

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXI.

KINGSTON, CANADA, JAN. 20TH, 1894.

No. 6

Queen's University Journal

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers during the Academic year.

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

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EVERYBODY is back at work and judging from appearances everybody had a big time during the Holidays. Counting on stored up energy generated from plum pudding, Christmas turkey, etc., each and every student has settled down to hard work. The Dies Irae draweth nigh and among the New Year resolutions of the erstwhile careless student is one declaring that henceforth his days and nights will be devoted solely to college work.

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The Plebiscite vote has now become a matter of history and Ontario, in a most emphatic manner, has declared in favor of Prohibition. That the passing of such an act will bring about the desired end, is denied by many who claim that any Legislative act, as such, is powerless to reform men. We venture no opinion on a question that Time alone can satisfactorily answer.

The vote undoubtedly brought about a few surprises. Many were quite convinced that the French vote would be solid against Prohibition, yet Ottawa, with a large French vote, gave a most substantial majority in its favor. But more surprising than the French vote was that of the women. Those who so loudly argued against any extension of the franchise to women because their judgment would be easily swayed by appeals to mere sentiment will have to think about revising their conclusions. No subject quite so well as Temperance lends itself to such appeals and yet the vote by no means shows

that the women eagerly flocked to the polls to blindly cast their votes for what they vaguely felt to be right. For example five thousand women in Toronto had votes, yet of these only eight hundred and sixty-six voted at all, while of these twenty-eight per cent. voted against Prohibition.

What will eventually result from the vote no one can conjecture with any degree of certitude. Certain it is that the Politicians, both Provincial and Dominion, will have to take this question into their most serious consideration. Will Mr. Mowat in this matter be as zealous and as successful as in the past in maintaining the right of the province to act? Will the Dominion legislature be as careful to protect Provincial rights as they were in the Jesuit Estate affair? These are questions time alone will answer and they are questions causing the politicians a deal of worry. In the meantime J. J. McLaren, Q.C., of Toronto, who argues the matter before the Supreme Court, is hopeful. No matter how the decision goes the recent vote is of immense significance.

* * *

Writing of Temperance recalls a somewhat peculiar paragraph in a recent editorial of the *Chicago Tribune* on the position of the many destitute in that great city. It is as follows:—"There are about 7,000 saloon-keepers here who since the World's Fair boom began have received from men now out of work, or likely to be out of work by the time the snow flies, about \$12,000,000 of their wages. Two thirds of this amount represents clear profit. It has not cost them more than \$4,000,000 for the beer and whisky they have served to thirsty consumers. The remaining \$8,000,000 has gone into their coffers, and they have lived upon the money and had a good time. Now, why should not these 7,000 saloonists undertake to support at least a part of their patrons who are unemployed until they can get a job?"

* * *

During the recent election of officers for the Alma Mater Society, a time when the votes of the lady students were being solicited, either directly by the friends of the contestants or indirectly by the wistful glances or more than usually beaming smiles of the contestants themselves, the question was raised, "In what relation do the lady students of Queen's

stand to the Alma Mater Society?" The answer to this question seemed for some time to be enshrouded in mystery. It so happened that the anxious enquirer first crossed the path of some of the ladies of '96 and '97. After considerable cross-questioning he elicited from them the somewhat limited information that their votes had been solicited and that they were to have the privilege of voting upon payment of the modest sum of twenty-five cents. The problem as to how the election or non-election of certain men would affect them, apart from personal interest, seemed to be a realm unexplored. Some of the older and wiser heads were next consulted, who threw further light on the subject. The payment of the fee, according to their statement, made the ladies members of the Society, thus giving them the right to vote: however all connection seemed to stop there as the ladies were not supposed to attend the meetings, except on state occasions when they were formally invited. A bystander volunteered the information that on at least one occasion the Alma Mater had granted a sum of money for periodicals for the ladies' reading room. In short, so far as could be gathered, the present relation seems to be a sort of 'vote-and-cash-nexus.'

The question was next propounded, "If the ladies are really members why do they not attend the meetings of the Society on the same footing as other members?" The objection was raised that the meetings of the Society as a whole were not of such a nature as the ladies would care to attend. This objection was met by the query as to which it would not be better for the Alma Mater if the meetings *were* of such a nature as would be interesting and edifying to the ladies and whether it might not be in the power of the lady students to assist the meetings in many ways as well as to receive benefit from them. The suggestion was then made, the result of impulse probably rather than of thought and discretion, that the lady students attend as a right. Here was an opportunity for the young women of Queen's to show of what spirit they were possessed, whether they were of the rabid woman's rights type, entrusted with a fiercely aggressive ardor, bent on elbowing their way to the front and on obtaining their rights by force, thus rousing if not a spirit of resentment and opposition at least one of ridicule; or whether they were of that class who, whilst they know and appreciate what is their due and are on the alert to note and step into every opening to a new sphere of usefulness, believe in the principle of steady development rather than of revolution, and have the patience to wait, knowing that if their cause is to win 'the tide must be taken at the flood.' Judging from the course so far, the enquirer believes that they belong to the latter class. That point he has satisfactorily settled; but he is still pondering in his mind whether University co-education should

be limited to the lecture hall or whether it should be extended to such organization as the above-mentioned society and whether the time is not now ripe for such extension.

* * *

If it is a fact that a man is known by the company he keeps, it must also be true that he will be judged by the class of reading which he prefers. Indeed, it is a recognized criterion and an established fact, that a man's friends who are living in active work, and a man's friends who though they may be dead yet are living in the books which they have written, are the truest and most complete measure of his character and usefulness. Now one style of reading which is constantly influencing character, a style which has become all-potent in modern times, is that which is given to the public in the daily press. And here too, as well as in the instances cited, a man is known by the class of paper and the kind of news which he habitually prefers to read. Still it would be a great mistake to make as close a judgment with regard to the character of a man from the daily newspaper which he reads as we would from his favorite friends and authors. And still to a very marked extent the principle of comparison is quite the same.

The newspaper must cater to all and every class; and the newspaper which purged its columns of every item that might injure the feelings of the over fastidious critic, would very likely have but a shadowy subscription list. Nevertheless, it is often a matter of considerable wonder to the observing reader of the day, why it is that the daily papers seem to select the worst side of society as the basis of supply for such a large proportion of their news. We do not refer specially to our local papers, for to a certain extent the criticism will apply almost universally, but the astonishing ease and frequency with which murders, elopements, suicides, scandals and divorce suits are served up for the delectation of a more or less eager public is a thing that is wonderful to behold.

If we take any ordinary city paper and cull out the items which rank under the classes above cited we will be more than surprised at the large space which they occupy. If we take the columns that are furnished for broadcast publication by the United Press Association, the same thing is found to be lamentably true. We would be slow to infer that the amount of this class of matter which the daily press provides is a certain criterion of the moral character of the community. But so long as such a large quantity of this material is tolerated, we must hold the community directly responsible for its presence and answerable for its pernicious and blasting influence. There are some publications which from their known evil character are excluded from our homes, but we question very much if the columns of

many a daily paper do not furnish material that is quite as damaging to the community and quite as disastrous to the developing minds of our well-regulated homes.

If it requires years of training to be able to select the books that are best suited to the peculiar needs of an individual mind; and if it requires the formation of habits of attention, discrimination and assimilation in order to reduce them to thinking, acting, working shape in a human life, no less does it require all the advantages of taste, tact and culture to lead the growing mind through the mazy medium of newspaper influence, up to the point where from the home to the community, and from the community to the nation, we may realize the highest, the noblest and the best.

* * *

The calling home of the Rev. Mr. McGilvary, one of their most successful missionaries in China, by the U. S. Presbyterian Board of Missions, seems a most extraordinary act. Mr. McGilvary, while at College carefully preparing himself for what he thought would be his life's work, gave evidence of most exceptional ability, and his work in China amply justified the high hopes of his many friends. He, however, came to the conclusion, to which a great many Biblical scholars have come, that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, nor both parts of Isaiah by the same author. These conclusions in no way hindered his being one of the most zealous and successful missionaries in China but, learning that the Home church regarded such views as erroneous, he wrote stating his belief in them and enclosing his resignation, to be acted on if the church deemed him unworthy to work under their direction. The Board without bringing the matter before any church court accepted the conditional resignation and called back a man who longed to remain in China and whose efficiency his associates are unanimous in admitting.

It seems strange, that some men should think themselves wiser than God, and that the church may no longer regard the fruit of a missionary's labor, the sign of God's approval of him, sufficient warrant for its approval. Such things recall to one's mind the words of Carlyle, "God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wonderous manikins here below."

* * *

In this age of keen criticism, when the ideas of many men expand more quickly than their intellects, we hear considerable about liberality of mind. Undoubtedly this is a high attainment, and one much needed in the world to-day, as it ever has been. But like many other things of value it is rare as it is precious, and is frequently counterfeited.

Of late we have entertained serious doubts as to whether this virtue is to be found in many of those

who talk most about it, in any higher degree than it is in some of the brethren who are looked down upon as narrow and bigoted. This has led to the inquiry: What is true Liberality?

According to some, the liberal-minded man is none other than the agnostic. He must allow others to think as they please, and at the same time believe that they are quite as likely to know, and express the truth as he is, even though their thoughts and expressions be diametrically opposed to his. He must never say "this is truth, that is error," of anything concerning which men hold different opinions—and what is there about which men do not differ?—but must always be ready to admit that the other may be right. In other words, he may have his opinions about things, but knowledge he cannot have, or at least cannot know when he has it.

It may be our own innate conceit, but, whatever the reason, we cannot accept such a position, but maintain that man is capable of knowledge. We conceive of Liberality as a willingness to look at a thing from all sides before coming to an ultimate decision, and especially as *being ready to see new sides* when they are pointed out. Finding that there is another side from which we have to view an object, may greatly change our idea of the whole, and therefore change our idea of the relation between the sides already seen and the whole, but it does not prove that we knew nothing about the object before, and that our conception of the object was entirely wrong, but merely that it was incomplete.

Liberality demands that we weigh all things carefully and give to each its proper position, but not that we accept all things as equally true. What reason and experience has proven true should be firmly held, not as complete truth, but as an element of truth, the essence of which any more complete knowledge must contain. Further, true Liberality recognizes that in mental development there is a change not from wholly false to perfectly true, but from incomplete to less incomplete conceptions.

If therefore a man thinks that he has advanced in this line, advanced perhaps with gigantic strides, he will not with any spirit of true liberality look back and condemn those, who seem to remain away down where he was, as wallowing in the mire of error, but will recognize that they too have an element of truth. And yet this seems to be one of the great mistakes which men who pride themselves on their liberality are likely to make. The range of their vision has become so broad that they are unable to see the little narrow streak of truth they have left so far behind. In short they have become so broad and know it so well they are really narrow. Extremes are never far apart.

The first complete Bible that was printed in England appeared in 1535.

CONTRIBUTED.

CENTRALIZATION IN MISSION WORK IN JAPAN.

DUNLOP, (1887), now Missionary in Nagano, Japan, in a letter that appeared in the *JOURNAL* of November 4th, spoke highly of Dr. Eby's Central Institute for various kinds of mission work on a large scale, in Tokyo, and of the success of his methods, in spite of the scanty support that he had received. As Dr. Eby explained his plans, when he visited Queen's some years ago, it will be interesting to recall them and to note how he has fared since, notwithstanding the abundance of cold water, that many from whom better things were expected, have contributed.

Nine or ten years ago, everyone was looking for the immediate evangelization of Japan. The people, long shut out from the rest of the world, and accustomed to believe that there was nothing worth knowing outside of their own country, had recoiled to the opposite extreme. Western science, methods, apparatus, tools, literature, education, and religion, with western teachers as well, became the rage. Anyone who offered to teach English could get classes and naturally the schools that missionaries opened drew crowds, because only nominal fees, if any, were asked. It looked as if a nation was to be born in a day. Leaders of Japanese thought, though not Christians themselves, actually proposed that Christianity should be declared throughout the Empire, to place themselves on a par with western nations, or because they believed that Shintoism and Buddhism were dead, and that there was a power about Christianity that might be obtained by the short cut of national profession.

But nations are not born in a day. At any rate, they do not grow up in a day, nor exchange an old for a new religion, as they can exchange their clothes or the equipment of their army and navy. From various causes, a reaction in favor of Japanese customs, dress, and even religion set in four or five years ago, and during all this time the missionary cause, instead of advancing by leaps and bounds, has been stationary or has had only a normal increase, to the great disappointment of the makers of predictions.

Before the reaction commenced, Dr. Eby told the churches plainly that their methods were old-fashioned and inadequate to the occasion. No pretence was made of adapting means to the end proposed. Each of a dozen churches sent its two or three missionaries to Japan, with the general instruction to do the best they could, and to sink or swim. Not one in a score of these had the slightest acquaintance with the long and splendid history of the country or with the national instincts, aims and thought, its heroes, its art or its literature.

Missionaries opened schools and preaching places where the openings seemed most promising, gathered in the scholars who came with eagerness, made converts and established native churches, and "pegged away" in an earnest but through-other, unsystematic, wasteful fashion. As long as there was immediate success no one ventured to criticise, but reaction was sure to come. To a proud and patriotic people, the ignorance displayed of the nature of the problem that had to be solved was irritating.

In 1884, Dr. Eby published a pamphlet on "The Immediate Evangelization of Japan," in which he pointed out that the needs of the people, the wide door open, and the centralization of all higher education in Tokyo called for a union of the Christian forces, and an adequate presentation of Christian thought and work, including healing, teaching, social influences, art and missionary activities of all kinds, in the most effective and attractive manner. He had given, in 1883, a course of public lectures on Modern Apologetics, in a large hall in Tokyo to the educated youth of the Capital, as an instalment of one of the forms of work contemplated by him, and the interest that these lectures excited was proof that there was soil for the right kind of seed. His first thought was for a great union Christian institute in which the best talent and varied energies of all the churches would find a place. But the churches thought this a devout imagination, and he then proposed a smaller centre in which all the Methodist missions would unite. This also he found to be impossible. United States and Canadian Methodists could not co-operate, and the final shape that his plans had to take was a centre under the control of his own church. He obtained permission to create this, if he could raise the money—a free hand being allowed him as regards style of work and methods. Five years ago, he secured an excellent site, put up a tabernacle for apologetical and evangelistic work, and gathered round him a little staff of workers who looked to him as bishop, and who have now been at work with him for two or three years. In giving an account, to the annual meeting of the Tokyo Conference in 1893, of the measure of success that has attended his and their labors, he recalled to their minds his attitude nine years previously and what had taken place since. He said.

"We were then on the rising edge of the wave of enthusiasm and Christian progress which culminated four years ago. We are now, I think, at the bottom of the trough of the re-action. Every one, every church, is looking around trying to account for the stagnation. We are looking at everyone but ourselves to seek the reason for this re-action, and forgetting where a good bit of the trouble really rests. I am glad that my experiment should have been started in the time of this re-action, for it has shown, more forcibly than a time of prosperity could

possibly have done, the real value of the methods employed. If success is with me at the time of re-action then I ought to succeed better in prosperous years when the churches are all rejoicing in large accessions of members and increased activity. I believe the so-called re-action is due more to faulty mission methods than anything else; or to put it otherwise, methods suitable to the time would have knocked the re-action over and produced success instead. My underlying thought has always been that missionary undertakings in any field, and in all their parts, should be, like every other human enterprise, subjected to scientific enquiry, and the problems faced in a scientific manner and solved by scientific methods. I am not minimizing the Divine power, but a great deal depends upon the methods used. I believe in sanctified practical common-sense. The Spirit is not given as a premium on ignorance or stupidity, nor to those who neglect the proper methods. To say that the work will progress in "God's good time," and thus throw the blame on our Heavenly Father, is nonsense, unless we have exhausted the part He has given us to do.

"I saw in Japan the most unique opportunity which the Church has ever had, at least in modern times,—the most colossal opportunity that the Christian faith could have desired, which could only be met by a colossal enterprise commensurate with the opportunity. I felt that the times demanded special methods to meet the case, and that this could best be brought about by a union of forces. Failing that, I determined that at least a little corner of the big scheme should be tried, to see how it would work, and now, after two years, where do we stand?"

It would take up too much of our limited space to give the details he presented to the Conference, but the following extract from a letter to the Principal indicates what he has done with the help of Mr. Kobayashi, (who came to Canada with Mr. Ikehara, and has recently returned to Japan, to engage in Missionary work), and of one other assistant. He says:—"The Missionaries on the field are converted as to my methods and are enthusiastic, but the help I get from quarters where help should be plentiful, comes in the shape of cold water—all very good in its place, but at times something else would be better. How very different this field from any on which your men are working; in fact so different from anything in the world.—"Reaction!"—There never was a time when proper methods would not ensure enormous success. Just think of it. In the Central Tabernacle we have every Sunday new material, i.e., *non-Christians*—MORE than in all the churches and preaching places in our whole Conference, with 4 districts, 10 foreign missionaries, 12 women of the W.M.S., and 29 Japanese preachers! The congregations elsewhere are nearly all old

Christians—very few new faces—and as a rule one-half of members on roll or less. If I had a small staff as a concentrated pastoral force, the ingathering would soon mount into hundreds, and out of these thousands of students at hand, the pick of the empire, preachers would be born by the tens. But——"

C. S. EBY.

With regard to his methods of evangelistic work, we cannot do better than give the following account by Mr. Dunlop of a night spent by him recently at the Chu-o-Kwaido:

"What does it mean? Well, 'Chu-o' means centre or central, and 'kwaido' hall, church, tabernacle; and that is exactly what you will find in great letters on the face of the largest and finest Protestant church in Japan, the 'Central Tabernacle,' Tokyo. There is one church in Japan that surpasses it—the magnificent cathedral of the Greek Church, within twenty minutes' walk of the Tabernacle, best known through the Empire as the 'Nikolai-kwaido,' after its builder and present head, the veteran Russian, Bishop Nicolai. Our own big church is little less universally known as 'Ibii san no kwaido,' Dr. Eby's church. Some have cavilled at the name 'central,' and would look for the centre of the great, low-lying, eighty or ninety square miles that is called Tokyo, in the Ryobashi or Nihombashi Districts, the region of banks and godowns and the fish market. But he who measures man by mind and soul, will find the centre of Tokyo and the Empire, the great throbbing brain of the nation, among the schools and colleges on the Hongo Hill, in the upper or north-west part of the city. There, on Haruki machi, that for traffic rivals any great Canadian street, stands our Tabernacle.

As I passed through the gate the other night, to attend the regular Sunday evening service, I said inwardly: 'Praise God for that electric light.' The low, wide entrance, the gravel-strewn courtyard, and even the street, were attractively and brilliantly lighted. Inside, too, was a flood of light, succeeded at the touch of a button by immediate darkness, while the opening hymn was thrown on the sheet. It was a year and a half since I had been able to attend one of the lantern services, and I well remember the hooting and whistling and pranks of all sorts that then followed the turning off of the light. Several times it had to be thrown on again at once, and the audience threatened with dismissal. Had Dr. Eby been depending on lamps, he should have had to give up in despair. This time all was changed, and darkness was the signal, not for hissing or whistling, but for a volume of song filling the building, and heard far down the street. Other hymns were sung and the Ten Commandments and a portion of Scripture read from the sheet. Then followed a sermon on the life of John the Baptist, with perhaps fifteen to eighteen illustrations. The audience was quietly,

if not reverently, attentive throughout. The service lasted little more than an hour, and was followed by a short, bright prayer meeting, for which some seventy or eighty remained. A number of us from the country, who had not attended such a large and enthusiastic evangelistic service for months, came away with hearts aglow and spirits refreshed. Let me speak of two main impressions that I brought away with me:

1. The grand opportunity we have at the Tabernacle for a mighty evangelistic work. The Tabernacle is becoming known all over the country. Audiences of much over 1,000 have packed themselves within its walls. They are nearly all men, young, mostly students. To reach the women—and a short experience has shown that they can be reached—other methods are necessary, and a group of devoted women workers, Japanese and foreign, are needed.

2. The need of more workers. There are the hundred and one instrumentalities that are being, or are to be used, and for which help is needed—prayer-meetings, Sunday-schools, house to house visitation, open-air preaching, women's meetings, dispensary work, social meetings, lantern lectures, literary meetings. For the Sunday night evangelistic meetings alone a staff of workers should be on hand to move among the audience before, during and after the services, take down addresses, engage individuals to talk, and help in all ways possible.

I heard one, whose name, as a wise and devoted missionary, shines second to none in Japan—our own Dr. Cochran—say, the other day, "There's work for four men at the Tabernacle." Yes, indeed! and for as many unmarried women.

We have put thousands of dollars into the institution. The Conference Minutes will tell you that half of our total value of church property in Japan is found on that half acre in Hongo. We have planned on a large scale. We have a magnificent plant, a plant that in any of the large cities of the West would have a score or more workers attached to it. And if we do not man that machinery, we might better have sent our money to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. My heart melted within me as I saw the hundreds of eager, intelligent young men in that hall whom I longed to know and follow up and lead to the Saviour. Our difficulty in many places is to get at men. Here we have them in hundreds—fruit within hand-picking reach, and yet doomed to fall away, much of it forever untouched, for lack of laborers.

Dr. Eby's request is most modest—one minister and one lady worker.

I know no evangelistic opportunity in our whole Canadian Church to equal this. May we realize our day and opportunity before it is forever too late!"

STUDENT LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF QUEEN'S.

NO. 2.

A few incidents of a general nature, and home scenes, may be interesting. Mr. M., a grave Senior, was losing some of the natural covering of his head; and there being no terror of the *Concursus* to restrain audacious youths, one presumed to tamper with an ode of Anacreon (who was afflicted in a similar way) substituting the name of M. for that of Anacreon. Imagine the awfulness of a youth singing in Mr. M.'s presence:

Legousi hai gunaikas
M...geron ei

To Mr. M. it would be a sad thing if the ladies should, for such a reason, regard him as becoming old. So to avert this calamity, he went off to Palmer's drug store and bought a bottle of "Balm of Columbia," which was guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair on the most obdurate of crowns. This he vigorously applied with a hair brush each evening. He used to study at a small table in the dining room, and one evening he brought the bottle and brush there, so as to vary the internal application of Euripides or Sophocles with an occasional external application of the precious balm. He accidentally spilled some of it on the table. Next morning when all assembled for breakfast, Mr. R. was diligently examining the table and passing his fingers over it: "What's that knave R. about now?" asks Mr. Pringle. R. replies "O Joannes M. spilt some of his balm on the table, but I don't see any hair growing on it." The balm had not been so effective as the oil offered by a Yankee peddler for the same use, the marvellous power of which was vouched for by his statement that having intended to rub a wooden chest with linseed oil, he has by mistake used the hair oil, when—mirabile dictu,—next morning he found the wooden chest turned into a hairy trunk.

Mr. Pringle had a boy who waited on table, known as his man Friday. Mr. Pringle was a firm believer in the two great principles of old Scottish life—that all children and servants should be taught the Shorter Catechism, and that a most liberal use of the rod was an important factor of education. Friday had two questions for his daily portion, and when Mr. Pringle came home from his office, Friday was called in to recite. Now it is doubtful whether Friday could have committed these to memory if he had tried, and as he did not try, there was not much hope of his reaching the position of another boy, who when asked how he was getting on with the catechism, replied, "O finely; I am past redemption." Soon after Friday's entrance we would hear exclamations such as "O! Mr. Pringle, don't beat me, and I will have them all learned to-morrow; Oh! yes, Mr. Pringle, I'll have them all to-morrow."

The answer followed in slow and solemn tones, "Understand, you young rascal, that it's not because you didn't learn them to-morrow, but because you didn't learn them to-day."

In these days as well as later, curious translations were sometimes made. For example, a student in the Latin class translates "imposti, imposed upon, rogis, by rogues," which caused Prof. Campbell to remark, "K., you appear to have been imposed on by some rogue this morning, but shall not impose on me." This reminds one of a scene elsewhere (not at Queen's). The lad goes on thus:—Ubi, where, Semiramis, dicitur, is said, cinxisse to have surrounded, altan urbem, the lofty city, Coctilibus Muris, ah! what can that be, muris must be the ablative plural of mus, with mice, but what can Coctilibus be? Why Cock-tailed of course, said his companion. Mr. W. was fond of translating into dog-latin; with him, a hole was always a totus; John Knox was Joannes pulsat; St. Roc, Sanctus Rupes; Douglas, fac vitrum, &c. Once having had occasion to mention Alexander the Great, he called him Omnia ova Sub Craticula, when Mr. McIntosh asked, "What would you call Alexander Macalister?" W. "Omnia ova Sub fac omnia tumultuaria." (Make all astir.) Mr. I. "What a terrible name!" W. "Yes a lacera taurum nomen," (tear a bull). Mr. B. was a student lively and full of fun, and sometimes his frolics gave offence to a grave Senior, who would assume a very stern look, whereupon B. would come to W. and me and announce, "Æneas is as sour as a yard of butter-milk."

Rev. Mr. Machar, the minister of St. Andrew's Church, was in poor health during the winter of 42-43, and the Professors frequently assisted him, generally by taking the Sunday afternoon service. Dr. Liddell's sermons, although not deficient in breadth, were especially noted for their length; Prof. Campbell's for their beauty of diction; and Prof. Williamson's for their sweetness. The people, in order to escape the first and secure the last, would indulge in speculations as to which one was likely to officiate. One forenoon in coming out of Church, a lady accosted me with the question, "Do you know if the sweet little Professor will preach this afternoon?" The word "little" was, of course, not meant to belittle the Professor, nor to lessen the meaning of the other adjective, but by a queer usage of language, to magnify it.

Student life, however, was not all made up of oddities. We had a great deal of good solid study and hard work. And without either Missionary Association or Y. M. C. A. considerable Home Mission work was done in the city and neighborhood. Mr. R. Wallace, assisted by the late Alexander Macalister and others, established a Sunday School in Portsmouth. Mr. Mowat (now Prof.) and I opened one at Barriefield, in the school-room of a pri-

vate school conducted by Miss Masson, that lady and her sister helping us as teachers. We then added a meeting in the evening for prayer and Bible study, which was well attended by the villagers.

As I left College at the end of April, 1843, I am unable to give any later information from personal recollections.

REV. DR. BELL.

LITERATURE.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT would be greatly to the advantage of everybody—save perhaps the publishers—if one-half of the books now written could, while still in manuscript, be thrown into the sea with good heavy mill-stones attached, nor would the general public feel much concern if a large number of our present day authors were included in such a *noyage*. In every department of Literature there is a surplussage, and even in Canada the evil is rife. Every girl who has a knack of writing verse, every man whose reading of the great masters has inspired him with a desire to imitate them, pours out his or her soul in more or less melodious twaddle, and is forthwith dubbed "the Canadian Mrs. Browning," or "the Canadian Keats." Sir Edwin Arnold in a recent article indicates that there thirty thousand poets in Great Britain; in addition to which vast throng there are the myriads of novelists, historians and philosophers. Amateur authors have always abounded, for the *cacathes scribendi* is as old as the flood, but it has been reserved for our age of progress to put forth in unblushing print what formerly remained hid in modest manuscript.

* * *

In Canada still another impulse is given to amateur authors by the hope of aiding in the establishment of a national literature, which we seem to wish to create, much as we have created establishments for the manufacture of farm implements. In consequence every scribbler receives laudations which would lead us to believe that a greater than Shakspeare had sprung suddenly into being. Roberts is the Canadian Tennyson, Lampman the Canadian Keats, William Wilfred Campbell the Canadian Milton—Heaven save the mark!—, apparently on the strength of "The Mother," a second-hand and inferior reproduction of a poem written twenty-five years ago by Robert Buchanan. In every department of Literature we are deluged with writing whose one merit is that it is Canadian. What reason save this has the *Canadian Magazine* for existence? Such magazines as the *Queen's Quarterly* have a *raison d'être*, partly as a literary field for professional talent, and partly as a bond of union between the graduates and their Alma Mater; the existence of large manufacturing establishments

renders necessary such a medium of communication as the *Canadian Journal of Fabrics*; but why, when the great English and American magazines are within the reach of all, should inferior articles exist merely because they are Canadian.—QUASI-MODO.

* * *
SELECTIONS.

It pays to follow one's best light, to put God and country first and ourselves afterwards.—Armstrong.

* * *
Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.—Emerson.

* * *
A true critic ought rather to dwell upon excellencies than imperfections; to discern the concealed beauties of a writer and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation.—Addison.

* * *
The more I learn, the more my confidence in the general good sense and honest intentions of mankind increases. * * * I take a great comfort in God. I think that He is considerably amused with us sometimes, but that He likes us, on the whole, and would not let us get at the match box so carelessly as He does unless He knew that the frame of His Universe was fire-proof.—Lowell.

* * *
Await the issue: in all battles if you await the issue each fighter is prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, are one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him; he dies indeed but his work lives. The cause thou fightest for, in so far as it is true, so far and no farther, but precisely so far is sure of victory."—Carlyle.

* * *
No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultima* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order so a code of formalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two individuals. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

* * *
Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. Its a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irish-

mau's house on the marsh at Cambridge port which house he built from drain to chimney-top with his own hands. It took him a good many years to build it and one could see that it was a little out of plumb and a little wavy in outline and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little further on.

Your self-made man whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit if that is all than the regular engine-turned article shaped by the most approved pattern and French polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say that other things being equal in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

O. W. HOLMES.

POETRY.

A MANSE! A MANSE! FOR A' THAT.

IS there an honest student here,
Wha hangs his heid an' a' that?
Yer future lot ye needna' fear,
Ye'll get a kirk an' a' that!
For a' that an' a' that!
Be orthodox an' a' that,
An' you'll possess the guinea stamp,
The manse, the gown an' a' that.

What though on hamely fare ye dine,
Wear black surtout an' a' that,
A bonnie kirk shall yet be thine—
A manse, a manse, for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that!
Established kirk an' a' that,
A "Free" Divine, though ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for all that.

A king can mak' established men,
Dub them D.D. an' a' that!
But a "Free" Divine's abune his king,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that.
For a' that an' a' that!
Their dignities an' a' that!
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are more than ranks for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that!
That kirke, and fee, an' fayre layde,
Shall quick appear an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that!
Though sundered far an' a' that,
We man to man the world ower,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

—EX.

"FIVE LITTLE GOSSOONS."

Five little gossoons, an' which is th' best—
 Sure, what is that racket I hear?
 Five little gossoons—by th' hole in me vest,
 They 're up to some mischief I fear!
 'Ach black curly head is tucked into bed—
 That's Tim's voice, he's raisin' a row.
 He's th' worst o' th' lot—"Now kape still there!
 Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
 "Yis, yis," says all four,
 Wid a snicker an' snore,
 Save Tim, he shpakes niver at all;
 Och, Tim is the rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
 He's the finest gossoon o' them all.

Five little gossoons—faix, Tim is aslape,
 'T wa' n't him, sure as I am alive;
 I bethinks me 't was Dick—oh, he's a black shape,—
 Yis, Dick is the worst o' th' five;
 "Go t' slape, 'ach one 'o ye, there!"
 "Yis, yis," says all four,
 Wid a snicker an' snore,
 Save Dick, he shpakes niver at all.
 Och, Dick, is th' rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
 He's the finest gosson o' them all.

Five little gossoons—sure Dick he is still,
 Th' poor little lamb's not t' blame.
 'Tis Ned—o' mischief, oh, he's got his fill,
 He's the worst o' the lot t' me shame;
 "Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
 "Yis, yis," says all four,
 Wid a snicker an' snore,
 Save Ned, he shpakes niver at all;
 Och, Ned is the rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
 He's the finest gossoon o' them all.

Five little gossoons—an' Ned I have wronged,
 He's whisht as a mouse, th' swate child—
 'Tis Con, mischief wid him has always belonged,
 He's th' worst o' the lot, an, so mild;
 "Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
 "Yis, yis," says all four,
 Wid a snicker and snore,
 Save Con, he shpakes niver at all;
 Och, Con is th' rogue, but he bates all th' rest;
 He's th' finest gossoon o' them all.

Five little gossoons, four little gossoons,
 Three little gossoons, two and one,—
 Ted, he is th' babby,—of all the gossoons,
 If Con is th' worst, I'm undone!
 "Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"
 "Yis, yis," says all four,
 Wid a snicker and snore,
 Save Ted, he shpakes niver at all;
 Whew, that babby 's th' rogue, but I love him th' first,
 An' he's th' finest gossoon o' them all.

WINTER SONG.

Sing me a song of the dead world,
 Of the great frost deep and still.
 Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
 On the iron hill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow,
 Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift,
 Where the sheeted wraiths like ghosts go
 Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade,
 Of the snarl and shatter the light ice makes,
 Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-shoe raid
 Through the cedar brakes.

Sing me a song of the apple loft,
 Of the corn and the nuts and the mounds of meal,
 Of the sweeping whirl of the spindle soft,
 And the spinning-wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page,
 Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight dance,
 Where bends my love Armitage,
 Reading an old romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights,
 Of the large stars steady and high,
 The aurora darting its phosphor lights
 In the purple sky.

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Journal :

SIR,—While agreeing in part with the able letter of your correspondent "Classicus," I cannot think with him that the appointment of a lecturer on Classical Literature would in any way remedy the defect which he points out. It is certainly highly desirable that the student of Classics should possess a "broad view of the nation's life and growth, of the influence of the author's period, associates and character on his writings," but not until, by ability to translate with some amount of facility and correctness an average passage from any standard author, he has shown a mastery over the ground-work of the languages. To such a happy state the Honor man in Greek or Latin usually does not attain until about the time that he graduates. Even then he is by no means perfect. Far from his Latin prose being "frequently Ciceronian," and his translations exact and readable, the latter are in many cases—*teste* Professor MacNaughton—execrable in the extreme, while the former would, I fear, "have made Quintilian stare and gasp." Still, he leaves college with a fair working knowledge of the languages.

Even with the Honor student of English we often go too fast. The only one I knew intimately could discourse fluently on any English author from Chaucer to Wordsworth, tell of his relation to his times, or of the influences that had formed his style, yet could not spell correctly, and in his speech was wont to commit solecisms that would have disgraced a Freshman. Much more is this lack of knowledge of essentials evident in the Classical scholar, for he comes to college without the public school training of his English *confrere*. And until, either by Departmental regulations or by a decided elevation in the Matriculation standard, such a training in essentials be ensured in our high schools, lectures to Honor men on the development of Classical Literature will be but a waste of time. The average Senior Pass-man, thanks to his lack of high school training, is unable to translate correctly ten lines of Virgil, even when assisted by notes and dic-

tionary, and when bereft of these aids finds a passage of sight translation, especially selected for its easiness from the "De Officiis" or "De Amicitia," altogether beyond him. This defect clings to him all through his Honor course to such an extent that only at the end of it would the advanced lectures of which "Classicus" speaks be of any service. If such lectures were needed, I am sure that our present Professors would be both able and willing to deliver them; but they are not, saving for Post-Graduate students, none of whom have as yet, in Classics at least, made their appearance. What we primarily need is that the high schools and collegiate institutes should give a far more thorough grounding in the elements than they at present do. If to ensure this it be necessary to reduce the amount of translation done, let it be reduced—reduced till it become a vanishing quantity, if such extreme measures be necessary to ensure an accurate knowledge of the accidence and syntax of the languages taught.

Yours truly,

WILL. L. GRANT, '93.

SPORTS.

THE Officers of the Ontario Rugby Union for 1894 are as follows:—

President—H. R. Grant, Queen's University.

1st Vice-President—B. P. Dewar, Hamilton.

2nd Vice-President—W. J. Moran, Osgoode Hall.

Secretary-Treasurer—R. K. Barber, Osgoode Hall.

Committee—Mr. Osler, Royal Military College; E. Chadwick, Trinity University; G. Clayes, Toronto University; N. Dick, Toronto; R. Martin, Osgoode Hall; and A. Cunningham, Kingston Collegiate Institute.

The JOURNAL and every student of Queen's extend their heartiest congratulations to the President.

The following protest from Ottawa College contains much good hard common sense:—"In the distribution of spoils, Toronto as usual took its share, by placing on the executive six out of ten from Toronto. This, however is such an ordinary thing for Hogtown to do, that it needs no comment. What we do complain of, is that neither of the Ottawa teams is represented on the committee, whilst Osgoode Hall is unduly favored with three representatives."—*Ottawa Owl*.

Whilst quoting the "Owl," for several reasons, we feel that it would not be amiss to reprint an editorial that appeared in their last issue. We do so for the following reasons, first, as exhibiting the true, sportsmanlike, character of the students of Ottawa University, second, as silently rebuking an

altogether too prevalent selfishness existing among some of the Ontario clubs, and thirdly—though we know this will have the least effect—as an object lesson in how to take defeat, to a certain University in Toronto, whose late references to Queen's and Rugby Football, reveals nothing so plainly as that its editorial stomach has become sadly burdened with "sour grapes:"

"The King is dead, long live the Queen." King Osgoode is dead, and the bay leaves of football supremacy now bedeck the brows of the men of Queen's. Vanquished though we were, by the stalwart champions, still, now that the battle is o'er and the honors so decisively and creditably won, we extend to the men of Queen's our hearty congratulations and hail them by the titles for which they have fought for years: Champions of Ontario, Champions of Canada. Theirs has been a record unique in the annals of Canadian football. Other teams have met as much success as they, and even more. Other teams may point to more one-sided scores for a season through, but no team in Canada ever had such exasperating disappointments as that same Queen's team. For years they had a strong team, a team that played close games with the best teams in the country, but somehow or other, hard and stubbornly though they fought, they never survived the semi-finals. In the days of the challenge system they came within an ace of beating our own champions, but they never beat them. Such fate as that was certainly enough to discourage any ordinary team, but Queen's men were doggedly persevering, and their honors of to-day are the reward thereof. Defeat is said to be the best training for victory. From their successive and tantalizing defeats, Principal Grant's students learnt their weakness and discovered a remedy. Each year they improved their style of play, and renewed their determination to win the coveted trophy.

The men of Queen's have earned the crown by hard work and perseverance. Their record as a team furnishes a healthy moral, and one which we would wish our own players to profit by. The team that can make use of defeat, to discover its weak points, is bound to win. For the determination to win that is born of bitter defeat is the determination that must some day win the sweetest victory. Seven years is a long time to keep on trying, but each year's defeat must enhance the sweetness of the victory that Queen's men now enjoy. We have had our years of victory, we have also had our years of defeat. But as our years of defeat have followed our victories, there is no reason in the world why they may not be made the years of defeat that precede our victories. Let us be guided by the moral that is to be drawn from the career of Queen's; let us, in defiance of defeat, persevere with redoubled determination to win back our erstwhile honors, and

success will one day be ours. The fight may be an uphill one 'tis true, but the harder and the longer the fight, the greater and sweeter the victory.

HOCKEY.

For the benefit of the hockey enthusiasts, and we have a number of them, we give the schedule of the O.H.A. matches '93-4:

SENIOR TIES.

TORONTO GROUP, NO. 1.

- On or before Jan. 10.—Granite v. Toronto.
- Between Jan. 11-16.—Victoria v. Toronto.
- “ “ 17-24.—Toronto v. Victoria.
- “ “ 25-31.—Granite v. Victoria.
- “ Feb. 1-5.—Toronto v. Granite.
- “ “ 5-10.—Victoria v. Granite.

TORONTO GROUP, NO. 2.

- Between Jan. 11-13.—Varsity v. Trinity.
- “ “ 17-20.—Trinity v. Osgoode.
- “ “ 22-25.—Osgoode v. Varsity.
- “ “ 26-29.—Trinity v. Varsity.
- “ “ 30-Feb. 6.—Osgoode v. Trinity.
- “ “ 12-14.—Varsity v. Osgoode.

LONDON GROUP.

- On or before Jan. 10.—Petrolea v. London.
- “ “ 17.—London v. Petrolea.
- “ “ 22.—St. Thomas v. London.
- “ “ 29.—London v. St. Thomas.
- “ Feb. 3.—St. Thomas v. Petrolea.
- “ “ 10.—Petrolea v. St. Thomas.

STRATFORD GROUP.

- On or before Jan. 10.—Berlin v. Stratford.
- “ “ 17.—Stratford v. Berlin.
- “ “ 22.—Ayr v. Stratford.
- “ “ 29.—Stratford v. Ayr.
- “ Feb. 3.—Ayr v. Berlin.
- “ “ 10.—Berlin v. Ayr.

HAMILTON GROUP.

- On or before Jan. 10.—Hamilton v. St. Catharines.
- “ “ 17.—St. Catharines v. Hamilton.
- “ “ 22.—Niagara v. St. Catharines.
- “ “ 29.—St. Catharines v. Niagara.
- “ Feb. 3.—Niagara v. Hamilton.
- “ “ 10.—Hamilton v. Niagara.

KINGSTON GROUP.

- On or before Jan. 10.—R.M.C. v. Kingston.
- “ “ 17.—Queen's v. R.M.C.
- “ “ 22.—Kingston v. Queen's.
- “ “ 29.—Queen's v. Kingston.
- “ Feb. 3.—Kingston v. R.M.C.
- “ “ 10.—R.M.C. v. Queen's.

The winner of the Kingston group plays home and home matches with Ottawa.

Games to be played on first named ice in above matches.

JUNIOR TIES.

KINGSTON GROUP.

- On or before Jan. 24.—(a) Limestones v. Athletics.
 - “ “ 24.—(b) Queen's 2nd v. R.M.C. 2nd.
- Home and home. Winners of (a) and (b) play off before Jan. 31.

PETERBORO' GROUP.

- On or before Jan. 24.—Peterboro' v. Peterboro' Volts.
- Winner to play winner of Kingston group between 1st and 7th Feb., place to be decided.

TORONTO GROUP.

- Oshawa v. Toronto.
- Trinity v. Victoria 2nd.
- Tecumseh v. Osgoode 2nd.
- Granite v. New Fort.
- Caledonian v. Varsity 2nd.
- Victoria Colts v. Toronto 2nd.

To be played on or before Jan. 20th, ice to be agreed on by competing teams at least two days before date of match.

Stratford Juniors v. London Juniors.

Home and home matches on or before Jan. 24, winner to play winner of Toronto Junior Series.

H. A. PARKYN.

COLLEGE NEWS.

A. M. S.

ON account of the Hockey Match the attendance at the regular meeting last Saturday evening was small. Several communications were read or received and a few bills ordered to be paid.

The "late unpleasantness" on the evening of the 16th Oct. was called to mind again by the presentation of a bill for repairs to furniture, &c. The question as to whether the A. M. S. was responsible for the difficulty was ably discussed, and the matter laid on the table for two weeks.

Notices of motions were given, *re* the Critic, and revision of the voters' list.

Mr. J. W. Edwards (Medicine) was elected Leader of the Government in the Mock Parliament, and it was decided to fully organize the Parliament at the next meeting. Sessions will be held every two weeks, and at each intervening meeting an Inter-year debate will afford instruction and entertainment.

MEDICAL NOTES.

Very few people are aware of the rapid advance made by science during the last few years. In no department has this been more marked than in that of medicine. The following title page of a work issued in 1696 affords a most amusing proof of the great advance made during this century:

CULPEPER'S SCHOOL OF PHYSICK,

or

The Experimental Practice of the Whole Art; wherein are contained

- I.—The English Apothecary; or, The Excellent Vertues of our English Herbs.
- II.—Chymical and Physical Aphorifms and Admirable Secrets.
- III.—The Chirurgeons Guide; or, The Errors of Unskillful Practitioners Corrected.
- IV.—The Expert Lapidary; or, A Treatise Physicall of the Secret Vertues of Stones.

A Work very useful and necessary for the Right Information of all in Physick, Chirurgery and Chymiftry, etc.

By NICHOLAS CULPEPER, Late Student in Physick and Astrology.

With an account of the Author's Life and the Teftimony of his Wife, Mrs. Culpeper, and others.

Third Edition, Corrected,

London: Printed for R. Bentley in Ruffell-freet, Covent Garden; F. Phillips at the King's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; H. Rhodes at The Star, the Corner of Bride Lane in Fleet-freet; and F. Taylor at The Ship in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1696.

Here are a few of its "corrections" of others "errors." We understand, however, that the present "Council" does not regard all of them as "most sovereign remedies":

The Chin-Cough is easily cured if the Party troubled with it spit three or four times into a Frog's Mouth, but it must be into the Mouth of the same frog. You can keep her alive in a little Water.

The best way that I know for the biting of an Adder is this: Catch the same Adder that bit you, as she is easily caught, cut her open and take out her Heart and swallow it down whole.

Take a great overgrown Toad and tie her up in a Leathern Bag pricked full of holes and put her, Bag and all, in an Emmet-hill and the Emmets will eat away all her Fleth and then you may find the Stone, which is of marvellous Vertues. If a man be Poyfoned it will draw all the Poyfon to it perfectly. If he be ftung by a Bee, Wafp, Hornet or bitten by an Adder, by touching it with this Stone both pain and swelling will perfectly ceate. If you chance to buy this stone and would know whether it be a true one or not hold it near to the Head of a Toad, and if it be a true one she will come to catch it from you.

To draw a Tooth without Pain, fill an Earthen Crucible full of Emmets or Ants (call them by which name you will), eggs and all, and when you have burned them keep the Afhes, with which if you touch a Tooth it will drop out.

Shave the Crown of the Head of one that is fick, and lay upon the fhaved place Rhue ftamped with Oil of Rofes, binding it on, and if the Party freeze within fix hours after he will live; else not.

Number the Days from the twenty-sixth Day of June to the Day when a Party first began to fall sick and divide the Number by Three. If one remain, he will be long fick; if two, he will Die; if none he will speedily Recover.

Saint Johns Wort, being borne about one keeps one from being hurt, either by Witches or Devils.

Burn Horfe-Leeches into Powder and mix them with Vinegar, and therewithal rub the place where you would have the Hair grow no more and you shall have your desire.

Let him who is fick of a Palfie or Cramp observe this dilligently; let him when he goes to bed rub his fingers between his Toes and smell of them, and he will be ftraightway helped. It is a most fovereign remedy.

Mark where a Swine rubs himself, then cut off a piece of the Wood and rub any fwoln place with it and it will help it, with this Provifo, that where the Hog rubs his Head it helps the swelling of the Head, and where the Neck thofe of the Neck, etc. If you

cannot apply a part of the thing the Hog rubbed againft to the grieved place you must apply the grieved place to that.

A Comb made of the right Horn of a Ram Cures the Headache if it be on the right fide of the Head, being combed with it; of the left horn for the left fide.

The classes in Materia Medica have now the honor of being instructed by the Mayor of the city, Dr. Herald. The Medical students were much interested in the election. Accordingly, after the recount was made known, the Doctor was greeted with a hearty reception as he entered the class room. We are sure the city has honored itself in electing him as its Mayor.

Several Freshmen have entered since the holidays.

"The Professor can't go astray while I'm round."
—B-nn-ster.

Messrs. Robinson and Agnew have returned to renew their studies.

Mr. Gillieland, owing to illness, has been unable to attend his classes for several months.

The Y.M.C.A. meetings are now held in the city Y.M.C.A. rooms every Sunday morning.

Demonstrator: "What's in this region, Mr. M.?"
Mr. M.: "Some convulsions of the intestines."

COLLEGE NOTES.

W. C. Bennett spent the vacation in Orillia.

A long felt want in Science Hall is now supplied by the return of J. McVicar, the popular Demonstrator of Embryology.

It is told among the Ladies that a former Queen's man, at present attending Osgoode, and very fond of sports, has started a jeweler's store at St. Thomas.

Fifty new lockers were added during the holidays and now by applying to Registrar Bell, LL.D., one can be saved the necessity of putting up notices asking someone to return rubbers taken in mistake (?) Vague rumors are afloat that the sacred precincts of the Ladies' Room are quite too limited and that they too desire lockers.

In this world we may be absolutely sure of very few things, but of this you may be quite certain if your name does not appear under "Acknowledgements" in the last JOURNAL or in this, you have not paid your dollar. The Legend reads, "The annual subscription is one dollar, payable before the end of January." Dinna forget!

The new Campus has been surveyed and the Athletic Committee are doing all in their power to secure grounds for next season second to none in Canada. In due time we will have a formal open-

ing and will run an excursion train from Hamilton and Toronto for the sake of the Ontario Rugby Union Executive.

Prof. Tyndall has left a legacy of \$23,000 for the stimulation of original scientific research in America. This is the second time in late years that America has been the recipient of such a gift from a great Englishman. There is now in the library of Harvard College a collection of several thousand books, which were the volumes employed by Thomas Carlyle in writing the life of Frederick the Great, and which are a gift from him to the college.

The Association of the Theological Alumni will hold a Post Graduate Session and Conference from the thirteenth to the twenty-third of February. Prof. Watson will give a course of lectures on "Dante and the Middle Ages," and will discuss such topics as Dante's view of Nature, his Ethics, Politics and Theology. The members of the association will meet each evening and discuss Bruce's Apologetics and Fairbairn's Christ in Modern Theology. Each member must write a paper on some subject suggested by one or other of these books. The Alumni of other colleges are cordially invited to be present and take part in the exercises.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of these post-graduate sessions. If the age is exacting in its demands upon the pulpit the common-sense way is for the pulpit to equip itself so well that it need not fear the age. In this matter of Conference, Queen's has led the way; we notice with pleasure that others are following.

"We notice that in Queen's University, Kingston, the professors and graduates have started a second paper which is called a Quarterly Review. It takes up and discusses current events of importance and besides has heavier literary contributions of a high order. It is not intended to supplant its elder brother, the student's paper, but to supplement it. Surely in McGill we are big enough and brave enough to do something similar."—*McGill Fortnightly*.

Perfection comes not without temptation; neither did the Honor Greek class without sore tribulation obtain its present remarkable stock of patience, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness and temperance. Of course, an Honor Greek student is naturally one of the most patient men in college, owing to the amount of work involved in that course; but various extraneous circumstances also have combined to produce models of long-suffering. It is a frequent occurrence for stray lambs from the Freshman fold to seek repose and protection in our midst while the lecture is proceeding. (These lambs, having the gift of speech—a la Balaam's ass—usually inquire as they take their seats, "Is this Junior English?") In course of time we have even

been educated to such a degree that we can smile (in a sort of way) when accused of being the Honor History class. To have foreign substances from Junior English in our midst is bad enough; to be accused of being History men is worse. But what shall we say or do when a misguided individual summons the Asst. Bus. Manager of the JOURNAL from the class to get him his journal, and on being informed by that functionary that he "can't leave a class to distribute JOURNALS," coolly remarks that he "didn't think there was any class there; if there was a class, where was the Professor?" and yet the Prof. had opened the door for him. Ye gods!

There are more curiosities in the freshman year, Mr. Editor,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following subscribers have gladdened the heart of the Business Manager: Dr. Bell, Professor Dupuis, The Principal, Prof. MacNaughton, Prof. Mowat, Prof. Watson, C. L. Begg, Alex. Grange, J. Rollins, B.A., J. W. Johnston, R. W. Anglin, R. S. Dobbs, Kingston; Geo. Bell, B.A., R. S. MacLennan, B.A., Toronto; J. Watson, Kincardine; J. Watson, Glasgow, Scot.; J. M. McLennan, Lancaster; Rev. Alf. Fitzpatrick, Little River, Cal.; House of Commons Reading Room, Ottawa; Dr. G. H. Boulter, Stirling; P. C. McGregor, B.A., Almonte; R. Young, B.A., Alexandria; C. D. Campbell, Grand Mere, P.Q.; N. R. Carmichael, M.A., Baltimore.

For the benefit of the class in Senior Philosophy we reprint the following from the "*Acadia Athletum*":

MILL.

Against a stone you strike your toe;
You feel it sore, it makes a clatter;
But what you feel is all you know
Of toe, or stone, or mind, or matter.
Mill or Hume, of mind or matter
Wouldn't leave a rag or tatter.
What although
We feel the blow?
That doesn't prove there's stone or toe.

Had I skill like Stuart Mill,
His own position I could shatter
The weight of Mill, I'd reckon nil,
If Mill had neither mind nor matter.
So Mill when minus mind or matter,
Though he may make a kind of clatter,
Must himself,
Just mount the shelf
And there be laid as he lays matter.

In *The Canada Presbyterian* of Jan. 3rd the first item under the general heading "Ministers and Churches" is the following: "Sixty lady students are enrolled at Queen's College, Kingston, this year." We are uncertain as to whether the Editor wishes us to regard them as necessary for the first, the ministry, or as ornamental to the second, the

church. Perhaps he means both. We shall lose no time in asking Bishop Rollins for a deliverance on this point.

The *Christian Observer* has been instituting a comparison of the different branches of the Presbyterian Church—North, South and Canadian—with regard to the number of theological students in the seminaries connected with them. In the North there was last year 917 students with 243 graduates, in the South 160 students with 50 graduates; in Canada 235 students, with 75 graduates. Calculating the membership of the Northern Church as 850,000, the Southern 188,000 and the Canadian 180,000, it shows that in the North there is one student for every 926 of the membership; in Canada one in every 766, and in the South one in every 1,175. The graduates number one for every 2,500 of the membership in the North and in Canada, and in the South one in every 3,760. Looking into the investments at the North each student has the advantage of \$9,268; in Canada, \$4,687; and at the South, \$4,212. The *Observer* makes these statements the basis of an earnest appeal for Christian liberality and greater interest in the line of theological education, claiming that upon it depends very largely the power and success of the Church.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The smallest newspaper in the world is said to be *El Telegram*, published in Guadalajara, Mexico. It is four inches square.

The most expensive illustrated book yet made is said to be a Bible now owned by Theodore Irwin, of Oswego, N.Y. It is valued at \$10,000.

It is rather surprising to learn that the little Republic of Uruguay has more newspapers in proportion to its population than any other country in the world.

There are in existence, it is claimed, specimens of paper made from rags as early as the fourteenth century, the oldest extant being, it is reported, a letter from Joinville to Louis X., of France, dated A.D. 1315.

The woman journalist is not to obtain a footing in Japan. The Japanese House of Legislature has just decided that women are not fitted for the work of either editors or publishers, and has consequently passed a regulation to the effect that no one is to hold a post of this kind except a male over twenty-one years of age.

When Johnson, in 1755, sent the conclusion of his dictionary to Millar, the publisher, that gentleman sent him the final payment and expressed thanks to God that he had done with him. Whereupon Johnson made reply that he was glad to find that Millar had the grace to thank God for anything.

The rapid growth of the Y.M.C.A. in North America during the twenty-five years of its history is one of the marks of advancing civilization. From 100 Associations in 1866 the number has increased to 1,439, and the membership from 15,000 to 246,000. They hold annually over 28,000 biblical class sessions, and 63,009 religious meetings, besides furnishing secular instruction in their evening schools, and rendering assistance of many kinds to strangers and to needy young men.

M. Henrion, who flourished in the early part of last century, computed the height of Adam and Eve at 121 ft. 9 in. and 118 ft. 9 in. respectively (the precision as to the odd inches carries conviction!), but the fall of our first parents must have dwarfed their descendants in physical as well as moral stature, since the same authority gives Noah's height as only 27 ft., and that of Moses as a paltry 13 ft. Since then there has been, as the markets put it, a "rising tendency," the bones of the famous giant found at Lucerne 200 years ago giving him a height of 19 ft., while Maundeville records having seen "giants of xxviii. fote long."

The Scriptures were first written on skins, linen cloth or papyrus, and rolled up as we do engravings. The Old Testament was written in the old Hebrew character—an offshot of the Phœnician. It was a symbol language as written, and the vowel sound supplied by the voice. The words ran together in a continuous line. After the Hebrew became a dead language, vowels were supplied to preserve usage, which was passing away. After the Babylonish captivity, the written Hebrew was modified by the Aramaic, and schools of reading taught the accent and emphasis. Then came the separation of words from each other, then division into verses.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.

The Sunday afternoon addresses seem to have incorporated themselves into the life of the University so that their continuance is now taken as a matter of course. The syndicate was reorganized early last Session and at once began to arrange for lecturers, determined that this series should in no way be inferior to that of former years. The programme is now complete and will best speak for itself. The inaugural address will be given by Rev. Thomas C. Hall, an eminent minister of Chicago, and son of Dr. John Hall. Below is a complete list:

- | | | |
|-------|----|----------------------------|
| Feb. | 11 | —Rev. Thomas C. Hall. |
| " | 18 | —Rev. Salem Bland. |
| " | 25 | —Prof. J. C. Workman. |
| March | 4 | —Rev. John Sharp, M.A. |
| " | 11 | —Rev. James Barclay, D.D., |
| " | 18 | —Principal Grant. |
| " | 25 | —Prof. R. J. Thomson. |
| April | 1 | —Prof. Clark, of Trinity. |
| " | 8 | —Dr. Mowat. |
| " | 15 | —Dr. Dyde. |

PERSONAL.

THE smiling face of A. Haydon, M.A., '93, now appears above a desk in the law office of Grieg & Jamieson, Almonte. Andy often thinks longingly of Queen's, but tempting visions of the woosack and the Portfolio of Minister of Justice help to alleviate his pain.

R. Young, '90, has advanced a step in the teaching profession, having received the Principalship of Alexandria High School.

Dr. E. B. Echlin has sold his practice in Thorold. After several visits northward he is more favorably impressed with that country, and intends to practice in Ottawa.

J. Findlay, M.A., who is now attending Cornell, spent his Christmas holidays in Canada. Like all our graduates, he was greatly interested in our football matches.

Mr. Jas. McDonald, M.A., '92, has accepted the position of classics master at Picton. If Jimmie can only unburden himself of a fraction of what he knows, the youth of Prince Edward County will soon be deep versed in classic lore.

Miss Hattie Baker, M.A., '92, has been added to the staff of the K. C. I. Evidently the trustees are carrying out their intention of making the Collegiate one of the best in the Province.

During the vacation we were gladdened by a visit from F. J. Pope, M.A., '91, who during the past year has been entertaining the young idea of Stratford with the "fairly tales of science." Although we had an impression that men who went West "grew up with the country" we are pleased to note that Fred still retains his radiant youth and perennial smile.

"The pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Sherbroke, Que., was occupied on Sunday, 17th Dec., by Rev. Mr. Kellock, of Montreal, son of Dr. Kellock, of Richmond, Rev. Mr. Shearer having gone to Ottawa, to spend Christmas with his friends in that vicinity."—*Canada Presbyterian*. The "Rev. Mr. Kellock, of Montreal," is our old friend John.

The Dundas *Banner* speaking of the anniversary services in connection with the Presbyterian Church at Christie, says:—On Sunday Rev. Dr. Grant delivered two most eloquent, earnest and instructive sermons, the one in the forenoon and the other in the evening, to audiences which were not as large as they would have been had the weather been pleasant. On Monday evening he lectured on "Misplaced Men," a very amusing and instructive lecture, showing how men in every position of life were trying to fill the wrong place, not the place that nature had intended for them and consequently they were miserable and ridiculous failures, not

so much through any fault of their own as through the mistake of those who placed them in the position.

John MacLennan, By the Lake, Lancaster, Died Dec. 19.

Queen's has lost a true friend and the country has lost one of its best men by the death of John MacLennan, formerly M.P. for the County of Glen-garry. With the dignity and refinement of a Highland gentleman, there blended the tastes of the scholar and the practical sense of the eminent man of business. Naturally bright and impetuous as a flash of lightning, experience and culture gave him repose of character. Above all, he was a Christian gentleman, in delicacy of purpose, unostentatious self-denial and discerning liberality.

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