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Queen's College Journal

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JAMES BINNIE, M.A., - - - *Editor-in-Chief.*
J. W. MUIRHEAD, - - - *Managing Editor.*
A. E. LAVELL, - - - *Business Manager.*

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WE need offer no apology to our readers for publishing in this issue the whole of Prof. McNaughton's inaugural address, delivered at the opening of Divinity Hall. We feel that to dismember such a beautiful lecture by publishing it in two separate issues would destroy its unity and do it an injustice, and we are certain that it will be eagerly read, not only by those who had not the pleasure of hearing it delivered, but also by those present on the night of the opening.

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Our readers will be pleased to see in this number the familiar face of Prof. Dupuis, and a sketch of his life by Dr. Williamson. His long connection with Queen's, as well as the prominent part he has always taken in educational and scientific matters, has made his name well-known throughout Canada. The warm interest he takes in the students, his kindness and sympathy, and the excellency of his teaching capacity, have won for him the respect and love of all who have received instruction from him.

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"It is the correct thing to have a degree." "It is the key that opens the door to the profession I have chosen." "Because the course of study pursued at college and the associations of college life develop character."

The above are some of the reasons usually assigned for attending a college. Probably all students will admit that the last is the only adequate reason. Yet there is a considerable difference between admitting a statement to be true, and being practically influenced by it. Few will hesitate to admit that the end which every educational institution should set before itself, is the development of character in its students. All the great men whom the world has ever seen, unite in declaring that the true aim

of all education is to develop the man, and not simply to increase the amount of what he knows. To increase the knowledge of anyone is found to be a valuable and indeed an indispensable means for the development of character, but we must carefully distinguish between the means used and the end sought. The end at which the college should aim is, as we have said to make men of its students; and the end at which a student should aim is to be a man. This may seem like a truism, but if it is, it is a truism which a student is very apt to forget. Each day he is striving to get up his class work and towards the close of the session he is striving to be ready for exams. This continual striving for what we have called the means is very apt to make a student mistake the means for the end. Hence it becomes necessary for him to remember continually, that the ultimate aim of all this work is, not the passing of such and such exams., but the development of the highest that is in him. And to make some progress in this direction should be the first object throughout the whole of our college course, and indeed throughout life. One of the most ancient Literatures tells us that man was made to have dominion over the animals. Let us see to it that we dominate the animal within ourselves; for the true measure of a man is not what he knows, but what he is. Not that we would belittle knowledge, far from it, but knowledge is simply a means, a developed character is the end. And to use every means within our reach to develop ourselves physically, mentally and morally, is the duty of every son and daughter of Queen's. The physical and mental development should be sought for as means to the realization of the highest moral ideal.

"But," it may be asked, "of what moral value is a determined struggle on the foot-ball field; or the solution of a knotty problem in mathematics; or the mastery of a difficult passage in a Greek Play?" Much every way; such efforts strengthen the will and thus enable us to keep the body under. Every time we overcome a difficulty we raise ourselves above it, for "we rise by the things that are 'neath our feet." These efforts then teach us how to erect ourselves above ourselves, and in this chiefly lies their value as means for the development of character.

It is said that some cannibal tribes have the idea that when they eat the body of one who was strong and brave, his bravery and strength go to augment theirs. We may smile at the notion, and yet the idea is literally true when applied to education. When we master an author his mental strength goes to augment ours. And the moral value of such an effort, when it is undertaken in the right spirit, is quite immeasurable. These illustra-

tions may help to emphasize the main thought of this article, that the true aim of every student is to make the most of the highest that is in him; not simply to increase his knowledge, but to develop himself.

* * *

Some time ago we intimated that in our opinion the standard of education in Canadian Theological Halls has not been raised as rapidly as the standard in other departments of learning. We do not think this is as it should be. We do not believe that it is for the good of our country, and we would urge upon the churches the importance of giving this matter serious consideration. One point in this connection strikes us as remarkable, viz., that the money which supports the arts work in our universities comes, we may say, exclusively from those who professedly believe in Christian Theology. This being so one would think that theological education would receive first attention. How is it that theological education—at least as regards the range of subjects taught, and the time a student is supposed to spend on these subjects—has changed so little? In all our universities provision is made in honour courses for students who desire to pursue special lines of study. And a student who has taken honors in a department may be supposed to have got beyond a mere preliminary view of the subject or subjects embraced in the department, and to be in a position to do some little independent work on his own account.

But our Theological Halls (and we do not refer specially to those of any denomination) have practically done nothing in this direction. Surely this is not as it should be. At a time like the present, when there is so much discussion, both within and without the church, of subjects such as Dogmatic Theology, Apologetics, Exegesis and Historical Criticism, surely the churches should aim at giving men who desire it, the opportunity of pursuing any one or all of these subjects to a greater length than the ordinary pass course leads them.

Should there not be, in the Theological course, something corresponding to the honour courses in Arts? There must be something wrong in the church if lack of money is the difficulty. We believe that if the matter were fairly presented to our people the money required would be forthcoming. The discussions on the subjects above referred to, which are now agitating other parts of the world, will soon be upon us in Canada. Ought not the church make sure of having her ministers in a position to at least understand the force of the questions raised. We do not propose to indicate any particular line of action. That is not for us to do. But we desire to call attention to the very pressing need which exists for something being done.

The oldest college in the world is the Mohamedan College at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1,800 years old when Oxford was founded.

In American colleges there are four thousand young men preparing for the ministry.

There is a movement on foot in the University of Pennsylvania to establish a chair of the Irish language.

LITERATURE.

WHAT IS LITERATURE?

JOHN MORLEY, in an address he delivered two or three years ago, asked the question, "What is literature?" and answered—but we had better use his own words.—What is literature? It has often been defined. Emerson says it is a record of the best thought. "By literature," says another author, "We mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way that shall give pleasure to the reader." A third account is that "The aim of a student in literature is to know the best that has been thought in the world." Definitions always appear to me in these things to be in the nature of vanity. I feel that the attempt to be compact in the definition of literature ends in something that is rather meagre, partial, starved and unsatisfactory. I turn to the answer given by a great French writer to a question not quite the same, viz: "What is a Classic?" Literature consists of a whole body in the true sense of the word, and a classic, as Saint Beuve defines him, is an "author who has enriched the human mind, who has really added to its treasure, who has got it to take a step farther, who has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or penetrated to some eternal passion, in that heart of man where it seemed as though all were known and explored, who has produced his thought, or his observation, or his invention under some form, no matter what, so it be great, large, acute and reasonable, sane and beautiful in itself, who has spoken to all in a style of his own, yet a style which finds itself the style of everybody—in a style that is at once new and antique, and is the contemporary of all the ages."

Literature consists of all the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attraction of form. My notion of the literary student is one who through books explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue. Poets, dramatists, humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character-writers, the maxim-writers, the great political orators, they are all literature in so far as they teach us to know man and to know human nature. This is what makes literature, rightly sifted and selected and rightly studied, not the mere elegant trifling that it is so often and so erroneously supposed to be, but a proper instrument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies, and of a genial and varied moral sensibility.

From this point of view let me remind you that books are not the products of accident and surprise. As Goethe said, if you would understand an author you must understand his age. The same thing is just as true of a book. If you would understand it you must know the age. There is an order; there are causes and relations. There are relations between great compositions and the societies from which they have emerged. I would put it in this way to you, that just as the naturalist strives to under-

stand and to explain the distribution of plants and animals over the face of the globe, to connect their presence on their absence with the great geological, climatic and oceanic changes, so the student of literature, if he be wise, undertakes an ordered and connected survey of ideas, of taste, of sentiments, of imagination, of humor, of invention, as they affect and are affected by the ever changing experiences of human nature, and the manifold variations that time and circumstances are incessantly working in human society.

SELECTIONS.

Father Time is a grand old purifier. As the same river that drives down into the ocean the unstable sand, polishes and beautifies the surface of the solid rock, so the years rushing on, sweep into the ocean of the forgotten past all that is worthless in our literature, leaving us only brightened and polished gems. As the wise man says, "Of making of books there is no end." How many thousands are every year taken up, read, and thrown aside—the useless fruits of many weary hours, fit only to be thrown among clips and shavings, in the kitchen wood-box. Yet nothing in this wonderful world of ours is wasted. The most stupid of us is here for some good purpose, and all this literary (?) trash serves to bring into bolder relief the grand truths presented to us by writers worthy of the name. It can do us no harm to take a handful of these, as food for thought during our moments of leisure—when we are taking our daily walk for instance.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrows, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

—MILTON.

"Man dwells apart though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread,
The best of thoughts which he has known,
For lack of listeners is not said."

"Be gentle with those who are less lucky if not more deserving. Think what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire."

"It takes some ingenuity to be excessively stupid."
—MATTHEWS.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."
—GEORGE HERBERT.

"Much of my education builds an arc and not the whole circumference of culture. Only whole wheels will roll, wherever we leave out an arc in our culture, there is likely, as the wheel rolls, to be a halt some day."
—JOSEPH COOK.

The University of Mexico is the oldest University in America, being at least fifty years older than Harvard.

We have about four times as many colleges in the United States as in Europe, and in Ohio alone there are more than in the whole of Europe.—*The Occident.*

The Board of Overseers of Harvard passed a resolution favoring the reduction of the age at which students may enter, from nineteen to seventeen years.

COLLEGE NEWS.

Y. M. C. A.

ON the 6th inst. a special joint-meeting of our own and the Royal Medical Associations was held in the University. The following delegates were present: Mr. Mott, Secretary of the Intercollegiate Association; Mr. Cole, Provincial Secretary of Y. M. C. As, and Dr. Webster, ex-President of the Toronto Medical College Association. Dr. Webster was the first speaker. He gave an interesting report of the origin and progress of the students' work in the Queen city. They are already supporting a Medical Missionary in China, and several of their number are studying with a view to service abroad. Dr. Webster presented in a forcible manner the claims of the foreign field, and urged the medical students to give themselves to that work. Mr. Cole spoke briefly on what he termed the "new calling" of Y. M. C. A. Secretaryship, and the splendid sphere of usefulness which it opened up for earnest young men. Mr. Mott followed with a most interesting address. He furnished statistics which showed that the College Associations are making splendid progress everywhere, and that both at home and abroad, God is abundantly blessing the organization. With telling earnestness he exhorted the men of Queen's to greater activity in face of the facts that throughout the country only an average of one in every ten students is an avowed christian, and only one in every ten of these christians systematically studies his Bible, or engages in personal work.

In the evening an informal meeting was held in the college, and a goodly number of our members availed themselves of the opportunity to meet the visitors personally.

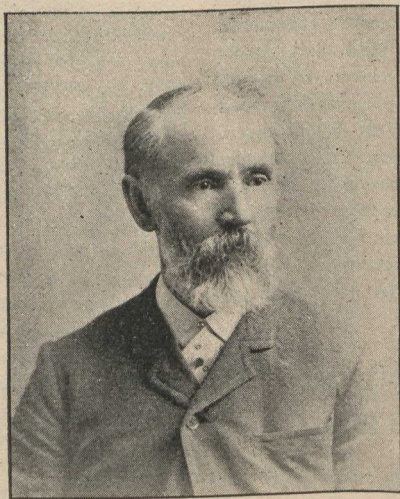
It was quite a treat to hear these stirring addresses, and we feel sure they will not be without good results among us. On the following afternoon at the regular prayer meeting the room was literary crowded, and the service was much enjoyed. Principal Grant gave a brief address on "True Manliness."

We would call the special attention of the students to the Principal's Sunday-morning Bible Class, held in Convocation Hall at 9.45. The kindness of the Principal in taking up this additional work should be appreciated by every student, and this appreciation shewn by punctual and regular attendance. It is needless to say that the class is most interesting and instructive.

At the recent Divinity Matriculation Examination the following won prizes: The Strathern Dow, value, \$100, Neil McPherson, B.A.; Buchan, No. 1, value, \$80, John A. Black; Dominion, value, \$70, C. H. Daly, B.A.; Buchan, No. 2, J. D. Wilkie, value, \$60.

The Rev. James Ross, M.A., B.D., of Perth, lecturer in Church History, has begun his course of lectures.

Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, already well-known in Queen's, has been appointed to give a course of lectures on Homiletics during the session.



N. F. DUPUIS, M.A., F.B.S.E., F.R.S.C.,
PROFESSOR OF PURE MATHEMATICS, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

A SUCCESSFUL OPENING.

FROM THE GALLERY.

ON Friday evening, the 7th inst., we found ourself amongst the mass of students in the gallery of Convocation Hall. We had learned from our chum that this was the opening, and so were not surprised to see such a large and appreciative audience in Convocation Hall. Before the hour for opening, those present were favored with the usual number of college songs and catches. Chancellor Fleming occupied the chair in his usual satisfactory manner, and, after prayer had been offered by Rev. J. Cumberland, he called upon Principal Grant. Dr. Grant stated briefly the number of students in Theology for '90-'91, a number larger than in any former session, and referred with evident pleasure to the fact that ministers, both in and outside the city, were attending lectures, especially those by Prof. Watson on "The Philosophy of Religion.

Prof. McNaughten was then introduced by the Chairman, and proceeded to give his inaugural lecture on "A Greek Preacher of Righteousness." The speaker was suffering from hoarseness, and was unable to deliver the whole of his lecture, but we publish it in full. Throughout, however, he was listened to with closest attention, the gallery showing its appreciation. Once the Professor seemed to see a sort of "I-don't-quite-understand" look on some one's face, and entered into an explanation, received by the gallery with an unanimous "Thank you, sir!" This lecture, one of the best we have ever listened to, will be found below.

The scholarships in Theology were then presented to the successful candidates, and the evening's proceedings were then brought to a fitting close by singing the National Anthem.

AESCHYLUS AS A PREACHER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

I had to choose a subject to speak to you upon which should fulfil two conditions. In the first place, it had to be connected with my own work, that I might not seem to be rashly intruding on other people's ground, and then it had to have some connection with yours, gentlemen of the Divinity Hall, so that it might not be altogether inappropriate to the formal opening of the Theological Classes for the winter. When I tell you that I am going to give some account of Aeschylus as a Greek Preacher of Righteousness, you will probably admit that both conditions are complied with. For to speak about anything Greek is not only comparatively agreeable to me, but quite within my legal rights, and to you who are to become Preachers of Righteousness yourselves, as well as patterns of it, I hope, it cannot be altogether uninteresting or unprofitable to hear about one of your very greatest predecessors. And in some respects the interest at least should be heightened, rather than diminished, by the wide difference in all externals between the conditions of your future ministry and those in which this old Greek Preacher lived and worked. It is always one of the greatest pleasures to trace the fundamental identity which often underlies things the most diverse in appearance. And I hope to leave you with the impression that the truths enforced by this ancient pagan poet

whose pulpit was a stage; enforced with a clearness of insight and a firm grasp of faith surpassed only in the Prophets of Israel, no less than with a power of vitally embodying his teaching in organic works of magnificent proportion and splendid symmetry not found in Israel, are still after all among the greatest of those eternal truths which, in whatever variety of dialect and outward form, it is the permanent function of the preacher to impress upon the minds and consciences of men.

Some years ago it would have been necessary before venturing to address Divinity Students on a subject involving a respectful treatment of religious ideas which come before us, neither in Jewish nor in Christian dress, to have begun with an elaborate justification and apology. Strange views were held then, as deservedly extinct now among all intelligent people as the Bourignian Heresy, about the Providential dealings of God with heathen people. It was thought that while Israel was fed with marrow and with fat, all other nations were left to spiritual famine. But you see these people lived, and therefore they could not have quite starved. There may have been there was a great deal of sand in their bread, but it was not all sand. If it had been their spiritual nature would have died utterly. The many admirable signs of vitality they showed, the civic virtue, the self-devotion, the profound thoughts, the peerless works of art which we find outside of Palestine prove at once to us that not among the Jews only there were living souls. For we may be sure that in all the higher activities of man God is working, and whatever is pure and lovely and of good report comes from Him alone. He has revealed Himself in many ways and in diverse tongues; to the Jews chiefly as holiness, to the Greeks chiefly as beauty, in Christ as self-sacrificing love, which includes all. It is a profoundly irreligious view of ancient history which is blind to the not mere negative but positive paving of the way for a final and complete revelation everywhere going on, and deaf to the prophecies of Him that should come expressed in the upward strivings of the human spirit in every land. He came not to destroy but to fulfil, for Pagan as well as Jew—to bequeath to the world a flexible spirit which should gather round itself and inform with life the whole heritage of the long ages of partial developments, and speak one universal gospel to every race of men in their own tongue. The outward form in which this spirit embodies itself changes from age to age. Even now the world is in travail that it may be clothed upon anew. But as Greece had a large share in providing the vesture of the past, the element of beauty and reason, which is her name, will have a yet larger share in weaving the vesture of the future.

But all this is common-place. I need not tell you to beware of that acrid pietism which sours the milk of human kindness and prevents men from taking to their hearts whatever is great or good outside their own infinitesimal sect. You know that a man has to be saved not only from the sins that Sunday School children are warned against, but from intellectual imbecility and narrowness of head and heart. One has to put off the old man—yes, and the old woman. I am sure not one of

you means to go into the pulpit as the spokesman of the groocracy, or to secure a contemptible and partial success by offering rancid incense to popular ignorance and hatred and prejudice. And so I proceed with an easy mind to give you as sympathetic an account as I can of the religious atmosphere in which the great and pious spirit of Aeschylus was nourished.

The Greek Polytheism may be described as personification run riot—the impartial apotheosis of every aspect of nature and every impulse of humanity. The earth and heaven were populous to the Greek imagination with Gods and daemons invested with all the attributes of humanity. Every forest, fountain, river and mountain had its presiding genius divine or half-divine. Each clan had its heroic progenitor, the worship of whom bound the members of the clan together. Each city had its presiding God whose sacrifices were the visible symbol of the unity of the state. The chief agency in keeping alive among the widely scattered race a consciousness of national brotherhood was the common worship of Zeus at Olympia and of Apollo at Delphi. Their religion penetrated everywhere. The Gods were indissolubly associated with every important detail in their whole scheme of public and private life. In the main regarded as the guardians of right and punishers of wickedness, the ethical element in their conception had only partially disengaged itself from the naturalistic basis in which we are probably to seek for their origin.

Such a religion through the flexible impartiality with which it followed the whole many-coloured play of nature and human life was peculiarly fitted to develop poetry and art. Doubtless the artistic temperament was active in its genesis, and afterwards vigorously stimulated by it. Nor was it poor in elements of nourishment for the pious spirit, who, with the sweet tact which belongs to the pure of heart, knew how to select and assimilate from its mixed elements all that was most gracious and beautiful. It was no small spiritual gain to have all the scenes of daily life lifted into the ideal and penetrated with divine significance as they were to the pious citizen of a Greek town. But this system which, in the early stage of the young life of Hellas, proved so kindly a mother to the nation's budding thought was incapable of keeping pace with the expansion of its precocious nursling. It suffered disruption from the force it had nourished, like a flower pot in which an oak has been planted, or like its own God Kronos dethroned by his son Zeus. Zeus in his turn begat the God Elenchos—scientific investigation, and was dethroned by him. When Anaxagoras speculated on the size and composition of the great God Helios, and added insult to injury by making him out to be a red-hot stone about twice the size of Peloponnesus the days of the old Gods were clearly numbered. Even more fatal to them was the growing moral sensitiveness of the best men, and the conviction which gained ground more and more that they were no worthy representatives of the divine idea. When Heraclitus jeered at the worship of idols as being no less foolish than talking to a house, and Xenophanes declared that if the lower animals could paint and carve, cows and pigs and goats would fashion their gods after

their own kind just as men do the most disintegrating force that can be brought to bear upon an outworn creed was active—the force of a wise man's ridicule.

But the Greek Polytheism was not suffered to pass away until the whole harvest of beauty and good that was in it had been gathered for the world. The issue of the Persian wars was a great triumph for the Gods of Greece, especially for Zeus, father of all Hellenes, and Athene Promachos, Champion of Greece and patroness of Athens. Every pious Greek saw in Marathon and Salamis a proof of the power and justice of his Gods no less indubitable and awe-inspiring than Cromwell did in his crowning mercies of Worcester and Dunbar. Above all in the city which had suffered and dared so heroically, in Athens, the Saviour under God of Greece and of western civilization in the hour when the destinies of the human spirit trembled in the balance, the plenitude of strong life rooted in pious faith which had so splendidly manifested itself in war, turned now to the task no less nobly fulfilled in peace of commemorating in works of imperishable beauty her gratitude to the Gods.

At a bound she springs into greatness on every side, like her own shining goddess full-armed and beautiful from the forehead of Zeus. To-day she is lying a charred heap of ruins sacked by the routing Persians; to-morrow, as it were, she rises in her queenly loveliness, the desire of the eyes of all nations. She breaks forth into all flowers and fruitage of the human spirit like a tree in the rapid spring of some northern clime, one day black with frost, the next a leafy quire in which sweet birds sing. She touches everything, and there is nothing she touches but she adorns. Her generals, statesmen, artists, historians, philosophers and poets become models for all after-times—even now they shine on us like a constellation of many-coloured stars, each of the first magnitude. Cimon, Pericles, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Polygnotus, Phidias, Thucydides, Anaxagoras, Sokrates, each a first-rate name, rub shoulders in the street of the same town, and have very likely all eaten and drunk together. It is the brief, but endless flowering time of the Greek spirit in poetry, in art and action, and in religion as the root of all. The unique greatness and significance of that wonderful period is just this,—that then, more than anywhere before or since, religion, thought and art were bound together as they should always be, in one strong and gracious unity. Pericles, though a philosopher as well as an orator, a statesman and a general, might often be seen offering sacrifice in public, and never engaged in any important undertaking without prayer. Polygnotus, the painter, adorned the halls of the Reception Room at Delphi with pictures of profound religious significance. The statue of the Olympian Zeus by Phidias, a gigantic seated figure forty feet high, in ivory and gold, was so striking a realization of calm and majesty that centuries after it had been to all Greeks a genuine revelation of God, Paulus Aemilius, the Roman conqueror, shuddered when he set eyes upon it, and declared that he, a mortal man, had seen the Godhead face to face. The poems of Aeschylus and Sophocles are pervaded by an intense reality of religious feeling which is not found so pure, in any artistically excellent poetry in the world except in

the Hebrew psalms and prophets, and perhaps in Dante and Milton. These men, with Pindar, the Theban poet, were the last and fairest glory of Polytheism. They fulfilled that vitally important function in changeful times of mediators between the past and the future—standing between the living and the dead. They were all devout believers in the gods of their country and age. They disengaged from the popular religion and presented in comparatively pure form all that was spiritually permanent in it and gave dignity and soul to a faith which still for some hundreds of years remained for the mass of their countrymen the only channel of access to the ideal. A very short time after them the inevitable schism between Reflection and Polytheism becomes apparent. It is already dismally so in their younger contemporary Euripides. From him onward we feel that we have passed the culminating point of Greek creative vigour and entered upon the sad downward incline which always slopes from the point of severance between Faith and Thought. Henceforward Greece is divided into two classes—the philosophers who feed on abstract ideas, and the multitude who batten on the husks of an ever degenerating superstition, shut off from the noblest living impulses of speculation and art.

Of Aeschylus, personally we know as little as we generally do about the men of whom we should like to know the most. He was born in 525 B.C., the son of Euphorion, of Eleusis, died at Gela in Sicily in 456—retaining to the very last the vigour of his powers—for his greatest work was produced less than two years before his death. Through his family, which was noble, he was closely connected with one of the most ancient and august shrines in Attica—that of Demeter, at Eleusis. The mysterious rites of this goddess, in which a much deeper view of life and death than the common were taught to the initiated, seem to have made a powerful impression on this young receptive spirit. For Aeschylus calls himself a pupil of Demeter. His lot was cast in stirring times. As a boy he saw the overthrow of the Tyrants—the sons of Peisistratus. As a man he fought at Marathon. How he fought one can well conceive. The man whose words are half battles, who as a poet, and a well-born Athenian enjoyed superb health, a beautiful and well-trained body must have struck a good stroke. The stern joy that warriors feel throbs nowhere more magnificently than in his play—*The Seven*—so full of Ares. The speeches of that play did find the most fitting enunciation which mere human organs could give them, for they were roared through the resonant mouthpiece of a Greek Tragic Mask by an actor who could make 30,000 hear him. But the only instrument to render adequately the crashing harmonies of their martial music would be as Carlyle says of Burns' glorious battle song—the throat of the whirlwind! One can see that Aeschylus must have enjoyed fighting in a grim way. The Persian who came his way had better have remained at Susa. Fighting ran in his blood. His brother, Kynageirus, had his hand hacked off, when after the battle like a keen dog that follows the deer even into the water, he had laid hold of a Persian Trireme by the prow, attempting to prevent the beaten enemy from escaping by sea. His other brother Ameini-

as was one of two to whom the first prize was awarded for valour at Salamis.

In some part of the amazing development which followed in the years of peace between the Persian invasion and the Peloponnesian war Aeschylus probably did not sympathise. It was with mixed feelings one judges that he saw the establishment of thorough going democracy under the statesmanship of Pericles. He was of a noble family and doubtless attached to aristocratic traditions. Of a somewhat stern masterful nature too, a great believer in authority, nowise a likely man to possess an expansive trust in the mere instincts of the people. In his latest play, written partly for a political purpose to defend the jurisdiction of the somewhat aristocratic court of the Areopagus—a play which is the only political pamphlet in the world that is at the same time a work of the noblest and most ideal art—we find him emphasising certain great principles not likely to present themselves in the same solemn and imperious light to an unqualified admirer of democracy. He succeeded in his fine advocacy of the Areopagus. Its most sacred privilege—jurisdiction in cases of homicide remained untouched. But shortly after he left Athens for Sicily and never came back again. He may have gone, as was common for literary men of the age, merely out of interest in the Sicilian Greeks who also had taken a victorious part in the momentous struggle between the Hellenic and Asiatic idea. But it is no very forced interpretation to suppose that in his old age Aeschylus found things moving too fast for him, that he became uneasy in a city which seemed to him to show clear signs of being destined at no very distant date to be governed not by reverence for the best, but by the mixed and capricious impulses of the crowd. "Praise neither the lawless life nor the enslaved," he had said, "by Heaven's own ordinance the middle course is best;" again, "Banish not reverence from the city altogether." At Gela, in Sicily he died, happy not in his life only but in his leaving it. For soon after the troubles began—already the clouds were gathering which in the Peloponnesian war broke out in ruin for all that was best in Greece. Aeschylus died without having experienced the misery of any feeling that could mar his Pan-Hellenic patriotism. The hard burden of hating his brethren was never laid upon him. He chose to have recorded in his epitaph, not the glory of being Athens' first great poet which was all his own, but that honor which he shared with his fellow citizens—of having fought for Greece at Marathon. That was a rare Roman trait of self-repression in a Greek, no more, however, than one would expect from the masculine virtue which makes strong each word of Aeschylus which remains to us.

I need scarcely point out how beyond measure fortunate Aeschylus was in his time and people. Of the forming period of his life at least it may be said unreservedly that this incalculable element of strength was vouchsafed to him, that he felt thoroughly one with his kind. The whole Athenian people emerged from the furnace and anvil of the Persian wars, welded into one united and solid mass. The bonds between this man and the society he lived in had been drawn close by the pressure of common fears, the inspiration of common hope and victory.

He could speak of great actions and great sufferings as only the man can who has done and endured great things. His life had been a noble poem before he began to write noble poems. A devout believer in the Gods, their Righteousness was as clear to him as it could only be to him who had seen a few and feeble folk made strong by justice to hurl the oppressor from the throne of his pride into the dust. Like the Israelites after their deliverance the pious Athenians too had seen the arm of God. For them also the horse and his rider had been thrown into the sea.

Among the many expressions which the exuberant life of Athens at this time created for itself poetry was almost sure to be one. And no form of poetry could so fully correspond to and satisfy the restless energy which marked the Athenians then in the first flush of their vigour, as the Drama, the poetry of action. It was at just such a period that our own Drama arose, when England felt in herself the first stirrings of that mighty force which has made her a great nation. In Athens the external conditions were favorable and the man was there to use them. In connection with the worship of Dionysus, the genial wine God, in whose honor the people kept holiday for five or six days every spring, there had already sprung up a rude kind of dramatic performance. The hymn, accompanied with expressive and graceful movements, rendered by a carefully trained chorus, in honour of the God, had come to be varied and broken up into parts by short interludes of Dialogue. In this interspersed Dialogue, an answerer—the word always continued to be used for an actor in Greece—at first simply replied to questions put by the leader of the chorus about the subject matter of the song—the exploits of the God. Gradually other themes than legends connected with Dionysus were introduced into the odes, till anything connected with Gods or heroes was admitted. Such was the state of things when Aeschylus began to write for the Dionysiac festival songs with interludes of dialogue. His genius converted this essentially lyrical into an essentially dramatic art, (1) by adding one actor (with the leader of the chorus, that made three—and the two actors proper could take several different parts in the course of the play); (2) by shortening the song and lengthening the dialogue, so that for all practical purposes the song now became the interlude. An enormous stone theatre was built, capable of holding 30,000 people. It was situated on the south-eastern slope of the Acropolis, the spectators having in view Ilissus and the sea, the stage facing towards the magnificent public buildings. Above it was open to the sky. The seats were arranged in semicircular tiers, the endless rows stretching far up the hill, and cut many of them out of the solid rock. Upon them sat in bright garments, brown, white, yellow and red, with chaplets on their head in honour of the God—all Athens—, the brightest, and in the time of Aeschylus, one of the most virtuous and religious peoples that this world has seen.

The preacher was worthy of his magnificent pulpit, worthy of his audience, worthy too of the noble art he created—in which all the Arts, Architecture, Music, Sculpture, Painting and Poetry, were harmoniously

united in the service of the Gods. In the large movement of his trilogies—three plays each a unity in itself, and forming collectively one whole—extending in time always over several generations, sometimes over thousands of years—the theme which he developed always was the mighty march of the unchanging laws of Heaven, and the one object he had ever in view was to vindicate Eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men.

The ethical view of Aeschylus is extremely simple on the whole, yet a closer examination of it reveals some elements of complexity. By far the most prominent characteristic of his plays is the Hebraic intensity with which he grasps or rather is grasped by the majesty of the Moral Law. The constant burden of his strain is just what he calls the old old story—sin and sorrow. Here he finds the key to the destiny of heroes, men and nations. The doom of Troy is a punishment for violated hospitality. Agamemnon perishes because his hands are stained with his own child's blood, the champions against Thebes suffer for their impious boastings, the Titan Prometheus, for his rebellious self-will. Zeus himself is subject to moral law. The helmsmen of destiny are the triple Fates even the mindful Furies, that is the Retributive powers which jealously guard the sanctity of the primal ties. Even Almighty Power has its limit, it must fall if it stumble upon the altar of Justice. That to Aeschylus is the Rock Foundation of the universe, deeper fixed than the thrones of the Gods. Rebellion against this August Law, this harmony of Zeus, is to him, as to all pious spirits, the most astounding thing in the world. How can men be so foolish as to kick against the sharp goads of the Everlasting Ordinances? Among all marvels and monsters with which earth and sea and heaven teem, most marvellous and monstrous, wilder than the tempest, more baleful than meteors, more foul than obscene birds or crawling things is the rebellious spirit of man. For a time indeed Prosperity may seem to attend on crime, and men bow down to wealth as a God, yea more than a God. But Justice despises the wealth which is stamped with the false die of counterfeit honour. She loves to dwell with the honest heart, flies with averted eyes from the palaces of the ungodly and illumines with her celestial ray the smoky cabins of the righteous poor. The doom of the wicked is not far distant. He sails with favoring gale, but ere he knows his frail bark is dashed against the sunken reef. The good man may be perplexed by the apparent security of the insolent and impious, but let him take courage. Soon with stern joy shall he behold a spectacle which makes him own the sway of Righteous law and brings back the light of day to him—the dark-veiled daughter of Zeus, Justice, unsheath her biting steel and strike home right through the lungs. Fools find sin sweet at first but the end thereof is death. Paris lightly pursuing pleasure like a giddy boy chasing a bright-winged bird, shames the friendly board and lures away the fair wife of his host from her dainty curtained bower. He heeds not the desolation of the house he has darkened with shame and sorrow, he heeds not the mute anguish of the dishonored husband who yearns for the lost one, straining his eyes across the severing wave, whom

only in dreams he sees mocked with vain raptures and elusive visions of her vanished loveliness. The ravisher bears away his stolen treasure gaily to his father's halls, and the sons of Priam loudly and boldly chant his unhallowed nuptial song. Fools! little did they think that she who seemed a spirit of breathless calm, the fair ornament of palaces, a soul-piercing flower of love, little did they think that that fair face would prove to them a fell Fury, a Priestess of Ruin, doomed to launch against their town a thousand ships and fire the hapless towers of Ithaca. Verily the Gods are not blind to evil deeds. A reprobate and of kin to evil men is he who avers that they take no heed when mortals defile and trample under foot the grace of sacred things.

Here then is the main part of the Aeschylean formula—sin and sorrow. He definitely rejects the doctrine of the envy of the Gods. There is an old saw he says, that men's prosperity, when once full grown, dies not childless, but breeds for his race a woe incurable. This view he explicitly denies, and sets over against it his own. Apart he holds his solitary creed that it is sin which brings forth after her own kind, evil seed from evil stock.

As little does he make man the helpless sport of destiny. Doubtless the family curse plays a great and terrible part in his dramas. He has profoundly grasped the truth that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children. But never does the curse fall on any whose hands are pure. The house of Atreus is the great example and seems the sport of an evil destiny. Each successive generation brings forth anew some monstrous birth of lust and murder most foul and most unnatural. But it is ever the perverse will that is active—frenzy and infatuate hardening of the heart. Agamemnon, for instance, falls under the curse. He is slain by his own wife and her paramour. But his death is the righteous requital of his own deeds, for he has dared an impious thing. He has slain his own daughter Iphigenia. Rather than give up his ambitious schemes he has steeled his heart to see his own child, whose clear voice so oft had rung through his halls, gracing the festal board, gagged with rude force, lifted in her white robes and laid upon the altar by the pitiless kings whom she smites with the speechless appeal of her sad eyes, gazing like some dumb pictured form of sorrow. And since from ambition he has done this thing, it is just the consummation of that ambition that brings his doom. For returning home victorious over Troy, he is snared in his bath by his own wife and Aegisthus and cut down like an ox. They too fall under the curse and receive the just recompense of their wickedness. But when a pure scion of this accursed stock appears, Orestes, a Righteous man, the pupil and protegee of Apollo, the pure God of Light, the curse has no permanent power over him. He suffers pain indeed—but his end is peace. He returns in honour and reigns in the house which he has cleansed.

So simple in the main is the Aeschylean criticism of life. With unequalled power and a splendid affluence of imagery he grasps the great central facts of the moral world. But we do not hear in him as in Sophocles many strains of the still sad music of humanity. There is much more law than gospel in him. A subtle conception

like Antigone is quite out of his range, a conception where it is the very nobility of the character that brings destruction. Here we are on the threshold of the divinest mysteries of pain. Faith, refused firm foothold on the earth finds here her latent wings and flies towards the fair far-off light of worlds not realized. Here we have no faint prophecy of that divine depth of self-sacrificing sorrow made known to all men in the cross of Jesus Christ. The unbending spirit of Aeschylus, engrossed in the contemplation of Majesty and Power, sympathising altogether with the principle of Authority in the Universe, had not the delicate sympathy required for so fine and inward a conception as this.

Still there is more complexity in the Aeschylean ethics than might at first sight appear. Three elements may be mentioned as constituting it

(1) Pain is not merely penal, it may be purifying. Zeus leads men to wisdom thro' suffering. The fruit of Orestes frenzied sorrows is a deeper peace. The Titan Prometheus, after his proud will has been tamed by ten thousand years in Tartarus, when his liver, the seat of pride, has been daily gnawed by Zeus's eagle, only for a long time to grow again, is at last unbound, clothed and in his right mind, the torturing iron fetters remain only as an iron ring to adorn him, and the weeds of penitence he wears are at the same time a crown of honour; he becomes a greatly worshipped God and has his portion in fair Colonus side by side with Athene and the Eumenides.

(2) The second element of complexity in Aeschylus' treatment of the Moral Problem is one quite central in his art. There are many august principles and they may conflict. On this conflict of opposing principles depends the whole movement of the Aeschylean Trilogy. In the Oresteia the progress of the action essentially consists in developing and finally resolving such an opposition. Orestes is absolutely bound to avenge his father's death. If he fail, Apollo, the Revealer of Zeus, who cannot lie, has threatened him with horrors unspeakable. And yet to avenge his father he must slay his mother. He must not listen to her piercing appeal to reverence the breasts from which, a sleeping child, he drew his life. No, even at that moment he must hear the stern voice that bids him obey Apollo and think all men his enemies rather than the Gods. The deed is done. His duty to his father is fulfilled; the sacred bonds that unite him to his mother are fiercely torn. But all duty is sacred and inviolable. Even at the call of the higher the lower cannot be broken without dire consequences. Therefore, in vain Orestes tries to fight fire with fire by accumulating volcanic images to paint the loathsomeness of his mother's wickedness. He cannot stand alone against the tempest of distracting thoughts that sweep him helpless outside of his course, beyond self-mastery and calm thought. The air is thick with forms of terror visible to no eye but his. They came like Gorgous sable-stoled, their hair knotted with clustering snakes. O, King Apollo, they press around in swarms, and from their eyes dribbles foul rheum of blood. He must away to seek Apollo's aid. Apollo does not fail him. He is cleansed from pollution, protected and guided to Athene's shrine, where

he is to find full peace. There before a court of twelve citizens, presided over by Athene—the human conscience enlightened by divine wisdom—with Apollo to advocate his cause he is acquitted. He is saved, but as if by fire. The votes are equal. But Athenes' casting vote sets him free. Henceforth the Furies have no power over him. But their rights are fully secured and all honour is done to them. Thus amply vindicated is the sanctity even of that bond which was of weaker obligation. All duty must be stamped with inviolability, not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass away till all be fulfilled.

In the Furies, Aeschylus embodies a deep and characteristic thought. They are the sharp spikes of Eternal Ordinance, terrible, hideous, a consuming fire. But they are in another aspect the gracious ones. To them that fear and honour them they send up light from their dark abodes beneath the earth, soft airs to blow with sunshine over the land, tender buds unscathed by mildew, abundant flocks, happy homes. It is precisely the thought of Wordsworth in his Ode to Duty.

Stern Lawgiver, but thou dost wear,
The Godhead's most benignant Grace,
Nor know we anything more fair,
Than is the smile upon the face.

Flowers blow before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads,
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens thro' thee are fresh
and strong.

The third element of complexity in Aeschylus ethics is his deep and all-pervading sense of the mystery and sadness of human destiny. To the merit of grasping firmly the main facts of the moral world, he adds the no smaller merit of acknowledging the boundless darkness all around which his lights cannot pierce. The Gods are just but their justice is often inscrutable. The ways of Zeus are compassed about with clouds and darkness, wrapt in shadow are the pathways of his thought, past finding out by mortals. Life is a riddle hard to read. The burden of its prayer is,—Woe, but let the good prevail. Though not a sweet expansive spirit like Sophocles or Shakespeare, but cast rather in the stern Hebraic mould and capable of héwing Agag in pieces before the Lord, still there are fountains of deep pity in this rugged heart. There is nothing in poetry more moving than the virginal charm of Iphigenia, led like a spotless lamb dumb to the slaughter; no more piercing pathos than Clytemnaestra's appeal to her son, no more exquisite sense of female loveliness than in the picture of Helen and the daughter of Danaus. What deeper note of sadness has ever been struck than this, "Ah, me for mortal life, its bliss is writ in water, its fault-limned sorrow one touch of the wet sponge wipes out." Fleeting joy, fleeting sorrow—one death to end all.

Of Aeschylus' Theology I have time to say only this, he was to all intents and purposes a Monotheist. That will not surprise you after what has been said. One who had so firm a hold of the supreme law, could not be far in thought from the supreme Lawgiver.

I have said enough to justify the title I have given to Aeschylus, a Greek Preacher of Righteousness. Enough, too, to show you, I hope, that there are other reasons

why Divinity students should study Greek besides the fact that the New Testament is written in that language. The preacher finds inspiration in Nature, Life, Art and Literature. From two literary sources the purest stimulus may be drawn, first incomparably from Israel the heart of humanity, second from the poets of Greece, its brain.

St. Paul, a much more catholic mind than most of his followers, acknowledged that he was a debtor to the Greeks. Yes, Christianity has been a debtor to the Greeks in the past. Few have any conception to how large an amount. Greece has done much to clothe the Faith of the past, but the spirit of Beauty and Reason she represents will have yet larger part in the Faith of the future. Even from her Religion there is still something for us to learn. One permanent and eminently christian principle found a full acknowledgement there, fuller perhaps than it has received in any actual form of christianity that has ever yet appeared. It was the principle so amply recognized and so beautifully expounded by our Lord in the Parable of the Leaven, the penetration of all life and all nature by religious feeling, and in particular the interpenetration of Religion and Art. The Greeks felt that all Beauty should be Religious and all Religion beautiful. How little we Protestants have succeeded in rising to this conception is plain to read in the deadly respectability of our churches, the dismal ululations of our Psalmody, the crude sentimentalism of so many of our hymns—so different from the strong true tones of Israel's poets—above all in the hard unlovely type of life which has been so distressingly common amongst us. Protestantism has been a stepmother to the Arts. Her very name suggests the frigid, critical, suspiciously selective, self-righteous spirit which has been her bane. Methinks we have protested too much. Let us stop protesting and begin creating. The Anti-Christ of these latter days is not the poor old Pope. Lust, Rapacity, Pride, Unbelief, Stupidity—these are our Anti-Christ, as rampant among us as anywhere in Christendom. These are the foes you must go forth to do battle with like brave young knights, girding yourselves with the whole armour of God. And believe me you still may find some of the most shining weapons for your warfare amid the dust and ruins in the neglected recesses of the citadel of Athene Polias.

N. F. DUPUIS, M.A., F.B.S.E., F.R.S.C.,

PROF. PURE MATHEMATICS, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

We present to our readers in this number of the JOURNAL a portrait of our much esteemed Professor of Mathematics. Professor Nathan Fellowes Dupuis, M.A., F.B.S.E., F.R.S.C., was born in 1836 in the Township of Portland, in the County of Frontenac. His father, Joseph Dupuis, a native of the Province of Quebec, having served in the Canadian militia at the battle of Chrysler's farm, received his scrip for land at Kingston at the close of the war. His mother, Eleanor Baker, born in 1800, and the only daughter of a U. E. Loyalist, who had removed from Halifax, N.S., was then also a resident of our city. Some years after their marriage Mr. Joseph Dupuis bought a farm in Portland and settled with his

family there. Here the subject of our sketch received as thorough an education as the schools at that time were able to afford. From 14 to 18 he was engaged in preparing for the business of clock and watch making, but his health being injured by a too close application to such sedentary work, he resolved to devote himself to teaching, and to those private, especially mathematical, studies which he had never ceased to prosecute. In 1860 he married his amiable and excellent helpmate, Amelia Ann McGinnis, born at Watertown, N.Y., and descended from an Irish family which settled in New York State three generations ago.

After some years' experience in teaching, Professor Dupuis matriculated in Queen's University in 1863. In 1866 he obtained the degree of B.A. with First-class Honours in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Logic and Natural Science, and in 1868 received the degree of M.A. On the 25th March of the same year, after having for some time most efficiently discharged the duties of Astronomical Observer, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science. Onerous as was the work thus assigned to him it was performed by him for a number of years with signal ability and success. He was at length relieved of the responsibilities of the Natural Science department by the appointment of Professor Fowler, but when, on the 29th April, 1880, he was chosen Professor of Mathematics, the subject of his present Chair, he still held also that of Chemistry. This, however, was only for a short time, and in 1883 the appointment of Professor Goodwin, his worthy successor in the Chemistry chair left Professor Dupuis, after a brilliant career in other fields, to devote his talents and energy to the important branch of University Education over which he is so specially fitted to preside.

His published works have all been on the subjects of Mathematics, or Mixed Mathematics, comprehending a "Syllabus of Algebra" for the use of his classes, "The Elements of Geometrical Optics," and "The Elements of Synthetic Geometry," and it is understood that he has nearly completed as a sequel to the last of these a more extended treatise on "Solid or Spatial Geometry." Many occasional contributions from his pen on scientific subjects are to be found in the Annals of the Royal Society of Canada and the reviews and journals of the day. In all of these is manifest the clearness of vision and statement of the able practical educator, and in some of his public lectures where the subject admitted these qualities have been combined with much beauty and eloquence of expression.

Professor Dupuis is not only a Mathematician of distinguished ability, but is possessed in a remarkable degree of mechanical skill. While he occupied the Chemistry chair many ingenious arrangements were made by him for facilitating the work of the laboratory and the conduct of his successful experiments in the class-room, and his chief relaxation from his Professorial and other duties has been the construction of scientific instruments of varied and refined kinds in his working room at home. From what he has already done, from his constructions of the chronograph and spectroscope, of machines for the fine ruling of gratings, for the continuous winding on

of the covering of an electric wire, for the cutting of fine threaded screws for micrometers, and many others,—nothing in this way seems too difficult for him, and his counsel and aid in these matters have always been willingly given to his fellow professors in the department of Science.

We only add, that his sound judgment, and his indefatigable and self-denying labours in the work of its committees, are highly valued by all his colleagues in the Senate, and that they, as well as the students, unite in the earnest hope that Professor Dupuis may long be spared to them in health and happiness, to be an honour to the university with which he is connected.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

For some years past it has been evident to the minds of the students of the Royal that some more thorough organization was necessary in the transaction of their college affairs. Accordingly, before the close of last session, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and the infant society, under the ancient name of Æsculapian, started on its way in life. The objects of the society, as set forth in the constitution, are: To serve as a medium between student and faculty. To control all matters affecting the interests of the students. To promote the general interests of the college.

Regular meetings are held monthly and an annual meeting in November of each year for appointment of officers and general business, amending or altering the constitution, &c.

None but students of medicine can become members. Before exercising his franchise each student must pay his annual fee, first year men \$4.00, and the remainder of the students \$2.00 each. This includes all fees for the session, namely: Fee for the annual re-union, for sending delegates, for reading room, &c. The contest for office is almost as keen as that for honors in the Alma Mater. The annual election was held on November 5th, and the following were declared elected: President, G. P. Meecham; Vice-President, R. S. Minnes, M.A.; Secretary, M. D. Ryan; Assist. Secretary, A. Locke; Treasurer, T. C. Bournes; Committee, G. S. Burrows, 4th year, E. J. Lent, 3rd, F. Ruttan, 2nd, B. J. Leahy, 1st.

The JOURNAL wishes the Æsculapian a long life and a life of usefulness. Its members should not forget, however, that they are still members of the one great university society and should not forget the duty they owe their Alma Mater. The success of the one should show them the greater success that is to be obtained by attendance on the other.

PERSONALS.

J. F. Scott has gone to Knox.

W. A. Finlay, B.A., '88, is teaching in Quebec High School.

Fred Heap, M.A., '90, is attending the training school in Owen Sound.

Fred Brown is studying law in McDonald & Mudie's office in the city.

J. W. Maxwell, '91, is taking a session at Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

The latest fad among the girls is resting the *Bodie* by the study of Algebra.

We had a short call from Salt Richards. Time has made no change on him.

Hugh Jack, Robert Sinclair, B.A., '89, Robert Dodds, have turned up in Chicago.

C. F. Hamilton, M.A., '90, has obtained a position in London Collegiate Institute.

Rev. H. W. Milne, B.A., is married. He is getting on well at Boston Church, Esquesing.

J. H. Mills, M.A., '89, has been re-engaged as Classical Master in Renfrew High School, and is still unmarried.

A. G. Hay, B.A., '89, has been teaching in Manitoba. He will begin the study of law in Winnipeg next year.

Malcolm McKenzie, B.A., our editor of last year, is better, after his severe illness, and is located at Calgary.

Gordon F. Bradley has gone to Winnipeg to carve out a future for himself in the west. He enters a law office there.

John Bell, after spending the summer in a mission field in Manitoulin Island, has returned to Queen's to enter Divinity.

Dr. Peter Drummond is enjoying a lucrative practice at Grant, Michigan. He sent a dollar to the Business Manager. Next?

Rev. W. J. Drummond, B.A., has left his charge in Alice and is taking a special course preparatory to mission work in Siam.

Miss Brown, M.D., '90, and Miss McCallum, '91, are enjoying a course of medical study in New York. They are said to be taking in all the sights as well.

Archie McKenzie, B.A., we are sorry to learn, has been sick all summer, having spent eight weeks in the hospital at Victoria. We hope to see Archie back.

Miss Laura Shibley, B.A., '90, has obtained an excellent position as governess in London, Ontario. May she be as successful in her work there, as she was at Queen's.

Rumor says that Miss Spooner, B.A., is soon to return to the land of the orange-blossoms, where she will don a wreath of that fragrant flower. Our best wishes will go with her.

We are glad that Mr. H. G. Tillman, M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P. & S., Edin.; L.F.P. & S., Glas.; L.M., Edin.; F.O.S., Edin., has not forgotten us. He wishes his name put on our new list of subscribers.

J. A. Sinclair, M.A., spent the summer in Revelstoke, B.C. He is well and enjoyed the summer. Miss Agnes Knox, who was making a tour through the mountains, paid him a visit and gave two entertainments.

J. A. Snell, M.A., is Mathematical Master in Mount Forest H.S. He was offered a situation in Prince Albert, N.W.T., worth \$1,200 a year, but accepted his present situation instead. Joe is naturally courageous,

but reports of encounters with polar bears at P.A. threw a damper upon his ardent desire to live in the far North-West. Mount Forest H.S. is to be congratulated upon this addition to their staff.

John Findlay, M.A., is at Leipzig, Germany. Some of John's war-whoops will no doubt startle the quiet, easy going Germans. John always was noisy. He is learning the language of the natives, which is necessary before beginning active missionary work. He informs us that he is learning to "tackle" black bread and bologna. He is likely to remain in Germany for some time. We expect to hear from John soon. He thinks the girls in Canada are far ahead of German maidens.

J. W. Muirhead spent the summer doing mission work in Manitoba. The following card we received from him depicts vividly some of the trials of a N. W. Missionary. He writes:

Dear Jim.--"I got nearly killed three or four times. My pony threw me. First time I landed on my head and shoulders; came to consciousness in about five minutes. Second time landed in a puddle of water. Third time landed on my hip. It knocked the wind clean out of me. I had to be carried into the house. Fourth time my pony threw back his head and struck me on the eye. Of course it had to get black. I am enjoying the work very much and having a pleasant summer."

From the far west, it has come to the ears of a JOURNAL scribe that Rev. Robert Gow, B.A., of Shoal Lake, Man., has put to the proof his belief that "it is not good for man to live alone." Among others who have "gone and done it" we may mention Rev. James G. Potter, Merrickville; J. M. Poole, '90, Editor of the *Perth Star*; N. K. McLennan, '92, New Zealand; T. G. Allen, M.A., '88; H. Tillman, M.D., Jamaica. We congratulate our old friends, but have one request to make: In future those who are sending to the Sanctum the customary cake-donation, will please lessen their allowance or send it in care of the Fighting Editor. Our Managing Editor has been indisposed for the last three days.

BABIES.

The following fathers have been made happy, or otherwise: Prof. Dyde, Rev. Neil Campbell, B.A., Oliver's Ferry; Rev. Robert Gow, B.A., Shoal Lake, Man.; John Marshall, M.A., Kingston; Alex. Farrell, B.A., Smith's Falls; Rev. T. G. Smith, D.D., Kingston; Rev. Dr. J. Fraser Smith, China; Rev. John Hay, M.A., Cobourg; John Sharp, '91. The JOURNAL extends congratulations.

COLLEGE NOTES.

New blinds in the Hebrew class-room. Just think of it!

Lost, strayed or stolen: Alex. McNaughten, '92, N. K. McLennan, '92, John Taylor, '91, Herb. Taylor, '93.

Dr. Watson has begun a course of lectures on "The Philosophy of Religion."

Rev. M. McGillivray, M.A., and Rev. W. W. Carson are attending Dr. Watson's class.

D. G. S. Connery, B.A., of Manitoba college, has been appointed tutor in elocution. General satisfaction is expressed among the boys.

A valuable donation to the library, from the will of the late Alex. Morris, has been received by the Librarian. The works are principally on the history of Canada.

We are pleased to see the genial countenance of J. A. Sinclair, M.A., behind the railing in the library. He is newly appointed to the position of postmaster.

The boys have looked and looked and yet are looking for the promised catalogue of the library. It is to be regretted that the authorities have not seen fit to carry out the plans of the Librarian.

We are pleased to receive a subscription from the Rev. D. H. Hodges, Oak Lake, Man., brother of our well-known fellow-student. He is doing good work in his field.

We congratulate Prof. Fowler on his elevation to the chair of Natural Science. We feel sure that the choice of the university could have fallen on no one more deserving of or better qualified for the position.

We are pleased to learn that "a starry night for a ramble" is appreciated by not the medical student alone. It comes to our ears that two Arts students went out "botanizing" one night this session and returned home in the "wee sma' hours." Imagine their chagrin, however, on learning when light dawned that their melon was a pumpkin.

During the last few weeks a serious epidemic has been rapidly spreading amongst us. As it has been assuming great dimensions, we have considered it our duty to inquire into the origin. The result of a careful diagnosis of some of the worst cases is that it is *une maladie française et allemande* which has followed in the track of "La Grippe," and which is greatly aggravated by over-study, especially of the French and German authors.

COLLEGE YELLS.

At the recent match one of our new professors was heard to ask, "What is the meaning of that hideous cry?" We give it up, and pass, Sis-Booh-Yah on to the Professor of Philology. The only explanation proffered thus far is that every American College has its distinctive "Yell," and why should not we? It is not the first innovation that has reached us from "over the line." But it is most likely to remain, so let us make the best of it. And here arises the question, must we simply accept some old cast-off "yell" of Harvard or Yale and modify it to suit Queen's? By no means! Let us have something distinctive and appropriate. The nearest approach to this that we have yet heard is 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, Re-gi-na QUEEN'S. Underlying this there is a gleam of meaning which at least the honor student in classics may grasp and pass down to the Freshmen. Failing a better, let us have it.

RUGBY.

Queen's team played Ottawa College on November 15, for championship of Canada. Queen's won. Score, 7-6. Full account will appear later.

ROYAL COLLEGE NOTES.

"How are things going on at the Royal," is the question often asked by our graduates who have not been long enough out in practice to forget their student days. As the best means of obtaining an answer to this loyal inquiry we would suggest a visit to the old familiar Halls. We promise a hearty welcome. Even though the faces are mostly those of strangers yet they index kindly feelings towards students of other years.

But a word to those who cannot come may not be out of place. Of the building we can say in words familiar in days of yore: "The old school house is altered now, the benches are replaced." The old ones "our pen-knives had defaced" have been supplanted by others at once comely and convenient. The pledge given to the Faculty when the proposition was made to refurnish the classrooms is loyally kept, and the whittling of seats no longer distracts the attention of the lecturer. The improvement in the internal arrangement of the building has had its effect on the students. The spirit of wanton destruction of college property is replaced by a healthy desire to make it still more pleasant and convenient. With this in view a medium of communication between the students and the Faculty has been established in the form of a college society mentioned elsewhere.

This, though newly organized, has already borne good fruit. Suggestions have been kindly received by the Faculty from this source in reference to lectures and lecturers. By request of this society a telephone is to be placed in the college, so that hours hitherto lost through the non-appearance of lecturers, detained by the exigencies of practice, may now be reclaimed.

The Reading Room, where "no smoking is allowed," by order of the Concurus, and where a cosy fire is kept up by genial old "Tom," affords an opportunity for a short grind or a short read between lectures. But do not think that College life has become prosy by any means. The "den" is still the scene of the usual festivities. The violin still lies in the window, always in tune, and the failure of co-education has proved no barrier in the way of an old-fashioned "hoeing match."

Here hourly contributions are offered to maintain the "ethereal blue" of the atmosphere, and the "Chinese Alphabet," printed on pieces of cardboard, is assiduously studied by groups of four.

The Y. M. C. A. has its friends and supporters, and so has that old institution, the annual "At Home in the Den." At the latter the old song "Here's to good old Queen's, drink her down," is followed by a friendly race "round the stove" or a short practice at Rugby scrimmage.

The Concurus, as of old, holds the rod over the head and purse of those, who, uninfluenced by moral suasion, refuse to go in the "good old way."

Last of all our old friend Charlie Counter, C.O.O., year by year delivers an address. Suiting his theme to the times he has substituted for "Woman's Rights" in the days of co-education, "The new Science of Maternity Mediky," or, latest of all, "The effect on the Royal of the McKinley Bill."

With best wishes for our graduates we close by promising that new developments will be faithfully recorded from time to time, and we would humbly request all who would keep abreast of the times to subscribe for QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

WE ARE ALL AGREED

That we ought to have copies of the daily papers on file in the Reading Room.

That some new arrangement should be made at once for the delivery of letters addressed to the Royal.

That our heartiest congratulations are to be tendered to W. F. Wood, who has recently removed from the state of celibacy and settled in a pleasant location in the state of matrimony.

That more singing of college songs should be indulged in by the Meds.

That as soon as the season for football closes a vigorous search should be instituted to ascertain the immediate location of the gymnasium.

NEWS.

We are to have a telephone.

T. B. Scott and J. T. Kennedy were appointed as delegates to the Inter-collegiate Missionary Alliance held in Montreal.

J. E. Empey has been elected as our delegate to McGill Medical College Annual Dinner.

We were pleased to have a visit from our old friend Dr. Skinner, '39. He had been reported as having died of small pox, but he turned up at the Royal hale and hearty. We wish him every success in his new location at Odessa.

Hospital Refrain:—

"She's my Anning,
I'm her Jo."

Dr. Water's lecture on "Chatterton" on the evening of Friday, the 14th, was fairly well attended, but not so well as the lecture deserved. It was listened to with wrapt attention. The musical tones of the speaker, the rythmic flow of his elegant sentences, and the sympathetic narration of the marvellous life of his hero, deeply impressed and charmed the audience. The students owe him their warmest thanks, and should he ever again favor Kingston with another lecture we bespeak him an enthusiastic reception.

Mr. Connery gave two readings during the evening, and was well received. Queen's is fortunate in securing his services as teacher in elocution, and the boys are jubilant.

A. E. Lavell, '91, represented Queen's at the Trinity dinner. We understand that his speech was a masterly effort. He speaks in glowing terms of the treatment he received at the hands of the Trinity boys.

"Gather your rosebuds while you may,
Old-time is still a-flying;
And flowers which bloom so fast to-day,
To-morrow will be dying."

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

Eh! There's a collection on.

If two bodies of clay come in contact they are likely to go off together. Ha! Ha! Ha!

The Medical Court is, this year, to be conducted "economically, systematically, and according to Hoyle." Go for 'em, ye bull dogs.

John says that them gayrls is terrors.

A renowned Sophomore acknowledges that he has worn out twelve of *her* photographs during the summer. If he does not treat the original with better care, there will be a difficulty for he declares that she is not in duplicate.

The following, written in careful schoolboy hand, enclosed in an envelope, on which the stamp was carefully adjusted, speaks for itself:—"Dear Mister Editor of the De Nobis column of the QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL, I am well and hope you are the same. I enclose a few very funny little jokes that I would like to publish. I think they would be almost sure to make the people laugh." No, my boy, they won't do. We have to use moderation in administering jokes as in all other medicines, and yours are altogether too funny.

Willie, assistant in Physics, is no more. Alfred now draws the slide, turns the crank and puts on the chromos. Except in name, he bears a striking resemblance to all his predecessors. This rapid succession of scientific meteors which shoot across the horizon of fame may well be likened to that mysterious river of which the poet said:

—nobody knows
whence it comes or whither it goes.

Well, Alfred, we wish you success, but when we think of the fate, common to all your predecessors, we weep for you. Perhaps if you were to subscribe for the JOURNAL, and, what is next in importance, read it constantly, it might save you.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Why don't we have a gymnasium?—[The boys.

Barbers are scarce out west.—[J. A. Mc.

You've a corkin' good team.—[Pres. Varsity F. B. C.

I'd go to the ends of the earth to see her.—[Ar-g-e.

It's a terrible joke to be taken for another man.—[W. J. H-rb-s-n.

'Sh! I don't want my name in the JOURNAL.—[A. J. McMullen.

"What fools these wedded students be."—[Dr. Robertson.

Mr. F., you know a trifle or two about languages, don't you?—[Prof. N——n.

Enough is as good as a feast.—[Student in Moderns.

I beg your pardon, I thought I had come home with Miss —[J. T. K.