

# ROUGE ET NOIR.

Fortiter Fideliter Forsan Felicitate.

Vol. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1882.

No. 4.

(ESTABLISHED 1836.)

**JAMES E. ELLIS & CO.,**

Watchmakers, Jewellers,

—AND—

SILVERSMITHS,

No. 1 King St. E., Cor. Yonge, Toronto.

Official Railroad Time-Keepers. Diamonds. Manufacturers of Sterling Silver Presentation Plate. Importers of French Clocks and Bronzes. Watches. Jet, Onyx and Silver Jewellery.

The Repairing of Fine Watches a Specialty.

\$5.00

Saved on every Suit you order at

**A. B. FLINT'S**

35 Colborne Street.

Wholesale Stock of Goods to select from

IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS.

**STANTON,**

Late of

STANTON & VICARS,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

134 Yonge Street.

CABINETS \$3.00 PER DOZ.

**China Hall.**

**GLOVER HARRISON,**

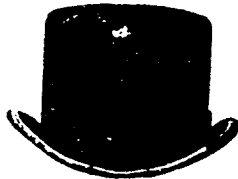
IMPORTER OF

China, Glass & Earthenware

PLATED AND FANCY GOODS,

Table Cutlery, Bust and Parian Marble, Statuary, Bohemian Vases, &c.

49 King St. East, - TORONTO.



**HATS & FURS,**  
NEW STYLES. FINE GOODS.

The Largest Retail Stock in Toronto.

**W. & D. DINEEN,**  
WHOLESALE—2 KING STREET WEST.  
RETAIL—COR. KING & YONGE STS.

THE

**BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL**

FOR THE HIGHER

EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES,

WYKEHAM HALL,

COLLEGE AVENUE, TORONTO.

The entire fees from 13th January to 22nd Dec. will be from \$304 to \$352 including Board, Laundry Expenses, Tuition in all the English Subjects, French, German, and Italian, if required; also Class-singing, Drawing and Calligraphies.

The entrance fee of \$312 charged to boarders, covers all the usual expenses on admission.

Applications may be made to Miss Grier, the Lady principal.

**PIM'S PRINTOGRAPH I**

The Perfection of Simplicity. Highly recommended for Multiplying Copies of Manuscript, Music, &c. Most useful to Clergymen, Teachers, Secretaries and others. Price \$1.00 and upwards. Circulars on application.

PIM & COMPANY Sole Manufacturers, 61 King St. E., TORONTO.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.



THE



**Yokohama Bazaar!**

CHINESE & JAPANESE GOODS.

Decorations a Specialty.

College and Concert Rooms Decorated to order.

H. BELL.

98 Yonge Street, - Toronto.

**JOSEPH CADIEUX,**

Dealer in Choice Brands of

Imported and Domestic Cigars.

—ALSO—

CELEBRATED PACE'S TWIST

CIGARETTES, &c.

BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

No. 392 Queen Street West.

LARGE AND VARIED STOCK



Always on hand of OUR OWN MAKE.

Sizes and Half-sizes, in which are combined

Style, Solidity and Lowness of Price.

79 KING STREET EAST.

—CANADA—

**STAINED GLASS WORKS.**

Memorial, Cut & other Windows

—FOR—

CHURCHES, DWELLINGS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

—Estimates given.—

JOS. McCAUSLAND & SON,  
76 King Street West, Toronto.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

O. B. Sheppard, - Manager.

For the week commencing November 13th,

**M'ILLE RHEA!**

BOX PLAN NOW OPEN.

**SAMUEL B. WINDRUM,**

(Late of London and Paris House).

—AGENT AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

**Jewelry & Silverware**

CRICKET MATERIAL.  
FOOT BALLS AND  
BOXING GLOVES.  
STOCK NEW.

Room 4. 31 King Street East.  
(Over Potter's).

**CLAXTON'S**  
DESCRIPTIVE  
**CATALOGUE OF MUSIC.**

A large (sheet music size) book of 40 pages containing over 4000 pieces and about 70 books is mailed free to any address. The most celebrated authors of Europe and America are well represented by their successful and valuable productions.

Although our Catalogue is one of but 40 pages, it contains many more pieces and represents a greater amount of usefulness for teaching purposes, than any other Catalogue of double the size.

Our sheet music is printed from finely engraved plates, on the best quality music paper. Claxton's *Annual Journal*, 6 cents or 60 cents per year.

**T. CLAXTON,**  
179 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

**BOOKS.**

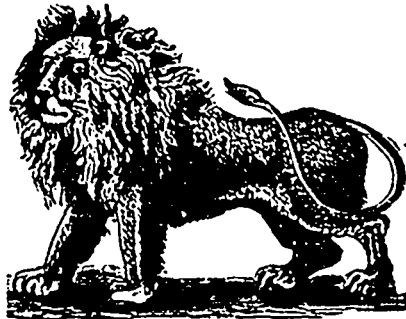
- Robertson's History of the Christian Church from the Apostolic Age to the Reformation. 8 vols. \$16 00
- History of the Christian Church, from the Accession of Henry VIII to the Silencing of Convocation in the 18th Century; by G. G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln. 2 75
- Hooker's Works. 2 vols. 3 50
- by Keble. 3 vols. 9 20
- Analysis of Hooker's Eccl. Polity Book V. By Gorle. 1 40
- Pearson on the Creed. Helm's Ed. 1 75
- The Confessions of St. Augustin, Latin. 70
- English Translation. 50
- The Fathers for English Readers. St. Augustin. 1 00
- Heads of Hebrew Grammar. Tregelles. 1 00
- Barrett's Companion to the Greek Testament
- Grimm's "Lexicon Novi Testamenti." 4 00
- Schmoller's "Concordantiae Novi Testamenti Graeci." 1 75
- Nesle's Class Book of the Church Catechism. 50
- Butler's Analogy of Religion, with Notes 50
- Blunt's Undesign'd Coincidences 2 00
- Paley's Horae Paulinae, with Notes 50
- Natural History. 50
- Evidences. 50
- Sanderson's Hand-book of Theology Being a Synopsis of Pearson, and of Hooker Book V. 1 20
- Compendium Theologicum, or Manual for Students in Theology. By Rev. O. Adolphus. 2 75
- Proctor on the Book of Common Prayer 3 00
- Turning Points of English Church History. By Cutts. 1 10
- Turning Points of General History. By Cutts. 1 65

6¢ A liberal discount to Students.

**ROWSSELL & HUTCHISON,**

76 King Street East, Toronto.

**THE GOLDEN LION**



**CLOTHING HOUSE !**

GENTLEMEN'S FINE CLOTHING TO ORDER.

All Wool Tweed Suits, \$12. Fine Black Suits, \$12 to \$30. Over Coats to Order, \$10 to \$25.

**FINE WHITE SHIRTS**

THE EXCELSIOR

Took SILVER MEDAL at last Industrial Exhibition, and FIRST PRIZE at Provincial Exhibition at London.

PRICE \$2.50 EACH OR 6 FOR \$8.

Gentlemen's Underclothing.

**R. WALKER & SON**

KING & COLBORNE STREETS.

**TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY,**

54 & 56 Wellington St. West.

COLLARS AND CUFFS. | 25¢. | PER DOZEN PIECES.

Surplices gotten up in a superior manner.

**C. P. SHARPE.**

**FAIRCLOTH BROS.,**

IMPORTERS OF

**Wall Papers,**

ARTIST MATERIALS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

256 Yonge Street, - Toronto.

**IF YOU WANT**

A NOBIV PAIR OF

**BOOTS OR SHOES,**

AT A REASONABLE RATE.

—GO TO—

**SNOWDEN TEMPLE**

480 QUEEN ST., CITY,

AND AT

QUEEN STREET, PARADE

We make our Own Goods Neat, Stylish, Cheap and Durable, and every pair Warranted.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

**STUART W. JOHNSTON,**  
**CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,**

676 QUEEN ST. WEST,

A complete stock of Pure Drugs, Chemicals and Toilet Goods, including English, French and German Perfumes, Cosmetics and the finest lines of Toilet Soaps.

A NICE ASSORTMENT OF

Hair, Cloth, Nail, Tooth and Shaving Brushes.

Special attention given to Dispensing.

**Gentlemen, Remember !**

Get your Spring and Summer Suits

**CLEANED or DYED**

KID GLOVES CLEANED

Without leaving a bad odour.

**SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS,**

75½ King Street West.

**GEORGE JONES,**

DEALER IN

**BOOKS AND STATIONERY,**

Christmas Cards, College Views and Fancy Goods.

A liberal discount allowed to the Students of Trinity College.

168 Queen St. W., Toronto.

**CHARLES LOGAN,**

634 Queen Street West, Toronto,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**TINWARE, STOVES, LAMPS**

Coal Oil and General House Furnishings.

JOBGING, &c., PROMPTLY DONE.

634 Queen St. West.

**THE GOLDEN HAND SAW.**

**DAVID CASLOR,**

586 QUEEN ST. WEST,

**HARDWARE.**

Edge Tools Ground and Set.

**JACKSON & CUSTALOE**

22 King Street East,

**TONSORIAL ARTISTS.**

Physiognomical Hair Dressers, Facial Operators, Cranium Manipulators and Capillary Abridgers. Hair Cutting and Shaving with Ambidextrous Facility.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

# Rouge et Noir.

---

FORTITER FIDELITER FORSAN FELICITER.

---

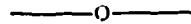
Vol. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, MICHAELMAS TERM, 1882.

No. 4

---

## UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.



The Matriculation Examination will begin on Friday, June 29th, 1883, when the following scholarships for general proficiency will be offered for competition :

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOLARSHIP OF \$200.

THE FIRST DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$140.

THE SECOND DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$100.

There will be a Supplementary Examination for Matriculation beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 2nd.

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.

For the subjects of these examinations and other regulations respecting Degrees in Law, application should be made to the Registrar, Trinity College.

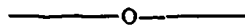
Gentlemen intending to present themselves for any of the Examinations for the Degree of B. C. L. are requested to apply to the Registrar for a new Circular.

---

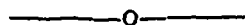
## TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

IN AFFILIATION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF HALIFAX.



The Session begins on October 1st of each year, and lasts for Six Months.



For information in regard to LECTURES, SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS, &c, apply to W. B. GEIKIE, Dean of the Medical Faculty, 324 Jarvis Street, St. James' Square, Toronto ; or to Dr. J. FRASER, Secretary, 482 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## THE LAST SORTIE.

Far o'er the valley, hushed and still,  
The silence of death is hanging,  
Save for a faint-heard bugle note  
Or a sabre's distant clanging.

The first pale light hath risen and veiled  
The eastern stars in morning;  
And many a gun hath opened wide  
Its hungry lips for warning.

High in the East, Valerien,  
The huge dim mass expanding,  
Is fringed and streaked in the pallid light  
By the breathless thousands standing.

The fires are out and the air is chill,  
The morning light is dreary,  
And sleep hangs over dark Montretout,  
For the German limbs are weary.

Sad and soft through the leafless trees  
The straying wind is sighing:  
Softer its voice when the night shall pass  
O'er the lips of the dead and dying.

Awake! Awake! the dawn is come,  
While ye, brave hearts, are sleeping,  
Through the dim light and the lingering mist  
The silent foe are creeping.

Far o'er the valley thick and fast  
The battle clouds are rolling,  
A vast death-knell from the smoke-wrapt heights  
The mighty guns are tolling.

Onward the countless hosts of France  
With sullen tramp are streaming,  
Lurid and red through the gathering smoke  
The cannon flames are gleaming.

Strong and fast on dark Montretout,  
Heeding no foeman's warning,  
With tightened lips the Teutons stand,  
Pale in the growing morning.

Silent they stand, a little ring,  
Scarce worth the sabre's cleaving,  
With a last brave thought for the distant homes,  
Their gallant souls are leaving.

Onward and round the foe sweep on  
Like the swirl of the tide advancing;  
Pale faces gleam through the misty smoke,  
And the thirsty steel is glancing.

Up! Up! ye hosts of the fatherland,  
Hark to the cannon calling:  
Marshal your legions thick and fast,  
For your bravest hearts are falling.

The wintry snow is streaked with blood,  
And the death-like wind is sighing  
Dreary and chill o'er the darkened waste,  
The sullen foe are flying.

Fast from the night-wind o'er the vale  
The battle smoke is rolling:  
Slowly and far from the shadowy height,  
The hollow guns are tolling.

Silent and still on dark Montretout,  
The moon's soft light is falling  
On the pallid lips of the proudest hearts,  
That died at their country's calling.

A. I.

## COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY A GRADUATE.

*(Continued.)*

Commend me the man who can thoroughly enjoy a college life; who can sit with his friends before a college grate fire, imbibe his beer without heeding its flatness, consume his bread and cheese without regarding the corruption that has marred the same, talk with flashing eyes and eager lips over old times and many another well-worn theme that forms a bond of union between the fleeting hearts that beat one moment side by side, the next are parted like dissevered leaves, and feel that he is passing through an era of his existence that will haunt his memory with its life and light for many a dreary year. The man who cannot be touched with these associations, whose lips are not loosened when these memories are brought back to him is not worth knowing.

The St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner has come again to give a new lease of old life and renew the vigor of the past once more. We turn in through the time honored gate that graces (?) the college front, and the lights are gleaming over the gravel of the walk and the October wind fluttering the dead leaves across the lawn. Perhaps we note with strange feelings the light that shines from a certain room—ours once, years ago, and wonder who is laughing out his hot-blooded days there now; it seems as if we had nothing to do but to laugh then; how seldom the free smile comes to our lips now; yet, away with such thoughts, are we not within very smell of the dinner we have eaten so many times with increasing comfort. The old porch, haunted with recollections of many an evening's chat in old days and the forbidden pipe rapidly descending into the pocket on the appearance of a don, is silvered by the clear moonlight, and we halt for a moment to gaze at the gray turrets, weird looking and fantastic in the strong light and shade. The clinging creepers climbing over the rough stones are grown rusty now, and worn with chill winds and hanging shadows. The din and fever of the great city creep discordantly into this moonlight scene of quaint rest and silent memory. Surely we have turned into some strange enchanted place fast barred forever against the horror of life, where the rude struggle of rough shoulders for bread is never known, where the fierce word is never spoken and the ring of laughter never dies. Methinks we could stand here forever pondering over the clear, white light gleaming along the walks and skipping from turret to turret unutterably still, the wind-shaken creepers hanging from about the stone windows, the dead, withered flowers drooping beside the walk, and the rugged trees, leaf-rest and gray, springing like resolute souls from the great shadow of the ravine, and never think once of the confusing maze of strife beyond the

toil for life and the ceaseless tramp of hurrying feet that knows not rest and peace. But enough of moralizing: we stir the large-limbed porter—important official—from his evening drouse and tramp the echoing corridors again—halls that have echoed often to our skipping feet and joyous song; and now they echo to a well-known refrain, some one is carolling forth with bursting lungs—can we ever forget it? ὁρμῶμεθ' ἀδελφοί Oh, how often have our hearts gone forth like reaching hands to the old days and the old faces when the breath that memoried song hath struck like sudden poetry across the dull heart. They claim for the sense of smell the strangest power of awakening memory. We feel like contesting the question, who fails on hearing an air ever heard before to call back with a rush of recollection the long forgotten circumstances connected with it? a vivid thing of visions, clearer than any other power could produce. Aye, it is the old St. Simon and St. Jude song, sacred to the memory of many a panting youth, skimming with light legs along the sere grass of the dunshadowed ravine, struggling over the high fence, dropping from thence on his feet, hands or head, no matter which, pounding through the wet and mud up the steep hillside and sprawling over the mark amid cheers and congratulations. We stand for a while in the dim-lit hall giving sway to the fleeting glimpses of fireside evenings, companionable pipes and common tobacco, old stories and eager talks over favorite authors, wasting away the long hours like moments, which the ever-living notes of that sweet chorus call up. We are roused at last by the sight of the members of the wine committee speeding round the corners with two vast jugs, very anphoræ, filled with no Massic or Falernian, but what suits our rude but appreciative stomachs just as well. Anon, we pursue those fleeting shadows to a small, neat room in the Lower Western Corridor, where they have taken covert, there we find them engaged in pouring out the bright red liquor into,—hum—decanters? alas, no, into lager-beer bottles. Then the bell rings, far through the dusty corridors its well-known, cheery call, and dons, smiling and rubbing their hands, guests and gowned students of high and low degree, all eager and hungry-eyed are gathering fast and thick into the hall above the dining room \* \* \* and here we are again—graduates smiling from the dais, waiters flying, tongues rattling, tables glittering with this world's delights, the placid oyster skipping from plate to mouth, red wine gleaming to the brim of three dozen glasses. Ah, well, to-morrow will bring its dead hopes and weary thought again; now let us surrender ourselves to the past and all that is bright and glorious in it; wine to loosen the soul from the limbs, so that we scarce feel that the imagination, is hampered by them, and swift talk and ringing laughter to fill the imagination with their wondrous light. Sure these new walls of the dining hall are but ordinary things, many finer and grander in the world, yet they seem to us now something out of the world, woven with marvelous beauties never seen before, filled with visions borrowed from the ends of the earth and the ends of time. So let it be, 'twill be something to remember when the gloom returns. Toasts come and go—sweetest speeches we think we ever heard, for who can venture to his old home of old years, years of quickening blood, and not say something warm and kindly. Every one has his word of simple wisdom that goes home to the heart. Let us listen and draw close to him.

Now the prizes are delivered for the steeple-chase; each big-legged winner stalking up proudly after his

meed, which is generally something valuable and useful. All stand reverently to sing ὁρμῶμεθ' The youngest freshman pipes from his silvery lips the weighty praises of the ladies, the hands are joined for "Auld Lang Syne," grand old-memory song, that will last as long as memory lasts. It is the solemn expression of that clinging to days gone by which draws hope for the future. When we go out from the college halls at term's end we join hands in the vestibule and inspire ourselves with its lingering notes.

The hall is cleared save for the scampering of the wine committee, who secure the remnants of drinkables; the grad, the undergrad, the freshman and the tug, anomalous being, stroll forth with smiling faces, the latter none the worse for wine but surely replete with a goodly store of oysters and cold turkey, his placid face beaming with innermost contentment. And here I may be pardoned for a digression upon tugs, who are now, happily, a thing of the past. The tug, readers, ye who have never been within the sacred walls of Trinity, was of yore, one of that interesting but rather wearying class who entered college merely for a two years' divinity course without degree, and generally not over-burdened with information in general, who acquired during residence such scanty gleanings of theological lore, such small insight into the hidden depths of the Greek testament, and the secret mysteries of the Hebrew alphabet, as led them to suppose themselves invincible on all matters of religious dispute, and induced them on all occasions when rubric or vestment could be in the slightest degree concerned, to discourse with widening eyes, flowing tongues and spreading fingers, much to the disgust of the more worldly minded among their auditors, and to the delight and edification of the ministerially inclined. But, sooth to tell, the tugs were always a brave and valiant race, and persistent in the struggle against their spiritual enemies, and though sometimes enticed into lawless hubbubs and worldly rows, levelled at the ears of the sleeping Dean, yet on the whole were irreproachable by dons or men. The one great spiritual enemy, however, which caused them fiercest struggle and deepest anxiety, was to be found in the daily reading of the lessons in chapel. The long words in the scripture were an unending strife to them. Many a time might you hear in the dull afternoons the sonorous voice of the unwearied tug sounding from the chapel in battle with his shadowy foes in tireless preparation for the desperate encounter of evening and morning. What an inspiring sight it was to see him mount the platform before the lectern, his firm lips pressed and eyes gleaming for the fray. How desperate was his look when he beheld his enemy glaring like a clawed thing from the sacred page; how he smote, now a thrust, now a back stroke, cleaving him asunder, here a head, there a leg, scattering his dis-severed syllables among the admiring spectators. How his face flushed with triumph and his large hands trembled with excitement when the contest was over and he had slaughtered all his enemies. The tugs were always great eaters, making up in beef and pudding for what they resisted in other forms of enjoyment—indeed they are reputed to have taken their name from the merciless manner in which they would "tug" at the steward's beef. However this may be, the genuine tug has now passed from us, and the times shall know him no more; he is now required to burden his disputatious intellect with a little of the worldly dross of a common arts course.

(To be continued.)

## COLUMBUS.

In Italy, beside the Tyrrhene Sea,  
Where break its waves upon the northern lea,  
A city rose, far-famed and wondrous great,  
Most like a queen of cities, fair she sate ;  
Strange foreign barks within her harbor swung,  
Her quays re-echoed many an outland tongue,  
Her warerooms groaned beneath the priceless store  
Of riches heaped upon her happy shore.

Within her streets rose many a marble pile  
Whose snowy front across the waves did smile  
On far-forwandered ships returning home  
Over the sunny azure fields of foam,  
And princely towers rose graceful to the sky  
From scented groves that round their feet did sigh,  
And cast their flow'ry odors to the breeze  
As still it freshened from the murm'ring seas.

Nor yet for commerce and for wealth alone  
Was this fair city to the nations known ;  
The tide of luxury had not warped their might—  
Powerful in peace as powerful too in fight ;  
What stauncher champions of the Holy Cross  
Than Genoe's knights ? By whom was greater loss  
Wrought to the infidel than by Genoa's band,  
Triumphant everywhere by sea and land.  
Long mourned the Turk, those all-victorious swords  
That made fell havoc of his Pagan hordes.

So rose it, mighty, proud, renowned and free,  
Terrace o'er terrace by the storied sea.  
Now to this city came from time to time  
Strange ships that hailed from many a stranger clime  
And in them curious-vested foreign folk,  
That strange, uncouth, barbaric jargon spoke,  
That no man knew : yet were their goods most  
rare—

Spices and gems and woven fabrics fair—  
And all men wondered whence these rovers came  
And what their country and their race's name ;  
The Genoan sailors too, returning home,  
Told wond'rous tales of glorious lands unknown,  
Of happy islands towards the rising sun,  
Where all by nature, naught by man, was done—  
So that whoever eager was to learn  
Of other lands, had needed but to turn  
His steps and wander by the quay-lined shore,  
Here much to hear of undiscovered lore.

Such man there was—a daring, ardent soul,  
Through whose deep mind a mighty flood did roll  
Of expectations and convictions deep,  
And strange conclusions that would still forth leap  
The more he conned ; and so at last it grew  
The object of his life to prove for true  
What things he felt within his inmost heart  
Were so ; thenceforth a noble, great unrest  
Urged him, and he pondered day and night,  
And on his soul still brighter dawned the light,  
And through the weary hours he sat and read  
Forgotten treasures by learned dead—  
Of this our earth, her shape, her various lands,  
Her barren seas, her shifting wastes of sands,  
And all that wisdom in that elder time  
Had e'er recorded of each then-known clime.  
Among these mould'ring legends he discerned

Some hints at which his expectation burned ;  
Not all in vain could be those tales of rest,  
Of dear delight that gathered round the west,  
Where ancients said the happiest climes were found,  
Where summer reigned the joyous year around,  
And dwelt the blest in islands that were laved  
By halcyon seas, that sweetly mourned and raved  
In tinkling accents on the flow'ry lea,  
Fair old-time legends of the silv'ry sea.

And often when the moon in mellow show'r  
Poured down her rays upon each marble tower,  
And the great city 'neath her kindly beam  
Grew pearly dim like some enchanting dream,  
Then pacing by the moon-lit bay below,  
Restless, ambitious, would Columbus go,  
Enquiring eagerly of each he met  
Of that on which his soul's desire was set ;  
But most men deemed him mad and laughed and  
said :

'Much clerkly learning hath quite turned his head,'  
And e'en his friends besought him to forgo  
Such wild-wrought schemes as in his brain did flow ;  
But neither taunts nor friends' mistaken love  
His mighty soul could from its purpose move ;  
And finding still that holiest saying true,  
That prophets seek in vain for honor due  
Only in their own cities, forth he went  
Seeking for some to further his intent.

Now so it happened that at this very time  
Was Spain's great glory in its golden prime,  
And men adventurous, who aught would dare  
For glory's sake, found ready welcome there.  
He hither speeds and straight before the throne  
Of old Castile, makes his great project known,  
It boots not say with what a glowing tongue,  
He paints his sure success ; let that be done ;  
And see we now a fitting fleet arrayed,  
And just appointment for the voyage made ;  
And now adown unto the surf-beat shore,  
In order quaint a fair procession pour,  
And kneeling down upon the Old World's sands  
Receive a blessing from the Church's hands.

And then they sailed, and vesper-ward did fare,  
Where not before did keel of mortal dare ;  
Day after day the sun clomb heaven's dome,  
Where all the cloud-robed daughters of the west  
Spread their fair arms to welcome in the guest.  
Again and yet again the primrose eve  
Rose brooding, dovelike at the day's reprieve ;  
Night after night the Angel of the stars  
Lighted with scatheless fire those gleaming cars,  
That still forever roll the cycles round  
In the full choir of only heaven-heard sound.  
And thus days grew to weeks ; weeks months  
became,  
Nor changed the prospect, ever still the same--  
The billows surging till beyond the view,  
They melting, mingled into heaven's blue.

Still hourly did they scan with anxious eye  
The broad horizon, hoping there to spy  
Some trace of land ; but when long time they yearned  
In vain, their hearts grew sad, and sadness turned  
To hatred 'gainst the man who led them here,  
And mutinous murmurs rose, and horrid fear

Of wretched death, such as men travelled tell :  
 To crews adventurous it oft befel—  
 How being becalmed, gaunt famine slew them all,  
 Leaving their wreck to wander and appal  
 Whose path it crossed—driv'n at the tempests will,  
 An awful erring tomb—all voiceless—still.

Yet never hope within their captain died—  
 He still believed, and gaunt and eager-eyed  
 With his long watchings, oft would climb the mast  
 And gaze,—being certain of success at last,  
 And joy! one day he saw upon the waves  
 Fresh sea-weed—fresh from wat'ry caves  
 Of some near shore! and then in wide-winged flight,  
 The sea birds gleaming in the sunny light,  
 And hov'ring lightly o'er the plunging blue ;  
 All signs that quickly to some land they drew.  
 'Twas reached at length ; the glorious cross they  
 rear ;

The men who erst had murmured now in fear  
 Tremblingly owned their fault. His end was gained,  
 His triumph wrought—henceforward to be famed  
 As he who first Spain's banner had unfurled  
 O'er the broad empire of a new-found world.

R. T. Nichol.

### LAZINESS.

There is no accusation oftener levelled against people than this of laziness—none so often unjustly. It is one of those taunts that rouses a man as effectually to give utterance to an indignant protest as the charge of being asleep in the day time arouses a woman. It is from the fair sex too that the charge generally emanates. Is a man unwilling to be made a social slave, to be exhibited as a captive in the train of his lady friends, his disinclination is put down with a prompt generalization characteristic of the female mind—to laziness. It matters not that he may perchance prefer the chains of study the quiet reading of some new book to being socially victimized : the fact of his unwillingness stamps him as lazy. A woman seems quite unable to comprehend that a large portion of the world's work is done by men who use no active exertion ; with them there is no *via mediã*, if one be not actively engaged in some occupation involving the use of one's limbs, the chances are that idleness is promptly laid to one's charge. Women, themselves, have, as a rule, but little of the quality of repose. Their peculiar, nervous organization seems to preclude their enjoying the luxury of thought unless they have some manual occupation. Hence the invention of the purely mechanical devices, such as knitting, &c., which give the semblance of an occupation without the labour of thought—leaves the mind free to wander. The majority of women can see little distinction between Sir Isaac Newton sitting in motionless abstraction, pondering on the mysteries of the universe, and the ploughboy basking in the sun in pure animal enjoyment, and that this is not a totally unfounded charge is I think proved ~~Rebelaisian motto: "Fay ce que tu voudras," with the~~

by the story of the reputation for general idleness acquired by James Watt in his family circle through his musings over the possible utilization of the power of steam. How recent is the period within which the artistic professions were scorned and contemned by the Philistines and classified under the general stigma of idleness with, in many instances, the suspicion of vice added. It required no small courage in those days for a man who felt within him the divine afflatus to give utterance to his thoughts, or to re-produce nature in all her beauty. Fortunately those days when the name of author or artist was almost synonymous with vagabond have passed. never, even in the palmiest days of the queen of the Adriatic have art and literature received more honor and emolument than they do now, but I will venture to say that if the inmost hearts of a large number of the solidly respectable class of British typified by Dickens in the character of Podsnap, styled generally by people of culture Philistines, were explored, the feeling that authors and artists alike were disciples of idleness would be found firmly rooted. Thus far I have spoken of the misconceptions of idleness, but let us suppose that the charge is true, and say, madam, have you never heard the proverb that the bow ever bent soon loses its elasticity? When you see a man (I specify man particularly because I don't believe a woman was ever seen totally unoccupied) sitting calmly, pipe in mouth, watching the blue wreaths of smoke as they curl upwards, does it not strike you that perhaps his thoughts, idle as they are, may be tinged with the rainbow hues of some beautiful idea ; an idea that may grow in his brain till it becomes a creature of his own creation, and is embalmed in verse or re-produced in all the tints of heaven. How have all the great pictures of the world been produced, how and by whom? By men who allowed no external cares to worry them, and who in meditation and study elaborated their grand ideas. Fra Angelico of world-wide renown, for the exquisite purity of his conceptions, spent days in meditation and prayer before undertaking a picture, and on a lower plan the idle thoughts and imaginations of Isaak Walton have charmed thousands. If Charles Lamb had not been of the lazy temperament we should never have had the Essays of Elia, with all their tender pathos and sympathy. Of course this dreaminess and abstraction of thought may be carried to excess, and the result is generally a tendency to run into subtle metaphysical discussion as De Quincey did, and the modern German does ; metaphysics being the general results of much combined metaphysics and talk.

It is to be regretted that none, so far as I know, has written of the pleasures of idleness. Thomson, in his Castle of Indolence, indulges in moralizing anent the evils of idleness ; yet what more enchanting than the description of life in the castle :

Here freedom reigns without the least alloy,  
 Nor gossips tale nor ancient maiden's gall,  
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,  
 And with evenom'd tongues our pleasure pall :  
 For why? There was but one great rule for all,  
 To wit : that each should work his own desire,  
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
 Or melt the time in love or wake the lyre  
 And carol, what, unbid, the muses might desire.

There, you see, is the perfection of existence, the old Rebelaisian motto: "Fay ce que tu voudras," with the — — —

addition that none found any fault, and I might venture to say that in such an existence, though some might dream their hours away with no result, yet there would be some works emanating from such a retirement bearing upon them the impress of original thought and reflection of the calm within, and which would be destined for immortality—of the pleasures of idleness a volume might be written. I have always considered that the originator of the saying "that the hardest thing to do was nothing," had either a crime on his mind or had no mental cultivation at all. He was evidently unacquainted with the pleasures either of meditation or imagination. Enough and more than enough has been written against idleness, from Solomon downwards. Let someone take up the pen in its defence. For idleness, commonly understood, is with educated people, an impossibility. The hands may be still but the brain will work, and where the brain works voluntarily and not under compulsion,—its outpourings are as different as the note of the sky lark in its heavenward flight differs from the chatter of the carefully educated parrot. If the principle of writing only when the mind impels us were more carried out we should be less overwhelmed with the flood of evidently manufactured literature; it may be heresy to say so, but Trollop's remark that writing was like any other work to be done at stated and regular times, with no consideration for inclination, and that such is his practice, is a sufficient explanation for the intolerable dullness of part of his works.

Let someone come forward then and prove, as it can be done, that idleness is not the mother of all the vices any more than industry of all the virtues; for industry is often perverted and reflective, idleness has produced works of enduring fame.

*T. B. Angell.*

#### IN MEMORIAM.

REV. GEORGE WHITAKER, M. A.

*"Exegi monumentum aere perennius."*

Thou art gone! alas with weeping,  
Mourn we now in bitter grief,  
Though to us a cause of sorrow,  
From thy sorrows, sweet relief.  
Years have passed, since first thou camest  
To the people of this land,  
And to our loved Alma Mater,  
Lent an earnest helping hand.  
Now we hold in recollection,  
All thy kindly words and deeds,  
All thy labors undertaken,  
To supply our pressing needs.  
Though we mourn, we yet are thankful,  
To our Father high above,  
Who has called into His presence,  
One enfolded by His love,  
Whom He greets with holy angels  
In one grandly swelling chord,  
"Well done! good and faithful servant,  
Rest thee ever with thy Lord."

*A. J. W. MacMichael.*

## Rouge et Noir.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE Contributions and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

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

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

Advertisements, subscriptions, and business communications should be directed to WILLIAM MOORE, Secy-Treas., or C. SCARWING, Business Manager.

Terms, post paid—Single numbers, 15 cents; Annual subscription \$1.00.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1882.

It is with regret that we chronicle the resignation of Messrs. Lampman and Townley from the editorial staff. It will be long before we can hope to obtain two such energetic workers, or ones so keenly alive to the interest of the paper. We trust that their interest in us will not flag now they have departed from our midst, but that their contributions will be no less numerous than of yore.

CONVOCATION will take place this year on November 16th. One of the features of the occasion will be the conferring of the degree of D.C.L. upon the Bishop of Toronto and the Bishop of Algoma, and that of D.D. upon the Very Rev. Maurice Baldwin, Dean of Montreal, and the Rev. Mr. Mockridge, of Hamilton. The degree of B.L. will also be conferred upon the Rev. Mr. Starr, of Kincardine. It is to be hoped that all graduates who can possibly do so, will endeavor to be present.

By the way, could not the council in fixing the date of Convocation make some allowance for the inconvenience caused to a large number of our graduates by the lateness of the date. The Law Society will not recognize any degree until a graduate has been convoked, so those men who graduate in name are either compelled to pay for a special convocation or wait until the regular date and lose at least three, or perhaps six months, in being admitted to the Law Society.

WE would again remind undergraduates and friends of the College, that our advertisers are our "particular" friends, and that by patronizing them, they not only gain for themselves satisfaction, but contribute largely to our financial success. Under present circumstances it is not without much risk that we increase the number of issues to two per term, but the fact of our having many new advertisers, and of the majority of old ones renewing, leads us to believe that our venture will be a successful one. Our object is to become a monthly, and if everything turns out as satisfactory this year as last, there is every probability of our reaching the height of our ambition before long.



THE *Varsity* in its last number for the past College year, published an article upon the University of Trinity College, which was, to say the least of it, scurrilous. The temptation to reply at length, and in a similar strain to such an attack might at first have been great, but a small amount of consideration shewed only too plainly that if the *Varsity* chose to violate all laws of College journalism, it was no reason why ROUGE ET NOIR should follow its example. The refrain of this unique production of good taste and gentlemanly feeling was, "What need is there of Trinity? Her usefulness is gone, etc." To a fair reader, that the very article in question should have been published in a paper supported and edited by members of the University, is a strong proof at least, of the *usefulness* and *need* of such a social training as it would appear can only be obtained at such a University as Trinity.

AS the majority of candidates for this year's matriculation examination received their training at various High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, throughout the Province, there can be no doubt, that the knowledge of our advantages as a University is being more widely diffused. The council did well in their mode of advertising, but they did better in arranging their curriculum to harmonize with the work done in High Schools. Until the present year, head masters in these Institutes were not able to give sufficient attention to men preparing to matriculate at Trinity, because the work required was not what they were authorized to engage in, consequently, many churchmen who would have given Trinity the preference, chose to enter other Universities where the matriculation work was the same as that done in the upper schools. Now, however, with our optional groups, we are all on the same footing, and head masters will no longer find any inconvenience in preparing their pupils for our Arts or Divinity course. The prejudice and ill feeling of past years against Trinity is fast dying out, and even during the last year, her advantages, her curriculum, and her manifold improvements have gone far in raising her in the estimation of the general public. To have a preparatory school is a good thing, but to place too much dependence on it is ruinous. For years Trinity school has sent up its traditional average of a dozen men, while the High Schools collectively, seldom send more than four or five representatives. We can always count on the school for support, but Trinity's success as a university does not depend on that, and we are therefore pleased to see that the authorities have taken the necessary steps to insure the advertising of our College a wider circulation among the High Schools.

At this, the commencement of a new academical year, it affords us, as it must all friends of Trinity, the liveliest satisfaction to be able to congratulate the University on the stride made during the past year. And in doing so we feel that it is only a matter of the strictest justice that due recognition should be given to the share in this improvement which is due to the energy of the Provost.

There are in the present day two grand considerations, upon a due attention to which must depend the measure of success attained by any educational institution. One of these is keeping abreast in their curriculum with the latest advances of thought in educational matters; the other, more prosaic, but none the less important, making the institution thoroughly well known.

At the time when Trinity was established, the curriculum, based upon the model of the older universities of the mother country, was thoroughly in accordance with the time; but as year after year went by those older universities, wisely resolving to lead a movement of thought they could not restrain, established chairs in various modern subjects such as Science, History, Modern Languages and the like. Trinity, on the contrary, to whom such a course was not a matter of convenience as with them, but an absolute necessity, went plodding on in the same old groove from which it seemed impossible to ever remove her. Let it be thoroughly understood that in making these remarks we are not actuated by any spirit of mere carping criticism. We are behind none in lauding the education imparted within these walls; as far as it went it was excellent, but the great fault was there was not enough of it.

It was much the same with regard to the second necessity, that of making the college known. The council in those old days seems to have laboured under the impression that because Trinity was modelled upon the older universities, therefore it would have their popularity and be as independent as they of any kind of advertising. They quite forgot, apparently, the radical differences existing, in more ways than one, between the countries and the institutions. This supineness, for we do not think of any term more appropriate, has been one of the main causes, if not the chief one, of the little advancement made by Trinity in the past. Year after year the same limited number of freshmen presented themselves; year after year there was no increase in the number of graduates, and yet the college authorities made no move. Fortunately, before it was too late, a new spirit has been infused into the University. The new Provost has thoroughly grasped the absolute necessity of the two points we have mentioned, and from the time of his installation, has set himself heartily and earnestly to work in order that Trinity may take her rightful place among the universities of this land.

a try, the latter being converted in a second goal, but was disallowed on account of the captain being offside when placing the ball. Good individual play was. And, short as is the time, we already see the beneficent results of this energy. When he first proposed to raise a fund of \$100,000 there were, we know for a fact, a great many, in fact the majority, who shook their heads and declared that the idea was wild and preposterous: that the raising of such a sum for an institution that had been maligned and injured by slanders as Trinity had been was impossible; but the Provost knew no such word as failure, and now in one short year what do we see? So much of the original sum proposed already raised that the procuring of the remainder is merely a matter of time, and not a long time: the building of the chapel secured by the munificence of the Henderson family; one new professor who will commence work next term, and the founding of a chair in Natural Science, we might almost say "un fait accompli." We see, too, by the latest circular issued by the council, that the success of their effort has induced them to hope that they can raise double the sum at first proposed, viz.: \$200,000, and should they be justified in their anticipations, we are glad, most glad, to see that the founding of a chair in English and Modern Literature would be their first care. This is most satisfactory. For some time past this paper has advocated this very thing. It is a most unfortunate thing that a university, priding itself on its culture, should be destitute of the means of teaching one of the most indispensable branches of a modern education.

The appointment of a professor of Divinity first was, under the circumstances, absolutely necessary. It is a physical impossibility for the Provost to lecture three or four hours a day, and undertake also the multifarious work necessary for the success of the new departure taken by the University. But we sincerely hope that an effort will be made at the earliest possible moment to found the English Literature Chair. There are one or two other points of interest in the circular, but we have left ourselves but space just to touch upon them. One most affecting ourselves, viz.: the establishment of two or three fellowships to be held by graduates of marked ability for a limited time is a most wise step. Had it been taken before we might have succeeded in keeping in the service of the college men, who, had they possessed the leisure such a fellowship would have afforded, might have produced works that would have reflected honor on their Alma Mater.

We should apologize, perhaps, for the length of these remarks, but the subject of our future is so promising and of so much interest to all Trinity men, that we could not think the space wasted.

## CRICKET.

The cricket season of 1882 has been an unusually successful one. The club played nine matches, four of which were won, two lost, and three drawn.

### RESULTS OF MATCHES.

May 19th...	Newmarket...	Draw in favour of Trinity
" 20th...	Aurora .....	Trinity lost by 7 wickets.
" 24th.....	The Bankers of Ontario...	Trinity lost by 6 wickets.
" 27th.....	University College.....	Trinity won by 3 wickets.
" 29th.....	Trinity Coll. School.....	College won by 10 wickets.
" 30th.....	Whitby .....	Trinity won by 9 wickets.
June 5th.....	Guelph .....	Draw in favor of Guelph.
10th.....	Toronto C. C.....	Trinity won by 18 runs.
" 28th.....	Newmarket.....	Drawn.

### BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	INNINGS.	RUNS.	MOST IN AN INNINGS.	MOST IN A MATCH.	TIMES NOT OUT.	AVERAGE
H. J. Campbell	16	137	41	45		8-6
S. D. Hague...	10	76	39	40	1	7-6
T. O. Townley.	16	107	15	33	1	6-7
W. W. Jones..	10	63	10	17	4	6-3
C. E. Radcliffe	10	47	11	16	3	4-7
A. J. Fidler...	12	55	13	13	2	4-5
Chas. Scadding	13	55	16	26	1	4-2
J. S. Howard..	15	65	19	19		4-1
J. J. Godfrey..	10	40	17	18	1	4
D. M. Howard.	9	33	15	18		3-7
E. K. C. Martin	14	41	14	15	1	2-9
R. S. Morris...	2	5	5	5		2-5
C. H. Brent...	8	18	7	7	1	2-2

Not out.

### BOWLING ANALYSIS.

NAME.	OVERS.	MAIDENS.	RUNS.	WICKETS.	AVERAGE
D. Howard.....	59	20	75	19	3-9
J. Godfrey.....	50	23	116	25	4-6
J. S. Howard.....	55	19	160	31	5-1
T. O. Townley.....	90	17	163	20	8-3
H. J. Campbell.....	73	28	117	9	13

## FOOTBALL.

At a meeting of the students in College, on Oct. 12th, the following officers were elected, Sec.-Treas: Brent, Com.: Farncomb, Jones, Broughall, Beck.

The prospects for football this season seemed very poor indeed at the beginning, but the men seem to have become imbued with more "esprit de corps" of late, and things are decidedly looking up.

The College is represented this year by the following team:—

Beck, Broughall, Brent, Cayley, Beaumont, Davidson, Jones, D., Jones, W., (Captain), Dumble, Howard, Hanning, Jarvis, Rogers, Ritchie, Farncomb.

The first match was with Upper Canada College, on Oct. 20th, when our team showed evident want of practice. The ball being kept well on our goal throughout the game. The game resulted in a victory for the U. C. F. C. by one goal.

The next was with the Victoria F. C. on our own grounds, Oct. 25th, which was very evenly contested, the College being beaten by two goals to one goal and a try, the latter being converted into a second goal, but was disallowed.

*When placing the ball. Good individual play*

exhibited on both sides, notably Lindsay for the Victorias, who kicked a goal from the field, and Ritchie and D. Jones for the College, who by combined play made the best run of the day, securing a touch down which was beautifully kicked by Brent.

Inter-University match. This was without doubt the pleasantest and best match Trinity has played this season; though defeated by one goal and two tries to nothing. The team made a gallant fight. For the victors, G. Gordon and Duggan were conspicuous, also McClaren, who very neatly kicked a goal from the field with his left foot. For the losers, Cayley as half-back, Ritchie as quarter-back and Dumble forward showed good play, Cayley taking the lion's share of the work.

TORONTO V. TRINITY COLLEGE.

This match took place yesterday afternoon at Trinity College, and ended in a victory for the College by a goal and a try to nothing—much to the surprise of the Torontos. Owing to the late hour at which hostilities commenced the last part of the game was played in total darkness. Both teams were incomplete, Trinity lacking one man and Toronto two, still this slight disadvantage did not prevent the latter from making a game fight. Trinity, having won the toss, elected to kick south for the first half and at 4.30 Armour kicked off. Jones, by a good run, brought the ball up to the Toronto goal, but it was gradually worked down the field again. A few minutes before the close of the first half Cayley managed to secure a touch-behind, which enabled the College to score a goal. Ends were changed without loss of time, and the Torontos seemed determined to equalize matters, but their efforts proved unsuccessful. Cayley again distinguished himself by a splendid run down the field, and obtained a second touch-behind, but owing to the darkness the try failed, shortly after which time was called.

The team has yet one match to play, viz.: with Upper Canada College on Nov. 7th, on our own ground.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR.

SIRS:—Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to make a few remarks about the present manner of distributing the College mail. Amidst the almost general improvements of the other inside arrangements of the College for our convenience and comfort, I am sorry to see that in this one particular, a backward step has been taken. Instead of the students getting their letters, &c., directly from the hands of the carrier as formerly, they are put in the box and we have to wait very often from ten to fifteen minutes for the box to be opened, and then, instead of the letters being immediately taken around to the rooms as formerly, they are thrown on the table in the porter's lodge, where a rush is made for them, and they are tossed and tumbled about, and each man has to turn them all over to get at his own. Besides if you do not happen to be present at this novel distribution, or if some fellow-student does not bring your letters to you

they sometimes lie there for hours. This is especially provoking in the afternoon delivery, when we wish to take our regular "constitutional" after the hard work of the morning.

Before the introduction of this plan you might remain quite contentedly in your room and be sure of your letters within five minutes after the arrival of the postman. But now, as I said before, you do not know when you will get them unless you go for them yourself, thus making a great annoyance of what was before a very satisfactory arrangement.

Do you not think, Sirs, that something could be done to remedy this? The pretext of the new rule is that letters might be lost, but I think there is much more probability of loss when they are thrown about in the present manner. Hoping that the cause of complaint will soon be removed,

I remain,

Yours &c.,  
A SUFFERER.

MARMION.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR:

SIRS:—There is much that is highly amusing in this Marmion squabble,—this literary controversy amongst the busy politicians of Ontario,—this cat and dog fight over the grave of Sir Walter, to settle the awful charges brought against him of being immoral, Protestant, Tory, and High Church Episcopalian! But there is something prophetic about it too,—something very ominous.

A high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church makes a protest against an authorized text book in our schools. The book is instantly withdrawn. This, very naturally, alarms some zealous Protestants. They ask indignantly, 'Are our schools Protestant?' The Romanists reply by another question—a pointed one—'Are our schools non-sectarian?'—and on goes the battle. Rome has scored a victory. She will not stop, the Protestants fear, till she has all history either taught her own way, or else not taught at all. She values her principles enough to fight for them, and she has political power enough to get her own way in educational matters. The Church of England and the many denominations also value their principles enough to fight for them, but they have not this political power, for reasons of which there is little need to be ashamed, and so they cannot hope to influence the school question as they would like to do. They feel this keenly, and keep up a sort of dog-in-the-manger snarling at Rome,—as if she were the real enemy.

This controversy proves two things as clearly as anything can be shown,—one that the country is far from being non-religious—the other that until it is so truly non-religious schools are anomalous—that perhaps this whole Public School system is not such a wonderful durable institution after all. It seems to foreshadow some change in educational matters. The country must either lose its religion—which is improbable—or else give to each religious body the education of its own children. If Separate Schools are to be, as it seems probable they will be a necessity, why should not the Church of England, which is double of any sect in Toronto, take time by the forelock and begin them at once in the cities and large towns. The matter was seriously discussed a short time ago, and generally agreed to in a meeting of the Clerical Association, as

not only desirable but very feasible. We have a separate University and College, as well as separate boarding schools, both for boys and girls. A number of day-schools under government inspection, with Normal school teachers, and combining some religious instruction would complete our system and be a great benefit to very many. The prospect of it may be distant, but it is not hopeless by any means. At all events it is worth thinking about.

Yours, etc.,

November 3rd, 1882.

MEGATHERIUM.

Toronto, Oct. 30th, 1882.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR.

GENTLEMEN,—I had the good fortune to receive an invitation to the St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner, which has just taken place, and gladly availed myself of the opportunity of spending a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The fact of such enjoyment must be my excuse for burdening the columns of your paper with this letter, as I would like others to have a share in the same good things. During the past year a new curriculum has been arranged for our Law department, and in consequence of the high standard of proficiency required of those who are candidates for the degree of B.C.L., a number of law students presented themselves for the first examination for that degree. These men are now on the books of Trinity College as undergraduates in Law, but their claims as such were not recognized in the issuing of invitations for our Annual Dinner. Whether the committee looked upon them as other guests, or those who should pay their quota towards defraying the expenses of the dinner I cannot say, but I am confident, that even if they were viewed in the latter light, they would not have allowed that to be an obstacle to prevent them from attending it. It may be said of course that Trinity Medical School is not invited. That certainly is true, but though affiliated to us, it is in reality to a great degree distinct from us, having its own professors and lecture halls, and also its own annual dinner. I am intending perhaps, some day in the dim vista of the future, to be a candidate for the degree of B.C.L. myself, and if so fortunate as to gain that distinction during the interval between the passing of the examination and the day on which convocation will be held, I will be virtually an undergraduate in Law. If then, such are overlooked, and should my "Arts" course be forgotten, I will not receive the invitation which I so gladly welcomed last year, which, to say the least, would be a great disappointment to me. So you see my object after all in writing is essentially a wholly selfish one.

I am, yours very truly,

A. J. W. McMICHAEL.

The writer of the above is evidently laboring under a slight misconception. The annual St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner is not a University dinner, but purely a College one, being given by the graduates and undergraduates in residence. The guests, with the exception of those invited by private individuals, comprise the Provost, resident professors and all unmarried graduates in arts. As far as we know, no provision has ever been made, much as it may be desired, to invite graduates or undergraduates of the other faculties.

[ED. ROUGE ET NOIR.

## TRINITY MEDICAL COLLEGE NOTES.

Our namesake, the Medical School, has this year begun under more encouraging circumstances than ever. Last year, from her high standing, reached only by unwearied industry on the part of the Faculty in teaching the young men who yearly crowd her halls, Trinity Medical School was unprecedentedly large. This year, the class considerably outnumbers that of last, and the equipment of the school in every way has been improved. Ontario young men can now boast of its being no longer either desirable or wise to leave their own Province in quest of medical education, at all events until they carry with them the honors of their own institutions, wherever they afterwards may see fit to go either to practice or to travel.

It is pleasant to learn that our medical graduates are considered in Great Britain as quite on a par with any who come up from time to time for examination before the various boards there. We hear of them going to settle everywhere, and that wherever they go they are successful, and cordially welcomed. In the neighboring states they are eagerly sought after, as the curriculum is far more extended with us, than that which for the most part is required in that huge republic. And strange as it may seem, it is no less true, that not a few Trinity Medical graduates are settled in different parts of Great Britain, and doing well.

All this is surely cause for congratulation; it well repays years of earnest and self-denying toil on the part of the teachers, but it also enforces this lesson, that to make still further progress a continuance of effort is required, and gives the sure promise, that this never will in the future, as it never has in the past, failed to secure great and lasting success.

## BOOK NOTICE.

We have received a little volume of verses entitled "The Mission of Love and other poems," by Caris Sima, a new Canadian poetess, who, if never likely to raise the standard of Canadian literature to a very high position, still deserves some notice for her attempt to sustain that literature—deplorably weak as it is, at all. The authoress labours under two serious disadvantages—viz.: a lack of critical discrimination with regard to her own work, and an unfortunate choice for the subjects of her verse; thus we find an ode to Hanlan on his return to Toronto, of whom she says:

"Who doth the waters skim—  
Skims with the swiftness of a bird the waters o'er

Which she would persuade us is sufficient reason why we should

"With all the nation's flags unfurled,  
Quickly hasten forth to meet him:  
Warmly welcome! warmly greet him.  
Hanlan, the champion of the world."

This is bad enough, but her acuteness in letting no event of local importance pass unsung, leads her to perpetrate the following:

LINES WRITTEN ON THE HEROES OF THE REVERE  
BLOCK FIRE

To Forsyth, Kerr and Doughty,  
Our song of praise resound,  
Forever honoured be their names  
Who bore the smoke defied the flames  
To rescue—not to wound

No doubt, to the above mentioned gentlemen, this

seems a gem of literature, whose pure lyric sweetness and strong pathos compares favourably with any *similar* production of the age, and no doubt if we turned over the volume—which of course lies in state upon the respective drawing-room tables of the three, we should find this page well thumbed, in strong contradistinction to the spotless purity of the remainder, but there is little use, nor indeed is it a pleasant task to draw attention alone to the too palpable weaknesses of our author. Growing here and there among this luxuriant crop of weeds are many beautiful wild flowers, strong with the breath of our pure Canadian air, as an example we subjoin in full:

## REFLECTIONS ON A FADED ROSE.

Slowly drooping,—slowly dying,—

Fragrant rose,

What a tale thy faded beauty

Doth disclose:

Thou remind'st me of one courted,

Who with lovers idly sported.

Wantonly and idly sported

With their woes

Left alone when faded, dying,

Like thee—rose,

Passing down the silent river

As it flows;

Mine the sovereignty expresses

His unwelcome kiss impresses,

Softly veils her glowing tresses

With the snows.

Slowly droops thy fragrant beauty—

Dying rose;

Softly sink thy crumpled petals,

To repose.

Mournest thou thy bloom departed;

Thou! the rare, the ruby-hearted

Like the maiden, lone deserted

Dying rose

This is singularly sweet, and coming after so much that is trival and commonplace is indeed refreshing. We would wish, in fairness to the author, to give one or two more selections of more than average worth, but want of space forbids. Every true Canadian must feel some sense of shame when he sees in this literary age, how far behind in the race his own land is, therefore let us foster every attempt, however weak, as long as some sign of strength is apparent, which may in time, produce something that should redound to the honour of our country.

## EXCHANGES.

The *Wheelman*, the new magazine published in the interests of bicycling may be said to form the connecting link between professional and college journalism, in its general appearance and make-up, it follows the best models and does not fall far short of them. The contents of the first number are varied and interesting, the whole showing a painstaking and energetic management. It will form a welcome addition to our exchange list. We wish the editors every success in their new venture.

The *Varsity* has adopted a wise plan in its first number for the new College year, viz.:—that of giving a department in the paper to each of the different college institutions. On the whole a visible improvement has taken place in the management, but we miss the wise sayings of the *Patriarch Student*, but after all a patriarch is not a very lasting piece of furniture at any time, so we must suppose this particular one to have gone the way of all flesh. We object to the present management of "five

o'clock tea." After waiting in thirsty expectation for the refreshing cup of souchong, it is rather trying to be handed a well-watered and decidedly weak concoction, strained from the not too inviting leaves of many dismal exchanges. We would recommend a fresh brew for the next kettle-drum.

We have received among our exchanges the *Monmouth Collegian*, deserving in one respect of special mention, let America rejoice: another poetic luminary has assuredly risen upon her, before whom the ineffectual lines of Longfellow and Bryant will pale. The gentleman we refer to is J. C. Hutchison, Ph. D., the author of a poem commencing the number, and composed on the occasion of a presentation to the head of the College. Before this masterpiece of modern poesy the critic stands in awe; the novel epithets, the categorical nature of the poem, which, with a praiseworthy desire to let none feel themselves slighted, enumerates the various years with an occult reference to a Benjamin, and the general novelty of the design combined, make up a production well calculated to inspire respect. The poet opens somewhat after (a long way after,) the style of the ballad of Chevy Chase; let us give our readers the benefit of the first verse—

The Boys' and Girls' of Monmouth dear,  
With true and good intent,  
Have met in College walls to-night  
To greet their president.

The emphasis necessary on the last syllable of "president," necessary to make it rhyme with "intent" is noticeable as affording example of a style of verse now unhappily almost extinct. The Collegians in question, then greet this gentleman with "silver notes of song," which in a bold metaphor, marking the true artists' contempt of the conventional, the poet affirms "As a storm of shot and shell, shall echo loud and long." Then follows in true Homeric style, a categorical description of the various classes, introducing a skillful reference to the natural poets who evidently abound in Monmouth, and whom "mother nature has taught to turn the lyre," and induce from that instrument "the notes of gold and silver fire." Then comes the address to the recipients of the testimonials, introducing an entirely new and original comparison of life to a "bright flowing stream," followed by a paraphrase or a psalm, evidently suggested by a perusal of the lamented "Tate and Brady." This is followed by the description of the gifts, and here the author rises into description worthy in its unintelligibility of Browning

From marble polished bright as glass,  
And even living seem,  
For from their surface clear and pure,  
Their givers' faces gleam.

The exact force of "and even" here, we commend to our readers as a neat little literary puzzle. After indulging *apropos* of cups in the praises of temperance, the poem closes with hope that the recipients may value the gift as they deserve, which would be hard to do were the poem included.

It is a matter of deep regret that space will not permit us to enter more, at length into the beauties of this effusion. The masterly manner in which the author has contrived rhymes, such as, "you see," with "memory," "cheer," and "fair," and others of the same character, is deserving of the highest praise. We trust that Dr. Hutchison, will not allow his presumably new found poetic talent to rust, and that we shall soon be gratified with another of his charming productions.

## ABOUT COLLEGE.

Bound Rhea-ward,—going to the "Grand" next week.

We congratulate Mr. L.— upon his class, but but particularly upon his gigantic—but why say more? let us rather bow our heads in awe of such sufficiency.

A Japanese Young Man.—'I say, come and look at my room. I've just got three more umbrellas and half a dozen fans; they look no end.'

The piano has arrived and is back in the old place—it is a German one this time—we thought it had a far in tone; it takes such a lot of thumping to bring it out.

The "Yokahama" has proved a mine of wealth to the lovers of decorative art amongst us, but does the attraction arise purely from a love for inanimate beauty? How about the animate? She can't make change, but she has lovely golden hair.

Now the freshman, sad and dreary,  
Lays him on his couch, aweary  
With the toils of lectures four,  
Thinks that strain of "too much beer" he  
N'er shall hear again—but query,  
For it comes with muffled roar,  
Stealing up the corridor,  
Quaking freshman, sleep no more,  
Shall steep those eyes, with watchings sore.

The improvements made within the building during the vacation were manifold, a d tho' new paint and paper may be detrimental to the preservation of our ancient and venerable appearance, yet the comfort obtained therefrom fully compensates for any loss we may suffer in that respect.

"O why this gloom upon thy brow?  
I prithee brother tell,  
What is the cause, or why or how,  
And art thou ill or well?"  
He ground his teeth, a look of hate  
Burned in his coal black eye;  
"I got 'late' leave, but 'extra' late  
I failed to get, and I  
Am fined trade shekels three,"  
Quoth he.

From the reports presented at the annual business meeting, it would not appear that the general condition of the Institute for 1881-82, could hardly be designated as flourishing.

Although the average attendance reached a higher figure than it has attained for years; although too, many improvements were effected in the Library, and finances were in a most satisfactory state, we regret to have to record the prevalence, during the year, of a spirit of indifference, which impeded sadly the successful working of the Institute.

This spirit, the existence of which is much to be regretted, was displayed in the non-preparation of debates and essays, inattention at meetings, &c. But the feeling of gloom which comes over us as we think of this is quickly dispelled by the cheering prospect ahead. In addition to the happy disappearance of the evil above mentioned, the attendance has largely increased, we have had no lack of good essays and readings, the debates have been vigorously sustained, and altogether the meet-

ings held so far this term have been far more lively and interesting than has been the case for some time back.

We heartily congratulate the Institute on the revival which has taken place, and only trust that the interest which has been aroused may be well kept up throughout the year.

Following are the officers elected for '82-83:

President,—J. Gibson, B. A. '81.

Secretary,—J. C. Davidson, B. A., '82.

Treasurer,—E. A. Oliver, '83.

Librarian,—R. N. Hudspeth, B. A., '82.

Curator,—T. B. Angell, '84.

1st Non-official member, - - W. Moore, '83.

2nd " " " - - J. A. Ritchie, '84.

We love to perpetuate the good old customs, which have been handed down from year to year, until they come to be looked upon as almost sacred in themselves, and their origin wrapped in the mystery of tradition. Venerable indeed are these mellowed offsprings of our forerunners, and hand-in-hand with the St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner has ever proceeded the annual steeplechase. Over a rugged course for upwards of a mile and a quarter, during which hill, stream and many an inconvenient fence have to be passed, right well do the victors deserve their hard-earned prizes. The race this year was keenly contested, and the winners were close upon each other at the finish. Of the seven entries four reached the high fence, and mounted in the following order:—Davidson, N. F., Farncomb, G., Broughall and Jones, W. W. Farncomb then gave out, and Jones quickly overhauled the other two, while from a few feet from the flags Broughall spurred past Davidson and secured second place. The other competitors straggled in one by one in comfortable time for dinner. Considering the nature of the course, the time was creditable. We think some record of the races should be kept, and regret that the ruthless hand of the carpenter and mason will soon have destroyed our picturesque course.

There is an expression about puzzling a Philadelphia lawyer, which is significant of extreme difficulty, and which may we think be applied with great justice to the present fine system. Anathemas not loud but deep, and involving the expression of what has been euphoniously termed early English, might have been heard on the day when the bursar's little document was presented, and the item of fines loomed up to a considerable extent. A few days since, we met the revered head of this College, and upon his usually benign countenance was a fine expression of the deepest disgust. On our venturing to inquire what had happened, he informed us that, finding an unusually large amount of fines had been debited to him, he resolved to have an immediate interview with the Dean, and the result of that interview was the cause of his expression. He had for the first time during his long residence here penetrated the mystery of the distinction between "late" and "extra" leave; for having carefully procured "late" leave for one occasion, he did not return till after midnight, and was promptly charged twenty-five cents for not having taken the precaution to obtain "extra" as well as "late" leave.

It seems only fair that the authorities should issue a code specifying the exact distinctions which their subtle intellects have drawn, so that men after having gone to the trouble of procuring that mystic piece of paper, which involves as much formality, and as many signatures as a royal warrant, may not find all his trouble in vain.

NOTANDI + SUNT + TIBI + MORES

CONTRIBUTORS TO

**EPISCOPON**

Will please send in their MSS. as soon as possible, as none will be available for publication in the forthcoming number after December 1st.

J. A. RITCHIE, (Scribe.)

**J. ALLEN,**

MANUFACTURING

**CONFECTIONER**

AND PANTRY COOK.

Pronounced by the Trade to keep the Finest Assortment and Purest Confectionery in the Dominion.

PLEASE CALL. Observe the address,

3 & 4 REVERE BLOCK,  
KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

**SHEFFIELD HOUSE.**

**ROBINSON & BROTHER,**

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

AND FINE JEWELRY,

SILVER & ELECTRO-PLATED

WARE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Cricket Material, Foot-Balls and Lawn Tennis.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

15 King St. West, - Toronto.

**WILLIAM MARTIN,**

DEALER IN

Groceries & Provisions,

WINES AND LIQUORS.

696 QUEEN STREET WEST,

(Opposite Niagara Street.) Toronto.

Handsome Presents Given with Tea.

**WILLIAMS,**

472 Queen Street West,

DEALER IN

**CROCKERY,**

IF YOU REQUIRE

A Breakfast Set, A Willow Set, A China Set, A Wedding Set, For Tea, A Crockery Set, A Toilet Set, A Birthday Set, A Full Set, A Dinner Set, A Glass Set, A Chamber Set, A Nobby Set, A Toy Set.

REMEMBER - Queen, near Portland Street.

**G. & J. MURRAY,**  
IMPORTERS OF  
**LAMP + GOODS.**

Dealers in Canadian and American Coal Oil,

Pulley Hall Lamps,  
Bracket Lamps,  
Bronze Lamps,  
Chandeliers,  
Globes, Chimneys,  
Reflectors, &c.

224 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

**R. J. HOVENDEN,**

FRESCO PAINTER, &C.,

DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Glass Brushes, Colors  
and Painters' Sundries of  
every description.

88 KING STREET WEST,  
TORONTO.

**J. BRUCE,**

**ART**

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

118 KING STREET WEST,

TORONTO.

**F. COOPER'S**

GOLDEN

**SHIRT FACTORY,**

OCCIDENT HALL

COR. QUEEN & BATHURST STREETS,

TORONTO.

IMPORTERS OF FIRST-CLASS

**GENTS' FURNISHING.**

Shirts made to order a specialty.  
Directions of Self-measurement sent on application.  
Special prices to orders of half a dozen.

Clerical Collars made in any style.

N.B.—Liberal terms to the clergy.  
A discount of 10 per cent. for cash to all students.

**THE LADIES OF THE**  
**Church Embroidery Guild**

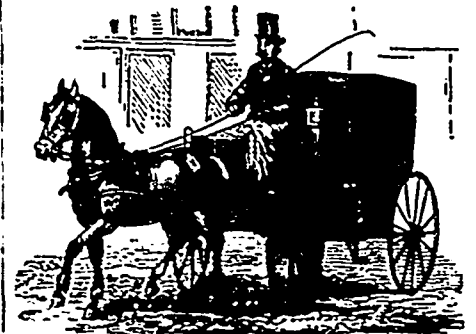
Are prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Church Embroidery. Altar Linen, Colored Stoles, Linen Vestments, Alms Bags, Altar Frontals, Desk and Dorsel Hangings, Etc.  
Apply to The President,  
173 Gerrard Street East.

**BOOKS! BOOKS!**

Second-hand College Books  
Bought, Sold or Exchanged  
at Sutherland's Dom-  
inion Book Store,

288 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

**LIVERY, HACK AND COUPE STABLES.**



In connection with Telephone from all parts of the City.

R. BOND, - TORONTO.

**J. W. BLAIR,**

DEALER IN

**Fruit & Confectionery,**

FLOWERS & VEGETABLES.

**CANNED FISH AND FRUIT,**

555 QUEEN STREET WEST,

TORONTO.

**STATIONERY,**

Exercise and Blank Books and Student's Sundries.

—GEMS IN ART IN—

**XMAS & NEW YEAR'S CARDS.**

**HOLIDAY GOODS,**

Albums, Purses, Card Cases, Blotters,  
Fancy Ink Stands, Etc., Etc.

**THE ENTERPRISE,**

QUEEN 546 WEST,

3 DOORS WEST OF BATHURST STREET

A discount of 10 per cent. off to College Students on purchases of \$1.00 or over.

ALL TEXT BOOKS IN USE AT TRINITY COLLEGE

—SUPPLIED BY—

**WILLING & WILLIAMSON,**

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

7 and 9 KING STREET EAST.

**GEORGE CONSTABLE,**

450 &amp; 452 QUEEN ST. WEST.

**TORONTO,**

Confectionery, Cakes &amp; Pastry

OF FINEST QUALITY CONSTANTLY  
ON HAND.**BREAD**

FRENCH &amp; ORDINARY,

DELIVERED DAILY THROUGHOUT THE CITY

**ORNAMENTAL***Confectionery, Wreaths, &c.,*

IN LATEST DESIGNS.

**WEDDING CAKES TO ORDER**

AND SENT PER EXPRESS.

*Jellies, Creams, Russes, &c.***A. A. ALEXANDER,****Hatter and Furrier,**

460 QUEEN ST. WEST,

*Third door east of Denison Av.,***TORONTO, ONT.****PETERKIN BROS.****WOOD CARVERS & DESIGNERS**

MANUFACTURERS &amp; DEALERS IN

**Window Cornices,****Pornice Poles,****Mirrors,****Looking Glasses,****Picture Frames,****Picture Mouldings, &c.**RE-GILDING. Map Mounting and Stretching Show Cards  
a Specialty

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**71 QUEEN STREET WEST,****TORONTO.**

—Established 1842.—

**Geo. Harcourt & Son****OFFICIAL****Cap and Robe Makers.**Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma Toronto  
Industrial Exhibition, 1882.CAPS & GOWNS ALWAYS ON HAND  
AT LOWEST PRICES.

HOODS OF ALL DEGREES AND COLLEGES.

A liberal discount given to Students  
on all Tailoring.**GEO. HARCOURT & SON,**

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Toronto: 65 King Street East.

**GODARD & ELGIE**

(Late GODARD &amp; CALLISTER),

**UPHOLSTERERS AND****Furniture Manufacturers.**EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE  
IN STOCK.**95 AND 97 YONGE STREET.**

The "ROUGE ET NOIR" is Printed by

\***R. G. McLEAN,**\*

13 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

All Descriptions of Job Work promptly  
and properly executed.**R. M. GIPSON,**

PAINTER,

**Glazier and Paperhanger,**

EXPRESS VANS FOR HIRE.

Special attention given to orders from  
students of Trinity College.

495 Queen Street West,

Toronto.

**CALDWELL & HODGINS,**

COR. JOHN &amp; QUEEN STS.

IMPORTERS OF

**WINES, SPIRITS,**

—AND—

**CHOICE GROCERIES.**ALL THE LEADING BRANDS OF  
ALES AND PORTERS.*Camping Supplies a Specialty.*

RAWBONE'S PATENT

**"Climax" Skate.**The most Perfect Skate ever produced. No  
loose nuts, bolts, clamps, or keys employed in  
its mechanism.L. Rubenstein, Champion Skater of Canada,  
uses the "Climax" exclusively, and has pro-  
nounced it perfect for all kinds of skating.*Rawbone Gun and Mfg. Co., (Limited)*

81 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

Factory: Yonge St., Toronto.

**MRS. M. E. BOURKE,****College Stationery,**NEWSPAPERS, CHRISTMAS AND  
FANCY GOODS.

672 Queen Street West.

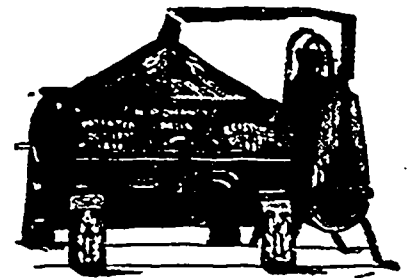
**E. B. GOLDSMITH,**

DEALER IN

**BOOTS and SHOES,**

674 QUEEN ST. WEST.

Repairing Neatly Executed.

**N. P. CHANEY & CO.,****Feathers and Mattress Renovators**

230 KING STREET EAST.

All kind. of Feathers and Mattresses cleaned.  
New Mattresses, Beds or Pillows for Sale.