

Queen's University Journal.

VOL. XXVIII.

KINGSTON, CANADA, FEB. 1, 1901.

No. 7.

Queen's University Journal.

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University
in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers during
the Academic Year.

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The Business Manager will be in the Sanctum Mondays,
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12 o'clock.

All literary communications should be addressed to the
Editor-in-chief, and those of a business nature to the Business
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Advertising rates, \$1.00 per inch per issue, or \$8.00 per inch
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The attention of all readers is called to the exceptionally
fine class of advertisements which are selected for each issue,
and it is hoped that those interested in the JOURNAL will
patronize our advertisers.

God save our gracious King,

Long live our noble King,

God save the King :

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us ;

God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store

On him be pleased to pour ;

Long may he reign :

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause

To sing with heart and voice,

God save the King.

IN the death of Queen Victoria the best men
and women the world over feel that they
have sustained a personal loss. Beneath those
royal robes there beat a woman's heart that
throbbed with woman's tenderness in response
to the joys and sorrows of the lowliest, and
that sympathized with the common feelings of
our common humanity.

Her Majesty was every inch a queen. From
the gray dawn of that morning long ago when
her royal hand received its first kiss of allegiance,
down to her last public appearance, her con-
duct of affairs was beyond reproach. More
than once she reminded ministers of their duty,
and on more than one occasion her strong
hand held back her people from the horrors of
war. Gray-bearded statesmen paid tribute to
her wisdom and long experience in matters
that baffled their masculine minds, and those
who know best assure us of her remarkable
knowledge of all the business of the greatest
realm in the world.

But, while she was every inch a queen, she
was a woman whose price was above rubies,
and the memory of her splendid womanhood
is the richest treasure she leaves her sorrow-
ing subjects. The higher the rank the greater
the danger of losing in the position the unique
qualities of manhood or womanhood. Yet,
great as the danger was, Her Majesty did not
sustain this loss. For more than three score
and three years she was the crowned head of
the greatest kingdom on which the sun shone.
Her position from the first was beset with dif-
ficulties. Discontent, deep and widespread,
forced its way to the very foot of the throne.
Rebellion raised its ugly head in some of her