

Ladies.

THE Journal extends congratulations to the girls of the Sophomore year, who carried off the championship in the inter-year debates in the Levana Society.

Spring, spring, happy spring, has ever been a favorite theme of poets. They have praised the beauties of nature at this season, the budding tree, the verdant, tender green of the grass, the bright sunshine, the balmy air—they have sung of the love that fires a manly bosom at this time when nature clothes herself in a fresh new garment of verdure, and innumerable as these songs are, are they not all songs of gladness? To the poet, when this season suggests nothing but joy,—but alas, we are not all poets,—very few, or none of us, I fear here at Queen's can lay claim to that title—even though the word amateur be prefixed to it—if this standard of an eager joyous longing for April be applied to us.

And yet April is coming very quickly too, we have to turn the leaves of the Calendar but twice and it is upon us. We can't very well believe it now with the thermometer ten below zero, and huge banks of snow piled up along the streets—but just come over to the College cloak-room, or up to the Levana room and settle down to read a delightful story; in a few moments you fairly imagine you hear the first robin chirp, and see the trees bursting forth into buds—for this is what will happen. Engrossed in your book, for a time you are oblivious to the voices around you, but one little word, "examinations," arrests your attention, and even at the

most interesting point of your story you needs must stop and listen. "Do you know it is only seven weeks until the examinations begin, and I have all my Math. to get into my head yet, not to speak of those Modern books I have to read."

"Seven weeks," tittered in a tone so tragic that the other occupants of the room all turn to see what it can mean.

"Seven weeks, and I hav'nt even began to read my Latin yet."

With that the two speakers hastily leave the room whether to search for the goddess of inspiration or for some short road to knowledge we cannot assert. But for that morning at least "Ainslee" has lost all interest for you—for are there not just as tragic things happening every day of our life, especially of our life here at Queen's towards spring, as can be recounted on the pages of any magazine. A neglected French book is quickly searched out, and on opening the page at the prose passage to be translated, once again you receive rather an unpleasant shock when you have to decide upon the idiomatic phrase for "passing an examination."

Having finished your work you settle down for as you think, a well deserved rest before class, and a chat with one of your friends. Naturally Hockey and the various matches are interesting topics of conversation. You have seen both big matches of the season and are yet enthusiastic to think of watching the fortunes of Queen's II. and III. Then your friend, a senior probably, haunted always by the vision of a much desired roll of parchment, tied with a wee bow of red ribbon, working ever with a feverish haste; or possibly a post-