

Introduction.



AT length the first number of our Literary Supplement is in your hands. You have here, as you can see, a judicious mixture of essays, short stories, poetry, convention reports, literary criticism and impressionistic sketches. You have articles by some of our versatile professors, who can compile a lengthy article for you while you wait. Articles, too, by irrepressible sophomores, whose many interesting love-affairs constitute an inexhaustible fund of first-rate literary material. We gladly extend to both professors and sophomores, as well as to the ladies who have come to our aid, a hearty welcome to the hospitality of our pages. We thank them for their contributions and hereby take this public opportunity of clamouring for more.

Undoubtedly, Canadian students in general, and Queen's students in particular, have magnificent opportunities for gathering "material." Not to everyone is granted the gift of investing common life with the glory—"the light that never was on land or sea." The average aspirant to literary fame, lacking this power, feels that nothing short of a vivid experience—an exciting adventure or a hairbreadth escape can stimulate him to the needed degree of insight and forcefulness. Then, instead of enveloping his meaning in a meandering maze of words, he throws himself whole-heartedly into the situation he would depict, and the result is a glowing living piece of prose or poetry. True, the technique may be poor, but at least he has entered into part of the secret: and if it be objected that such experiences in the nature of things cannot come often, we can reply that a less powerful irritant is necessary when once the writer masters the rudiments of his art-form. Imaginative sympathy can take the place of actual experience—often to the immense benefit of the art-product.

When we think of the very varied experiences of our Queen's students—of the sights they have seen, of the representatives of the various nationalities they have talked to, and preached to and lived among during the summer months—then one begins to catch a glimpse of the amazing possibilities which are ours in the matter of literary "material."

We believe that we have untold wealth of literary possibilities among our own students, and we believe, too, that we have men on our professorial staff who can, and will, help us to find out where those possibilities are and so render them available for Journal uses.

With these brief words of introduction we bow ourselves out into the darkness again. The reader of our first number may be conscious of many defects in its pages, but we ought to feel something of the pride of possession which Touchstone in the play felt when he, acknowledging Audrey's deficiencies, claimed her as his own peculiar property.

"An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."