

POETRY.

WE have been asked to print a few of the songs of "Old Queen's," and we have chosen the following as "opening ode"; it being one of the most popular with the boys:

"ON THE OLD ONTARIO STRAND."

My father sent me down to Queen's,
That I might there become a man;
So now I'm in the city,
Which is so very pretty,
On the Old Ontario Strand.

Chorus—On the Old Ontario Strand, my boys,
Where Queen's forever more shall stand!
For has she not stood
Since the time of the flood
On the Old Ontario Strand?

A blooming freshman there in Queen's,
I thought to take a noble stand,
But found the girls too pretty
Within the Limestone City,
On the Old Ontario Strand.—*Cho.*

I spend my precious time in Queen's
In every kind of sport and fun,
And so I often shirk
My classes and my work,
On the Old Ontario Strand.—*Cho.*

The Meds., with grand and noble aim,
Get lore by many a curious plan,
For they often rob the graves
Of defunct and extinct braves,
On the Old Ontario Strand.—*Cho.*

A sober Theologue I grew,
My heart with controversy crammed,
And now the next advance
Is \$750 and a manse
On the Old Ontario Strand.—*Cho.*

Of law we first learned there the art,
With writs and briefs on every hand,
And we first filled out our purses
In the "Venerable Concursum,"
On the Old Ontario Strand.—*Cho.*

My work will soon be done at Queen's;
Before me now is life so grand,
But can I be a traitor
To my noble Alma Mater,
On the Old Ontario Strand?—*Cho.*

And we'll hear no more of federation,
And Queen's independent shall remain,
For all her best friends
Say her name they shall defend
On the Old Ontario Strand.—*Cho.*

Queen's University, April 26, 1886.

HOW WE SHOULD REGARD THE UNIVERSITY.

WE might do well to cultivate that rare kind of reverence which attaches to University learning in Germany. I rode once into the city of Jena, and was amazed to find under many windows little fixtures looking much like our lawyers' signs outside their offices, and bearing names of students who once roomed in the apartments thus marked. Common looking houses, with their stucco fronts, would be ornamented with three or four of these signs. Such a great scholar had his chambers here; such another, there. The people are proud of having roomed a student who acquires high position. The Government in Prussia makes entrance upon any of the learned professions conditional upon the passing of a University examination or its equivalent. Bismark says emphatically that the University in Germany exists for imperial purposes. No entrance upon a great profession there without such a thorough training as comes from a University course, or from its equivalent outside! What if University life had similar honors here?

It is often affirmed that the American Congress has deteriorated in general intellectual capacity in the last fifty years. The number of educated men in it is less than it has been. The preparation of College graduates for taking part in thorough discussion in our newspaper press is not as complete as it ought to be, and as it will be by and by when we have suffered enough from inferior newspapers. The second rate sheets are maintained better than the first rate. We have in this country no class of College graduates waiting to get into their professions who can produce articles like the best of those known abroad in nations no larger than ours. There are several critical weekly journals in Germany and France, and at least half a dozen in Great Britain, usually in large part written by University graduates waiting to win their way into their professions, and better than any similar publication we have yet produced, not excepting even one.

JOHN COOK.

CARLYLE'S PREJUDICES.

THE war between the North and South was by no means the only subject on which Carlyle differed from the majority of educated Americans. The name of the great Transatlantic hero, Washington, he could seldom hear pronounced without breaking forth with an explosion of contempt, especially, it is said, if there was an American within hearing.

Mr. J. T. Fields, the eminent Boston publisher, relates a curious instance of this. He met Carlyle at a dinner-party in Devonshire Square thirty years ago, among the guests at which were Mrs. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. Brown-ing, Walter Savage Landor, and Mr. and Mrs. Procter. "I had been told," he writes, "that Carlyle was despotical and violent, but I was not at all prepared for so eccentric and overbearing a personality as I found him to be. When I entered the room, his face and tall gaunt figure