

one of the assistant masters at Rugby. In 1861 he was elected to the chair of humanity at St. Andrew's, and seven years later to the principalship of the united college of St. Salvator and St. Leonards. Since 1877 he also filled the chair of poetry at Oxford. He was an able and voluminous writer. His highland pastoral of "Kilmahoe" and his "Lectures on Culture and Religion" are his best productions. He wrote a "Memoir of Burns," which was perhaps his least successful effort. The death of Principal Shairp, it is feared, may have an injurious effect upon St. Andrew's, which has for long been numerically the weakest of the Scottish colleges, and especially so since the recent establishment of a university in Dundee, which, being a large commercial centre, must prove a powerful rival because of the many attractions and inducements it offers to young men.

“ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy”; proved conclusively, from experience. The Senate do not desire students to pore over their books until their eyes jump out of their sockets, or their brains “turn into coal oil.” We have no special authority for saying so, but conclude from the countenance given last session by our worthy Principal and his coadjutors to the calisthenic institutions connected with the college, that our assertion is not out of place. Indeed we have the announcement made in another column, by an eye-witness, that a ponderous trio found lawn-tennis not at all incompatible with philosophy. We make these remarks as introductory to the statement that the exertions put forward by the boys last year to render the campus fit for its varied uses have not proved fruitless. The ground has been much improved, though it is not by any means what it might be. But we are informed that there is some talk of calling into requisition the great

leveller (not of mankind, but of kindred dust)—the ponderous steam stone-crusher—so that our football friends may have as smooth a surface as possible upon which to exercise their joints. Practice now goes on nightly. In the matter of football, as in other matters, “Queen's” has to maintain her reputation, which is no easy task, but can be mastered by assiduity. To book-worms football and kindred games may appear small things; but it is wonderful the influence which a good foot or baseball team, a crack cricket eleven, or an A 1 boat crew brings to bear upon the success of an institution. No one will say that the great Oxford and Cambridge annual boat race has had no beneficial effect upon these great English colleges. Why, the event in itself is a big advertisement. Let us hope, therefore, that the campus will be thoroughly put in order, and that our football club this year may have to reckon at its close quite a round of successes.

The following is a characteristic anecdote related of Dr. Norman Macleod: On one occasion he had been preaching from the text, “It is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom.” The day following, as he was on his way to the village of Darvel, he came upon one of his parishioners who was driving an ass which was drawing a load of coals up a somewhat steep hill. The owner of the ass was evidently a lazy, heartless fellow, for he was not only sitting upon the cart while the poor beast was slowly toiling up the hill, but he was goading it on with a stick which had a nail stuck into the end of it. Norman came upon the man before he was aware, and conscious that his cruelty had been witnessed by the minister he began to excuse himself, throwing the blame upon the poor ass for its slowness. After touching his hat he said, “Ye see, sir I ha'e great trouble an' deeficulty gettin' on in this worl'; this cuddie o' mine gangs sae slow. But ye see, sir, as ye was tellin' us a' yesterday, it is through muckle tribulation that we maun enter the kingdom.” “Well,” replied the minister, “according to that rule *the cuddie should be there long before you!*”

A gentleman, on coming home after twelve o'clock, was astonished to find his wife clad in black. “Why are you wearing these mourning garments?” he asked, with a suspicious tremble in his voice. “For my *late* husband,” was the significant reply. He has taken care to be home at ten ever since.