

Subjects for debate and discussion at such a society should not be lacking. Those who are studying the thought and action of the past might do worse than keep in touch with the thought and action of the present. While expending strength and time on the work of poets and novelists of past centuries, might it not be the part of the wise, to gain by united effort and spirited discussion, some insight into those who are the Titans of our own time? If our vision be true, we see in the near future a dainty programme of monthly meetings, similar to that issued by the Y. W. C. A., bearing a list of topics on the live questions of the day.

Yours hopefully,

MARIA.

CONTRIBUTED.

COLLEGE SINGING.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As though that soul were dead.

BUT it is better to take the old harp off its peg and have it strummed by fingers never so crude than leave it mouldering through disuse year in and year out. Once upon a time, and that not many years ago, one might wander through the halls of Queen's and have his savage breast soothed by strains of music from almost every class-room. The ladies came tripping to class to the tune of "Hop along, sister Mary;" nearly every professor was pleasantly reminded that "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea;" freshmen giggled at the "Animal Fair," caught up the strain and clung to it as tenaciously as a street whistler does to "After the Ball." But "Polly Wolly Doodle" died and her sister "Clementine" sank for the third time beneath the foaming brine. The boys no longer go "Way down south to Centre street," not even to "Bingo Farm," and the air of the class-rooms seems thick with the spirit of "Say nothing but saw wood." It is true that a few lingering strains occasionally leak through the keyhole of Divinity hall, but they sound too much like the swan's song of college music. Yes, and there was once a glee club, but it went into a decline that speedily developed into a galloping consumption. What does it all mean? Wherefore this state of affairs? Is there no "balm of Gilead?"

We do not wish anyone to attempt the miraculous, but we have a firm belief in the possibility of a resurrection along this line, and that on a naturalistic basis. Any remedy is preferable to the present oppressive silence. My suggestion is simply this, whenever a class assembles, let some one feel it a duty in life to start a song, and then let him that

singeth, sing; let him who doth not sing, sing; let freshman, sophomore, junior and senior sing; who-soever will let him sing, whether he croaks as a frog or warbles as a bird. Further, when an attempt is made at the formation of a glee club, every singer should feel it a pleasure and privilege to assist. It is decidedly a disgrace to Queen's that for the last four years she has failed to have a glee club on the list of her associations. Sing, brethren, without further lining. Will some brother raise the tune, please?

REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.

I am a mirror of a reflective turn of mind and it has occurred to me that since I have a grievance my only hope for redress is through your columns. For I have been in attendance at Queen's University long enough to know that this is the Hub of the the Universe and the COLLEGE JOURNAL the exponent thereof. After having been for six years the centre to which all naturally gravitated I find myself cast aside into a corner. True, the busy footsteps come and go as usual and I hear the hum of the everlasting chatter; but no longer do the many heads bend towards me eagerly soliciting my approval and rendering me homage. Day after day have I shone with delight in my distinguished position and verified the words, "If you take a smiling visage to the glass, you meet a smile." Not one face but grew brighter upon meeting mine; no one gave a dissatisfied glance; one by one they greeted me "good morning" and nodded "good-bye." Then would silence fall upon the great halls and darkness fill up the vacant corners. My reflections then were of the stars as they pierced the sky, or the pale moonlight as it transformed the empty gowns against the walls into weird images. It was then that Retrospect took possession of me, and although I could not reflect much, still the old faces, on which lingered "the light of a pleasant spirit," passed before me—the old faces gone forever from the familiar rooms, and the new ones pressing forward every year—the present and the past—till the sun sent a long, red message across the world and ushered in again the eternal round of the day. Then once more was I approached with eager earnestness, and bright eyes sought the approval never denied them by me. Alas! all that is past. Deposed, disgraced and ignominiously thrust aside without a word of thanks for the thousand services I have been so silently rendering all these years, I say to myself with wrath and bitterness of soul—Ingratitude, thy name is woman!

And I am convinced that my reflections ought to be continued.