

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. VI.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, JUNE, 1885.

No. 4.

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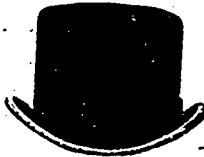
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AN AUGUST WARNING.

O cold bleak wind, why must thou weep and moan,
With such wild warning, so forebodingly ?
There is no voice to-day but thine alone,
Piercing soft summer with that autumn cry :
Oh why is all the world so bleak and wet ?
Hush, hush, mad wind it is not autumn yet.

Two days ago the woods, and fields, and skies
Were full of slumberous notes and shadowy gleams,
It seemed as if grey Time's own restless eyes,
Grown faint, change weary, lulled with nectarous dreams,
Had fallen adrowse in some deep drift of flowers
And lost the counting of the rose-crowned hours.

All day cool shadows o'er the drowsy kine
The wide elms in the shining pastures flung ;
The tufted branches of the sun-soaked pine
Grey-silvery in the burning noontide hung ;
The light winds chattered in the poplar leaves ;
The squirrels robbed among the golden sheaves.

Deep in the woods through the warm silent hours
Brown shadows wavered on the mottled mould ;
In the still gardens full of light and flowers
No word of death or any doom was told,
No voice there was but of the birds and trees,
And day-long labor of unceasing bees.

Surely the days had voices too divine
To hear one word that drear November saith.
Was there in all the world one note of thine ?
Had one sear leaf foretold the dreary death ?
Ah wintry wind, it was not time to blight
That golden peace, that languor of delight.

Sad weary wind, away, why must thou mock
Soft summer's faith, her short lived fantasy ?
See how the slim flame-knotted holly hock
In the cold garden close sways fearfully,
And though the hours life-bearing be not told,
The sweet pinks droop, the roses are acold.

The tall elms sway, and wring their chilly leaves,
And moan in long-drawn frightened agony ;
Far on the upland slopes the dusk pine grieves
Vast-voiced for his sombre misery ;
The clover fields lie sodden, chill and grey ;
The poor numbed bees can get no heart to-day.

The time is short : the dark hour cometh fast,
Why tease the warm earth with thy misery ?
We would not know that death must come at last.
Sweet summer folds us round. Oh let us be.
Though all the world be cold and sad and wet,
Grey bitter wind it is not autumn yet.

A. LAMPMAN.

LEAVES FROM A PROPHET'S NOTE BOOK.

(II.)

Reader, if you deem that our object in delivering these fancies is but to pass the hour, or reach nothing but your smile, you err. They are but the form and the shell. Our aim has been, and our recompense will be, that, though the form may perish with the reading, yet the spirit may remain and speak to us afterwards. Truth cannot die, but it can hide in a cloud no bigger than a man's hand ; and prejudice or thoughtlessness have kept many a truth locked up for ages. Let us be willing to learn from each other, even from our humblest brother, if we have need. Let us not turn away from sermons, even in stones, if they can teach us, for the furtherance of our common aim ; toward the attainment of our united prayer ; for truth's sake ! And if stones and flowers and nature can teach me, how much more can my brother's experience, of the life I live, of the world I dwell in !

Deferring for the present the moral of the last paper (though evident) and continuing his sketches from the lives of eminent personages he has known, the Prophet now turns a leaf of his Note Book, and the next on the list is one whom modesty forbids him to name ; a person in fact of whom the modesty of the nineteenth century forbids his entertaining any favorable opinion. With this we introduce him—a very young theologian.

My idea, ever since I knew the Greek for *amen*, had been (and herein all the reasonable will agree with me) that the most natural way towards *effective preaching* must be "preaching for effect." Be this as it may, however, certain it is that on the very first occasion of my mounting the rostrum I preached, if not "for effect," as my maxim was, most indisputably *with effect*. My first attempt at preaching proved, as the event will show, of a *most effective* kind ; and judged by this, your humble servant might certainly have been registered as a successful preacher. N. B.—It may at this stage appear affectation to say so, but that it is, in reality, the height of modesty in me, enough even to satisfy the nineteenth century, will appear directly. My first attempt at preaching (as I said before) proved of a most effective kind ; but, unfortunately, the effect was not precisely

in the direction either intended or desired, as was most affecting to note. "Religion," says Lytton, in *The Carvtons*, "is not mathematics. It is a thing to be felt, not proved." This also I, as a theologian, faithfully believed. I argued thus: Religion is not a science but a revelation; something to be felt rather than proved; and hence the appeal of its propagators should be primarily to the *emotions*. Was not that perfectly sound? If anything was needed to clinch it indelibly upon my mind it was found the first time I tried my wings. I found it to be a *fact*, upon the very first adventure, that the emotions of the human mind *are* the first to be aroused, and the most readily affected by religious exhortation. But, unfortunately (alas, I was always unfortunate at first), the emotions evinced on that occasion were not of the character I wished to arouse. They were of a *vindictive* rather than of a purely religious nature. I found afterwards that, owing to a mistake I made at the outset (which will be mentioned), I had appealed to the *wrong* emotions, in fact to those of *anger*, *hatred* and *revenge*, and, therefore, upon mature consideration afterwards, I could not blame my audience in the least, but rather myself, or more specifically, the means I employed. Never whip the wrong dog: *They* acted in a purely natural way. Nothing else could have been expected under the circumstances. It was simply the effect following upon its sufficient cause, and in fact the whole affair was an excellent illustration of the workings of that universal law.

Well, one day, having discomfited all the examiners, and shaken hands with the Bishop, I donned a certain strange dress, not prescribed for those of the Old Dispensation, but which would have been equally becoming to them, and found myself cast loose—a modern prophet.

A parish had been assigned me—a large country district, among a people rude but honest, rough, outspoken and practical, as one generally finds in a new country. I was full of impatience to begin, and when, full of confidence, I learned from the Diocesan that our Episcopalian services had scarcely ever been heard in that district, and that the ministrations of our church were entirely unknown. I felt very much like the hero in *Martin Chuzzlewit* when he was assured that there was positively not *one* architect in the distant city of "Eden!" My impatience to commence operations now being beyond control. I set off. (*But stop! Wait a minute! Come back!*)

I succeed in arresting my subject upon his headlong way and bring him back in order to describe (tho', I fear, at the risk of violating the canons of modesty) his attainments in those arts which give a knowledge of human nature (with which he was now proposing to deal); his attainments herein being, you observe, rather of a negative character. Well then, do not imagine, good sirs, that in the abandoned individual described in the first paper of this series I was depicting *myself*. Far

from so! That was "another boy" at "our school," and I only introduced him in order that you might know him next time you see him. No; for I did not at that time immolate tobacco. I was innocent of every such "folly." Innocence itself. A moss-rose-bud-raised-under-glass. For example, had never been to a matinee or afternoon performance even. The nearest approach had made to a novel was when one came out under the wings of *The Churchman*, and then had only read it on a *Sunday*. Had only once *dreamed* of a tobacco *pouch* (true I was then ill). Had only barely smelt the smoke from a *cigarette*. This from principle you understand. I would go out of my way five yards to avoid a cigarette, —a cigar, ten,—while for a pipe (*especially a long German looking one*)—*gewillikins!*—I can't tell you how far! Can it be wondered that at that period my knowledge of the world was small—my knowledge of men, their hearts, their thoughts and their ways?—when so largely thitherto, my world had consisted of myself and I?

Ah well! "It takes all sorts to make a world." Who would have thought that that was only ten years ago? I look back upon it now (instead of *forward*) 'Such is life'—the "experience of life." It all goes to make up "the experience of life"!

Here, while this moralizing is going on, I break away, and this time I escape; and neither the writer of my life nor all the editors with their inseparable devils and typos can keep me longer from my parish. And while the train is jumping and jerking along at the rate of 17 miles an hour, like a kangaroo in a thunderstorm, I will tell you what that old yellow trunk contains—my *library!* What books? Well, you see, before packing my books I had disposed of those volumes which seemed less likely to be of service in my campaign against the heathen; and this left me only the following, which I soon hoped to supplement with others of the same class:—Bible and Prayer Book, of course, Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, Hebrew Dictionary and Liddell & Scott, Butler's Analogy, Hooker's Ecc. Pol., Pearson on the Creed. With much regret I had left behind my large copy of Justin Martyr (with a picture of Trypho on the fly, done by the boy in No. 1), and a fascinating old Latin work of the 3rd century, called "Tertullian," at the house of my uncle on 12th street, which house, curiously enough, was visited by burglars less than a week after.

Pardon a digression. These two works last named remind us of Pearson. When we were at Jerkwell (the name of our college) together with the Fathers, we read Pearson—ancient and modern! First, we took up the notes on an article, which occupied us on an average three weeks, at the rate of two lectures a week, after which we proceeded to the sombre but more edifying text. These notes were not unfrequently written in the tongue of the Chaldeans, which language was not at that

time taught within our walls. It may be hoped that in this regard there has been an improvement in our *Alma Mater*, if only for the Professors' sake, for we usually resigned the Syriac and Chaldee notes for the Professor to translate. I used, in those days, to think that if I had been Pearson, I would have published a "Bohn" for my notes, since the almost incomprehensible text appeared to depend so largely for its comprehension upon the, to us, totally incomprehensible notes. I silenced myself, however, by the consideration—in which the alumni of that day will doubtless concur—that Bishop Pearson knew what he was doing a great deal better than we did. As it was, we were compelled to extract the honey and sweetness of the notes—with a diligence nothing short of *apistical*—through the medium of an English assistant in MS., that had been handed down from generation to generation of Jerkwell tugs—a book in which some benevolent and large-hearted tug (abundantly canonized in the hearts of us all—may he rest in peace!) had registered *his* idea of the meaning of the notes, but which successive scribes of later centuries had glossed and interpolated with *their* suggestions and ideas—and so on—until—*agrescit medendo*—we of the nineteenth century seriously contemplated handing down to posterity a revised version, and would have done so had it not been for the decline of learning among us: But this believe, that never to this day do I hear a person say, "Give us your authority", without thinking of Pearson's notes.

Revenons a nos montous—let us return to our hero. With a lack of modesty painfully characteristic and becoming more and more apparent, we crave the reader's forbearance and invite his attention again to our subject, who is impatient, at this stage, to go on. His narrative continues. I reached my parish on Tuesday evening, and was most kindly received on all hands (*sic*), and engaged to conduct service the Sunday following. To pass over the intervening days, on Sunday, at the hour appointed, I met a large congregation, and set them to work singing a hymn, in order to study their characters by their countenances. You have frequently heard the remark that the face of a person under the influence—of music—assumes then, if at no other time, its most natural expression. I could give interesting illustrations of this fact, were I not haunted by visions of the wastebasket which devours (1) What will make the most handy-sized spills for the editor's use; (2) What is "too lengthy for this issue;" (3) What is nameless; and I hurry on. After the liturgy, the responses of which were bravely sustained by one man, I rose to preach. The interest—well, perhaps curiosity, was intense. It was reflected from all sides in a deep, pervading silence. Even the watches ceased ticking. The horses outside stopped shaking their bridles and biting the fence. A wasp flew out of the window. The ubiquitous pin only needed dropping in order to reverberate distinctly. In

fact, pins could almost be heard sticking in a man's vest or humming in a lady's Sunday collar—"Ahem!"—I gazed out the text. The congregation stared. It was in two words!

"*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*" I have said that times have changed, so you will please understand that I am not now what I visibly was then. I respected Pearson—not because I understood him, yet I respected him, and he had not been without his influence on my mind. I thought there was no one like him for inspiring awe, and that in this the feelings of others would agree with mine. Further, I believed that *awe* was everything in religion—anyhow, I not merely thought as a child, but as a fool, and this will suffice to explain the following. I took for my sermon a chapter (Art. 1.) of the Exposition of the Creed. It may sound strange, but I had never written a sermon in my life, except one at College, which the professor did not read. In fact, I had, at this time, no *intention* of writing discourses, at least not for six years—as long as Pearson, and Butler, and other writers of *acknowledged* greater sagacity than myself, lasted. And, on *this* occasion, long, long, anxiously, carefully, striving for impartiality, did I weigh the respective merits and conflicting claims of Pearson and Butler as to which should *lead off* in this my first campaign. It might have been better and it might have been worse, but in all probability it would have been the same thing—had my award been different; but by the time that eventful Sunday came round, the divine of Chester had triumphed over the irrefutable *A.* ologist, and I concluded to keep Butler for "revivals" in my church, if ever it should need one.

Kindly bear in mind what was before stated that I am not the same person that I was, and I will proceed I believe I left myself standing in the pulpit, and now return in time to hear myself say "ahem!" a second time. I felt sublime—almost divine—(how many steps is it from there to the ridiculous?) and in order to intensify the strain upon the people's expectation, I give out the text and location a second time.

Then—but here, dear boys, silence is golden. "You must excuse me." "A veil must fall." *You may read the sermon for yourselves.* Still written upon the mystic page. It was printed, you know, though not by the request of that congregation—my congregation. I saw the people fidgeting about. I thought it was emotion. I heard them laughing. I thought it was weeping, and I went on more confidently than before. Then a man got up and went out. I thought he went out to conceal his grief. Several others followed. I thought they were gone to encourage him. Finally, I concluded. How I got home through the angry crowd that hedged the place (in their own dialect) I "disremember." The following Sunday, wishing to give him a fair trial, I let Butler speak for himself at the other church, which had been loaned to me; but here the effort was only less disastrous because

of the smaller attendance. I repacked my library and prepared to quit the country.

To this day the Bishop regards that vicinity as the black spot of his diocese. An Episcopal minister shows his face there at his own peril, though the more timid of the inhabitants will flee as if they had seen a railroad train. I intend, however, to preach again in that country, if I live, but it will be in disguise. I shall go as a Jumper, a Hard-water or Soft-water Baptist, or in the guise of some other popular religiousist, certainly not in my true colors.

My old sexton was the only man of those parts to stand by me. (He was an illustration of the law of *reaction*, so often observed in theology. He was what is called a "Boiled-water Baptist," his father having professed the special tenets of the "Ice-water Baptists.") He came to my room the day after that first Sabbath, his kindness of heart struggling with his natural veracity. The former was strongest, and he merely told me that the people considered me "kinder 'stracted," while he should have mentioned that I had been lynched in effigy that very morning, as he very well knew—having tied the hangman's knot himself. This was learned afterwards by the Bishop on his biennial tour. I now gave him (the sexton) a quarter for his faithfulness, whereupon he sat down and delivered the following lecture which I took down in shorthand for the benefit of your readers: "Bors 'n preacher, yorter know we folks haint got the gift o' tongues like you 'n' the rest o' the blessed Pörsels! Yer must be fram some cawlege, shooting off wi' yer furrin jargo and ellycution. We here speaks all of us in the tongue wharin which we was borned. We haint none of yer Porthins, as knows Greek! We haint Injuns or 'Squimeaux. We haint them tarnal Canucks yer finds eatin' porridge up in Canidy! We haint Hellymites! No, sor! We be sich as you see us. Why, them men as yer seen yesterday, they didn't come for *nuthin*. Come to *larn* suffin. Some o' them could ha' cut a cord of wood the time they was wasting in church; and they won't come again in a hurry for noboddy—and don't you forget yourself! But this I want to say to yer, Cap'n, we could follow yer all day Saturday. Then you was a shoutin'. Yer talked our lingo, Saturday—by golly, why didn't yer keep to it on Sunday? You'll scuse me, sor. I wish yer g'day!"

DEATH OF HYPATIA.

Ravenging like wolves the cursed horde
Swept up the church's pillared space;
Fierce eyes, lean faces, lined and scored
By passion's fires, filled all the place,
And in their midst that one clear face
Shone out, undimmed by fear of death;
Dumb at the sight of man so base,
Naked and blanched for one brief breath

She stood—then, with a sickening yell
They closed upon her—shriek on shriek
Rang piercing out—as each sharp shell
Rent the soft flesh,—and then grew weak,
Died to a moan. See! out they sneak
Like hell hounds gluttied of their prey,—
Without grim rage, men cannot speak
Of those cowed devils' work that day.

J. A. R.

SOCIALISM AND ITS RELATION TO PERSONAL LIBERTY.

"The vast frame
Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at need,—
And by this law the mighty whole subsists:
With an ascent and progress in the main;
Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-glattering minds."

Wordsworth, "The Excursion."

The way of life was represented by the Divine Word as narrow and the gate leading to it as straight. The author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with vivid imagination, has constructed upon this representation an ideal journey along the narrow way, and has dwelt upon the innumerable dangers that beset it, the alluring by-paths, the sloughs, ditches and quagmires into which the unwary are certain to fall. Whilst we are aware that he is describing the spiritual progress of the Christian, we cannot help thinking there is considerable analogy with the progressive march of true civilization and culture.

The way of life for the world at large, or for the nation, is equally with that of the individual—narrow, and beset with snares and tempting prospects to the right hand and the left. Therefore, agitations for reform, whether political or social, when met with obstacles in the path, are, under the influence of impatient spirits, very liable to be diverted to what in appearance alone is a more direct path.

In the present day, we appear to be living at a time when everything is in a state of transition. Old things are passing away, all things are becoming new. The closing scene of an act in the world's great drama is being played, giving only such faint hints as to what the next will be like, that our curiosity is whetted rather than satisfied. That great changes are coming, that they are even now being worked out we feel certain. That they will be, on the whole, changes for the better, we cannot but believe, whose faith is rested in a Providence, who, even though He works in a mysterious way, yet over-rules all things for the best. Yet, if attempts are made to hurry such changes, to direct them abnormally we fear a long time will elapse before all mistakes are rectified and true progress is insured.

In considering the theory, which in practice would be the greatest revolution the world has ever seen, we may first notice that socialism is not, as is sometimes supposed, a birth of the nineteenth century. True, it is more sweeping in its aims, and proposes to extend itself universally by means of the law. This is where, we think, the theory of the present day differs most from those of ancient socialistic communities. They were voluntary, it would be compulsory. They were in many cases founded upon a religious idea, it would set but little store on religion, a fact we shall have occasion to

notice further on. They were mostly intended to improve the condition of the spiritual life, that of the present day aims at the improvement of the material earthly condition. We see then that the difference between socialism past and present is very great. The present may perhaps be called a new species of an old genus.

One of the great difficulties met with in discussing socialism is the fact that in its modern form it has never been put into practice. Theories look extremely beautiful and promising on paper, or in the mouth of the lecturer. There is no problem under the sun which in theory could not be easily solved. When the theory comes to be put in practice, numerous unlooked for factors spring up which prove a source of great perplexity. The problem looked a very simple equation with two unknown quantities, but in addition to the "x" and "y" there are numerous other letters which refuse to be ignored, and bring confusion instead of solution.

We are inclined to think this is the case with all the modern theories of Socialism. If it were a matter of disposing of the lives of 10,000 horses, of various sizes, the matter would be simple. They would all live alike on oats, hay and water, and work an equal number of hours. The heavy, large-boned animals would do the draught and agricultural work; the lighter, correspondingly lighter work. But when it comes to the disposition of human beings, a factor of unknown dimensions, not taken into account, opposes itself, viz.: The Personality of Mankind, his sense of Free-Will and Liberty. True it is that a school of philosophy holds the belief that man is a creature of necessity, and has no free-will at all; but we think it will be very long before he is brought to believe it, and, at all events, until the exact laws of his necessity are discovered, it will be impossible to act on the belief with safety, or accuracy.

We shall endeavor to discover to some extent, what the effect of Socialism would be upon this sense of Individuality and Personal Liberty.

The object of Socialism is to abolish all private capital, and to transfer it to the Government, which would be the sole employer of labor, and would be, to a very great extent, the absolute master of all the inhabitants of the country governed by it, and would allot to them their various occupations, hours of labor, etc. Even under the most absolute monarch the people have more rights than they would have under such a form of Government.

In order to make the production of the country equalize the consumption, would it not be necessary to secure control over the choice of occupation which each has at present. Under the existing state of things, the demand regulates the supply, and if too many men engage themselves in any given occupation, the consequent fall in the remuneration it affords, and the equivalent rise in some other industry, very quickly balances the scales.

But in a Socialistic state this natural law, which allows of freedom to the greatest extent, would not exist, and free choice from occupations equally remunerated, would, in all probability, leave many branches of industry without the necessary hands, hence the necessity for the regulation of each man's work by the State.

In the eyes of the socialist property is the root of all evil. More particularly does he inveigh against the possession of land. So great a sinner is the landowner, that it is proposed not only to wrest that from him which he at present holds under protection of the State, but even to allow him no compensation whatever for it.

To effect this is the object of those socialists who are particularly interested in what is called "The Nationalization of the land." One cannot help auguring ill in the future from men who hold such peculiar ideas of justice, and right.

This scheme of Land Nationalization applies not only to the wealthy landowner, but also to the settler who after years of honest toil, has cleared the forest, drained the swamp, and made of a dreary wilderness, a fertile garden, and reasonably expects to reap the fruits which have cost him so much to produce.

Let the Land Nationalizer take a visit to our Canadian backwoods, and see the various steps to be taken before the dense woods, and marshes can be made to yield an average crop, and let him consider that this is the way in which the whole continent has been cleared and made a great feeder of the world, and then ask him if he can really think that it would be right, would be no interference of his personal liberty, to strip from the settler, the homestead, which he regards as the fairest spot on earth, because to a certain degree, it has been created by him, in the sweat of his brow,—and to make him a day-labourer on his own farm.

Without entering deeply into the question of property, let us briefly review the way in which land owners have become the most important part of the population of Canada, and the greatest factor in its prosperity. We start from the time when Canada became a British possession, and under British rule. The State then found itself the possessor of a vast territory of millions of acres of forest, lake and swamp. Virgin soil of unsurpassed fertility they knew was there, but how to get at it, how to make it productive, was the question. Manifestly the easiest and quickest way was to offer the land as it was in lots, to all who would undertake to cultivate it. And so, from the old world, came the enterprising pioneer, took possession of his lot, overcame all obstacles that stood in his way, and quickly repaid the Government for its gift. In what way could possession be more lawfully gained. If these uncultivated acres did not belong to the State, whose were they? Whose would the land be if it were nationalized? And if it belonged to the State what hindered them from granting it to those who would make it remunerative both to themselves and

the country at large? If then, the landholders in Canada have not a lawful right to what they own, what, we ask, constitutes a lawful right? But if it is a lawful possession, how can nationalization without compensation, be just or right? But further, suppose the farmer's health breaks down after his farm is cleared, or he wishes to leave the neighborhood, and the owner of the adjoining lot desires to add to what he has, and is willing to pay the price his neighbor asks for his farm, is he not at liberty to buy it? And if he continues by lawful purchase to add to his land till he is possessed of several thousands of acres, which unable to manage himself, he lets for fair and reasonable rent, is he thus doing anything wrong? But now he is a landlord, as well as a landowner, living on his rents. But what has he done that is unlawful—why should his possessions be taken from him more than from the first settler with his 100 acres?

Now it appears to us from the foregoing observations. we shall be able to see in what way, and how truly socialistic expectations in this connection, are deceptive, and in doing this, shall also find to some extent the difference between the freedom agriculturalists now enjoy, and the servitude socialism would impose upon them.

Socialists say "when we get the world into working order, in accordance with our theory, labor will be more equalized, and the hours of labor much fewer." This is a very promising statement, but experience has not yet proved it. We will see whether there is reasonable ground for such a hope in connection with the land.

Let us suppose socialistic theories to be in full force, and the State desirous to clear a large tract of hitherto unexplored forest and swamp land, such as there are many thousand acres of in this country. The land belongs to the State; but who is to clear it? Does there live one man who, without extra remuneration, would prefer to undertake the arduous work of clearing land to that of working on land already under cultivation? We may, I think, decide that none or almost none would volunteer their services. But then the Government must exercise force of some kind. It must either arbitrarily select such men as it thinks fit, or they must be chosen by lot, a species of conscription as cruel as that of Napoleon. Here then socialism again steps in to interfere with personal liberty. But now, suppose the requisite number of men "pressed" into the service, what are the probabilities as to the rate at which the work will be done. Faster than the settler and his stalwart sons who owned the hundred acre lot? Most assuredly not. We have no hesitation in asserting that the farmer and his sons would do twice the amount of work of an equal number of the Government men. But the farmer and his sons work early and late. We may therefore reasonably conclude that the latter would do at least three times the work of the former, who would not be working more than two-thirds the number of hours. Thus the same piece of work would take three times the num-

ber of men that it takes now to do it in the same time. But could the Government spare the requisite number of men to do this work with the necessary expedition? Or if they did spare them, would not the balance of agriculturalists working on the cultivated land be so few in number that they would have to work extra hours to get their work done in season? We think this would be a serious difficulty. Moreover, in order to obtain even a moderate amount of work per head, the number of overseers would have to be very great, and their powers so unlimited that the men would be little better than slaves minus the whips. We see then in this case at all events, how precarious is the hope of shortened hours of labor, and the encroachments such an order of things would make upon personal liberty. For we must bear in mind that even where there is an approximation to this, *e. g.* where a large number of men work on the streets or roads, under overseers, they are paid for what they do, they can take holidays when they will, and they are not compelled to do such work at all unless they like, and lastly they are generally the lowest class of society who have made *slaves of themselves* in various ways, whose last resort for daily bread, or daily whiskey, is found in this kind of work.

We have above used the terms "State and Government." It is necessary to have a clear notion of the modern idea of the State, and the problem which it sets itself to solve, so as to give the best possible satisfaction.

"The problem reserved for the modern State" says Schwegler "is to combine with the greatest possible omnipotence of the State the greatest possible freedom of the conscious individual will." (Hist. of Philosophy.)

We do not think there can be much improvement on this. A State which approaches this idea is sure of the respect of the people. It is powerful, has firm control over all, yet the reins of Government are scarcely felt, except by the law-breakers, who in such a state, are those who interfere with others in such a way as to destroy in some degree their freedom. Thus, a man would be at liberty to get intoxicated, but if in such a condition he assaulted another, then the State steps in for the protection of the latter.

Now how nearly does the theory of the Socialistic State approach this idea? The more we consider it, the more clearly do we perceive how opposed it is to it. True liberty in such a State there would be little or none. It would, being sole owner of property, as we have seen, have to regulate the various employments of its members. It would have to decide when they should work, and how long at a time. In virtue of the above it would have to decide to some extent where each man should live. In a developed form, it might find it necessary for economy's sake, to break up households, and to mass a number of families together in one large building. This would involve the loss of even such property as household furniture. We may further speculate with reason

as to whether it would not be found necessary to regulate the amount of food and drink each man should have, in order to ensure his capability to do his share of work. Experience would probably prove that still more unlimited power should be in the hands of the State, in regard to particulars, rather than less.

We must not however omit to mention some of the promises which socialists hold out to mankind, in addition to that of shortened hours of labor which we have examined above.

They tell us that but few will be losers, viz. : the large capitalists,—but the many will be gainers, that all men will be on a footing of equality, which will be a vast improvement on the present social arrangements. They have great schemes for the general education of the people. Free libraries, reading rooms, museums, gymnasiums, baths, etc., will be provided on a gigantic scale. When property is abolished no one will miss it, for there will be no desire to mass wealth, where each has all he reasonably wants.

But it should be remembered, these are but promises, and are by no means ensured. As we have seen above, there is little likelihood in the socialistic state of getting through the requisite amount of labor so quickly that a large portion of the day will be spent in recreation. We now note further, that where centralization of labor has been tried it has not been marked with great success.

"The national workshops at Paris" says Prof. Goldwin Smith, "were a complete failure, and even the Government dockyards in England, though rendered necessary by the exigencies of a national defence, are conducted less economically than private ship-yards" (False Hopes, p. 19.)

With regard to the promises of education, public libraries, etc., we may merely observe that every day improvements in these respects are being made, and there are but few towns, or even villages in which the poorest may not obtain the best literature of the time for an almost nominal price.

But is it not almost certain that under such a Government as we are considering, almost all incentive for steady reading would be removed. The working man now asks for education for his children, because he knows that rightly used it will elevate their position and be a source of wealth or power. But such would not be the case in the Socialistic State. There is but one class, and the enterprising man is no better off than he who is satisfied to do just as little work as possible.

Again, healthy public opinion would stagnate. Probably the press would be gagged, or in the hands of the State, which would certainly publish nothing likely to rouse dissatisfaction. Or, again; who would supply the literature, write the books, educational and otherwise? There is no doubt that wholesome ambition is a tremendous motive power in producing works of art in all its branches, but it would receive no stimulus in such a

state. On the whole then we must conclude that the promises of socialism are lacking of foundation, and are extremely uncertain.

A distinguishing mark of the individuality of man seems to be the natural desire for possessions which shall be entirely his, and his alone. Everyone has something which he calls his own, and which he is prepared to defend. Should an endeavour be made to take it from him. Possession is the first clear notion of the child. Give him a toy, and tell him it is his own, and he understands what this means, and will resent any attempt, even from his own father or mother, to deprive him of it.

Now it is against individual possession that socialism peculiarly aims, and thus also against the very idea of individuality. There can be no question that this would be a very severe blow to man's nature. Yet under a socialistic state, where would there be stimulus or scope for individual action. To quote once more from Prof. Goldwin Smith: "Slavery has its whips; but saving this, no general incentive to labor other than property (individual possession) has yet been devised. Communists think that they can rely on love of the community, and they point to the case of the soldier who they say does his duty voluntarily, from a sense of military honor. It is replied that so far from being voluntary, a soldier's duty is prescribed by a code of exceptional severity, enforced by penalties of the sternest kind." (False Hopes.)

The views of extreme socialists with regard to the family are also striking.

Community of wives is advocated, and this would of course ensure its destruction and so tend to reduce man to the condition of a brute, and remove another object for persevering work. The sacred origin of the marriage tie, as also its recognition by Christ is either disbelieved in or disregarded. Men consider themselves wiser than God. Yet to thoughtful men, family ties are thought to be one of the greatest restraints, and safeguards from temptations of many kinds, and all who have any knowledge of what a home is, where its sacredness is acknowledged, have no belief that anything better can be substituted for it.

It is not a little significant, that most socialists ignore religion, whilst many of them are bitterly hostile to it.

How can it be otherwise? Man, living under sole command of the state, needs not to think;—that is done for him. Mechanical action is all that is expected. It is then impossible for him to be religious, nor is religion of any use to him. He who needs no earthly father's training, no earthly mother's love, of what use to him is a Heavenly Father's guidance and love? What need of atonement when he can but sin against the state. He has neither duties to his God nor to his neighbor, his duty is solely to the state, and consists in doing unquestioningly what it bids him. This abolition of religion would be the surest sign of the loss of man's personality, and his distinction from the beasts as a free rational being.

We will, in conclusion, endeavor to offer a few remarks as to the problem socialism attempts to solve.

We admit that property is often abused, that questionable means are employed in its acquisition, but we deny altogether that the evil arising from it is so great as to necessitate its abolition. Every gift of God to man is liable to be abused, but is no therefore in itself of necessity an evil. And this latter sentence affords a clue to the difficulty which is not nearly so great a one as some would have us believe.

Property should be regarded as the gift of God, and therefore acquired lawfully, and used, as we believe God would have us use it.

It is thus in one sense not absolutely ours, but held from God, and to him men are accountable for it. Where this idea is held, there is no abuse of property, no illegal, covetous grasping of it, but it is a blessing to us, and to those we come in contact with, in various ways.

As to the equality of all men, before we attempt to make men equal by law, let us ask are they equal by nature.

One is born into the world with talents, which developed, enable him to become an artist, a poet, an author or an orator, whilst another, born in the same station never rises above the condition of a ploughman, even though equal external facilities for advancement should be offered him. We must remember that the terrible poverty of our cities is in great part the result of vice and crime, that with seven tenths of the inhabitants of the slums, if they were raised to-morrow to comparative ease, would in an incredibly short period be back again to their old condition, and old haunts.

That abuses have existed in the past is only too true, that reformation is called for now in many things is likewise true, but we refuse to believe that the beggarly rudiments of iron laws for every department of life will in any way better man's condition. The busy would be made to suffer for the idle, for whom, and to some extent by whom the socialistic schemes are agitated.

Individual reform, and regeneration is the teaching of Jesus Christ, and on it all our hopes are centred, even though it be futile to expect it to be universal in this world. Without it the law and the state are but the revealers and strength of sin, with it they are unnecessary.

It is worthy of notice that Mr. Herbert Spencer has, independently of his New Testament we presume, arrived at and given utterance to the same opinion in an interesting essay on this subject—"The Coming Slavery"—*Contemporary Review*, April 1884.)

His opinion cannot strengthen our previous conviction, derived from Divine Truth, but as leader of thought in the Agnostic world, his words will be of weight to those who are not disposed to listen to it. We trust they may do something to divert the noble spirit amongst socialists from their pursuit of an 'ignis fatuus' to the true light.

MILITARY EXERCISES IN SCHOOLS.

There is a story told of the Duke of Wellington, who when passing Eton College saw the boys at cricket on the green, and exclaimed, "That's where Waterloo was won." This pregnant sentence shows what a great factor school sports are in national education. In the great seats of learning the world over physical learning is fully recognized, and our own colleges are alive to its importance. It is very significant and encouraging, that in those institutions where the most enlightened views prevail, the "Gospel of Relaxation" has stout advocates and consistent disciples. But unfortunately in the high and public schools, whatever theories of school government may be held, the most prominent practical feature is an almost total disregard of systematic physical education. The whole educational system of Ontario is based on the idea that the school is *responsible* only for intellectual improvement, and this idea is so deeply grounded that it would seem like rank heresy to dispute it. Virtually, in process of time, education and book-learning have become convertible terms. Law makes ten minutes the *minimum* of time allowed for recreation, practice makes it the *maximum*, the pressure of the promotion and entrance examinations wipes it out. When progress is gauged by the hours of confinement, no *stoppage of the educational machinery* must be tolerated. How then shall we remedy this defect in a system otherwise admirable. Clearly by official patronage, official inspection, official encouragement, and more individual liberty to the regulation-harassed teacher. It is no despicable attainment to be able to take part in the principal field sports, and in no qualification is the average teacher so lacking. Military platoon exercises and all the movements of ordinary squad drill could be practiced with splendid effect in every school yard, if the teacher were qualified to conduct the exercises. And this not only in towns and villages but also in the rural districts. If every summer vacation a brigade of teachers were to go into camp under competent instructors and there be initiated into the mysteries of the military platoon exercises, and thoroughly coached in all sports adapted for our schools, order and system might replace the present aimlessness that characterizes our school exercises. Such a mobilization of the moral police force could not be objected to on any ground of principle or expediency, its advantages being so apparent and its effect so immediate. The expense, which considering the benefits would be very small, could be partly borne by the Department, and partly by the teachers themselves. Niagara, Thousand Isles, Orillia or some other healthful and picturesque locality might be selected for camping ground. In the early days of the Province every school was in close proximity to nature's great gymnasium—the woods. Running through its arcades, climbing from limb to limb, hunting its swift-footed denizens, and bending its saplings, were exercises sufficiently varied and exciting to afford health and amusement to thousands of children. The progress of the country has changed all this and the youth of the present generation are assigned, as the arena of their sports, a plot of ground, so treeless, flowerless and uninviting that it offers no temptation to the way-farer to "loiter within its precincts." Yet it may be made the theatre of many a noble game, and a training ground for some future "Waterloo."

WILL DERNES.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

EASTER TERM, 1885.

As we predicted in the first number of the present volume, Trinity has found a loyal supporter in the Bishop of Niagara, who, in his first address to his Synod, thus sets forth our claims to recognition in his Diocese:—

My attention has been drawn to the appeal issued by this institution for a supplemental endowment of \$200,000, and to the representations made by this Diocese by my predecessor in favor of this appeal. I learn that with the exception of Hamilton and Guelph the congregations have not made any response. I must therefore, request you to listen to the following statement:— For 34 years Trinity College has done good work amongst the community. It has trained over 600 graduates in the several faculties of divinity, arts, law, medicine and music. Five per cent of the graduates are to-day holding high educational positions, and about 150 more are doing good service in the ranks of the ministry, whilst of the graduates in medicine, those who have gone to England to complete their studies, have so distinguished themselves as to secure special recognition for their Alma Mater from the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

During these thirty-four years the Church people of this province have never, until the present appeal, been called upon to contribute a dollar towards its maintenance or its increased efficiency. The present generation will be ready to recognize the obligation which rests on them to extend and strengthen by this supplemental endowment fund, an institution founded by their fathers in the days of their comparative poverty.

It would be a reproach to us if we could be satisfied simply to enjoy the fruits of their labors and self-denial without endeavoring to do at least as much in proportion to the increase in our numbers, the multiplication of our comforts and wealth towards supplementing the endowment fund, as they did originally in laying the foundation of it. The Presbyterians have recently raised \$300,000 for Queen's College, Kingston, and secured \$133,000 for Knox College Toronto. The Methodists have also subscribed \$200,000 towards Victoria College, Cobourg, besides founding two professorships in the same institution, each of which is the gift of a single family in this city of Hamilton, all honor to them.

Our aid for Trinity College ought to proceed both from families and individuals to whom God has entrusted large wealth: and from the small contributions of every member of every congregation, however limited their means. No doubt Trinity College can secure without our aid the completion of their fund \$200,000 for the support of additional professors and enlarging the usefulness of the institution in several important directions, but what will our position be if we had no part or share in it? We shall have kept our money, but shall we be the richer for it? We shall have let others do the work without us, but shall we be the truer and better men for this? I would accordingly urge respectfully and earnestly all men of wealth amongst us to contribute freely, and I would ask the clergy to arrange with the authorities of Trinity College for a visit from their agent, who is engaged in setting forth the history and the work and the claims of Trinity College before those who may be ready to listen to them. You cannot, my reverend brethren, control what your congregations will contribute or the objects which they may choose or refuse to promote, but you can secure for them the opportunity of hearing and knowing about the different claims and efforts

which the Church amongst us recognizes and approves. And it is this that I would recommend you to do in this and every other instance.

Subsequently the Synod at the Bishop's direction passed the following resolution:—

Rev Canon READ moved "That the Synod supports the recommendation made by the Bishop regarding the supplemental endowment fund of Trinity College as at present constituted, and recommends the clergy to take the action indicated by the Bishop.

Rev. W. J. MACKENZIE seconded the motion.

Archdeacon DIXON supported the motion, and expressed himself in favor of the College remaining as at present constituted. He would not support the motion but for the proviso "as at present constituted."

The motion was passed.

LITERARY NOTES.

In the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* for June 1st we notice the following editorial eulogistic of two well-known contributors to our pages; we only trust that the suggestion in regard to Mr. Lampman's works may soon be carried out:—

Ottawa has recently become the centre of considerable literary activity,—a hopeful sign of the times, we think. Among the group of younger men in the Capital, who have to some extent adopted letters as their profession, are EDMUND COLLINS, JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY and A. LAMPMAN. The former is much the stronger writer, being equally excellent in fiction, biography and sketch writing. MR. COLLINS has devoted his labors lately, with successful results, to the production of short stories for juvenile readers,—a form of composition which is exceptionally difficult to accomplish well. *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake* have both accepted some striking tales from his pen, while other magazines have expressed a willingness to secure his services for their pages. MR. OXLEY's admirable paper on SIR JOHN MACDONALD in *Lippincott's*, attracted attention in Canada as well as in England and the United States. The current issue of the *Popular Science Monthly* contains an able article on the Mediterranean of Canada by MR. OXLEY, who writes with clearness and force. MR. LAMPMAN is a young poet, whose writings may be found in such vehicles as *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* of New York, and the *Week* of Toronto. His work is marked by tenderness of expression and feeling, and one may safely predict a career in literature for this sweet and graceful singer of pure songs. A collection of the fugitive pieces of MR. LAMPMAN ought to be made.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor ROUGE ET NOIR.

DEAR SIR,—

I was pleased to see in the last issue of ROUGE ET NOIR a protest against the change made in the time for sending in the Prize Compositions.

The only reason for it which I can imagine is the altered time of Convocation. The prizes for the Compositions will thus be awarded at Convocation, which, of course, would be impossible, if they were sent in at the close of the long vacation. But surely this is but a slight advantage compared with the weighty objections which you have drawn attention to. The subject of a Prize Essay, for instance, to be treated of at all, requires a great deal of reading, and time, and still more careful thought, which requires more than time,—a leisure free from the anxieties of class-work and approaching examinations.

I trust the authorities will consider these objections, and make a change which is absolutely necessary if representative work is to be expected. Yours &c.,

H. SYMONDS.

C. L. Shaw, B. A., who enlisted as one of the Nile voyageurs and subsequently extended his tenure of service, has, upon his return homeward, been stricken with small-pox in London.

A LONG BRANCH NAIAD.

Loud roars the surf, the rolling waves
Come surging up the sighing sands,
White with the creamy foam that laves
Her bare feet, as she smiling stands.

Her hair is gathered in a knot
Of gold, behind her shapely head ;
Her soft white arms right well, I wot,
The sirens might have used instead

Of vocal charms, to turn and lure
Men willing to be free from toil.
She, too, I trow would fain secure
From ocean some such tithe and spoil.

'Tis plain she knows the maxim sage,
That "beauty unadorned is best,"
Nethinks she doth herself engage
To follow it, and yet be dressed.

J. A. R.

TRINITY CRICKET, 1885.

The Trinity season of '85 was a remarkable one—not, indeed, for the largeness of the scoring—but from the fact that out of seven matches played, all were won. Of the 902 runs scored off the bat in the twelve innings played, Cummings, Jones and Allan made 525, or considerably more than half. Cummings and Jones deserve the greatest praise. The former scored three innings of over 50; his punishing powers of loose balls are very great, and this, combined with his usefulness as a bowler and sharp fielding, make him a decided acquisition to Trinity. Jones scored consistently and showed great improvement on last year's form, his bowling also was sometimes effective. Allan's batting made a big drop from last season, having an average of $13\frac{1}{2}$ for seven innings as compared with $31\frac{1}{4}$ for 12 innings in '84. Broughall was good at the wickets, and as a bat, deserved more runs than he got. Tremayne's fielding was the feature of his season's play, never dropping a single catch, and throwing-in on the bails like a rocket. Scadding was the only man who batted in every innings, and was unfortunate in not scoring a "not out;" he showed some strong hitting in the second innings of the match vs. St. George's C. C., scoring 31 out of 33 runs made while he was in. Holland was safe as a long field—did not score much—but when he did make runs, they were obtained in good form. Hague was out of shape all season. Lewin fielded well generally. Church, Harris and Loewen represent "the tail," and did not shine in any particular branch of the game. Church, however, shows very good form in his batting, and his four "not outs" show that if he had been put in earlier in an innings, he might have made runs. The scorer played in one innings—hit a ball for 2—but immediately after, in attempting to cut a ball late, brought his innings to an untimely end by knocking his wickets down. Rev. J. S. Howard played in two innings against St. George's C. C., and took 8 wickets for 8 runs, the first wicket costing 8, and the remaining 7 falling for 0. As a whole,

the Trinity eleven in '85 represented fair batting, moderate fielding and straight bowling.

Following is a list of matches :

Trinity College, May 9th.	1st in.	2nd in.	Total.
East Toronto, C. C.	63	34	97
Trinity College,	41	58 for 9 wickets	99
Won by Trinity, 8 by one wicket.			

Collins (13), Smith (15), and Abbey (15) were top scorers for East Toronto, and Allan 24 not out, was the only one who managed doubles for Trinity. In the second innings Cummings and Scadding wrought havoc among the East Toronto wickets, Ledger getting 15 out of the 34 runs scored. Jones 21 by his plucky batting won the match. Cummings made 16.

Trinity College, May 16th.	1st in.	2nd in.	Total.
Trinity College,	115	104 for 8 w'kts	219.
East Toronto,	67		

East Toronto wanted another match. They got it and a thrashing by 48 runs in the first innings thrown in as a present. Jones 34 and 14. Tremayne 25 not out, Cummings 10 and 51 not out, Allan 6 and 19, were highest scorers. For East Toronto, Ledger, Collins and Crowley played well.

Trinity College, May 23rd.	1st in.	2nd in.	Total.
Trinity College,	76	48 for 2 wickets	124
St. George's C. C.,	33		

Altogether a phenomenal match. Trinity made 76, Jones 33, Broughall 19. The first wicket of St. George C. C., 8 fell for 30. The remaining 9 wickets only added 3, one of which was a wide. Howard was perfectly unplayable. Scadding made 31 of 33 while he was in—a wonderful performance with some tall hitting.

Trinity College, May 24th.	1st in.	2nd in.	Total.
Toronto C. C.,	16	132	148
Trinity College,	64	23 for 3 wickets	87

With a very strong team against us it was generally supposed that we would be beaten badly, but on account of the wretched batting of the Toronto club, more than by reason of the Trinity bowling, the whole team were dismissed for 16 runs, Allan getting 6 wickets for 7 runs. The only extenuating circumstance was that Saunders while attempting to run fell and hurt himself, being thus unable to get back to his wicket, and Saunders, as is well known, is a dangerous man on Trinity wickets. Of our innings of 64, Jones got 18, Holland 15 and Broughall 10. Morrison and Behan although too late to win the match, played brilliantly for their innings of 66 (not out) and 31. The match was stopped for a time by rain and at 6 o'clock was unfinished, Trinity thus winning by 48 runs on first innings.

Port Hope, May 26th.	1st in.	2nd in.	Total.
Trinity College School,	68	39	107
Trinity College,	135		

Trinity won by an innings and 7 runs. The School batting was good in the first innings, but the boys lacked punishing powers. In their second innings Cummings took 3 wickets for no runs. Cummings for the College played a most brilliant innings, driving and cutting hard. Jones

to was the only other only batsman who got into double figures. We shall have the benefit of Cooper and Jones, A. C., at Collège next year.

Toronto, June 4th,	1st in.	2nd in.	Total.
Toronto,	39		39.
Trinity College,	206 for 6 wickets		206

An afternoon match with a weak Toronto eleven resulted in Trinity making the large total of 206 for 6 wickets. The scores being Tremayne run out 6, Cummings bowled Creelman 74, Holland c and b. Broderick 17, Jones c and b. Creelman 26, Allan stopped, Broderick bowled Creelman 41, Scadding c. Baines b. Creelman 14, Broughall, not out 16, and Church not out 5.

Toronto University, June 6th,	1st in.	2nd in.	Total.
University College,	51	96	147
Trinity College,	71	33 for 5 w'kts	104

In this match Toronto University showed up in better form and Trinity in worse than in any match during the season. Toronto University batted first and were dismissed for 51 chiefly through the fine bowling of Cummings. Sykes 17 and McCulloch 13 were top scores. In their second innings, McDonald made a capital 40 and Collins 32 (not out), 71 out of the 96 runs made. For Trinity, Cummings 15 and 17, Tremayne 10, Broughall 12, Allan 10, and Hague 10, batted well. In the second innings Tremayne, Broughall, Holland, Lewin, Church and Loewen were yet to bat. A goodly array to make up the 44 runs required to win. If the match had been a two day's one, it would have been very interesting, but as it was it was virtually won by Trinity in the first innings at 3 o'clock.

	Mat-ches.	Inn-ings.	Total No. of runs.	Most in an inn.	Most in a mtch.	Times not out.	Av.
Cummings, S.....	6	8	257	74	74	1	36.5-7
Jones, W. W.....	7	11	160	34	48	2	17.7-9
Allan, A. C.....	6	8	108	41	41	2	13.1-2
Broughall, J. S.....	7	10	73	19	20	1	8.1-9
Tremayne, H. O.....	7	8	56	23*	25	1	8
Scadding, H. C.....	7	12	86	31	40	0	7.1-6
Holland, R. B.....	7	9	56	17	17	0	6.2-9
Hague, S. D.....	5	7	37	11	15	0	5.2-7
Lewin, W. A. H.....	7	8	26	8	8	1	3.5-7
Church, H. W.....		8	13	5*	5	4	3.1-4

Harris, R., had an average of 23 for 6 innings.

Loewen, C. J., had an average of 5.6 for 6 innings.

Rev. J. S. Howard played in two innings, scoring 3 and 4.

Anderson, C. P., the scorer, also played in one innings, scoring 2

*Signifies not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Name.	Runs.	Wkts.	Overs.	Mds.	Avg.
Allan.....	124	24	85	23	5.1
Cummings.....	104	25	74	25	4.1
Scadding.....	180	34	157	75	5.2
Jones.....	96	9	33	3	10.6
Howard.....	44	8	20	5	5.5
Harris.....	2	1	2	1	2.

MY OPINION.

Not wiser is man than is woman,
 And strength cometh not as a song:
 To believe in the giant is human
 But belief is quite frequently wrong;
 Say greyhead and blackhead together,
 And look in their eyes as you preach;
 You will soon run the length of your tether,
 As you dole out the merits of each.

Come Winnifred—you of the black eyes—
 You mouse in the greyish cashmere,
 Who treat all your lovers like lackeys,
 Don't think I am maundering here
 About you as a solemn wiseacre,
 I wouldn't suspect you, my dear;
 Though to capture the Viscount of Dacre
 'Tis wise—at twelve thousand a year.

Don't frown, Uncle William, I pray you!
 Your hair is like silver I know,
 But the silver alone would betray you,
 For time does it wondrously slow;
 And your wisdom I doubt not, who ventures
 To class you with Winnifred V?
 She pins all her faith to debentures
 And encumbrance, a man—you are free!

And I fancy that's wisdom unstinted,
 Silken cords are so helplessly strong;
 Though I certainly have heard it hinted
 You were once in the toils at Boulouge.
 So I freely confess my opinion,
 That you can't measure wisdom by time;
 And that Cupid has strongest dominion
 In the floriate gardens of rhyme.

HORATIO GILBERT PARKER.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Christopher Robinson, Esq., Q. C., '53, has been appointed by the Government to conduct the case against Riel. Mr. Robinson leaves for Regina shortly.

We notice in the last 'Varsity a letter from Exeter College, Oxford, signed "J. C." which is evidently the handwork of John Carter, B. A. Why this desertion of our columns?

Mr. F. C. Macdonald, one of the incepting bachelors, will hereafter assist Her Majesty by tying "red tape" in one of the Government offices of the Dominion.

We are glad to state that Mr. R. B. Beaumont, B. A., of the Queen's Own Rifles, whom dangerous illness compelled to leave the North-West, has rallied and is now home for a short time to entirely recuperate his exhausted energy.

Rev. W. H. Clarke, an honorable classic of 1868, who has served in Bolton for a number of years, has been lately appointed rector of St. Barnabas Church in this city. In his previous mission he was universally beloved and we congratulate the people of St. Barnabas on the good fortune in securing such a man.

The Rev. A. G. Mortimer, B. D., is off on a summer trip to the Old Country.

The Rev. Alban Greaves may now be found by his many friends at Ivy Depot, Virginia.

H. C. Coxe, '81 by some mysterious hand, has been borne to Australia in search of the fickle goddess Fortuna.

Trinity College School has sent us an unaccountably small number of Matriculants this year, but promises greater results next season.

The Rev. Professor Clark, will assist the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of the Church of the Incarnation, during the Advent Mission in New York City.

R. W. Garrett, B. A. '80 is now numbered among the followers of Æsculapius and may be found with the professors of the Royal College of Physicians affiliated with Queen's University as Professor of Practical Anatomy.

"A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox."

How is it that some six good Trinity men of valor approved, some few mornings since would have been sensibly unwilling to have even said *boo* to a goose.

We shall lose from College next year two of our editorial staff, Messrs. C. Scadding and T. G. A. Wright. The latter will hereafter be found at Omemec and we wish him the same measure of success which has attended his brilliant career here.

The atmometer received careful attention during the absence of Prof. Haslem, upon a botanizing excursion, from Messrs. Boyd and Anderson, who showed wonderful proficiency in mathematical calculations, proving the recording of the instrument as entirely at variance with the normal condition of the atmosphere.

The Rev. T. D. Phillips, M. A. '58, with characteristic generosity, has again offered a bat for the best score made in Trinity cricket matches. The Institute is also under obligations to this venerable cricketer for his contribution to the Reading Room in the shape of the *Living Church*. We expect to see Mr. Phillips on Convocation day maintaining Trinity's *prestige* at the wickets.

Mortality evidently abounds in the former editorial boards, as we have to chronicle the submission to the dictates of Hymen of J. Travers Lewis, B. A., and Rev. Fred E. Howett, two of the first staff of this paper. We have only to hear of the resignation to fate of W. M. Crittenden, now of the Buffalo *News*, to complete the trio. We extend to the benedicts our sincerest wishes for their future welfare.

We regret to learn that Lieut. J. Earl Halliwell, '79, was severely wounded at the battle of Batoche, but believe that he is now convalescent and homeward bound.

The Rev. H. G. Parker, who has contributed liberally to our columns, we regret has been compelled to

relinquish work at Trenton and hie to England for a year, by order of his physician.

Of this year's divinity men, Messrs. C. Scadding and R. Harris will go to Buffalo, in the diocese of Western New York, to assist the Rev. S. R. Fuller, Rector of St. John's Church, in evangelistic work in that parish. Mr. Fuller has recently adopted a system of ministration similar to that practised by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford in New York. Mr. E. A. Oliver, B. A., will supply the place of the Rev. C. B. Kenrick, M. A. '83, at St. Paul's Church, Portland, New Brunswick, while the latter is absent in Europe recuperating his health. Messrs. Farncomb, Symonds, Snowdon and Hooper will be ordained shortly, the two former by the Bishop of Toronto and Messrs. Snowdon and Hooper by the Bishops of Huron and Ontario respectively.

A curious, well-thumbed Cashmere manuscript written upon birch-bark, and bound in primitive style in hog-skin is a recent contribution to the library by the Rev. G. T. Carruthers, M. A., '62, Chaplain H. M. East India Service and obtained from "Danudar, Pundit, of Srinagar, Kashmir." Sept. 5th, 1881, the Rev. T. R. Ware, C. M. S., acting as interpreter. The volume, which is at least three hundred years old, is written in Sanskrit, but the characters are Cashmere. Under the euphonic title of "A paraknana" it discourses upon rites and ceremonies in fifteen chapters, some of which bear the queer captions of "Bakinbakihrakana," concerning drinking; "Vanaprostoprakana," retiring to words with wife; "Prayaschalaprakana," how to obtain forgiveness of sins.

Tempora Mutantur and all the rest of it, nor is the L. W. C. an exception to the rule. Where once the brawny athlete was wont to regale his friends and admirers—and who shall tell their number?—with beer extracted from the bottle by the process known to science as that of natural suction—the effeminate crystal he despised—and with cheese, which in some respects much resembled the good measure of Scripture, viz., in being "pressed down" yet "running over;" nor must we omit the feast of reason always proffered when the awe-struck (?) listeners sat *gaping* as their host in his own person ran up huge scores in contests about which cling only the magnifying mists of tradition, or slaughtered wickets on fields yet unrevealed to grosser eyes by the shadowy future. Here the loved one of the muses dwells and intellect over muscle reigns supreme. True the hero of a hundred fights—on paper—is still a dweller in the land, but *Tradere* has gone, and the outraged ears of the corridor suffer no further pangs at the slaughter of the Israelite(s), the "Merchant of Venice" rests in peace upon the library shelf save when aroused from his mosaic slumbers he lives again in the person of Mr. S— *chen fugaces*, but, hark, 'tis the second bell, fond scenes, alas! I am compelled to leave thee, lest I miss my chances for the "under cut."



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