

best advantage when occasion may require. This brigade would have its chief, its hydrant men, its nozzle men, etc., each man versed in his own particular work. The formation of such a brigade would have many beneficial results. It would not only assure systematic effort in case of fire, but would give room for expansion to the daring spirit which some of the students are known to possess. One can easily fancy certain of our grave arts men, or our modest divinities, budding out into veritable heroes, and rescuing women and children from the fourth story of a burning building; and fancy can also picture them modestly explaining to an admiring audience that they were not really brave, but only that they belonged once upon a time to Queen's fire brigade. It would be only fair to give these buds a chance to shoot.

THERE may be times when a long face is very good; but there are certainly times when a long face is better short. The various student gatherings have of late assumed an almost painfully long countenance. Classes gather into their respective rooms in comparative silence. With an occasional bright exception those in the halls between classes are seriously sedate. Business in the Alma Mater Society is rushed through without even one kicker to put his foot in it. Songs are rare, and the yell is reserved for special occasions. One would almost think that the cloud of exams had hidden the sun, so that the birds stopped singing. No one can properly advocate noise, but one can very well advocate all that comes incidentally with good spirits. The yell affords an outlet in a short space of time for a good deal of superfluous energy. We recall few occasions of more profound satisfaction than when we helped to deliver the yell with more than usual gusto. We were ready for work after it. Songs between classes serve more than one purpose. They give a short relaxation from mental work, and give tone to public spirit. There will doubtless be better singing some day than at present, for we may have a song book. They say that strong things are of slow growth, and if that is the

case, our song book will be a good one, for it has been either growing or thinking about it for the past decade. Some day, therefore, we may dispense with long faces.

FEAR a' BHATA.

THREE of the undergraduate years in Arts have for their mottoes some worthy sentiment expressed in the good old Gaelic language. The Queen's yell carries its force through the same medium. Its spelling at least is Gaelic; but whether the same can be said of its usual student pronunciation is perhaps a question. For the benefit of the many around the college who speak with more or less fluency the language of Eden, and who are all singers, we give an extract of a good old song which "Scotland's hills have heard" many a time. Its subject is *Fear a' Bhata* or The Boatman. It is the lament of a Highland lassie for her sailor lover who does not return.

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's airde,
Dh' fheuch am faic mi fear a'bhata;
An tig thu'n diugh, no'n tig thu 'maireach,
'S mur tig thu idir, gur truagh a ta mi.

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, bruite;
'S tric na deoir a' ruith o'm shuilean;
An tig thu'n nochd, no'm bi mo dhuil riut?
No'n duin mi'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tursach, deurach,
Mar eala bhan 's i an deigh a reubadh;
Guileag bais aic' air lochan feurach,
'Us cach gu leir an deigh a treigsinn.

The following is a translation of the above by the late Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh:

Ofttimes I look down from the hill to see
When my boatman brave may come back
to me;

He may come to-day, he may come to-morrow,

But if he comes not, 'tis my heart's own
sorrow.

Full sharp is the sorrow my heart is
knowing,

And the tear from my eye comes bitterly
flowing;