

# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXI.

KINGSTON, CANADA, NOV. 18TH, 1893.

No. 2

## Queen's University Journal

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers during the Academic year.

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

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**L**OOKING at the number of this volume we see that the JOURNAL is just coming of age. What a mingling of feelings this produces! Those who have passed through the experience know what it means. "Of age? attained to manhood? it cannot be!" Only yesterday there was the freedom of boyhood and the joyous looking forward to what would be done when we were men, and one can hardly believe that that time has now arrived with its many responsibilities, and with the ambitious dreams of boyhood so far from being realized.

This is one side. The other is the feeling of importance, "I am a man," and the determination to fill a place among men, to be worthy of manhood!

This latter is the side of its present experience which the JOURNAL wishes specially to bring before students, alumni and friends. As we look around upon the advances which are being made by Queen's and her allies, we feel that it is no mean thing to be the full-grown representative of student life in such a progressive university. We desire to be worthy of our position and our age, to be a JOURNAL of which no graduate need be ashamed. The staff will do their best to accomplish this, but without the hearty co-operation of students and graduates, the staff is powerless.

The Professors are manifesting their practical interest, in a willingness to contribute to our columns, and we now appeal to students and alumni to do their part.

We are sorry the new cut for the front page has not yet arrived, but we hope that its high quality will repay us for waiting another fortnight.

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In Queen's we begin to look for the unexpected. Our college has so often surprised its friends by its readiness to meet the larger idea of what a university should be, that it, as a matter of course, is now suggesting the possibility of systematic training in music.

Poetry, if it were feigning as Shakespeare ironically suggests, would have nothing to do with the business of life. Nor would the same irony be more circumspect with painting, sculpture, architecture and music. But poetry, as it turns out, is now thought to be a criticism of life. Music and the other arts are so closely allied to poetry that an acquaintance with them ought to result in a deeper consciousness of the issues common to all. Indeed if music, as it is sometimes hastily said, were a luxury and useless, it would share this uselessness not with the other arts only, but also with philosophy, literature, religion, and science truly so called. Like each of them it depicts mind, and so helps us to understand ourselves. To this end the knowledge of the technique of any art, though essential, is subordinate.

Music, of all the arts except poetry, most easily admits of being taught. The masterpieces are within everyone's reach, and interest in the art is general. A course would consist chiefly of a systematic study of musical works, just as a course in poetry consists in a study of poems. The music under examination would be repeatedly played by the professor in class.

Gradually, under the hands of a true teacher, men like Handel, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Wagner would cease to be names and become living persons. That would be no small gain. Along with a knowledge of them as persons would come a knowledge of them as the spirits of the several times in which they lived. To know Handel would be to have a hold upon the real England of Anne and the early Georges. To know Chopin would be to dip oneself into the turmoil of European life in the first half of this century. To know Wagner would be to grapple with the massive and turbulent ideal of modern Germany. And if there is such a thing as 'a natural current in human affairs,' as is sometimes whispered