

be in such a satisfactory condition? The relative advantages of the two methods of teaching, seem to me comparable to this illustration, crude though it may be.

"G" thinks that in Queen's "Honours are easy" in the classical department. It is clear he has never tried to obtain them; if he had he would probably have a different opinion. In fact from the way in which he speaks of "time being wasted (*sic*) on the 'dry husks of antiquity'" he would even seem to hold the study of classics in contempt. If so, he might better have turned his attention to complaining of something else. But if honours are easy, how is it that only six have managed to obtain them during the last five years; and that the number reading honour work generally dwindles down to one or two at the end of the session? I expect the reason is that an intimate acquaintance with Tacitus, Germania; Quintilian Book X; Cicero, De Oratore, Bk I; Persius, Satires, III, IV, VI; Lucretius, Bk I; Horace, Epodes; Terence, Andrian; Homer, Odyssey, Bk XII; Demosthenes, De Corona; Pindar, Olympic Odes; Aeschylus, Prometheus; Aristophanes, the Clouds, and Hesiod, Works and Days, is not such an insignificant matter as "G" seems to think.

With him, I think it was a good move to consolidate the work of four years, both in mathematics and classics, into two, with more frequent recitations and lectures. The writer, for instance, has no taste for mathematics, and would think it a great hardship if for four weary years he should have to keep pegging away at Napier's Analogies or the mysteries of conics and the "many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse." The student having once got clear of distasteful subjects can now give his whole attention to more congenial ones.

'81.

THE CLASS OF '59.

To the Editor of Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—This is the 17th of March, and the afternoon has been more or less wet. I have been reading some of the articles in the last number of the JOURNAL and my thoughts reverted to the time when I was a student of Queen's. We had, for those days, a fair graduating class in 1859—fair I mean in point of numbers—for I need not speak of ability or scholarship, or any of those things. There were many nice fellows and some slow ones in that class. How they have been separated. I have been looking over the Calendar for 1880-81, and we appear to have had nine Bachelors laureated in 1859. I think one of these had been a student of other years, and was not strictly a member of that class. Of the other eight I believe three or now Presbyterian ministers, two are English Church clergymen, one is an Inspector of Public Schools, one a County Court Judge, and one—last but not least—a licensed slayer of men, or, as perhaps he would prefer to have it put, a "healer of the ills to which flesh is heir." I think these two last named were the worst mischiefs of their year, although truth compels me to state that the two English Church clergymen were not

far behind. It was during the session of 1858-59 that good John Anderson, the Janitor, died. A typical Scotchman, rugged as granite, yet possessed of much quiet humor, and, I verily believe, a true and loving servant of the Master, his earthly toils ceased in 1859. He had rooms in the college and the students used, during the later days of his illness, to sit up with him. A friend of his who resided not far from the college, discharged the duties of janitor. And even in connection with poor Anderson's illness and death I remember a circumstance which had its humorous side. Some of us were sitting up after his death with the corpse, and the acting janitor was also present. A bottle of brandy which had been used medicinally was in the room, and some of the students were much amused at the resort to its contents had by the dead man's friend, and the manner in which it was done.

It was related of Anderson that having a dog of which he was fond and being desirous of shortening its tail, he was in a quandary what course to adopt. He wished to perform the amputation himself, but he did not desire to forfeit the dog's affection. He got a friend to hold the dog with a bag over its face and head. He excised a portion of the tail himself, and then went to a distance, and called the dog, which, upon being released from the bag, rushed to his master for protection.

If I remember aright it was in 1859 that "prods" made their appearance in the class rooms. The medical man introduced the first,—an ordinary pin bent in a sort of a triangular shape. This was placed upon a student's seat while he was on his feet in class, (and I may mention *en passant* that the point was uppermost), and when he sat down he was likely to rise up again in a hurry. The difficulty, however, was that so much of the pin was taken up in the bending process that little of it could be utilized for prodding purpose, and if the victim had thick trowsers or a long coat the impression made upon him—let us say feelings—might be very slight. Moreover, the prod was easily turned over, and then failed to perform its mission. But "necessity is the mother of invention." If I remember aright it was the Judge who adopted a prod consisting of a small piece of flat wood with two pins run through it, and a small piece of wood so fastened that it would slide up and down on the pins and would, when the prod was in operation, slip down just as far as the pins went into the victim's flesh, or was intended so to do. This small instrument was called by a large name, "the double-barrelled self-regulating prod."

But, my dear editor, I am perhaps wrong in furnishing you with some of the above contained information, for their may be mischievous spirits amongst you now who will be tempted to revive these old time customs. My dear young friends, take my advice and do not do it. It may be fun to you to see a sedate burly Nova Scotian rising in haste from the seat where you placed your little prod, but if that same Nova Scotian quietly places you across his knee after class and warms you up in his fashion, the laugh will be on the other side of your face, and depend upon it the sympathy will be with him and not with you.

Well, Mr. Editor, another piece of mischief perpetrated during my days was a scamp making up a long certificate in another student's name, stating how the latter had been