

which about 30,000 words are collected a. i. arranged. Last session the Dominion Parliament recognized his services by giving a grant to enable him to publish this great work. The Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution is now publishing a "Bibliography of Indian Literature," ten pages of which are occupied with the simple enumeration of his writings. In asking you to confer on Mr. Rand the degree of Doctor of Laws, the Senate desires to mark in the most emphatic manner its appreciation of Christian living, vigorous thinking and varied scholarship attained under great difficulties.

The Chancellor ordered Dr. Rand's name to be added to the register.

The Rev. Mr. Watson was presented by the Vice-Principal as follows:—

MR. CHANCELLOR,—I now present to you the Rev. David Watson, of Thorah, Master of Arts, whom the senate has adjudged worthy to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1847 Mr. Watson came to Queen's, where he was a distinguished student in the different departments of his course in arts and theology. In 1853 he was settled in the charge where he has faithfully labored for the last thirty-three years. Few in any church or country have been the means of gathering around them so large a congregation, and ministering to them so long with unabated energy and success. Yet amid his pastoral duties he has continued, with all the zeal of youth, to be an earnest student in the different branches of literature and science, and especially to make himself conversant with, and keep abreast of the literature of theology, doctrinal, practical and controversial, down to the present day. The senate, therefore, has conferred on him the honor of the degree of Doctor of Divinity as a just and fitting recognition of his merits.

We heartily congratulate the Rev. Dr. Watson on his well-deserved distinction, although it can add nothing to his true honor.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

**T**HE British Parliament is not likely to accept Gladstone's Bill for Irish Home Rule. Whigs and Radicals unite to denounce it as fatal to British unity. Ulster is arming for self-defence and resolutely refusing to come under the Home Rule of Dublin as proposed. The Scotch Liberals sympathize with these Ulster Loyalists, and wisely demand legislation that will apply to all the British Isles, and put no premium upon disloyal agitation. Just as we go to press, a cablegram announces its defeat by a majority of 30.

GREECE has been blockaded by Europe's fleets, for refusing to disarm at the request of the Great Powers; and is reluctantly yielding up its rage for war with Turkey and Bulgaria.

THE Great Exhibition of the British Colonies was opened at London on May 4th by Queen Victoria personally. The music was grand. Among the numbers was "Home, Sweet Home." This was sung by Mme. Albani, a French-Canadian, and thrilled the vast concourse beyond expression. The immense choir of carefully drilled voices, accompanied by the great organ and orchestra, rendered the "Hallelujah Chorus" with powerful effect. The chief feature of the opening ceremonies, however, was the singing of the new British ode, composed by Baron Tennyson, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan for the occasion. The choir, accompanied by the orchestra and organ, rendered the ode with perfect expression, and the effect was tremendous. All the parts were sung in English but the second. This had been translated into Sanscrit by Prof. Max Muller as a mark of courtesy to the large number of Orientals attending the exhibition. The Queen was much affected by the singing of the ode. She smiled and nodded approval over each patriotic sentiment rendered, and was fairly radiant with pleasure when the vast audience caught up the poet's spirit, and vented their joy in deafening thunders of applause.

The text of the ode is as follows:—

### I.

Welcome! welcome! with one voice  
In your welfare we rejoice.  
Sons and brothers, that have sent,  
From isle and cape and continent,  
Produce of your field and flood,  
Mount and mine and primal wood;  
Works of subtle brain and hand,  
And splendours of the morning land—  
Gifts from every British zone:—  
Britons! hold your own!

### II.

May we find, as ages run,  
The mother featured in the son,  
And may yours forever be  
That old strength and constancy  
Which has made your fathers great  
In our ancient island state;  
And where'er her flag may fly  
Glorious between sea and sky,  
Make the might of Britain known;  
Britons! hold your own!

### III.

Britain fought her sons of yore;  
Britain failed; and never more,  
Careless of our growing kin,  
Shall we sin our father's sin—  
Men that in a narrower day—  
Unprophetic rulers they—  
Drove from out the mother's nest  
That young eagle of the west,  
To forage for herself alone!—  
Britons! hold your own!