

reached, again to flounder in the miry pool of freshman-ship. Vain hope! Delusive wish! This jealous thrust only served to spur me on, and next day, with majestic mien, and every step ringing with determination and defiance, I walked into class and took a seat on the front bench.

I noticed that some of my fellow-students took copious notes, catching the words as they fell from the Professor's mouth and materializing them in black and white. I did not. I merely oiled my rational threshing machine, and, feeding it with the thoughts and utterances of the Professor, set the machinery at work and sifted out the chaff. My companions, poor fools, thought they gleaned bushels of the precious grain daily. But what did I discover? How much did I carry home? *Just a handful.* The rest was thrown out and carried by the winds away.

I laid in quite an extensive collection of philosophical works, which I am still reading and criticizing. The light of my reason is penetrating the dark, unexplored corners of Psychology, and soon shall I open to the world regions of thought that have never been dreamed of.

But had I not better share some of this light with the Professor? Had I not better point out to him his errors and direct him to the true way? Happy thought, my first duty lies here.

Perhaps the kindest course to pursue in order to achieve the desired result would be to answer him, gently but firmly, as my superior wisdom dictates when fate calls me to appear before him single-handed in presence of the assembled class. My resolution is made. The die is cast.

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That was some days ago. I have matured my plans, and will be triumphant at every point. Something within tells me I shall meet him to-morrow, but a great calmness has fallen upon me, and my heart is filled with hope and exultation. I feel as I believe Wellington must have felt before Waterloo. I wonder if a University will be called after me.

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This is *to-morrow*. The boys say I struck a snag. I can't fully understand it yet, for the shock was great. Perhaps night or Blücher didn't come. I think I will leave Queen's forever, but will have to sell my books to pay the landlady.

P.S.—Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness!

GROWLS

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

WHEN I came to Queen's my head and heart were filled with great expectations. What rare times were before me! I thought of four hundred young men assembled together, working in one another's interests, storing up golden associations, all alike striving to build up the student part of the University and to make it a powerful element in society. I saw in my mind's eye societies organized for various purposes, such as for athletic development, literary culture, debating power,

Christian influence, and many others. All selfish aims and personal interests were forgotten in the common weal. The students were as members of a democracy guided by those men who had proved their ability as citizens and had ascended to a higher plane.

This was what I *expected*. Before I had been here a month my castles fell, turret after turret, stone after stone, till not even the foundation remained. I found the Alma Mater Society divided into cliques, its officers but little assisted, and the debating element drowned by harassing business.

The Y.M.C.A. meetings were well attended, but owing to the exclusiveness, hyper-conscientiousness, unsociability and fun-hating disposition of the majority of the leaders in the association, its influence among the boys was minimized.

The Gymnasium offered no attractions, owing to its situation, incomplete apparatus and irregular management.

Football was indulged in by many, but this was for only two months in the year, and Association had been entirely deposed by Rugby instead of being equally supported.

The Concursus had lost its eagle eyesight, and deeds of cheek and darkness went on unchecked and unpunished.

This was what I found, and if you don't believe me—you needn't; but I know whereof I speak, to my sorrow. At any rate you will hear from me again.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES.

ENERGETIC canvasser (to grad.)—You are an alumni, are you not?

Grad.—No; I am an alumnus.

E.C. collapses.

Two members of a canvassing committee gained quite a little experience during their rounds. Shortly after dinner one day they tackled a city grad., Mr. S., and asked plump for his vote. He requested further information, and for three mortal hours they continued to inform him. They described the whole situation minutely, rattled off a list of Presidents since '49—chiefly from their imagination—discussed Commercial Union and Annexation, the next Mayoralty election, the split in '59, and everything else that ever has occurred or is likely to occur; and at last got the promise of Mr. S.'s vote. When they discovered, at the committee meeting that night, that Mr. S. had been canvassed in the *morning* and had promised their candidate his vote, the picturesqueness of their expressions could only be equalled by the force of their language.

One feature which gave considerable amusement to the "free and independent electors of Queen's" was the grammar of the sentence on the election cards of a candidate for a high office in the Alma Mater Society—the society having for an object "to cultivate a *literary* and scientific taste among the students." (Vide Constitution, I, 3 c.)