

# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

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## OUR LATE EDITOR.

### IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES D. STEWART, OUR LATE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, DIED DEC. 5TH, 1895, AGED 26 YEARS.

Our brother's gone! And shall it then be said  
That life was cancelled ere it had begun?  
That mysteries of truth so dearly won  
Had better far for him remained unread?  
That height's attained where others fain would tread,  
And years of sowing time so nearly done  
Were prophets false of glorious noonday sun  
Which failing to appear, all else is dead?  
Nay, nay, not so! Priceless for us and him  
The life he lived! Though gone he speaketh still.  
His pure, unselfish, joyous, steadfast will  
Remains a radiance time can never dim;  
And high attainments, words and deeds of love  
Have won him fitting rank with God above.

—J. W. M.

James D. Stewart entered the University from Renfrew High School in the fall of '89. Possessed of a genial disposition and a never-failing fund of humour, he was a general favourite from the first. Ever ready for sport and frolic, he was also a diligent student, showing by his achievements that a jovial college life is not incompatible with true success. He was an active member of nearly every College Society, but his warmest sympathies were with the religious life of the University. In his first year he and some of his classmates conducted a weekly service at the House of Industry. He was a zealous worker in the Y.M.C.A., and his efforts did much to bring our singing to its present standard. As treasurer of the Missionary Association he was so successful that he was re-appointed, and at the end of his second term was unanimously chosen President, a position which he occupied until his death.

For the last three sessions he has been a valued member of the JOURNAL staff, and no contributions were more acceptable than those from his pen. Last spring he was appointed Editor-in-Chief for the present session; and the three numbers of the JOURNAL, issued under his control, speak for themselves. A few weeks ago he was chosen to represent Divinity Hall in an inter-collegiate debate with Knox College, and was looking forward to that visit when his last illness attacked him.

His influence upon our college life it is difficult to estimate. A man of sympathy, as well as merriment, his presence was always hailed with delight, and his voice often led in college jest and song. The last meeting he attended in the University was the weekly practice of the Glee Club, in which he was deeply interested. But while he willingly gave a large share of time and energy to College Societies, he did not neglect his studies, but from the first was a faithful worker and took creditable rank in all his classes. Having a natural bent for philosophy, he made that his special study during his Arts course, and graduated with first-class honors, taking the University medal in that department in 1894.

His death was sudden and unexpected. As he had always enjoyed good health, his last illness was not considered serious, and it was only a few hours before the end that danger was apprehended. At six in the evening a change was noticed, and his attending physician was hastily summoned. The latter at once called in another doctor for consultation, but peritonitis and heart failure defied all human skill, and at ten o'clock he passed away. The sad intelligence came as a terrible shock to the whole college community, and still greater must have been the blow to his aged parents and other near friends, who were not even aware of his serious illness. Next morning the remains were sent home. The students from every faculty assembled at the University and marched in academic costume to his rooms. The lady-students also attended in a body and placed a coronet of flowers on the coffin, bearing the inscription, "From the girls of Queen's." A huge pillow of carnations, from the Alma Mater Society, rested at the head, a wreath from the Missionary Association was placed at the centre, and an anchor, "From the Renfrew Boys," lay at the foot. After service, conducted by Rev. John Mackie, the procession marched to the railway station, where, gathering around the casket, the Principal, professors and students united in singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." A large number of the students accompanied the remains to Sharbot Lake, where they were met by relatives of the deceased. Several