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WHILE thanking those of our subscribers who have so promptly responded to the appeal of the Business Manager, we would remind those who have as yet neglected to send in their dollar, that the above mentioned gentleman is waiting anxiously to hear from them. We know it is simply an oversight on the part of some, hence this gentle reminder. It is our intention to issue all the numbers of the JOURNAL before the close of the session, and, if possible, to have everything in readiness for the new staff to get to work at once at the beginning of next session. It is necessary then for the welfare of the JOURNAL as well for the Business Manager's peace of mind that all subscriptions be sent in immediately.

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In this issue we publish a letter from Professor Fletcher, which appeared in the *Educational Journal* in answer to certain statements with reference to the "grind" class in Greek and Latin at Queen's. The letter explains itself: The object of this class, as is shown, is not to prepare candidates for matriculation, but to give the first year students a more thorough drill in the work of their year. The majority of those who have regularly matriculated are obliged to take the class as well as the few who are admitted without matriculation. Now we cannot suppose that in any other Canadian college a better condition of things exists, because we hold that the standard of matriculation in Queen's is as high as that of any of them, and that to all, students are admitted who have not matriculated. While these facts must be dealt with as they at present exist, they nevertheless point out a very serious defect in our system of education. At the university only university work should be done, and preparatory work should be confined wholly to the High Schools and Institutes. But in the present state of affairs,

university work proper, with the majority of students, cannot begin until some time after they enter college. Their time is of necessity occupied with work that ought to have been done before entering, and thus the benefit they might otherwise derive from a university course is considerably lessened. This defect, though a serious one, it is not impossible to remedy. The chief blame must be attached to the low matriculation standard of Canadian colleges. Were the standard raised and made equivalent to the present examination at the end of the first year, the necessity for "grind" classes would be removed, and students who are unable to pass the matriculation, finding it impossible to go on with the first year work, would be excluded. Furthermore, the adoption of a uniform matriculation, while lessening the work of High Schools and Institutes would increase their efficiency. These results can be brought about only by the concerted action of University and High School authorities. This is an instance where co-operation is necessary, and where the narrower aims of separate institutions should be subservient to the higher end of the advancement of education in Canada.

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We call the attention of our readers to an article, on another page of this issue, on "Caird's Philosophy of Kant," by our own Professor of Moral Philosophy—Dr. Watson. This work, consisting of two large volumes, by Prof. Edward Caird, of Glasgow, the Doctor regards as the most important one in the region of pure philosophy that has appeared since the time of the publication of the late Prof. Green's treatise, entitled "Prolegomena to Ethics." It is, he says, the final exposition of Kant, and it would be superfluous for any English author to go over the ground again. Prof. Caird has traced carefully the development of every idea of Kant from its first imperfect presentation to the final form it assumed in his system. Nay, he has gone even farther and shown the correction that must be made in the thought of Kant, in order to have a consistent and adequate theory. It is in following out this line that there appears the other and truly important side of Prof. Caird's work. He gives a statement of the critical philosophy, which stands, not only as a clear demonstration of the inadequacy of English popular or sensational philosophy, but as an explication of the issues to which the critical philosophy, as giving a true expression of the development of thought, ultimately leads. Idealism, of which the author of the work in question is the chief exponent, is, as shown, the spiritual interpretation of the world and all objects comprising it. His review of the philosophy of Kant has brought him face to face with all the problems of Philosophy, and these have received, at his hand, a

thoroughly competent and satisfactory treatment. Evidently then a critical study of these two volumes may be regarded as a philosophic education in itself. It is a great work and a boon to the race, but unless we realize it for ourselves, that is, make it our own by a thorough study; unless we see the development that takes place in our own thought, it will not do us any immediate good.

Why should not all of our readers be up with the best thought of the day, when it can be found presented in such an intelligible form in this new book?

* * *

The conversazione, the event of the session—excepting, of course, the Jubilee—is past and was pronounced by all a success. The old custom of holding it at the close of the session has been set aside and a new departure made. Since nearly all the Medical students and a large number of the Arts do not wait for the close, it was decided to make the experiment of holding it this year in February, just before the thoughts of the students became absorbed wholly in the dread prospect of approaching “exams.” The result has amply justified the change, and has proved that this is the right time for the conversazione. A larger number of Arts students were present than there would have been otherwise. We hope hereafter that the Meds., a goodly number of whom were present, will have no longer reason to feel that it is exclusively an Arts affair. The halls and corridors, though not so crowded as in former years, were yet well filled with guests. The heavy rain no doubt prevented a few from coming. The programme was good, and shows that the musical talent of Kingston is second to none. The Glee Club upheld its well-earned reputation and rendered several glees in good style. The whole event passed off harmoniously, and the various committees are to be congratulated on the perfection of their arrangements. The devotees of Terpsichore courted the light-footed muse to their hearts’ content, and every one went away satisfied that it was the best yet. A full account will be found in another column.

* * *

While rejoicing in the success of our own conversazione we cannot but deplore the disaster which occurred on the eve of a similar event to be held in Toronto Varsity. When the news of the destruction of the magnificent Varsity building reached us, we could not but concur in the feeling of sorrow expressed on every hand. While our heartiest sympathies are extended to the students and friends of Toronto, we feel that it is a calamity which affects not only them, but the whole country. The true student loves the halls of his Alma Mater and reveres the spot where his mental powers received their first impulse toward a higher development. We can form but a faint conception of the feelings of the students and graduates of the Varsity as they beheld their beautiful building enveloped in the terrible grandeur of the flames and doomed to ruin. The destruction of the building, whose magnificent pile outlived in architectural beauty every university in America, is in itself a great loss. What is most to be lamented, however, is the loss of the extensive library, containing many rare and costly volumes which it will be impossible to replace. Notwithstanding the severe shock which the venerable President, Sir Daniel

Wilson, received, his unabated energy in not allowing a single day to be lost in the work of the session, is to be admired, and the continuance of the work without a break has the salutary effect of showing that a university does not consist entirely of bricks and mortar. We understand that the work of reconstruction will be taken in hand at once. Here is a call upon the friends of Toronto to give substantial proof of their friendship, a call to which some have already responded nobly. With the help of her numerous friends and the aid of an indulgent Government, we feel sure that the Varsity will speedily recover from this severe shock.

* * *

When a student enters college he is not long in finding that he is one of what outsiders regard and treat as a separate and often privileged body. He discovers that he can get railway tickets at reduced rates, that he can get “student’s tickets” for lectures and concerts, that he is often allowed a discount in the shops; and he is seldom averse to accepting these kindnesses. But he does not always stop to wonder why he is thus favored; if he were to pursue the question he would find that it is because outsiders recognize students as a distinct body, possessing certain peculiar features, enjoying certain privileges and owing certain duties. The first two facts students never question; they are quite willing to be regarded as members of one body where privileges or benefits are to be got; but unfortunately there are men who seem very slow to recognize the third fact—that they are liable to certain obligations. These obligations are mainly social; sister Universities must be recognized, outside friends must be entertained, and for these purposes money must be raised. One would think that men who as students have enjoyed the advantages of their position would be ready to face the liabilities also of that position; but the luckless youths who for their sins are condemned to collect college levies can tell a different story. Only too often have they been called beggars, or have had the required amount almost thrown at them, or have received a flat refusal. This should not be. If a man has accepted the benefits of his position he cannot consistently—nay, honestly—shirk its responsibilities. A student who accepts the benefits of college life is not merely an individual who chances to be taking lectures at the college, but is a member of an organization, and is in honor bound to meet his duties as such.

* * *

THE GREAT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH. By Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A. (1866), Owen Sound. Toronto: Hart & Company.

These notes on the great Hymns of the Church constitute a charming volume. When we think of the Wesleys writing seven thousand hymns, or even of the eight hundred of Isaac Watts, it may seem strange that Mr. Morrison can find only twenty-eight great hymns, these, too, ranging from the “Te Deum” and the old Greek hymn, “Art Thou Weary?” down to “Jerusalem the Golden,” and the “Dies Irae” of the Middle ages, and on to Luther’s “Ein Feste Burg,” and the best known hymns of our own day—Lyte’s, Newman’s, Keble’s, Rae Palmer’s and Bonar’s. But the author is right. Few men have written more than one good hymn. King David and

Charles Wesley are perhaps the great exceptions to this rule, though Mr. Morrison wisely gives only two of Wesley's, and many modern critics are unwilling to assign more than half a dozen in the Book of Psalms to David. It is in her Psalms and Hymns that the unity of the Church of God is seen. Christian experience in its essentials is the same in all ages and in all lands. On that rock the Church of the future must be built. Mr. Morrison's volume is a contribution to the good cause, and is written with appreciation of what constitutes a good hymn. His literary form is good, and his spirit genial and catholic. It is always a pleasure to us to see Queen's men taking to authorship.

LITERATURE.

LECTURE ON BROWNING

AT TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, BY PROF. CAPPON.

TO characterize one's own century is a delicate task, partaking too much perhaps of the nature of prophecy. In doing so we are anticipating to an extent greater than usual, the slow evolution of opinion on a multitude of subtle and complex matters.

But the nineteenth century is now running its last decade and in a few years more will have joined its predecessors in what Sir Thomas Browne calls the Night of Time. Even now in contrast with new movements and tendencies just showing above the horizon and heralding as it were the approaching century we begin to see the august outlines of the receding form of its predecessor. We knew all along, of course, that the nineteenth century was to have a great reputation in science and material industry. These affect our common life and are visible in their development to every eye. But now we also begin to realize what a great era of expansion the nineteenth century has been in art and literature. In these, too, old limits have been surpassed, old standards have been overturned, old ideas have given way to new.

Our grandfathers read their Spectator and Goldsmith's Traveller and Dr. Johnson's poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes, and praised the landscape of Ruysdael and Lorraine with the highest sense of security that the works they admired were unassailable and the very standards of human achievement. Readers of Thackeray may remember how, when Colonel Newcome came home from India after an absence of many years, he was amazed and bewildered to find that the old oracles were no longer listened to, that in the opinion of those well-posted critics, Warrington and Pendennis, Byron was no great poet, that Dr. Johnson talked admirably, but did not write English, that young Mr. Keats and young Mr. Tennyson of Cambridge with their strange diction and stranger measures were the chiefs of modern poetic literature. But that was but the beginning of the tide, and Thackeray scarcely lived long enough to appreciate fully with the calmness of the retrospective glance all that was even then being done in literature.

Yes, the nineteenth century has certainly been a time of great expansion, of expansion which has mainly taken the form of a struggle to throw aside formalities, to regain something of the freedom of nature, to get nearer

the reality of things. In the field of literature particularly where there are no obstructing materials to intellectual ideals, the new spirit has ranged freely, devastating and reconstructing in the same movement. On all sides the conventional limits of art have been borne down like barriers in time of flood. Wordsworth re-interpreted Nature for us in a new language which at once made former renderings superficial and insufficient; Carlyle re-wrote history and biography with an originality of method and insight which made even the brilliant but more conventional methods of Macaulay seem commonplace and traditional. In America Emerson and in England Ruskin lifted up their voices like men whose lips the seraphim had touched with live coal from the altar, and after they had spoken the older moralists were immediately felt to be tedious and obsolete.

Even the majestic eloquence of Burke suffered eclipse. There was something frigid, something of the formalism of the eighteenth century in his Ciceronian periods which failed to keep the ear of a generation accustomed to the profounder and more natural accents of Carlyle and Emerson. Everywhere the cord was cut which bound us to the older traditions of literary art. We were set adrift on an apparently boundless sea of possibilities.

Everything was begun afresh. The old academic landscape, with its classic temple on the heights and its nymphs and shepherds in the valley, disappeared and Turner's sun shone in all its glory over a renewed universe. Pre-Raphaelitism with its theories arose and half a dozen young painters of genius set to work as if nothing had ever been done in that line before. We are not a musical nation, and in that art the great movement of expansion found no representative amongst us. We went on strumming the old airs from Donizetti and Weber, and knew nothing of the "Music of the Future" till Berlioz was well dead in France and Wagner was almost at the end of his long career in Germany. In science we made great discoveries, and in the development of scientific methods we have great names in every subject from pure physics to jurisprudence and philology; but in these departments it may be said that we did not really lead the way, but rather made splendid applications of ideas and methods already current amongst the Germans, and to that metaphysical nation, also, we were indebted in common with the rest of Europe for all that was new in philosophy.

Perhaps after all it will be found that it was in pure literature, in history, in criticism, and especially in poetic literature, that we were most active, most genuinely creative, and contributed most to the great intellectual movement of the nineteenth century. In its first half we had Scott and Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth and Keats put against Goethe, Schiller and Heine amongst the Germans, and against Hugo De Musset and Lamartine amongst the French; and during its latter half when amongst the Germans there was not a single very great name to succeed those of Goethe and Heine, and in France Hugo alone was left of the great trio that had filled the times of the Restoration and Louis-Philippe, we, the English-speaking peoples, had a second great growth of poetry, a growth represented by the names of Tennyson and Browning.

But of these two great poets only one, the latter, fully represents the endeavor to restate from a new point of view and by new methods the old problems of life and thought. Only one fully represents the characteristic struggle of the nineteenth century to throw aside the conventional topics and methods of art and get down to the realities of life. Tennyson in one sense, it is true, is an original poet. He is original and creative in the new and exquisite finish which he gave to poetic style and to some extent in the new vein of sentiment which he introduced. But he does not so much create new elements and methods in literature as refine those which are already there. He develops the music of his blank verse out of Milton and Shelley and its colour out of Keats. Nothing is so new and therefore nothing is so crude in him as in Wordsworth or Browning. He is the poet of English life in an almost narrow sense of the words; he is the poet of Anglicanism. His ideals are all there, in the great broad-shouldered genial Squire, in the very respectable and semi-aristocratic English parson, in English ministers and University halls; in English landscape with the typical brook and farm, seen in no profound significance of matter, revealing spirit as by the brooding and penetrative eye of Wordsworth, but in its simply picturesque aspects, a kind of pleasant accompaniment to the decorous and refined life of an ideal Englishman.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock,
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream.

That is the Tennysonian landscape and the Tennysonian feeling for Nature. He is rather an original artist than a great creative poet.

Browning on the other hand has gone forward on ways hitherto untrodden. His topics, his points of view and his methods are as new as those of Dante or Shakespeare or Milton. After Keats and Shelley we can imagine some one predicting the lyrical vein of Tennyson, but the dramatic form of Browning, his diction and his versification are an absolute surprise. They are the result of one attempt more to break up the old heavens of art and bring poetry another step nearer to nature. With Browning the century makes what is evidently its last successful effort in the expansion of poetic form and perhaps of art in general.

For the signs are not wanting that a change is at hand and that we are entering upon an epoch in which the regard for what Plato called the Goddess of Limit, for system and for uniformity of standards will be greater than it has been in the nineteenth century.

In the late Matthew Arnold's critical writings we find the commencement of a reaction, an attempt to re-establish severer standards in art, more uniformity in style as against eccentricity and individual lawlessness.

This, then, is the position which Browning holds in the history of English literature. He is the last great effort of the nineteenth century in the direction of expansion. His innovations go far beyond those of its greatest innovators. He has utterly disregarded the

classical standards of style which still exercised a lingering influence over the writings of Wordsworth, of Carlyle and of Emerson; his vocabulary is as unselect as a dictionary's, the abstruse terms of science and philosophy, the obsolete terms of older literature, and the careless idioms of conversation jostle each other in his pages; as for grammar it is with some reason that he boasts in *Pachiarotto* that he is "free of all its four corners"; his methods of construction in all his great works, in *Fra Lippo* or the *Ring and the Book*, or *Andrea del Sarto* are absolute novelties; and his characteristic points of view are attempts to overturn (as in *The Glove*) or undermine (as in *Cleon*) or at least present in a perfectly new light (as in the *Epistle*) all the current views on life or art.

To attempt a final judgment on an achievement of such unusual compass and significance would be as yet premature. Work of this kind is like a draft drawn on the future of humanity. The opinions of contemporaries vary according as their æsthetic instincts are conservative or progressive. It is only by successive comparison of new growths and tendencies that a final judgment is evolved. Then we see how much humanity at large has found it good to incorporate of this special tendency, and the draft is honoured or dishonoured in due proportion. In the meantime the scientific analysis of the new phenomena is a study not in the least dependent on that ultimate judgment. We can at least determine with precision what the new qualities and methods of this poetic art are; and to do this will always help us somewhat to see how the final judgment is likely to go.

From this point of view then I will examine the poetical work of Browning, and in order to make the study as definite as possible I will confine myself, in the meantime, to a single poem and commence by a descriptive analysis of it.

(To be Continued.)

COLLEGE NEWS.

CAIRD'S PHILOSOPHY OF KANT.

THIS is the most important work in the region of pure philosophy which has appeared since the publication of the late Professor Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics." The logical treatises of Bradley and Bosanquet reach a high level of merit, and exhibit a distinct advance upon the logic of Mill, valuable as that work is, but they are burdened with a certain incomplete mastery of the principles of a spiritual philosophy. Professor Caird's work is the most complete and consistent exposition of Idealism that has anywhere appeared. His review of the philosophy of Kant has brought him face to face with all the problems of the higher philosophy, and it is safe to say that there is no topic that has not received at his hands the peculiar illumination that comes from a highly cultured mind of great speculative depth or subtlety. A thorough study of these volumes is a philosophic study in itself. The student who has mastered them will not only possess an intimate acquaintance with the whole mind of Kant, but a clear perception of the inadequacy of English popular philosophy and a comprehension of the issues to which the critical philosophy, sympathetically inter-

preted, ultimately leads. The author has displayed an extraordinary patience and industry in tracing every idea of Kant from its first imperfect presentation until it has assumed a form beyond which Kant did not advance. Nor has he left the matter here, but has gone on to show the correction which must be made in the thought of Kant if we are to have a perfectly consistent and adequate theory. The immense educational value of such a book cannot be overestimated. Philosophical culture does not consist in an acquaintance with the results that have been reached by this or that thinker, but in the process of intellectual and spiritual development through which a man himself passes. It is reassuring to find the greatest living representative of English Idealism, as Professor Caird undoubtedly is, coming to the conclusion that the great reality of God—freedom and immortality—may be established upon a reasoned basis, but it is infinitely more important to make one's own every step in the process by which this assured conviction is reached.

Twelve years ago Professor Caird published his "Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant," the first work which put before the English reader the substance of the "Critique of Pure Reason," and indicated the lines on which the philosophy of Kant must be developed to a higher consistency. In his preface Mr. Caird held out a hope that at some future time he would complete the plan of the work in another volume on the ethical and æsthetical works of Kant, especially the "Critique of Practical Reason," and the "Critique of Judgment." That promise he has now more than fulfilled. During the interval he has not been idle. Besides critical papers on Wordsworth and Goethe, he has contributed two important articles to the "Encyclopedia Britannica"—"Cartesianism" and "Metaphysics"—and he has also published a work on "The Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte," any one of which would have been sufficient to establish a reputation, and the last of which is a model of sympathetic statement and fair criticism. Returning to the subject of his first treatise, he has made an entirely new presentation of the metaphysical part of Kant's Philosophy, and to this he has added a critical account, not only of its ethical and æsthetic aspects, but of the other works of Kant, which may be regarded as illustrations or developments of his main argument, and especially of the important treatise on "Religion Within the Bounds of Mere Reason." The English reader is now for the first time in a position to estimate the ultimate scope and bearing of the critical philosophy, to see that "there is an unbroken continuity in the movement of Kant's thought, and that the lesson of his philosophy as a whole is definite and consistent."

Professor Caird has written the final exposition of Kant, and it would be superfluous for any English author to go over the same ground again. What is now needed is an independent statement of Idealism, and it is not, perhaps, too much to expect that Professor Caird, who has proved himself so great a master in exposition and criticism, will add to the obligations under which he has placed us by doing the work himself. There are clear indications that the present generation has lost faith in the old guides, and that the philosophy of the future must do justice at once to the truth of science and to

those great beliefs which give meaning and value to human life. No living author is so able to provide such a system of philosophy for us as Professor Caird.

It is impossible within the space at our command to give anything like an adequate idea of the philosophical wealth contained in this treatise. Perhaps we cannot do better than give a short statement of the valuable introductory chapter which contains an outline of Idealism as properly understood.

In a remarkable note to the "Critique of Pure Reason" Kant speaks of his own age as "the age of criticism." The term "criticism" is sometimes applied to the process of raising any objections that happen to strike the mind of the critic to the theory or doctrine under investigation. Such hap-hazard criticism is not what Kant had in his mind. Criticism he opposed on the one hand to dogmatism and on the other hand to scepticism. By dogmatism, as he tells us, is meant "the positive or dogmatic procedure of reason without previous criticism of its own faculty." Assuming the possibility of knowledge the dogmatist "seizes upon some general principle that seems to be as wide as the universe itself" and uses it without doubt or hesitation to explain all things. But the principle at first employed is inevitably inadequate to its task, and when this is seen doubt is apt to fall upon truth itself. A particular principle, true within its limited range, is employed as if it were an "open sesame" for the whole universe, and hence the dogmatist who has a perception of the complementary truth is easily able to show that his opponent contradicts himself. But as the same objection can be retorted upon himself it seems as if no principle rested upon a solid basis. Thus arises scepticism or the conviction that "whatever can be asserted may with equal reason be denied." Now Kant maintains that scepticism, like dogmatism, carries within it the principle of its own refutation. It is really because the sceptic tacitly appeals to a principle common to the contending parties that he is able to show that they refute each other. The aim of criticism is to bring the controversy to an end by detecting its sources and pre-suppositions, to penetrate to the principle which underlies the controversy, to discover the more comprehensive conception which puts each of the opposing theories in its place as an element of the truth; and the critical philosophy goes beyond this only in so far as it is an attempt to reach principles which are prior to all controversy.

This conception of the problem of philosophy must not be confused with Locke's doctrine, that we "must take a view of our own understanding, examine our own powers and see to what things they are adapted." For we have no other faculties by which we can examine the mind but the mind itself, and if our faculties are not adapted to the discovery of truth in other regions they cannot reveal to us the true nature of our own powers. Locke, in fact, saws away the branch on which he is himself sitting. Mind is not an object that can be separated from nature and understood purely by itself. "For man is a being who doubly presupposes nature, as he is a spirit which finds its organ in an animal body, and as it is in the system of nature that he finds the presupposition and environment of his life." Man, however, is not merely an

object in the known or knowable world, but he is also a subject of knowledge, and it is only for such a subject that an object or a world of objects can exist. It is with this aspect of man that criticism has to deal. Its problem is to find out the principles without which there can be no knowledge either of matter or of mind. The great defect of the philosophy of Locke, and of all forms of empiricism is, that it regards the acts of the mind as if they were nothing more than states of the individual consciousness. If that were true, knowledge of objects would manifestly be impossible, for the mind would be capable of coming to a knowledge of itself without having any consciousness of a world outside of it.

The true problem, then, is to find out a criterion of the validity of knowledge from an examination of our consciousness of objects. All our knowledge of particular things presupposes certain universal principles which are implied in the nature of consciousness and its relation to objects in general. If we can but discover these principles we may employ them as a test of our special ideas and beliefs. Thus, *e. g.*, in all our consciousness of the world, we find it represented as a unity and even as a systematic unity. All things, beings and events are therefore conceived to stand in some kind of relation to one another. Both to the scientific and to the ordinary consciousness the world is one in its manifoldness, permanent in its changes, inter-related to its co-existence. Thus all forms of rational consciousness are "built on one plan." It is on this fact that criticism is based. Criticism brings into explicit consciousness the principles implied in all our knowledge of particulars. The need of such criticism arises from the failure of the first immediate constructive effort of thought. The only way of escape from doubt and difficulty is to discover the ultimate idea upon which all knowledge rests. Now all the principles of the sciences are particular developments of the general presupposition of all science, *viz.*, that the world is an intelligible whole. The full meaning of this principle, however, is not always seen; and hence a particular application of it, which is found to be adequate within the realm of the special science, is supposed to be adequate even beyond that realm. But when an attempt is made to extend this limited idea to the spiritual world, doubt is cast upon the very existence of the world. If, *e. g.*, the soul is conceived as an object externally determined by other objects, it must be regarded simply as an attribute of the body or as a series of phenomena occurring in it. Hence it has no freedom or self-determining power. On the same principle God can be nothing but a name for the aggregate of external objects.

The truth is that the special sciences rest upon an artificial separation of certain aspects of the world from the world in its totality. It is impossible to explain the true nature of the inorganic world without reference to the organic world; impossible to explain either, apart from consciousness. Nor can the material world be understood apart from the principle manifested in the life of self-conscious or spiritual beings. "If man is not merely the child of nature, capable of complete explanation by its physical and vital agencies, then nature cannot be taken as a system which is complete in itself apart from man, or in which the presence of man is but an accident. The

strange conclusion of those physicists who, finding themselves unable to explain consciousness as one of the physical forces, were driven by the necessity of their logic to the hypothesis that consciousness produces no result at all in the world which it contemplates, illustrates this difficulty. . . . There are no alternatives but either to press the physical explanations to their last result, and so to reduce the spiritual world to the natural: or to admit that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a merely natural world. . . . We must 'level up' and not 'level down'; we must not only deny that matter can explain spirit, but we must say that even matter itself cannot be fully understood except as an element in a spiritual world."

This hurried and imperfect abstract of Mr. Caird's argument cannot be expected to be conclusive or even perfectly intelligible, but it may help to correct the current fallacy that a true Idealism has any kinship with the doctrine that reality may be reduced to the transient states of the individual subject, and to indicate the importance of a thorough study of a book which no one who lays any claim to philosophical culture can afford to neglect.

JOHN WATSON.

University of Queen's College.

—*The Week.*

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

In order to save time we had written out a report of the proceedings of the conversazione some days before the affair was held; and as, when writing, the snow lay thick on the ground, and as the air was cold and bracing, we had taken it for granted that such would be the state of the weather on the 14th. Accordingly we had begun our account of it with the remark that "no finer weather could have been wished for the conversazione on the 14th. The night was clear, and the twinkling stars overhead sparkled with delight as if in sympathy with the glad hearts of the students, and their friends who joyously passed to and fro through the corridors of Queen's to the bewitching music of the band." But alas! in this case the festival in our mind's eye was, at least so far as the weather is concerned, very different from the real article.

All day long the rain descended in torrents, and by evening the streets which before had been covered thick with snow were converted into streams, in whose waters the slush lay very deep. The hearts of the boys were heavy as they worked during the day at decorating the building or drove about the city in soaked clothes doing duty on the Refreshment Committee. However everything was prepared as thoroughly, though not as easily, as if it had been a typical Canadian winter's day, and when at eight the guests began to arrive, the spirits of the boys slowly rose, and, forgetting the storm outside, all devoted themselves to enjoying that which had been prepared for them by the committees.

By the profuse and artistic use of bunting which had been put up during the day, the halls and class-rooms looked very gay, and their appearance reflected great credit on *those few of the students* who directed their energies to the decoration of the college. The sides of the staircase were lined with the rifles of the College

Brigade, and the fixed bayonets bristling up the banisters looked very picturesque as they glittered in the gaslight. Snowshoes were combined in octagons on the walls in suitable places; in the main corridor on the second floor settees and easy chairs, with here and there a sofa of a convenient size, were scattered around, between which on the floor lay furry rugs of black and grey.

On arriving, the guests were met by the members of the Reception Committee, acting as hosts, and conducted to the different dressing-rooms, after which they strolled off upstairs; some, if young ladies, were escorted by admiring students along the halls to find a convenient resting place in some shady corner, while others with programmes in their hands procured seats in Convocation Hall that they might hear the concert to best advantage. After some well rendered selections by the 14th Batt. band, under the direction of the veteran Carey, Mr. D. Strachan, as President of the Alma Mater Society, welcomed all to the freedom of the college, and the Glee Club opened the concert by singing two pieces, "Kemo Kimo" and "Stars Trembling o'er Us." Miss L. Meek then sang "Barcarolle," accompanied by Mr. Heinrich Telgmann on the violin. She was loudly applauded, and deservedly so. Blumenthal's "Evening Song" was beautifully rendered by Mr. J. M. Sherlock, who seemed to be in the best of trim and to have perfect command over his magnificent voice. After the Glee Club had mournfully chanted a pathetic tale of "Three Little Kittens," and had sung the "Red, Blue and Yellow," the words of which were written by T. G. Marquis, B.A., and the music by A. E. Lavell, '91, Mrs. Betts came forward and sang, as only she can sing it, "Carina," by Mrs. Torry. It was received with loud applause. The duett by Mrs. Betts and Miss Meek was a beautiful one and splendidly sung.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Strachan introduced Mr. Snider, the representative of Victoria University. He gave a very informal but taking address, in which he in a rather humorous way gave the greetings of "Vic." No representatives were this year sent by McGill or Toronto, as each of these Universities intended to hold its *conversazione* on the same evening as ours.

A Double Quartette then gave "Hark, the Merry Drum is Sounding," after which Miss Meek sang "In Old Madrid," and it is saying much when we say that it was received as well as her former selection. This was followed by "I am Waiting," by Mr. J. M. Sherlock, which was, as one of the boys afterward remarked, "just stunning." Mrs. Betts then sang "Day Dreams" very acceptably, after which the Glee Club, which was loudly applauded every time, and which sang finely in every piece, closed the concert programme with the "Chinese Song" and "May God Preserve Thee, Canada."

Miss Jessie Meek, the accompanist, it is needless to say, did excellently. For the Glee Club Mr. Frank Anglin, '92, handled the piano very satisfactorily.

After the concert, which ended about 10.30, Lectorettes were given in the Physics class-room by Prof. Marshall, and in the Chemistry class-room by Prof. Goodwin. Most of the people, however, preferred to go up to the upper class-rooms to dance, or watch those engaged in dancing, and listen to the band music.

The crowd gradually thinned out after eleven o'clock until about 1.30 "John put the lights out" and the evening's jollification was ended.

All the officers of the A. M. S. worked well and must have been gratified at the success of the affair. Of those who were not officers, but who did splendid work both in preparing for and carrying on the *conversazione*, Mr. R. J. McKelvey, '90, deserves especially to be commended. And in closing it might be remarked in this connection that the whole work of the *conversazione* was done by less than twenty-five men out of the four hundred who should do their utmost to further all the interests and enterprises of the Society.

The ladies of the Levana Society are to be praised for the way in which they turned out and helped, especially the Refreshment Committee. It is owing to them not a little that the affair was so successful and the evening so enjoyably spent by all.

ROYAL COLLEGE NOTES.

FINALS, ATTENTION!

Gentle Reader: Permit us the pleasure of introducing to you the Graduating Class of '90. A good-looking, jovial, reckless lot, are they not?

The sight of such a formidable array of licensed physicians let loose upon an innocent and unsuspecting people is sufficient to strike terror in the hearts of even the "sweet girl graduates of Queen's"; men whose duty and aim of life will in the future be to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-beings by hastening their departure to a brighter and better world. How far their ravages will extend, who can say? Spreading o'er this fair Dominion of ours they will make a simultaneous attack on the ills and purse-strings of their unfortunate patients, and who knows what the result will be?

Formidable though they appear in bulk, yet let us view them individually, for they are quite harmless and tame when separated from their fellows:

JOSEPH ADAMS is little, but, oh, my! and they say good goods are put up in small parcels, if so, then Joey is indeed inexpressibly good. The Faculty deeming Mr. Adams too young and ambitious and inexperienced (as he has never flirted with more than one of the fair), held him over till this year, little thinking that there is a chance for the best of goods spoiling. Yet Joey only mellowed with age, and he takes his M.D. this year determined to do some great thing. He has spent this last year in a vigorous attempt to disguise his extreme youth behind a capillary growth, and for weeks we are told he abstained from his morning ablutions for fear of retarding the attenuated growth, but "this world is all a fleeting show," etc., for on the first application of *aqua pura* the shadows left and he was left lamenting. However, Joe can content himself with the fact that some city will yet obtain the services of an excellent and thorough physician.

JOHN H. BELL.—Jack is really our Junior demonstrator, though apparently the Senior, and a very important personage he is, indeed; in fact our institution must have suspended operations two or three times during the session had he not kindly come to its aid. The way in which he squirts Ca SO_4 into the subs is truly wonderful, which he squirts Ca SO_4 into the subs is truly wonderful, not to say magical, vanishing as it does immediately after

his skilful manipulation. He is most energetic and persevering, as evidenced by his intention to graduate this session, though only three years in college, but, being an old school-maam, he is capable of covering an infinite amount of work and is sure to "get there" in the spring.

THOMAS CAMELON five years ago donned the Freshman's gown as a student in Arts, prepared to sit at the feet of the Profs and imbibe the knowledge that flowed from their eloquent lips, but ere the completion of his first year he concluded that life's little chain was far too short for seven of its golden links to be wasted in college halls. So Tommy P., contrary to the wishes of his spiritual adviser, determined to face the stern realities of a medical course. In all five weary years have passed, during which he has acquired a dog and a cane, which he wears every time he goes out for a constitutional. Tommy is a well-meaning boy, harmless and beautiful as a summer morning, and we wish him the best of success in his exams. and in his medical career.

BILLY CAMERON.—Prominent among the B.A.s. of the class is our charming Billy, who, by the bye, lost his ten-cent razor three or four months ago, and as a result his hitherto boyish appearance has completely disappeared, and a noble, manly front has taken its place, with the usual fascination for the fair sex. William is the polite man of the year, as he is also the leading tenor, and we have been compelled to keep him quite secluded since he represented the Royal at the Varsity dinner, where he so worked on the minds of the guests that many went into convulsions, from which they have never recovered. He is a good student and a first-class fellow. We will miss his pleasant countenance and musical voice next session, but our loss will be another's gain.

JOSEPH S. CAMPBELL holds the honorable and lucrative position of Medical Expert of the Concurus, and though his duties as such have not been very extensive, yet he has proved himself an expert in more ways than one. He is the genuine "bhoj" of his year, and is one of the circle that endeavors to make life enjoyable, and wonderful are the exploits accredited to him. Joe confidently expects an M.D. in the spring, and if taking elaborate notes is counted will stand a show for the medal.

ALBERT CHOWN is the Goliath of his class, large physically and intellectually, still he does not glory in the manifestation of his prowess to the embarrassment of his weaker classmates. Al., by his universal good humor and deadly drugs, has won the esteem and constitutions of many of his fellow-students, but tiring of his limited field of labor he is aspiring to an M.D. We congratulate the public, but would say Albert can make a pill that would drive the freckles off a leopard or pull the teeth of a saw. His redeeming trait has been found to consist of a huge smile, pleasant and winning as a gattling gun on a battle field. We never came within range, nor do we want to, as we desire to graduate next year. Nevertheless we extend to him our hearty best wishes and hope he may reach the height of his ambition.

DARIUS A. COON, like the coon Darius Hystaspes who committed suicide in his chariot when about to be overtaken by the indomitable Alexander, is seriously contemplating practising homicide on himself, being pursued by the relentless foe of all Meds—exams. Da is a first-

class fellow, and has by his geniality and studious qualities won the respect and good will of his fellows. But particularly does he shine as a Judge of the Concurus, where his fine sense of justice, combined with his sublime ignorance of all kinds of law, has rendered him the terror of the culprits whom stern necessity and unbecoming behavior has brought before him. Darius will never possess a flowing beard, as the capillary growth has been, like its owner, of a retiring disposition, modestly secreting itself behind the papillary layer of his cuticle. In medicine he no doubt will be a stalwart and will make his mark in the world.

DAVEY CUNNINGHAM.—Now we have come to one of the "influential" members of the class. We have no doubt but that our valedictorian will bring tears to the eyes of the Kingston fair in his farewell address. We have been led to believe that in certain quarters many a sigh will be "hove" on the departure of this disciple of the "knife and scalpel" and knight of the high collar. This daring mariner is a strong believer in the antiseptic properties of bi-chloride and also believes in the old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." What with his store of learning from his B.A. course and his acquaintance with the wisdom of the Royal, Dr. Davey will make a red-letter day for the place of his choice.

JOHN WESLEY DIXON came to the Royal three years ago as fresh and as green as a dried chestnut, and, strange to say, though he has passed through various vicissitudes of life he retains his original character in a remarkable degree. He can smoke a pipe, lead a prayer-meeting or wear a high collar and cane with the foremost of the sons of the Royal. Feeling, however, that his country called him to a more active life than was to be obtained at the Medical, he responded to the call and is now anxiously counting his chances of being Dr. Dixon in the spring. It means hard work, ambitious friend, and we hope no fit of sickness before the exam. will cross your upward path.

WILLIAM EARLE is one of the quiet, unostentatious spirits so scarce in the final year. His shy and retiring manner has in a great measure prevented his taking as prominent a position as his merits demanded. While not at all demonstrative, he has by his sterling qualities and thoughtful habits acquired the good will and respect of both Profs and students. We hope that his future may be all that he could desire.

JOHN THOMAS FOWKES has been referred to in page 114 of this number, and therefore our readers are already acquainted with him and the suicidal step he has taken.

AUGUSTUS GANDIER as seen around our halls, with his books tied in a strap having a handle for carrying, suggests the superb nineteenth century fourth-form boy. Closer observation, however, will usually change this impression, for he looks wise and says little around college unless it is absolutely necessary. He is a hard student and will make his mark if he doesn't die before that time, even which may mean more than ordinary longevity. He is also a dangerous man to tackle on a foot-ball field, and on an examination "he ain't no slouch," I can tell you. Like most men of his years he has extreme tenderness over the cardiac region, indicating a certain consti-

tutional diathesis amenable to one line of treatment only; and the capillary vegetation on his upper lip being somewhat profuse he dwells in abject terror of the new *souvenir fad*. We have confidence in Gus as an M.D., however.

BILLY GRAY is the musician of his year, and to the strains of his violin many a jolly hour has been spent in Den by the devotees of Terpsichore.

"Wi hand on haunch and upward ee,
He crooned his gamut ane, twa, three,
Then in an Arioso key
Let off wi alligretto glee."

Like his great namesake who wrote "The Elegy," he may have visited the abodes of the departed in the gloaming, but not to receive poetic inspiration. Nevertheless we would by no means say he will soon provide plenty of material for future poets to elegeize upon, for if his future success be measured by what he accomplished last summer, we may envy those among whom he hangs out his shingle.

GEORGE HAYUNGA is so modest and unassuming that we don't know whether we know him or not. But from appearances we are led to believe that he is a student of splendid ability and wonderful perseverance. That he is ambitious is seen by his desire to graduate in the spring, though only a third year man. We have great pleasure in extending to him our hearty best wishes and regards, knowing that his success in the future is certain. By the way, we forgot George knows one story entitled "The Druggist's Cat," which he rehearses in the ear of every victim he can induce to listen.

WILSON HERALD.—Four years! Oh! how fleeting is time, and how soon passes away the sunny hours of our happy, laborious college life! Four years ago Mr. Herald appeared in the halls of the Royal and took with pride the honorable position of a disciple of Esculapius. Mr. Herald is found most frequently sitting on a box in the Den or meandering up and down a certain street murmuring in a low and pensive tone—"The ladies! oh, the ladies! God bless the ladies!" That Mr. Herald will make a successful practitioner is assured, for a short time ago he undertook the practice of a physician (who by mistake had swallowed some of his own medicine). After successfully treating for two days Wilson returned with the good-will of the natives, who emphasized their wishes in a peculiarly pointed way. Mr. H., after imbibing the good that is to be derived from constant attendance at the Y.M.C.A., has decided to go as a missionary and settle down among the Choctaw and Coyote Indians as Medicine Man. Good luck, Wilson!

WILLIAM T. HOLDCROFT. Alas! our pen fails us. We can't get past Col. Holdcroft. We are tired already, but let us persevere, for none among the members of his class exhibits such intense yearning for more knowledge as shy, retiring Willie. In the class-room, in the Den, in the amphitheatre he pursues his craving in that modest, unobtrusive way peculiarly his own. Patience and endurance are his two most prominent virtues, and Job is his patron saint. But all his virtue vanishes like snow before the summer sun when some joke-loving wag acquainted with his insatiable thirst for knowledge awakens him from his innocent slumbers at 3 o'clock a.m., bids

him don his duds and make for the hospital, as his services are earnestly and urgently requested. But on his arrival he finds all wrapt in darkness and peaceful slumber, yet persistent ringing of the bell brings a drowsy, frowning nurse to inform him that his exertions and labor were a little premature, having arrived before his case. He is very fond of the new "genus homo" Lady Meds, and we are told that he is to be found seated in front of the choir in a certain church gazing intently upon—. We drop the curtain here. May the Col's thirst be satiated and may a medal be among his earthly possessions.

DAVID KELLOCK, somnambulist, practical joker, pugilist, etc. Office hours from 1 to 4 a.m. At all other hours Mr. Davey is to be found attending to his extensive practice, which mainly consists of worrying almost to the verge of madness the other inmates of his boarding house in the futile hope of inducing them to become his patients. But they have managed to frustrate his evil design, and still expect to see Davey a licensed exterminator of mankind. D Kellock is an intellectual giant, in fact he is "fearfully and wonderfully made," and no doubt when he enters on his crusade against disease, he will—not—a—well—put his foot in it. Good bye, Davey; kind regards, etc

GEORGE LOCKHART is one of the stalwarts of the year, and is composed principally of no width to speak of and a decidedly bass voice. Georgie has an intuition that nature intended him for a musical prodigy. But on his first attempt in the lecture room he so startled the Dean that he asked the Freshmen almost five questions on the previous day's lecture and has not been the same since. With this alarming exception, George is a splendid specimen of the embryo physician and no doubt will be heard from as an enterprising and successful practitioner in some fortunate locality. "For he is a jolly good fellow," so say we all.

JAMES MCGINTY—beg pardon, McKenty—our genial, accommodating house surgeon, is getting very thin and careworn, not from over-study and hard work, however, but from the harrowing thought that soon must be severed those bonds of affection that bind him to the hospital and to its dear—patients. Poor Jim, recklessly ignoring the caution of our Prof. in Materia "to administer powerful drugs in small doses at first, to test the idiosyncrasy, and if possible establish a tolerancy, removing their use and employing antidotes when dangerous symptoms manifest themselves," has taken his medicine too freely and too often, resulting in the paralysis of his inhibitory powers and allowing his sympathetic nature to run riot, unchecked and violently. Throughout his course he has stood near the top of the list, and from the excellent and thorough manner in which he performs his various duties at the hospital, is bound to take a leading place in the profession he has chosen—that is, if he survives the separation so near at hand.

W. A. MCPHERSON, our Supreme Judge, is one of the genial kind—his good looks, good nature and his weakness for the ladies being his chief characteristics, though being too sensible to let them interfere with his studies—and now as he is going to graduate in the spring, he is looking forward to a good and useful life. Mac was our Senior demonstrator and performed his duties, not only

in the dissecting room, but in a certain snug little parlor with an audience of one, and by his disarranged moustache and the happy and contented look of his audience, we are led to believe that he demonstrated to the satisfaction of both. We take a hopeful good-bye of our most youthful venerable.

JOHN CAMPBELL SUTHERLAND MILLER was introduced to this cold and unsympathetic world in New Zealand, and since that important epoch in his life's history he has had a checkered career. His early youth was spent among the sugar canes of the Bahamas, where no doubt he acquired that mellowness and sweetness of nature so characteristic of our esteemed friend. Tiring of the sweets of this life he removed to the far West, where for many years he resided on the sunny slopes of the Sierras, and thus was obtained the peculiar facility with which J.C.S. slopes till this day. His father, in his moral interests, sent him to the Royal to complete his education, and since that time he has distinguished himself in many ways. In the fall of '88 he started on a tour round the world, but on reaching New York he lost the golden lining of his pocket and soon after a queer-looking box came labelled "For the Royal—right side up with care." John is a clever student and intends entering the law profession as soon as he leaves the Den. We will be sorry to lose him from our ranks, and will look among the famous members of the bar for the familiar initials of J.C.S.

FREDDIE MITCHELL.—Industrious, hard-working, clever Fred is well known to the boys in the Den, but specially is he regarded with fondness by the Dean, who now recognizes him by his vacant seat and conspicuous absence. At the last exam. Fred was electrified to hear of his heading the list and immediately decided to take the medal in the spring. But, alas for the mockeries of Fate, the Prof. had by mistake held the paper upside down and now Fred has decided to take his M.D. if the Faculty will let him, and if not he will borrow Mr. Herald's. Fred has many good points, but being of a retiring nature he has never exhibited them to advantage. His prominent feature is the love he bears the Concursus, and he has given proof of that love by doing parade duty in its support.

BUNNIE MORGAN is a sturdily-built young Hercules, and has used his strength to good advantage on the foot-ball field in many a tussle. He has a symmetrical knowledge of the final subjects and expects to get his degree by his mental abstractions and his past record. He has but one failing, that is, he is somewhat absent-minded. Only last week the boys waited almost an hour for Bunnie at the photograph gallery, but still he did not appear, and on the arrival at his room of a deputation to learn the cause, he was found endeavoring to play "God Save Ireland" on a fiddle with one string, perfectly unconscious of the fact that he was to be "took" that morning. But we have no doubt his genial manner will find him friends wherever he goes, and his patients will see he never forgets the correct diagnosis and treatment.

GEORGE NEISH is a foreigner, but possesses all the qualities that make a good Canadian, and should the old Jamaica Isle send another such specimen of the Southern sky we would bid him a thousand welcomes. We are indeed sorry that gentle, good-natured George is about to leave us, and from his knowledge of his work we may be-

lieve the following: It is said that, on the eve of his departure from Shannonville, where he had been practising for some time, the undertakers accompanied him to the depot with tears in their eyes and expressions of gratitude on their lips—gratitude that he was leaving. No doubt it will be the same wherever he goes.

J. N. PATTERSON comes next. He is a genial, good-hearted, good-natured fellow, noted for his punctuality, fine physique (not to say anything of his looks) and for his adaptability for collecting funds for different schemes connected with the Royal. He has one failing (if it be such), viz.: what the Irishman would call a strong weakness for the fair sex. Altogether he is one of the most popular boys of the year. We wish him success.

LEO PHELAN.—Leo, the Royal Cadet—that tall gentleman trying to dance a clog is Pooh-Bah! the Lord High Executioner of the timid ones of the other years. He has been a good student and is well up in *Materia Medica* and step-dancing. He is an ardent admirer of art and the beautiful, and thinks fences should not be allowed in any city. His patellar reflex is hypersensitive. This is unfortunate, as it frequently causes annoyance to patients in the operating room. He is a prominent member of the Blue Ribbon Legion and will never prescribe "Sp. Vini. Gallici" for either himself or patients.

HARRIE PIRIE stands out pre-eminently before his fellows. His forte is foot-balling. So ardent is his desire to excel and so diligently has he worked to attain thereto that he has become the champion "kicker" of Canada. But his whole energy was not spent in this direction, nor has he been prevented from securing several touch-downs. We are told that he is busily engaged burning the midnight oil in a tremendous effort to make a goal in the spring, and we confidently look forward to his obtaining a victory.

J. D. REID—Grave, serious, punctual; that tall yet symmetrical figure is one of the most popular in our midst, and although the fair sex monopolize considerable of Jack's valuable time and attention, "by garry," he continues to be "gettin' 'em off." Judging from the facility with which he can amputate an auricular appendage or relieve a cranium of its finest locks in the classroom, we have no hesitation in predicting J. D.'s success as a surgeon. In his capacity of Crown Attorney his eloquence has oft been heard ringing through the spacious halls of the Royal and has been mighty in upholding the honor and veneration of the court. As he is about to present his own case and plead his own cause at the feet of a fair damsel, we wish him every success.

BILLY SCOTT—half-cousin of Great Scott. We now have to refer to the Court Detective, who goeth about like a stealthy coyote seeking whom he may bring before the bar of justice on charges light and frivolous. This disciple of Galen has lately been assiduously cultivating a beard. Evidently he thinks that success in his calling is greatly increased by exuberance of facial appendage as well as by correct diagnosis. Right you are. Just think of this, ye youthful aspirants to an M.D.

JOHN R. SHANNON is the Ladies' Man of the class—indeed his loss will be irreparable, at least so say the fair nurses at the hospital. John is aspiring to honors this year, but we fear the result, as neglecting his extensive

biblical instruction he has *not* laid aside every weight and every besetting sin, for he clings to the latter with persistent energy, and in the diligent prosecution of this particular evil, which is, by the way, to subdue all hearts unto himself, he was eminently successful beyond all his earthly hopes in the direction of the gentler sex. Yet he has failed, we are sorry to say, to make even the slightest impression on the Dean, whose heart indeed must be hard not to respond to Johnnie's charming ways. Jack will make an elegant and useful physician, and we firmly believe he has a future before him.

SAMMIE TODD is one of the most popular boys in the Royal, and not only so, but is decidedly popular with—well—we won't say exactly, but he is a steady student, of good morals and no bad habits, and if we were to judge by his close application to his studies he will not be one of the rejected in the spring. When he studies too hard and desires a change, and that is quite often, he may be seen promenading the principal streets with a pipe, from which he derives lots of comfort. We wish him the best of success in his exams and a bright and happy future.

WILLIE TAPLIN hails from the classical village of Athens, where he received his early education and a desire to be a Med. Hence the enduring Faculty of the Royal have the pleasure of his attendance. Mr. Taplin is evidently inspired with the belief that he is destined to bring renown on his Alma Mater. In his native village he will find a broad field for the exercise of his genius and skill. He will carry with him our best wishes, and his patients will have our sincere sympathy. Now, no offence—we sympathise with all sick.

EDDIE WATTS is too good indeed for this wicked, wicked world. On his entrance into the Royal he was immediately placed under the paternal care of our senior janitor. Graduating from his patronage, he next passed into the hands of the Y.M.C.A., who have watched over his morals and money with anxious care and tender solicitude, and often in many a depressing hour have they cheered him on in his endeavors, which led him every Friday eve. to seek the secluded city of Sharbot Lake, where he spent the hours of his visit in fishing, with the result that he was eminently successful, but, sad to say, was caught himself, and remains, we are told, a willing captive. No longer will his melancholy baritone reverberate through the Den, irritating to madness the harmless and innocent Freshie and worldly Junior. Ed. purposes lengthening the term of existence of the inhabitants of Tamworth. Success, Ed., to the fullest extent.

A bad crowd to meet on a dark night, yet "with all their faults we love them still." It has been suggested that a memorial window be erected in the Den in memory of their amity and unity, for though they were thirty-three in number, still they were never known to have fewer than thirty-two or more than forty opinions on any one subject. We earnestly hope that when the Faculty releases them, all prosperity and success may attend them, and that many a sufferer will be benefited by their advice and treatment.

Every student should attend the concert of Glee Club on March 7th. It will be simply immense.

RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY.

At a meeting of the Council of Queen's University held last night it was unanimously resolved:

"That the Council of Queen's University desire to convey to the authorities of the University of Toronto their deep and sincere sympathy for the loss which they have recently sustained in the destruction by fire of the greater portion of their beautiful college building, with its noble library and museum. Their interests are to a great extent identical with our own, and any permanent loss which they might suffer would react unfortunately upon ourselves and upon the whole country. We are glad, therefore, to learn that efforts are already being made towards providing for the work of restoration with even more than the former magnificence of structure and equipment."

Kingston, Feb. 22nd, 1890.

COMMUNICATION.

The following communication appeared in the February number of *The Educational Journal*:

SIR,—In referring in your issue of February 1st to the late report of the trustees of the Kingston Collegiate Institute, you say that you are surprised to learn from the report that "the authorities of Queen's University have established a preparatory department in Classics," by which phrase you evidently understand a department to prepare for Pass Matriculation. Will you allow me briefly to state the facts?

Eight years ago certain students of Queen's, who were reading Pass Classics, established, of their own motion, a class for the study of elementary Greek and Latin Composition and Grammar. It was attended by students of all the years, and became stereotyped as a University institution, under the classical title of "The Grind." The instructor was an honor student in Classics, and he was paid by the students themselves. Last year the authorities appointed two undergraduates to conduct the class, and made some small addition to the remuneration they received from fees. This year Mr. G. W. Mitchell, B.A., a graduate of Queen's, was appointed as instructor, and he has conducted the class with distinguished success. You will see, therefore, that it is at least incorrect to describe the class as an "innovation." Nor is it a "preparatory" department in the sense in which you understand the word. That is to say, it does not prepare students to pass the Entrance Examination. This year it has served simply as an additional hour a day in Greek and Latin for the majority of the students of the first year. No doubt there are always some in the class who have not matriculated; but these are working to pass, not the Junior, but the Senior Matriculation, which is, as you know, identical with the work of the first year. And this is the real grievance, if grievance there is. At all events, it is inevitable while there is a Senior Matriculation, and while the Universities allow non-matriculated students to attend at all. But for the great majority of those who attend the class it is simply what I have said: an extra hour's drill a day in the work of the first year. When it is no longer required, the time and energy of the classical tutors will be set free for more advanced

work, a consummation of which there is not much prospect until the standard of Pass Entrance is raised and more time devoted by the Pass Matriculant to Matriculation work.

After this explanation, I think you will reconsider your remarks of February 1st, and that Mr. Fenwick will also reconsider his opinion that the department is intended as a "net to scoop in all the little fish." A college that has just celebrated its semi-centennial, and that has an attendance of nearly two hundred and fifty Arts' students, with a teaching staff of twenty-five professors and lecturers, has no need to create a fictitious *raison d'être*.

Yours, etc.,

J. FLETCHER.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The annual Provincial Convention was held this year in the "Telephone" city of Brantford, beginning on Thursday, February 6th.

About one hundred and fifty delegates from the associations of Ontario and Quebec were in attendance, and a good deal of solid work was done during the four days of the convention.

The systematic efforts of the local association and the hospitality of the citizens added greatly to the comfort of the visitors. The delegates were formally welcomed by the Ministerial Association and the Mayor of the city.

A good deal of the work done at a Y. M. C. A. convention, like that done at every convention, is rather dry and uninteresting, as committee business, monotonous reports, etc. The evening sessions were of a more popular nature and the attendance of citizens was very fair. One evening Dr. Wells, of Montreal, gave a splendid address. Another evening Bishop Baldwin spoke on the work of the Holy Spirit.

During the day-sessions a number of good papers were read dealing with different phases of Y.M.C.A. work. The College Associations were well cared for on the programme, and a special conference of students was held in the house of Mr. Cockshutt on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. O. K. Ober, International College Secretary, was chairman. At the conference the advisability of Canadian colleges sending a strong delegation to Northfield next summer was urged.

Some of our own students can testify to the strong spiritual good to be derived from this famous annual conference. An excellent paper on this subject by Dr. Kilborn, M.A., was read at the Brantford convention.

One begins to see something of the width of this Christian movement when he recognizes himself as but one in a great host, all working towards the same end.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. is essentially one with the great mission of the Church—to make men better—and either the one or the other is untrue in so far as the slightest disharmony prevails between them.

It is proving a boon to the colleges of the world that Associations have so largely been incorporated into college life. This force is not the least among the many forces which are giving practical effect to an idea so little understood even yet—the brotherhood of students; the realization of this idea will be the working out of the wider idea of the brotherhood of man.

The farewell meeting of the convention was held Sunday evening in the Zion Presbyterian Church.

Next year the convention will meet in Kingston, on the invitation of the city association. As a College Y.M.C.A. we can do a good deal towards making it a success.

PERSONALS.

Rev. J. J. Wright was inducted in the Presbyterian Church at Lyn, a short time ago.

Dr. Henry Tillman, '89, is in charge of the General Hospital at Kingston, Jamaica. We wish him success.

G. C. Shorey, A.M., who was assayist for Captain Moore's mines, is now in San Francisco holding a very important position.

Rev. Mr. Miller, of Aylmer, has been appointed by the Ottawa Presbytery to the charge of Bryson, Upper Litchfield and Allumette Island.

Hurrah for Queen's! Dr. Campbell, '88, may be seen daily hurrying from one place to another, hardly able to attend to the large number of patients who desire his services.—*Fairport Herald*.

We should have mentioned some of these before, but no cake has been received at the sanctum yet: Rev. Jacob Steele was married lately, and we understand that D. Cameron, '91, assisted in the ceremony. No doubt the knot was securely tied. Congratulations, Jake.... News has also reached us of the marriage of the Rev. D. Munroe, of Deloraine, Man. Finding himself in possession of a beautiful manse, which his indulgent people built for him, he thought, wisely, that it would never do for him to enjoy it alone; so he didn't. The happy event took place last fall. Donald is doing good work at Deloraine and is well liked by his people. His influence no doubt will now be doubled.... Does anybody remember quiet John McNeil, now a Rev.? Well, we do. He actually married Miss Annie Drummond. This was rather unexpected, but then people can't always, most generally, sometimes tell what will happen. John used to do the work of four men, so we cannot exactly tell how much it will be increased now.... On Feb. 17th we had a visit from Rev. Alex. McAuley, of McDonald's Corners. He was in the best of spirits, and really we don't blame him, for he actually got married the next day to Miss Staley. Sensible man, Alex.... And still another. Harry L. Wilson, M. A., was married to Miss Minnie Clarke, of Smith's Falls, on Dec 26th.... After reading these, who will dare to say that Queen's is not growing. We extend to all our very best wishes.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The lock boxes are a success in every way.

Nearly all that were affected with la grippe are at work again.

Everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves at the conversatione.

Obituary. Prof. D. H. M. told his class one day that James Prescott Joule, of Manchester, died recently from dissipation of energy.

The aforementioned Prof. told Messrs. Daly and Bell that they were Q.C.'s (Queer Cases), because they were always late.

We welcome back Byers, '92. He had our sympathy in his trouble.

The officers of the A. M. S. were photographed on Ash Wednesday.

T. L. Lockhart, '91, who has been ill during the past three weeks, is again on duty.

John Boyd, B.A., '89, has recovered and is attending classes again. He had typhoid fever.

Our new cupboards are just what has been wanted for a long time. No time or paper need be wasted now posting up notices for stray rubbers, etc.

We can only make reference to the installation of Rev. John McNaughton, A.M., as Prof. in Greek Literature on February 21st. We hope to publish in our next issue his able address on that occasion.

Challenge. Colin C. Arthur can eat three dozen of McLaughlin's sandwiches in forty minutes. He says he will eat with any man at any time, challenge to be open for the rest of the session.

We hear that a well-known member of our Mock Parliament is going to bring in a bill for the purpose of having the two new cruisers, mentioned in the speech from the Throne, named the T. L. Walker and J. B. Cochrane.

Warning. A Freshman of the Royal went home with a lady friend the other evening, and when he turned to come home he got lost. The police prevented him from crossing to the Island. Young man, get a map of the city.

T. R. Scott, '88, who has been on the sick list during the past eighteen months, has recovered sufficiently to resume his Divinity studies. In welcoming you back, T.R., we hope you come supplied with a new quota of puns.

The Glee Club gave an entertainment at Collinsby on Feb. 28, in aid of the Missionary Association and had a very pleasant time. There was a full house, and a very respectable sum was realized. After the concert the boys were treated to an oyster supper at the house of Mr. Rankin.

The other day one of our boisterous 'uns was giving some of his beautiful war-whoops to a large and appreciative audience, when a Prof. (who is as yet unused to the Canuck boys) who was passing by looked daggers at the youth and asked his name, whereupon he replied—McGinty. Exit Prof.

Mr. S. S. Burns, '90, represented the students at the McGill dinner on the evening of the 14th. Sam's speech was a splendid effort, and contained passages of graceful eloquence. But unfortunately, to his great surprise, he

was not called upon to deliver it. Nor did any of the representatives from sister colleges have an opportunity to speak. Surely this was an unprecedented oversight on the part of the McGill boys. We always understood that it was customary to hear from the visitors from other colleges on such occasions, but perhaps we are wrong.

The following story is related of one of our well known Freshmen. One day during the Xmas vacation he was seen driving out of a certain northern town in company with some of his *prospective* relatives. They had with them what is considered a very necessary article of furniture, namely, a nice new sofa. Our informant naturally enough came to the conclusion that the old one had given out and that it was a case of sofa and no father. *Sic est vita.*

Owing to the damp state of the atmosphere on the morning of Feb. 10th an unusual phenomenon occurred, viz., our curly-headed boy slowly meandered into Feesics class one minute behind time with the result that the Prof. made the following pun: "Mr. D—l—y, you are daily late, so I think we will have to call you the late Mr. D—l—y. Ha! ha!"

The programmes which the Glee Club are providing for their concert are artistic gems of the first water. They will be in the form of booklets, which will contain the words of all the choruses to be sung during the evening. A lithographing firm in Guelph will supply them, and they are sure to be both tasty and unique, having very attractive covers and being illuminated throughout. To cover the cost of this venture, these booklets will be sold on the evening of the entertainment at the smallest possible price of five cents each.

Quite a number of the boys attended Nora Clench—and were all more or less affected. The following were moved to tears and could not be comforted: N. A. McPherson, B.A., C. F. Hamilton, S. S. Burns, J. White, F. Anglin. Others showed their feelings in prose and poetry:

To see her is to respect her,

To hear her is to admire her,

To know her is to love her.

—Alf. Fitzp—k.

I'd marry her to-morrow, if I could.—D. Str—h—n.

Oh! Nora, how I adore thee!—R. Young.

Only to fall at her feet!—C. K. Cam—on.

I wish I could nominate her for Valedictorian—Neil McPh—n.

Oh, my Gobbs!—J. F—y.

These gentlemen have all been once more restored to their equilibrium.

Remember the Glee Club Concert in aid of the Alma Mater Society, on March 14th, in Convocation Hall. Miss Agnes Knox, of Toronto, the most popular and talented elocutionist in Canada, will take part and the Club is hard at work tuning up for the occasion. Students' tickets are reduced from a quarter of a dollar to the marvelously low sum of twenty-five cents! Let the gallery be filled to overflowing.

LADIES' COLUMN

—EDITORS:—

MISSSES ANNIE G. CAMPBELL, JESSIE CONNELL, LAURA BENNETT.

?

I am a novice, who fain would be
A wonderful learned Ph. D.,
Or a Bachelor of high degree,
But many a thing perplexes me.

What mean those voices from many throats
While the grave professor is sorting his notes?
Or why the rythmical tramp of feet,
When I tiptoe timidly to my seat?
Or what the fate of the youth so vain
Who carries the surreptitious cane?
Or his who despises the loud "Beware!"
As he smiles at the ladies on the stair?
And where is the "Den"? Or what might it be?
Are some of the puzzles perplexing me.

And who is the youth with the tattered gown?
And who the savant with the chilling frown,
Who coldly, slightly looks at me
As if I a trifier here might be?
But I've learned, as I passed at duty's call,
Where the silver moted sunbeams fall
Through the serried ranks of the male-lined hall
A truth that was quite unknown to me,
To wit: "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea."

But when I'm a wonderful Ph. D.,
Or a Bachelor of high degree,
I'll be as wise as my brothers be
And nothing will evermore puzzle me.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

EXERCISE. Honor Student Chem. Professor,
Having scandalized given sample of water I
find it contains 10 grains cowbonic acid, 10 grains ox hide
gas, 10 grains fox-forus acid and 70 grains of hydrophobia.
J. F. P.—

A COMEDY IN FIVE SCENES.

Scene I.—A boarding house on ——— street. Time—
1.30 p. m. The curtain rising reveals two students. One
by his sedate appearance is at once known as a Senior,
the other bears every mark of a Freshman. The latter
speaks:

"I saw a splendid joke played on a fellow a few years
ago. He set his alarm clock for 4 a. m. A friend turned
it two hours in advance and the sleeper awoke, dressed
himself and awaited daylight, which failed to appear.
You'd a died to hear the laugh we had over it."

[Curtain falls.]

Scene II.—A week later. Same room and characters.
Time—10 p. m. Alarm clock and a lurch of bread, butter
and cake on table.

Freshman—"Now, we've an exam. in French to-morrow
and I want to get up bright and early, so I'll set this for
5 a. m. I must learn those *Expressions Idiomaticques* and

write an account of Suzel before breakfast." Undresses
and crawls into bed with a cheery "good-night" from the
Senior.

[Curtain.]

Scene III.—Same room. Tableau. The curtain rises
showing the *sedate* Senior turning the alarm clock while
a smile envelops his countenance. His room-mate sleeps
soundly.

[Curtain.]

Scene IV.—Darkness. Whirr-r-r-r buzz-z-z-z whirr-rr.
Freshman—"There it goes! I must get up. Waugh!!
But I'm sleepy!" Strikes a light and looks at the clock,
which points to 5. He dresses, eats his lunch and settles
to work.

[Curtain.]

Scene V.—Two and a half hours later. Freshman is
discovered pulling up the blind—lets it fall, turns back to
work, looks at the clock and exclaims: "Well, it's time
for daylight an hour ago. I believe this clock went crazy
for I'm as sleepy as can be. I'll settle the matter."
Rises and takes his watch from his vest pocket. Muffled
exclamations, angry gesticulations—"It's only 4 o'clock."
Hastily undresses. Suppressed gulps of laughter may be
heard from his bed-fellow, which, however, the early riser
is too sleepy to hear.

Light is extinguished. [Curtain falls.]

Honor Science. Professor, how could Adam have
named all the animals without having taken Honor
Zoology.—A. M. F—enwick.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I will not have any yelling in the halls.—[Prof. Mc-
Naughton.]

You will have a pic-nic stopping us.—[The Students.]

Will somebody please get me a cat?—[A. M. Fen—k.]

Everybody should pay their JOURNAL subscription as
soon as possible.—[Business Manager.]

Embryo Politician (excited in debate on Chinese ques-
tion)—"Mr. Speaker—er—er—let us pray."

"I'm—I'm *shocked*" (passionately).—A. R. M—e-s.

"All of us were born of the same *man*."—J. St—w—t.

Soap is largely composed of *grease*, and it was probably
to this Professor Mc—n referred when he said that all
civilization could be traced back to Greece.—[Professor in
Chemistry.]

Lost. A necessary article, which I dearly love.—[W. J.
H—y—s.]

Well, "Jimminy John" there's an awful lot of girls in
this place now, but it's nice, though.—[E. B. E—h—lin.]

After this, when we go calling Sundays we will make
sure, she is at home. Eh, Freddy?—[Fitz—k.]

Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order; this is out of
order. Is my point of order well taken?—[Ry—r—on.]

I ask the Secretary to record *my objection* to your
ruling.—[N. R. C—l.]

Mine too.—[S—m—ll—e.]