

The recent rapid progress of the Glee Club dates from the time when this plan was first put into practice by its management. Under the leadership of their capable, painstaking and energetic director, Mr. Medley, they attained, last year, a degree of efficiency which called forth the remark from an evening paper, that the 'Club is the best which Queen's has had since the days of Jack Sherlock'—a statement, by the way, which no student now in attendance is in a position to dispute.

Now this is very gratifying. But it means that if the Glee Club is to continue its progress, as we hope it will, we must look elsewhere for effective means for the promotion of general singing, since this latter commodity seems to be more scarce this session than ever before.

It might be supposed that the decline of singing has been due to the absence of any general desire on the part of the students to sing. There is, however, considerable evidence to show that such is not the case. Frequently there are indications of a desire to sing, but the proposal to 'start up a song' is almost invariably met with the blank inquiry, 'what can we sing?' There is the difficulty. The well known songs of the Toronto University collection are worn thread-bare, while our own collection is not yet published. We have sung 'Clementine' and 'Solomon Levi' and 'Hop Along, Sister Mary' till we couldn't bear to sing them any more, and we can't be singing 'The Old Ontario Strand' *all* the time. What can be done to change this state of affairs? Let me offer a suggestion which came to me as a result of a conversation I had last summer with a friend who is a Princeton student. According to his account they have plenty of singing at Princeton. He became enthusiastic when he came to describe a feature of it which they call 'campus singing.' As soon as the mild spring weather has come the students assemble each evening on the campus at 7 o'clock to spend an hour in singing college songs. The senior year is responsible for the success of the campus singing of the term. The seniors occupy the steps of one of the college buildings and lead the singing, while the others join in from their positions on the lawn in front. All are provided with a little booklet containing a small collection of suitable songs. Each year a new booklet is furnished by the seniors. Do many of the students turn out? Yes, they all come, for it is the most enjoyable hour in the day—and, indeed, the enjoyment is not confined to the students merely, for people come from near and far to listen, among whom last year were frequently seen ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland.

Of course we cannot have campus singing at Queen's for two reasons. We are not in residence, and even if we were, the weather during our college

session would not permit. But why not make the best approach to it we can. The executive of the A.M.S. has repeatedly offered us a half hour each Saturday evening if we wish to use it for singing. Convocation Hall is always at our disposal. Might not we use it for this purpose one or two evenings a week, from 5 o'clock till six? Here is a chance for the present senior year to win undying fame as the class to first begin this custom at Queen's. The cost of the booklet would be very small. The Song Book Committee have plenty of good songs which they will gladly furnish for the purpose. A little expense and a lot of enthusiasm would, we believe, enable the class of '98 to successfully inaugurate some such custom, and they would thus confer a lasting benefit upon future generations of students.

"Come then ye days of good luck or adversity!

"Who knows the lot in the lap of his fate?

"Days may befall when good friends are in scarcity;

"Love may swing light in the balance with hate;

"Raise we the chants of our old University—

"Speeding along, rapid and strong

"The glorious sound of a Student Song.

Yours, K.G.T.

#### IN THE BACKWOODS.

It is Saturday night in a log house in the backwoods of to-day. The guest is a student-preacher and the host and hostess are public servants who dispense the weekly mail. They live on the farm cleared by the good man's parents, who reared a family, arranged to have Sabbath services fortnightly in the school-house, and then died—the father, after hearing only one sermon. The student conducted the burial service on his second trip. "The memory of the just is blessed."

There are twelve families in this high and airy woodland region—most of them relatives of the deceased. They are kind and good on their stony farms and in their primitive houses. A lumber camp is less than a mile from the post office, and word of the morrow's worship is sent on this Saturday evening. The student is thinking of his sermon and of the sacred day of rest. He reads, "He that seeth me, seeth him that sent me," and "If I had not come and spoken unto them they had not had sin . . ." and he thinks. He thinks of the Cossacks, as described by Tolstoi; and of what Dr. Lyman Abbott writes of the fall of man in "The Evolution of Christianity." The fire in the cook stove—the only stove in the house—is producing a great heat, in which one may think vaguely without much active co-ordination of ideas. He picks up a book brought in from the newsboy's trunk on the train by a passing guest from "outside," (as they say, meaning outside the district). It is a queer thing evidently,