

been dropping in at intervals ever since. We are assured that His Holiness is detained at the Capital by ecclesiastical matters of the highest moment and we are in daily anticipation of a pronouncement on celibacy, church union or the school question, after which we will expect his return.

Just previous to our last issue it was learned by some of our higher critics that an error had been made in transcribing that portion of the law which refers to the observance of our annual holidays. In accordance with the oft-received instructions, we proceeded to put in practice the new light, reading "19th" instead of "22nd." But, as is often the case with the inexperienced, we were too anxious to propagate our advanced views, and in our haste to enlighten others we certainly blundered. The result was a violent reaction on the part of "the powers that be," who refused to believe that one iota of the law could be wrongly transcribed and threatened us with all the terrors of the inquisition if such heresy was ever hinted at again. Sad to relate there were found in our midst two traditionalists of equally narrow views, who persisted in their verbal inspiration theories and held by the reading "22nd." To their honor, be it said, however, they are now diligently transcribing forty copies of the last chapter of the G.M.G. Homily for distribution among the heretics of the Hall, to reclaim them, if possible, from the perilous position. It is surely a hopeful sign that some at least of the opposing party are willing to reason with, rather than forcibly silence the impetuous young higher critics.

## LADIES' COLUMN.

### QUI NON PROFICIT DEFICIT.

**M**Y LADY LEVANA,—Is there a subtle charm imparted by your magic to our highest seat of office, that now for the second time our President has been spirited away?

At our Christmas meeting she presided for the last time, as Miss Dupuis, before going to her new home. All good wishes from the Levana follow her that in the manifold duties of a minister's helper she may prove as successful as when leader of the Glee Club, Poet and President of our Society; and we hope that the new friendships she forms will be as pleasant to her as is the memory of her friendship to "the girls she left behind her."

After sundry items of business had been discussed and settled, we entered upon our programme. The Prophet's Christmas address came first, in which she reviewed the work of our society during the past months, and gave a forecast of what we hope to do this coming term.

Then the President made her farewell address and we separated with the time-honored anthem, "Auld Lang Syne."

The term opens well with an Art afternoon on the thirteenth, and under the leadership of our Vice-President we hope to have several interesting and instructive meetings.

To any person who chanced to enter the college during vacation, the empty corridors and silent rooms seemed dreary and forsaken; and the walls of the waiting room looked pathetic in their loneliness, bare of hats and cloaks and even classic gowns. Now, however, the old order of things has again resumed its sway. All the old friends are back again, looking fresher, brighter and happier for their rest, during which we hope they read nothing except Hamlet and their Bibles. We are glad to welcome some new friends among us, and hope they will soon have as great an affection for Queen's as the old ones.

Skating is the order of the day. Nearly everyone has bought a season ticket for the rink. But there is going to be no sloping of classes this year—at least not very much.

### 'S SOLILOQUY.

To write, or not to write, that is the question!  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to stammer  
Out an apology for unwritten essays,  
Or to take up a pen and likewise paper  
And by composing end them. To write, or shirk,  
No more; and by our shirking say we end  
The headaches and the shocks of student life  
That we are heir to; 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To write or shirk,  
To shirk, perchance to slope. Ay, there's the rub!  
For if we slope, what hiding place to seek  
Wherein to 'scape the learned Prof.'s keen eye  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes it difficult for us to slope.  
But who would bear the agony untold,  
The pangs of hurt conceit, of humbled pride,  
At finding his grand essay but fourth-rate,  
When he with ease might deftly dodge it all,  
By simply sloping. Who would essays write,  
To sweat and groan over a manuscript,  
But that the dread of missing our B.A.  
That distant goal we sigh for, and past which  
We long to fly to M.A. puzzles us,  
And makes us rather at an essay plod,  
Than miss the happy hunting grounds ahead.  
Ambition thus makes plodders of us all,  
And thus the weak impulse to basely slope  
Is put forever from our minds away.  
And with determined will, and a "J" pen  
We'll write. Then on the folded paper put  
The magic name of essay.