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## Queen's College Journal.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS and home are twin ideas. During the week prior to the vacation there are no doubt more thoughts homewards than bookwards. Nothing is more natural. It is also morally and spiritually healthy. May home sickness amongst our students long continue. College has its many attractions and associations, but even these must give place to the more natural cravings of kindred fellowships. After all mankind believes that "There's no place like home." And home, during the Christmas festivities, becomes doubly attractive, as much perhaps because of the happy prospective dreams the boys have of what awaits them there than of the actual realities. At such times as these how prompt are all necessary arrangements completed. A week previous the railway authori-

ties are asked to stretch to the utmost their generosity, and the request of the boys in general is not in vain. In passing we extend our thanks to the Grand Trunk and Kingston and Pembroke Railways in granting reduced fares and an extension of time. And how busy are the city stores attending to orders, which must be completed "not later than Friday evening." The shoemaker, the tailor, the hatter and the haberdasher are all called into requisition. Gentlemen must appear in presentable form when they visit their friends. Stationers and booksellers are likewise patronized; for there are small brothers and sisters at home who value a little present from their big brother who has been at Queen's. And railway conductors and others in the cars are not long in finding out that there are special passengers aboard. It does not even require the college colours to announce the fact. There is usually a little jocular noise, which the most dyspeptic are forced to appreciate; and, as one by one of Queen's men disappear at the various roadside stations, their fellows left behind send after them "A Merry Christmas!" and "A Happy New Year!" which we now heartily extend to all the boys, and wish them a safe return in due time to their Alma Mater, refreshed and stimulated for further studies.

PRINCIPAL GRANT, last Saturday evening, at the usual meeting of the Alma Mater Society, severely and justly condemned the existing system of canvassing for votes at the general election of the Society's office-bearers, and recommended consideration of the matter. We trust the

Society will carefully deal with the subject and amend this pernicious practice, as we think it ought to be discountenanced; and we are convinced that there are few students who are not of the same opinion. As the Principal stated, none of the members are responsible for the present state of things, and therefore they should have no delicacy in dealing with the matter. And it appears that it is high time something was being done. If, as a correspondent says, a certain professor in the Medical College, while engaged in his professorial duties in the class-room, asked the students under his care to vote for the medical candidate, he did an act which at least was not commendable. The students themselves are able to judge as to who should represent them in the Alma Mater Society. The offices in the Society ought to be filled by the best men, either from the college or university, judged by their own merits and not because they belong to any particular institution. It is not desirable that there should be an annual fight between the two institutions; and party spirit of this nature should not exist in the Society. The aim of the members should be to cement and strengthen the union between the university and the college and not to attempt to disunite and estrange the one from the other. What a confusion and ungainly sight would the election have presented if, for instance, the arts and divinity professors had exercised their influence in their class-rooms in favour of the arts candidate. It would have been an undignified act, and one which we trust the students would have resented as an interference with their freedom of election.

THE people of Kingston have always appreciated the influence of the university and medical college in their midst. In return somewhat for this recognition the Faculty of Queen's have generously resolved

to extend the privileges of a university training to those who, from pressure of business or otherwise, are unable to attend during the day, by organizing evening classes. There are many young men in Kingston and neighbourhood who ought to prize this opportunity. The scheme has met with much success in the old country, not only in England, but in Scotland. In Glasgow thousands of business young men attend evening classes in connection with the Athenæum, Y. M. C. A., and Andersonian College, and the subjects of study are almost as varied as are the requirements. In connection with the Y. M. C. A. alone there are during the winter months from 60 to 70 classes in operation. In London there is an institution for young men, from about fourteen years of age to twenty-one, where, in addition to elementary subjects, real practical instruction is given in trades and professions, as well as in the arts and sciences. For admission into this institution there are more applicants than accommodation. *The Young Men's Christian Magazine*, of Scotland, says "that the institute is doing a great and noble work among the young artizans of London; that it has a membership of over 4,000, and that 8,500 students' tickets were issued last session for the various educational and technical classes." Experience has shown that the great majority of young men who attend evening classes do so having in view the future. Invariably the subjects they chose are more or less in the line of their daily calling or profession to which they are looking forward. No doubt the Faculty are keeping this fact in view. Professor Watson has already kindly volunteered his services in that line of thought which he is so competent to communicate; and we trust that professors who deal with subjects, perhaps of a more practical nature, will soon follow in his footsteps.

MR. S. W. DYDE, M.A., now leaves us to enter upon his duties in Frederickton University, N.B., as professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. Mr. Dyde's fellow-students are proud of the position to which he has attained, and ardently wish him success. Professors and students alike in Queen's have recognized Mr. Dyde's superior abilities. It is not every day that a young man is taken from the student's bench and placed in the professorial chair; and this fact, in the case of Mr. Dyde, increases his claim to our regard. But we must also think of Mr. Dyde as one who has won the esteem of his college companions. We part with such men as he with reluctance. The JOURNAL has also benefitted considerably by Mr. Dyde's abilities. What we lose in this respect no doubt will be a gain to the *University Monthly*. We would advise Mr. Hughes, editor-in-chief, to look to his own interests; the JOURNAL will still lay claim to Mr. Dyde, and hail with pleasure any communications which he may be pleased to furnish. His connection with Queen's College has been one of brilliant success. In 1880-1 he was first in Junior Latin, Junior Greek, Mathematics and English; in 1881-2 he was first in Senior Latin, Senior Greek and Junior Hebrew, and third in Junior Chemistry; in 1882-3 he headed the list in Junior Philosophy and Natural Science; in 1883-4 he was first in Senior Philosophy, and in this year graduated as B.A. As to his honour course, in 1880-1 he took first-class honours in Classics and the gold medal; in 1883-4 he was first in Mental and Moral Philosophy, and won the gold medal, also securing the M.A. degree, his thesis for this degree winning special commendation from the Senate, and was published in one of the leading American magazines. The last General Assembly, on consideration of merit, promoted Mr. Dyde from first to third year divinity.

THERE have been a round of festivities during the past and present week. The Senior Graduating Class re-union passed off with much *eclat*. There were the customary speeches, the sum of which was a laudation of Queen's and her belongings. It is a healthy sign of a university, as it is of a nation, when her sons are loyal. In the toast list, our correspondent says "The University" was received with much enthusiasm. We hope the interest will take a practical shape and not end in words. Other loyal and patriotic toasts followed. The Medicals' annual is also of the past. They required City Hall, and, if possible, the spread surpassed former years. There were long and loyal speeches. The number of patrons were many and illustrious. The reciprocation of feeling between the university and college was unstinted. Dr. Lavell had a feeling of affection for and loyalty to the Royal College and its students. He was proud of her graduates and students, and regretted to retire from the Faculty and from practice. The students are as proud of their retiring professor as he can be of them, and regret that he has to break off his connection with them. The "Divinities," last but not least, have also had their annual re-union. No illustrious personage graced the festive table. The customary practice of the first and second years' men to entertain their seniors brought them together. The feature of the evening was the farewell speeches of the graduating class. They all expressed a combined sense of joy and sadness—joy arising from the situation in which they found themselves, sadness at the prospect of soon having to bid adieu to Queen's and her pleasant memories. The graduating class this year is double that of last. Amongst the number there are of course the usual men of promise; but who these are we do not pretend to foretell. The future will reveal the mystery.

**THE NATIVITY IN ART.**

THE Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* would be cheap if it contained nothing more than its first item, a magnificently illustrated paper by Henry J. Van Dyke, jun., on "The Nativity in Art," which has not only a full-page reproduction of Raphael's painting in the Pitti gallery at Florence, but also engravings from photographs of the original paintings of Giotto, Filippo Lippi, Correggio, Albert Durer, Murillo, and other masters. The essayist corrects a mistake into which the majority of writers on the same theme have fallen. They speak as if from the beginning the Nativity had been the favorite theme of Christian art, whereas it does not appear in any form of art at all until the fourth century, is represented less frequently than many other events both of the Old and the New Testaments, does not begin to appear in a central and dominant position until the thirteenth century, and falls again at the close of the sixteenth into comparative neglect. The explanation of this is found in the dominant influence of our Lord's divinity and resurrection on the thought of the early Christians. Mr. Van Dyke's criticism is frank, fearless and generally sound. Against Mr. Ruskin's dictum he speaks bravely up for Murillo as the man who touched the Nativity once more, as the earliest artists touched it, with the hand of faith and love, but with an incomparably greater skill. As for the English pre-Raphaelites, Mr. Van Dyke bluntly remarks that their promise has thus far been much beyond their performance in religious art. America, he mournfully confesses, has nothing to show. The prize competition instituted two years ago by the Harpers for an illustration appropriate to Christmas is acknowledged to have been an utter failure, though at the two trials upwards of 600 drawings were sent in. It might have been

expected that among so many devotees of art in the New World there would be some able to enter into the spirit of the Nativity, and to express it with reasonable lucidity. On the contrary, a distinguished committee of judges could not find one of the designs above the level of sheer mediocrity. "The collection, as a mass," we are told, "was an indescribable farrago of absurdities gathered from the whole range of figure and landscape art—such a medley as one may see any day in turning over a collection of Christmas cards." The reason of this failure, according to Mr. Van Dyke's reading of it, involves a very serious reflection on our age. "I believe," he says, "that true greatness in art will only come with a revival of moral earnestness and faith."—*Christian Leader*.

**MRS. BUTLER ON IMMORALITY.**

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the *Young Men's Christian Magazine* says: "One of the most remarkable meetings which I have attended was held in Markham Square Congregational Church, London, on 4th Oct. It had for its object the consideration of the question which Mr. Stead has brought into so much prominence. It was stated that Mr. Justice Lopes would not permit Mr. Stead to attend the meeting, though his name had been advertised in connection with it. Mrs. Josephine Butler was there, however, and the impression which she made upon the 1,500 people assembled, mostly ladies, was such as I shall never forget. Dressed in black, she came forward in the simplest possible manner, and in a peculiarly feminine voice began to address the great meeting. Her sad story, together with her gentle, unassuming appearance, soon began to melt the hearts of her listeners. So forcible was the address that hundreds of the audience were bathed in tears. She felt that the impulse given to the movement would not cease till the Judgment day."

**POETRY.**

**CHRISTMAS.**

**B**RIGHTEST day of all the year,  
When the Prince of Peace to earth  
Came, a babe of wondrous birth,  
Dwelt amongst the lowly here.

"Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
Angels bright, a joyous crowd,  
Sang at Heaven's gates aloud  
When he came, and oft since then,

Peace on earth, with weary sigh,  
Hapless mortals long to find ;  
Yet, for all of human kind,  
By this babe was peace brought nigh.

From the cradle ceaseless strife,  
Toil and trouble, pain and grief,  
Seem to sum up all the brief  
Three score years and ten of life.

Through a veil of selfish fears,  
Looming dangers rise to view,  
While life's journey we pursue,  
Blindly groping through our tears.

Let us cast aside the load,  
Boldly tread the toilsome way ;  
Heaven and earth are glad to-day—  
Christ hath travelled all the road.

He hath borne our griefs and cares,  
Known our sorrows, felt our woe ;  
Every pang the heart can know  
His pure heart hath known, and shares.

He hath wept and hungered sore,  
Felt the sting of many scorns,  
On His head a crown of thorns  
Piercing pressed—and all He bore,

Hunger, mockery and shame,  
Jeering, taunt and cruel cross,  
For our sakes—our gain, His loss—  
Shall we not, then, praise His name ?

**THE POSTMAN.**

**W**HO calls on us, day after day,  
With latest news, tho' oft he may  
Have nothing for himself to say ?  
The Postman.

Whose cheerful ring and ra-ta-tat,  
As he ascends from flat to flat,  
Makes many hearts go pit-a-pat ?  
The Postman's.

Whose well-known face and uniform  
Ensures to him a welcome warm,  
And takes maid-servants' hearts by storm ?  
The Postman's.

Who sees the merchant's cheek grow pale,  
When business has begun to fail,  
And makes him fear a debtor's gaol ?  
The Postman.

Who fills the mother's heart with joy  
And doth her anxious fears destroy  
With good news from her darling boy ?  
The Postman.

Who brings to maiden cheeks a glow,  
A tell-tale flush that lets him know  
That billet-doux is from her beau ?  
The Postman.

Who, as he calls from door to door,  
Makes all alike, both rich and poor,  
And always finds his welcome sure ?  
The Postman.

In sun and shade, 'midst rain and snow,  
Who oft is seen where e'er we go,  
Whom everybody seems to know ?  
The Postman.

**YOUTH AND AGE.**

**J**OYOUS and free as the birds of the air,  
Knowing as little of trouble or care,  
Cherry-cheeked children, merry and gay,  
Hastily rush from the school to their play,  
Romping and singing—their sweet voices ring  
In our ears like the notes of the skylarks, that sing  
So sweetly aloft in the deep azure sky,  
Till even their forms have been lost to the eye,  
Innocent children, may your sweet mirth  
Ever continue to gladden the earth !

Grimly along life's rough, toilsome way,  
Peevishly fretting, the old and the grey  
Oft wander slowly, with cold hearts and sad—  
Grieving when most they have cause to be glad,  
Lingering looks casting wearily back,  
As onward they trudge o'er the oft-trodden track,  
Swiftly the years o'er those travellers grim,  
Glide as they drag still each worn, laggard limb,  
Onwards, still onwards, till lost midst the gloom  
Which ever envelopes the gates of the tomb !

**BIJOU POEM.**

**P**ALE as a silent nun, the hooded moon  
Gazed on the world behind a rifted cloud—  
The silvered flowers that were gold at noon,  
Dew-glistening upraised their heads and bowed.  
Along the wind low adoration rang  
The echoed vespers that the bird-choir sang ;  
The moon withdrew—the world and nature slept—  
And then the clouds bent over them, and wept !

## VARNO THE BRAVE :

A TALE OF THE  
PICTS AND SCOTS.

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

VARNO, without reply, turned his war-steel, blew his horn, and, crossing the Tay with his followers, enjoyed that night the domestic comforts of Castle Clatchart.

When public excitement and revelry had begun to subside Brudus gradually opened his eyes to the position in which he had placed himself by this estrangement with his son-in-law. Many of the nobles for some time had regarded the young and powerful maomer of Fife—powerful alike by royal connection, extent of property, and number of devoted retainers—as an aspirant after a higher object than he had yet hinted at; and the nucleus of a conspiracy had already been formed for curbing his onward march. Elated by the prowess they displayed in the battle of Dundee, their bearing in the presence of their king soon became little less than haughty; and he having proposed a reconciliation with Varno, made the position of affairs much worse. Their surmises regarding the purity of his motives were now openly and broadly stated. Although the Scot dreaded no sword equal to his, still they even dared to insist distinctly that traitor thoughts were his, and he wanted but opportunity to deliver up Pictavia to her hated foe.

"That cannot be," said Brudus; when he pleaded for the life of Alpin; "no sword of noble Piet was redder with Scottish blood than Varno's."

"Many swords there were as good as his," replied Cuthel. "Traitor thoughts are ever gilded with gallant deeds, so that none may see their blackness. Let priests prate of mercy; must we be kind to the Scot that he may butcher our wives and children? Beshrew me; if sainted Culdee could resolve me this!"

"It is ever thus that patriot hero is rewarded," said the grey-haired Garnard. "When you trembled behind your strong walls the spear of Varno was not idle; and bloody was the battle-axe of the young chief. When women cried, 'Where is Cuthel? Where is Kennil? Where is Garnard?' none cried 'Where is Varno?' All knew where Varno was?" the Scot knew and trembled. And noble chieftains now call the hero traitor? It is our own shame and envy of his noble fame that makes us go against him. Our victory was no less great had Alpin not died; and all may yet see that Varno spoke well. The adder is not dead while its young liveth; and the fiery soul of the stripling Kenneth will not rest while his father's spirit is unappeased."

General uproar followed the speech of the aged warrior. Too much had been spoken against the chief of Castle Clatchart to retract with ease, safety and honor; and deeply stung with the consciousness that nothing but truth had been advanced, they roused themselves lest

calm thought would confirm the truth of Garnard's observations.

"Varno is a fell traitor; and I say it!" exclaimed Kennil, "and to-night will Castle Clatchart be razed to the ground; and the traitor meet a traitor's doom."

Boisterous plaudits welcomed this announcement. Each chief drew his sword and turned to leave the hall, when, breathless, the chief of Fortevieth entered. For a moment he eyed the warlike show, then addressing Brudus, said:

"You have the news, I see!"

"What news?" asked the king.

"That fiery Kenneth is king of the Scots, and has sworn on his sword and by his crown that he rests not by night nor by day till his father's death is fully avenged. Already has the sign of war sped through a hundred glens, and blazed on a hundred hills; and the hordes of Erin are hastening to his standard. Let not the brave of Pictavia slumber."

"They shall not," calmly answered Brudus. "Now, chieftains, how shall we meet the coming storm; if the sons of Erin have joined Kenneth our foes are too many should Varno turn traitor."

There was a pause; every bosom was big with the importance of decision; but none knew on what to decide. Should Varno be invited, their comparative insignificance would be apparent; his popularity and power augmented; and if victory under his auspices once more honored the arms of Pictavia, their ruin was inevitable. On both views the prospect was dark and boding destruction. At length, "The Saxon! the Saxon! let us woo the Saxon!" shouted Cambust. Brudus groaned in agony. Old Garnard stepped forward, shaking his grey locks, and, stamping upon the floor, demanded: "When did Cambust learn that ravenous wolves could become generous protectors?"

"When Garnard," retorted Cuthel, "first knew that dark traitor could be trusted as open friend. Better," cried he, "woo the plundering Saxon than the smiling Varno."

"Yes, the Saxon! the Saxon!" was the prevailing but heavily articulated response. "Let us claim the aid of Osbneth."

Osbneth was prince of Northumberland, or rather king, but besides that wide district, his sway extended over York, Durham, Westmoreland and Cumberland. Bold, crafty, and rapacious, he was ever on the alert for objects to gratify his avarice, and never wanted a pretext for giving semblance of good faith to his worst actions; nor at any time lacked decision or courage to catch events as they passed and retain his reward with vigour. He welcomed with much kindness the Pictish envoys, heard their request, stated his terms, and accepted the proffered gold, and without loss of time marched his soldiers to the relief of Brudus, without ever seeming to recollect that he was at that moment the sworn ally of Kenneth. But Brudus did not live to

welcome the warlike Northumbrians. On every side ruin stared him in the face; he saw that either the Scot or the Saxon was to rule Pictavia, and while he contemplated the coming woes of his country, the heart that was dauntless in battle burst in agony; and Drusken was called to the vacant throne.

CHAPTER IV.

The cabal that attempted to blot the fair fame of Varno was still loud and bitter in their accusations. Drusken, the new king, was a man of extremely limited intellect, infirm of purpose, and the slave of low pleasures. He readily gave ear to the charges brought against one whose high moral standing showed in deeper shade his own worthlessness. Nor did Osbneth, when he reached the capital, and was made aware of the state of parties, attempt to heal dissensions, but tried by every means to widen the breach and force matters to a crisis. He knew the high military skill of Varno, was aware of his popularity and the extent of his resources; and were that young chief disposed of, he saw that it would be a light affair to grace his own brow with the crown of Drusken.

When united and led on by the courage and skill of Brudus and Varno the Picts were able merely to withstand the Scot, but with Brudus dead and Varno banished or slain, the kingdom would become an easy prey to the first aspirant. With the aid of Osbneth the Scots could be repelled, probably annihilated; and were that once effected, the subjugation of a disunited kingdom, empoverized and thinned by ceaseless wars and civil dissensions, would be a matter of easy attainment. With these flattering views Osbneth employed all his skill in fomenting differences, and a few days sufficed to turn the arms of the country against its last patriot.

Ready intelligence reached Varno of everything going on in the capital, and no time was lost in strengthening his naturally impregnable defence. Secret intelligence was dispatched to every chieftain throughout Fife to place his fortress or keep in a fitting state for the reception of an enemy; whilst the ablest of his retainers were summoned to the protection of Castle Clatchart. With so much secrecy and dispatch had the preparations for vigorous resistance gone forward, that the spies of Drusken could report nothing that augured anxiety or alarm. To all appearance the castle presented its usual peace establishment of defenders, and nothing was observed beyond it of that restless, noiseless, inquisitive state of society that presages a civil explosion or fears coming troubles.

(To be continued.)

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smoothe the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN LONDON.

CHRISTMAS DAY in London is unlike all the other days of the year. A stranger will at any time, if he has neither friends nor money, feel himself lonely and sad amidst her din and bustle; and even the Sabbath has stir enough to make one uncomfortable who is unaccustomed to city life. But Christmas in the great metropolis has a uniqueness about it fully appreciated alone by the Cockney. It is the day of days with the Londoner. Every man is then, in a sense, on a level; business for once in the year is discarded; and even the vendors of sweets and pastry and daily newspapers take to themselves breathing space. The great Babylon is wrapped in herself. Though the centre of civilization, on the 25th of December, for the brief space of twelve hours, the outer world becomes obliterated. The heavens may fall; Europe may be ablaze, yet no chronicle thereof, by daily newspaper or otherwise, is allowed to disturb her morning's devotions, or interfere with the eating of the inevitable goose and the blazing plum-pudding. The preliminaries to Christmas are in themselves interesting. Farm-yards through the three kingdoms for several days prior to the great festive season resound with the death-groans of the majestic and somewhat defiant goose; and other animals share a like fate. England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada and the United States pour into the world's storehouse additional supplies. Freight trains day and night empty their cargoes at the great centres of commerce. The streets, always busy, are if possible more so than usual; stores and public buildings are decked with evergreen and holly, and everyone is in good humour pending the grand occasion. Smithfield, a spot made sacred by martyrs' blood, but now a gigantic market, long before the joyous bells announce the advent of our Saviour's natal day, is a scene of indescribable animation. All night long butchers and poultrymen's carts have there emptied their cargoes; and long before day-break eager customers crowd the stalls. A roast, a goose and a plum-pudding must grace the table of rich and poor alike, even though it may cost the latter a few dinnerless days thereafter. And what a strange admixture of human beings are early astir to do their marketing. There is the coster-monger, the sweep, the supernumerary actor, the ballad girl, the news-vendor, the "bobby," and the thousand and one representatives of trades and professions as well as those who neither work nor profess anything, but who at the same time live like lords. All are in a way happy and contented. The Londoners know as well as any one how to turn a penny to the best account; but the roughest of them are entertaining and polite. No sooner, then, does "Old Father Time" in Cheapside chime forth the happy hour than "The Compliments of the Season!" "A Merry Christmas!" pass from mouth to mouth, irrespective of creed, kith or kin. Outdoors the thoroughfares are extremely quiet; the continuous procession of vehicles of all kinds along the Strand, Fleet Street, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheap-

side, London Bridge, the Borough, &c., is for once in the year, during business hours, at comparative rest. Railways and steamboats and tramway cars are likewise sparingly patronized. Christmas thanksgiving service is held in all the churches, which willing female hands have beautifully adorned with evergreen, holly, and Scripture texts. The great centres, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, attract large crowds. In the former thousands gather, an audience far too numerous to benefit from anything that is spoken. But the people sit, solemnized by the peeling of the organ and the singing of a Gregorian chant or anthem, or the rendering of Handel's natal song, "For Unto us a Child is Born," and drink in the notes as they reverberate through the mighty building and lofty dome. Westminster is also crowded by an audience perhaps more select than that of St. Paul's. Here again is a powerful organ and full choir. A well-trained contralto voice sings, almost to perfection, Handel's solo: "He was Despised and Rejected of Men." The effect is thrilling; the choir and people solemnly repeat "the grand Amen;" and from marble slab and the vaults beneath, where dwell the illustrious dead—kings, queens, soldiers, sailors, poets and statesmen—there seems to come a long Amen! "For the dead shall praise His name." Service over, great London, from palace to hovel, are indoors for the rest of the day. At Windsor, Her Majesty, family and courtiers are merry over their Christmas dinner; suburban palatial halls resound with mirth and gladness; the artizan, wife and family gathered it may be from a distance, are tidied up for the occasion. They assemble in the little parlour, which is decked with evergreen, holly and variegated Scriptural cards. The festive board is spread—laden with good things; with bright faces and happy hearts, they rise and sing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

and then partake of the dainties. Christian hearts even go out towards the degraded criminal; and the prisoners in their cells have cause to rejoice over the returning commemoration of our Saviour's birth.

"But the Lord is not unmindful of His own."

The widow's heart is made to rejoice; and the orphan made glad; the poor, the sick, and the wretched, who live in dens into which the rays of the sun scarcely penetrate, feel this day somewhat of the warmth which radiates from the Son of Righteousness—for there are, even in London, large and generous Christian hearts, such as the late Earl of Shaftesbury's, willing and ready to share their joys with the outcast and the needy. Christmas, then, affects the whole community. This sacred occasion may, in many instances, be abused; but it is, nevertheless, the source of much benign reflection, joy and peace.

#### THE TOMB OF OVID.

AS we pass along the Tiber, near Fidemar, a hollow cave may be seen, cut in the face of the escarpment, which has a deep interest, in that it has been supposed, with every probability, to have been the burial place of

the family of Ovid, the Latin poet. It was discovered in 1674, then covered with elegant paintings, symbolising the reception of the poet in the spirit-land, with other relevant pictures, as also inscriptions to Quintus Ambrosius Naso, his wife and freedmen. They have all long since vanished; but the designs of them have been preserved in the drawings and engravings of Santi Bartoli. From these indications it has been inferred that this was the burial place, if not of the poet himself, at least of his family and descendants. Whilst contemplating this tomb, it is melancholy to turn to the poet's long and weary banishment, with the complaints which his elegies and epistles are so loaded, and recall his words as he was perhaps thinking of this dim cave. "Shall I then depart," he writes to his wife by the hand of another, "so far away in unknown regions, and will death be embittered by the very spot? Will my body not waste away on my wonted couch? Will there be no one to lament my sculpture? And will not a few moments be added to my life as the tears of my wife fall upon my face? And shall I have no last injunction? And shall no friendly hand close my failing eyes amid the sobs attending my last moments; but shall barbarian earth cover this head, unlamented, without funeral rites and without the honour of a tomb? \* \* \* Oh, that my soul would perish without my body, and that no part of me would escape the consuming pile! For if my immortal spirit soars aloft into the vacant air, and the words of the Samian sage are true, a Roman shade will be wandering amid Sarmatian ghosts, and will ever be a stranger amid uncivilized spirits." This sad letter concludes with the request that when he is dead his ashes may be taken back in an urn mixed with leaves and powdered amomum, and laid in the ground near the city, with an inscription (though he says his most enduring memorial must be his works) telling who it is that lies there, and calling upon the passer-by for a prayer that he may be allowed to rest in peace.

#### A PLEA FOR ANCIENT CLASSICS.

IN the last number of the JOURNAL we noticed under the head of "College World," the statement that after 1887 Latin will be an optional study in Harvard, and that after that date "a student may graduate without knowing a word of Latin or Greek." We read further down the same column, and we find that Canon Farrar, in his address at Johns Hopkins' University, objected to the prominence given to Classical studies.

Now, we think this a slight expression of a very strong tide of feeling abroad with respect to the study of the Classical languages. Harvard gives us at Queen's our Greek Grammar, and Farrar fills his writings with Classical allusions, so that they cannot be properly understood without a knowledge of those languages. Why, then, is this protest against Classical study? We believe Harvard does not mean to say in so many words that a man can profitably neglect Classical study, but her act origi-

nates in a desire to give scope to particular ability. So she decides a man may be dignified with the degree of B.A., an essentially literary degree, without knowing a word of either of these languages, which are the very foundation head of all modern literature.

Had Harvard decided to admit a man to the degree, say, of Bachelor of Science, without a knowledge of the Classics, we would not have seen anything to condemn; for that is a degree implying something radically different from the degree of B.A.

As regards Farrar, much of his great fame is traceable to his Classical attainments. We think he might have passed through the world unheard of had he lacked his knowledge of ancient languages. But Canon Farrar, we believe, never meant that the Classics should be removed from the list of necessary studies in the Arts curriculum, but simply that they should not monopolize the largest part of a student's time at college, so as to exclude other studies. Or, perhaps, his view is like that which we have pointed out as being the one held in Harvard. Of this, however, we have great doubts.

With this strong modern tendency we are little in sympathy. We oppose it from conviction, and we think it can without any very great difficulty be combatted.

The time was when Latin and Greek were essential to a college curriculum, but in due time Greek was made optional, and French and German allowed in its place. According to recent events even this was an insufficient innovation. Latin now is beginning to fare like Greek in one of the greatest seats of learning in the United States.

Now, we propose to deal with this subject in the following way :

*First*, to point out how in our opinion those two languages gained such a supremacy in seats of learning; *Secondly*, we hope to give a rapid sketch of the status of Classical learning in England from the time of the Reformation up to the present century; *Thirdly*, let us consider some of the objections made to Classical study; and *Lastly*, permit us to state a few reasons which seem to us sufficient to justify pursuing a course of study in these languages. First, then, how did they secure such a manifest supremacy in seats of learning?

This question will require a somewhat lengthy answer; but if space can be allowed in the JOURNAL, we shall strive to give our opinion on the subject.

Greece deserves to be considered first, because, though never reaching the height of power obtained by Rome, yet it is on Greek literature that Latin literature is based. Rome did transcend Greece in the extent of her material empire. Roman legions traversed Greece in triumph. But the intellectual empire belonged as indisputably to Greece as the material to Rome. Roman youths delighted to go to Athens, the greatest university of the time, and study the language of Homer, of Plato, and of Thucydides. The Romans themselves confess their indebtedness to the Greeks. In one field, however, they are

independent; and as one of them delighted to say,—“Satire is all our own.” It is quite a remarkable phenomenon that the Greek language should have been retained in general use even after the civilized world was brought under Roman dominion. But so it was, and we think rightly.

The nature of our subject obliges us to give an outline of Greek literature from its origin to the Christian era. We begin with Homer, who probably lived about 850 B.C., in the so-called Mythical Age. He has bequeathed to us poems which by the most eminent scholars are regarded as master-pieces. We mention the honored names of the Iliad and Odyssey, besides which Homer wrote several hymns, among others hymns to Apollo, Hermes, etc. It would be unjust to thrust in here the question of the Homeric controversy of Wolff and of his school of criticism. These works form the grand starting point of Greek literature to us. No doubt there were many poems written by Greek bards prior to this time; but so far as we in the 19th century are concerned Homer's works must head the list. Then we come to Hesiod, whose *Works and Days*, and *Theogonia* are still extant, besides a short poem called the *Shield of Hercules*.

Let us hasten on, passing over the name of Anacreon, till we come to Pindar, the great lyric poet of Greece and Æschylus, the first and greatest of Greek tragedians. We have now reached the stirring times following the Persian wars.

From this time till the close of the Peloponnesian war, Greece did much in the literary line. The tragedians, Sophocles and Euripides, the comic poet Aristophanes, the historians Herodotus, Xenophon and Thucydides, and the philosopher Plato, are to be assigned to this period, or at any rate to a period immediately subsequent to this.

The glory of Athens no longer shone as a military power after the conclusion of the Peloponnesian war; but her literary dominion still continued to assert itself, and that triumphantly.

In our sketch we soon reach the names of the orators Demosthenes and Æschines, the former of whose speech *De Corona* Jebb calls the greatest ever uttered.

We must now mention the name of the philosopher Aristotle. We have now reached the conclusion of the 3rd century B.C. Probably about the year 280 B.C., the LXX. translation of the Old Testament was made at Alexandria, which shows how the Greek language had spread. It had been winning its way abroad, and serving in that age the purposes of French in the times of Charles the Second. We must mention two more names, which will bring our synopsis down to the time of the Advent of our Lord. Theocritus, the Bucolic poet, whom Virgil imitated in his Eclogues, flourished about 272 B.C., and Polybius the historian flourished about 167 B.C. We leave the Greek language with this rich literature, which has been the delight of all succeeding generations, and we pass to the Latin. A very few words will suffice, a ours

object at present is merely to bring the outline down to the Christian era.

As we have reason to believe, there were many bards among the ancient Romans, whose works had more or less value; but the first names of distinction to be mentioned are those of Ennius and Plautus, who both wrote about 200 B.C. Shortly after the death of Plautus we have the second distinguished dramatist, Terence. Almost a hundred years later Lucretius, the expounder of the Epicurean Philosophy, wrote his *De Rerum Natura*.

This brings us down to the Augustan Age of Latin literature, an age of writings which, though modelled after the masterpieces of Greek literature, are yet of immense independent value. It was in this age that Cicero composed his admirable orations and his various philosophic works. It was in this age that Virgil and Horace, the favourites of Augustus, composed their poems, with which all are acquainted, to some extent at least. The distinguished Julius Cæsar wrote his commentaries on his Gallic campaigns, and Sallust wrote his History of the Conspiracy of Catiline and of the African Wars during this age.

Other names might be mentioned, but it is unnecessary.

We have thus given, imperfectly no doubt, a general outline of Greek and Latin literature as far as the Christian era.

But we are only on the threshold of our argument, though so much space has already been taken up. However, trusting that forbearance may be exercised toward us in this matter, we hope to carry out our original purpose.

#### LECTURES FOR CITY YOUNG MEN.

FOLLOWING the example of British universities, Queen's has now resolved to have evening classes for the benefit of those engaged in commercial life, and whose business prevents them attending college during the day. Dr. Bell, writing to the *British Whig*, says: "In University College, Liverpool, there were three years ago over 400 evening students to some 200 day students, and no doubt the number has since increased. Had Queen's University been wealthier than she is, she would probably have done something of the same kind long ago, but she can hardly be expected to come up to the ideal of her functions until she is better endowed, and, like Oxford and Cambridge, has fellowships to offer to the graduates whose services she might employ in connection with such a scheme. In the meantime some little thing may be done to awaken, and partly to satisfy, the desire for the higher culture among those who are unable to attend the ordinary classes of the university. Professor Watson has agreed to give one lecture a week, beginning on the second Thursday of January and continuing to the end of April, on the question, Is pleasure the end of life? In these lectures the views of those who have answered this question in the affirmative will be stated and examined. There will be taken up in turn the doctrines of thinkers so widely separated in time, country and age as Prota-

goras, Aristippus and Epicurus among the ancients, and Locke, Hume, Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Henry Sidgwick and Herbert Spencer among the moderns, and it is hoped that some idea may thus be conveyed of the development of one important line of human thought. Those who think of attending must be prepared to do the work prescribed, which will consist mainly of short essays. The constituency which it is desired to reach are young men and women who feel the need of culture and are willing to make some sacrifices for it. The lecturer will try to make the subject as plain as he can, but he does not propose to aim at 'popularity' in the lower sense of the term, nor would he advise any to attend who are unwilling to work for their own intellectual enfranchisement. To all on the other hand who are prepared to do a little honest and regular study, but especially to the young men and women, engaged during the day, who have a desire to employ their spare hours to some purpose, a cordial invitation is extended. Should this experiment prove at all as successful as it is hoped it may, other courses of lectures may be started next winter, and it is even possible that a few fellowships may yet be put at the service of the university which will enable her to send out her more distinguished graduates as educational pioneers of the higher learning in other centres. The fee will be two dollars in all, i.e., one dollar for registration and one dollar for the course of lectures."

#### SENIOR RE-UNION.

THE annual re-union of the graduating class was held on Friday evening last, when the class of '86 met together at the large dining hall of the Burnett to compare notes on four years life at Queen's. This occasion is the pleasantest and probably the most serious during the college life of students, for it recalls to their memory the many happy moments spent together in the pursuit of knowledge, and brings vividly before them plans for the future. The table was arranged with much taste, and the menu all that could be desired. Mr. Rattray acted as chairman, being assisted by Mr. R. Whiteman and Mr. E. Ryan as 1st and 2nd vices. About an hour was spent in discussing the varied and tempting dishes. Then Mr. Rattray rose, and in a speech characterized by force and eloquence, proposed the "Queen." He dwelt on the pleasant memories enshrouding college life, and the friendship formed which would never die. An eloquent tribute was paid to the memory of J. C. McLeod and George F. Cameron.

Mr. R. Whiteman responded to the toast, "The Governor-General," and "The Dominion." He referred to the great progress made by Canada during the last fifty years, and to Queen's as one of the best institutions on the continent. "The University" was received with much enthusiasm, and was responded to by Mr. E. Ryan. He spoke in high terms of the institution and its professors, and hoped that the efforts now being made to assist

Queen's in performing her good work would be encouraged by every friend and student of Queen's.

"The Sister Universities" was responded to by Mr. Dewar, of McGill, and Mr. J. J. Aston, of Cobourg. Mr. McLeod, of Divinity Hall, and Mr. Shaw, of the Medical College, replied to "The Affiliated Colleges." Mr. McLeod considered Queen's took a high stand in allowing none but graduates in arts to enter Divinity. That sage assemblage, the Ontario Medical Council, according to Mr. Shaw, made a great mistake in compelling graduates in Arts to take a four years' course in medicine. He hoped the time was not far distant when every student would be compelled to make a course in Arts before entering medicine. Mr. J. J. Ashton ably sustained the "Alma Mater," and Mr. Bennett the "Y. M. C. A." Mr. Robertson, Mr. Irving and Mr. Foxton responded respectively to the Athletic Association and to the Association and Rugby Foot-ball Clubs. Mr. Irving considered the Association club had ably sustained the honor of Queen's in securing the championship for three successive years. Mr. Joseph Foxton was glad to say that although not entirely successful they had made the best stand against the Rugby champions. The toast "The Faculty of Queen's," which was deferred in the hope that Principal Grant would arrive to reply was now proposed and responded to by Mr. M. McKinnon. He considered the faculty were the right men in the right place. He spoke of their learning and attachment to Queen's, and as an instance of the latter he pointed to the refusal of Prof. Watson to leave Queen's and go to Cornell. The junior judge, Mr. Sidney Gardiner, expatiated at length on the value of the concursus as a restraint on the too exuberant spirit of wayward freshmen. Mr. Horsey replied in well chosen language to the toast of '86." The "Limestone City" fell to the lot of E. J. Corkill and received justice at his hands. Norman Grant and Gordon Smith came to the assistance of "The Ladies." Mr. Grant in the course of his remarks said that Queen's had a number of ladies whose aim was not only to become B. A., but their highest ambition was to receive the degree of M. A. The Press and host were proposed and responded to and a most enjoyable evening brought to a close by the company joining hands and singing Auld Lang Syne.

**THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.**

THE Ossianic Society held its first meeting for the session last Friday evening. Owing to other meetings demanding the attention of the students, the attendance was not very large. The evening was profitably spent in studying the beauties of Ossian. No poem offers more inducements to the scholar than Ossian's *Fingal*. The subline subject, the exchanting pictures, and true poetic thought combine to make its study interesting and profitable.

The next meeting of the society will be held on the first Friday evening after the holidays. Prof. Harris will

read a short portion of Ossian's *Fingal*, and enlarge upon its poetic beauties. Prof. Nicholson will deal with the passage from the point of view of the grammarian and philologist. Others will also participate in the criticism. Sons of the Gael, come and study the literature of your forefathers. Let Homer and Horace lie over for a little, and study what this peer has done in your own country. His works are equally interesting, and of equal poetic worth, and ought therefore, to be equally profitable to the student.

**THE ACADIAN CLUB.**

ANOTHER has been added to the already large number of Queen's College societies. The students from the maritime provinces have constituted themselves into a society to be known as the "Acadian Club." The following are the officers elected for this ensuing session:

- Hon. President—Principal Grant.
- President—R. W. McKay, B.A.
- Vice-President—S. Keith.
- Secretary—J. McKinnon.
- Treasurer—J. M. McLean.
- Committee—J. M. McLeod, B.A., J. Henderson, B.A., E. Goodwin.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—It is generally understood that all is fair in love and war, but as elections to the various positions in the Alma Mater Society can scarcely be classed under either these heads, it is quite justifiable to denounce as unfair some of the tactics adopted on such occasions. Frequently, during the excitement of election times, methods are made use of which are tinged with something very akin to unfairness. Towards the end of the recent campaign, for example, two of the professors in the medical college made out and out electioneering speeches, in which they called on the medical students to vote to a man for the medical candidate. Now, sir, this is a most unwarrantable interference. It is a direct infringement on the privilege of free choice which every student ought to have. What right have professors to say for whom any one shall vote? None at all. Then why do they presume to do so? By many an audience this would have been considered an insult, but it seems in this case to have been calmly swallowed without a grimace. What a sickly sight it would be to see Principal Grant or Professor Watson or Professor Mowat standing on the platform saying: "Gentlemen, vote for the arts candidate whether he be the better one or not." Why is the arts vote always split? Because each art student has an opinion and a backbone of his own and makes use of it. Why is the medical vote invariably a unit? Because the average medical student is so constituted that it suits him splendidly to have some other person, some nice

professor, for example, to do all his thinking for him. Such a lack of independence is most deplorable. Let us hope that we have seen the last of electioneering on the part of professors.

I remain, yours truly,

ARTS.

## ALMA MATER.

IT was a large and enthusiastic audience that filled the room of the Alma Mater on Saturday night, the attraction being the installation of officers recently elected and the distributing of prizes won at the last annual sports. In the absence of Mr. J. Kidd, Mr. G. Smith, first committee man, took the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mr. Foxton, the retiring secretary, then submitted his annual report, shewing the society to be in a very healthy condition having largely increased in wealth and members during the last year. Mr. Dunning submitted the treasurer's report, which shewed balance on hand of \$80.35. A vote of thanks was then moved to the retiring officers. Certain debts incurred by the JOURNAL were referred to the JOURNAL staff. The new officers of the Society were then duly installed by Mr. Smith. Messrs. W. H. Cornette and J. McCuaig were then added to the JOURNAL staff and Mr. J. J. McLennan was appointed Managing Editor. Principal Grant then distributed the prizes won at the last annual games. Mr. T. G. Marquis received the gold medal as the College Champion Athlete. Elegant badges were distributed to the other winners. Principal Grant expressed his pleasure in seeing the gymnasium once more opened to the athletes and strongly impressed upon the students the necessity of moderation in their sports and in all other pursuits.

## DIVINITY HALL.

FIVE hundred students in Harvard signed a letter to Mr. Moody asking him to hold meetings in their university this month.

Archdeacon Farrar preached on idol worship to one of the largest congregations that ever assembled in Trinity Church, New York.

The churches of all denominations in Connecticut are uniting in making a special effort this winter to get a hold of the careless. The pastors are to be helped by skilled evangelists.

Erromanga is the only island in the New Hebrides where missionaries were murdered. Twelve years ago it contained only twelve church members; now not a heathen is to be found on the island.

A lady Presbyterian missionary on the west coast of Africa is the only white Christian for some hundreds of

miles, and has no means of travel but by a skiff up and down the river. She has the training of young men and women, not only in their education and Christian life, but in their every day pursuits. She is very happy in her work.

A good story comes from the States about a preacher who prayed that the members of Congress might hang together. One of his hearers, who hated the Congress, heartily chimed in with a loud "Amen." The man who prayed went on: "I mean in accord and concord." "Any kind of a cord, dear Lord, if it be only a strong cord," responded the fervent but irreverent man in the pew. The prayer came to a sudden conclusion.

A Boston gentleman, member of one of the leading congregations in the town, speaking to a friend of a probable change in the pastorate, said: "I think it is a matter of buying up stock—excuse me, I mean pews. If Mr. —'s friends can buy up pews enough before the parish meeting, they will, of course, call him. If the other side gets the pews, why Mr. —'s friends will be left. You laugh, but the control of a church is a good deal like the control of a bank or railroad nowadays. If you can buy up a majority of the pews, you can run it to suit yourself." This conversation throws an unpleasant light on American church life.

## Y. M. C. A.

THE city Y. M. C. A. meetings for young men, held in the Third Methodist Church hall on Sabbath evenings, are being well attended. Quite a number of students are encouraging the association in its work, by their attendance and by active co-operation. A choir composed exclusively of young men has been formed. The meeting is made interesting by the singing of hymns, prayer and short addresses. Much spiritual good is expected to result from these gatherings; and the unanimity and kindly feeling manifested is an indication that the Y. M. C. A.'s efforts on behalf of the young men of the city are being appreciated.

Mr. T. B. Scott is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Wishart, College Secretary, stating that Mr. Studd, the well known student evangelist, is willing to come to Canada if the Y. M. C. As. of Queen's, Toronto, Albert, Victoria and McGill will unite in extending an invitation to him. This opportunity should not be lost. If Messrs. Wishart and Studd come they will spend two days at each college between the 15th and 25th of February.

Special evangelistic services appointed by the presbytery of New York have been opened by a united and remarkably earnest prayer meeting, in which a hundred representatives of the city churches of the denomination took part.

COLLEGE+WORLD.

**C**HICAGO UNIVERSITY has been sold for debt.

A chair of journalism has been established at Harvard.

The Montreal Lacrosse team defeated Harvard by nine goals to none.

Five colleges have sprung up in Dakota during the past year alone.

The scholarships and fellowships given at Oxford amount to \$500,000 annually.

The class poem of Harvard '38 was the first published work of James Russell Lowell.

At present 190 papers of various kinds are published by colleges in the United States.

One hundred of this year's Freshmen at Harvard have utterly discarded the study of Mathematics.

Students at Amherst who do not attend to their gymnasium duties cannot receive a diploma.

The richest university in the world is that of Leyden in Holland. Its real estate alone is worth \$4,000,000.

Principal Porter, who has guided the destinies of Yale so faithfully and so well for nearly half a century, has resigned.

Of the 333 colleges in America, 155 use the Roman method of pronouncing in Latin, 144 the English, and 34 the Continental.

The first college paper ever published in America was the *Dartmouth Gazette*. Its first number appeared at Dartmouth College in 1810.

Dio Lewis is authority for the statement that no user of tobacco has ever headed his class at Harvard or any other institution where class statistics have been preserved.

The good-humored Dr. McCosh, whose gray hairs seem about to be brought in sorrow to the grave by the Princeton boys, has smiled scores of times when told that the secret and sepulchral midnight password of the students was: "Jimmie McCosh, by gosh!"

The great foot-ball match between Yale and Princeton for the championship of the Intercollegiate Leagues was won by Princeton, six points to five. The championship of the New England Intercollegiate League is a tie between Williams and the Institute of Technology.

PERSONALS.

**D**R. H. B. FORD is down near Morrisburg.

Dr. Dawson, '85, has settled down to work at Cape Vincent.

Dr. Harry Cunningham, '85, is practising about 45 miles from Winnipeg.

Dr. Donald Russell is in far off Dakota. He, too, is going to Europe in the spring.

Dr. Andrew Dwyre, '85, is down at Westport, a lively little place about 40 miles east of Kingston.

Mr. Wm. Briden, a graduate of '80, is now head master of Ingersoll High School. He has a salary of \$1,000 per annum.

Dr. Spankie, '85, may be seen anytime at his office, Wolfe Island. He talks enthusiastically about starting a vaccine farm.

Dr. James Stirling, '85, is in New York just now, but he intends to return in about three months and settle down in St. Catharines.

Dr. Thomas Bertram, '85, is at present practising in Dundas in partnership with Dr. Walker, '67. He intends to visit the old country next spring to complete his medical studies.

Dr. William Kyle, '85, is busy curing the sick at Manotic, near Carp. Billy is a smart little fellow, and the best wish we can utter in his behalf is that his success may be in inverse ratio to his size.

Mr. George Neish, a former student of the Royal Medical College, is now residing in Kingston, Jamaica. He has become the happy father of a dear little girl baby, who arrived on the 12th September last. The JOURNAL tenders Mr. Neish its heartiest congratulations. Life in Kingston, Jamaica, is not exactly what it is in our Kingston. In a letter recently received by a gentleman of this city, Mr. Neish remarks: "The following authentic and very amusing scene occurred in a negro chapel (I should like to give you the name, but my colored friends might be 'down on me') in the near neighborhood of Kingston, Ja. In this chapel there is no regular officiating 'ministah,' and it is left to the members of the congregation to conduct a sort of service. It can well be imagined how amusing it sometimes is. On this occasion a very tattered, but fervent member was invoking punishment on sinners and was waxing so wroth with them that in his excitement he cried out, "Hold dem over de valley, my Lord, jes' hold dem over de valley, but *Good Lord, don't drop dem in.*"

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

PROFESSOR in Logic:—"Mr. P—, what is the universal negative?" Mr. P—, "Not prepared, sir." Tableau.

"I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," said an orator, who had already spoken to a great length. "Yes, and they will soon be here," shouted a wearied auditor.

Professor of Philosophy:—"There is a sweeter, a happier life; it is found in that blissful duality—," Senior on the fourth bench, (suddenly wakening)—"You bet! That's just what I told her."

Professor in Astronomy:—"In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.

"Well, that's a new idea. I never heard o' puttin spittoons on the side o' the house before," remarked a countryman from the suburbs of Napanee, as he walked up to a telephone transmitter in this city, and made a bullseye the first shot.

Life is warfare, and those who climb up and down steep paths, and go through dangerous enterprises, are the brave men and the leaders in the camp, but to rest basely at the cost of others' labors is to be a coward, safe because despised.—*Irving.*

"What do you think of my moustache?" Mr. C— of his girl. "Oh, it reminds me of a western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."

"Oh, tell me where is fancy bred?"

She asked, and getting bolder,  
She laid her darling little head  
Right down upon the shoulder.

And I, with no more poetry in  
My soul than in a Quaker's,  
Replied with idiotic grin—  
You'll find it at the baker's."

An examination: Professor (to first applicant)—"Name and age, sir?" First student, "Abner Bascom; age seventeen." Professor (to second applicant)—"And you, sir?" Second student—"Phineas Bascom; age seventeen." Professor—"Brothers?" S.S.—"Yes, sir," Professor—"Twins?" S.S. (doubtfully)—"Well, ye-es; twins on our father's side. We're from Salt Lake." Professor—"O-O!"

Into the glowing grate he gazed  
In silent meditation,  
Until her eyes the maiden raised  
And said, "What's osculation?"

The lover slowly bent his head,  
And with some trepidation  
He kissed her on the lips and said,  
"Sweet love, *that's* osculation."

Then while her heart went pit-a-pat,  
Till she could almost hear it,  
She said: "*I thought it must be that,*  
*Or something pretty near it.*"

Slight though the ticking of a clock may be, its sudden cessation has a wonderful influence upon the inmates of a room in which the time-keeper is located. A dim realization of something wrong steals over the senses—a feeling as if something of value had been lost, or a friend had gone away perhaps never to return, or as if some of the children were sick, until suddenly one looks up and exclaims, "Why the clock's stopped!" And immediately the ill-defined forebodings dissipate, the little shadow of gloom melts away, and as the winding-up process is completed and the cheery ticking recommences, the family circle regains its wonted buoyancy of spirits, and the members wonder what it was that made them feel so gloomy a few moments before.

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I WISH I was a rumor, because a rumor always gains currency, and I have never been able to do that.—*Col. Holdcroft.*

The JOURNAL poet is wrong. My head is not small.—*Mr. Phelen.*

My watch won't keep good time.—*Prof. Nicholson.*

Get it cleaned Professor.—*We, Us and Co.*

I'm a kicker, from Kickerville Corners, and I kin beat all tarnation at singing Scotch songs, I kin, by gosh!—*John A. McDonald (not the Premier.)*

It was your fault that the robe was lost.—*Jim.*

How could I keep an eye on the girl and also on the robe, under such circumstances, and watch the surroundings.—*Joe.*

Don't fret, gentlemen, the rug is found.—*Mr. Wilson.*

Oh, we're so glad!—*The ladies.*

We're best in the dude line.—*Ottawa boys.*

Is Miss B— in?—*F. W. J.*

See's engaged, sir.—*Servant at the door.*

"Yes, I know it. I'm what she's engaged to."—*F. W. J.*

I can write poetry, do the athletic business. I could be a philosopher but I won't.—*T. G. Marquis.*