

bearing of events. He has himself said that in his opinion the most perfect English history which exists is to be found in the historical plays of Shakespeare, and we in a large measure agree with him. But if Shakespeare was his model he has failed to introduce us into the inner life and spirit of the time as Shakespeare does.

Froude met Carlyle first in 1849, and was introduced to him by Arthur Clough, but it was not till 1860 that there was an intimacy between them. He was however strongly drawn to Carlyle. In 1884 he wrote: "I had from the time I became acquainted with his writings looked upon him as my own guide and master so absolutely that I could have said: 'Malim errare cum Platone, quam cum aliis bene sentire;' or in Goethe's words, which I did often repeat to myself: 'Mit deinem Meister zu irren ist dein Gewinn.'" There can be no doubt of Carlyle's influence on Froude, and like Carlyle he selected his heroes, Henry VIII, Luther, Erasmus, Becket, Caesar, and even Carlyle himself, and the biographies of these men are perhaps the most successful products of his pen.

When Irish affairs began to engage so much attention Froude visited Ireland, and shortly after appeared his "English in Ireland," a work which satisfied no party; and also a novel, "The two chiefs of Dunboy," in which he sought to give a picture of Irish life and character, but it received little attention.

He subsequently visited the West Indies, as also Australia and Africa, and the two volumes which are the result of these voyages are written in Froude's pleasant style, but they are marked by some of the defects of his other works—his peculiar presentation of an apparently imperfect judgment, and they have given origin to the term Froudacity.

In 1892, just forty-four years after the condemnation by the University of his *Nemesis of Faith* Froude was welcomed back to Oxford as Regius Professor of History. It seems like irony that he should have succeeded Freeman, who had been his life long antagonist, and we involuntarily recall Freeman's bitter articles and letters in criticism of his history and of his estimate of Thomas a Becket. After all deductions it must be admitted that Froude's contributions to our knowledge of history are very important, and in his great historical work, on which his reputation principally rests, he has accumulated a vast array of facts, and Henry VIII is made to stand out with a vividness and a force of character which he had not before.

Every student should hear Christie Murray in Convocation Hall next Friday night. A rich treat, with Glees and Selections thrown in by the choir.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR,—The note concerning the Levana, in your last issue, was undoubtedly well-timed. In reply to the question, "Is the Levana defunct?" we must, with heartfelt regret, answer "Yea, verily."

At four o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 8th, seven trusty votaries gathered in the reading room, to tend the last moments of the expiring goddess. Over that last sad scene we must gently draw the curtain. Into that sacred apartment, memorable, not only as the birthplace of the departed but as her dwelling-place during her sojourn among us, no profane foot may enter, no ordinary eye may peer. Suffice it to say that, even among those faithful few who kept watch until the end, there was no compassionate heart to suggest, no kind hand to administer—a peanut. There was our well-beloved allowed to sink slowly into the shadowy stillness of the Great Unknown.

Notwithstanding, we trust, Mr. Editor, that there are yet a few sparks of life in the young women of the University. If we are content that the sick society should thus pass away, it is only "in the faith that she is a Phoenix, and that a new heaven-born young one will arise out of her ashes." While Queen's is progressing along every other line, are her daughters to fail her on their side? Surely among sixty or seventy young women, drawn from all parts of the province, there must be material enough for a good literary society. We believe, that that is not where the trouble lies. There is abundance of ability in all the necessary lines, but there seems to be lacking the will to apply it in this direction. Do the girls fully realize the meaning of the parable of the talents?

But we hear on all sides the cry, "We haven't time." Time! Why not? Is college life to be one continual grind, grind, grind? Are examinations to become the be-all and end-all of university existence, instead of keeping their proper place as the milestones by which our progress is noted? Woe betide the future of Canada if our Alma Mater is to graduate us as storehouses, rather than as educated, developed, thoughtful women. If there is one benefit above another, which should be the outcome of a college course, it is the ability to think, and to clothe that thought in clear, forcible language. A training like this may be aided nowhere more surely than in a Literary Society of the first order. Such a society we *should* have at Queen's. What might we not accomplish, would the girls but realize the possibilities that lie in such an effort! But it must be a united effort. There must be no "impedimenta."