

to a lady, whereupon she said: "Oh, he is the horrid man who wrote that 'Story of the Gadsbys;' I thought it was really quite *indecent*. I'm *never* going to read anything of his again." She looked as if we had insulted her, and we felt rather as if we had robbed a church or something of that sort, though we were perfectly sure we had done nothing wrong. In the same way we have heard a Queen's Professor found his poor opinion of Tennyson on:

"Where Claribel low lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall."

This is even worse, for while the Gadsbys has great merit, and fully justified critics in expecting from the young author the great things that he has since done, "Claribel" has nothing but a gurgling sweetness.

* * *

Archibald Lampman has a poem, "The Comfort of the Fields," in Scribner's, for February, which has been hailed by the critics with a universal burst of praise. *The Week* says it is what "Keats would have written had he been a Canadian," and one of the chief American papers says that it is worthy of Keats at his best. It certainly has a strong flavour of Keats, and we might even say of Keats at his best, but we cannot quite agree that it is equal to the "Ode to the Nightingale," to which it bears the most direct resemblance. It seems to us that if there had been no Keats there would have been no Lampman. Many of the effects, too, such as:

"And drain
The comfort of wild fields into tired eyes,"

And—

"And log-strewn rivers murmurous with
mills,"

are taken in manner and almost in wording from Tennyson, while others, such as:

"And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?"

are after Swinburne and Andrew Lang.

At the same time it is a beautiful and melodious poem, one of the two or three best that Canada has produced, superior to his own "Heat," and far ahead of Campbell's "A Mother," for which our admiration is by no means unqualified. We give the first and last of the six verses which make up "The Comfort of the Fields."

"What would'st thou have for easement after grief,
When the rude world hath used thee with despite,
And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?"

To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
To roam in idleness and sober mirth,
Through summer airs and summer lands, and drain
The comfort of wild fields into tired eyes.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens over-banked with flowers;
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
And cool fair fingers radiantly divine,
The mighty mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes, and foreheads pinched and wan,
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine,
Drink and be filled, and ye shall understand."

CONTRIBUTED.

Editor Queen's College JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to make one or two remarks suggested by last week's "Groans." I have pondered long and painfully over the gown question, and have, I think, discovered a solution. Some of the Professors call the roll at regular intervals, once a day, once a week or once a session. Now if they were all to do so, and mark no one present unless he (or she) had a gown on, the trouble would cease. It could safely be left to their discretion to judge whether it *was* a gown the student had on, rather than a piece of black cloth tied with a bit of red braid. The time for calling the roll could also be settled by each Professor for himself, though I might suggest once a week as likely to give satisfaction.

I would like too, to question the wisdom of having the ladies in the Glee—I beg its pardon, the Choral—Club. I am not a member of that institution, but I voice the sentiments of a good many students when I say that I think it would get on better if attended by the superior sex only. Not that I have any moral objection, or think that there will be flirtation or anything of that sort, but because of the bad effect it has on the songs that are sung. At last conversat. we had, if I remember right, the soldiers' chorus in Faust, and we now hear daily the mellifluous strains of "Bow down to Haman, the son of Hammedatha." Well, I may be wrong, but I think