

payment of which they indignantly refuse to contribute, while it is an old story that many men on the different teams have contributed nothing towards paying their own expenses.

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We find it necessary to correct some prevalent ideas as to whose views the JOURNAL represents. Some people seem to think that since all the matter is passed by the Editor-in-chief, or his assistant, that therefore nothing appears in the JOURNAL but what expresses their opinion. This is very far wide of the mark. The function of the JOURNAL is not to express the views of one or two students, of any body or clique of students, but of ALL the students attending Queen's University. When a college journal is viewed by the students as their organ, latent talent is developed, and the paper contains that rich variety that keeps it from diverging into by-ways. If any man, woman or child attending Queen's feels that in the past they have been slighted, that they have a grievance that should be known, let them set it forth in a clear, legible hand and forward to the Editor, prepaid. If worthy of place it will appear in due time. The JOURNAL exists to express *your* opinion.

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It is some time since the students and friends of Queen's have been favored with such powerful, earnest, practical words as those given in Convocation Hall on the 3rd inst., by Dr. McKay, of Formosa. One could not fail to see that Dr. McKay not only was fully aware of the condition of those among whom he labored, but also knew of and possessed the many varied and peculiar gifts necessary to the successful missionary. Such an address delivered before every Missionary Association in Canada would do much towards removing too prevalent misconceptions. We shall long remember what we heard, and will indeed be surprised if we ever learn of Dr. McKay's passing "the dead line of fifty."

LITERATURE.

ABRADATAS AND PANTHEIA.

(CONTINUED.)

THE battle for which we saw Pantheia arming her husband has been fought, and Cyrus has gained a great victory. But Abradatas, after a display of heroic valour, has fallen. The narrative proceeds as below.

Then Cyrus called one of his attendants who were by, and asked him saying: "Tell me, has any of you seen Abradatas? For I am surprised that, though he used to visit us so often, he now is nowhere to be seen." One of the attendants replied: "My Lord, he lives not; he fell in the battle after charging the Egyptians with his chariot. And all the others, except

his company, swerved aside, it is said, on seeing the serried ranks of the Egyptians. And now," he went on, "they say his wife, who took up his dead body and placed it in the litter wherein she rode herself, has conveyed it somewhere here to the banks of the river Paetohes, and her eunuchs and attendants, it is said, are digging a grave for the dead man on some hill. The lady, they say, has dressed her husband for burial with what means she had, and is sitting on the ground with his head upon her knees." At hearing this Cyrus smote his thigh, leapt upon horseback, and with a thousand horsemen in his train, rode up to the scene of sorrow. And he bade Gadatas and Gobryas take any fair adornments they could find for his brave dead friend, and ride after him. He gave orders also that whoever was in charge of the flocks which followed the army, should drive oxen and horses and good store of smaller cattle besides, wheresoever he should find him to be for sacrifice to the spirit of Abradatas.

And when he saw the lady sitting on the ground with the corpse lying there he burst into tears at the sad sight, and said: "Alas, brave and loyal heart, hast thou gone away and left us then?" With that he embraced her hand, but the hand came away in his grasp, for it had been severed by the battle axes of the Egyptians. The sight of this made his grief yet more bitter, and the lady wailed aloud, and taking the hand from Cyrus she kissed it and fitted it on again as best she might. "The other parts too," said she, "Cyrus, you would find are even so. But why should you look at them? And I know that I am the chief cause of his having met such a fate, and perhaps you, too, Cyrus, no less than I. For I, fool that I was, strongly urged him to act as he did, that he might prove himself a friend to you worth your esteem. For his own part, I am sure, he never thought of what might befall him, but only of what he could do to give you pleasure. So for himself he lies dead without a stain upon his name, but I that urged him on sit here, by his side, and live." At this Cyrus wept in silence for a space, and then found voice. "He, lady, has indeed gained the noblest death. For as a conqueror he lies dead. But do you take this and add it to his adornments as an offering from me." (Gobryas and Gadatas had come up with much fair raiment). "Besides," said he, "you may be sure that in all other ways also he shall have full honour. A multitude of men shall pile his barrow in a fashion worthy of us, and victims shall be sacrificed to him the full tale due to a valiant man. You too shall not be forsaken. In all ways I will honour you for your virtue as a wife and woman, and I shall appoint an escort to conduct you where you will. Only tell me to what friend you desire to be conveyed." And Pantheia said: "Fear not, Cyrus, I will not hide from you to whom I am fain to find my way." So Cyrus having thus spoken departed,