

*theus.* Please come along, gentlemen and ladies, don't look at someone else and say "Thou art the man!"

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TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent the worse and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may forever tarry.

HERRICK.

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IN APRIL WEATHER.

Long ago, in April weather,  
When my heart and I were young,  
When the bending skies were clearer,  
And the bending heavens nearer,  
Laughed my heart and I together,  
With the song the robin sung;  
Childhood's heart of innocence,  
Childhood's keener, subtler sense,  
Linked the meaning with the music,  
Grasped, untaught, its eloquence.

Ah! the curse of Eve's transgression!

Duller pulses than the child,  
Fewer heart-throbs, senses colder,  
Tell my heart and I are older,  
Tell of years of slow repression,  
Since in dreams the angels smiled.

Oh! to hear again each note,  
By enchantment set afloat,

Like linked pearls of music  
From thy palpitating throat!  
But my yearning nought avails me,  
Haunts, eludes, bewilders, fails me—  
The lost heaven of a child.

E. J. M.

An interesting event took place in the Science Hall last Saturday morning, when Prof. Nicol tried the new furnaces and other assay apparatus, and performed very satisfactorily the first assay work ever done at Queen's. Several of the honor men took possession of the little crucibles in which the silver ore was melted, knowing that some day when the Hall has grown to be a veritable Freiberg these will be very interesting mementoes of the initial experiment in the analysis of ore at Queen's.

## CONTRIBUTED.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents, but only for the propriety of inserting them.]

### POETRY VS. ESSAYS.

WE have had for some weeks now that mournful cry of the Editor for more poetry ringing in our ears, but alas, with little or no response. And why is this? Is it not because there is too much drudgery in connection with the average student's course to leave room for any independent work, such as poetry would require? At least poetry having some slight literary flavour.

This overwork in some classes is only too apparent. Ask, for instance, any student in Moderns how fares it with him, and in nine cases out of ten you will hear a tale of woe and work that has taken the heart out of all his other classes. Other students cry out on essay writing. There can be no doubt essays are, in a way, very helpful, especially as an aid in a difficult subject, but it is quite possible to have too much even of a good thing; and the student who averages two or three essays a week is not likely to be in a poetical mood during that period. If students of other Universities write poetry of merit during their college terms, I can only say their work must be very different from ours.

If we look into the history of literature, I think we will find there very few men who, during their college life, did any "grind" work and wrote good poetry too. Many poets, as Byron and Shelley, did a vast amount of miscellaneous reading, but little of anything else. Few poets ever took a degree from a University, and those who did produced but little poetry during their course. Wordsworth is an exception to this, but Wordsworth's poetry of that period is very poor stuff indeed.

In support of my theory I am willing to wager considerable, that if any one of the Professors will allow a poem for the JOURNAL as an option for a compulsory essay, you will have such an overflowing amount of poetical literature that you will really need to do nothing but smile for the rest of the year. Just think of how much a single individual's contributions might amount to. I, for one, have written just 44 essays this session—34 too many, I think.