he has assumed the managership for Western Ontario. "H. K." may occasionally be seen on King street with his "business air" listening to the persuasive tone of the future Blackstone, William Wallace.

We notice with pleasure that Mr. W. A. Bell—one of our undergraduates in law—stood second in Honors at the recent intermediate examination at Osgoode Hall. Mr. Bell is now in McCarthy & Pepler's office, Barrie, reading for his final B. C. L. examination. We would be pleased to hear often from the members of our law faculty.

The Rev. H. G. Parker is now giving his regular course of lectures in elocution. We understand that when he has finished his work here he intends to visit the Sandwich Islands in pursuit of health. We trust that his trip will benefit him, and that he will return to us completely restored. We would remind him that, though far away, our columns are always open for contributions from his pen.

The other evening, at the hour of midnight, the Freshmen, after a searching examination in the principles of Greek Syntax, conducted by a learned Professor, were handed over to the tender mercies of the legal luminaries, and by them were admitted into the mysteries of college life.

Rev. R. W. F. Greene, L. T., of this University, on his removal to Weston, was presented by the congregation of St. James' with a well filled purse and a testimonial as an expression of their esteem for the valuable work he has done among them. We trust that he will have all success in his new position.

The annual steeplechase came off on the morning of S.S. Simon and Jude Day, and was won by Mr. Lewin for the second time; Mr. Shutt second, and Mr. Mackenzie third. The time, 6.17, was, considering the state of the course, remarkably good.

We tender our congratulations to Messrs. Symonds and Cayley, two of our last year's editors, on their success at the recent Honour Examinations for B.A. Mr. Symonds is the first who has graduated in the new course of Honour Theology, and deserves great praise for the high standing he has obtained.

A college meeting was held lately to appoint new editors for ROUGE ET NOIR in the place of the retiring editors, Messrs. Cayley, Wright and Scadding. The following were elected to fill the vacancies: Messrs. Beaumont, Tremayne and Sherwood.

Again it falls to the lot of ROUGE ET NOIR to make mention of the poor singing in chapel. Is there no way in which this can be remedied? There is plenty of musical talent among the men in college, and surely it would not be used in a better way than in striving to make our chapel services as hearty as Trinity chapel services ought to be.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Literary Institute was held on October 16th to elect a council for the ensuing year. The election resulted as follows: President, S. D. Hague, B. A.; Secretary, T. G. A. Wright, '86; Treasurer, W. A. H. Lewin, '86; Librarian, G. N. Beaumont, '86; Curator, R. B. Matheson, '87; Ex-Officio Members, 1, J. S. Broughal, '87; 2, W. Davis, '87. We congratulate the Institute on their choice of officers, than whom better ones could not have been appointed.

One of the most successful S.S. Simon and Jude dinners ever held in college was that of this year. Not only was the edible part of the entertainment fully up to the mark, but the speeches were better than usual and free from that prosiness and length which usually make after-dinner speeches so tedious. The different committees deserve great praise for the successful manner in which they arranged the dinner; but, especially, are our thanks due to Messrs. Allan, Aston and Lewin, to whose indefatigable exertions much of the pleasure of the evening was owing.

 TRINITY MEDICAL NOTES.

Messrs. Hawley and Logan have passed the primary of the M. R. C. S., London, England.

Messrs. Hood and Pepler have passed their L.R.C.P.S.

The above items show clearly that Trinity Medical maintains her reputation abroad which she has deservedly won at home.

Dissection is much in advance of any previous year. This speaks well both for the authorities and the students.

Dr. Sheard delivered an able and interesting lecture before the Literary Society last Saturday evening. We propose to insert it verbatim in our next issue.

We are glad to learn that our medical friends are completely exonerated from any blame in connection with the Hallowe'en affair. *Grip* came out with an ample apology to them.

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By a recent change in the Statutes, Candidates are required to pass in Classics and Mathematics and in *one* of the following departments :—Divinity, English and French.

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

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