

system. If so, where is there any necessity for a Minister of Education? The adoption of such a position is just the refusal to admit that any other university has claims in its relation to the educational system. But if there are Universities in other parts of Ontario in close relation to the high school system and forming a large factor in the educational system of the province, surely their reasonable claims ought not to be ignored. The principle adopted by the *Mail* rests on the false assumption that all universities other than Toronto are "denominational." Now, a "denominational" university is one controlled entirely by the particular church to which it belongs. But a university controlled, as is Queen's, by an independent board of trustees, and whose professors are appointed directly by that board, cannot be called denominational. Since then Queen's is undenominational, the *Mail's* whole argument falls to the ground. But were Queen's to give up her independence by affiliating with Toronto, and become purely denominational, she then would have a right to representation in the educational system. We fail to see how the establishment of a leaving examination, to take the place of the present matriculation examination, controlled by a board representing the universities and high schools of Ontario would be a "serious menace" to the educational department.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any opinions expressed in this column.—[ED.]

#### A COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of Queen's College JOURNAL.

In many things it is good to be conservative. Especially is that spirit wise in regard to the customs and institutions of College life; for the student to uphold the traditions that are handed down from one generation to another, and accept them as they exist and have existed in the past. In Queen's this spirit has always been a recognized characteristic of her students, but here, as everywhere else, there is a possibility of this spirit allowing abuses to creep in unnoticed, and of irreparable injury being done by passive obedience to old regulations that have been outlived. One of the most ancient institutions of Queen's is the Venerable Concurus. In years past this court has done good service in guarding the welfare of Freshmen by gentle rebuke and otherwise, but we humbly think that it is not out of place to call the attention of the students to certain abuses that have crept in of late years, and to abuses that unmistakably exist under the present management.

At the last court, held on Nov. 26th, the utter want of British fair play was so manifested that I cannot refrain from expressing myself against it. The whole affair seemed to be a strong desire for amusement at the expense of some Freshman, and unfortunately he was one who has always conducted himself in a most gentlemanly way. There was an opportunity given for a defence, but by the over-bearing and extremely partial ruling of the Chief Justice all attempts at honestly defending the prisoner were frustrated. It is well to feel the dignity of one's position, but to come to the "court-room" with

address and verdict already prepared, and determined to grant every liberty to one side and to effectually "sit" on the other seems rather "infra dig." Then to drag from too willing witnesses, circumstances connected with the private life of a student is surely going past the mark. Again, the fine was the largest imposed on any person in the history of the court, and that too when only two of the five charges were proven. By all means let there be a Concurus. Let it have all the privileges it deserves, but let us be careful in allowing a repetition of such contemptible unfairness as we were treated to on the above occasion.—TARGUM.

#### RETROSPECT.

I sat at the window one evening, as the sun was sinking low,  
As it sent o'er the western heavens the flush of the after-glow,  
And I thought of the tireless journey, that all day long it had run,  
Of how early in the morning its day's work it had begun.  
Then there came to me a vision of the by-gone days of yore,  
When I started on my journey along life's endless shore,  
How I longed for the brighter morrow, not content with the bright to-day,  
And thought myself earnestly working, while with pebbles and shells at play.  
Soon there came the rough awakening; life assumed a sterner face,  
And I learned that pain and anguish have in this fair world a place,  
That for each there is some duty that no other hand can do,  
Some loving word to be spoken, that no one can speak for you.  
The soft, sweet light of the dawning has forever passed away,  
And now upon life's pathway shines the sun with burning ray;  
It reveals not only duties, but many a hidden spring,  
From which, refreshed, the wearied new stores of strength may bring.  
This scorching heat of noon-tide I know cannot last for aye,  
When the shallows begin to lengthen, towards the close of the day,  
No more, in the midst of the battle, will I cope with the young and strong,  
The struggle will soon be over, although it now seems so long.  
The sun, his day's work finished, has quietly gone to rest,  
His wearied head is pillowed on Old Father Ocean's breast,  
We, too, soon behind the horizon will vanish away from sight,  
Then let us now, steadily toiling, shed around us our brightest light.