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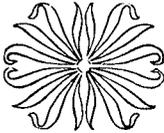
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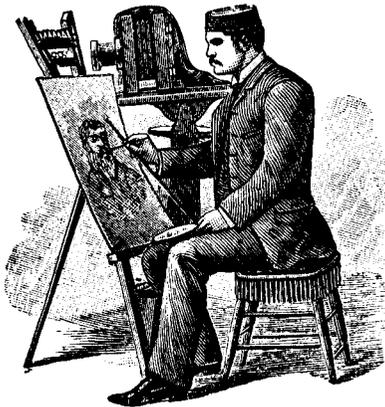
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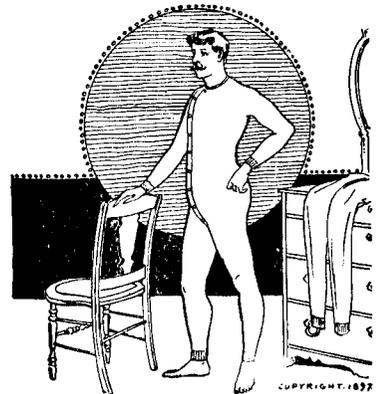
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QUEEN'S

UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

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Communications.

To the Editor of the Journal:

PERMIT me, through the JOURNAL, to call attention to the Calendar of the Ontario Normal College. It may be that some students now at Queen's expect to attend this training institute, and it might be well if they at once take note of the course of instruction and subjects of examination. These will be found in the Normal Calendar under "Departmental Regulations," and the student will see that there are subjects on the course which are wholly new to him and will take up much of his time. The prospective teacher-in-training, therefore, should look to the O.N.C. curriculum and see if there is thereon any subject of the non-professional work with which he is unfamiliar and if so make some preparation of such before entering here. It may be well to make special mention of Science. Science (Botany and Physics) is now compulsory for all and there is no opportunity here for getting up non-professional work. I hope this may lead some student to look to his goings and thus avoid future difficulty.

PED.

TAMMANY AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Journal:

As you are aware—for you very likely have noticed it—there appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL a communication signed by X.Y.Z. Evidently the intention of the contributor was to "upset" my statements regarding the condition of affairs in and around the halls. I was at first inclined to treat the article with silent contempt, for it deserves nothing more, but better thought bids me reply.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not going to attempt any justification of the statements in my former article entitled "Tammany's Reflections." These speak for themselves, and since X.Y.Z. gave no proofs to the contrary, for he merely gave statements, I leave the decision with those whose age and experience in college are sufficient to guarantee them a decision in the matter. Nor do I wish to make any statement as regards the contents of his letters, for it seems to me its one great fault is an entire lack of content. However, be that as it may, I have a thing or two to say concerning the gentleman's communication.

Judging from the tone of his letter and its decided exhibition of utter ignorance of the subject in question, I am inclined to believe that the gentleman's experience in college halls has been decidedly brief, and, judging from the general attitude of a certain official of the freshman year, I am led to presume that the credit (?) of writing the article belongs to him.

Now, Mr. Editor, if I am correct in my supposition, and I have ample reason to believe that I am, I must say that I am extremely sorry that he has taken the step which he did. I am, of course, perfectly well aware that the gentleman in question has sufficient good judgment and sufficient mental and audacious capacity to contribute a fair criticism on any of my feeble literary efforts had he sufficient experience to know whereof he speaks. But it is just here that he has made his mistake. An overwhelming consciousness of an inherent (and I might say latent) capacity to criticism, unaccompanied by sufficient experience, has led him to take a rash un-

justifiable step. Hence I must say that I am extremely sorry that a gentleman of his inherited ability (for he has, in more sense than one, the good fortune to be the son of his father) should attempt a criticism upon an article coming from one who, though lacking greatly in either inherited or acquired ability, has had nearly six sessions' experience inside college halls. Now, Mr. Editor, I do not for one moment attempt to say that a freshman has no right to voice his sentiments in our JOURNAL, or any of our institutions. In fact I am pleased to see that the tendency is towards the extension of greater liberty toward those who come among us for the first time, but I do most emphatically state that in cases of this nature, a case which demands as a foundation broad experience, no man who lacks that essential experimental proof should attempt to contradict statements founded on the experience of one whose life in Queen's has had at least six sessions' duration. I must not make a mountain out of a mole hill, and I do want to say that I consider my contributions open to criticism from any one, but it gives me great pain (for his sake alone) to see a man of his undoubted ability take such a rash step in the sunrise of his college career, and my advice to him would be, "Remember the hare and the tortoise, slow and steady wins the race. Take time; your day will come."

Now, Mr. Editor, I did not mean to encroach so much upon your valuable columns, but perhaps this sacrifice of dignity may prove a warning to would-be offenders yet to come.

I may say, in conclusion, that my time is too precious to permit my giving any more attention to this matter, for I cannot afford to sacrifice any further consideration upon the "blank misgivings of a creature, moving about in worlds not realized."

As usual,

TAMMANY.

Contributions and Addresses.

FROM GLASGOW TO FORT WILLIAM.

GLASGOW, with a population of over a million, is the second largest and perhaps the most prosperous city in Britain. A general distinction between the two leading cities of Scotland is brought out in the statement that men make their wealth in Glasgow and go to Edinburgh to enjoy it. The cities of the Old Country in general give the impression that they are intended to last for ages, and their unbroken lines of massively constructed buildings strongly contrast with those of our American cities. They appear backward in having no electric cars. But the only way in which an electric car system could possibly be superior to

the tramway system of Glasgow would consist of its being of less expense to the capitalist. In a crowded city, where the people cannot be confined to the sidewalks, a horse car makes just as good time as one driven by electricity. It is of interest to the student of political science that the tramway system of this city is controlled solely by the Corporation and with the result that accommodations are better, the fare is cheaper—penny 'hree hapennies or tupence, according to the distance—the drivers are better paid and in other ways the work is more satisfactorily performed than when it was in the hands of different companies. Competition has not always been the life of trade nor the life of any healthy movement. If a man is in haste, and business men generally are, he takes the subway, that is, an underground cable system which goes round the city in thirty minutes, tapping it at over a dozen of the most important points. But this is "Trades Holiday" and we must not linger too long, else we shall lose our train. The North British Railway train leaves Queen St. Station, (low level) at 6:30 a.m. As you know, the cars are divided into compartments each of which can accommodate ten persons and can be entered by a door from either side. Now we are off, and were one to make but a passing remark upon everything of interest along the line he would wind up with a book and not an article for the JOURNAL. For there is scarcely a rock or glen, a loch or burn, a ben or brae in all Scotland but has some literary, historical or legendary interest.

The first place we stop at is Cowlairst, where important locomotive engine works are situated. A grim and rusty looking place like this does not appeal to the esthetic side of man's nature, as the forging of iron and the fashioning of huge locomotives are not conducive to the spread of an arcadian landscape. But, from another point of view, these works are of interest, this year especially, on account of the Engineers' strike which has been so much before the public for the last few months, which so stifled trade and which has now apparently ended so uncompromisingly and so unfavorably for the employee. The working day at all these great works is divided into three parts, from six o'clock to nine, from ten to one and from two to five, and always closes at one p.m. on Saturdays. The engineers wanted their legal working day to be eight hours instead of nine, rightly believing that as a man develops in skill he can do a definite piece of work in less time than formerly. For extra hours they receive double wages, many would be willing to put in extra time and their demand was thus almost equivalent to a demand for higher wages. What makes a labourer or any man rebel against the existing order of things

is not so much the number of hours he has to work as the consciousness that he does not receive anything like an equivalent for his labours, that he does not get the wages his master could well afford to give, nor sufficient to enable his family and himself to make as comfortable a living as he feels they are worthy of. The wages of an engineer ranges, roughly speaking, between ten and twelve dollars a week. But it must be remembered that money is worth more there than it is in Canada and the United States, especially when invested in the necessities of life. The labourer in general is both more dependent and more independent than the labourer of our country. In the sense that he must look up to his "Master" and that he need not hope to become a capitalist himself unless his father was one before him, or unless he carries a recommendation from the Queen—in this sense he is more dependent. But he is more independent because he scarcely needs be concerned as to where he can obtain work, for, if he be an honest, sober man he can remain at the same work for a life time and his children after him unto the third and fourth generations.

As we make our way along the banks of the Clyde we pass the famous ship-building yards of Clydebank, and an establishment of the Singer Mnf. Co. where over six thousand men are employed, after which we come to the ruins of Douglass Castle, built by the Colquhouns and near which is the beginning of the Roman wall built by Antonius. Dumbarton Rock, upon which is built Dumbarton Castle, soon comes in sight. This rock was the "Theodosia" of the Romans, the "Balacutha" of Ossian and has sometimes been called the Gibraltar of the Clyde. Laying aside all scientific explanations, for example that it was caused by the upheaval of subterranean fires, the present position of this rock is thus explained:—St. Patrick and the Deil had a keen discussion on some popular question, but unfortunately they arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. His Satanic Majesty was so baffled by the arguments of his opponent that in a fit of rage he laid hold of two large rocks, Dumbarton and Dumbuck, and hurled them at St. Patrick, who however deftly slipped to one side and escaping down the Clyde Valley made his way to Ireland in safety. It was not to be expected that one who was destined to become the patron saint of Ireland could get the worse of the argument, but it is quite probable that the venerable saint had better success with the literal serpents than he had with their spiritual head, as far as expelling them from the Island is concerned. Right of possession in the one case and atmospheric incompatibility in the other may have had something to do both with his failure and success. Dumbarton Rock is 260 feet in height and measures about a mile

in circumference. There are sixteen cannon mounted on the top of it, but it has only a very small garrison. Sir William Wallace was at one time a prisoner in this rock—for the prison is hewn out of the rock—and his two-handed claymore, which was in size and weight such as only a Wallace could wield with facility, might be seen there until lately, when it was removed to Sterling. It was from this castle that the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, set out for France—but it is intimately associated with the history and fortunes of Scotland in so many different ways that it, of itself, could be the nucleus of a moderate sized library.

After passing the river Sevan, which is immortalized in verse by Smollett, and Cardross Castle, where Robert Bruce died, we come to Craighendran, where the West Highland Railway commences. Gareloch is to the left and on the far side of it Rosneath Castle, recently purchased by the Marquis of Lorne, is beautifully situated. Even on the secluded banks of a highland Loch the name "Queen's" would not sound unfamiliar, for Princess Louise likely remembers that she lent a helping hand at the laying of the corner-stone of our present Arts Building in 1879. A few miles further on, the road runs along Loch Long, one of the most charming little lakes in Scotland. Though it is eight or nine miles in length in some parts it is only wide enough to allow a steamer to turn around. The scenery is getting more interesting at this point. The road steals away from the side of the Loch and we pass through one of those lonely glens on the side of which a few sheep can be discerned from the moss-covered boulders by their sudden start at our unexpected appearance. Only two or three centuries ago, it might have served a good purpose for many a high-strung MacGregor who would rather seek nature's protection in the glens and mountain fastnesses than be deprived of his name and dignity, as required by foolish legislators. Now we see no way whereby the train can proceed other than by piercing straight through the mountain before us. But by a few of those delightful curves and zigzags which are some of the modern feats of engineering all of a sudden we again light by the side of the Loch. The embankment dips precipitously into the water and on either side there is a variety of scenery with steep precipices, broken crags and over-hanging rocks. Loch Goil branches off to the Northwest and at the promontory where it and Loch Long meet is a small island the scene, of Campbell's ballad, "Lord Ullin's daughter:"

"O! wha bé ye wad cross Loch Goil
This dark and stormy water?"
"O! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

We now come to Loch Lomond, "the Queen of Scottish Lakes," upon whose shores heroes fought, by whose bonnie banks lovers wooed and of whose beauty and charm poets delight to sing. A victory was gained over the Colquhouns of Luss in this vicinity by Rob Roy MacGregor, the gallant "hielan" outlaw. On the east side of the Loch may be seen the mighty Ben Lomond, by whose sides the clouds of the morning have lingered to obscure our vision and hide its stately head. On that side also is the unassuming little waterfall the scene of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl:"

And these gray rocks this household lawn ;
 These trees a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay, a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode—
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream.

About forty miles north of Craigendoran we come to what may be termed the watershed of Scotland. It is over a thousand feet in height and the streams make their way either for the Atlantic or German Ocean. No one who travelled this road can forget the horse-shoe loop at Auch. A fast run down a moderate incline by the mountain side brings us over the first part of the loop, the train takes a sudden swing to the left and as we remark upon the pleasantness of the sensation and adjust ourselves in the seat, she thunders over an elevated viaduct and before we have time to take a right look at the beautiful valley beneath she again swings to the left going now in the opposite direction of the minute before, but a graceful sweep around the foot of Ben Doran brings us into the proper course again! Ben Doran is a stately peak about which Ossian wrote more than one ode, and Duncan Ban MacIntyre also sang of its charms in no inharmonious notes.

The scenery now takes a sudden and decided change. Instead of winding over curves, running thro' glens or by the hill sides we launch out upon Rannoch Moor, the great table land of Scotland. Seventy miles long by twenty broad is the extent of this moor. Before the whistle of the steam engine awoke the surrounding hills, its solitude was broken only by the scream of the eagle and the whirr of the black-cock. Scolloped hills, rising in the distant horizon, constitute the back ground to this dark and dreary waste, while rocks, bogs and heather figure in the foreground, with moorfowls and gnarled representatives of the ancient Caledonian Forest as the only relief to the monotony, or the only variety added to the sublime simplicity of a lonely moor.

There is no need of stations in this part so the train goes at a very fast rate, rocking its way over the moor, for it is impossible to get very firm foundation for a road. But notwithstanding its solitude, a moor has a peculiar fascination, and before we are aware of it, the barren moorland is exchanged for a country of rugged grandeur. As we approach the end of Loch Ossian, we obtain a glorious sight of those mountains with whose euphonic names we had been familiarized thro' the stories and songs of our gaelic fathers. Ben Breach is to the west, Ben Nevis with the peaks of Lochaber in front and to the south are Aonadh Beag, Aonadh Mor, Bennein Mor, Bennein Beig and Sgoro Bhan! Ben Nevis (4,406) is the highest mountain in the British Isles and on its summit is a permanent observatory, completed eight years ago and equipped with various self-recording instruments. Observations are made every hour as to barometric pressure, temperature, humidity and rainfall, and are immediately reported in London and other places. As Fort William, tho' a beautifully situated little town on Loch Linnhe, the ancient seat of the Camerons, is not so much the attraction in this part as Ben Nevis to which tourists immediately proceed by coach this article may not be inaptly ended by quoting Keats' meditative and noble sonnet on that mountain :

Read me a lesson, muse and speak it loud
 Upon the top of Nevis blind in mist!
 I look into a chasm and a shroud
 Vaporous doth hide them—just so much I wist
 Mankind doth know of hell; I look o'erhead
 And there is sullen mist, even so much
 Mankind can tell of Heaven; mist is spread
 Before the earth, beneath me,—even such
 Even so vague is man's sight of himself!
 Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet,—
 Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,
 I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet
 Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
 But in the world of thought and mental might!

M. A. MACKINNON.

THE COLONIAL AT OXFORD.

I have in former numbers of the JOURNAL endeavoured to depict, however imperfectly, certain aspects of Oxford life, but letters which I have received and questions which have been put to me have led me to think that a more general article might not be wholly uninteresting to any who may think of visiting either of the great English universities. I shall therefore try to give in outline a short account of the courses of study which may be pursued at Oxford, of the expenses which life there entails, and of the type of character which the university tends to stamp upon its students.

The colonial who comes to Oxford is sure of a warm welcome, both from other colonials and from the English students, when once he has broken through their British reserve and stolidity. A Colonial Club was founded last year, and in November held a most successful dinner. Just as in Canada, when a club desires to assure the world of its existence, it has itself photographed, so in England under similar circumstances, it gathers together and eats a dinner, a difference which one is tempted to consider symbolic of a deeper difference in national characteristics. Most of the colonies are represented on its list of members; the president is a Canadian, and any Canadian who comes to Oxford would do well to join it.

The degree of B.A. at Oxford may be attained either by a pass or by an honor course. The pass course takes three years; its standard is about as high—or rather as low—as that of the ordinary pass degree at Queen's, and appeals chiefly to two classes, those who are going into the church, and those who wish to enjoy the social life of the 'varsity undisturbed by severe examinations. The chief honor courses are those in mathematics, which take four years; those in modern history and in law which may be taken in either three or four, and that in litteral humaniores, which takes four years, and gives a thorough training in classics, philosophy and ancient history. This course, which leads up to a more or less distinguished class in "Greats," is the special pride and boast of Oxford. The first year and a half are spent in the study of pure classics, the remainder being devoted to ancient Greek and Roman history, logic, ethics and metaphysics. The training is as thorough as can be found anywhere in the world, and brings men in contact with many of the most distinguished English scholars and philosophers. The modern history school is also a very fine one and is yearly becoming more popular; some of the best work of Freeman and of Froude was done while they held the chair of English history. The theology school cannot be recommended, although Oxford possesses such men as Driver, Cheyne and Sanday; there is much cynicism, but also much truth in the advice given to a friend of mine who intends taking orders in the English church, "Don't take the theology school; take history; it will open your mind so much more." As compared with Cambridge, it may be said that in mathematics, in spite of the hallowed associations which in the estimation of the vulgar still cling to the name of senior wrangler, Oxford is at least the equal of her sister university, while on the other hand in pure classics Cambridge is if anything superior. In medicine Cambridge is far superior, but in history, whether ancient or modern, and in

philosophy she cannot compare with Oxford. There has recently been instituted in Oxford a course leading to the degree of B. Litt., intended to stimulate original research; this course should in time attract many who now go to John Hopkins, or to the German universities. Two years' residence in Oxford (academic years) is compulsory, after which the degree may be taken at any subsequent time. The subject which the applicant desires to pursue must be found satisfactory by a board appointed for the purpose; no preliminary examination is required, but the candidate must satisfy the board that he has had a good general education. At some time after the two years of residence, a thesis on the subject chosen must be presented; there is no other examination. Historical subjects are naturally the most frequently chosen, but any subject which the board considers satisfactory may be taken up.

At present I know of one man who is investigating an early French company, which had rights in Canada from 1630 to 1660, and of another who is studying the minor poets of the eighteenth century. Last year degrees were taken by men who offered, one the beginnings of party government in England, the other some obscure mathematical questions, which, so far as I could understand it, seemed to be connected with the Fourth Dimension. The standard is very high, and the candidate must really do honest and original work. To anyone who may think himself able to satisfy these requirements, I cannot too highly recommend this course. Further information regarding it may be obtained from the secretary of the Board of Research Degrees, Oxford University.

A man becomes a member of the university by joining himself to a college, of which there are twenty-three, or by entering his name at the non-Collegiate Delegacy. If he join a College, he must reside at least two years of his course within its walls, unless he be specially exempted from this rule; if he become a non-Collegiate student, he lives in any of the licensed lodging houses in the town. If he join a College he must go on to take a degree; if the Delegacy, he need not do so, and this is therefore the plan adopted by those who do not wish to take any special course, but merely to attend certain lectures.

To the expenses of a course at Oxford no limit can be placed. I know of one man who ran through \$35,000 in a year, and of another who in eight weeks accumulated \$8,500 of debt. But such cases are exceptional. On entering a College the beginner deposits \$100 to \$125 as caution money, which is returned to him at the end of his course, if his behaviour has been satisfactory. He pays \$25 for

admission fee to the College, and \$12 as matriculation fee to the University, one beauty of the Oxford system being that when you manage to escape paying anything to the College, the University steps in and comes down upon you. These are the preliminary payments. The University year is divided into three terms of eight weeks each, though when terms are counted for taking degrees these three count as four, *e.g.* pass degrees cannot be taken till twelve terms have been completed, but three years count as equivalent to twelve terms. (N.B. This explanation of the way terms are reckoned though correct for all practical purposes, is not scientifically so; the correct explanation brings in the full moon preceding Easter, the House of Convocation, and other mysteries into which we need not, happily, pry.) Most of the remaining payments are most conveniently reckoned terminally, counting three terms in each year. Tuition \$40; room rent, \$15 to \$25; food, coal &c., \$50 to \$100, (\$60 is the average.) Other items such as poor rate, maintenance of College servants, and building fund, go to swell the total, which for an average man, who did a little mild entertaining, would reach about \$200 per term. In addition to this it is of course necessary to live during the vacations, which include six months of the year; the expense of these depends entirely on where a man lives, and how. A member of College, not in residence, *i.e.* living in the town, would find his expenses from \$25 to \$50 less.

A non-Collegiate student deposits no caution money, and his life is in many ways less expensive. He could live comfortably during the six months of the Academic year for \$350 or even less. This entitles him to attend all lectures, though the private tuition given him is usually inferior to that given to the Collegiate students. The Canadian who has taken his degrees and who wishes to spend a short time in the old world, would, I should think, find six months, or even one term, thus spent very satisfactory. All the lectures are, as I said, thrown open; if he be theologically inclined, he can hear Cheyne, Sanday, Locke, and sometimes Driver; in Law we boast such names as Sir William Anson, Moyle Dicey, and Sir Frederick Pollock; History, both ancient and modern, is represented by many distinguished men. Philosophy is not what it was fifteen or twenty years ago, when Balliol alone possessed Jowett, T. H. Greene and R. L. Nettleship; when Walter Pater was beginning to write, when the late Professor Wallace was a rising young tutor, and Caird had just left for Glasgow. But we still have Cook-Wilson and Stewart, the editor of Aristotle; and Caird is again with us, his Hegelianism as strong as ever, and now supported

by the experience of a life-time. In the University Church we yearly hear such men as Canon Gore, Scott-Holland and Dean Farrar. At Mansfield there is Fairbairn, most eloquent and unprejudiced of English non-Conformists. Are not these men and many others as good, though not so well known, as well worth hearing as the fusty German Professors, before whose shrine so many Canadian students bow? A lecture is not necessarily better because delivered in a foreign language by a man who abstains from washing himself, and from exercise.

In my next article I hope to give some account of social life in a College, participation in which is after all the great, the unique privilege of students of Oxford and Cambridge.

W. L. G.

MORE PEOPLE WE'VE MET.

The Irishman is credited with many an absurd adventure and with many a witty saying. One may easily be charged with harping on a worn out string but truth compels the writer to say that the subject of this sketch was an Irishman—a real old-fashioned Irishman in more ways than one. It is his description of his first experience on arriving in Canada. "I landed in Toronto in 18—," he said, "I had an uncle livin' in C— township, about thurty-foive miles from Toronto an' I started to walk out till his place. I went pokin' along for a long piece till I thought I must be about thurty-foive mile out, an' I met a man on the road drivin' a yoke of oxen. 'Says I, me good man, kin ye tell me where me uncle lives?' (givin' him the name, ye know.) Says he, Kin I tell ye where he lives? I kin jist tell ye exactly where he lives. Turn to yer left han' and keep right on about two mile till ye come till a big turn-up at the side o' the road an' ye'll find from there a path that'll take ye right intill yer uncle's barn-yard.' I started on an' all the time I was lookin' fur a big turnip, for I was actu'ly so green I didn't know what a turn-up was. I went on till I thought I'd gone two mile or more when I met a wumman with a basket of eggs on her arm,—goin' till the store or somewhere, I suppose. I makes up till her an' touchin' me ould hat says I 'me good wumman, kin ye tell me anything about a big turnip near here somewhere?' 'I guess,' she says, 'you're not very long in this country.' 'Well, I says, 'an' if I aint what about it? I don't see what that's got ter do with a big turnip.' 'Why there it is, ye fool ye,' she says. 'An' where?' says I. 'Right there,' says she, an' yit I couldn't see it. An' actu'ly that wumman had till go up an' put her han' on it before I knew what it was, an' there wasn't it a great tree turned up out a' root. I jist believed she wanted till fool me too, for she told me till folly a wee path

an' afther a while I'd come till a blaze on the trees. Now, I thought to myself, where there's a blaze there must be fire an' smoke, but I lucked an' lucked an' niver a bit of either could I see. Anyway I went on an' afther stumblin' roun' for a long time I foun' the place alright, an' by an' by I foun' out what a blaze was too."

* * * * *

Preaching one day in a neighboring field from the one in which the writer was stationed he was accosted after service by a rather eccentric looking individual. This person was a tall angular-looking man whose right coat-sleeve from the elbow down hung empty. Reaching his left hand past several who were standing about he gripped the missionary by the hand and exclaimed "I don't know where ye come frum or who ye are, but I want to speak to ye anyway." As a start was made across the prairie to a farm house a short distance off, this old man shuffled up alongside and remarked "Yes, I liked yer sermon pretty well this mornin' It's jist what I think meself. We want a little more vim an' fire an' energy. As I tell them when I git on the platform we're like a lot of old boots kickin' aroun'." Then after a pause he continued, "Yes, but that's not all. Now, there was Napoleon. He had lots o' vim an' fire an' energy, but he was so everlastingly, eternally fightin' he could never do any good." By this time the house was reached and the owner invited him in for dinner. First he refused and stood wiping his feet in the wet grass, but by-and-bye declared that if he could be of any use to the gentleman (meaning the missionary) he would go in and have dinner and drive with him right round the field and show him the road. Being assured that his company would be very acceptable, the bargain was concluded in a moment.

Those who have had prairie experience know that the conveyance of the missionary is not usually a very elaborate affair. The outfit in this particular case never had as part of its original design the accommodation of two; and although little of the original design now remained the accommodation had not increased. It was a cart with no back and a narrow seat. The driver who held the reins and was accustomed to the art of broncho-riding could usually keep his place, but any unexpected performances on the part of the pony might develop in a second occupant of the seat the most uncalled-for acrobatic freaks. On the present occasion our old friend was given a halter, the other end of which was fastened to the cross-bar of the cart. This at first he clung to very industriously, and so long as he did was carried along safely enough. But occasionally he was so carried away with an interesting theme that he found it an absolute necessity to

illustrate with his hand, and several times in consequence was nearly parting company with the conveyance. Once, indeed, in the midst of a violently illustrated lecture a spring of the cart broke (though the story did not) and both occupants were precipitated in the mud. Another slight alteration had to be made in the original design of the conveyance, but by the use of a few straps everything was set to rights.

To describe the conversations by the way would be no small task. Many things have slipped the writer's mind but a few remain. Our friend was loudly lamenting that he had not taken better advantage of the opportunities he had when a boy, but particularly he seemed to regret that he had ever "gone west." Not so much did he grieve over this for his own sake as for the sake of the whole country. Unavoidable circumstances had sadly impaired his usefulness. "I often think," he said, "I'm just like Elijah, buried away in the wilderness where I can do nothing. If I could only get back to Ontario and get at the head of this temperance business, and get on the platform, I think I could do something. The temperance people are like a great mighty army, but they're doin' nothin' because they haven't got any leader. Why, I once wrote an article and sent it to the — *Herald*, givin' my views on temperance, an' it was published, an' I have the paper yet. A while ago I wrote to a newspaper man in Toronto offerin' to give him some news for his paper—facts, from a man whose been in the country and knows all about farmin', an' the school question an' prohibition—if he'd only pay me a little for it. But do you suppose he'd give it to me? No! He'd rather go an' pay some fellow who knew nothin' about it. I have always thought since I wrote that piece I spoke about that I'd have made a good newspaper man. From my mother's side of the house I have a strong sense of the ridiculous, and from my father's side a facility of expression and a happy choice of words. I guess though I'll not get much done at it till I get out of this place. I'm goin' to get up a cartoon though on the Manitoba School Question. I'm not much of a drawer so I'll just send the idea to Mr. Grip an' he'll fix it up for me. First I'd draw a map of the world and mark Rome and Italy and Manitoba. Then I'd draw a great, mighty serpent with its head on Rome and its tail on Manitoba, and I'd write on that serpent, 'the power of Rome.' Then I'd show the vote of 18— against Separate Schools like a big broad-axe that had cut off a good piece of the tail, and I'd show those who want Separate Schools back again with this piece of tail trying to fasten it on again. Yes, I think that would be pretty good. I must try it to-morrow."

So the conversation drifted along and was certainly most interesting in its character. True to his promise he pointed out the trails round the whole field and about sunset started for home. The last the writer saw of his friend as he stalked off alone across the wide prairie was a wave of his right stump and flapping coat-sleeve as he disappeared over the brow of a hill. Whether he still remains buried in oblivion is a matter for conjecture, but surely if he still lives the present prohibition discussions should call him to his post of duty.

A BACKWOODS COLLECTION.

"Whoop! Hurrah!" cried the lusty treasurer, whirling around his head a formidable right fist, enclaspng the offertory of the Sabbath's service of worship. "Here it is Mr. — your Reverence, and if the wish 's as good as the deed, it'd be a good bit bigger. Sixty-seven as far as I can make out." And the Rev. — (now Dr. and Prof.) aghast, with a mixture of reverence and geniality, took what was offered. This was after the benediction, of course, and was a far remove from the way in which the Episcopal priest receives the consecrated gifts. Indeed, it was "away back."

Every man's history and personality count positively in a small community and every coin tells in a small "collection." To what branch of numismatics a study of a church collection belongs who can tell? The manner of lifting—whether by hat or by hand, by a silver plate or by a pouch at the end of a pole—is of frivolous interest, presenting much less variety than the modes of raising the tunes. In a general way, however, the collection has a story to tell, revealed by its weight, complexion and amount. Every coin has its history and stands for human incidents, some of which can be traced in a small congregation. That twenty-five cent bit in the minister's pocket was put in by a man whose circumstances are accounted comfortable. He is the business man of the little community and a very obliging neighbor. He can easily put in his quarter and is not mean enough to do less, although taking no great responsibility on his shoulders for the good of his kind.

One of the few black pieces was put in by his little boy, who dropped it on the floor, unintentionally, six times during the sermon, thereby keeping himself awake and preventing Mrs. B's baby from crying any more than it did. "Idyllic season of childhood!" Another cent—no it is a penny—was contributed by a canny Scot who was taught by his great-grandmother that a copper is the proper thing for Sabbath plate collections. A coin of the same size in silver would have suited his need better—his need of liberality—and have represented more

adequately his share for the public good. There's a five-center by a good-natured fellow who never could keep money, and there's another, worn thin, without a particle of a letter on it, put in by an old, stooped lady, who works hard and uncomplaining, milking, cooking, washing, scrubbing year after year, for her 50 year old son, John, who never got married. Then there's a fair five by a moral, religious sort of fellow who lacks the faculty of "getting along" in the world, although he has a numerous progeny. His horse took sick on the way back from a trip to his father-in-law, away up the Jericho road, and after a night of empirical doctoring, had to be shot by a neighbor. The owner, who needed a horse badly, came to church with a contented mind, although his inability to substitute boots for profane shoe-packs was a frequent excuse for absence. There was a chewed-up five by a fellow who liked Scotch whiskey and tobacco, but believed in the church too. There was a bright ten by a man who had sold his yoke of oxen, noble beasts, for seventy dollars, the week before, the deal being by all odds his biggest for many months, perhaps a few years. There was a five, and there were three cents which had been carefully set aside during the week, but the greatest gift of all was an odd coin given by an old Scotchman with the heart of a child. He was merry, music-loving, clear and distinct in voice, intense and open in hearing and reverent in worship. He admitted staying away several Sabbaths because he had no collection. The plate passed before him seemed to judge him. There were hard times that season and a few didn't give anything. Sometimes the amount was as low as nineteen cents, while in good times it used to rise above two dollars. It was then that a shoutingly pious old man put on a quarter of a dollar and took off three ten-cent coins, honestly mistaking a ten for a five, twice, and assuredly ignorant of the negro rhyme:

"When you put a nickle on de plate
Does you allus take a dime?"

Not with a mercenary eye did the minister view that collection, given in advance as the student's pocket money, and counting on his stipend, of course, but seeing in it, under somewhat primitive circumstances, an index of the financial condition, liberality and tone of the little flock.

VITALITY.

Vitality may be defined as the power to manifest life forces, be those forces manifested in the study, in the court-room, on the campus, on the street, between the plow-handles, behind the counter, on the judge's bench, on the platform, in the legislative chamber, in the social circle or wherever the

common round and daily task engage human interest. The prizes of life, other things being equal, fall to the man who has the most vitality. This being the case, the question naturally arises, can the amount of vitality of the individual be increased? In nine-hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand the answer is emphatically in the affirmative. As most of the readers of this article will belong to the student class the writer will direct himself to the task of suggesting the means of building up life force which lie within the reach of by far the greater number of his fellow students.

"But," you say, "I have not the time!" What, do you mean to say that you have not the time to be as nearly perfectly well as possible! Then you had better stop studying for you are not at all likely to accomplish much by your study. Think of the men who have done the world's great tasks—whether clearing the forest, doing pioneer missionary work, federating the Dominion, preaching good sermons, building railways or canals, teaching school successfully or building up colleges, and in nearly every case they have been men of abounding vitality. On the other hand, talk with a graduate of some years' standing of our own University and ask him about those students who persisted, during the College course, in burning their candle at both ends, *i.e.* in hard study and no recreation, and he will name over a couple of dozen who are now beneath the sod as a result of their suicidal course. What caused their relapse will ruin you, and unless you are willing to keep yourself well you had better pack your trunk and leave for other fields where you may hope to be of some use.

Supposing then that you value good health you ask what you are to do. Your question is a good one, for even vitality must be worked for. Remember that hard study will do you no harm. If rationally done it will actually add to your days. Gladstone's study has been a potent factor in bringing him so merrily to a hale old age. Well, the first thing for you to do, if you are a little out of sorts, is to consult a good doctor, (avoid an inferior doctor as you would a plague) and ask him to tell you how to get well and to keep well. He will tell you, and you will wonder how simple those rules are. When you have got into a condition in which you are ready for exercise, get a physical examination, try a competent physical director, in order that you may find out what exercises will develop your weak or deficient parts, and more particularly those exercises that you *must not* attempt. He will direct you and if you will follow his directions for six months you will be a new man.

I make no apology for recommending the consultation of the physician and the physical director, for

injudicious and improper exercise does infinitely more harm than good. Granted that you are ill and need medicine. What would you say of the doctor who would say, "Oh, it doesn't matter what medicine you take. Just get a barrel of quinine and take a handful every day." Irrational as such a prescription would be, it is not a whit more irrational than taking exercise, leaving out of the question the constitution, temperament, need and occupation of the individual. Perhaps you need relaxation. Perhaps you need toning up. Your deficiency may be a tendency to waste your nervous energy; but depend upon it, whatever *your* need, your physician or physical director will be your best friend. A few dollars *invested* spent in in this way will be the most paying investment of your life. Above all things, beware of under doing. An hour spent every day in *brisk* walking, not in dawdling or lazy strolling but at a four to five mile an hour pace—better still if some of it be up hill—and half an hour spent in *conscientious* indoor work with a pair of dumbbells weighing from three to five pounds, will be all that you need for keeping up your physical condition, provided you keep the air of your room sweet and pure and eat only nourishing food.

Remember that you need rest. Name if you can any animal that can get along without rest. You need sleep and lots of it. I doubt if a student can do his best work every day if he does not get eight hours sleep each day. When your hour for sleep comes, go to bed and go to sleep. The pure heart and clear conscience and a little will power are the best night-caps in all this wide world. During sleep what forces will be at work with busy fingers getting you ready for to-morrow's toil!

A word about recreation and amusement. Who can guide you in this matter? Will you try this test? Ask yourself does your amusement entail you going into impure air, loss of sleep, nervous exhaustion? Do you wake up next morning with crazy nerves, a rebellious stomach and an utter distaste for the duties of life? If your answer to these questions are in the affirmative depend upon it that you are paying too dear for your fun. Recreation should bring you rest and make you strong and *hungry for work*. The plow-boy will not find much recreation in walking, and the student should shun all forms of amusement which involve additional strain upon brain and nerve.

There is no royal road to health, but there is no reason in the world why the average student should not be a much stronger man than he is. At present the student must learn how to take care of himself. The ideal University will have as one of its faculty a physical director who is an educated, enthusiastic physician, and will demand of its graduates that the body develop *parri passu* with the mind.

University News.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

On Saturday morning, Jan. 15th, an open meeting of the society was held in Convocation Hall. Quite a good attendance was present, including a fair number of ladies in the gallery.

Some new members were "moved in," after which a communication from McGill was referred to the Senior Year in Arts. Mr. W. C. Baker then presented a report of the music committee regarding the advisability of holding a concert under the auspices of the Alma Mater Society in aid of the building fund of the Kingston General Hospital. At present they deemed it inadvisable as they thought most of the citizens of Kingston had already heard most of their selections, and lack of time prevented them from preparing special selections.

Then came a report which had been long looked for; it was that of the Song Book Committee. The meeting was much pleased to hear from Mr. R. Burton, some facts concerning the work of the Committee. He presented some of the difficulties they have to work against, but against all these he was able to state that terms regarding the publication of the Song Book had been arranged. The Committee made the following recommendations: (1) That an edition of 5,000 volumes be issued, (2) that a subscription list be issued among students and graduates with a view of securing sale in advance for at least 1,000 volumes, (3) that the Alma Mater devise ways and means for guaranteeing the remainder of the cost of the publication. Messrs. N. R. Carmichael, Meiklejohn, Young and others took part in the discussion of this report. Mr. Meiklejohn proposed that an agent be appointed to canvass Eastern Ontario for the introduction of the Queen's College Song Book.

The election of officers for the Glee Club and the Mandolin Club was ratified by the Society. Mr. G. F. Weatherhead's resignation of the Captaincy of the Hockey Club was received and Mr. J. W. Merrill elected to fill his place.

The meeting then resolved itself into a Mock Parliament, in which the speech from the Throne was replied to by Mr. Barker and Mr. Finlayson.

BASKET BALL.

DIVINITY HALL VS. '99.

On Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 19th, Divinity Hall and '99's Basket Ball teams faced each other in the "Gymnasium" and for forty minutes made things quite lively, much to the admiration of the large crowd of spectators. Divinity Hall was represented by the following team:—Gordon, Burton, Clarke, Patterson and Russell. These found themselves

opposed by Millar, McDonald J. F., Purvis, Devitt and Henderson from '99. Mr. A. S. Morrison acted as referee. Twenty minute halves were played each way and all the scoring was done in the first half, at the end of which the score stood 13 to 7 in favor of '99. During the last half there was some good scientific play exhibited. Combination was indulged in freely; the passing was swift and the shooting accurate and timely, which as a result gave the above score. The first twenty minutes over, ends were changed and play resumed almost immediately. This half was a case of "work hard and get nothing;" the passing seemed slow and inaccurate and there was "hard luck" in shooting for the ring. However it served as a good exercise to warm the boys up, for during this half of the game the perspiration was rolling as freely as the ball, and when the whistle blew for "time" a lot of tired players retired to the "swimming parlors" to recuperate. '99 hopes that in the near future Divinity Hall will give them another game.

SCIENCE HALL NOTES.

New Laboratory Rules to come in force as soon as published:

1. All bottles must be left in their proper places. Any person breaking this rule shall, by compulsion if necessary, stand on his head in the sink for 2 minutes, 15½ seconds.
2. All bottles must be kept at least one-third full. On no account shall the student be one-third full and the bottle empty.
3. All operations in which poisonous fumes are given off must be carried on in the draught cupboard. In case this rule is neglected, (the) Dean will fume so much that the delinquent will wish himself poisoned.
4. Any material not in use, left on the desks, in the draught cupboard, or in the balance room, shall become the lawful prey of (the) Dean.

AESCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this society was held on Friday, Jan'y 22nd, and was entirely of a business nature. Several matters in connection with the recent dinner were discussed and disposed of. The members generally were delighted with the success of the dinner and by many is looked upon as marking a new departure in this line. The various delegates to other college dinners handed in their reports, which were all found satisfactory.

NOTES.

A raffle is to be held in the den on Saturday, Feb. 19th, for a silver watch. The proceeds are to be presented to "Tommy," the popular laboratory boy

of the physiological laboratory. There are few of us to whom Tommy has not done a good turn, and it is hoped that the benefit will be well supported. Mr. John Bower is managing the affair.

Professor—"Where would you make the incision for ligature of the facial artery, Mr. H?"

Huff—"About half an inch from the symphysis pubes!"

Dr. Joseph Downing, B.A., is visiting friends in the city. "Joe" is practising in Chesley, Ont., and doing well. Dr. A. A. Metcalfe, '96, was also in the city last week. He is located in Almonte, and doing famously.

Arts College.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

ON Jan. 14th Prof. Dupuis favoured us with an address, which was very much appreciated by the boys, especially by those of us who have an inclination towards science. Students of divinity, he said, should have a knowledge of science before entering upon their theological course. At the close of the regular meeting a business meeting was held for the appointment of delegates to the Brantford convention. Messrs. T. Fraser and D. M. Solandt were chosen as our representatives.

"Atonement," the subject for Jan. 21, was led by Mr. J. H. Turnbull, M.A. He pointed out the difficulty that the early followers of Christ had in grasping the true nature of His mission and kingdom. Man, he said, will lay down his life for the brethren in proportion as he has imbibed the spirit of the Master, who was perfect man and perfect God. Again, Christ suffered more than other men in proportion as He excelled them in the fulness of His nature. "In God we live, move and have our being." "In Christ we enter into that fulness of life."

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y.W.C.A. met for the last time before Christmas on Dec. 10th. Miss Eva M. Miller read a paper on the "Christmas Message," after which there was a discussion in which several of the members took part.

The next meeting was held on Friday afternoon, Jan. 7th. Miss Gober read an exhaustive paper on "Enthusiasm." Mrs. Dunlop also spoke of the enthusiasm we should have regarding missions.

"What Christ has done for Womanhood" was the topic for Friday afternoon, Jan. 14th. Miss E. C. Murray read a beautiful paper on the subject. At this meeting Miss Byrnes and Miss McCallum were appointed delegates to the international con-

vention of the Student Volunteer Movement at Cleveland. On the following Friday Miss McKerracher read a paper on "True Culture." An interesting discussion followed.

The attendance at all the meetings this year has been unusually large. This is very encouraging and we hope it may continue throughout the session.

YEAR MEETINGS.

'98.

At a special meeting on Monday, January 17th, Albert Scott was chosen to represent Queen's at the "at home" of the undergraduates of McGill University, held on Friday evening, January 21st. The date of the '98 "at home" was changed from January 28th to February 4th, in order to keep clear of the prohibition debates.

The regular meeting of the year was held on Monday, January 24th. Members were urged to have their pictures for the year group taken this week as the Photograph Committee wished to have all in by February 1st. A committee was appointed to choose the arts valedictorian and report at the next regular meeting. Alex. D. McIntyre was received as a member of the year. The following programme was then rendered: Piano solo, Miss F. Ryckman; paper on the subject, "Resolved that Tennyson is a greater poet than Browning," H. B. Munro; criticism of the paper by W. C. McIntyre; recitation, J. Anthony; song, J. S. Macdonnell; reading, W. C. Walker.

'01.

The class of '01 held their first meeting for this term on Wednesday evening, 12th inst., in the junior philosophy class room at 5 p.m. There was a large number in attendance, and the usual enthusiasm was in no way lessened by the relaxation of the holiday season. Miss Lilla Shaw was chosen critic. Mr. M. E. Branscomb reported for the Athletic Committee, a motion to change the order of business having previously been passed. Mr. Branscomb gave notice that he will bring in a motion at our next meeting to amend the constitution in regard to the acceptance of members. An impromptu programme followed, in which Messrs. Hague, Tracey and Harris and Misses MacDougall and Thornton took part, and "The Old Ontario Strand" sung by the class brought the meeting to a close.

LEVANA SOCIETY.

The Levana held its first meeting of this year on January 12th, in the girls' reading room. The resignation of the curators was again discussed and it was deemed best to refuse to accept it, leaving

the responsibility of action with the girls themselves. And indeed they are to be complimented on the tidy appearance of the room, for it has not looked so neat and inviting for many a day.

The search for the missing colors is still continued with but faint hopes of success. However, what decorations we have and especially our art are irreproachably high!

The programme was as follows:—Piano Solo, Miss Mills; Paper on Longfellow, Miss Gober; Song, Miss Carr-Harris; Original Poem, 'Canada,' Miss McAllister; Piano Solo, Miss Kennedy; Critic's Report.

The city girls kindly furnished delicious home-made candy and a pleasant time was spent in friendly chat.

ADDRESS OF THE PROPHETESS-HISTORIAN AT THE LAST MEETING OF '97.

Madam President and Sisters of the Levana Society,—I feel that an apology is due you for the fragmentary and disjointed nature of this address, but knowing how full of sympathy your hearts always are for those who are burdened by the cares of essays, 8 o'clock classes, exams, &c., I am throwing myself upon your mercy. I find that those "new honors come upon me, like new garments, cleave not to their use," but with the aid of time my historical talent may reveal itself and my prophetic vision become clearer.

When I was appointed to the lofty position of Historian-Prophetess of this illustrious society I cast about in my mind for the cause of your selection. I wondered why the girls decided that I was the one of their number best fitted to "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not;" to gaze into the past with historical keenness of research, to unroll the scroll of futurity, and to depict both in such glowing colors that their impress should be indelibly stamped upon the "waxen tablets" of the girls of Queen's. In a moment of weakness some imp whispered in my ear:

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
And coming events cast their shadows before."

However satisfactory such a solution of the problem might be to a prophet, you will all agree it could not be admitted by a prophetess. Yet it continued to haunt my dreams for two days and nights till on the morning of the third day a "Freshie," upon seeing my gloomy visage, inquired if I belonged to "01." In reply to my indignant question as to whether I still retained that peachy verdancy which is supposed to characterize the Freshman class, she hastened to explain that my youthful bloom alone had led her into such a

mistake, and she had a deep conviction that intellectually I was "much more older than my looks." This incident afforded me a double pleasure, first as an evidence that the Freshies had all proper reverence for their seniors, and, secondly, because it enabled me to repel the imp who quoted Campbell.

Suddenly it dawned upon me, that my supporters were Senior English girls who detected in me a resemblance to the Weird sisters. I went to Shakespeare for comfort but the contemplation of his "secret, black and midnight hags" did not afford it. For a weary seven nights did the matter trouble me till I finally gave it up in despair, for though I agreed with the imperfect speakers in being "on the earth," yet I could completely reason away a belief in my resemblance to the other inhabitants of this terrestrial sphere. Finally I decided to give up seeking the "Wherefore of the Why" and turn my attention to the practical duties of my new office.

The first of those were along historical lines. I have been unable to secure "original authorities" dealing with the remote part of society so will have to confine my remarks to more recent times. I am glad to say that since my first connection with the Levana as a Freshman of the class of '99 there has been a marked growth and improvement in the society both financially and numerically. Notwithstanding the raising of the fee this year, our membership has increased and the attendance at our meetings is but one evidence out of many that the interests of the Levana lie close to the hearts of the girls of Queen's.

Our sanctum has not yet achieved that air of cosiness and comfort which is our ideal. But looking back to its appearance two years ago, when the walls presented a vast area of dirty whiteness, when no mats relieved the bleak, bare coldness of the floor, when the Curators before and after each session of the Levana or Y. W. had the back-breaking exercise of dragging about the benches of the Latin Room, and cushions and rockers were conspicuous only by their absence, we feel that a great advance has been made. When the improvements decided upon at our last meeting have been carried out we may congratulate ourselves upon having a comfortable, well-provided room at our disposal.

Much remains to be done, and we can only advance slowly; but if the girls continue to manifest the interest shown in the past and present years it requires no prophetic voice to predict that before the end of this century our room will be a source of pride and satisfaction to those permitted to enter within its walls. I challenge contradiction when I

foretell that ere the knell of the 20th century is tolled the precincts of the Levana will be so enlarged that no one here present will recognize it. A beautiful gothic structure rises before my view, provided with Library, Reading Rooms, Reception and Assembly Halls and many cosy nooks into which the student may retire to enjoy sweet converse with a few select friends, over cups of Blue Ribbon Tea prepared instantaneously upon the mere pressure of a button. The dainty feet of our successors tread upon mossy carpets and their æsthetic tastes find satisfaction in the beautiful works of art scattered profusely about. Here a beautiful Greek statue of exquisite form, there the glowing canvass pleases the eye, wearied not by simple German and Greek literature which is reserved for light reading but by the hieroglyphic labyrinths of Hebrew, Sanscrit and Arabic; and at the same time the philosophic mind is most deeply impressed by the relationship between appearance and reality.

But I am drawing out my telescope too far; my prophetic vision is becoming dim and I must fix it upon objects less remote. Besides, the girls of Queen's, like their sex in general, are more concerned with their own immediate future than with the coming woman, her advantages and aims. Santa Claus, plum pudding and mince pie are in too near a prospect to permit our fancy long to dwell upon a time beyond a present year. Scenes of happy re-unions, of joyful hours, of true Christmas cheer, throng upon my sight. In view of the near approach of the anniversary of the angel's song, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," your prophetess can utter no better wish than the prayer of Tiny Tim,—“God bless us—every one.”

Divinity Hall.

NOTES.

THE members of the Hall have returned in full force after the holidays. Considering the amount of plum pudding and Christmas turkey reported to have been consumed, they have survived remarkably. Some have been engaged in cultivating their hirsute adornments with very successful results, so much so that the principal was moved to remark that he noticed some new faces in class.

C. A. Ferguson, of the first year, has joined the M.M.P.A., in other words has embarked upon the sea of matrimony. We extend congratulations and wish him *bon voyage*.

Rev. J. D. Scott, of Toronto, who has been lecturing in Manitoba College is giving us a six weeks course of lectures on Systematic Theology.

We welcome back T. J. Clover, J. R. Frizzell and G. R. Lowe to the bosom of the Hall.

A meeting of the third year students was held on Monday last. Mr. Turnbull was chosen as Valedictorian in the graduating class.

[Above overlooked last issue.]

Sermons are not always in vain. Only two weeks ago a second year divinity was so impressed with the speaker's words regarding the infinite value of one's time that he began to muse thus:—Taking a very conservative estimate, I have spent during my short life in shaving 40 and 5 days of 10 hours each hard labour. This has left me a wiser but blacker man. Henceforth this time shall be spent in the company of higher critics and members of the M.M. P.A. Such is the evolution of the leader of “the bewhiskered populists.”

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN ?

Christ did not come to cramp any one's manhood; He came to broaden it. He did not come to destroy our manhood; He came to fulfil it. A thorough-going Christian is a man with a stronger reason, kinder heart, firmer will, and richer imagination than his fellows—one who has attained to his height in Christ. A bigot, or a prig, or a weakling is a half-developed Christian, one not yet arrived at full age.

What ought a Christian to read? Every book which feeds the intellect. Where ought he to go? Every place where the moral atmosphere is pure and bracing. What ought he to do? Everything that will make character. Religion is not negative, a giving up this or that, but positive, a getting and a possessing. If a man will be content with nothing but the best thought, best work, best friends, best environment, he need not trouble about avoiding the worst. The good drives out the bad. There are two ways of lighting a dark room; one is to attack the darkness with candles; the other is to open the shutters and let in the light. When light comes, darkness goes. There are two ways of forming character; one is to conquer our sins, the other is to cultivate the opposite virtues. The latter plan is best because it is surest—the virtue replaces the sin.

Christianity is not a drill; it is life, full, free, radiant and rejoicing. What a young man should do is not to vex himself about his imperfections, but to fix his mind on the bright image of Perfection; not to weary his soul with rules, but to live with Christ as one liveth with a friend. There is one way to complete manhood, and that is, fellowship with Jesus Christ.—Ian MacLaren,

De Robis Robilibus.

FIRST Student—"When is the Minister of Finance going to move the House into Committee of Supply?"

Second Ditto—"He's not going to."

First Student—"How's that?"

Second Student—"Why, because he can't budget."

Junior (excitedly)—"Look at the Freshman wearing a graduate's gown; who is he?"

Sophomore—"Why that's the tutor in Moderns." Junior collapses.

Marcus Antonius (after lengthy speech by Hagar, during which the speaker has quenched his thirst at regular intervals with Adam's Ale)—"Well, actually this is the first time in my life that I ever saw a wind-mill run by water power."

Serenading party sings for the benefit of the Professor of the Humanities:

"How important we would feel,
Sweet le wee dum bum!

If we could only sing John Peel!
Sweet le wee dum bum!

But no young man at Cambridge taught
Would give to Clementine a thought.

The mathematical member of the staff who attended the first session of the Mock Parliament has been spending his spare moments in working out some Mock Parliament geometry. It has been kept a dead secret but a few scraps have got into our hands, and, from a perusal, we would certainly advise the author to desist. Here is a few samples:

Postulates (with Authorities.)

All Parliaments are Mock Parliaments—vide Burnette.

The Speech from the Throne may be seconded any number of times—vide Hoppins.

A speech that cannot be memorized may be read, but it is the described as "copious notes"—vide Barker.

Axioms.

If a line be drawn to include all the members on the Opposition benches then will the leader of the Opposition be found somewhere within that line.

Every ruling that coincides exactly at all points with the views of the Government is said (by them) to be a square ruling.

Student (in junior Hebrew)—"How long were the Cherubs left at the gate of the Garden?"

Professor (sternly)—"We are not told anything about their length."

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