

been too much given to following the letter and neglecting the spirit, to carefully following out the necessarily narrow field taken up in class, and leaving untouched the broad and important questions untouched by the Professor. Perhaps it is significant that on this continent we always speak of college "boys," while in England the term is college "men." We have indeed in time past been too much of boys; let us now endeavour to be men.

A CORRECTION.

Editor Queen's College JOURNAL.

Dear Sir, —While thanking you for your courtesy in inserting my letter, I regret that, by omitting the quotation marks from the last paragraph, you have made me an unintentional plagiarist. The concluding paragraph, with the exception of the last three lines of the letter, is simply a continuation of Dr. Stuckenbergs remarks, and has, of course, no reference to the "Single tax." The "order of society" against which he so strongly protests is the present unchristian order, or rather disorder, the Canute principle, which produces the extreme of misery side by side with the extreme of extravagant self-indulgence, just as in the decadence of ancient Rome.

FIDELIS.

LITERATURE.

A LITTLE TIFF BETWEEN GABRIEL AND EVANGELINE AT THE FEAST OF BETROTHAL.

A. LA KIPLING.

(See "The Story of the Gadsbys.")

THE last time I mangled garbage at the house of the notary public,

"They gave me a whole piece of ice, almost as big as a walnut.

"I had it all to myself, so eat it up in a jiffy;

"Meant to have saved you some, but forgot till I'd munched the whole business.

"What do you think of that for one of the old codger's blow-outs?"

Thus did Gabriel speak as he handed the cheese to Evangeline.

Thus made answer the maid, while her nose to the heavens ascended:

"Really, Monsieur Lajeunesse, your words are very improper,

"And your slang is not fit to be heard by ears of a virtuous damsel.

"Then too you revile and make fun of our dear old notary public.

"Besides," and this with a blush, "being rude to your own little darling,

"As you so often have called me, tho' now I believe you no longer.

"I am very displeased, and shall speak to you no more to-day, sir,

"Unless you promise and vow you will speak like a simple Acadian,

"And not like an English trooper with rude and unmannerly swearing."

"All right, old girl," he replied, "I will be as mild as old Moses,

"And will talk like an ass of the desert, if so it please your Highness.

"Only don't get waxy with me, there's a duck, or I know I'll go crazy,

"And then you will have to lug me around with a string and a loaded revolver."

So they made it up, and squeezed little fingers beneath the table

When last I saw them they were spooning like fun in the orchard,

Watching the little birds that played the fool in the branches,

While from the fields of their souls a fragrance celestial ascended.

A. C. L.

TOGETHER.

We'll front the world together,

You and I;

O! strong and hopeful, side by side,
With pride that shall rise up to pride,

With mutual faith that shall abide,

Though all else should go by,

We'll front the world together,

You and I.

We'll breast the hill together,

You and I;

It may be long and steep and rough,

And try our hardest, sternest stuff—

We are together—'tis enough!

What may we not defy?

We'll breast the hill together,

You and I.

We'll brave the storm together,

You and I;

Let shadows darken as we go,

Chill winds from failure's caverns blow,

And rude rains beat—together so,

No terror can come nigh;

We'll brave the storm together,

You and I.

O! hand in hand together,

You and I;

On to the light shall work our way,

And each by each, together may

Wait at the far end of the day,

Beneath the Westering sky,

Still hand in hand together,

You and I.

ESWALD.

LAMENT.

BY HELOISE.

Fickle, fickle, though I find thee,

As of yore thy fetters bind me,

False thy vows and feigned affection,

Stronger comes fond recollection.

Of a moment's happy dreaming,

Whereof love there shone the seeming,