

grand fight of the White Company, are not unworthy of comparison with the best of Sir Walter's. Its chief defect is that the author has been too prodigal of his knowledge of the time, and has thus over-crowded his stage. The White Company contains almost enough material for two novels. But time will put a stop to this lavish display, and Mr. Conan Doyle will soon learn not to squander his resources. Every student with a taste for literature should read it, even though it be not as yet perscribed in the Calendar.

* * *

C. F. H's article on "New Forms of Verse," in numbers six and seven, is very good indeed, and Queen's students will now be able to give Professor Cappon pointers on this as on most other subjects. The only one of the new forms which I do not like is the Triolet, which, though occasionally charming, seems to be almost always incurably stilted and artificial. In his list of selections I could wish that C. F. had included Andrew Lang, the first and greatest of the new school, "Sleep," or (if C. F. considers pessimism an advantage) "A Ballade of Blind Love," are far superior to "Ashes and Dust in the Place of a Heart."

* * *

By a somewhat curious connection of thought, Andrew Lang calls up the Reading Room. Much has been written of late disparaging it, and doubtless there are defects in its management which should be seen to, but nevertheless every student with the faintest love for literature should make good use of it, even as it is. The one privilege of reading Andrew Lang's column, and James Payne's three, in the Illustrated News, is worth far more than what we pay for the whole thing.

* * *

Of the younger generation in the English world of letters, Andrew Lang is probably the greatest, as he is certainly the most versatile of that eminently versatile crew. An excellent Classical and Modern Language scholar, an almost perfect translator, a successful poet, essayist, critic; there is hardly anything he has not tried. His style is perhaps a trifle effeminate, and his mind is rather of a French than of an English type, thus causing him to put somewhat too high a value on the lyrics of the Pleiad, and the "Pastourelles," and rather underrate what he him-

self would probably call the excessive virility of Shakespeare and Byron. Still, anyone who wishes to learn the art of putting down his thoughts in an interesting manner, cannot do better than study Andrew Lang. Style has been too much neglected in English Literature, and the thought left to win its way alone. This, if it is worthy, it will of course do—after a time—but if the author seeks to do good in his own day and generation, he should cultivate an attractive manner.

* * *

During the last week we received the following poem, entitled, "After Mrs. Browning" (but not likely to catch up to her). We publish it chiefly because of this heading, which may afford some wearied humorist a relief from the everlasting: "After so and so (a long way)." It is also an improvement on much current poetry, for it has a meaning, a distinction to which a good deal of what is now published under the name of poetry can lay no claim. Still, we do not think that the author will succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate, and so settle that much disputed question:

Our Dyde the ever-smiling,
Who his lecs. from Ferrier takes;
All our weary hours beguiling
With the blunders that he makes.

Our Capponides the lazy,
Who is always late for class,
And has notions very hazy,
Of the men whom he lets pass.

Our MacGillivray, the sarcastic,
With his famed Mephisto smirk,
And his measures harsh and drastic,
For all such as do their work.

CONTRIBUTED.

Editor Queen's College Journal.

SIR,—I infer from an article in the last number of THE JOURNAL that the authority of the venerable "Concursus Iniquitatis" is being called in question. Surely he must be some verdent Freshman who is doing so, or some evil disposed person, who in his heart meditates wrong doing, but who happily has the wholesome terrors of the law before his eyes restraining him, or it may possibly be one of the fair lady undergraduates, although I can hardly bring myself to think so, for in my day all the sensible girls approved of the court, because