

turned, or rosy, or delicate, or lovely, or afflicts us with some other quenching and chilling epithet. Now hear fancy speak :—

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

The real, red, bright, being of the lip is there in a moment. But it is all outside; no expression yet, no mind. Let us go a step farther with Warner, of fair Rosamond struck by Eleanor.

"With that she dashed her on the lips
So dyed double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled."

The tenderness of mind begins to mingle with the outside color, the imagination is seen in its awakening. Next Shelley :—

"Lamp of life, thy lips are burning
Through the veil that seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them."

There dawns the entire soul in that morning; yet we may stop if we choose at the image still external, at the crimson clouds. The imagination is contemplative rather than penetrative. Last, hear Hamlet :—

"Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

There is the essence of lip, and the full power of the imagination.

Again, compare Milton's flowers in *Lycidas* with *Perdita's*. In Milton it happens, I think, generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay.

"Bring the rather primrose, that forsaken dies (Imagination)
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, (Nugatory)
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,— (Fancy)
The glowing violet, (Imagination)
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine, (Fancy, vulgar)
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head, (Imagination)
And every flower that sad embroidery wears." (Mixed)

Then hear *Perdita* :—

"O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall
From the Dis's wagon. Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty. Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids."

Observe how the imagination in these last lines goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidity, the *Proserpine's*; and gilded them with celestial gathering, and never stops on their spots, or their bodily shape, while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that without this bit of paper-staining would have been the most precious to us all. "There is pansies, that's for thoughts."

OUR LADY BEAUTY.

(From the Week.)

Our Lady Beauty, cold and dead, ye say,
Because the world is sad with sin and care,
And dull eyes open all the weary day,
Yet see no water-nymph or dryad fair?
Nay surely, or the children's laughter sweet
White death would hush and slay the mother's song,
Nor would the echo of their silent feet
Be heard in empty heart-hewn chambers long.
Nay, for the beauty that the sunlight shews
Of clear warm spaces on the hills and sky,
The beauty that the breath of Cupid blows
Upon the glowing cheek and bosom high,
The matchless beauty of the souls who stand
For God and right, still linger in the land.

COLIN A. SCOTT, '85.

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty, that give the like exhilaration and refine us like that, and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show control; you shall not be facile, apologetic, and leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—*Emerson's Conduct of Life.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES

CONCERNING THE HISTORY OF QUEEN'S, PREPARED FOR THE DOOMSDAY BOOK OF THE UNIVERSITY, BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL, DR. WILLIAMSON.

THE following notes will be published, in successive instalments, in the JOURNAL, that they may come under the eyes of any founders of Queen's who still survive, and of other old friends, with the request that if they have in their possession any documents or reminiscences of interest concerning the early history of the University, they would kindly send them or copies of them to the author :—

Extract from minutes of meeting of trustees, 7th Mar., 1888.

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to consider the best course to be followed in marking permanently the spirit which has animated the benefactors of the University, more especially in the efforts made in raising the Endowment Funds in the years 1840, 1869, 1878 and 1887, and to report, the committee to consist of the Chancellor, the Principal and Rev. Dr. Bain."

Extract from minutes of meeting 25th April, 1888.

"On behalf of the committee appointed to consider the best course to be followed in marking permanently the spirit which has animated the benefactors of the University, more especially in the efforts made in raising the Endowment Funds in the years 1840, 1869, 1878 and 1887, the Chancellor reported verbally :—That a handsomely bound volume be provided in which shall be recorded the names of all benefactors to the funds of this