

effort that we identify pignant with pregnant and eyer with eager.

The article itself, however, is very good indeed. Mr. Gilbert Parker, the author, was at one time lecturer on Elocution in Queen's, and is now doing literary work in London. The whole number, in fact, is better than usual. Of the poetry by far the best is "Pessimism," a sonnet by T. G. Marquis, that rising young Canadian author.

* * *

A BALLADE OF BLIND LOVE.

Who have loved and ceased to love, forget
That ever they loved in their lives, they say;
Only remember the fever and fret
And the pain of Love, that was all his pay :
All the delight of him passes away
From hearts that hoped, and from lips that
met—
Too late did I love you, my love, and yet
I can never forget till my dying day.

Too late were we 'ware of the secret net
That meshes the feet in the flowers that stray;
There were we taken and snared, Lisette,
In the dungeon of La Fausse Amitié ;
Help was there none in the wide world's
fray,
Joy was there none in the gift and the debt ;
Too late we knew it, too long regret—
I shall never forget till my dying day.

We must live our lives, though the sun be set,
Must meet in the masque where parts we
play,
Must cross in the maze of Life's minuet,
Our yea is yea, and our nay is nay ;
But while snows of winter or flowers of May
Are the sad year's shroud or coronet,
In the season of rose or of violet,
I can never forget till my dying day.

Envoy.

Queen, when the clay is my coverlet,
When I am dead, and when you are gray,
Vow, where the grass of the grave is wet,
I shall never forget till my dying day.

ANDREW LANG.

* * *

We must here apologise to Dr. Dyde for the first verse of a poem which appeared in our last number. Our only excuse—if it can be called one—is that the article in question was given to us at the very last minute, and that reading it hurriedly neither we nor the head Editor realized its full import. Anyone who knows Dr. Dyde, or has ever taken his class, knows that while the second and third verses may contain a little truth, the first is utterly absurd and false.

CONTRIBUTED.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents, but only for the propriety of inserting them.]

To Editor Queen's College JOURNAL.

Although I am not at all sure that the pages of your Journal are altogether adapted for polemical discussion, I would like to say one word to "Nescio Quis."

I fancy that a tone sarcastic runs through his first two paragraphs on the abolition of the "dread rite" in the communion service in St. Andrew's Church, and when adverting to the youthfulness of some of the communicants, most people will not take him in earnest.

What I would wish to advert to more particularly are his remarks on the "breaking of bread."

Does it not occur to your correspondent, that however suitable the primitive method may be, where only a limited number are concerned—for instance with the pastor and his elders—how highly inconvenient it would be, where the number of communicants reached 400, as has been the case in St. Andrew's Church? Of course it is most desirable to copy as closely as possible the great original, but to my mind were slices of bread to be passed among such a large body of people, that each person might break off a portion, the result would be extreme inconvenience and great delay. The system of cutting the bread into small squares is the only one consistent with decorum and the solemnity which must accompany a rite so all-important as that of partaking of the Lord's Supper.

If Nescio Quis is a Divinity student, the worst wish I would express for him is that when he has a church of his own he may introduce the system he advocates and see how it succeeds; always supposing that the number to be administered to be as large as on the occasion to which he refers. D.

Editor Queen's College JOURNAL:

Dear Sir,—If the JOURNAL is a University organ, as it has always been supposed to be, why does it not give us anything of what is going on in the Royal? A short notice that there would be a dinner, and two or three not very good De Nobis, are all that we have had this year. The Women's Medical, a compar-