

The answer followed in slow and solemn tones, "Understand, you young rascal, that it's not because you didn't learn them to-morrow, but because you didn't learn them to-day."

In these days as well as later, curious translations were sometimes made. For example, a student in the Latin class translates "imposti, imposed upon, rogis, by rogues," which caused Prof. Campbell to remark, "K., you appear to have been imposed on by some rogue this morning, but shall not impose on me." This reminds one of a scene elsewhere (not at Queen's). The lad goes on thus:—Ubi, where, Semiramis, dicitur, is said, cinxisse to have surrounded, altam urbem, the lofty city, Coctilibus Muris, ah! what can that be, muris must be the ablative plural of mus, with mice, but what can Coctilibus be? Why Cock-tailed of course, said his companion. Mr. W. was fond of translating into dog-latin; with him, a hole was always a totus; John Knox was Joannes pulsatus; St. Roc, Sanctus Rupes; Douglas, fac vitrum, &c. Once having had occasion to mention Alexander the Great, he called him Omnia ova Sub Craticula, when Mr. McIntosh asked, "What would you call Alexander Macalister?" W. "Omnia ova Sub fac omnia tumultuaria." (Make all stir.) Mr. I. "What a terrible name!" W. "Yes a lacerata taurum nomen," (tear a bull). Mr. B. was a student lively and full of fun, and sometimes his frolics gave offence to a grave Senior, who would assume a very stern look, whereupon B. would come to W. and me and announce, "Æneas is as sour as a yard of butter-milk."

Rev. Mr. Machar, the minister of St. Andrew's Church, was in poor health during the winter of 42-43, and the Professors frequently assisted him, generally by taking the Sunday afternoon service. Dr. Liddell's sermons, although not deficient in breadth, were especially noted for their length; Prof. Campbell's for their beauty of diction; and Prof. Williamson's for their sweetness. The people, in order to escape the first and secure the last, would indulge in speculations as to which one was likely to officiate. One forenoon in coming out of Church, a lady accosted me with the question, "Do you know if the sweet little Professor will preach this afternoon?" The word "little" was, of course, not meant to belittle the Professor, nor to lessen the meaning of the other adjective, but by a queer usage of language, to magnify it.

Student life, however, was not all made up of oddities. We had a great deal of good solid study and hard work. And without either Missionary Association or Y. M. C. A. considerable Home Mission work was done in the city and neighborhood. Mr. R. Wallace, assisted by the late Alexander Macalister and others, established a Sunday School in Portsmouth. Mr. Mowat (now Prof.) and I opened one at Barriefield, in the school-room of a pri-

vate school conducted by Miss Masson, that lady and her sister helping us as teachers. We then added a meeting in the evening for prayer and Bible study, which was well attended by the villagers.

As I left College at the end of April, 1843, I am unable to give any later information from personal recollections.

REV. DR. BELL.

LITERATURE.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT would be greatly to the advantage of everybody—save perhaps the publishers—if one-half of the books now written could, while still in manuscript, be thrown into the sea with good heavy mill-stones attached, nor would the general public feel much concern if a large number of our present day authors were included in such a *noyage*. In every department of Literature there is a surplussage, and even in Canada the evil is rife. Every girl who has a knack of writing verse, every man whose reading of the great masters has inspired him with a desire to imitate them, pours out his or her soul in more or less melodious twaddle, and is forthwith dubbed "the Canadian Mrs. Browning," or "the Canadian Keats." Sir Edwin Arnold in a recent article indicates that there thirty thousand poets in Great Britain; in addition to which vast throng there are the myriads of novelists, historians and philosophers. Amateur authors have always abounded, for the *cacathes scribendi* is as old as the flood, but it has been reserved for our age of progress to put forth in unblushing print what formerly remained hid in modest manuscript.

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In Canada still another impulse is given to amateur authors by the hope of aiding in the establishment of a national literature, which we seem to wish to create, much as we have created establishments for the manufacture of farm implements. In consequence every scribbler receives laudations which would lead us to believe that a greater than Shakspeare had sprung suddenly into being. Roberts is the Canadian Tennyson, Lampman the Canadian Keats, William Wilfred Campbell the Canadian Milton—Heaven save the mark!—, apparently on the strength of "The Mother," a second-hand and inferior reproduction of a poem written twenty-five years ago by Robert Buchanan. In every department of Literature we are deluged with writing whose one merit is that it is Canadian. What reason save this has the *Canadian Magazine* for existence? Such magazines as the *Queen's Quarterly* have a *raison d'être*, partly as a literary field for professional talent, and partly as a bond of union between the graduates and their Alma Mater; the existence of large manufacturing establishments