

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. IV.

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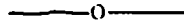
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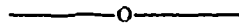
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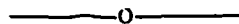
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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, MARCH, 1883.

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HORACE, BOOK I, ODE II.

TO LEUCONOE.

The term of fate which Jove to us allots
Seek not to learn—to learn it is a crime ;
Nor try, Leuconoe, by eastern arts
To pierce the gloom which shrouds your final day,
The wise, with patience, bears his destin'd lot,
Nor asks if many years, or only that
Which now is dashing its destructive wave
On Tyrrhene caves, and on the rock bound shore,
To hur by Jove's unbending will is given.
Be wise ; restrain desire ; in little space
Confine the yearnings of far-reaching hope ;
E'en now, while winged words between us fly,
On swifter wings our envious age is borne.
This day enjoy ; its pleasures fully use,
And to the next nor hope nor trust be given.

Q. U.

MUSINGS BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

" Its quiet now. I'm sure I hope it may stay so. If the wind should turn to the north-west and drift I shall not get back to-morrow. Slow enough work as it is—Well, that is glorious! That is not at all like a burning summer sunset, all red and gold—not at all ; far lovelier I think. Those are all opal tints—gentle, soft, melting hues—nothing fiery. Those ragged little cloudlets, flowing off in a long streak to the south, are polished copper, not burnished gold ; and the soft violet tinge in the north deepens gently into dark gray ; it never gets purple as in June. What should we do without our winter sky tints? How we should famish upon the endless brown and white of the stumps and fields. It would all be like a lake-clam shell without its mother of pearl. Sunset, and three concessions to go yet. I should have started earlier, but how was I to know that the side-road would be blocked up? They always grumble if I keep them waiting a few minutes, then they get righteously indignant if I hint that they themselves might sometimes be all in church before the end of the second lesson—go on! Now, if I should say that to a horse in any other country he would simply switch his tail in quiet contempt. Canadian horses understand it better than anything else unless a crack of the whip. Queer lot of people Canadians, country Canadians I mean—awful conservatives ;

not in politics particularly, but in small matters. Straws show the way the wind blows better than weathercocks sometimes. Perhaps 'conservative' is not the right word. I don't know what is the right word ; but this is what I mean : a sort of idea they all have that 'what is must be right.' Conservatism would make a man stick to everything he had been brought up to in England. The ordinary settler, however, falls into certain inevitable Canadianisms before he has been three years in the country, and then religiously clings to them. He is 'green' till he has acquired them thoroughly. I ask a man to save my getting out of the cutter by kindly loosening the bearing-rein. He consents to let down the *check* ; I let go the reins. 'You've dropped the *lines*,' he remarks, as he hands them to me. The breeching looks unsafe, so he looks to see if the *hold-backs* are all right. 'They were all right when I harnessed,' I suggest, 'when you *hitched up*,' he mildly corrects. A forest or wood is a *bush* ; a vehicle is a *rig* ; a stream is a *creek* ; every insect is *bug* ; tea is *supper* ; a second course is always *dessert* ; anything eaten between meals at any hour of the day or night is *lunch* ; so on *ad infinitum*. In Europe it is the recognized custom to turn out, in driving, to the left ; here it is to the right always. Yet strange to say the driver retains his seat at the right hand side of the vehicle. If a man must turn to the right, one would suppose he would sit at the left side, so as to see that his wheel clears that of the other rig. Why has the old rule of sitting at the right and turning out to the left been altered? I suppose the real cause is the snow. The shafts must be at one side or the other, that the horse may walk in the track and not on the middle ridge. Retaining the traditional seat at the right side, the left was chosen for the horse that the driver might more easily see ahead. Better than not turn out to the right than the horse need not plunge into the deep snow but have half the track ; there being more winter than summer, this became the rule at all seasons. Probably that has been the origin of the change, but yet I have never been able to get this or any other reason from the many farmers that I have asked about it. They simply do it because 'everybody does it who is not green ;' it is the right thing in fact. 'What is must be right.' That is why half our people go to the dissenters. They would not have thought of such a thing before they left home. Here 'one religion is as good as another'—church and chapel are both 'church.' So they follow the crowd, or they go to the nearest place of worship, or to the place

where they have not been offended by the leading parish-
 oner. 'Heaven has many gates; there are no sects there,
 and I shan't be asked when I get there what way I came.
 I'll choose the way I like best.' 'When you get there—'
 wait, I shall keep that for my sermon this evening—if I
 ever get there. Twice I've nearly capsized and the
 horse is fagged out,—'go on!' I can see the old church
 at all events, though there is a big hill to climb before I
 get there. What a great ugly thing that church is!
 the packing case style of architecture somebody called it.
 I should prefer early Canadian. It's just like several
 hundred others. High walls, enormous windows with
 little panes of glass and pointed arches at the top, square
 tower with four pinnacles, all painted (years ago) white—
 glaring white. What are those pinnacles for? There are
 no buttresses to need dead weights, and no spire was
 ever thought of. And those windows—what are they
 for? Vast seas of glass, letting in at least four times too
 much light; so much that they have to put up yellow
 cotton blinds to keep some of it out; immense expanse
 of thin panes, letting so much heat escape and admitting
 unnumbered draughts of Canadian wind. All this done
 in days when glass was so expensive! That pulpit, too;
 I shall have to climb the thing to-night—if I ever get
 there—go on, will you! I always think when I look at
 one of those mighty structures, the early Canadian pul-
 pits, how much material might have been saved by
 letting it down from the ceiling instead of raising it
 from the floor. But timber was cheap in those days.
 Why for a small church have such a gigantic pulpit? I
 believe that there is one answer to all these questions
 and to some more questions like them. The settlers did
 not perpetrate such things because they thought them
 beautiful, and they certainly did not wilfully build ugly
 things. No; they simply did not like anything at all
 very much. They were not architects,—did not know
 about different styles and cared less; what they wanted
 was a church. They had all come lately from the 'old
 country,' and knew a church when they saw one. Nine-
 tenths of them would tell you that a church was a big
 building with a high pulpit to preach from, large painted
 windows, a tower and four pinnacles; and that would be
 a very true description as far as it went of nine-tenths of
 the parish churches of England at the time. They had
 been little altered externally since the Perpendicular Ar-
 chitects had reared them there centuries since. Square
 pinnacled towers and large windows they certainly had,
 but with good reason. The great 'three-decker' pulpit
 had also long held its place in front of the sanctuary,
 with some reason, too, if not very good reason. These
 points fixed themselves upon the mind of the emigrating
 colonist, and so he reproduced a sort of caricature in
 wood—and painted it white. He did it all with the best
 intention—did it because he thought it was right, because
 he had never seen a church without big windows and
 pinnacles. What did he care *why* they were so?—why

the pulpit was big or at what angle the windows were
 pointed? He wanted a church and so he built one, from
 memory; and all honor to him. I wish he had built
 a few hundred more, ugly or not, and we should have
 fewer dissenters now, with their much more powerful car-
 icatures of art and religion. Why don't the settlers
 imitate a few more of the things they saw in the 'old
 country?' If, for instance, they had taken the trouble to
 plant hedges when they first came here, our country
 would look far more lovely than it does. They seem
 quite satisfied with those horribly ugly zig-zag rail fences;
 why, it would be hard to say. They used to be cheap,
 and splitting rails gave the men something to do in the
 winter. Now they are the most expensive of ordinary
 fences, yet there they are and there they are likely to
 remain as long as material can be got to make them.
 'What is must be right,' even if it costs a lot, looks ugly,
 and takes up unnecessary space. I shall have no time
 for tea before service. Never mind; the prospect of
 delicious milk and home-made bread will sustain me till
 afterwards. I wish those dear, good people would put
 that only on the table, but the cold pork, flat apple pie
 and biscuits must be there too. That is one of the pieces
 of complete conformity amongst country Canadians.
 You'll find people of Scotch extraction, of English, Irish,
 Dutch, American parentage, you'll find houses built of
 logs, bricks, stones, frame houses and clad houses; you'll
 find houses of well-to-do farmers and houses of simple
 farm laborers, houses of all varieties, of all sorts of in-
 habitants, with all kinds of manners and languages, but
 the one universal bond of union amongst them all is the
 flat apple pie, the pork and the biscuits. They are
 always to be found. Now I am not finding fault with
 them, don't think that for a moment. They are old
 and well-trying friends, I only state this as an instance
 of the conservatism of our people. Find fault with
 them! no, never, I should starve if I did.

In the shed at last,—whoa, pet. Supposing that
 organist is away again and I have to start the hymns! I
 always pitch them too high or something. Dear me! I
 have forgotten my sermon notes, too. Well, there's
 nothing for it now. I hope I shan't break down, that's
 all."

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

From the commission of Raphael to decorate for Pope
 Julius the Second the walls of the Vatican has been
 dated the downfall of European art. Upon opposite
 walls of the first chamber he decorated he placed repre-
 sentations of the Kingdom of Theology as presided over
 by Christ, and the Kingdom of Poetry as presided over
 by Apollo; and on those walls, says Mr. Ruskin, he
 "wrote the Mene Tekel Upharsin" of Christian Art.

However arbitrary this great critic's strictures may be
 regarded in the matter of art, it must universally be con-
 ceded that this was essentially an art-epoch, this the first

departure of a great and glorious genius by many thought the greatest of painters—from the stern earnestness of the mediæval schools wherein he had heretofore nobly wrought; it was the initiatory step toward the adoption of themes revelling in classic mythology, the heralding of a school upon whose canvas, as some French writer has said, Christ became a crucified Jupiter," and the madonna a blue-robed Venus. Salutary as the Renaissance may be regarded as far as it effected literature, it cannot be so regarded in its effect upon Art. Beneficial as were some of its results, and undeniable that it is that among the early masters of this new school, perfection of colouring and perfection of technique, such as the mediæval had not attained to, were soon to be found; nevertheless, Art—true Art—had been debased, the allegorical earnestness of the former school had been lost, truth had become subservient to effect.

Henceforward, the history of Art in Europe is that of an Art imbued with the artificial classicism and incongruous element of late Roman mythology, wherewith in poetry the school of Pope, with the veneer, stucco and varnish of its verse, from an artistic point of view, essentially Renaissance, is overloaded, finding its supreme expression in the revolting, anatomical contortion of a Post Raphaelite crucifixion, and culminating architecturally in the ponderous lack of meaning of the Louis Quatorze style.

During the first half of the present century, in English Art Schools, the method of "drawing from the antique" otherwise a strict adherence to the conventional and dogmatic modes which imitation of Raphael had generated—universally obtained.

To the Royal Academy, about the year 184—, as a student, came one Millais, young, very young in years, but uniting with a marvellous precocity in drawing that subtle genius of expression which distinguishes the, to-day, essentially popular productions of his mature brush.

Here he found another youth earnestly plodding in that conscientious elaboration of his work, which ever stamps the art of Holman Hunt.

Hither, too, came another aspirant in art, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, son of an Italian poet then living in London. A close intimacy sprang up between the three young men. The last-named, one whose verses written at nineteen and published at forty-three attest the innate power of imaginative realism which distinguished him, gave a poetic impulse to their art studies. To this impulse may be traced the primary step toward the due recognition and appreciation of Keats, of whose teaching, with regard to Beauty, these embryo painters were to become practically the exponents. A book of engravings from the Early Italian Masters, lent to one of the trio, is looked over, pored over, dreamed over.

The feeling of an epoch in art to whose principles they would return arises. They carry this feeling into their work. The three young rebels against the conventional

are discouraged, then rebuked by their masters; laughed at, finally hissed by their fellow students.

This belligerent element increases. Persecution having fostered coterie, welds the link that binds the rebels together still more strongly. A "Brotherhood" is the result. The name, Pre-Raphaelite, suggested by Rossetti, and much laughed at at the time, is adopted. A literary organ is started, the now highly-prized numbers of the short-lived "Germ" were issued, numbers, consisting chiefly of verse, marked like the early efforts of genius and originality in Art, by much crudity, nevertheless much beauty.

Meanwhile a voice of striking clearness had arrested the public ear. The new school had found a champion. There began to appear in the *Times* a series of letters from "An Oxford Graduate," couched in singularly pure and nervous English, insisting on the propriety of the choice that had been made and the claims of the new school to recognition. This championship was in no luke-warm form, but in all the stern earnestness and uncompromising intensity of a style which has won for John Ruskin the entire respect and reverence, if not coincidence, of all schools and shades of thought and taste. Thus hand and glove with the movement wherewith his name, from the first, has been associated, has Ruskin advanced, his trenchant pen never flinching a battle for the principles of the school of his first choice, whose sometimes blind adherence to what it considered Nature in Art, brought much ridicule upon itself. In their violent protestation against Raphael's maxim, that things should be painted "not as they be, but as they should be," they rushed into revelry in all the positive ugliness of nature. To some the laborious fidelity in portraying minor details, which distinguishes the early efforts of the school, is as trying as the Pre-Raphaelites found the unrealism of conception in the art against which they protested. The influence that this movement of thirty years ago has had upon English Art during that time, is inestimable. It has practically revolutionized it. Even among painters whose names have never been identified with the movement, the leaven of its principles is unmistakably seen.

Of the original trio, Millais may be said to have, of late years, practically abandoned the strict observance of distinctively Pre-Raphaelite principles. In fact, there are artists to-day in theory quite free from the trammels of the school's strictures, who are practically more essentially Pre-Raphaelite than Millais.

Rossetti's strangely blended career of recluse-like oblivion to public opinion, yet scintillating individuality and magnetic influence amongst his intimates, is unhappily at an end.

Perhaps Holman Hunt alone rigidly adheres to the straight code of the movement's first principles.

In Edward Bourne-Jones, a later and younger proselyte, the essence of the Pre-Raphaelitism of to-day is centred. From his pencil emanate the most exquisite

and marvellous triumphs of design and imagery. The slavery, or at least homage, to common-place, which marred the early productions of the school, is exchanged for a joyous freedom in the realms of fancy, realms, however, where Nature is still a law, and the anomaly of unreality banished.

Pre-Raphaelite principles, as applied to Poetry, are best realized in the verse of Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti, where a distinct recognition of the musical value of every word is observed. In the ballads and sonnets of the last-named there appears a conscientious, even elaborate attention to the setting of ideas, ideas where it has been objected, there clings a kind of glamour, an atmosphere wherein incense and musk predominate, rather than the bracing air of the mountains. The essential absence of "nature" herein is thought a contradiction of the school's principles.

Looked at, however, from the artists and workman's standpoint, the verse is essentially early Pre-Raphaelite in execution.

The luxurious, sensuous flow of William Morris' verse is of the later type, a marvel of inwoven legend and realistic triumph of imagination. Greatest poet of the three, Swinburne is essentially least of the three Pre-Raphaelite. His Mediaevalism, as far as that spirit enters into his verse, is Fifteenth century rather than Thirteenth, his romanticism Provençal rather than Florentine, his passion and fire are not the reflection of the warmth, colour and intensity of Dante, the great fore-shadower of early Italian art. Still, throughout his verse, there runs that sustained consciousness of rhythmic music, and his verse breathes the spirit of nature.

His name, too, has to a degree been identified with the movement ever since the time when Rossetti, Morris and Burne-Jones undertook together the frescoing of the walls of the Oxford Union, finding Swinburne here a young undergraduate, living in a whirl of Republican principles and poetic enthusiasm.

How all-embracing and many-sided the movement has now become it were impossible to estimate. It has practically revolutionized Modern Painting. Its stamp is patent upon Modern Poetry.

Hence, too, has grown all that increased attention to and delight in comeliness of form and colour in dress and furniture which has, of late, with mighty strides, been pervading the homes and tastes where, heretofore, arrant Philistinism seemed impregnable.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY DREAM.

The College Council met around the board,
A learned company, I ween, were they ;
For all the "ics" and all the "ologies"
Had each its doughty representative.
Upon each brow sat confidence enthroned,
Enthusiasm sparkled in each eye,

Each heart exulting, bounded with the idea
That in the head a panacea lay
For all the follies,—all the woes of man.
Professors of Divinity alone
Were wanting, for this University,
New founded, was designed to be abreast
Of this supremely scientific age.
The President, for metaphysics famed,
Waved in the air a smooth, white, jewelled hand,
As who would say, "Lo! wisdom speaks, attend,"
And thus with pompous, measured speech began—
I think we may congratulate ourselves
Upon the marvellous, prodigious strides
That have been made since first to learn the lore—
The varied lore our faculty imparts—
We called this favoured country's rising hope,
The eager youth that throng our lecture rooms,
All burning with the spirit of the age,
This happy age, when science reigns supreme—
Yes, science, gentlemen, that all effects
To causes traces, thence deducing laws
That, understood and known abroad, shall drive
From cottage homes no less than palaces,
Dark ignorance, the mother and the nurse
Of all man's folly, vice and misery,
Of superstitions, creeds, exploded faiths.
Yet, gentlemen, religion I respect ;
In times gone by she did a noble work.
The mind of man, though vigorous, was crude,
A sturdy infant tumbling on the floor.
It groped in darkness. She proclaimed her law,
Propounded dogma as from heaven revealed ;
And man in meek submission bowed his head,
The wisest thing that ignorance could do,
And bore contented salutary bonds,
That put restraint on his untutored will.
Now, reason and experience have proved
That of ourselves spring happiness and woe,
And all we need to study and to learn
Is what the laws that mind and matter rule,
Consummate wisdom this and absolute.
These modern science demonstrating, breaks
The yoke, and on our liberated race
An era, fraught with golden promise, dawns.
Religion lying in an honoured tomb,
This University a central light
Shall be, from whence the knowledge of these laws,
Like the sun's radiance, streaming far and wide,
The darkest corners of the land shall reach,
Illumine and regenerate mankind.
Thus spake the President. The chamber rang,
So loud the applause that came. Then sprightly rose,
Rose from a seat unoccupied before,
A tall, mysterious individual
In sable garments clad of nicest fit,
Whose entrance none had marked, whom no one knew.

With one hand he fantastically held
 A hat in strictest fashion, with the other
 Careseed and twisted a long, black mustache.
 His eye with mischief sparkled, yet betrayed
 A latent, smouldering ferocity,
 A couchant tiger wide awake the while.
 Brassy determination on his brow
 He wore, as one accustomed to obtain
 His will, though more by policy than power.
 With cool assurance he approached the board,
 Bowed to the President and blandly smiled,
 Bowed to the Faculty and blandly smiled.
 His smile a physiognomist, perhaps,
 Had thought a bit sardonic, cynical ;
 But O 'twas bland, a most bewitching smile.
 If one may liken less to greater things
 So bowed and smiled at Bath, or Tunbridge Wells
 A wicked master of the ceremonies,
 For gold, with purpose foul well understood,
 Some maiden introducing, or young wife,
 To practised and remorseless libertines.
 They, as by magic power petrified,
 Sat mute and motionless from sheer amaze.
 He, with a chuckle smothering his mirth,
 Cried, Worthy President and Gentlemen,
 You know me not ; yet, when this Institution
 Was first projected, I suggested it,
 Stood by when the foundation stone was laid,
 Have ever since watched over, fostered it,
 Its objects furthered to my utmost power.
 We've worked so long and happily together,
 That really we no longer should forego
 The pleasure—as to me at least 'twill be—
 Of personal acquaintance ; that is why,
 No introduction, no apology,
 I have the honour to present myself
 Before your learned faculty to-day.
 I'm sure you'll make me welcome when you hear
 That I am Education's warmest friend ;
 My own has of the highest order been :
 All language, arts, philosophies, I know,
 And science—mental, moral, physical.
 To spread the knowledge I myself possess
 Is my delight, shall be my labour now
 That I this noble Institution have,
 With which I'm able to co-operate,
 So cultivated, truly liberal,
 As to exclude the Bible from its course.
 For want of such my hands have hitherto
 Been somewhat tied, made almost powerless.
 The Bible, gentlemen, 's a book I hate.
 I know it all by heart from end to end,
 To quote it have occasionally deigned ;
 For here and there, perhaps, it's pretty good.

But it's dogmatic, draws the lines too fast.
 My whole philosophy's opposed to it,
 For I'm the soul of liberality.
 I dread its influence on the mind of youth ;
 Let grown up people read it if they choose :
 I never put it in my children's hands ;
 'Twould separate them hopelessly from me :
 A father's feelings you can understand.
 The very thought's enough to drive one mad.
 Exclude it still from your curriculum ;
 Pursue the lines your President laid down
 In his explicit admirable speech,
 So full of wisdom, and benevolence,
 So worthy of a great philosopher
 (Thrice bowed the President and blandly smiled).
 That my heart melts within me, and the tears
 Spring to my eyes (with Indian handkerchief
 He blew his nose), as I recall his words,
 That will forever echo in my ears—
 Pursue these noble, most exalted lines,
 And your's is my most ardent sympathy,
 My moral and material support ;
 For liberal endowments you shall have,
 And brilliant men Professors on your staff,
 Enthusiastic scholars, and a fame
 Wide as the world, with all the world's applause.
 All these are mine to give, and where I will
 I lavishly bestow. You catch the fire ;
 Your hearts expanded ; your eyes dilate. I see
 We shall be fellow-labourers and friends,
 The truth and education our cause,
 Shake hands? most heartily with one and all.
 No thank you, Mr. President, I won't
 Take lunch. I must be off. Some day I hope
 To have the pleasure of your company
 At home for some considerable time.
 I'll entertain you, sir, as you deserve.
 My name? O yes, I almost had forgot ,
 I think you must have heard it—I'm the DEVIL.
 Thereon he vanished. With a start I woke,
 And found, like Bunyan, it was all a dream.

—*Algernon Bays.*

ON Saturday, March 2nd, Mons. Pernet delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture to the College on the use of French idioms in the English language, and also on the French Shakespear, Moliere. This lecture was separate from those of the course, and the mathematical room, where it was delivered, was well filled.

DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS obtained an unfortunate notoriety as one of the Essay and Review writers. He was a man of learning and ability, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and as such held the living of Broadchalke, Wilts, of which he died Vicar. His successor, the Rev. W. H. Whitley, Fellow of King's, very kindly copied for me, in 1876, the following lines, which, with his appended note, I send you as worthy of a place in your College paper.

JOHN CARRY.

Port Perry, 19th Feb., 1883.

Elegiacs by Dr. Rowland Williams in the Register Book of the Parish. Broadchalke, copied by W. H. Whitley, Vicar, 1876.

Hinc liber inceptit ; devenerat advena, mortis,
 Hospitium rogicans ; ossa recepit humus
 Si nobis propriumque solum, propriumque sepulchum,
 Res peregrina tamen vita, brevisque datur.
 Ante Liber quam tu finieris, erit ne superstes
 Quæ miri paulisper mens fragilisque manus?
 Scire nefas ; tantum non omnis vita peribit,
 Cui bene Velle Deus,—Vera docere—dedit !

The above elegant lines are inscribed in Dr. Rowland Williams' hand writing, at the first entry in a new Burial Register in the year 1866. The entry being that of 'Joseph Bull,' a wandering gipsy, who died after a short illness of the lungs, in a wood on the Downs in the Parish. Poor Dr. R. W's own name is found in the same book. Jan. 22, 1870.

Below we give an English version of these lines by the Rev. Prof. Boys :

The book commences with a stranger's name,
 The first death's hospitality to claim,
 If we be pilgrims ; if the earth alone,
 And tomb be all that we can call ~~our~~ our own.
 Before, O Book, thy closing page appear
 This fleeting soul, frail hand, will they be here ?
 We know not ; but his life's not vainly given
 Who, pure of heart, shows men the way to heaven.

Rouge et Noir.

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All matter intended for publication to be addressed to the Editors.

Trinity College

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

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1883.

IT gives us great pleasure to learn that Rev. Mr. Starr is already meeting with the most gratifying success in his exertions for the raising of the Supplemental Endowment Fund.

THE College Library has now assumed, under the management of Prof. Schneider, an orderly appearance that would astonish any one who knew it under its old

aspect. We learn with pleasure that the Fees for Degrees, &c., are in future to be devoted to the purchase of new books. In this connection, it may be as well to call attention to a correspondent's letter on the subject of the new books purchased, indicating a danger, that of making the library exclusively theological, into which, we must admit, there seems some danger of our falling.

It is with great pleasure that we record the fact that the College authorities have at last taken action on the subject of the new gymnasium, so often advocated in our columns. The Provost, with characteristic energy has already called on a prominent athletic member of the College for a list of the things required, and if events justify present appearances, the beginning of next academic year will see us with a new gymnasium, properly equipped, a want that has been long felt. The thanks of the students are due to the authorities for their action in this matter

WE learn too that at the last meeting of the Corporation it was resolved to create the office of Esquire Bedell. We were somewhat in the dark as to what this might be, being undecided, whether it was a piece of furniture, or perhaps a companion piece to that straddling and overgrown object dignified by the name of the College plate. On turning to Worcester, however, we found a bedell to be an inferior officer in a University, the term being the same as beadle. From this we conclude that the gentleman's duties will be to carry that section of a curtain pole known as the College mace in procession before the Chancellors. We anticipate a very large number of applicants for this honorable and responsible position.

THERE is yet another point we would venture to bring to their notice, that of the Institute reading room. In our December issue we published a letter from a correspondent, dealing with the subject in a humorous way, yet, with a good deal of truth. Now that so many of the students are limited to a single room each, a common sitting room might almost be reckoned among the necessities. As things are now, the reading room is a place of such utter desolation that none would stay longer in it than absolutely obliged. To re-paper the room, provide a carpet, and a few comfortable chairs, and new reading desks, would not entail a ruinous expense, and though of course there is no obligation on the authorities in the matter, yet their attention to it would be a graceful act of kindness, which would earn the thanks of all the students.

THE most striking feature of the past decade has been the marvellous advance in every branch of learning, and in none has this advance been more marked than in the science of Theology. The novel nature of the attacks made upon the Christian religion has caused an entirely new departure. It is no longer isolated facts that are at-

tacked, but the whole fabric of the Faith. And this has necessitated a change of front on the part of its Defenders—obliging them to show that not only is Christianity compatible with the most recent discoveries in the fields of science, but to further prove that one is the complement of the other. In consequence of this, study in every department of Theology has received an impetus. Biblical criticism and its kindred subjects have been made the subject of the minutest investigation with the natural result of a vast increase of knowledge.

As a University whose most distinctive feature is its Theological training it was of course necessary that this new state of things should be recognized and provided for, particularly as regards the qualifications required for exclusively Theological degrees, such as B. D. and D. D. This necessitated a change in the statutes formerly governing the admission to those degrees, which, though excellent for the time at which they were instituted, are now inadequate. Hence the new statute, which, although in one particular we considered open to hostile criticism is as regards the lines of study laid down, most admirable. It is not our intention to reproduce its features in any detail. Our graduates will probably receive a copy of the statute itself, but we think it as well to note its mere salient characteristics. The first thing in the scheme that attracts one's attention is the encouragement given to proficiency in some one department of study; a recognition of the fact that the field has become so wide that it is almost impossible for any one man to do justice to it. We find that a candidate for the degree of B. D. can take up for his degree any one of the five principal departments of Theology, viz: Old Testament and its language; New Testament and its language; Patristics and Ecclesiastical History; Liturgies and Dogmatic Theology; or Apologetics. The books prescribed indicate that a searching knowledge of the selected branch will be required, comprising as they do the latest works in each department. The course for the D. D. degree is on the same lines widened and extended, with the additional requirement of a Thesis on some important point connected with the branch selected.

We feel confident that any one studying the requirements under this new statute for the Theological degree will be convinced that it has been drawn up with the utmost attention to the needs of the present day, and that holding of a B. D. or D. D. degree from Trinity College will be a guarantee of sound, accurate Theological knowledge.

THE last two years, indeed, mark an epoch in the history of our University. The advent of the present Provost was looked forward to with a great deal of interest and hope, and our hopes were much more than realized. Already the Chair in Divinity is very ably filled, and the Supplemental Endowment Fund is advancing with such rapid strides that every prospect is held out to us of Chairs of Science and Modern Languages being founded

in a very short time. Although, up to the present, we have not had Chairs in the above-mentioned branches, it must not be thought that we are altogether asleep; but, of course, proper attention could not be paid unless more time was devoted to them, which was impossible without professors of the respective subjects. In both French Science and the Arts' Divinity, there is now an Honour course, and in the first a most thorough one, under the able superintendence of M. E. Pernet, and yet, we regret to say, no mention is made in the degree of those who have devoted much time and distinguished themselves in one or both subjects. Supposing, under the existing regime, a man matriculates who had a particular talent for modern languages, and takes the ordinary pass course, with the addition of the honours set down in modern languages. It must be remembered then, that he is taking work extra to the passman's course, nevertheless, even if he becomes extraordinarily proficient in this extra work, when he goes up to Convocation it is entirely ignored, except, perhaps, the passing comment is made before the audience that "Mr. So-and-so did very well in such a branch;" that is, he receives the same notice as a man who has distinguished himself in the mathematics, for instance, of the Pass course. It would not be possible to make a regular tripos, as in classics and mathematics, but still we should suggest that something akin to an Honorary Fourth might be made use of until we have the proper Honour course.

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.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR :

SIR. We have a College Library, but would it not be well to find out what use it is to students in general. About two-thirds of the books are works on divinity, another quarter are old classics, and the remainder form a miscellaneous collection of old books, which are entirely out of date, and yet, in spite of the preponderance of works on Divinity, the new books are in the same proportion. Out of about two dozen new books, all, except two, are of a theological nature. The most utterly useless of all is a "Diocesan History" of the English Church, in six volumes. It is simply throwing away money to buy books which have no intrinsic value, and which nobody will read.

The library is perfectly in keeping with the idea which seems to have prevailed in times past, viz., to make this whole establishment as nearly like a mere Divinity school as possible. It is to be hoped that, since the College is improving in other respects, this state of affairs will be remedied also.

A WOULD-BE READER.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR :

SIRS:—The end of the term has now arrived, and of course the usual feeling of dissatisfaction at some grievance or another, prevades everybody's breast; some fancied injustice on the part of the authorities or, perhaps, deserved punishment. However there are two subjects in my mind which are deserving of deliberation, the first one being that of what has now become a general custom amongst the men; I refer to the custom of taking tea on Sunday evenings in our rooms. Now up to the present we have had to pay for everything we got from the steward for that purpose, down to a slice of bread. I think this is rather hard. Couldn't some arrangement be made so that all who do not go down into Hall might have some allowance?

What I would next draw attention to, is the present system of "gates." The rule as it now stands, is that an undergraduate may be out two nights in the week until ten o'clock, or one until twelve. Now on account of the distance from the city which the College is situated, the first part of this law is virtually useless; if a man goes to visit a friend one night, wishing to have a another evening out in the same week, he has to rush off at a few minutes past nine to reach College in time. Supposing he gets in five minutes after he has not the privilege of the other night till ten, for, because he has exceeded that hour by even five minutes, he is considered as having used the one night till twelve. This is to say the least most absurd, why couldn't the law be extended to two nights till eleven? Surely when the authorities drew it up

as it now stands they did not do so expecting a man to study after his return; this seems to be the only thing that it *could* have been done for, useless as it may seem.

Hoping this suggestion will not pass without notice.

I am, yours etc.,

INDIGNATIO.

Feb. 28th.

TORONTO, March 7th, 1883.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR :

Gentlemen,—It is not my intention to take up but a small space of your valuable columns. I, as one deeply interested, wish to make a few remarks with regard to the singing at present in the chapel. I am exceedingly glad to say that several or rather many of the men have of late awakened to a sense of their duty and privilege, and have been most regular in their attendance at the choir practices. The consequence is, our singing is rendered in a much more becoming manner, is more hearty, and in every way remarkably improved. At such practices an opportunity is presented of constantly introducing new chants and hymn tunes, which tend to greatly increase the interest of all concerned. We feel indebted to Professor Schneider for the very kindly way in which he presides over the practices, and shews himself to be fully in sympathy with our work. It is to be hoped that the remainder of the men will soon come to a proper feeling in respect to the matter, and so will find their way to the chapel on Friday evenings at 7 o'clock.

To have good music, we must have good practice.

Yours, &c.,

BETA.

CRICKET.

"How strange it is," says Miss Mitford, "that a bit of leather and some bits of wood should have such a charm and such a spirit-stirring power." Strange though it be, it is true. There is no game like cricket, no game that has such a hold on all truly British men and boys, and believing that merit in the long run always wins, one is forced to think that cricket deserves all the praise bestowed on it, and that it is the best as it is undoubtedly the most popular of English sports. It is not the writer's intention to give an elaborate abstract article on this king of games—there are too many extant, besides one has only to read the sporting column of the *Mail* to become thoroughly conversant with its modern phases and advantages. It is hoped that by comparing Trinity cricket of to-day with what it was a few years ago, and by offering a few suggestions for raising the club to its former status, the graduates and undergraduates will be induced to take a lively interest in the advancement of our healthiest and most important pastime. Several years ago Trinity was looked upon as the centre of Canadian cricket, and the members of the club were quoted as authorities on all matters pertaining to the game. The reputation won by the invincible eleven of '54, captained by Rev. T. D. Phillipps, and coached in a measure by Mr. G. A. Barber, was held unimpaired till within the last decade, when it began to wane, and, notwithstanding the almost herculean efforts made by a few

individual members of the club, that reputation was shamefully lost and disgraced during the season of '81. Why was this? It was chiefly owing to the lack of interest shown by the graduates and undergraduates, who were so wrapped up in their own indifference that they placidly beheld what they ought to have considered a personal disgrace. However, all lovers of Trinity and her foster sons will be pleased to learn that the turning point in her downward career in out-door sports has been reached, and that she promises soon to regain her enviable reputation, and to rank among the first clubs—perhaps as the best—in this province. Last year, nine matches were played, four of which were won, two lost and three drawn. The principal victories were those gained over University College, Whitby and Toronto, while decided defeats were sustained from the Bankers of Ontario and Aurora. Looking at matters from this point of view, the record is not a bad one, but when one considers that the batting average for the players was 42 (the highest 8, the lowest 2) one is reasonably led to suppose that there is much room for improvement, and, indeed, there is. This can only be brought about by following the advice given by all professionals, whether of music or cricket, to "practice hard and practice constantly." Practicing among Trinity men seems utterly unnecessary, and to be looked upon as an exploded idea, from the carrying out of which no benefit can be derived. But this is not an exploded idea, and, moreover, it is the only means by which a club can ever succeed in the field. It is the secret of the success ascribed to English elevens and it will bring success to all clubs carrying it out systematically, and on the plan suggested by Mr. Grace. It is not enough for two or three men to engage for half an hour or so in what is known as "12 ball practice." There must be regular practice days besides, and to make these days conduct to any beneficial result, the college must turn out in a body, and to a man engage energetically in the play. Last year the practice was very poor, and in several cases did more harm than good. The bowling, often loose and careless, encouraged a dangerous, slogging style of batting, that, had the season been longer, might have proved ruinous. As it was, two promising batsmen were spoiled through their paying too much attention to this kind of practice. In matches both bowlers and batsmen seemed to realize the necessity of careful play, and the former maintained the credit of the college by the exceptionally good averages they secured. However, this is not a precedent to be blindly followed. Good as it is for players to show themselves at their best on match days, it is absolutely necessary to do their best at practice. This is especially true when, as in the present year, the bowlers will have to be taught from the first, and trained up for matches. Let this not be discouraging to any who hope to become masters of the art of "trundling." Canada's best bowler learnt his cricket at Trinity, and the legend of his bowling at a post in the gymnasium and then walking to the other

side and bowling the ball back again for half an hour every day, offers encouragement to any neophyte who hopes to win the position in cricket circles which Mr. Logan now holds. Scratch matches give excellent practice, and it will be advisable for the incoming committee to have as many of them as possible, and also to arrange several games with Upper Canada College. Their fielding is always good, and their bowling this year is expected to be above the average. Last year our club had a balance on hand of \$20.00, but this season the financial condition is not so satisfactory. Many expenses will probably be contracted, as the usual supply of material is required, and an additional outlay will be found necessary for the improvement of the crease and the purchase of a new roller. It is therefore earnestly requested that friends, graduates and undergraduates will tender the club liberal contributions and hearty support. The three institutions, which bear Trinity's name, and to a certain extent give Trinity her prestige, are the Cricket and Football Clubs and ROUGE ET NOIR, and from the support which these are receiving we are glad to be able to deduce the conclusion, that that marked and deplorable apathy amongst Trinity men, in all matters which go far towards raising our reputation in the eyes of the public, is fast dying out, chiefly through the force of individual exertion. Messrs. Campbell, Tewnley and Godfrey, were the bowlers and mainstays last season, and in their departure the Club suffers a severe loss. However our last year's captain, though busy in the other end of the city, will be with us, and we trust will lead us on to many more victories. It is rumoured that Trinity Medical boasts of two or three good men. If so, their services are very much needed, and should be secured. The outgoing Secretary intends calling the first annual meeting about the 5th of April, and expects it will be well attended.

Let every man in College now interest himself in Cricket, and our annual record will be creditable. It is a grand, healthy, life-giving pastime, and is worthy of its appellation the "noble game of Cricket."

EXCHANGES.

Our friend *Argosy* takes our criticism very much to heart. Quite right, we meant that it should; but let it take heart, so modest a wish will certainly be granted.

A well-written number of the *Hellmouth World* lies before us. We wonder why the shape of this paper has not been altered there is so much room for improvement. "Elijah" is quite up to the average of college poems.

The King's College Record as good as ever. "In the unseen," rather an ambitious subject, is well handled. "Helen of Troy" is very readable, adds considerably to our previous knowledge. We would recommend further research.

The *Crimson* contains a well written poem entitled, "Vorbei." The metre seems suggested by Kingsley's "Three Fishers." There is nothing else in the number calling for comment.

The *University Magazine* is almost a model as regards its get-up. In the last number that we received is a well-written story entitled, "An Autumn Leaf." The rest of the paper is a little above the average.

Have also received amongst others *The Acadia Athenæum*, *College Journal*, *College Menage*, *Dartmouth*, *Hobart Herald*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Portfolio*, *Revue*, *Spectator*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Undergraduate*, *Vivette Reporter*, and *Woodstock Gazette*

The Monmouth Collegian show signs of improvement. That's right, brisken up; we expect great things from you yet.

The Adelpian, though not by any means a model college paper, is yet in some respects above the average. The issue for this month is very much set off by some dozen sketches, the work of the students of the college. One or two are perhaps a little unfinished, but taken all in all we like them much. The sketch after the picture by J. G. Brown is particularly effective.

We have received the second number of the *Astrum Alberti*. The writer of "The Three Cosmogonies" raps hard all round. He is particularly severe on the evolutionists, whom he literally scorches up. Could he not have found a more simple and better definition of the term than the one selected? There are such. Ridicule does not always take the place of argument. Now, *Astrum*, take our advice, don't be too ambitious. No doubt but you will be able to produce a poet in time. Wait! For the present silence is golden.

Varsity runs rather heavily this week. There is a long and well-written article on undergraduate freedom. We can feel for the students of that university, and have no doubt that it would be very pleasant indeed if "between the slavery of the school and the dull routine of practical life there could be at least a few years of freedom." We hardly expect just at present to witness the founding of an institution where neither lectures will have to be attended nor term exams passed, but where every matriculated student will be allowed to follow the bent of his own sweet will. We are certain that the books of such an institution would be well filled, but doubt if the public would value highly the degrees and diplomas conferred.

The McGill College Gazette! Dear *Gazette*, did we hurt its young and tender feelings by saying things we hadn't orter? Well, I'm sure we're very sorry; we are, indeed. We wouldn't do it again for anything; but we did know that it wasn't run by doctors, lawyers, and the rest, don't-ye-know. We only made use of the exceedingly elastic figure best known as *meton*, and put the full-fledged article for the *embryo*. But the *Gazette's* a nice paper, all the same, even if it doesn't hold itself responsible for its contributed matter. Who would, we'd like to know. And why should'nt it pat those that pat it, for do not other editors likewise? So cheer up, *Gazette*, and hire the author of the "Loss of the Asia" to hitch up a few more comic poems of the same stamp for your columns, and you'll come out all right yet.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Five o'clock teas have become quite fashionable in College this term.

Mr. J—is Licut.-Col., or drill instructor, or something, to the Q. O. R.—so we hear.

Mr. B—suggested going to the last carnivalasa "broken gate." Probably he would have retired to the country for a season if he had.

Hurrah! we're going to have a gymnasium at last, and the hens can roost unmolested and the cows chew their cud in peace in the place where of your our antecedents broke their limbs on the bare floors.

"The enervating tide of luxury"—ahem!—Shakpear—is slowly engulfing the ancient frugality. Hospitality, which generally took the form of bread and cheese, and beer, has degenerated into cakes and temperance drinks.

Some say 'tis climate, others, love of sleep,
That pious men from morning chapel keep.
But nay! not so! 'tis over anxious care
For coffee, cake and interludes of prayer.

Episcopon was read by the scribe, Mr. Brent, on Friday at the usual hour, and proved a very successful number. We were glad to see the familiar faces of some grads beaming through the fog of smoke which always forms a fitting halo for *Episcopon's* bony frame.

Oh culinary tutor have a care!
There's danger lurking round that gloomy stair.
When the clock has struck eleven
Retire or thou'lt be driven
—To despair.

A notice has just been posted up announcing that the \$30 which was expended during last vacation on repairs—chiefly the pannels of the doors of the Upper Western—has to be made up among those resident last term. Considering that most of those damages were inflicted years and years ago, we feel despondent at having to pay for our ancestors' misdeeds.

DURING the past few weeks a grand opportunity was offered all students who were unable to swim; water came through the roof in such abundance that one man was floated, bed and all, out of his own room into a fellow student's. We believe the flood is abating, but the room itself is so dam(p)aged that he will be unable to make any use of it until next term.

We regret to have to record the resignation, since our last issue, of Mr. Ritchie, senior editor of ROUGE ET NOIR. This gentleman has occupied the position of editor since his first term in College—an honour seldom granted to a Freshman. Sufficient praise cannot be bestowed on Mr. Ritchie for his indefatigable labours in connection with this paper, not only as an *editor*, but also an *author*, many of the poems which have attracted the attention of our subscribers, owing to their marked superiority to the ordinary run of College poetry, being from his pen. Mr. Brent is his successor, to whom we wish all success.

The last meeting of the Literary Institute for the year '82-'83 was held on Friday, 2nd inst. After readings, a very successful debate took place on the subject, "Resolved:—That the execution of Archbishop Laud was justifiable." On the affirmative, Messrs. Davidson, N. F., Belt and Gibson, B. A.; on the negative, Messrs. Dumble, Kenrick and Rev. C. Shortt, B. A. Excellent speeches were delivered on both sides, of which Mr. Gibson's and Mr. Shortt's are deserving of special mention. The result was in favour of the negative by the very slim majority of one. The usual proceedings of the meeting being concluded, valedictories were delivered by several members of the out-going year, among whom were Messrs. Gibson, B. A., Davidson, B. A., Hague and Moore. In the departure of Mr. Davidson, who, we understand, purposes travelling in Europe, we have to record a great loss to the Institute. Besides being prominent as a member for the energy which is characteristic in him, he, for the past year, has filled the position of Secretary in an exceedingly efficient manner. Mr. C. Scadding has been elected to the post thus made vacant, and we have no doubt will be as great a success in it as in all his previous undertakings, especially, we may mention, in his connection with this paper as Business Manager.

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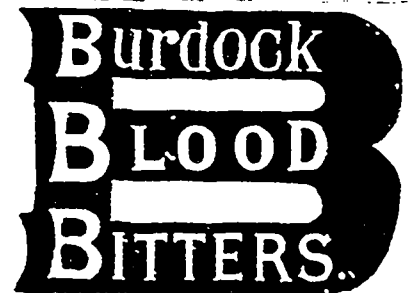


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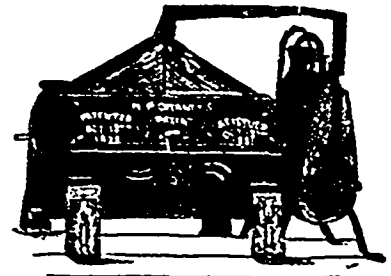
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