

pointed. Such a Canadian Magazine is certainly needed, and would no doubt be a success if put on a proper basis and in proper hands. A movement in this direction must come from the graduates themselves, and we invite them to express their opinion in regard to it. The columns of the JOURNAL are open for discussion on this question. The staff of this session will endeavor to give it more than local interest by securing contributions from graduates. We hope the graduates will endeavor to help us. All articles for publication will be thankfully received.

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 "Back to good old Queen's" was the song that found an echo in many a heart when the time came for students, dispersed in every part of the Dominion, to leave their work or play and reassemble in "classic halls." First came the Arts and Medical students, but the Divinity, a hardier bird, tarries a month later, before taking his departure to a more congenial climate. There are always a few who are never present for the opening lectures, but who invariably come in a few days or a week or a month after classes reopen. We cannot understand why they do so, perhaps they could not explain the reason themselves. There is seldom necessity for being late. As a general rule a student who has labored earnestly in the mission field is strongly urged to remain for a time and feels inclined to yield to the entreaty. But he must consider that as a student his first duty is his college work. This is paramount, and mission work, until he is through college, is of secondary importance. It is of great importance to begin when the work begins, to be present at the first lecture, and keep your work ahead of you, or else there is a continual drag. To do otherwise, to remain a month more or less after classes begin, is to do yourself an injustice as well as your professor.

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 One of the most enjoyable books it has fallen to our lot to peruse this summer is "In Cap and Gown,"—three centuries of Cambridge wit. It is a collection of the good things of Cambridge men from the time of John Milton to the present day. There are clever versions of Horace, epigrams, parodies, and such academic poems as the spirited "Boat Song" and the "Cambridge Dionysia." Some of the parodies of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and others are excellent. "Octopus," by "Algernon Charles Sin-burn," is an admirable *reductio ad absurdum* of the morbidity that is so marked a feature of Mr. Swinburne's verse. "The Poets at Tea" is an admirable set of parodies, and "A Girtonian Funeral" should delight readers of Browning. "The Heathen Passee," "The Vulture and the Husbandman," and "The Two Voices," are other capital productions. These are only a few of the good things with which the book is filled, and which should furnish excellent entertainment to all who are fortunate enough to read it.

One of our Divinity students returned from the North-West, a few days ago, wearing a generally reckless air. When searched, there was found on his person a knife, measuring 6.43279 inches, not taking the corkscrew into consideration.

LITERATURE.

THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES.

LISTEN! What is it they're saying, ever breaking on the beach?
 As the days and years pass over, what is it the great waves teach?
 How we long to understand them, know their strange and mystic lore,
 As we listen in the moonlight to the waves beat on the shore.

In the years that have gone over, in the days of long ago,
 We remember how we listened to their music soft and low:
 Then it was such merry music, in the silence still and lone,
 Now we hear the graver surging of a solemn undertone.

Then they spoke of happy morrows, not of vanished yesterdays—
 Spoke of sunlight, of the dawning, not of evening's purple haze,
 While we looked with solemn child eyes, full of wonder, full of awe,
 At the moonlight on the waters, while the waves beat on the shore.

Looking from the casement window, ah, what thoughts would come and go!
 Dimly shadowed dreams of childhood, things that yet we yearn to know,
 While we watched the rippling waters, calm and silent, still and bright,
 With the "golden ladder" stretching far into the quiet night.

Gleaming with the solemn glory of the angel feet that trod
 O'er those deep and azure waters to the blessed home of God;
 Now we sigh for that child fancy, for the baby faith once more,
 So we listen in the moonlight to the waves beat on the shore.

Yes, there comes—there comes a yearning for those old, those childish years,
 Ere our hands had borne the burden, ere our hearts had felt the fears,
 Then we knew not of life's passion, had not felt its throb of pain,
 Ah! we would that we were children in the childish years again.

Yes, full many an old, old day dream, bright air castles, fair and vast,
 Will rise up in magic splendor from the memories of the past,
 Scenes we long have left behind us start to being as of yore,
 As we listen in the moonlight to the waves beat on the shore.