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THE question as to scholarships in universities, acquired by competition, is being fully discussed. The sum of opinion seems to go against the system as at present in vogue. These scholarships originally were intended to assist deserving students; they now, in many instances, go towards augmenting the pocket-money of well-to-do students, who, having been blessed with life-long study, find it a second nature to do well in examinations, and thus secure the prize. "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." Such men have been known to carry off scholarships year after year, while other students, not inferior mentally, but who have not been trained to do successfully examination work, are left in the rear to vegetate as best they can. A change is required. Let deserving

men be helped, judged both by their intellectual and individual merits, and not solely by competition; or let aid be given, with the expectation that the money shall be returned to the university should parties in after years find themselves in a position to do so.

WE agree with "Senior," in another column, in his reference to B.A. and LL.B. hoods. It is well known that the present B.A. hood is not at all popular or in keeping with the dignity of the "first university in the land." Many students would not be willing to pay an exorbitant price for a hood; at the same time they would gladly welcome almost any change for the better. If fur were substituted for the material now in use, we are sure it would meet the wishes of the students in general, and we think the little extra expense would not be an obstacle in the way. We see no mention in the "Calendar" of LL.B. hoods, notwithstanding that students have taken that degree in Queen's. If all who receive that degree are allowed the privilege of choosing their own hood, we shall have at least variety; but this is not desirable. If there is to be a particular hood for that degree, why are students not made aware of the fact, as in the case of other hoods? If there is yet no distinctive hood, it is surely time there was. We think, therefore, that the Senate might meet a committee of students and have a consultation on the matter. For the purpose of considering this subject, let a mass meeting of all undergraduates be called. All Artsmen should have the privilege of giving their opinion as to the desired change in the B.A.

hood, the matter as to the LL.B. hood being left to those aspiring to that degree. This meeting could appoint a committee to wait upon the Senate or to confer with a committee of that body. Were this done, the Senate would no doubt favourably consider the proposal of the students.

THERE are differences of opinion as to what is the best course to be adopted in the training of divinity students. The exigencies of the Presbyterian Church require that as many as possible of the vacant mission stations should have supply both summer and winter. Many Arts students sent to the mission field fill vacancies, if they do nothing more. And they gain self-sufficiency unbecoming their years. Concerning an Artsman, we heard the remark that "he conducted himself as if he had been a stated pastor for forty years." His sage words of counsel were truly sublime. It is a question whether the church is benefited by such workers. A very practical suggestion, however, as to the training of senior divinities, to the effect, that "they should attend kirk-sessions and other meetings so as to gain a practical acquaintance with the rules and discipline of the church," is worthy consideration. It is also said that "students should be invited to attend weddings, as ministers who have never been present at a marriage feel rather shy in performing that ceremony."

THOMAS CARLYLE'S thoughts are clothed in a dress peculiarly his own. His diction is unique; but his ideas are worth having when freed from incumbrance. Thinkers alone can profitably read Carlyle; and even they agree to differ at times as to what he really means. It is no wonder then that we find Dr. Watson and Mr. Allen at loggerheads when they come to deal with the Sage of Chelsea. Mr. Allen looks at Carlylian philosophy from the realistic stand-

point, Dr. Watson mainly from the idealistic; and of course they can never come to terms. Mr. Allen views things through the spectacles of those philosophers who served their day and generation, but who have long ago been shelved to give place to the more modern mental evolutionists, towards which we think Dr. Watson strongly leans. Dr. Watson wisely closed the correspondence in the *Whig* by leaving Mr. Allen to his private musings; Mr. Allen followed with the highest possible eulogy of Carlyle, raising him (apart from his philosophy), when dealing "with the weary problem of our concrete life," to the position of a "very Titian among thinkers." Dr. Watson and Mr. Allen have opened up the subject of Carlylian philosophy, concerning which we would invite students to express their opinion through the columns of the *JOURNAL*.

THE Alma Mater Society has, *pro tem*, been resolved into a Mock Parliament. This step was taken to interest, if possible, the members. The Alma Mater is the recognised medium between the Faculty and students. It is, as Principal Grant has said, "a college organization," and should therefore be supported by all the students. But it has not by any means been having the sympathy of the students. There must be a reason for this. Judging by the smallness of attendance, and the anxiety to adjourn after the business programme is completed, we conclude that the meetings were uninteresting and that some change in the organization was essential to the prosperity of the Society. An article kindly sent us by a friend of Queen's, entitled "A Students' House of Commons," and which was published in a recent number of the *JOURNAL*, we doubt not suggested the resolve of last meeting. But if this departure is to be successful, the rules of procedure of the British House of Commons will as far as

possible require to be adopted, the speech of the members being parliamentary, and the officials in accord therewith. Anything short of this will amount to nothing more than a political debate, and will fail to interest members. We want animation. The existence of opposing parties, under interested leaders, and backed by a loyal following; the introduction of suitable measures, properly drawn up; and the discussion of all questions upon purely parliamentary principles, will, we think, tend to create interest. Let us hope that the anticipations of the society shall be realised by a greatly increased number of members attending the weekly meetings and taking part in the discussions.

WE hear more now-a-days about Messrs. Moody, Sankey, Studd, &c., than we do about the Apostles Paul, Peter, John and James. We read of thousands being influenced under the preaching of these evangelists and of their being led to make a public profession of their faith in Christ. But is there not a tendency to make perhaps a little too much of the wonderful efforts of these men of God and too little of the individual capabilities for good which God has implanted in the hearts of all men? We are aware of the power of numbers in influencing the masses; and we are confident that Messrs. Moody, Sankey and Studd would not hesitate to confess that much of their success is to be attributed to the hearty co-operation of those Christian men and women who are members of the various churches in our large centres of population. It is also worthy of notice that the efforts of these gentlemen are mainly confined to large cities and towns. May not, then, much of the blessed effects which result from these large gatherings be attributable to the quiet assiduous labours of our clergymen who have for years sown the seed broadcast amongst the people?

The bare mention of the wonderful meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and their attendant results, seems to seize the minds of the people; but what are these men compared with St. Paul; and the results of their preaching compared with the Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit which followed the preaching of Peter, when "about three thousand souls received his word," "and fear came upon every soul" who heard him? By all means let us encourage these evangelists in their good work; but let us not be drawn away simply by the reported great results of their labours, when we can gain more stimulus, if we seek it aright, from the many nobler records of the power of the Spirit given us in the Scriptures. Mr. Studd may be with us next month. His work no doubt will prove much more effectual if based upon the preparatory efforts of the Christian students, "with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

THE more bonds of union there are between students and their Alma Mater the better for both. We have many such bonds in Queen's; but there is one thing we still want, that is a college song book. A committee of graduates and undergraduates of McGill College has just compiled a song book, which has been published by Mr. Lamplough, of Montreal. It is printed in clear, handsome type, upon excellent paper of an extra octavo size, and neatly bound in red, the McGill colors. The selections form a volume of one hundred and sixty pages, and consist of one hundred and nine songs, the greater number of which have been chosen with much care from about three hundred of those most commonly sung at McGill. We may not have three hundred college songs to choose from; but we have songs; and judging from the profusion of verse with which we are occasionally favoured, there seems to be in our midst poetic

genius sufficient to supply what is lacking. The aim of the songs should be to raise the university in the estimation of students, not by the display of bombastic doggerel, but by the recital of legitimate eulogy. Referring to the McGill song book, a writer says: "The national sentiment is brought still nearer home and made to centre in one particular spot by the numerous allusions to the Alma Mater." A feature in the collection is the absence of all vulgarity or coarseness. Fun there is, and nonsense too, in abundance, and not a little real humor; but these never degenerate into anything offensive to good taste, neither does an irreverent jest or allusion mar its pages." Queen's song book must be equally free from vulgarity. Anything apart from good taste would be prejudicial to the purpose sought to be subserved. It is said that the musical part of the McGill song book deserves high praise. We have musical talent sufficient to entitle us to anticipate a similar eponym with reference to the Queen's song book, which we hope to see in the near future, a work truly realised. We have little doubt that a publisher would be forthcoming if a committee of graduates and undergraduates of Queen's were to undertake the compilation of a song book.

THE question as to whether Greek and Latin shall continue to have a place in university and college curriculums will require before long to be generally considered. A move has already been made in this direction. As for Harvard she has decided that Latin shall be an optional study after 1887, and that "a student may graduate without knowing a word of Latin or Greek." In our last and present number this subject has been ably dealt with. The writer points out the intellectual loss which will accrue to the world if Ancient Classics are banished from our universities. His brief outline of Greek literature recalls the names of many

illustrious men, whose ideas and words have now become inseparably interwoven into English literature. It may be argued that the existing English translations of Greek and Latin authors are sufficient to meet present-day requirements. This cannot be, because we find that each student who intelligently studies Ancient Classics discovers fresh beauties, and receives a mental stimulus which translations can never impart. Scholars, not affected by sordid motives, will stoutly argue in favour of the retention of Ancient Classics in university curriculums. Sir Robert Christison, Bart., despite the bright scientific future which lay before him, strongly maintained the classical as against scientific studies or modern languages in the public school curriculum. "I say, in 1871," he exclaims, "up with Latin and Greek, and down with George Combe." From a purely intellectual point of view most instructors would favour the continuance of Ancient Classics as subjects of university study, but the debasing habit of the times of looking at everything from a commercial and monetary standpoint may, we fear, compel some universities to adapt their teaching to the requirements of the times. The tendency of Americans, in all departments of life, is to catch the public pulsations at their earliest inclinations and to minister to these. Hence their inventive genius. This tendency has done much good, but we think it ought to have a limit; and it seems to us that purely intellectual pursuits should define the boundary. When institutions of learning become simply commercial mediums for supplying a marketable commodity their true purpose is forfeited. We trust that Canadian universities will not pander to this vitiated taste by discarding Ancient Classics in preference to Science and Modern Languages, simply because these appear to be more in harmony with commercial progression.

POETRY.

THE DROUGHT.

DR. M. MATHESON, of Australia, the donor of the Gold Medal awarded in the final year in Medicine, sends us the following description of the fearful drought that prevails in the region where he resides. Scarcely any rain has fallen there for three years :

Oh, what is worse than that dread curse, a long continued drought?
 The rich will fail, the brave will quail, and thinner grow the stout ;
 In vain the strong their work prolong—in vain they early rise ;
 It will not rain—then all in vain the wisdom of the wise ;
 And far on high from earth doth fly Pallas, Jove's great daughter.
 Pleasure is dead, and hope hath fled, now there is no water,
 Some men blaspheme the God supreme and loud their curses yell ;
 Some in prayers their toils and cares to Him on high they tell,
 And all cry out ; but still the drought—the awful demon strides
 O'er all the land, by dry winds fanned, roughshod he fiendish rides ;
 His breath doth scorch like burning torch and slay the harmless stock ;
 His awful gaze the ground doth blaze and harden it like rock ;
 Before his eye the waters dry—all nature trembling kneels ;
 His dreadful strength grows with his length and every creature feels ;
 But few, I ween, save those who've seen, can ever understand
 The fearful sight, the dreadful blight, that deserts all the land.
 The valleys green no more are seen—no more the waters bright ;
 The mountains brown with sterile frown are painful to the sight ;
 Cattle and sheep but slowly creep with low and piteous moan,
 While some down lie, waiting to die, and most heart-rending groan,
 Hope deferred, as you have heard, it maketh the heart sick,
 But prolonged drought, there is no doubt, doth turn it almost brick ;
 But some there are, though few and far, whose hearts can ne'er grow cold,
 Till still in death from want of breath they crumble into mould.

'Tis hard for man the skies to scan and see the clouds on high,
 Like spirits, fly o'er his head, and taunting leave him dry,
 With mocking sneer the wind doth veer to every point that's known
 And makes it plain that signs in vain in times of drought are shown,
 Yes ; man will in fear tremble ; 'tis little that he knows
 Of e'en what's done beneath the sun and what the skies disclose,
 The more he learns, and knowledge earns, it only tends to show
 That some at least, are from the beast, but a degree or so.

M. M.

VARNO THE BRAVE :

A TALE OF THE

PICTS AND SCOTS.

BY THE LATE D. M., PERTH, N. B.

CALMLY the yellow sun sunk behind the blue distant Grampians, as if smiling a blessing, and conscious that it left the fair earth in peace ; and slowly the clouds began to crest the hills and the mist to spread its downy drapery o'er the landscape. Varno and Spoldanka sat on the western rampart of the castle and enjoyed in silence the beauties spread out before their eyes. So wistfully and long did the fair lady gaze on everything around that her spirit seemed to mingle with the elements. But Varno's eyes looked as if they recognized not what they gazed on, save when the note of a horn sounded at times in the direction of Abernethy. Then would he start with a half-formed smile, and a sudden flush would pass over his countenance, which vanished as he recollected that such sounds were common, and told of nothing save the pleasure of the homeward herdsman.

At length Spoldanka, breaking the silence, asked, "Did Varno ever see a night so lovely?"

"So lovely!" was the unconscious reply.

"Yes," said she ; "see what a gorgeous gate the palace of the sun has. Oh, I think I should like to enter it ; and look at the dark clouds that top the Grampians, and these little ones, like boats, floating on a sea of gold, along the summits of the blue Sidlaws. See the silvery Tay, gliding like a dream along its dark banks. Come now, say to what you could compare it? Nay, do not smile ; is it not like—" she said playfully, at the same time imprinting a kiss on his forehead ; "now, tell me, is it not like a silver belt shining among the raven ringlets of Spoldanka?"

She attempted to laugh, but could not, for a faint, aimless smile only passed like a shadow across the face of her lord.

"Nay, now," she continued, "what means my husband? Must Spoldanka's wit not have its due reward?"

He pressed her to his breast with a feverish fondness. "Not now;" he replied, "not now my love."

"Ah! Varno, I know it, I know it," she exclaimed, clasping his hand, "you have tried to make grief a stranger to the bosom of Spoldanka, but in vain. I watch your face as hinds watch the stars, Varno, and though love spreads sunshine there, yet it could not conceal the dark clouds behind it. Cowards have assailed the honor of my husband, and the bow of Northumbria is preferred to the spear of Varno; but the day must come when Pictavia will again honor her hero."

"Never, Spoldanka, never," replied the Maomer; "never will Pictavia know her best friend. Pictavia," he continued, sighing deeply, "is already no more. Osbneth is king; a bubble only glittered on the brow of Drusken. Had Brudus lived he could have matched our crafty ally. Let Drusken have pleasure; Osbneth may take power, and give our chiefs hills and broad fields, and they will deny their fathers hearths and glory in the name of Saxon."

"Nay!" cried Spoldanka. "Varno, my husband, that cannot be; none are so vile as to forget their fatherland. They feel sore at thy fame now; but let Osbneth dare to enslave Pictavia, and thy foes will sue for thy friendship, and Varno shall again be the saviour of his country."

"Never, my love," he replied calmly, "that may never be; look within the ramparts."

She turned, and started. Below was a moving mass bristling with bow, spear and battle-axe, and overtopping all floated the banner of Varno. The colour fled from her cheeks; her lips trembled, and with a look of blended love, pity and scorn, she hurriedly exclaimed, "Could Varno indeed turn traitor!"

"Nay," replied he, and pressing her to his bosom; "but Drusken and Osbneth are resolved this night to try the strength of our castle;" and continued he, smiling, "you know it becomes the Maomer of Fife to give his king a suitable reception when he honors our home with his presence."

"Certainly," she cried, and started to her feet, "certainly; aye," she continued, waving her arm, while her dark eyes flashed with a light which might have kindled the soul of a coward. "Aye, I see it now, princely visitors must have a princely welcome. Ah! fool that I was to think they would rouse the bear and let him pass unharmed. Dishonor blast the name of Drusken and perish the chiefs of Pictavia. The country that honors not its friends must be trampled on by the foe. I thought, I suspected,—no,—no,—yes,—ah! I must have known that Varno had a tale not meet for lady's ear. But Spoldanka may have heard it. Say, do I dread danger? When cowards turned pale did Spoldanka tremble? O God! O God! is death the wreath that Pictavia awards my Varno!"

"Nay, my dearest, be calm," replied Varno hurriedly; "I know thee well; if I have erred, blame not thy lord, but thy lord's love. Hasten to thy bower; night sinks

rapidly. Ha! saw ye the fire flash on Whitecraig? They come,—away, away my dearest, and leave Varno to welcome his prince."

He caught her in his arms, kissed away the tears that began to glisten on her cheek, and disappearing with her from the walls, hastily placed her in her own chamber.

CHAPTER V.

Twilight was fast settling into night. The rugged cliffs and grey ramparts of Castle Clatchart gradually diminished in magnitude, and looked more and more grim and cold, as their chasms, embrazures and angles became less and less distinct. Heavily and slow the banner of Fife waved its dark folds over the donjon-tower, and fitful and deep the night breeze came moaning through the black masses of Earnside forest. The slow pacing sentinel moved his measured round; now seen, now hid, as his form athwarted the blue sky, or was lost in the dark shade of the castle, whilst his tread, audible and full, fell upon the heart with a dull, solemn cheerlessness which whispered insecurity, doubt, and danger. Now westward among the hills was heard the clamorous cry of the lapwing, as if intruders had disturbed the quietness of her solitude; and ever and anon the whirr of blackcock and hurried bound of red deer sweeping to the eastward told plainly that prowlers were abroad. Nor were the swamps of Blackcarn forest enjoying the repose. The bittern boomed dismally, the snipe whizzed viewless over head; and the wild boar, pressing through the crackling underwood, rushed furiously along, as if pressed by the spear of the hunter.

At length the indistinct trampling of many footsteps was audible, which grew louder and thicker the nearer they approached the Castle, and a hum and fitful rustling as the night breeze fell on the rose was heard from the black depth of the wood below, as if thousands were groping and straining up the steep acclivity. In a short while the noises met and mingled on the plain beneath the western wall, which looked as if covered with ever shifting masses of dark clouds. Anon all was settled and silent, but for a short time only. The music of a single harp, low and mellow, now sounded from the extremity of the dark field; the melody breathed nothing of war or midnight assault, but seemed rather to be the harbinger of peace and goodwill. It ceased, and in a few minutes the footsteps of a single individual were heard ascending with difficulty the steep road which led to the western gate.

"Who comes?" demanded the sentinel.

"The friend of Pictavia and no foe to Varno," was the reply.

"Your name, calling and mission, friend, before you proceed farther?" demanded the sentinel.

"My name is Eric," answered the stranger, "my calling nobler than even that of a gallant warrior. I raise the song and awake the harp before king Drusken. My mission is above a vassal's ear; your lord only must

listen to the voice of Eric. Open soldier, the breeze is cold here, need a soldier fear the arm of age?"

Slowly and cautiously the iron bolts crept back; in a moment more the stranger was within the ramparts, while the gate again closed with a crash.

Varno stepped forward and welcomed the bard. "Why," said he, "does the son of song leave the palace of the king and seek shelter in the humble halls of Varno? Do you come to strike the harp to Spoldanka and sing her the songs you sung in the towers of her sire, when she would clasp your neck and weep at your tales of hapless love, or mingle her voice with thine as you recounted in song the mighty deeds of the chiefs of old? Say, aged friend, why this untimely visit?"

"Chief of Castle Clatchart," replied the old man, leaning forward on his harp and weeping, "Why wilt thou pain the heart of age? Thou knowest I have other errand than to please the ear of that rosebud of beauty. Varno is no fool; he can see the battle from afar. But Drusken said "Let the words of Eric be of peace."

(To be continued.)

TO STUDENTS AND READERS.

The truth of the saying uttered by stout Samuel Johnson is still as true as it is trite, that "literature makes a fair walking-stick, but is a very poor staff to lean upon." All know that the expenses of a college paper are very seldom paid by the subscriptions of its readers, and to make amends somewhat we have to solicit advertisements. We would therefore ask our friends and patrons to remember our difficulties and help us to improve our financial circumstances by the prompt remittance of their subscriptions. Every student and alumnus of Queen's should patronize the organ of his Alma Mater.

A PLEA FOR CLASSICS.

IN our last article we traced the development of Greek and Latin literature till the time of the Christian Era. Greek classical literature had at this period been long completed; the age of Pericles was the Augustan age of Greek literature. But at the time of our Lord's Advent, the Augustan age of Latin literature had just closed; the principal writers of this period we mentioned in our last; there remain to be mentioned among the post-Augustan writers Tacitus the historian, Quintilian the great critic, and Juvenal the greatest of Roman satirists.

Christianity, on its first publication in the Roman Empire, suffered long and violent opposition; but gradually it became triumphant, till at last the Empire became professedly Christian. But in the course of this struggle many works were written, both in Greek and Latin, in defence of the new religion, by the more learned of its adherents. Some of these we still possess. Not only were apologies composed by the early Christians, but expositions of scripture, and dissertations on doctrinal points.

A very large number of these are still extant, and form an admirable source of instruction for the Christian student. In the dark ages learning became the monopoly of the clergy, and from time to time at least there was a familiar acquaintance with and vigorous study of the Ancient Classics. It is to this chain of circumstances that we attribute the high place held by Latin and Greek in educational institutions. This position was much strengthened by the eager spirit of inquiry of the Reformation. All the Reformers were deeply versed in the classics; otherwise they could never have played the grand part they did in this great movement for freedom. Indeed, Calvin, probably the greatest intellect of all, wrote his works in Latin, which is sufficient indication of itself that this language was indispensable to the scholar three hundred years ago. Nothing could so much break the power of Rome as profound scholarship; for it put its possessors on an equal footing with the priests of Rome.

Classical learning became of course in Elizabeth's reign a very common accomplishment. In the degenerate age of Charles II it languished, and continued to languish after his reign for some time. But even this period produced Bentley, whose contributions to Classical Philosophy place him at the head of classical scholars. The study of Latin and Greek revived in the 18th century and towards its close we have the greatest Greek scholar England has yet produced, Richard Porson. During this long period classical learning held a most important place in educational institutions.

This brings us to our third point; namely, to consider some of the objections made to the study of the classics.

The first objection we shall consider is that this is an age of science and classical study is out of place. This is undoubtedly an age of science, but is it an age of science alone? Do the votaries of science charge us to study science and nothing else? No, not exactly this. They would approve our studying English Literature; but this cannot be properly understood without an acquaintance with classics; so deep an impression did they make on the English literary mind. But let us examine closer. Is not this position virtually that of a bigot? We despise no rational subject of study. God forbid. We do not despise science by any means, or modern languages, or mathematics. They are all grand and noble subjects of study. But some hot-headed people cry out for the utter removal of classics from the curriculums of our colleges. They hate the study, but they cannot back their position with logical argument. We were disgusted with a paragraph in the McGill University *Gazette* for November 25, p. 7, which betrays bitter hatred of the classics, but no cogent argument was presented for this position. Some years ago Huxley was appointed president of an English Scientific Institution, where "the study of the classics was to be tabooed," held up to ridicule. This is the feeling of many in this age; this is their empty boast that a man can pass through Harvard without knowing one Greek letter from another.

So much for the objection from the standpoint of science. But we firmly believe one strong reason why classics are unpopular is that they require much hard labour to be mastered. And so the superficial mind rushes about to find something easier, something more according to its calibre. Many years ago we were advised to study French and German for university matriculation and to discard Greek, but eventually we turned our backs on the wretched advice.

The truth is there is a wonderful amount of unrest in the minds of students now-a-days as to what to study. One hundred of Harvard's freshmen have discarded mathematics. But why should a university pander to the tastes of any one and every one? Why not have fixed statutes for conferring the degree of B. A.? This contempt of classics so common now, argues ill for the age; it will result in superficiality in other studies, especially literature. Why then boast that classics are of no use? Read the *Edinburgh Review*, or Macaulay, or Brougham, or Milton, or Shelley. Will not the classics be helpful to comprehend them? But not only so; the classics of themselves are eminently worthy of careful study. Who has read Homer without being charmed by his majestic yet unostentatious verse? And so with the other classical writers. They are themselves a mine of delight, independent of the light they shed on all modern European Literature.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

THE doings in Parliament House are a mystery to the generality of people; and only by the "initiated" are they fully appreciated. Strangers, from curiosity, at times find themselves within its walls; while others, more immediately concerned, are driven thither by their perturbed spirits, seeking solace at the hands of "justice." Around the precincts of the court their seems to hang an awe. This fear of the ermine damps the ardour of the timid and sends them away, convinced that serenity of life is more likely to be found at a distance from than in the immediate vicinity of the judicial bench. Nevertheless the proceedings in Parliament House are full of interest. There mercy, truth, vanity, presumption and justice are curiously comingled. Indeed, if "brethren were to dwell together in unity," it would be difficult to say into what channels of usefulness those dependents upon justice, who throng the courts and who seem created for their calling, could direct their talents.

The public entrance to the courts from High Street is through the Advocate's Hall, a large and elegant room, with a lofty ceiling, the rafters of which are of oak, the more prominent projections being gilded. The floor is also of oak. Around the walls are hung life-sized portraits of eminent barristers and Lords of Session. The more prominent are Lord President Hope (1811-41), David Hume, Baron of Exchequer (1822-34), Lord Rutherford (1851-54), Right

Hon. Duncan McNeill, Lord President (1852-67), and Lord Brougham (1863). There are statues of Viscount Melville, Henry Cockburn, Solicitor General (1830), Duncan Forbes, of Calboden, &c. Large variegated windows adorn the north-west and south walls. The southern window is especially worthy of notice. In beauty of design and colour the figures portrayed are really superb. The scene depicted was suggested by a narrative of the first meeting of the Court of Session, an account of which may be found in the *Records* of the Register House, and is written in Latin. It was translated by the late Joseph Robertson, LL.D. A key to the window states that "the Parliament was begun in the presence of the most excellent and serene King and Lord, our Lord James the V. of that name, at Edinburgh, upon the 27th day of the month of May, in the year of our Lord, 1532, by the Most Rev. Father in Christ, Gavin, Archbishop of Glasgow, Lord High Chancellor to the venerable Fathers in Christ, for the most noble and serene Lords, Alexander, Abbot to the magistrates of Cambuskenneth, Lord President." The "arms" of the successive Lords-President of the Court of Session are on the window in chronological order. The personages represented, and who were present at the opening of the first court, are Queen Margaret, widow of James IV.; King James V.; Sir James Foulis, of Colinston, Lord-Register; Richard Bothwell, Rector of Ashkirk; Robert Reid, Abbot of Kinloss; Gavin Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, Chancellor; Alexander Myln, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, President; Thomas Crawford, Oxengang, Justice-Clerk; Sir William Scott, of Bulwearie; Sir Adam Otterburn, King's Advocate, and the Provost of Edinburgh.

Upon court days in the hall there is considerable excitement. Advocates, wigged and gowned, strut about, usually in pairs. Some are in pensive meditation with clients, others are engaged in jocular conversation. All have an "eye to business;" yet many a briefless one paces the floor with an air of concern peculiar to those who find time hanging heavily upon their hands for want of employment. The more fortunate, on the other hand, wear a dignity implying the presence of somebody.

The courts are classified Division I, Division II, and Outer Courts. In the First Division sits the Lord-President, supported on the right and left by two or more judges, according to the nature of the case on hand. The characteristics of priority amongst their Lordships visible to the stranger are a slight difference in the robes which they wear and the relative positions they occupy on the bench. The Lord-President fills the centre chair, and behind him hangs the mace, representing four feet of regal authority. Viewing their Lordships, as they look through the indispensable spectacles or eye-glass and give their opinion in calm, dignified, subdued and at the same time firm and didactic utterances, one is reminded of the words of Horace—"Fiat justitia ruat cælum." A smile from judge, counsel, or witness, may at times relieve the painful awe; but a due reserve and appreciation of their

superiority always commands to their Lordships that respect which is their prerogative as the judicial representatives of the Crown. The advocates and agents when pleading take up their position a few yards in front of their Lordships. They also assume an air of importance; and always address themselves to the bench and jury. "Your Lordship," "Gentlemen of the Jury," are expressions constantly upon their lips. Man is vain; and counsel, from experience, learn that judge and jurymen are no exception to the rule. But the Scottish bench is unassailable as to purity of motive. The judges are revered by the people; and there is no more honourable calling to be coveted by men of ability. Scottish law, based upon the old Roman law, affords scope for the exercise of the highest talent; and the sons of Scotland's most prominent men are consequently found amongst those who seek fame and fortune at the bar. The field of thought, from the diversity of cases which pass through the courts, is a very wide one. There are times when astute reasoning and judicial tactics must be employed by the advocate; and these in turn give place to the most impassioned eloquence. These moods are called forth mainly by the circumstances under which counsel find themselves; but the keen public interest manifested also adds a charm to the profession which young men cannot resist. Much could be written concerning Parliament House proceedings which might prove interesting, but space forbids at present.

BUONAPARTE AND WELLINGTON.

THE most accomplished of all the literary Lockharts was the son-in-law and biographer of Scott. His best-known book stands among the half-dozen biographies which are universally admitted to be the most perfect works of their class in our language. Even his minor efforts in the same field had the touch of genius. A service to the new generation is therefore performed by the re-issue of the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, by John Gibson Lockhart (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo, Hay and Mitchell). This edition is revised and abridged from the larger work; and the editorial duty, wherever we have tested it, seems to have been done with discretion and good taste. The typography is excellent, and the illustrations are striking. We are impressed anew with the wisdom of Lockhart's summing-up of the character of Buonaparte and the significance of his career. "We doubt," he says, "if any man ever passed through life sympathising so slightly with mankind; and the most wonderful part of his story is the intensity of sway which he exerted over the minds of those in whom he so seldom permitted himself to contemplate anything more than the tools of his own ambition. So great a spirit must have had glimpses of whatever adorns and dignifies the character of man. But with him the feelings which bind love played only on the surface—leaving the abyss of selfishness untouched." This is but one of the sentences that show the sharp insight of Lockhart; and that the dis-

tinguished editor of the *Quarterly* was not a Tory partisan in the narrow sense of the term is proved by his remark that the reign of Buonaparte, short as it was, made it "impossible that the offensive privileges of *caste* should ever be renewed in France." From the same publishers we receive a companion volume in the shape of the *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, by W. H. Maxwell—a work which may claim to be superior, both in regard to style and substance, to any other that has yet been produced. Of course, this is an abridged edition; for the original work fills three volumes, and is too large for the general reader. The exclusion of the political and controversial matter involves no loss that we need mourn over; and the first chapter has received a few additions from the pen of the editor. These note some of the more significant occurrences in the life of the Iron Duke from the year of Waterloo till his death; and the chapter closes with the matchless pen-portrait of the great commander at eighty-two drawn by the greatest literary etcher of our time, Carlyle's clear-cut cameo being most appropriately accompanied with a few lines from the noble ode by Tennyson. As we are approaching the gift-season, may we hint to thoughtful uncles and other kindly personages that few better presents for a boy could be culled from the field of secular biography than these two volumes which picture so truthfully the two greatest soldiers of the modern world.—*Christian Leader*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

B.A. AND LL.B. HOODS.

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal:

DEAR SIR,—Last year a committee from the senior year waited on the senate and asked that a change be made in the B.A. hoods. What reply was made, we do not know; but we know that no change was made. Then it was the wish of a large majority, if not all of the senior year, that a change should be made; and we feel sure that a change would be very acceptable to the present graduating year. Would it not be wise to appoint a committee to again wait on the senate and see what objections they have to make, if any. By the Calendar we see that the B.A. hoods shall be "black bordered with red silk." It, therefore, does not make any difference whether it be black calico, cashmere, silk or fur,—and since that is so, why not have fur? If fur were adopted, we would evade the comparison of B.A. hoods and your grandmother's apron.

Last year the seniors also discussed the matter of LL.B. hoods. The Calendar makes no provision for LL.B. hoods. Many of the students now attending Arts purpose taking the degree of LL.B., and it is only right that they should be interested in the selection of a hood. Why not have a distinctive hood when it is a distinctive degree? Let the committee appointed to arrange about B.A. hoods also try to have the LL.B. hood question settled too, and that permanently.

SENIOR.

EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that the writer of the editorials on the relations of examinations and crams, in No. 4 of the Journal, does not do his subject justice by going deep enough to find truth. For example he says: "It is the student who can cram and mechanically reproduce at an examination, direct answers to direct and cranky questions who gains the honours and is reckoned the scholar." This is far from the truth, and experience teaches us better. Any one who understands the amount of work that is required of an honour man of the present day at Queen's, will see the utter impossibility of becoming such by a process of cram, while those who stand at the head of our pass classes do not get there by cram, but by sure means of steady work. Before a class has been together two months, the poorest student intellectually in the class can point to the one or two who will head the list at the finals. How can he thus fortell? Evidently by what he and the rest of the class as well as the professor see plainly going on every day, faithful persevering study. Does not this show that he who is reckoned the scholar, and he who crams can never be considered in the same category? Go to the seat of war and interview the crammer, ask him how he expects to stand, and the answer comes readily, "if I get through I will be satisfied." A good many crammers get through, a good many do not. Those who do stand where? Not at the top, they form a cluster around the foot of the list, stars of a lesser magnitude.

The crammer and the cribber belong to the same species. The former depends on the kind of a paper the professor sets him, the latter on the professors good nature in not being too strict in the examination hall.

There is a black sheep in every flock, so in every class there is a cribber or two. This fact the senate should bear in mind when examination time comes, and as an act of charity to the cribber and others, let them have a more vigilant system of watching. A cribber who finds that he cannot crib will be taught a lesson, which will cure him of his pernicious habit, and he will cease to be a cribber; while those whom he bothers by trying to elicit information from, will also enjoy the blessing. Let the professor look to his paper as well, and the reign of the crammer will also end.

POLLUX.

ALMA MATER ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—Though far away from the halls of old Queen's, I am still there in spirit. I have read "Arts" communication on Alma Mater elections with great interest. I am quite sure, however, that "Arts" has not thoroughly considered his subject. He rushes blindly into print and accordingly is inconsistent. I refer to the latter part of his letter, in which he deplures the "meds," lack of independence, and rejoices over the backbone of

the art student. Let him answer the following question: Where is the backbone of those medical students who are graduates in arts? Surely when a man goes within the halls of Esculapius he does not become demoralized so as to lose his independence; but to what other conclusion does "Arts" reasoning lead us? Moreover, what sort of weakness is it when the "meds" rally around their own candidate? It is a weakness that brings them out at the top every time. The "meds" have a perfect right to be represented in the A. M. S., and so can nominate what candidates they like, and as many of them as they please. It pleases them usually to nominate one good man for each contest, and in this they show their wisdom. On the other hand, arts students have backbone and opinions of their own. They see that the "meds" have as good men as they themselves have, and so they split and put the "med" in. Sometimes the "meds" majority is so great that if the medical vote were taken away still he would be elected by a majority of arts' votes. Thus, because the "meds" vote the same way as the majority of the arts, who have backbone, they the "meds" have no backbone. Truly "Arts" is endowed with an undue quantity of that opinion which, according to himself, is inherent in every art student, when he reaches such conclusions as these. Because pine will split when oak will not, therefore pine is better than oak.

As a general thing the "meds" see their candidates for the minor offices at the head of the poll, and in these their men are just as good as any the arts can bring out. But with regard to the president, the "meds" when they see the arts man will make the best one allow him to go in by acclamation or help to put him in. Facts show that we have elected more presidents on the art ticket. The "meds" never bother with the critic, by custom he has always been an arts man.

Again the arts students have so much backbone, that at one time when the only good man available was a "med," they must needs bring out an arts prof. to oppose him. They showed such good sense that they must oppose the only available good man, because he was a "med." But the better man went in.

It is the best thing possible that the "meds" are so dependent. It gives greater interest to the election; it seems to develop the backbone and opinion in the arts student; it fills the depleted treasury to overflowing and serves to bind the college closer together.

Such is the way in which this appears to one who was once an arts student.

R. M.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, whose age is to be measured by thousands of years, lies in the British museum, with surfaces as bright as when it left its maker's hands, while, exhibited in the same place, may be seen other lenses of comparatively recent date, whose surfaces are entirely destroyed by London smoke.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Portfolio* for December comes to us with the question, "Have we mortally offended our once friendly brothers of Queen's?" penciled on the top of the first page. We are happy to assure the *Portfolio* that the JOURNAL has always looked upon it with the warmest feelings of friendship and will continue to do so as long as it portrays so faithfully the life and doings of the students of the Wesleyan Ladies' College. The exchange column of the *Portfolio* is one of the best that we have seen and the manner in which it disposes of the Athens' *University Reporter* is decidedly refreshing.

Hark! oh ye college papers! Listen and give ear! The Rutgers *Targum* has spoken. No more shall ye "waste good ink and paper writing effete panegyrics and proposing stale conundrums concerning woman's sphere in life." The Vassar graduate is not "the strong minded literary animal, who roams the country, roaring the man-terrifying woman's rights cry, but a bewitching syren, whose joy is man's joy and whose aims are man's aims." The *Targum* says so and the *Targum* knows.

We welcome to our sanctum for the first time not only another aspirant for distinction in the world of college journalism, but also a namesake of our own, in the Manitoba College *Journal*. It is a handsome little monthly with twenty-six neatly printed pages and a generally attractive appearance. Like all papers and individuals the *Journal* has its faults and chief among these is the fact that were it not for the "college news" and a small piece of poetry which may have been written by a student, there is no evidence that it is in any way connected with a college. Although there has been much controversy over what really constitutes the legitimate sphere of a college paper, all minds are as one in the opinion that a college paper, to be worthy of the name, should be written by the students of a college and not by outsiders. We notice with pleasure the name of an old fellow student of our own, Mr. Donald Munroe, among the managers of the *Journal*.

The Knox College *Monthly* for December was late in coming, but deep streams, weighty bodies, grave D.D.s and Ph.D.s are supposed to move slowly. It is really serious work to tackle, between classes, one of the *Monthly's* ponderous articles on "Design," "Cuniform Inscriptions," *et hoc genus omne*. The grave D.D.s and Ph.D.s of the country manse may muster up courage to digest that kind of meat, but for the average college graduate it is decidedly too strong. If we were at the helm we would vary the repast with an occasional cutlet of veal, or better still, with a fragrant dish of scalloped oysters. We suppose these learned productions are able, but really we would not just like to say. Our contemporary is sound. That goes without saying.

The *Pastor's Diary*, prepared by the Rev. L. H. Gordon, B.A., pastor of Erskine church, Montreal, and published by the famous firm of Funk and Wagnalls, New York, presents a neat and attractive appearance with its handsome black cloth binding and gilt lettering. It shows method, and a practical appreciation of a working pastors duties. But after all it is only adapted to the wants of city pastors with large congregations and many public engagements. For the average country ministers it is far too large for practical filling up. An edition of the *Diary* reduced to one third of the present size and a third of the present price would be just the thing that every pastor wants. The plan is excellent and nothing of importance is omitted. Indeed in a smaller and cheaper edition some things might be left out without loss, such as the Sunday school lessons, the collections, with which the pastor should have nothing to do, the select scripture texts, which may be found at first hand in Bible and some other useful but not necessary contents. The "Books lent" leaf is a bright idea.

DIVINITY HALL.

AN orthodox Yankee paper represents an inquiring youth asking of his Unitarian pater familias, "Pa, who was Shylock?" *Pater loquitur*—"Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday-school every week, and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir."

Clerical coolness is well known; at least it is well known to the librarian of Union Theological Seminary, who tells a story of a minister who returned a book after keeping it for twenty-three years, with a note to the effect that he needed it no longer as he had obtained a better edition.

We are always glad to hear of the active endeavors for good of Queen's men. A report reaches us that Mr. Jas. McNaughton has been successful in establishing a missionary association in Union Seminary, New York. The boys have appointed him president.

The students of New College, Edinburgh, were favored the other day with an after-dinner speech from Rev. John Brown, of Bedford, who was introduced as the biographer of John Bunyan by Prof. Laidlaw. Mr. Brown began by saying that his sole recommendation in appearing before them was the fact that for twenty years he had filled the pulpit of the "Great Dreamer." That was no easy task. A Glenlyon elder once asked him in what church he was minister. He replied that he was Bunyan's successor. "Eh, man!" said the worthy, "it'll be hard work for you to fill his shoon." Mr. Brown impressed upon his hearers the truth that their work as preachers was not to speculate but to proclaim.

The first and second year men have a practice of entertaining their brethren of the final year at a supper previous to their departure. These suppers, prior to this, have been held in a private house. This year, owing to the increased number of men in the Hall, no room large enough could be obtained outside of an hotel, and consequently the Burnett House was patronized. The spread was all that could be desired. Oysters and other dainties having been despatched, the youthful "theologs" braced themselves to lay hold of the wit and wisdom of the sober, grave and reverend seniors. Mr. McRossie, who occupied the chair, called on each, and speeches long and short, witty and dry, learned and unlearned, were delivered and received with cheers. Advice was cheap. One man thought the great requisite of a student was a "receptive faculty," another that he should be "thorough," while a third considered that he should be "critical." All gave invitations to their youthful brethren to visit them "in their manses," except "Neil," who told them "that if ever any of them came within 50 miles of his manse, to be sure and stay there." "Bob" hoped that if any of them got into "any of the great walks of life," they would be sure of his sympathy. "Dave" told them they had much to be thankful for in Canada, where educational aid was much more easily acquired than in Scotland. Prof. Dyde gave his farewell speech, so did Mr. Colin Scott. The former is off to Fredericton, the latter to Ingersoll. Altogether, a very pleasant time was spent, and after singing "Blest be the tie that binds," the company dispersed.

Y. M. C. H.

THE principal of Kioto Theological Seminary, Japan, addressing the Yale divinity students, said that 13 churches have been formed in Japan during the past year, and mentioned the interesting work of an American student who formed a congregation which now numbers 375 members. He appealed for at least six men to go to Kioto as preachers.

Rev Josiah Tyler, who has been a missionary in Africa over thirty years, says the Zulu men, especially young men, are becoming fearfully addicted to smoking, and he perceives that it makes serious inroads on their constitution. This is one of the unpleasant results of European civilization! No American missionary in South Africa uses tobacco in any form. Dr. Tyler adds: "We shall, ere long, have anti-tobacco societies in all our missionary stations, and shall fight against this vile habit till we lay our armour down."

Mr. Studd, the great English evangelist who accompanied Messrs. Moody and Sankey through the Old Country and the States, is now in New York holding meetings with the students of Union and other seminaries. He is expected in Kingston next month to hold a series of services with the students of Queen's. These meetings will no doubt be very profitable and interesting to all, as Mr. Studd takes a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of students.

The Indian Christian young men of Dakota are forming Y.M.C. associations. The Indian name for a Y.M.C.A. is "Koshā Okodakiciye." There are now eleven societies bearing this euphonious designation. They have been holding a missionary conference at which the day meetings were attended by young women as well as men; the evening sessions were for young men only. For president one of the associations "looked around till they found an old man with a young heart." All these Dakota associations are careful "not to do work that only the church should do." This interesting movement seems to be entirely spontaneous.

PERSONALS.

MR. ADAM SHORTT, M.A., has been appointed assistant to Dr. Watson, Queen's College. Mr. Shortt graduated at Queen's in 1883, and the same year took the gold medal in Mental and Moral philosophy. During his course he obtained the Governor-General's prize and the McLennan prize for an essay on "Recept English Psychology." He took the degree of M.A. in 1885. Subsequently Mr. Shortt also attended the philosophy class at Edinburgh university, and carried off a very important prize. He is a native of Walkerton, County Bruce.

Mr. J. F. Smith filled the pulpit of Mr. W. H. Boyle, Paris, on the 21st ult. Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, officiated for Mr. Boyle, during his absence last summer in the old country.

The class of '89 has been increased this week by the addition to its numbers of two young ladies, Misses Squires and Lockhead. The gentlemen of that class will have to make an extra effort if they do not wish the ladies to leave them behind on the finals, in the spring.

Quite a number of the students, whose homes are at a long distance from Kingston, remained in the city during the Christmas vacation and passed the time very enjoyably studying, sleeping or calling on their young lady friends so that they may not have to go out the rest of the session and having a good time in general. The general verdict is that Kingston is a jolly place to spend the Christmas week.

Mr. W. J. Drummond, while attending his classes in Queen's last Friday, received a telegram announcing the death of his father and immediately left for his home near Brockville. Mr. Drummond had been troubled with an affection of the heart, for some time, which was the cause of his sudden death. About two years ago the same young gentleman was summoned from college to the death-bed of a fond mother, and the death at this time of a watchful and indulgent father makes his bereavement extremely sad. Mr. Drummond has the sympathy of his friends in this city.

ALMA MATER.

A MEETING of this society was held in the Science class room on Saturday, January 9th, with the President, Mr. F. Heath, in the chair. The meeting was fairly large, more medical students than usual being present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Mr. J. J. McLennan's notice of motion that the names of Mr. Fleming, etc., be added to the list of members, was put and unanimously carried. During the discussion of business Dr. Anglin entered and asked that the secretary be permitted to read a communication, which Mr. Bird had sent to him, and in which he threatened to sue Dr. Anglin. During session '83, the University Council, assisted by the Alma Mater Society, of which Dr. Anglin was treasurer, gave a reception to Chancellor Fleming. Mr. Bird was engaged as caterer, and claims that he was to be paid a certain sum, and not having received the full amount, he threatened to sue Dr. Anglin, the treasurer of the Alma Mater, for the balance of the account. The society, considering that the Dr. should not be accountable for the debt, passed a motion taking all the responsibility from him. As the Council had, in the first place, taken charge of the reception, a committee was appointed to find out who should be responsible for the debt. As the hour was somewhat advanced, it was moved and carried that the debate, which was to be carried out in parliamentary form, be laid over till the next regular meeting of the society. It was unanimously resolved that before the closing of each meeting of the society, a number of instrumental solos should be rendered by the musical members of the society. A number of choruses were sung and the meeting adjourned.

→*THE ROYAL COLLEGE*←

THE Royal Medical College re-opened on Monday, January 11th, after three weeks' vacation, during which the boys thoroughly enjoyed themselves visiting friends, and as one of our worthy Profs. remarked, "looking after the little sweethearts at home." We are happy to see the faces of ten additional freshmen (making a total of 52) among us, to all of whom we extend a hearty welcome, and especially to one gentleman, who after attending a session at one of the Toronto schools of medicine, decided to give the Royal a trial, and has expressed his determination to complete his medical studies here. We can assure him that he has made a change which will result in a great advantage to himself.

If all the members of the final year graduate in the spring they will form the largest class of M. D.'s that has yet left the Royal. Quite a number of expectant graduates purpose going to the Old Country to perfect themselves before settling down to practice, and with those M. D.'s of last year, who are to accompany them, will uphold the reputation of the Royal across the waters.

HYMENIAL.

DURING the vacation one of our most popular professors, not content with his "musty, rusty state of bachelorhood," decided to change for the matrimonial state, and taking advantage of the absence of the students took unto himself a wife. We refer to Prof. W. H. Henderson, M.D., who is one of the many successful graduates of the Royal Medical College, the lady of his choice being Miss Ella, only daughter of Squire Everett, Collins-bay. We heartily congratulate the professor on securing such a beautiful and accomplished lady as his bride. Dr. Henderson graduated in '79, and stood at the top of the list of that year. He had the courage to settle down to practice in his own home (the city of Kingston), where he has enjoyed a successful career as a physician and surgeon. Step by step he has risen, until now he is one of the staff of the college from which he graduated. The Prof. is a favorite among the boys, and those who remained in the city during the holidays decided to present him with a tangible evidence of their good will, and in order to do so, a deputation waited upon him after the wedding breakfast, and presented him with an address accompanied by a handsome silver fruit set. We wish the happy couple a glorious honeymoon and a bright and prosperous New Year.

WISE SAYINGS OF EMBRYO DOCTORS.

GO, wow-wow, to the singin' skewel. Like the Grass-hopper.—W. N.

I looks toward you.—Jos. F.

A meal off an icicle.—J. W. W.

Where's that champaign?—J. N.

Oh! say, there's a "cop" in the dissecting room.—FRESHY.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

DURING no past session has the Glee Club been so active or scored so many successes as it has this present session. A most successful concert was rendered by the Club in the Opera House, and the very large audience that greeted them there is an evidence of the appreciation in which this Club is held by the people of Kingston. This concert was the farewell appearance of Mr. F. C. Heath, B.A., as the conductor of the Glee Club, and he has every reason to feel proud of the position to which he has, by his energy and earnest working, brought the Club. Requests are still coming in asking the Club to sing at different places, but owing to press of college work, they are all declined. The Club attended an "at home" at Dr. Grant's just before the Xmas holidays, and as usual had a most enjoyable time. Although some valuable members leave this year, it is hoped that next session there will be a reorganization and a determined effort put forth to keep the Club at the standing to which it has attained.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WHAT the limbs of the law are saying in the west:—
I am not nearly so bashful as I used to be.—J. H. M.

Phillips, Phillips! Are you a man, Phillips?—G. F. H.
If I had not been there it would have been murder; besides, what a chance it was to show Katie my great muscular development.—A. D. C.

I am the individual who can write to the *Globe*.—R. J. M.

You should hear me sing "I will be True to Thee" to the entranced Avonmorites.—J. S. S.

I am a full-fledged with a blue bag, but as yet there is nothing in it.—H. C. F.

Behold me as I do up King in my new plug. I'll show Toronto dudes a thing or two.—E. H. B.

I have graduated at tossing coppers and am now going in for law.—R. M. D.

I am reading hard, so don't bother me, you fellows.—H. M. M.

Lindsay is immensely popular with Queen's men at all times, but particularly at Christmas. Messrs. Rod McKay, Norman Grant, Hugh Grant and W. G. Mills spent some days there during the recent vacation, the first three being guests of Rev. Dr. McTavish. We have it on excellent authority that the impression left on the hearts and larders of the Lindsay people will last for a very long time; in fact, it is now scarcely possible for any fascinating gentleman who has a hearty appetite to enter Lindsay without immediately incurring the suspicion that he is a student of Queen's College. One Monday morning, which as most of our readers know has been familiarly known from time immemorial as washing day, one of the above-mentioned visitors appeared at the back door of the Doctor's manse, and, with the keen eye which appertaineth to a divinity student, spied a pretty maiden in a neighboring yard hanging out clothes. Although not acquainted with her, our hero stretched the doctrine of universal brotherhood, so as to include sisters and called out, "Come over and help us," "We're not through with our washing yet." Just as she was preparing to go over, the Dr. appeared and to prevent any further proceedings of such a character immediately had his back door firmly nailed up.

We are informed that Roderick played blind man's buff in a way that caused the very hair on the heads of the Lindsay people to stand erect with astonishment and delight. The elegant manner in which he upset stoves, tumbled over tables, knocked down bird cages and embraced the la——, well, embracod one thing and another, was perfectly marvellous; and we are told, and believe, that nothing like it was ever witnessed in North America since the acrobat walked on a tight rope over the brink of Niagara.

A NORMAN TALE.—During the week between Christmas and New Year's the classic Scugog was covered with a magnificent sheet of ice, and hundreds of the young and a few of the old of Lindsay were skimming about on skates. A youth, who is now in his fourth year at Queen's College, wanted to be able to say when he returned to college that he had seen and actually skated on the Scugog. Taking as his motto "Two heads are better than one, even if one" etc., he decided to invite a young lady friend to accompany him. She agreed to go, and an arrangement was made that he should return for her at a certain time. He went out to borrow a pair of skates, but before he could succeed in getting a pair large enough, the appointed hour was long past. Hastening to the house, he found that the lady had departed leaving a message that she, hopeless of his return, had gone *up the river* alone. He hied away, and reaching the banks he sat for a few minutes on the cold ground to put on his skates. Then singing to himself "Gaily the Troubadour" he sped along mile after mile in a northerly direction, taking it for granted that the river flowed south, and that *up the river* must therefore mean north, and keeping a sharp lookout lest he should pass the lady. But, alas! night came, and still she was nowhere to be seen, and in bitter disappointment he was forced to retrace his steps. Imagine, if you can, the emotions which agitated him when he heard on his arrival at home that the Scugog, in addition to being classic, and meandering and full of stumps, also flows north; and that, consequently, the young miss had been *up the river* after all, even if she had gone south.

"I'll join you presently," said a graduate of Divinity Hall to a young couple, just as he started for a key to the church door.

Counsel (to witness)—"The previous witness swore that when found he was breathing like a porpoise."

Witness—"I dunno about that, sah."

Counsel—"You were present?"

Witness—"Yes, sah."

Counsel—"Examined him carefully?"

Witness—"I 'xamined him keerfully."

Counsel—"And yet you will not swear he was breathing like a porpoise?"

Witness—"No, sah."

Counsel—"You will state to the counsel why."

Witness—"Cos I never heerd a po'poise breave, sah!"

My port-monaie! The other day

'Twas fat, and bulged out so:



But Christmastide and New Year's day

Have Bernhardt-ized my pocket-book—

Have made its plumpness waste away,

Till this is now its altered look: