

PROFESSOR NICHOLSON.

It is the Journal's sad duty to chronicle in this issue the death of one of its oldest and truest friends. Prof. Nicholson was the friend of every Queen's student, and was deeply interested in whatever interested them. One of his colleagues was known for long by the name "The Student's Friend" and a brass plate in Convocation Hall records this fact. With quite as much truth Professor Nicholson might have been called the "Freshman's Friend." He was one of the first professors with whom the the freshman in Arts came into contact, and his lively interest, sympathy and kindness never failed to touch a chord in the heart of the lonely new student. The new student appreciates advances of this sort on the part of the Professor, as is shown by the fact that for years there has been almost no other Honorary President of the Arts Freshman year at Queen's, than Prof. Nicholson. This in itself is no slight token of the respect in which he was held as a man and a Professor.

Of his scholarship it is idle to speak. It was too well known to friends and students of Queen's to need comment. For the rest it seems scarcely possible to do better than quote the tribute paid by Dr. Watson to his departed colleague at the funeral last week.

EULOGY OF PROF. WATSON.

"Standing by the bier of our departed friend, my thoughts go back to three former colleagues, who like him have done much to generate the distinctive spirit of Queen's University. The four names associated in my mind are those of John H. Mackerras, professor of classics; James William-

son, for long professor of mathematics and physics; John B. Mowat, professor of Hebrew, and Alexander B. Nicholson, professor of comparative philology. To the young members of the University, three of these are, I suppose, little more than names; but they may form some idea of what they were from their experience of him who has just left us. While none of them was wanting in character, they were all distinguished by their unworldliness, their simple piety and their scholarly instincts. To a winning amiability of disposition, they added those parts of the spirit,—patience, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness, self-control," and in all of them there burned the pure flame of scholarship. That whole-hearted delight in knowledge for its own sake, which is not so common in these wide-awake days that we can afford to despise or undervalue it.

"The friend whom we have just lost was a scholar in every fibre of him. I well remember his first connection with Queen's. It was necessary towards the end of the session to get some one to fill the place of the professor of classics, and the name of the young minister of Lansdowne Presbyterian church, whose reputation for scholarship had lingered behind him in the university was suggested. At a moment's notice he was able to fill the gap in a satisfactory way. Like a great Canadian teacher of philosophy, George Paxton Young, who relaxed over the situation of quaint equations the assistant professor of classics in Queen's, when he wished to amuse himself, proceeded to acquire a new language. At one time he would be found looking over Don Quixote in Spanish, and at another time revelling in the delight of master-