

Harriss, who graduates at Queen's in medicine this year, intends to return next October to take a post-graduate course, and he has generously offered his services as instructor. The offer has been accepted with thanks, and he has been asked to procure suitable equipment for his classes during the ensuing summer. Queen's will thus have next session the best instructor in Canada.

The JOURNAL staff for next session is thus composed :—

Editor-in-chief—W. W. McLaren.

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Editor for Divinity—J. Anthony.

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Editor for Medicine—H. B. Munro, B.A.

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Assistant Business Manager—J. J. Harpell.

## Arts Department.

"HALF" '99.

OUR College course is nearly over ; our last work almost perfectly prepared. We lay aside our books and fall into a fitful reverie, in which we take a review of our four sessions at Queen's and what they have done for us. We came hither with eyes agape, fresh from the country, wondering what there was in English, Greek or Latin that would require us to spend four years in acquiring. We threw ourselves into the work, and now as we stand on the threshold of the University ready to take our departure with the degree of M.A. as good as in our hands, we feel that we have realized our quondam ambition. The medal for which we have toiled so unceasingly, for which we have worked night and day, summer and winter, for four long years, is almost within our grasp, almost, but as we eagerly stretch forth our hands to grasp it, it ever recedes as did the pears and pomegranates from Tantalus of old when he attempted to clutch them, or the water by which he stood when he attempted to drink. Ever it beckons us on, and ever seems as far away, though one of us will have reached it by Convocation day. Whom the gods will favour we have yet to see.

With what supreme contempt we look upon those rivals of our freshman days who ran us so hard a race, yet who long ago have fallen by the wayside and drifted into College politics and society and laziness. They are far behind in the race, and will be satisfied with a stand, mediocre as compared with ours. We wonder what they think, whether a pang of regret ever

flashes through their minds at the course they have taken, whether they envy us the proud place we occupy. They have had their innings, now we have ours. They have attended the meetings of the Alma Mater and other College societies; they have kept themselves fully conversant with sports and other aspects of our College life; they have met and known their fellow-students; all these things we have not done; and against the advantages accruing from them we place the higher degree of scholarship we have attained.

After, all we go out into the world with a sense of what we have lost, though to them we would not admit it, and in our inmost consciousness we feel that both have made a mistake. Neither we nor they have achieved an ideal worthy of a student of Queen's.

Four years of monotonous grinding, broken only by our walks to the class-room and the few moments we snatched for meals, we have lived in another age, and now wake up to find that the world in which we are is almost insensible of our existence. Still we must press on and forget the joys of the present.

"Leave now for dogs and apes,  
Man has forever."

We stand on the threshold ready to depart from our Alma Mater; in one place only will we be missed, the top of the examination lists. Our fellow-students do not know us nor we them, but we are content to have

"Settled ote's business  
And properly based ou'n,"

And long after our classmates have been forgotten we will be remembered by the professors as men who had a purpose and who did something towards attaining it.

"OTHER HALF" '99.

Examinations are bearing down upon us at a uniformly accelerated rate, leaving us little time for reflection. We do our thinking now in French or Latin, Hebrew or German, as the case may be, and pay little attention to the frivolities of life. And the progress which we make with our work astonishes even ourselves, and in the few odd moments which we snatch to dream, we consider what we could have done, if we had only worked. Ah! the saddest words of tongue or pen;—there is no use in reflecting about it now. We must concentrate our energies, strain every nerve from this time forth or, when the lists are published our names will not be enrolled among the successful ones. We scarcely take time to envy our successful class-mates who have been working steadily during the whole four years of their course, or to wonder what it feels like not to have six months' work to do one month before the exami-