

of astronomy says: "The students prepared at the 'real-schools' show at first more knowledge and more skill than those prepared at the gymnasia, but their future development is slower, more superficial and less independent, while they show still greater inferiority in point of ability to carry on the more difficult processes of independent research." The professors of chemistry say that the non-classical students cannot be placed on the same plane, in their departments as the classical students; while in English studies the attainment of the non-classical students is very inferior. This testimony, coming so largely from scientific teachers, will have great weight.—*Ex*

MISERERE DOMINE.

Through an arched cathedral door,
While the light of morning gray
Lay upon the marble floor
And the altar's rich array,
Steals in low, sweet melody
"Miserere domine."

Rolling through the choir and nave,
Through the arches vast and dim,
In a soul-subduing wave
Pealed the old monastic hymn
"That we may thy glory see,
"Miserere domine."

Up and down the shadowy aisle,
In the tapers' ghostly gleam,
Chanted softly all the while,
Like the spirits of a dream,
Lads in snow white purity
"Miserere domine."

Bowing at the altar rail,
Seeking help in their despair,
Pale lips told their sinful tale,
Ending with the Christian's prayer:
"Though our sins as scarlet be,
"Miserere domine."

One, unbidden to the feast,
Shivering in the clinging mist,
Hears the voice of chanting priest
Presiding at the eucharist:
"Though our sins as scarlet be,
"Miserere domine."

Timidly she stepped within,
A leper in the holy place,
Uncleanly with the brand of sin,
Deep graven on her haggard face:
Fitting prayer for such as she:
"Miserere domine."

Wearily she closed her eyes
In the dwelling place of peace:
Bitter, burning thoughts arise,
Clamoring for a soul's release:
"From this torment set me free!
"Miserere domine."

For a father's weight of woe—
For a sainted mother's tears—
For the hearts that loved thee so
In thy earlier, purer years,
God have pity upon thee!
"Miserere domine."

In joyous burst the music ended
On the incense-laden air;
With its final notes were blended
Accents of a whispered prayer:
"Lord, be merciful to me!
"Miserere domine."

So the gray haired sexton found her,
With her head sunk on her breast;
Prayer and praises floating 'round her,
She had entered into rest.
Was it for eternity?
"Miserere domine."

—*Lassell Leaves.*

➤CONTRIBUTED.◀

* * We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JOURNAL does not commit itself in any way to the sentiments which may be expressed in this department.

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I have just been perusing the "Reminiscences of 'A B.A. of '50,'" published in the JOURNAL of the 11th inst., and find myself constrained to write in reply.

Your correspondent assumes for himself a degree of credit in connection with the origination of the Alma Mater Society greater than I think he is entitled to. "Honor to whom honor is due." Mr. J. M. Machar is the gentleman to whom, in my humble judgment, the University was indebted for the Society. There were several who took a warm interest in its formation, but to Mr Machar I give the chief credit.

I presume that your correspondent was one of those who supported the nomination of the Rev. J. H. Mackerras for the office of President, and, from the tone of his remarks, should suppose him to be still smarting under a recollection of the decisive defeat he and his friends met with upon that occasion. Otherwise, why speak of "the medicos voting like a flock of sheep," and of "the overpowering vote of the disciples of Æsculapius?" Why state that "Mattice's election proved to be a mistake," and that "the Society afterwards made amends by choosing Mr. Mackerras?" Now, while I am quite willing to acknowledge all Mr. Mackerras' good qualities and qualifications, and that possibly the election of Mr. Mattice did not answer the object in view, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that if the thing were to do over again, I, for one, would adopt the same line of action as in 1859, and endeavour to select as President of a University Society, such as the Alma Mater Society was designed to be, some graduate who had made his mark as a public man,—in short, act upon the same principle as actuated the graduates in the last election of a Chancellor, when their choice was made between two distinguished laymen.

I do not propose to go into the question of whether the Alma Mater Society has answered the end its founders