

» QUEEN'S «

UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXIV.

KINGSTON, CANADA, Nov. 21ST, 1896.

No. 2.

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 Business Manager is in the sanctum on Tuesdays
and Thursdays from 11 to 12 to receive subscriptions.**

All literary contributions should be addressed to the
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dressed to the Business Manager.

TIMES have changed. In days of old when
Alma Mater meetings were dull it was
always in order for the dyspeptic member
to move that some individual or committee be
censured for not providing us with a gymnasium.
Was it time for the JOURNAL to go to press and
the JOURNAL still lacked a column or a page?
The weary editor could take off his coat and
paint our need of a gymnasium in language that
should have moved hearts of stone to pity our
forlorn condition. Did the novice in Political Econ-
omy become seized by a desire to apply the great
principles of finance to the relief of humanity? He
could evolve a scheme—the like might have saved
Bryan many states—for building a gymnasium with
capital borrowed on such terms that the building
could be paid for and the loan repaid, while the
balance would meet the running expenses for many
years.

Alas! all is changed. We have a gymnasium—
and of course we all use it and enjoy the exercise.
Oh, no! Perish the thought! We are willing to
allow our minds to grow accustomed to this new
aspect of the University. We might even whisper to
our friends that we have a gymnasium now. But
use it? Oh, no! Mayhap, when all are gone who
remember the days when the Athletic Committee
used to hoard its pennies to pay for the future
gymnasium, a new generation of students may use

our gymnasium; but for this session we shall be
content to step across its shadow on tiptoe, or gaze
at it from the University windows.

* * *
"Hegel's Philosophy of Right."—Translated by S. W.
Dyde. London: George Bell & Sons, 1896.

In the *Saturday Review* of the 24th October, we
notice an admirable review of Prof. Dyde's transla-
tion of Hegel. After showing how the work may be
used against the Fabians, the article ends as follows:
"Prof. Dyde is the Professor of Mental Philosophy
in Kingston, Canada. If this book is his first con-
tribution to the study of philosophy among English
people, it is one which should bring in great en-
couragements. Both the translation and the list of
German words are admirable, although the index
might be a little fuller. The publishers have done
their part with similar care, and the result is that
the book is worth buying, reading, and keeping."

* * *
Time, the great healer of all wounds, has by this
time exercised his influence to such an extent that
now we can calmly review what, a few weeks ago,
was a subject of rankling calumny and bitter invective.
For over ten years the Queen's College Rugby
Club has been one of the most loyal supporters
of the Ontario Rugby Union and yet never a
year passes that there is not bitterly expressed dis-
satisfaction with the officials appointed by the exe-
cutive to conduct its games.

Queen's, in fact, has the unenviable reputation of
being a "team of kickers." While we would not
for a moment belittle the fact that excuses are ever
ready from a defeated team, yet in justice to the
men who represent Queen's we think it but fair to
express the true cause of complaint through the
columns of the students' paper.

Year in and year out not only Queen's, but other
clubs as well, raise protest on protest against the
almost universal practice of appointing Toronto
men to official the games, utterly ignoring those
suitable from places outside the magic circle.

The Union has a rule that no one shall fill the
official positions if a member of either competing
club, but why, may we ask, is this observed to the
letter and constantly evaded in the spirit?

A man may not be a member of either, and yet from days gone by his hopes and wishes may be strongly with one of the clubs. Still, when such a one is appointed to conduct a match, surprise is expressed that there should be the least dissatisfaction.

Not for a moment would we hint that the many capable Toronto men who have filled the unenviable position of referee or umpire were of intention unfair, but this the Union and its appointees must remember, that if officials of known leanings are chosen and accept responsibility, they should not object if palpable errors are misunderstood as gross favoritism.

If outside places can and do win the high places, does it not follow logically that from these men can be chosen officials capable and willing to give their services for the sake of fair play without, as we believe was recently the case, a financial consideration being a necessary inducement?

To the executive we have but this to say, that not until you realize that you represent not Toronto's but the province's interests in football will fair play prevail in choosing officials who are not and have not been in any way connected with the competing teams; not till then will clubs feel that while they may have experienced defeat, they have not been betrayed.

'Tis good no doubt in sentiment that an honourable defeat is better than a mean victory, but with care surely the executive can make both defeat and victory honourable.

* * *

The problem of how to study is one which faces every student who enters upon college work with serious intentions. We are told that there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and this applies quite as much to the work of the scholar as to that of the craftsman.

In the first place, the way in which the classes are arranged at Queen's throws upon each individual student the responsibility of deciding the amount of work which it is advisable to undertake in any given session. In this matter quite opposite mistakes are possible. One may attempt too much and so fail to thoroughly master anything, at the same time endangering health and converting work into drudgery. On the other hand, it is quite as fatal to attempt too little. He who enters upon a term resolved to "take things easy" is constantly tempted to fritter away his time, never feeling the spur which pressure of work gives. Judging from the results of last spring's examinations there are not a few in our midst to whom the last remark applies.

The fashionable maxim, "settle down to work after Christmas," is a delusion and a snare. Edu-

cation is a slow process of assimilation which needs to be going on continually. Cramming in the spring does not educate one, and though it may help him to pass his examinations, even this result is not at all certain, as many know to their sorrow.

* * *

One of the most glaring inconsistencies of the average student is his extreme selfishness. Pursuing, as he does, a liberal education within college halls, he is taught the nobility of self-sacrifice, and the idea of the solidarity of the race and of the essentially organic structure of society is constantly kept before him. Nevertheless he is too often a mere storage battery, disconnected for the time being from the great currents which circulate in the outside world. These ideas are at present for his intellect alone; they seldom percolate into his emotional nature and never effect his will. They are all for the future, when, surcharged with the best thoughts and the noblest aspirations, he shall once more be placed in circuit and shall begin to add to the strength and volume of the life-giving forces of the world. Thus solacing himself he has failed to appreciate the fact that he has been ushered into a new world, not of ideas and abstractions merely, but one with activities as varied and complex, and problems of life as practical as those of the world at large.

The true university is a world in itself, and its student citizens have obligations and responsibilities to discharge towards the body politic as distinct from the powers that be. The whole duty of the student is not comprehended in the payment of fees, the regular and punctual attendance at lectures and the taking a good stand in examinations. "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the others undone."

The student body of Queen's is practically self-governing and therefore a vast amount of work devolves upon the students themselves, which in other colleges the authorities keep within their own hands. This is the glory of our university, but eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and if our student institutions are to be carried to a higher state of efficiency, and our autonomy preserved, the burden will need to be more widely distributed. It is the meanest kind of selfishness for a large percentage of the men, many of them the "solid" men of the lecture room, to cut themselves off from the currents of activity which circulate through college life.

Our duties are both legislative and executive. Occasionally, when some student has an axe to grind or when some unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject seems imminent, the meetings of our various legislative bodies, as the Alma Mater, Æsculapian, and Arts Societies are crowded

with members, but when the excitement is past the interest lapses and the whole burden of executive work falls upon the few who attend regularly and who are rewarded (?) by being placed on all the important committees, either standing or special. All students want to see a good JOURNAL, a comfortable and well equipped reading room, a champion football team, a successful conversazione and thriving musical and literary organizations, but the majority are too busy to make any sacrifice in order to secure these ends. We are reminded of the story of the applemoan whose little stock had been ruthlessly overturned by a "cabby," who drove on unmindful of the distress he had occasioned. A crowd gathered round and began to express their sympathy, but a burly German stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry two dollars; how much are you sorry?" Sympathy with student institutions, unless backed up by active support, is an unsaleable and unsavory commodity.

POETRY.

THE VIKING'S GRAVE.

HIGH over the wild sea's border, on the farthest
downs to the West,
Is the green grave-mound of the Norseman, with
the yew-tree grove on its crest;
And I heard from the winds the story, as they leaped up
salt from the wave,
And tore at the creaking branches that grew o'er the sea-
king's grave.
Some son of the old-world Vikings, those wild sea-
wandering lords,
Who sailed in a snaked-prowed galley with a terror of
twenty swords;
From the fiords of the sunless winter they came on an
icy blast,
Till over the whole world's sea-board the shadow of Odin
passed.
And they sped to the inland waters, and under the south-
land skies;
And they stared at the puny princes with their blue
victorious eyes;
And they said he was old and royal and a warrior all
his days,
But the king who had slain his brother lived yet in the
island ways.
And he came from a hundred battles, but he died on this
last wild quest,
For he said, "I will have my vengeance and then I will
take my rest."
He had passed on his homeward journey, and the king of
the isles was dead;
He had drunken the draught of vengeance and his cup
was the isle-king's head.
And he spake of the songs and the feasting and the glad-
ness of things to be,

And three days over the waters they rowed on a waveless sea,
Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward and a gust broke
out of the cloud,
And the spray beat over the rowers, and the murmur of
winds was loud
With the sound of the far-off thunder, till the shuddering
air grew warm,
And the day was as dark as ever, and the wild god rode
on the storm.
But the old man laughed at the thunder, as he placed his
casque on his brow,
And brandished his sword in the lightnings as he clung to
the painted prow.
And a shaft from the storm-god's quiver flashed out from
the flame-flushed skies,
Rang down on his war-worn harness and gleamed in his
fiery eyes;
And his mail and his crested helmet, and his hair and his
beard burned red,
And they said, "It is Odin calls;" and he fell, and they
found him dead.
So here, in his war guise armoured, they laid him down
to his rest,
In his casque with the reindeer antlers, and his long gray
beard on his breast.
His bier was the spoil of the islands, with a sail for a
shroud beneath,
With an oar of the blood red galley and his battle-brand
in its sheath.
And they buried his bow beside him, and they planted a
grove of yew
For the grave of a mighty archer, one tree for each of his
crew.
Where the flowerless cliffs are sheerest, where the sea-
birds circle and swarm,
And the rocks are at war with the waters, with their
jagged gray teeth in the storm;
And the wild Atlantic billows sweep in, and the mists
enclose
The hill with the grass-grown mound where the Norse-
man's yew tree grows.

— R. Rodd.

THE BUST OF CALIGULA.

(At the Capitol, Rome.)

Being in torment, how should he be still?
The slim neck twists; the eyes beneath the wide
Bent Claudian brows shrink proud and terrified;
Along the beardless cheek the muscles thrill
Like smitten lute-strings. Can no strength of will
Silence this presence ever at his side,
This hateful voice, that will not be denied,
That talks with him, and mutters "kill" and "kill"?
O dust and shade, O dazed and fighting brain,
O dead old world that shuddered on his nod,
Only this iron stone endures; and thence
Looks forth a soul in everlasting pain,
The ghost of Cæsar, maniac and god,
And loathes the weakness of omnipotence.

— Nichols.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A CHAPTER OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.

A lecture delivered by Prof. Glover at the opening of the Theological Faculty.

THE chapter of English Church history which we shall discuss to-night is the first chapter.

I do not propose to go back, as some would, to the age of the Apostles, or to amuse you with mythical tales of the conversion of the earliest inhabitants of the British Isles by St. Peter. To any who would tell you such a tale the best reply is that of Thomas Fuller, the historian, "Fie, fie, thou lying monk." Even supposing St. Peter himself had been the first to preach the gospel in Britain, it was not to the English people that he preached it. With the British Church we are not at present concerned, nor even with the whole of the English Church. To-night we deal with the Church of Northumbria.

Northumbria was settled by the Angles during and after the fifth century, and it rapidly became the greatest kingdom of the Heptarchy. It extended from the Forth to the Humber, and it is worth noting that while we speak habitually of our ancestors as Saxons, contemporaries gave the old country the name it bears to-day—the land of the Angles. It is an interesting thing that though the Italian mission of Augustine did not reach, or at any rate very slightly affected, the Northumbrian kingdom, it was to Northumbria that the mission was originally directed. The story is well known. Somewhere about the year 585, a Roman deacon passing through the Roman market saw some boys offered for sale. St. Gregory the Great, for it was he, was struck by the beauty and the golden hair of the boys. He had long been the friend of slaves, and the unhappy boys at once engaged his sympathy. He asked a merchant, probably a Jew, from what country the boys came. He was told from England, whose inhabitants were all of that beauty. Again he asked whether the Islanders were Christians or were involved in pagan error. On learning that they were pagans he sighed deeply and again asked what was the name of the race. It was answered that they were called Angles. "Well-named," quoth he, "for they have the faces of angels and are such as should be fellow-heirs of the angels in heaven. From what province did they come?" "From Deira." "Good again," he said; "they should be saved from wrath (*de ira*) and called to the mercy of Christ. What is the king of that province called?" "Aelli," and the saint attempted a third pun on Alleluia. He went to the Pope and asked that missionaries might be sent to the Angles in Britain; he would himself go did the Pope per-

mit. But it was not to be. A few years later he became Pope himself and one of his earliest cares was to send others to the mission field he had coveted for himself.

Augustine and his companions landed in Kent in 596, and Kent remained eventually the one sphere of their labour. It is true that Augustine went west in a vain endeavour to secure the co-operation of the British bishops, who with their people had fled to Wales before the conquering Saxons. The story of their meeting is recorded by Bede and is very significant. There were one or two points of practice in which the Roman and British churches differed, such small points as the true date of Easter and the Apostolic tonsure. The British bishops were uncertain what attitude to adopt towards Augustine, and in their doubt had recourse to a pious hermit. The hermit was oracular. If he was a man of God, submit to him. Here was a more difficult question still to decide. How were they to know whether he was a man of God. The hermit's answer is striking. "Let Augustine arrive first at the place of meeting; if, when you come, he arises from his seat to meet you you may count him a man of God. If he does not rise, he who lacks humility is not a servant of God." Fortified with this advice the bishops set out. They successfully delayed their arrival until after Augustine's, and as they came in sight Augustine remained seated. If this was not enough to prove his want of humility, the rest of his conduct was. He was essentially a small man, and his greatness is a borrowed greatness. All that he is he owes to Gregory. In himself he was small, narrow and hard. We may pass over the story of his work in the south of England, and go with his disciple, Paulinus, to York.

At this time Edwin was Bretwalda, the greatest of the English kings, a thoughtful man who had endured adversity and learned its lessons. The missionary preached his new gospel, the king was interested, heard him gladly, continued to hear him and remained undecided. At last he came near a decision. On Easter Eve, 626, he narrowly escaped assassination. On the same night his wife bore him a daughter. Her safety, Paulinus claimed, was the fruit of his prayers. Edwin was meditating vengeance on the king of Wessex, who had hired the would-be assassin. If he should succeed in this, he would give himself to Christ. Wessex was duly punished, and in the winter time of 626-7 Edwin assembled his councillors at Goodmanham, near York, to discuss the claims of Christianity. The chief pagan priest, Coifi, was ready with his answer. "If the old gods had been any good, they would have rewarded their best worshipper; I have been their best worshipper, they have not rewarded me."

Very different was the answer of a thane, whose name unhappily we do not know. "I will tell you, O King, what methinks man's life is like. Sometimes when your hall is lit up for supper on a wild winter evening," (remember it was in the winter this council met), "and warmed by a fire in the midst, a sparrow flies in by one door, takes shelter for a moment in the warmth, and then flies out again by another door and is lost in the darkness and storm. At the time that it is inside it is safe from the winter tempest, but after a very short interval of momentary calm, coming from the storm it passes to the storm and is lost to sight; so man's life is seen but a little; what follows or what precedes, we know not at all. Wherefore, if this new teaching brings us any more certainty, by all means we must follow it." Paulinus used his opportunity, and the king was converted and baptized and laid the foundations of what grew into the Minster of York. Amid the noble throng who were baptized with him was his grand-niece, the future Abbess of Whitby, St. Hilda. For eight years a Christian king reigned, a true king and a true Christian, encouraging Paulinus and his deacon, the Chanter James, in the work of evangelization.

But wide as Paulinus' work may have been it was not very enduring. In 633, on October 12th, was fought the great battle of Heathfield. There Edwin met face to face Penda the Terrible, the savage heathen king of Mercia, and Cadwalla, the no less savage Christian king of the Welsh. Edwin and his forces fell before them, and with him fell the Christendom of the North. Paulinus fled to the south, never to return, but James the Chanter was faithful to his duty. Paulinus, from the description of his personal appearance given by Bede, seems to have been an Italian. It has been conjectured that James may have been an Angle slave, redeemed and trained by Gregory. Whether this was so or not we cannot tell, but James lived and died in Northumbria a Christian minister. Christianity had fallen, but it was not for long. The rival Northumbrian royal family, exiled by Edwin, had taken refuge in Scotland, and while there princes Oswald and Oswy had been instructed in the Christian faith by the monks of Iona. Iona, as you know, is a small island off the west coast of Scotland, where in 563, St. Columba, leaving his native land for Christ's sake, founded the most famous of British monasteries. For some thirty years the great old prophet ruled his foundation himself, and in 596, the year of Augustine's landing, the greater saint died on Easter Eve. I do not speak now of Iona. The character of the monks of Iona will become clear as we study their representatives in Northumbria. Oswald, when once secure

of his throne, began to consider the restoration of Christianity. He instinctively turned to Iona. It was there he had been bred a Christian himself, and experience seemed to show that the Christianity of Iona was more effective than that of the Italian mission. And so it proved once more.

The first missionary from Iona was, however, unsuccessful. He preached and taught for some time to an unwilling audience, effected nothing and returned home, and set forth in a meeting on Iona that he could do no good by teaching, that the race to which he had been sent was untameable, hard and savage. There was a long discussion, the council of monks yearning to be the salvation of the Angles but cut to the heart that the missionary they had sent had not been received. Then a voice was heard. It was Aidan's. He turned to the priest saying, "It seems to me, brother, it is you who have been too hard to untaught hearers, and that you have not given them according to Apostolic teaching, first the milk of gentle doctrine and then, gradually nourishing them with the Word of God, brought them to receive His fuller and more sublime precepts." At once the solution of the difficulty was seen. Aidan should preach the gospel in Northumbria.

The character of Aidan is one of the most beautiful in the records of the Christian Church. One regrets that he left no writings, and that all we have of him is a few scattered stories in Bede's history; but few as they are, they are enough to show the wonderful gentleness of his character, his tender unassuming piety, his rigorous personal asceticism, and his unflinching sympathy for the weakness and needs of those about him. He was a friend of King Oswald's, but he was much more. His influence did not rest on the authority of the king, though Bede draws us a beautiful picture of the king himself acting as interpreter to Aidan before he had fully acquired the tongue of the Angles. It is curious to note how Bede emphasizes that Aidan was essentially a bishop of the poor. Was he thinking of Wilfrid? Aidan could indeed mingle on terms of happy intimacy with kings, but his thoughts turned not to worldly splendour but to the kingdom of heaven. His ambition was not to stand well with princes, but to be the salvation of the poor. He travelled throughout the country, generally on foot, preaching to the scattered rough population, sharing their life, a poor man himself, stern in limiting his own necessities, lavish in meeting the wants of others with the gifts that kings and nobles gave him for his own use. For instance King Oswin had given him a horse, and a good horse, that he might not have to walk so much. A short time after, a poor man

met him and asked him for alms. He leaped from his horse and gave it to him, with all the royal trappings. "For," says Bede, "he was a man of much pity, who loved the poor and was as it were the father of the unhappy." When the king remonstrated the saint asked him, "Is that son of a mare really dearer to you than that Son of God?" The king's not unnatural annoyance gave way before the gentle rebuke, and he threw himself at the bishop's feet and asked forgiveness. Aidan is said to have made the astute remark that he foresaw Oswin's speedy death; a king so humble could not live long.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONARY IN THE MINING CAMP.

It has been the custom for many years for the Presbyterians of Eastern Canada to send the students of their colleges and universities out during the summer season to do mission work in the western provinces, says a writer in the *British Columbia Mining Record*. Many and varied were the experiences of some of these young embryo preachers, who were usually fired with zeal and good purpose to do the work of their Master.

The summer of '93 found a Kingston student, J. D. Stewart, at Fairview, in the lower Okanagan, in the south-east corner of Yale district. The year before the Fairview camp had experienced one of those spasmodic "booms" incident to the average mining camp, but a desire to "freeze out" some luckless shareholders, or some other reason, had prompted the management of the mines to shut down the work on the big quartz veins, the miners had scattered, and the camp soon assumed a degree of quietness that left practically no work for even the zealous young missionary to do.

Just across the southern border of the province, and in the State of Washington, Palmer mountain was enjoying a brief season of prosperity, and young Stewart, in his zealous purpose, wrote back to the missionary headquarters in the east for permission to extend his field of work to the rushing camps of Golden and Loomiston, and boarding the upper deck of his cayuse, he started southward to the latter town, leaving an appointment for a meeting at Golden on the following Sabbath. At the appointed time he proceeded to Golden with saddle bags filled with Moody and Sankey's gospel hymns. Arriving at the town he found everything proceeding as usual, saloons wide open, stores trading, and to all appearances the Sabbath was as any other day to the careless inhabitants. No provision had been made to receive the preacher, and he was beginning to feel really lonesome and out of place when he was met by "Billy" Nelson, a good-natured saloon-

keeper with a four-by-nine smile, and whose worst fault was that he dealt in "40 rod red eye."

"Want to preach, eh?" he quizzed.

"Yes, but I have no place to preach in, and there appears to be no one who cares to listen, anyhow."

"Well," said Nelson, "I guess most of the boys are down to my place, and if you want to preach there you can."

The idea rather staggered poor Stewart, but what was he out west for? To preach, of course.

"All right," he said, "when shall I come down?"

"Why, now," said Nelson. "One time is just as good as another."

So down to the saloon they proceeded. The long room was filled with a motley crowd. Miners, cowboys and ranchers mingled with each other, drinking, swearing, talking; some "having a time," others looking on, while seven-up, poker and faro games were running full blast. Surely, thought Stewart, here was a chance for missionary work, indeed.

As the two entered the saloon, the proprietor roared out: "Here, you fellows, stop those games. We're going to have preaching."

To most of the occupants of the room the announcement seemed only one of Nelson's jokes, but he soon made them understand that he was in earnest, and the cards were reluctantly dropped, the tables set back, and Nelson further ordered a couple of busy barkeepers to stop selling drinks till the services were over.

Where should he stand? "Oh, go right into the bar," said the proprietor; and behind the bar he went, while fifty or sixty men gathered at convenient distances in front. Behind the missionary were the shelves with bottles of various liquors, the mirror, the cut glass; before him was the bar with the attendant cork-puller and other ordinary paraphernalia. He handed out his hymn books and announced a song. It was sung with a will, as these rough-looking chaps were mostly from eastern homes where in childhood they had been under good influences, even if some of them had sadly fallen from grace. After the song a chapter of the Bible was read, then another song. The men in front of the bar were beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing, and from a jest at first, some of them appeared quite willing to be led, for the time being, at least, by the young missionary, to sing and listen with interest. After the second song he essayed to preach, but after a few moments' talk he was interrupted by the request, "Give us another song." This he obligingly did and then commenced again to preach. But the interruptions continued. Finally one godless chap said: "Give us a jig." Stewart realized that he would have to make some kind of terms with his restless audience or the

services would be a failure, and his power for good in the camp would be entirely gone. He was not without resources, and quickly resolved to bring some of his "talent" to bear on the audience. At college he had usually been selected by the students to play "darker" parts in the college entertainments, and could dance a jig equal to any coloured Sambo. He said to those in front: "If you will agree to let me talk to you for twenty minutes without interruption, I'll dance a jig for you."

"All right," "Fair play to the preacher," etc. Out went Stewart into the middle of the big saloon, and in a ring formed by the lookers-on he commenced to dance. Double shuffle, triple knock, pigeon wings, clog steps followed each other in quick succession, till, winding up with a whirlwind break-down, the young man stood breathless, but smiling, amid tremendous applause. "Now for the sermon." Surely a man who could dance like that ought to be able to preach. And preach he did.

After that he never had any trouble to get an audience and good attention at Golden. Later, when the boys organized a baseball club and received a challenge from a neighboring town, it was Stewart who volunteered to fill the position of second baseman and outplayed every man in his own or the opposing club. Poor Stewart, the melancholy news of his death was sent to friends on the coast last year, but he will long be remembered as one of the best and noblest of young men.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

THE BAZAAR, FAIR, KIRMESS, OR TOMBOLA.

THE ladies of Kingston have decided to hold their series of entertainments for the gymnasium and workshops in the University buildings, on April 26th, and the three following days. They now appeal to the alumni over the world to send in contributions of things rich and rare, whether elephants' tusks, beaver skins, ivory fans, lacquer work, and Indian or South Sea gods and goddesses of wood and stone. Address them to the President, "Mrs. John McIntyre, Kingston," and they will be duly acknowledged and help on the desired consummation. When the ladies of Edinburgh did a similar work for "The Union," the graduates from every part of the world poured in contributions of every conceivable kind. Queen's is not as old as Edinburgh, and we have scarcely 3,000 students or myriads of graduates yet; but "every one will do his duty." The students are requested to save up, out of their abundance, so that they may be able to purchase the presents which are expected from the North-west, China, Formosa, Siam, Ceylon, India, Australia, and even

from desolated Armenia. Artists are already at work to make the Art Collection notable.

THE CONCERT ON NOVEMBER 24th.

The first blow for the "Gym" is to be struck on Tuesday evening next. Mrs. Cornwall and the Ladies' College give their first public concert on its behalf; and as Dr. Stocks Hammond is the manager, lovers of music expect something particularly good in the way of music. Tickets, for every part of the hall, twenty-five cents. No seats are reserved, as one part of Convocation is as good as another for seeing and hearing. The Ladies' College will have a bumper house, or all signs fail. We hope to see standing room at a premium.

INTER-YEAR MATCHES.

'97-'98.

The first match of the inter-year series was played on the campus, Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, between the teams of '97 and '98. The play was very close and neither team can be said to have had a decided advantage. '97's hugh scrimmage was pluckily resisted by a smaller trio of '98's stalwarts, and did not do the work expected of it. Ross at half played a dashing game for '97, but was poorly supported by the rest of the back division. '98's backs, on the contrary, ran and kicked with very good judgment, and to them '98 owes its victory. Newlands, a man who made his first appearance on this occasion, though somewhat favored by fortune, played a brilliant wing game for '98. The score at the close was 8-6 in favor of '98.

'99-'00.

'99's record from last year led many to expect great things from that team during the present season, and there can be no doubt that, had the finals been played off, '99 would have made a strong fight for the championship. In the match with the freshman year, however, '99 had by no means such an easy thing as the score would seem to indicate. Indeed at one time it seemed as if the tyros would defeat the confident sophomores. Metcalfe, Tupper McDonald and "Bobby" Hiscock, ably seconded by men who had never before handled a ball, repeatedly rushed the ball into '99's territory, but were unable to force it over the line owing to the weight of the opposing scrimmage. In the first half they scored two points by a safety-touch. '99's score of eight points consisted of two points on a safety, and a touch-down by Millar, converted by Devlin.

To the Editor of the Journal:

The playing of inter-year and inter-faculty football matches has always been looked upon at Queen's as the most effective means of bringing out

men who are new to the game and of thus recruiting the ranks of our senior team. This series of matches has been considered so important that for the last two years committees have been appointed by the Alma Mater Society to make all necessary arrangements for the playing off of the different matches in the series. The powers of these committees have been, of necessity, limited by the fact that the Athletic Committee controls all expenditure in connection with football, the campus, etc., and that it is to that organization that they must look for all necessary supplies.

That the inter-year matches this season have been a failure nobody will deny; that the committee in charge of the matches has done everything in its power to ensure a successful carrying out of its instructions is known to everyone who has taken any interest in the matter. Appointed by the A.M.S. "to arrange for inter-year matches," furnished with no funds for the purchase of footballs or for the fitting up of the campus, their hands have been practically tied by the opposition of the officers of the Football Club and by the carelessness or mistaken economy of the Athletic Committee. Had the latter organization placed goal-posts on the new campus, as requested by the committee, and furnished the footballs required for the matches, the whole series might have been played off successfully, in spite of the ardent longing for practice displayed, at this late hour, by the senior team.

The question now arises: Is the method adopted by the football management to encourage the game at Queen's superior to that which they have virtually crowded out? The senior team of this season has had its chance to uphold the honour of Queen's in the Rugby Union. It is composed in great part of men who must leave college before the next football season opens. Even those who will be left can profit little this season by exhibition games with Ottawa College or McGill. By whom are the gaps in next season's team, caused by the loss of the old men, to be filled? We fear that again we shall have to listen to the old familiar excuse: "Our team was green, composed of untried men, without sufficient practice." Practice with the first team will never develop new players, as Queen's has learned by experience. How then are they to be developed, now that our second team is no more?

FOOTBALL.

On Nov. 2nd the Senate of Queen's University conferred the degree of doctor of science (D. Sc.) on Edmund C. Shorey, M.A., who graduated in '87, carrying off the gold medal in Chemistry and the silver medal in Natural Science. Dr. Shorey at present is acting as chemist for a large sugar manufacturing combine at Kohala, Hawaii.

SCIENCE HALL.

EXPLORATIONS.

KINGSTON TO PERTH.

A NUMBER of field excursions have been made this season by the classes in Mineralogy and Geology. The first was an examination of the Rideau canal from Kingston to Perth. On Thursday, Oct. 15th, about a dozen students boarded the yacht *Sophy* and started from the water-works slip. The first part of the voyage was spent in song and story and in getting things shipshape. Sleeping accommodation was found on board; the galley was furnished with a cook stove, so that this party enjoyed "all the comforts of a home."

There was considerably rivalry over the appointments to the position of cook. It was amicably settled, however, by installing specialists. Ducks were flying plentifully and one or two good marksmen were included in the party, so that gratifying additions were made to the cuisine. The first point of special interest was Blake's Quarry. Here the remarkable tree-like concretions, for whose formation it is so difficult to account, were examined and good photographs secured. The quarry also presented interesting examples of glaciation, false bedding and other geological phenomena. Locking up afforded an opportunity to examine the country in the vicinity of the numerous locks. In this way the crystalline limestone at Brewer's Mills with its shots and veins of pegmatite was studied. The beautiful trap dykes through the marble near Seeley's Bay, affording as fine examples of dyke and basaltic structures as can anywhere be found, naturally received a good deal of attention.

Jones' Falls was one of the most interesting points on the route. Here the stratified Potsdam sandstone was seen in contact with Laurentian gneiss; its upper beds were conglomerates, containing pebbles of the gneiss. Graphite was here found under remarkable conditions, namely, in scales disseminated through a pegmatite. Chaffey's Mine, near Newboro, was the next important stop. This deposit of magnetite, with associated minerals and rocks, was studied in some detail. At Newboro, on the height of land, drift deposits of clay overlaying the gneiss were well exposed by the recent cuttings along the canal. While the boat was coaling up the town was properly "done."

The Rideau Lakes next received attention. Oliver's Ferry was reached Friday evening. A wagon headed for Perth was discovered and instantly boarded, and the noisy students startled the countryside as it never before had been since the warhoop of the Iroquois sounded the death knell of his foe. Old Perth rubbed its eyes,

roused itself, and tried to come to a conclusion regarding the intruders, but again relapsed into slumber with the question unsettled as to whether they were footballers or "river-drivers."

Saturday morning, after looking over the old graphite mill, we left Oliver's Ferry and headed for Kingston, leaving behind us the unfortunate enthusiast who journeyed in the night to Smith's Falls to see a very recent formation, which he considers gneiss. The serpentine quarry at Grindstone Island was visited, and various points along the route, which had been passed over on the journey up, were examined. Kingston was reached on Saturday evening and everyone was sorry that the trip was over.

BEDFORD AND PARHAM.

The second trip was over the Kingston and Pembroke Railway to Bedford and Parham. The party which lined up before the station consisted of Arts students in Mineralogy with a fair sprinkling of Mining students. Each man was laden with a bundle of borrowed blankets and a huge lunch basket.

As the passenger coaches were crowded, we boarded a flat car. "All aboard" was sounded and away we flew past the crowded city houses and out into the fields past farms, villages and woods, which looked dull and gloomy through the growing dusk of a November afternoon. Bedford was reached at 9 p.m. with no other mishap than the loss of a hat, which was soon replaced by a weather-stained fez-cap, the wearer of which was promptly dubbed Turcoman (Turkey-man). We made the station our *rendezvous* and that night slept on the hard station floor, dreaming of feather beds, eiderdown quilts and pneumatic pillows. Daybreak saw us astir, and after a hurried lunch we struck out for the Glendower iron mine, examining the railway cuttings on the way. Amongst others, we obtained specimens of garnets, apatite, calcite, scapolite, gabbro, and at the mine we found magnetite galore. During the afternoon we visited the Godfrey mica mines, famous for zircon crystals. The Professor informed us that a fine of fifty cents would be imposed on those who failed to find a zircon, and immediately we started to search. The hills soon echoed with the shouts of lucky searchers, and at the round-up nobody had the penalty to pay.

We now turned our steps toward the cave on Kingston's farm, and by the light of a birch bark torch we explored the walls for calcite crystals. Some beautiful twinned scalenohedrons were captured by lucky finders, while all got excellent specimens of transparent, doubly refracting spar. Our specimen bags began to grow heavy by this time and we repaired to the station house, where we re-

freshed ourselves with strong tea, sandwiches and dainties found in that particular basket which had been filled by the landlady's daughter. We boarded the night express bound for Parham, but after a solemn conclave on the subject of station floors we decided to remain on board all night and come back to Parham with the morning train.

Daybreak saw us cooking breakfast at Tichborne crossing. We hid our baskets in a wood pile and struck off across fields for the Boyd-Smith phosphate mines, where we stayed all day. Two of our number left us here to visit friends in the neighborhood, and, sad to relate, they met with a serious accident. It seems that while they were driving to the station suddenly the mineral specimens became too heavy, or their spirits too gay, for they broke the wagon springs and had to walk into town.

We reached Kingston Saturday night, tired, foot-sore and heavy laden, but inwardly serene and with strong resolutions to go next time.

FOXTON MINES.

Last Saturday our wanderings led us to the Foxton mines. Nineteen, including three lady students, embarked in a van drawn by four horses. One scientist kindly offered to serve as assistant engineer. After some interesting experimenting with all the other possible combinations (which our mathematician carefully worked out), during which we gained much experience but little ground, the assistant took charge of the forward engines, while the chief engineer managed the aft. The barite vein at the Woodruff farm was examined on the way out. Here some good specimens of anthraxolite, which has lately come into prominence as the so-called coal of the Sudbury district, were found. Fluorite also was found here. The Foxton was reached about 11.30.

The first work was to make a fire and boil a kettle. The meal in primitive fashion round a camp fire was followed by an examination of the dumps. From these waste heaps beautiful crystals were extracted, until the barren looking pile had produced a rich harvest of mineralogical treasures, limpid prisms and pyramids of water-clear rock-crystal, satiny plates of transparent selenite and matchless anhydrite with its delicate tints, calcite of rainbow hues, perfect zircons and scapolite and a score of other minerals.

NOTES.

In the three excursions box loads of specimens, representing at least fifty distinct mineral species, most of them well crystallized, were secured. Besides these, exposures of almost all the typical classes of rocks, were seen as well as examples of almost every kind of geological phenomena.

Queen's and the School of Mining are particularly fortunate in being situated in one of the most inter-

esting localities, mineralogically and geologically, on the continent. This enables the student, almost without expense, to obtain the most valuable training in these departments, a training which can be obtained only in the field. The importance which these subjects assume in Canada, now that she is becoming one of the foremost mining countries, renders such a situation for a science school almost invaluable.

C. Garnett Rothwell has returned to the School of Mining to resume his studies. During the summer he erected a chlorination mill at the famous Sultana mine, Rat Portage, which he since has been operating very successfully.

MEDICAL COLLEGE.

AESCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

THE last regular meeting of our Society was very well attended, and conducted in a very happy and business-like manner. It was found, from the numerous communications of a financial nature which were received, that the Society is not yet free from debt. Ways and means were discussed and satisfactory arrangements concluded for the prompt payment of these.

The report of the executive, who had been instructed to draft the committees for our annual dinner, was received and the appointments made by it ratified. The most important of these is, of course, the dinner committee, which this year consists of Messrs. Ross, Gould and Barber, and Dr. Herald representing the faculty. The different committees were instructed to report progress at the next meeting of the Society.

Provision was made for the appointment of three Curators to look after the "Reading Room."

Mr. S. H. Gould's paper on "General Paresis" was exceedingly well written—clear, thorough and well arranged—and gave abundant evidence of careful and thoughtful attention both in collecting and arranging the materials which he gathered, not only from the current literature on the subject, but from cases which came under his own observation. That his effort was thoroughly appreciated was shown by the applause with which it was greeted.

As no further programme materialized the meeting adjourned.

CONCURSUS.

Our prognosis with regard to the Freshman class seems so far, at least, to have been borne out. How else can one explain a meeting of the Venerable and Almighty Concursum without a freshman for a prisoner? Yet such a meeting has taken place and those who deviated from the paths of strict recti-

tude, followed in the footsteps of the slothful, and fell into the erring ways of the unrighteous, were members of the Sophomore and Junior years who had usurped the prerogatives which belong in a pre-eminent degree to their Seniors. They were brought to the dread bar of justice and were made to feel that the fatherly love and consideration, the brotherly protection and advice of which they were in such dire need had to be meted out to them with a firm, strong—with even an iron hand, so that, notwithstanding the eloquent appeals made on their behalf by the attorney for the defence, they were all convicted, lectured and fined.

NOTES.

It is conceded by all that it is a Med's especial privilege to yell, shout and by any other available means make a noise. This year that prerogative has not been exercised by them to the full till last week. Now, however, the melodious tones of a band of musical Meds. may be heard rising high and loud in some well-known song. The old walls, nooks and crannies where lodge the ghosts of many a departed worshipper of Aesculapius seem to take up and re-echo the sound, so that in a few weeks we hope to put to shame even the noisy shouts of our brothers of Divinity Hall.

That we appreciate the Faculty's kindness in providing lockers for us is made manifest by the fact that an increase in the number has become necessary. The new lockers, which are models of neatness, have been placed in the Reading Room. The communication from the Aesculapian Society requesting that they be put up elsewhere no doubt reached the Faculty too late to be acted upon. They give the room quite a neat appearance and emphasize still more forcibly its protean nature, as it now partakes more of the character of a dressing room than either a reading or dining room, notwithstanding the fact that there is always an abundant supply of Coffee on hand.

Messrs. Fadden, Elliot and Morrison have been appointed Demonstrators of Anatomy, while the duties of prosecuting devolve upon Messrs. Amys, Goodchild, Shaw and Simpson.

The smiling face of W. W. Young, alias Duodenum, was seen around the halls last week. We are sorry that pressure of business made his visit so short. However, "Billy" expressed his intention of being one of us again after New Year's, and we hope his good resolutions will be carried out.

Dr. W. Merriman, a recent graduate of Queen's, has given up his practice and returned to prepare himself for the Ontario Council.

We are pleased to see Messrs. J. Mitchell and R. D. Menzies out again after their spell of illness.

Professor: Mr. K.—What is the nature of the brain-substance? Mr. K.—It is a semi-fluid solid, sir.

“Gentlemen, some doctors will tell you that a patient's name should be written at the bottom of a prescription, but I say “no,” and some other authorities agree with me on this point.”—P.G.B-n-r.

Professor: Mr. M.—Under what circumstances would you give three grains of this drug, and when eight grains? Mr. M.—When I wished to give a small dose I would give three grains.

Manifold are the excuses invented by those whose names the Professor has forgotten to bulletin at exam. time and who earnestly plead with him that he remember that fact. But the most ingenious yet on record is that of a student who told a Professor that he did not like the idea of being “plucked,” because he did not wish to be classed in the same category with a certain gentleman who was not very brilliant and whom he thought was sure to be among the unfortunates. He had nothing to say, however, when the Professor informed him that there was no danger of a catastrophe like that as the gentleman to whom he referred had passed.

ARTS COLLEGE.

ARTS SOCIETY.

THE Arts Society met on Oct. 20th for the transaction of business connected with the annual election of its officers and those of the Concurus. On the following Saturday the poll was held and it is gratifying to know that the number of voters was largely in excess of any previous year. This makes the work of the executive proportionately lighter, but those who did not exercise the franchise could still further lighten the burden by promptly paying their annual fee. The officers elect are:

Arts Society—President, J. M. Scott; Treas., D. L. Gordon; Auditor, R. W. Anglin; Sec'y, G. Edmison; Committee, John Munro, A. A. McGibbon, '97, W. M. Ewart, '98, H. H. Black, '99, J. Baker, 1900.

Concurus—Hon. Chief Justice, Jas. Wallace; Jr. Judge, A. A. McGibbon; Sr. Pros. Attorney, W. J. Bain; Jr. Pros. Attorney, J. Ferguson; Sheriff, P. Graham; Clerk, J. Edmison; Crier, T. W. Goodwill; Chief of Police, D. L. Gordon; Constables, Dolan and Patterson, '97, P. Munro and Wilmer, '98, Mohr and Snyder, '99, McLean and McPhail, 1900.

The new constitutions are now printed and each member should procure a copy and read up.

CLASSICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held on Friday, Nov. 6th, when the officers for the ensuing year were elected. The following is the executive for 1896-'97: Honorary President, Prof. Glover; President, J. H. Dolan; Vice-President, Miss R. Mills; Sec.-Treasurer, P. F. Munro; General Committee, Miss G. Misener, K. P. R. Neville; Programme Committee, Miss Mills, D. H. Laird, J. C. Smith, T. Fraser, J. Marshall; Membership Committee, Miss Misener, J. A. McCallum, A. W. Poole.

The retiring treasurer, J. Wallace, presented his report, which showed that the finances of the society are in a healthy condition.

At the regular meeting of the society on Monday, Nov. 9th, J. C. Smith read a very instructive paper on “The Race Elements in Early Italy.” All students interested in the work of this society are cordially invited to attend its meetings.

THE LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

The library catalogue has just been completed and will be a great convenience to the students. The work has been somewhat laborious, but it will be lasting. Books are inserted under the name of the author and the title of the book, so that students can readily find any book they are in search of, if it is in the library. All the articles of any permanent value in the leading magazines are enumerated in the catalogue. This will be found of very great service to the students, especially in essay writing, for they will find in these articles, in short form, information gathered by much reading in many quarters. In applying to the librarian for books students should be careful always to give the above, the number of the shelf and the name of the book, in order that it may be obtained readily; and in the case of magazine articles, the name of the magazine and the number of the volume should be given, not the name of the particular article wanted. It is hoped that the trouble undertaken in arranging the catalogue will result in a much more general use of the library by the students than heretofore. Do not be afraid to use it.

YEAR MEETINGS.

'97.

The senior year is wrestling, as its predecessors for many a day have wrestled, with the difficult subject of the class picture. The hope of outdoing all previous productions of this sort is, of course, most laudable, but the committee in charge aim still higher, and expect to furnish so happy a grouping of their confreres' portraits that, for some years at least, no one will think of improving upon it.

At the last meeting of the year M. A. McKinnon read a bright racy essay on the differences between his native province, Nova Scotia, and that of his adoption. Mr. Leckie contributed a paper on the "Essays of Elia."

'99.

"Here's to '99,
She's so happy and benign,
Drink her down!"

'99 is very much alive this year. An interesting meeting was held on the 3rd inst. with large attendance. The president, W. R. Tandy, occupied the chair. Miss Mai Gober gave a piano solo, and a debate followed, the subject being the resolution "That oratory should be made a compulsory subject of university study." The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. W. McDonald and Kingsbury; for the negative, Messrs. J. A. McCallum and O. Skelton. W. C. McIntyre, '98, acted as judge and decided in favor of the affirmative.

On the 17th inst '99 met to nominate officers for the Alma Mater Society. It was decided to bring out Mr. H. Black for committeeman and Messrs. Wright and A. W. Poole for treasurer.

The programme at this meeting comprised a piano solo by Miss Ethel Minnes; a poem on "Our Recent Debate," by the arch-versifier of the year, J. B. Snyder; a chapter of history, by the historian, J. F. McDonald; an address on "Life in the West," by Mr. Solandt, and the report of the critic, D. M. Robertson.

DIVINITY HALL.

WE should like, if space would permit, to enlarge upon the special features of encouragement which cheered us at the opening of the current session. We must content ourselves, however, with merely mentioning that the attendance is the largest on record, that Prof. Macnaughton continues his lectures in Church History, that an honour course in Greek has been established, and that the window of the Apologetics room now boasts a hinge. The last item may seem small to some, but were it not for it we doubt if we should rejoice much over the first.

In accordance with the honoured custom of the early fathers, the College of Cardinals lost no time in presenting their report concerning the constitution of our ecclesiastical tribunal for the coming year. By a unanimous vote they recommended that the Pontifical chair should be filled by W. G. Back, his qualifications for this position being evident to all. W. C. Bennett was duly installed as bishop and based his inaugural sermon on the fam-

iliar text, "Be not wise in your own conceits." It created a profound sensation. The title of patriarch was bestowed *causa honoris* on P. W. Currie, and it was recommended that the office of Judas be accorded to R. Herbison, not that he cared for the poor, but that he had the bag and kept what was put therein. A Rannie was granted a license to act as precentor for six months, such permission to be null and void provided he employ "old hundred" or "desert" oftener than twice a week. For the position of heresy-hunter, to which two are regularly appointed, their Graces were unanimous in selecting R. Young, but indulged in considerable controversy before deciding to give Andy Walker precedence over J. R. Hall. In concluding, they expressed the gratification it afforded them to comply with the petition of D. W. Best and forthwith appointed him as tract depositary and book agent, exhorting him earnestly to beware of dogs. These appointments were at once ratified by the brethren, and that the ecclesiastical tribunal might devote itself entirely to its high duties, an additional committee was appointed to attend to all the secular concerns of the order. Of this committee M. H. Wilson is president and J. L. Millar secretary, and to them all earthly matters of a business nature should be directly addressed.

The M.M.P.A. is prosperous and the Hebrew fathers are hopeful. Having met the requirements of the law and given satisfactory evidence of the same by many intallible proofs, Peter W. Currie and William M. Fee, by the laying on of hands, were duly received into full membership of the society, being entitled to its onerary degree of *paterfamilias*. President Wilson, in a subdued, yet half exultant tone, expressed his pleasure at being in a position to report progress. It has leaked out from the secrecy of its sacred precincts that the society's scouts are on the trail of a pi(e)ous freshman. Beware, my brother, of the leaven of the M.M.P.A.

Messrs. G. D. Campbell, B.A., and G. W. Rose have resumed their theological studies since our last issue.

Prof. D. G. S. Connery, M.A., of West Winchester, is delivering a four weeks' course of lectures in Elocution.

Through failing health, we regret to say, Mr. W. J. Herbison, B.A., will not enter upon the work of his final year in divinity this session.

Various are the occupations to which students turn their attention, and no doubt a most interesting volume could be written detailing their experiences. Here is a specimen page. A stalwart divinity student, Cincinnatus like, stuck to the soil, and if his statements are to be credited he must have

struck terror into the breasts of the exhibitors at the township fairs in Eastern Ontario. From half an acre of land he raised fifty bushels of potatoes, three barrels of tomatoes, two hundred head of cabbage, several wagon loads of carrots and turnips, to say nothing of celery, pumpkins, pop-corn, buckwheat and other horticultural products. He is keeping a close watch on the market reports, expecting to see buckwheat rise and pop-corn take an upward bound. Next year he intends to enlarge his borders and enter into contract with some of the leading boarding houses in the city.

John M-nro (at Y.M.C.A.)—"Our meetings are too intellectual. A good red-hot Methodist prayer-meeting would do us good sometimes." And Divinity Hall now talks of a heresy trial.

LADIES' COLUMN.

MY LADY LEVANA,—You will remember that in our last letter we mentioned that our next afternoon would be devoted to the authors and poets of our native land. It was a success, for we were fortunate enough to have with us your friend Fidelis, our gifted Kingston authoress, who has written so charmingly both in prose and verse. She spoke to us for a short time on the different aims one has in view in studying, and after touching on wealth, ambition and honor, she pointed out very beautifully that love for those around us, and desire to do them the highest good, should be the ideal of our work. She closed by reading one of her own poems.

Our Glee Club sang a Canadian song, and then we listened to a paper on our Canadian poets by Miss M. Murray, and it was found that there was time merely to mention and give a very short sketch of each one, for the list is longer than one would perhaps suppose. As each poet's name was mentioned some one was ready with a poem or quotation from his work, which added interest to the paper, and gave us a little insight into the author's style.

We felt as we departed that our country, as yet only in her childhood, has all kinds of glorious possibilities before her, if she will follow the path which leads to lofty ideals. Why should not we hope that when Canada has been fully made by the letters God has put in man's hands it will be found that this is the word God willed. Greece, Rome, England, France have failed. It may be Canada will succeed. We have only to remember that she will be what her sons and daughters make her.

It was very pleasant on coming up to our room some time ago to see the magazines from the reading room down stairs laid on our table. We heartily thank the lenders for their kindness.

Y. W. C. A.

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Oct. 9th. Miss Cameron, the president, after heartily welcoming the members, extended a cordial invitation to all the new-comers to join the association. In addressing the girls of 1900, she gave many valuable suggestions for the coming session, especially enjoining on each the importance of being present at the Friday service. The success of the work, she urged, depended not on the president alone, nor yet on the leaders of the several subjects, but on each girl doing her own personal share by attending and participating in each meeting.

At the next meeting held on October 23rd Miss Gordon read a very interesting paper by Madame de Gasparin on "The Sleeplessness of the Soul." Afterwards the advisability of sending a delegate to the Montreal convention was discussed. It was un-animously decided to send one, and Miss Gordon was chosen to represent Queen's Y.W.C.A.

The following Friday an exhaustive paper on "The Dream of Youth" was read by Miss E. Millar.

The programme for the year bids fair to be a most interesting one.

On Nov. 6th, "Outside and Inside the Gate" was the topic for the meeting. Miss H. H. Dupuis gave a very interesting paper, impressing on us the necessity of 'persevering to the end.'

On the following Friday, Miss Ethel Mudie read a short paper on "Faith." Miss Gordon gave part of her report of the Montreal convention. Great interest was manifested in this report, and the benefit of our delegate's visit is already felt. An invitation from the Missionary Association was extended to the Y. W. C. A. to attend the meeting on Sunday mornings. Several of the girls availed themselves of the invitation.

CANADIAN SONG.

With her silvery lakes and fountains,
Mighty rivers, lofty mountains,
Fruited valleys smiling fair neath
Heaven's azure dome;
Fairest shrine of love and duty,
In her wealth of grace and beauty,
Dear to true Canadian hearts is
Canada, our home.

CHORUS.

Canada, fair Canada, our hearts turn to thee,
Whereso'er we roam,
Though other lands are sunny,
Yet there is none more bonny
Than Canada, fair Canada, our home.

Stretching out her arms gigantic,
To Pacific and Atlantic,
Calling o'er the waters to the nations
"Hither come."

Here, in factory, mine and forest,
There is labor for the poorest,
Yes, there's work enough for all in
Canada, our home.

From across the foaming water
England views her lovely daughter,
Proudly hails her stately ships that
O'er all waters roam.
Joining in the hearty praises
That each staunch Canadian raises,
Gem of all her empire wide is
Canada, our home!

Loyal ever, traitors never,
May the Union Jack forever
Wave above the bravest hearts neath
Heaven's smiling dome,
Let the sound of many waters,
Like Canadian sons and daughters
Say, "God save our Queen and bless
Fair Canada, our home!"

A LAMENT.

With spirit weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
I always sit in the midnight hour
Cramming full my head.
Grind, grind, grind,
Far into the hours of night,
Trying my very best to find
The translation that is right.

Cram, Cram, Cram,
Till the brain begins to swim,
And cram, cram, cram,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim;
Latin, German and French,
How grievous all of them seem,
And though my head begins to nod
I mutter them on in a dream.

Cram, Cram, Cram,
In the dull November light,
And cram, cram, cram,
When the weather is warm and bright;
It makes not a bit of difference,
The spring comes on apace,
The dreaded hours are drawing near,
Exams stare me in the face.

Oh, for but one small hour,
No matter how short timed!
No blessed leisure for games or fun,
But only time to grind.
For only one short hour,
To be as I used to be,
Before I dreaded the name "exam,"
When all my time was free!

—An Unfortunate.

PERSONALS.

R. GEDDES, B.A., and A. McMillan, '98, are engaged in mission work in British Columbia. Bob is located at Revelstoke, and Archie's headquarters are at Trail, a place at present enjoying a "boom," in consequence of the discovery of gold in its neighborhood. Both intend returning to Queen's next session.

Colin Campbell, B.A., '93, is pursuing his theological studies at Princeton.

Miss Adell Snyder, M.A., is teaching in the Ladies' College, Hamilton.

Rev. K. J. McDonald, B.A., B.D., has been ordained and inducted into the charge of the Beaverton Presbyterian church. He has likewise taken to himself a wife. Well done, Kenny!

Rev. J. R. Fraser, M.A., is attending the Free Church College, Glasgow.

We congratulate the Kingston Ladies' College on the addition to its teaching staff of A. M. Robertson, M.A., '96, the University medallist in mathematics of last spring. Mr. Robertson is a brilliant student, an efficient teacher and an indefatigable worker. The JOURNAL wishes him all success.

J. S. McEwen and J. A. McColl, M.A., are attending the School of Pedagogy. This makes a total of fourteen Queen's students who are attending that institution this year.

The "Second Presbyterian" of Lincoln, Nebraska, has the following notice in reference to a member of the class of '87: "Rev. H. N. Dunning, formerly of Pawnee City, Neb., was inducted into the pastorate of the Second Church on Wednesday evening, Sept. 9th."

Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., of Knox Church, Westport, Ont., has accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church of Stirling, Ont. Stipend, \$900, and a free manse.

W. D. McIntosh, B.A., '92, is teaching in the high school at Carleton Place.

R. W. Asselstine, B.A., '94, is making a tour of the west. When last heard from Bob was at Calgary, but had his eye on Rossland.

J. A. Claxton, B.A., B.D., received a unanimous call from Eldorado and is now settled there. Eldorado is peculiarly fortunate in its choice of a pastor.

John Finlay, M.A., has been appointed professor in the University of South California, Los Angeles, Cal.

C. F. Hamilton, B.A., has accepted the editorship of the *Canadian Military Gazette*, Toronto.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE Principal to tutor in Latin—"Mr. P—, are those your lambs making that disturbance up stairs?" Ascends the stairs only to find his own festive goats executing a flying wedge along the corridor in front of the apologetics room.

The "naughty naughts" have so far done naught naughty, and the Concursus is beginning to think they are not naughty naughts.

Truly history repeats itself. The following appeared in the JOURNAL of 1890:

Who call out "bells" in every tone,
From the loud scream to the mild moan,
Who sway their arms both to and fro,
And make the ocean ro-o-ll, you know?
The yellocution class.

Mark Ant-ny (in Y.M.C.A.)—"More of us would volunteer for the foreign field if we didn't form 'entanglements' during our college course."

It would seem that Queen's is inclined to turn her back on Rugby and take up with her old love, Association football. Practices are held every evening on the campus in which many students take part.

A freshman with a young maid sat
Beneath some shady trees,
He gazed into her winsome eyes,
And longed her waist to squeeze.
"All flesh is grass," at length he sighed,
The maid replied, "How true,
As all must know who've sat beside
A yap as green as you."—*Ex.*

Those who are called upon to spend a weary half hour in cutting the edges of a book would do well to take refuge in the philosophy of a son of Erin (not a freshman), who thought his own trouble in cutting the leaves as nothing to that of the poor printer who had to print those inside pages.

Now if you want a model paper
That is full of college news,
Just bring us round a dollar,
Or a round dollar if you choose,
For that pays for one year's dues.—*Ex.*

S. A. W—ds to Jno. Frizell:—"Where have you been, John; I see some pie on your moustache?" Jno. said not a word but passed on.

Modest Divinity (after service at St. Andrew's)—"Rev. Mackie preaches good, philosophical sermons, but I'd rather listen to myself."

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