

to be placed in Convocation Hall, beside those with whom he had successively served the University for nearly half a century. We are now informed that steps have been taken to have the portrait painted, and we are also permitted to state that all who desire to contribute to it may do so by remitting direct to Mr. J. B. McIver, Kingston. As very many will wish to have to do with the work, it is suggested that only a very small brick, say not bigger than a dollar, should be sent by each person. It is not intended to ask any one for a contribution even by circular. Volunteers, and those only, are called for. Let us see, now, how many stones will be sent in to the cairns before the next issue of the JOURNAL. We shall be disappointed if we have not to make proclamation then that no more can be received.

WE have read that the *stand* a young man takes while in college serves as an index as to what he will be in after life. We hope not, for in that case the future position of many a student now attending Queen's will be that of standing in the doorway of churches and staring at every one who passes out. If any one wants ocular proof of this, let him attend the services in Convocation Hall and view the living mass of student that presents itself to his view on leaving. Surely such conduct is unbecoming any young man, and we hope to see the good sense of our students shown by discontinuing such rudeness. When the services in the Hall are over would it not be well for the students to act the part of some of the citizens and having donned their overcoats srike out for a constitutional of two or three miles. We know that some students wait for friends whom they have accompanied, but these favored ones are few and to them our remarks do not refer.

A wealthy Boston mirer has recently bequeathed his entire fortune, the amount being half a million dollars, to Harvard. He was considered a miser in his lifetime, but he may have seen nothing worth spending his money on, and therefore he very sensibly managed and nursed it that he might be able to leave as much as possible where it would do most good. The man's memory is, in that case, deserving of all honor. There once lived a man in a town in France, a man who was hated and hooted at all his life because of his miserliness. Society tabooed him, and the children pelted him with stones and mud whenever and wherever he was seen on the streets. After his death, it was found that he had willed all his money to be spent on bringing into the town an abundance of pure water, without cost to the public. He had seen how much the poor suffered for lack of good water, and he had stinted himself for fifty years that they might be relieved. Does any one accuse the editorial staff of the JOURNAL of being *advocatus Diaboli*, or of writing ironically? They do us an injustice. We were never more serious in our lives. How can a country compete with others in the Nineteenth Century, if its Colleges are starved? Are not those men then the truest patriots who do what they can to lift their native or adopted country out of barbarism, who bestow their money not on objects that appeal to louts and barbarians, but on what will secure immortal fame for themselves and permanent benefit to humanity? The JOURNAL promises to "gently scan" the lives of such men, and always to give them the benefit of the doubt. Such cases as the above make it able to see a soul of good in miserliness. Miserliness may mean the self-control that thinks of how best to serve the general interests, and is so absorbed in the thought that it dares to "scorn delights and live laborious days."