

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Journal:

In the last issue of the JOURNAL appeared an item under the title "Students' At Home." Under this heading the writer described an evening's entertainment at the Hotel Frontenac. Doubtless he was right in saying the affair was a decided social success, and against such entertainment the writer of the present article has not a word to say, but it is surely time some protest was raised against a practice becoming too common among us, namely, that of carrying on private ventures in the name of Queen's University or of its students. The dance at the Hotel Frontenac was, as far as can be learned, provided by private individuals, acting without instructions or even permission from the A.M.S. or any body representative of the students, although styled in the report *students'* "At Home." It is against this using the name of the students instead of the name of the persons responsible, that we protest. A dance at the Hotel Frontenac may be a very laudable thing or it may be otherwise, but a large number of the students object to being represented as responsible for the actions of any student or number of students acting in a private capacity. And as the dance at the Hotel Frontenac was an undertaking of a limited number of students acting independently of the student body we should refuse to have them saddle us with the responsibility of this or future ventures. Recent developments in the A.M.S. make more evident the necessity of arousing the students against such actions. Is Queen's University to allow private individuals to conduct dances at the Hotel Frontenac or to run for their private gain excursions under the patronage of her name? It is high time for the students to assert that neither students nor college are to be held responsible for such actions, and that their names are not to be used as a cover for actions, good or bad, of private persons.

A STUDENT.

Sir John Lubbock advocates the teaching of some one modern language in primary schools in addition to the customary reading, writing and arithmetic. The knowledge of Spanish, he says, would vastly increase a young man's chances of securing remunerative employment, in view of England's keen desire to secure trade in South America.

Mr. Jas. Anthony, '98, left for home last Sunday night on account of the dangerous illness of his mother, but she died Monday morning before his arrival. The JOURNAL joins with the whole body of students in expressing sympathy with Mr. Anthony in his bereavement.

POETRY.

THE MUSES.

O, SWEET in the light are rocks and seas,
The swell of the dark blue waves that foam,
The skies and woodlands, lakes and leas,
And heart outflowing melodies,
For these are the Muses' home.

So sang the poets, and apt was I
To cherish the charms of land and sea,
I watched the rainbows fade from the sky,
And woke with the birds and the dawning day,
For beauty and melody.

And often I wandered to the lake,
When clouds flew far and the aspens sighed,
To hear what music the billows make,
And watch the waste of waters break
Into snow in the open wide.

I trod the leas, the flowers were fair,
The bees hummed gaily on every side,
The humming birds hovered here and there,
Bright butterflies zig-zagged in an air
As sweet as the breath of a bride.

Yet never a muse appeared to me,
And common enough were woods and leas,
And I wondered if the poets see
Their glories in sheer reality,
And hear the melodies.

And seeing a seer one day I told
My doubt, and he answered: "Follow me,
So splendid the visions you behold
Outspread on the waters, woods and wold,
You are dazed that you cannot see."

So we walked along in a winding way
That led to a cavern dark and lone;
We entered deep, and, where never a ray
Of light can linger, he bade me stay;
And my feet turned into stone.

But the Muses flocked from sea and land,
And beautiful visions before me rose,
And music I could not understand—
When my seer returned with a magic wand,
And I may not the rest disclose.

—A. D. MACNEILL.

SUNSET AND DARK.

Hark to the evening bell,
Daylight is past,
Solemn and sad, the knell,
Sunset at last.

Slowly the shadows fall,
Dim grows the light,
Softly the breezes call,
Hastens the night.