

THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are over, and have brought their lesson with them. As in all great movements we have learned the principles which must guide us for the next encounter. The representative system has never given entire satisfaction in the State, the Church, or the University, and the evils attending it were never more apparent than during this election, for the possibilities of its development were greater.

It is a significant fact that, were a vote taken by the *bona fide* members of the A. M. S., not more than five or six of the present officers would have been elected.

It is also worthy of notice that the members of the Royal, by a straight party vote, have won almost every election from time immemorial, and will continue doing so until they are either met on their own grounds or the relationship of the different Colleges to the A. M. S. has been placed upon another basis.

Again, the snifle of the caucus in the "den" is sure victory and its frown immediate death; and when such influences are brought to bear upon every aspirant for office we cannot be surprised at the low rate for which they are frequently bought and sold.

THE LIBRARY.

ALTHOUGH Queen's is rapidly becoming invulnerable to the attacks of the critics, and even now it would require a certain amount of inspection to detect an assailable point, there is one small subject that might be mentioned in connection with the improvements, that has caused a good deal of comment. Why cannot we have a reference catalogue of the books in the library? Surely the labor expended on such a task would be more than compensated for by the benefit that would accrue to students and others. As it is we are completely in the dark as to what books the library contains. We ask for a volume, not from any absolute knowledge of its being in the possession of the University, but merely from a vague conjecture based on hearsay evidence. This scarcely seems in accordance with the recognized method of conducting such institutions. Frequently a student, in search of necessary information, will swell the coffers of Mr. Nisbet by the price of a certain book when that book, "unbeknownst" to him, the whole time is peacefully basking in the mellow radiance of the faded red curtains (which need renewing most shamefully). Now let a new order of things appear. Let us have a catalogue, even if we have to relinquish the nickle-plated cup in the drinking fountain and go back to aboriginal tin.

ENGLISH.

BEFORE any mischief is done it would be well if students taking the English classes were warned that the halcyon days of yore are past. The outlook is decidedly gloomy for those men who, receiving in perfect good faith the tradition that "English is a picnic," disdain to listen to lectures or peruse their text books. Gentle-

men, something will drop, sure as fate, next April, unless you meet half-way the zealous overtures of our new Professor. Remember that those well-thumbed copies of notes which in past years have been handed down from student to student are now of comparatively little value. New material demands new energies, and the sooner each and every undergraduate who intends to present himself for examination recognizes the fact in all its awful solemnity the more serene will be the countenances of those same undergraduates when the results are announced next spring. *Verbum sap.*

LITERATURE.

AWAY FROM ME!

THE beach sighed for the sea when it had lost it,—
Sighed for the sea it deemed too rude a sea
When from its breathing bosom forth it tost it,
Proud crying—"Away from me!"

"So be it, dear beach!" the sad wave said, receding,
"The time shall come when it shall come to pass
That you shall cry, and I shall hear, unheeding,
'Away from me, alas!'"

And here, dear maiden, may you find a moral:
Think—ere you spurn true men for butterflies;
Think—ere you slaughter in a needless quarrel
Life's opportunities!

Judge not by looks, but by immortal merit:
Worth dwells forever in the hidden parts;
And oft the roughest-seeming ones inherit
The very noblest hearts.

Pause—ere you turn to dearth and dust and ashes
A love divine, by bidding it go free!
So that you cry not, late, with wet eyelashes,
"Alas,—away from me!"

From "Lyrics" by
GEORGE FREDERIC CAMERON.

CONVERSATION.

A HUMAN foot has never yet ascended the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn.

The summit of the Alps . . . a perfect chain of steep rocks . . . the depths of the heart of the mountains.

Above the mountains a pale-green heaven, still and clear. Hard, severe frost; firm, glittering snow; from under the snow protrude gloomy, ice-encrusted, weather-beaten twigs.

Two Colossi, two giants, rise on either side of the horizon: the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And the Jungfrau asks her neighbor: "What is the news? Thou canst gaze around more easily than I, what is happening there below?"

A thousand years elapse—a minute. And Finsteraarhorn thunders in reply: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth. . . . Wait!"