

small volume of poems written by his brother, who was for some years a student of Queen's. These poems show remarkable promise for such a young writer, his sympathy with nature and his ability to give that feeling poetical expression being especially noticeable. In another column we quote one of the poems from this collection, "Faine Soluis," a translation from Ossian.

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Dr. Hodgins is writing a history of Higher Education in Canada, and he will esteem it a favour to receive copies of old or rare documents connected with the early history of Queen's University. If any reader of the JOURNAL has any such paper in his possession will he kindly send it, addressing J. George Hodgins, Esq., LL.D., Education Department, Toronto? and it will be returned, if wished.

COURAGE! REFORMER.

ARTHUR T. BARNARD, HAMILTON, ONT.

Where God hath kindled the flame of truth,
Can the voice be still? Can the soul have rest?
Can the word that should rescue a perishing race,
Lie silent and dead in the prophet's breast?

Not so—though the struggle be bitter and long,
Though friends become strangers, and warm hearts grow cold,
Still onward, still upward undaunted he strives,
Till his labour is ended, his message is told.

O they that have toil'd through the weary night,
Know not the labour their hands have done,
Till the clouds roll back, and the morning dawns
To show them a glorious victory won.

Then courage. No seed that the Lord hath sown
Can be chok'd by the nettles of falsehood and wrong;
Your eyes may not witness the ripening fruit,
But the harvest is sure, though it tarrieth long.

Mr. A. T. Barnard, of Hamilton, who is totally blind, passed his matriculation for Queen's with high honours in classics in 1895, and is now pursuing his work extra murally with marked success. He hopes to be able to attend lectures next year and take the remainder of his Honour course intra murally.

T. G. Marquis, B.A., late English master in the Kingston Collegiate Institute, has accepted the Principalship of the Brockville C.I. He is succeeded in Kingston by John Marshall, M.A., also a graduate of Queen's, who for some years has been teaching English at St. Thomas.

Toshi Ikehara, B.A., '96, who left us in October for Springfield, Mass., returned to Kingston to spend the vacation with his Canadian friends. He declares that the only respect in which his new home is at all comparable with Ontario is in its possession of more money and milder weather.

LITERATURE.

FAINE SOLUIS.

(From Ossian.)

AS Myro, prince of Sora Isle,
With sail bore by Fair Erin's shore,
An open bay, that lay before
In witching beauty's winsome smile,
Revealed a sight of novelty,
A mermaid frolic in the sea.

It was an even nigh the calm,
And twilight rested on the seas
In fairy grandeur, and the breeze
Blew perfume from green groves of balm,
And sporting in a secret nook
Their curls the merry sea-nymphs shook.

With silent sail drew Myro nigh
In covert shade with throbbing awe,
Until at closer range he saw
The nymphs were Irish virgins shy,
Who sought a rocky cave in fear,
As from the hunter flee the deer.

But cruel Myro for his bride
The fairest seized and homeward steers,
(Nor threats of vengeance, pleadings, tears
Prevail with him), across the wide,
On to his castle swiftly sped
And with the tearful maiden wed.

But she was all unhappy, she
Oft strode alone along the strand
And wept for Erin's happy land,
For blithesome home and girlish glee:
For if an eagle woo a dove
Such were the charms of Myro's love.

Ah! Faine Soluis who can tell,
As sitting on the rocks alone
You hear the foam-tipt billows moan,
What passions in your bosom swell,
If anger, loneliness, or love,
The more your Celtic spirit move?

In bitterness of soul a day
She trod the fringe of ocean sand,
And saw his skiff upon the strand
And no one nigh: without delay
She spread the white sails to the breeze
And off for Erin o'er the seas.

To Scotland's shore the winds and waves
Conveyed the bark, and on the sand
Was Fingal with a little band,
And to the hero and his braves
She told her tale, and at the words
They swore her safety by their swords.

But Myro followed fast his bride
In hot pursuit across the wave,