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THE new term has opened in good form and holiday recreation seems to have had the effect of oiling well the wheels of college life. A more generous spirit has taken possession of all, but besides this every one is manifesting a keener edge for work and disposing their time more systematically. Every student should beware of making this term a continual grind for reasons that are apparent. In the first place no one can afford to devote himself to a mechanical accumulation of knowledge at the cost of broken health. Again, the tendency to cram during the next few months is apt to enfeeble our grasp of the substance of our work and the true influence of the university, of which our class-work is an important channel, does not effect us in thought and life as it ought. * Then again we should never forget that one of the most educative elements in a college course is our contact with our fellow-students and the share we take in college institutions. But as work presses we are apt to grow exclusive and neglect this side. Many of the students are so familiar with views like these that they may seem superfluous here, but it is only by having our hard study constantly pervaded by a free and receptive spirit that we can develop the broadest culture.

* * *

College work was completely demoralized during the week before the holidays because of the departure of so many students to their homes. A number

also have taken the liberty of practicing the same idea at this end of the vacation and are quietly extending it beyond the regular limit. The date of the conversazione may have had something to do with this premature exodus and a change of date might be worthy of consideration, but the real cause lies in the students themselves. We admit that it is very exhilarating to the student who is dodging around the corridors to see a lonesome-looking professor greeting two or three of the faithful or even empty benches, but we maintain that this wholesale sloping is unfair to the professors, to those who go and to those who stay. Few of our lectures are given in the *ex cathedra* style where the student can come and go at will so long as he obtains a copy of the lectures, but personal contact of the professor with the students counts for a great deal with us and when a large portion of the class is absent the continuity and effectiveness of the work is seriously impaired. Any harsh movement of prevention on the part of the senate is to be strongly deprecated and would be contrary to the spirit of the university. Our freedom from the slavery of hard and fast rules is unique, when compared with that of many other colleges, and one of the greatest value, and we should not abuse the confidence that is placed in us. Another repetition of what occurred last term may make the question a serious one and we hope these words may be of value in keeping the students within rational bounds.

* * *

At the opening of the new medical buildings of McGill, Professor W. Osler, formerly of McGill and now of Johns Hopkins University, told some wholesome truths on what makes a university great. The Montreal people have been so accustomed to hear "this great university" referred to whenever a new benefaction was announced or a report made that one of the affiliated institutions had a slightly increased attendance of men and women or boys and girls, that it is not to be wondered at if they should now consider the standard of a university's greatness to be either money or numbers. Dr. Osler pointed out that the great function of a university is to think, and therefore that its great object should be to secure and to train thinkers. "Select for Professors," he said, "men who have ideas, with ambition and energy to put them into force. Men

of this stamp alone confer greatness on a university." After duly acknowledging what the rich men of Montreal had done for McGill, in its medical and affiliated science departments, he ended his admirable address as follows:—

"There remains now to foster that indefinable something which, for want of a better term, we call the 'university spirit,' a something which a rich institution may not have, and with which a poor one may be saturated, a something which is associated with men and not with money, which cannot be purchased in the market or grown to order, but which comes insensibly with loyal devotion to duty and to high ideals, and without which *Nehustan* is written on its portals."

These are words which should be sounded with a trumpet all over Canada. Nowhere are they needed so much as in centres where the commercial standard is common, and where it is assumed that the riches of the mind, as well as of the material universe, can be counted, measured, or weighed in pounds avoirdupois. Where this "university spirit" reigns, there will be no touting for students; no pains taken to attract them by offering a low matriculation, and no effort made to bribe them; no envy of another's mental wealth, but a cordial recognition that ideas are additions to the common stock, that the country is greater than any university, and truth greater than any country.

* * *

It must be very gratifying to the friends of Queen's and in general to the friends of higher journalism in Canada, that the *Quarterly* is more than maintaining the standard of excellence with which it began. It is not too much to say that the last number is the best which has yet appeared. Our space forbids any lengthy notice of the various articles, all of which are excellent, but some of them are so timely that we would call the attention to them of those of our readers who have not subscribed for the *Quarterly*.

The article by Prof. Shortt on "The Great North-West," is the clearest and most reliable account of the present condition and future prospects of the Territories that we have seen anywhere. Any student who has taught or preached in the North-West cannot but feel the truth of Prof. Shortt's criticism, both of the present immigration policy and the transportation charges of the C. P. R. We would strongly recommend every student, who has worked or is likely to work in the Territories, to read this article. For the former it will bring to a settled conviction the many scattered impressions which a residence of five or six months in that country, no doubt, made upon him. And for the latter it will serve as a guide to the study of the economic, political and social questions which must suggest themselves to him when he himself is on the ground.

A reading of Mr. Le Sueur's article on "Problems of Government in Canada," has increased our conviction that, if a man is to know our political situation, he must read more than the newspaper. The man who takes his politics from the "organ" of his political party and who, therefore, believes that the country is prosperous, or going to the dogs, according as his party is or is not in power, is not in a position to see the real problems of a country's government. It is most refreshing after hearing the election speeches of candidates for political office, or watching the intrigue and wire-pulling of political canvassers, as we now have a good opportunity of doing in Kingston, to read such an article as Mr. Le Sueur's. Would that it and other articles like it were more widely circulated. If politics is ever to attain to any dignity in Canada, if questions are ever to be discussed on their merits, it will be done only when the great body of the electorate base their political judgements on such independent and soberly critical writing as this of Mr. Le Sueur's and not on the flaming rhetoric of the candidate for political honour or the one-sided statements of party-organs.

It would augur well for any church's future if all the candidates for her ministry set before themselves such an ideal as Rev. Mr. Elliott has presented in his address on "The Education of the Clergy." If all the fathers's and brethren of the conference at which this address was delivered, are in sympathy with its spirit, we may expect that the educational work of the Canadian Methodist church will be vastly increased in a very few years and that the reproach under which her ministry has lain, rightly or wrongly, for so long will be wiped out. A student for the ministry could not follow a loftier ideal throughout his college course than that given on page 233 of this address.

Literature is well represented by an article on "Modern Lyric Poetry in Germany," by Miss Saunders, whose translations and criticisms shew originality and critical insight to no common degree; and by Dr. Watson's fourth paper on Dante, which discusses from the literary side his "Divina Commedia," and is in no way inferior to his previous articles on the thought of the great poet of the middle ages.

We are sorry to see here and there typographical errors, for when the matter is so good the form should correspond.

"What is science, rightly known?
'Tis the strength of life alone.
Life canst thou engender never,
Life must be life's parent ever.—*Gæthe*.

Thou dost complain of woman for changing from one to another?
Censure her not: for she seeks one who will constant remain.—*Gæthe*.

LITERATURE.

THE PROMETHEUS-MYTH IN AESCHYLUS.

III.

IN accordance with the plan sketched in our last number we shall now proceed to exhibit, as briefly as possible, the movement of the Prometheus-trilogy. That, as we saw, is essentially the unfolding of the process by which the Athenian fire-god, worshipped side by side with Hephæstus and Athene in the groves of Academe, is developed out of the rebellious Titan depicted by Hesiod. The wonderful creative vigour manifested in this splendid reconstruction, no less than the force of those formative ideas, religious and moral, around which it grew, will be obvious to anyone who for a moment sets it alongside of the naive story in Hesiod. Aeschylus breathes upon these dry bones; they receive flesh and blood before our eyes, they live and move. The remotest matter—the legend of Io, the fatal wedlock desired by Zeus to his own undoing—originally quite foreign to the myth, is summoned from the ends of the earth by the poet's magic into vital and quickening contact with it. And so by the compulsion of "thoughts that wander through eternity," the rude old-world tale is transfigured into a great drama of the gods, wherein the deepest problems of the universe receive a solution which is not without its interest and meaning to us even at this distance of time.

Prometheus the Titan, son of Themis the goddess, who fore-knows all things (called also Earth and by many another name), warned by the oracles of his mother, takes the side of Zeus against his kinsmen and Cronos, and by his wise counsels contributes much to the final issue of that warfare. The old regime of mere blind force yields to the sway of intelligence and order. Cronos calling upon the Erinyes, the dread powers with jurisdiction over all gods and men which vindicate the sanctity of the family ties, to revenge him on his violent son, is hurled from his time-honoured seats into the abyss of Tartarus. Zeus ascends the throne of heaven in triumph and at once proceeds to organize his empire after a rational plan, distributing among the various gods their functions and their honours. But after order had been consummated in heaven above, amid the billows of Amphitrite, and in the under world, there was one region where Zeus encountered an obstacle not easy to surmount. Every prospect pleased him and only man was vile. The earth was occupied by a blind and helpless creature of the old blind regime, "clogged with pithless feebleness like unto a dream," the one jarring note in the new "harmony of Zeus." "Having eyes they saw not, and ears they heard not, but lived a spectral dream-like life through all their days, con-

fusing all things without a plan. Of brick-built houses facing the sun or craft in wood-work they had no skill, but dwelt like tiny mice in the sunless depths of caves." What was to be done with this puny people whose futile dream-like days usurped the sun-light and disgraced the vital air, this blot upon creation? Zeus resolved to wipe him out and put in his place a new kind of man in consonance with his universe.

But the poor "creatures of a day" find a tough champion, one who though well aware through his seer's gift of all the dire consequences to himself is ready to go all lengths in defending and helping them. The purpose of Zeus is opposed and thwarted by his old ally the Titan Prometheus. Prometheus not only saves man from "going down to Hades thunder-riven" but makes his painful life more tolerable than it had been. In order to do so however he must have recourse to a very forceful expedient. He must steal "Hephæstus' flower, the flashing fire-mother of all arts," which he conveys to his proteges in the hollow of a reed teaching them its many uses with all manner of other dexterities and sciences; the signs of the seasons, skill in every kind of soothsaying, the appliance of the brute's strength to lighten their labours, the virtues of healing herbs, the working of metal, the sailing of ships. Besides he confers on them this "precious boon." He removes that paralysis of their energies which he had formerly wrought, by causing "blind hopes to dwell amongst them." This one spiritual touch is the single reminiscence selected and transformed by Aeschylus out of the legend of Pandora.

In thus aiding man however Prometheus has incurred a double guilt. Not only has he resisted the sovereign will of Zeus and implicitly laid claim to a wisdom and goodness greater than the supreme god's; he has also feloniously encroached on the divine privileges and done violence to the natural order of things. The subtle spiritual element of fire purloined by him belongs peculiarly to the heaven of heavens; it is a sacred thing, defiled by being turned to earthly uses. It was a well-known custom in Greece on certain occasions to extinguish the household fires and draw afresh the unpolluted stream from the altar of Apollo at Delphi. Punishment therefore severe in proportion to the offence is inevitable for the transgressor. Hephæstus who, though it is his own rights that have been invaded, hates the task which his office as divine craftsman thus imposes upon him, Might and Main Force the ruthless executioners of Zeus, "the hangman of creation," blindly obedient to his nod, as the thunderbolt to his hands, are commissioned to hale the malefactor to a desolate region in savage Scythia, at the uttermost ends of the earth, far from

the neighbourhood of man in whose converse he takes so much delight, and there with "adamantine bonds indissoluble," to make him fast to a rock in a wild ravine. On his right hand is the stream of ocean which girdles the earth, on his left the bleak mountains and foaming torrents of the iron land. In this "ærial prison," exposed as he bitterly feels to the exulting gaze of his enemies, must Prometheus expiate his sins, "broiled by the sun's fierce flame . . . upright, sleepless, not bending the knee in rest . . . glad when starry-kirtled evening hides away the light, and glad no less when the sun scatters again the frosts of morning," with an endless prospect of anguish stretching out before him. Suffering, however, the great instrument of Zeus, according to Æschylus for working wisdom, has upon him only the effect of rousing still more the spirit of Titanic resistance and rebellious bitterness. He sees in it mere injustice and black ingratitude, tyranny and brute force, the wanton playing of a crude despot with the new toys of his omnipotence. The torture inflicted by the unwilling hands of Hephæstus which have nailed and riveted him to his rock, the brutal exultation over him of Kratos (Might) he has endured in proud silence. But when they have gone he calls upon heaven and earth and the myriad-smiling ocean waves to bear witness to the injustice of Zeus; and in that large god-like utterance of which this poet beyond all others knows the secret, he vents his deep-voiced complaint over his immortal sorrows. The daughters of Ocean, sympathetic creatures, full of fluttering maidenliness, roused from their sea-caves by the clank of Hephæstus' hammering, come to view and take their part in their kinsman's sufferings. They form the appropriate chorus of the first play; in their awe-struck ears Prometheus pours the tale of his wrongs and his services to man, thereby confirming himself yet more in his antagonism. Next their father, old Oceanus himself, one of the Titans who, however, has known how to make his peace with Zeus, visits Prometheus. With his appearance the dramatic movement begins. Oceanus tries to persuade Prometheus to face the inevitable facts, to recognize the absolute supremacy of Zeus and make submission to him, offering to take upon himself the part of mediator. But Prometheus, though gratefully acknowledging the good-will shown in this offer, despises Oceanus as a time-server and works upon his fears with such effect that he soon rids himself of the well-meant interference. This is the "first of the three wrestling bouts," to use Æschylus' own phrase (in the *Eumenides*), by which the stubborn determination of the Titan is tried. The issue was never doubtful. His pride emerges from the struggle intensified and hardened by contact with the senile prudence of his well-intentioned but timid

and somewhat self-seeking adviser. The heightened self-consciousness of Prometheus is clearly marked in the dialogue with the chorus which follows the departure of Oceanus. He gives a detailed account of the benefits he has conferred on man, and is led on by the sympathy of the admiring nymphs to hint at an evil destiny in store for Zeus, and at a certain secret in his possession whereby he confidently expects one day to force his proud enemy to terms.

The next step in the action is the second of the "three wrestling bouts," the second opportunity given to Prometheus to pause and reflect. Io, the "breeze driven daughter of Inachus," whose story has already been told, sweeps on the scene in a storm of heaven-sent frenzy. Now Prometheus, the seer, instructed by his oracular mother, knows Io's past and future; he knows that in spite of all appearances the dealings of Zeus with her have not been inspired by wanton cruelty or mere amorous passion, that one day her weary wanderings shall have a peaceful and glorious end. Nay more he knows that the present sufferings of Io are to lead in the end to the birth of his own deliverer. Epaphus, the son of Io, is destined to be the ancestor of Heracles. And yet—"how sad a thing is wisdom when it profits not the wise"—this clear foreknowledge so far from availing against his passionate pride adds but fuel to it, as in the case of man, he cannot rise above his revolt against the present pain. Io is to him simply another example of the selfish tyranny of Zeus. His waxing bitterness finds a very significant expression. Formerly he had darkly hinted at a certain secret in his keeping which should one day compel the harsh mood of Zeus to softness, and an eagerness no less than Prometheus' own, to enter into "league and amity." In spite of the distortions of passion the thought of ultimate reconciliation was prominent here. But now the subtle pressure of contact with wrongs in which his own are reflected, the impulse to exult, along with a fellow-sufferer, over the imminence of humiliation for their common tyrant, a humiliation, moreover, to be brought about in a way singularly grateful to her feelings, all this unlocks his reserve and brings into relief the prospect of ruin for Zeus which had lurked before in the background of his thought. The secret before "veiled in deepest mystery" is now recklessly proclaimed. That same selfish amorousness of Zeus which has brought all the undeserved misery on the hapless Io, shall one day be his own bane, and shall oust him from his haughty seat. He shall covet a wedlock fatal to himself. For the fruit of it is destined to be mightier than his sire, to expel him from his sovereignty. Against this danger there is no resource, except in Prometheus himself; if Zeus is to be

saved he must stoop to make the first overtures and to own his injustice by setting his prisoner free from "these foul bonds."

When Io, to whom the seer has unfolded the long tale of the labours which still await her, maddened by the recital has been whirled away from sight by the same storm of frenzy which first brought her on the scene, the passionate defiance of Titan breaks out more wildly than ever. He now breathes mere fury against his all-powerful foe. All thought of final reconciliation has vanished. The only issue now contemplated of the danger which lies in the path of the tyrant is his hideous ruin. "Let him sit secure, confiding in his aery rumblings and brandishing his fiery bolts, . . . by his own deeds he is preparing for himself an adversary who shall find a flame to blind his lightnings, a crash which shall out roar his thunders." Let him revel as he will in the sweets of his brief omnipotence; its date will soon be out, and he shall be cast into much more intolerable, more galling bonds than these to which he has doomed Prometheus; "the curse of his father Cronos wherewith he cursed him, as he fell from his ancient throne, shall be fulfilled to the uttermost."

These high words are heard in heaven. The messenger Hermes is sent to extort by stern threats from Prometheus a full statement of the secret which he vaunts so loudly. This is the third and last "wrestling bout," and it ends as did the others. The indomitable pride of the Titan soars up in its fiercest flare of defiance and hate. Hermes is treated with incisive scorn as the "menial," the "courier," the "lackey" of Zeus; he must endure to hear the taunt "I would not exchange my misery for thy servitude." ("better to rule in hell than serve in heaven"), he is "flouted as though he were a child;" his warnings "vainly vex an ear deaf to his persuasions as a wave." Zeus, himself, is spoken of in words of contempt, loathing and defiance. Prometheus flings his Everlasting No in his face. In two things he puts his trust, the speedy fall of Zeus and his own immortality. "New gods your rule is new; ye think ye dwell in citadels secure from sorrow. Have I not seen two lords hurled from thence? Aye and a third I shall yet live to see, even him that now rules, most ignominiously, most swiftly of them all." Let Zeus do his worst, "fling his curled two-edged bolts, shake the empyrean with thunder and the rack of savage winds and choke the paths of the constellations with his ruffian surge; let him with the ruthless swing of destiny lift my body on high and plunge it into the black depths of Tartarus; yet shall he never slay me." It is the most magnificent defiance in literature; all the material forces of the universe united in one arm are impotent to crush the rebellion of

this unconquerable soul. It laughs at them, annihilates them. Hermes after a solemn denunciation of doom gives up his task. No sooner is he gone than his menaces are realized. "The earth rocks, the muffled roar of the thunder bellows; the quick cross-lightnings flame and flash; the dust is swirled along by whirlwinds; the blasts of all the winds leap forth in civil strife one against the other; the ocean is mingled with the height of heaven." Prometheus' rock is shattered by a thunderbolt, the earth gapes, and amid the ruins he sinks from view into the depths of Tartarus, his last words, heard through all the din and crash, a deep-mouthed protest against the "injustice" of his doom.

But is it "injustice?" The end which the fragments of the Prometheus Unbound enable us to see will show. After many thousands of years Prometheus once more emerges into the light of day. He is now fettered to a rock in Mount Caucasus; visited every third day by the "dusky hound of Zeus," the eagle which, as in Hesiod, gnaws his liver, the seat of his pride. His kinsman, the Titans, blind powers who had erred in ignorance, not so deeply punished therefore as the rebel seer, long ago indeed with Cronos their king, set free by Zeus and reconciled to him, come from their happy islands in the western sea, as the Ocean Nymphs once did, to lighten the anguish of the sufferer by their sympathy and doubtless to open to him a door of hope in that mercy which they had experienced themselves. Prometheus shows a somewhat chastened mood. He who had boasted of that immortality which even Zeus could not take from him, now longs to die and bemoans that he is shut in outer darkness, "far from the glad sway of Jove," as Cicero translates. As Io before, beloved of Zeus and persecuted by the wiles of jealous Here, had been led to the scene of Prometheus' torment, and had learnt from him the remnant of her wanderings, so her descendant Heracles, the well-beloved son of Zeus, he too, the victim of Here's jealousy, reaches him now and receives a full account of the way that still lies before him in his unending labours for the good of man. But Heracles is very different from Io. She was a weak woman, a mere passive sufferer, fretting even to frenzy against a hard fate which seemed to her a wanton cruelty, for great ends of which she knew nothing. Heracles is a man, a man in whom the god is latent, with open eyes and willing heart, bending his neck to the yoke of a sorrow which is to be swallowed up in victory. His presence then will not madden and inflame, but work reconciliation and deliverance. Before him the Titan's bitter pride melts into a new passion which drops into that scarred and wasted heart like cooling dew, into love. He addresses Heracles: "O best-loved son of deep detested sire." His

liver needs no gnawing any more. Heracles slays the eagle with an arrow from his resistless bow. And now the final and full reconciliation with "the deep detested sire" cannot long be delayed. Heracles again consummates it. As an expiation for the sins of Prometheus he offers the undeserved sufferings and voluntary death of a god—Chiron. "most just of the Centaurs" whom he had unwittingly wounded with a poisoned arrow and who, in the unshakable anguish of his wound, longed to find his only relief in Hades. Hermes, probably, is sent to set Prometheus free from his bonds. And now, not as once he thought merely in terms of a compact, but rather as the perfect seal of amnesty and submission he reveals the secret of that marriage which he had hidden so close and hugged to his revengeful heart so long. Voluntarily besides he assumes the weeds of penitence, a willow wreath, and in memory of his chains an iron ring. And so the chastened spirit, once so indomitably proud, stoops to be exalted, and finds its truest adornments in the badges of humility. Pain and mercy have done their perfect work upon him. Instructed by his own case, by that of Cronos and the Titans, by the sorrows ending in a far more exceeding weight of glory of Io and Heracles, he is now ready to "sing songs of victory in praise of Zeus and win wisdom altogether," of Zeus, the great world-ruler, who, though the pathways of his thought are shrouded in darkness," subdues and reconciles all things to himself, guides to a good end, and "teaches wisdom through suffering." And so he is fit at length to take his place as a greatly worshipped power in the "harmony of Zeus," to be installed side by side with Athene and Hephæstus in the groves of Academe, and there under the headship of him who never desired aught but the perfection of mankind, and would have secured it but for the short-sighted interference of Prometheus, by one flash of momentary pain, to labour in the congenial task of the culture and civilization of humanity. What else does Zeus desire and labour for himself? Has he not deigned time and again to stoop to mortal wedlock, to mingle the vigour of his blood with the poor flow that courses in man's feeble veins for the begetting of heroes—to help "the poor creatures of a day," only a little less imperfect now than when Prometheus' short-sighted championship stereotyped their imperfection—heroes like Heracles,

"Men near to Zeus, for whom on Ida burns
High in clear air the altar of their sire,
In whom still pulses full the blood divine."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The news of the death of this brilliant writer came unexpectedly, and lovers of literature will regret that no more of those marvellously

strong tales, which made his fame, will ever again appear to delight and entrance them. Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scot of the Scots, born of a family that had set up great lighthouses on the coast, and brought up in the shadow of Edinburgh Castle. Though he has written little about his native land yet she has had the best of his work, her moors, locks and mountains provided his strongest literary inspirations, and his Scotch romances of *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour* and *The Master of Ballantrae* form perhaps the author's most substantial claim to fame. Only a Scotsman could draw appreciatively the catechist, Mr. Henderland, and tell of his dealings with David Balfour. "There are two things that men should never weary of, goodness and humility; we get none too much of them in this rough world and amongst cold, proud people; but Mr. Henderland had their very speech upon his tongue, and though I was a good deal puffed up with my adventures and with having come off, as the saying is, with flying colours, yet he soon had me on my knees beside a simple poor old man, and both proud and glad to be there." And who but a Scot would quote from the shorter catechism as to "his want of original righteousness and the corruption of his whole nature?"

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is the story which established Stevenson's reputation on its broadest basis. It suited equally well those who enjoy a good story for its own sake, and that considerable class of readers who have far more relish for the moral side. It is a question whether the author took more pains "to point the moral or adorn the tale." Most readers will probably be struck by the impressive moral lesson more than by the wonderful art of its presentation, but Henry James perhaps comes nearest the truth when he remarks, that while "there is a genuine feeling for the perpetual moral question, a fresh sense of the difficulty of being good and the brutishness of being bad, what there is above all, is a singular ability in holding the interest." For tragedy of the kind of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Stevenson had an "almost unholy gift," which he exercised occasionally, as in *The Master of Ballantrae*, but more especially in the strong gruesome story of *Thrawn Janet*, and the trials of the Reverend Murdoch Soullis in his moorland parish of Balweary.

Dr. Jekyll is often quoted as a book that met with great success and made an impression without the aid of a heroine, and Mr. Stevenson has the reputation of being heartlessly independent of the fair sex. But from the nature of many of his stories, it is not easy to find them a place. He has really no proper accommodation provided for them, as witness the case of *Catriona* and *David Balfour* in their travels. Women are not generally inclined to use

pistols or swing cutlasses, nor do they care to be shipwrecked or hunt for buried treasure. Indeed Stevenson points out repeatedly that marriage, from his point of view, is a renunciation. After that step, "There are no more bye-paths where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave. . . . To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good. . . . It is better to face the fact and know when you marry that you take into your life a creature of equal, if unlike, frailties, whose weak human heart beats no more tunefully than yours."

From some of Stevenson's writings, as *Will o' the Mill*, a reader might judge that he was a good deal of a trifler, who cared more for his style than his thought. He is certainly curious as to his expression and cares greatly for his phrase, but he has withal a genuine interest in life; he has strong feelings of which he is never ashamed, and his feelings are his reasons, notably so in *The Master of Ballantrae*. The regard, the deference he shows towards his own feelings and the feelings of others, may explain in part his frequent carelessness about the "respectable desirable moral which many a reader doubtless finds that he neglects to point."

The gallantry and bravado of his style, which once led a critic (Mr. Archer) to characterize him as a "happy but heartless pagan," really constitutes an appeal for our sympathy when we know the writer was fighting for his life, with one foot in the grave. He bore up bravely and never betrayed his feelings. No one could tell from his pages that they were written by an invalid, many of them written in bed. The man was an optimist, he loved life and commended it heartily, and clung to it longingly. Life is "a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest, and small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours." He who had been an experimentalist, as he puts it, "in several out-of-the-way provinces of life," laid him down to rest under the shadow of the palm on an island of the South, far from his native land. Let him speak the last word for himself.

"Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labors of my sires and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: 'In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.'"

Football was a crime during the reign of Henry VIII.

POETRY.

OID FASTI, BOOK I., VERSES 469-499.

EVANDER WITH HIS MOTHER, CARMENTA, EXPELLED FROM ARCADIA, GO FORTH TO ITALY.

THERE is a land which sprung of old,
(To grant what is self claimed),
Ere yet the lucent moon was made,
From mighty Arcas named.

'Twas from this land Evander came
By either blood renowned;
But nobler from his mother's side,
Whom gift divine had crowned.

Whene'er the light of heavenly flame
Her soul with truth had fired,
She uttered fates of future days
By Phoebus' mind inspired.

And now she sang of loftiest fates
Her son and self to lure;
For she had marked through ancient times
Great lives by woes made pure.

And now the youth and mother flee;
Her words, alas! too true;
Their dear-loved native land they quit
Nor more home gods shall view.

The mother to her son appeals:
"O boy, brush off those tears,
Bear you this ill in manly way!
Men must not bend to fears!

"This fortune is from Fates divine,
Your fault drives not from home.
'Tis God, an angry God, prescribes
Your work in days to come.

"You suffer not from vengeance just,
The Gods these trials send.
'Tis much, no crime infixes sting,
These pains in joys will end.

"Each soul reflects upon its act
And forms within its breast,
As are its acts, bright joyful hopes,
Or fears and dark unrest.

"Think not, my son, that you are first
Such mighty harms to bear;
This tempest falls on godlike men;
This fate all heroes share.

"This Cadmus bore in ancient time;
Was from Phoenicia driven:
And far upon Aonian soil
He found a sheltering haven.

"Thus Tydeus and thus Jason fared,
Nor can we name the rest;
Whom adverse fates drove forth from home,
Who were by exile blest.

"The brave claim all as native lands,
As fishes claim the seas;
As birds claim all the open heaven
Where vacant blows the breeze.

"Not all the year the tempests fierce
Sweep through the troubled sky,
Trust me, spring times will come to you,
Favonian breezes sigh."

Uppborne by these, his mother's words,
Evander fears no toil;
He cleaves the seas with flying sail,
And gains Hesperia's soil.

CROWQUILL.

Ottawa, Dec. 13th, 1894.

CONTRIBUTED.

SKETCHES FROM THE FOOT-HILLS.

THE INDIAN.

IT is fitting that in any sketches of western life we should begin with the first families of the country. Mr. Matthew Arnold has considered that the first families of Britain may be fairly described as barbarians. The first families of our North-West are commonly called savages, and we all know that barbarians and savages have many points in common, even though the advantage may lie with the barbarian, Montaigne and Rousseau to the contrary notwithstanding.

In these days of comparative study when we hear so much of comparative anatomy, comparative grammar, comparative religion, comparative politics, and what not, it might not be uninteresting to pursue the study of comparative barbarity, for which also many valuable materials are not wanting. Thus we might observe that, like the first families of many other lands, those of the North-West are beginning to find that their active power in the country is somewhat on the wane. At the same time, owing to the important advantage which primary possession gives, they are, like many others, able to live pretty much at the public expense, and, quite generally, to occupy a position of *otium cum dignitate*, which may not indeed be very pleasing in the sight of certain radicals and socialists, but which has its redeeming features also both for those who live without work and for those who support them. Thus there are many in all countries, including our own, who either on historical, antiquarian, or sentimental grounds, would lament very much the complete disappearance of the first families with all their barbaric associations. Among other characteristic features which they have in common might be mentioned their love of fields and woods, to which they regularly betake themselves at certain seasons of the year and seem to enjoy separation from the world at large; their fondness for horses and dogs and the delight of all ages and sexes in horseback riding, their enjoyment of field sports, as also their relish for game as an article of food and particularly for game in an advanced stage of decay—a characteristic in which the Indians of our North-West will yield to no first families not even the most primary of the British. There are, without doubt, many other more important and more subtle points of similarity, and probably not a few of difference, which might be brought out as between the barbarians of other lands and the savages of Canada, but it is not with such learned and serious studies that this sketch has to do.

Notwithstanding the remoteness of the period at which the Indian pilgrim fathers landed on this continent, their descendants of the West do not seem to command the respect to which their relation to the country should entitle them. Their downfall has been commonly attributed to the influences of civilization, the inability to bear prosperity, and their association with nobler types of the race. At any rate their primitive state was one of charming innocence when compared with their present condition. They may be said to have eaten of the tree of knowledge, and with the usual train of consequences including death which has overtaken most of them and left the rest filled with desires which they have not come by honestly. The primitive simplicity of their golden age was a condition of innocence merely, not of perfection. They were ever deceitful above all things, but by no means desperately wicked. Looking at the matter from their own point of view deceit was their strongest virtue. It was by deceit, cleverly practiced, that they were able to capture the animals required for food and clothing. It was by superiority in deceit that they were able to escape or destroy their enemies, whether the wild beasts of the forest or plain, their brother Indians of hostile tribes, or the myriads of supernatural powers compassing them on every hand and whose hostility was so easily excited.

It was but natural that, when once the Indian had got an inkling of the white man's methods of dealing with him, it became almost impossible for the European adventurers to get the advantage of him in diplomacy. Hence, judging him by their own standards, they inferred his desperate wickedness and called him hard names in their despatches. Nevertheless his lying had the true patriotic turn, and many of the ambassadors of the various European courts of the 17th and 18th centuries, who were accustomed, as it was said, to lie abroad for the good of their country at home, might have obtained many valuable suggestions in patriotism from the Indian embassies which parleyed with the representatives of the French and English powers in North America.

Still his patriotism was uprightness itself compared with the effect produced upon him by the many inventions to which the white man introduced him. The whites gave him the horse, the gun and the brandy or rum bottle; they destroyed his family life, introduced private greed, and taught him civilized warfare. Without the horse he lived a comparatively stationary life, and so had few wars on his hands. Without the gun such wars as he waged were not destructive. Without the fire-water his animal passions were not stirred to frenzy. Like most savages and barbarians he prized a good physical condition;

hence quietly and with an approving conscience he relieved all weaklings of the burdens of life, and thus preserved the vigor of his tribe. But through association with the whites and participation in their trade and their feuds, he learned from their political agents the wisdom of killing off the more vigorous members of the tribes in war, while from the missionaries he learned the wisdom of keeping alive the weak and diseased. Thus between these two wisdoms, assisted by various other European inventions and the constant pressure of civilization, the ordinary Indian has been pretty much reduced to those western remnants which have been retired from active savagery and put upon the pension list. There are, however, a number of comparatively pure specimens in the far north where they have been preserved by snow and ice.

By the pensioning system the Indians on the reserves have been able to survive the buffalo. How long this survival may continue is matter of widely varying opinion. Some tribes seem too far gone to recover; others seem capable, under fair management, of keeping up their existence for an indefinite time. In the event of his vanishing altogether it is an interesting problem, in some localities, as to whether the white man can survive the Indian. In some places the local markets at present created, by the needs of the Indians, the North-West Mounted Police, who constitute their guard of honour, and the various civil, religious and educational officials connected with the agencies, are all-important.

The Indian is not much of a conversationalist, practising the gospel of silence in a manner to have charmed the heart of Carlyle. Like most savages he is but slightly under the influence of the plain facts of nature, being governed chiefly by ideas. His view of the universe is essentially pessimistic, and his pessimism is clearly written on his countenance. To him the world of nature exhibits no physical laws; its every change is the expression of some shade or spirit, and experience teaches him that these are mainly of a malevolent turn exacting an intolerable amount of ritualistic observance to keep them in good humour. Though many of the Indians understand English they are extremely averse to the use of it. Many of them have a remarkable command of English profanity, and, when they care to indulge in this pastime, the wealth of their vocabulary, the intensity and variety of the combinations, and the accuracy of their pronunciation are quite marvellous. Some explain this peculiarity as a spontaneous expression of original sin, while others incline to the belief that it is due to their association with certain grades of civilization. Several enthusiastic English missionaries expect to change all this and to have the Indian problem virtually solved

in another generation. Their plan, which is at present largely in operation, is to teach christianity to all the children in the schools on the Indian reserves. Making the next generation christian it is believed they will naturally become industrious, moral, and self-dependent citizens. One would gladly believe this if experience would give any encouragement. But, first of all, we know that human types were not made in a generation and cannot be radically reconstructed in that time; and, secondly, the history of America, and particularly of Canada, tells us that this very plan was in operation here for nearly a couple of centuries, and the results were not at all encouraging.

The experience of one of the North-West missionaries, in his efforts to convert the adult savages, was thus given by himself, though I have somewhat condensed his statement: "When urged to become christians the Indians usually replied that they had listened to his accounts of the future life. He had described to them the people who went to heaven, also those who went to hell. They were well aware that their ancestors had often made war on others, that they had pillaged and scalped their enemies and were never afterwards sorry for it, they had told many lies and otherwise acted as christian white men never did. They were quite certain therefore that their ancestors to a man were located in hell. Now, nothing would grieve them more than to be parted forever from their ancestors. Nor had they any desire to go and live with white men in heaven. They therefore declined conversion, electing to go to hell as the lesser of two evils."

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

This is the title of a series of most interesting articles by Mme. Blanc (Th. Benzon) in recent numbers of the *Paris Revue*. Two sections of the subject, appearing in the issue of Oct. 15th, and bearing title "Women's Colleges" and "Co-Education," are of especial interest to Canadian students. We present our readers with a few translated extracts as illustrating the tenor and contents of the whole series, and as showing how much more rapidly the education of women has developed in America than in France.

Mme. Blanc announces as the motto of the American girl, "Wherever you go, dear Dick, I go to!" and adds in explanation: "Brothers go to the university, sisters assert their right to go there also. For some time past educational institutions, whether public or private, high schools or academies, no longer satisfy them, they wish to secure the right to aspire to all the callings formerly reserved for man. I have already said, I think, that the great movements of the contemporary life of women in America

were manifested in the club and the college, association and culture. The country begins to be covered with lady bachelors, licentiates and doctors. In Boston I was invited to a lady-graduates' club. I have a confused remembrance of shaking hands there with about a hundred. This crowd of young girls, decked out with degrees, was truly imposing, but I could not keep from thinking, 'Of what use will that be in the home?' I forgot that America is a world; that schools are very numerous there; and that for many years to come they will still be in need of professors."

Mme. Blanc then describes her visit to the ladies' Annex of Harvard University—New Cambridge College, which she considers, for several reasons, to be above criticism. 1. It enjoys the perpetual influence of Harvard and the assistance of Harvard's professors. 2. The number in attendance is small. 3. The college is conducted on the day-school plan, which distributes young ladies, from a distance, among city families with whom they board. "The dormitory system in one form or another is thus avoided. Almost everywhere else it has impressed me disagreeably." 4. The college is under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Agassiz, "an American Maintenon, ruling over a modern Saint-Cyr, from which one issues provided with weighty diplomas, but also with sound principles and excellent manners. Four years passed in almost daily contact with such a character can only develop the best that there is in every student." Mme. Blanc says of Mrs. Agassiz: "She agrees with Wordsworth and Emerson. The former said, with regard to America, that its society was characterized by a superficial teaching out of all proportion to the restraints of moral culture. Emerson, who quotes this judgment, adds that in his opinion the schools can do no good; that the education furnished by circumstances is frequently preferable to lessons correctly recited; that the essential point is to avoid all cant, to have the courage of one's convictions, to love what is beautiful, to guard one's independence and good humor, and to desire continually to add something to the well-being of others. Certainly these healthy maxims are inculcated in the refined circle of Harvard; the women, who go out from there, are not only scholars but pre-eminently 'ladies,' thanks to the supreme influence of example and surroundings."

The writer then gives her impressions of Bryn Mawr College, situated on the outskirts of Philadelphia. In view of recent utterances in the JOURNAL the following should be of especial interest. "No one resides in the college except the students and their directress, Miss M. Carey Thomas, who bears with an infinite amount of amiable authority the imposing title of 'dean.' Perhaps her perfect

knowledge of our language, our literature, and everything French, counted for something; but the type of the coming woman, of whom Tennyson has prophesied, as one who is 'to make herself her own . . . to learn and be, all that not harms distinctive womanhood,' without resembling 'undeveloped man,' without allowing thought to extinguish grace, has seemed to me incarnated in a particularly seductive manner in Dean Thomas."

Wellesley College is next described and we are only sorry that we cannot quote her comments in full. She wonders if France will ever have the equivalent of a Harvard-Annex or a Bryn Mawr. Her ambition does not extend to a Wellesley with its 700 students, decidedly too many in her opinion. "It has made me feel in a startling way the peril that threatens the United States; too much culture in all ranks of society, culture so general being necessarily not very profound. Besides the question arises, what must be the effect upon girls, most of whom are destined to earn their own bread, of this interval of four years in the palace of the ideal, away from the family, between the mediocrity of the past and the cruelties of the struggle for existence which awaits them."

Another interesting paragraph in regard to Wellesley is the following: "In the park a Conservatory of Music contains forty pianos, an organ and a recitation hall for the use of choral classes. Concerts invade even the chapel, a fact which always scandalizes travellers from Catholic countries; they have to be reminded that for Protestants the church retains its sacred character only while service lasts, after which it becomes a mere building like any other."

The writer concludes this part of her subject with these remarks: "In no country is there more *esprit de corps* among women, in no country are particular friendships more noble and more devoted. I have been told so and I believe it, I have had proof of it many a time; it would certainly be well did the same solidarity exist among French women in all ranks of society. But the medal has its reverse side and it is impossible not to perceive it at times."

The whole article is intensely interesting as giving a Frenchwoman's view of American women, but space forbids our quoting from "Co-Education" or offering a criticism of the views we have noted. For those who desire to read the articles in full and in English, we would state that Roberts' Bros. have arranged for the publication of the whole series, translated by Abbey L. Alger, and announced to appear at an early date.

The Yale Glee club gives a portion of its earnings to poor students.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR,—Judging by the castigation "Student" administers, the inference might be drawn that he is acquainted with the old adage "when you have no case abuse the plaintiff." I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that my communication drew forth a personal retort. The omissions for which I criticised the students seemed to me so reasonable, that thought and observation should have suggested their performance. If the students knew of these things, and the lack of attractiveness in their hostess prevented them from practicing them, I have nothing but contempt for their lack of manhood, and "Student" passes a far severer criticism on his fellows than I. There is, however, another side to the question, which "Student" has failed to see. Womanlike, I am sorry if I have been unnecessarily harsh, and yet this discussion will not be in vain if it arouses the attention of the students to the truth of what Emerson said: "Defect in manners is merely the defect of fine perceptions."

HOSTESS.

SPORTS.

"ATHLETIC LIFE."

THE initial number of *Athletic Life*, a magazine devoted to the interests of Canadian sports and pastimes, and published in Toronto, has been received. If the first number is an index of what is to follow, we predict for it success. The print, paper, and the general get-up of the magazine is strictly first-class. Among its contributors is numbered Goldwin Smith, and his name alone is a warrant for the high-class literary character of its articles.

It is somewhat strange, as the editor remarks, that no attempt has ever before been made to establish a first-class journal devoted to the fostering of pure sport in Canada. History shows that the most influential nations have been those that have combined to the greatest extent their mental and physical development. Canada is but a young country, but she has made enormous strides in the department of sports and pastimes. So far, pure love of these has actuated the participants, and it is well that professionalism should be frowned down. Judging from the number before us we believe this will be the object of *Athletic Life*, a periodical that will be read eagerly by the true lovers of sport, but which will have little interest for the "sport" popularly so-called. The maintenance of this standard may be difficult, but should ensure for it hearty support.

HOCKEY.

Saturday night the first tie in the O. H. U. series was played between Queen's and the R. M. C. Queen's won with a score of 15 to 7. The playing was not strictly first-class, but was considered good for the condition of the ice. Throughout the game the best of good-feeling prevailed, and the playing of both teams was gentlemanly in the extreme—the *Kingston News* notwithstanding. Queen's was not represented by her best team, and the boys showed lack of condition, but all this will be remedied when they meet the Limestones this (Saturday) evening. This will be the crucial match of the season, and the winner may look confidently for the trophy. The Limestones are worthy opponents, and the knowing ones predict a hard match. May the better team win.

GOLLEGE NEWS.

A. M. S.

AT THE Society's first meeting for the New Year, which was held last Saturday evening, the attendance of members was not as large as usual, but yet a fair amount of important business was disposed of.

In accordance with notice of motion given at the last meeting J. C. Brown, B.A., moved that the following members constitute a committee to arrange for the compilation and publication of a Queen's University Song Book, viz., R. J. Hutcheon, M.A., (chairman); J. R. Fraser, B.A.; J. D. Stewart, M.A.; D. McG. Gandier, B.A.; J. C. Brown, B.A.; Norman Henderson; D. W. Best; W. G. Back; E. C. Watson; R. Burton; N. M. Leckie; W. Walker; A. Meiklejohn. This committee will have the general management of the undertaking, and will also have the task of selecting competent committees to deal with each special department of the work.

According to the notice of motion given, the secretary of the Football Club was to have presented the financial report of the team for the season, and also a report of the work done during the summer, on the new campus, but owing to the fact that some of the vouchers had not as yet been filed the notice was extended till next meeting.

On motions by A. B. Ford, M.A., and C. G. Young, B.A., the Society, after a short but spirited discussion, authorized the Athletic Committee to discuss three bills relating to the expenses of the Football Team, to the aggregate amount of \$25.00. The treasurer was ordered to pay the bill for damages done during a college parade.

D. McG. Gandier, B.A., moved that R. J. Hutcheon, M.A., and R. Burton be a committee to draft a resolution of condolence, expressing the Society's sympathy with J. H. Turnbull in his recent sad bereavement.

The Critic in presenting his report castigated his own shortcomings most severely in "a few well chosen words," and closed by referring more leniently to some irregularities in the methods of procedure. The meeting then adjourned, and most of the members betook themselves to the rink where the hockey match between Queen's and the R. M. C. was in progress.

Y. M. C. A.

The first meeting of the year was held on the afternoon of January 11th, and was large and attractive. Principal Grant was to give an address and prefaced his remarks by reading a letter from Rev. T. B. Scott, M.D., who is engaged in medical missionary work in Ceylon, giving an interesting account of his work there. The Principal based his remarks on a passage from the book of Job, and shewed how indispensable it was for everyone, above all things, to be true to God and to himself.

The Y.M.C.A. was visited this week by Mr. W. H. Sallmon of Yale, representing the International Association. He addressed a meeting of students on Wednesday afternoon.

THE LEVANA SOCIETY.

The enthusiastic renewal of interest in the Levana Society, demonstrated by the large meeting held on Dec. 19, has proved that the seeming indifference of Queen's daughters to so important an element in a college course was merely a transitional period, which has led to quickened energies and broadened aims. The five minute addresses given by each member of the executive explained clearly the true ideal towards which the Society should aspire. Impelled by the spirit of this intensely acquisitive age the student is irresistibly tempted to devote herself to the merely utilitarian side of college life. The inevitable excuse of "no time to lose," which meets the merest suggestion of departure from the narrow routine of study, shows that the harness of intellectual training has been put on to stay. For the systematic performance of work this harness is of great value, but it does not give the free play of mind that is essential for the development of the student, and that adjusts the distinctive features of her life to the life around her. It is to be hoped that the Levana, by the æsthetic, social and versatile elements that enter into it, will supplement the work of the college in accomplishing these ends.

The programme of the Society promises well. The formal opening was held yesterday evening in the Levana rooms, and will be reported in our next number. In two weeks' time this subject will be debated by Misses Chown, Murray, Reid and Mur-

ray: "Resolved, that it is desirable to have a lady dean at Queen's." At the following fortnightly meeting Miss Polson will lead a discussion on "Concentration vs. Versatility" in relation to college life.

ARTS READING ROOM.

The curators of the reading room are doing all that is within their power to make it worthy of the university. That even greater success may attend their efforts they ask students, and even professors, to kindly remember that magazines should be handled with care, that the tables are not intended to be used as lounges, and that no excuse can be accepted for the removal, for no matter how short a time, of even a portion of a periodical.

In accordance with the constitution of the Arts Society, a list of members has been carefully prepared and now decorates the reading room. If your name is not written there two things are very sure. First, you are not eligible at any time as an officer of the Arts Society, of the Venerable Concurus, or as a delegate to another university. Second, when you frequent the reading room you are taking advantage of the liberality of others. Would it not be a manly and an advisable act for you at once to see Mr. Williamson, Treasurer of the Arts Society?

A row of panelling for class pictures has been ordered, and soon '94 and '95 will be grouped with the immortals.

The following papers and magazines are always on file:

The Mail, Globe, Empire, Kingston Whig, Kingston News, Ottawa Evening Journal, Montreal Daily Star, La Minerve, Christian Guardian, The News Item (Sunday), Halifax Herald, Glengarry News, Weekly Mail and Express, Mac Talla, Canadian Churchman, Canada Presbyterian, Presbyterian Review, Medical Missionary Record, Educational Monthly, Educational Journal, Hartford Seminary Record, Presbyterian Record, Illustrated Quarterly, Scribner, Short Stories Sketch, London News, Life, Picture Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Grip, Punch, Literary Digest, Outlook, Cosmopolitan, Munsey, Peterson's Magazine, Outing, Athletic Life, Week, Review of Reviews, Electrical Engineer, Littell's Living Age, Harper's, Century, Current Literature, Nature, Missionary Review, McGill Fortnightly, Presbyterian College Journal, Acta Victoriana, Trinity University Review, Owl, Student, Knox College Monthly, Varsity, Columbia Spectator, Canadian Magazine.

THE ONTARIO MINING INSTITUTE.

The third meeting of the Mining Institute was held in the School of Mining on Jan. 3rd and 4th. At the first session on Thursday forenoon an effort was made towards acting with the societies of Quebec and Nova Scotia in forming a federal society for the Dominion. Mr. Merritt brought forward the subject of requiring mining engineers to pass a government standard such as most other professions have. This would do away with the mining

"expert" and help to place mining on a firm basis. Mr. B. O. A. Bell gave notice that at the annual meeting he would move to have a student membership in connection with the Institute. The afternoon was occupied by the reading of papers. In the evening Prof. Miller gave a short paper on "Typical Ontario Rocks," illustrated by stereopticon views of rock sections. Dr. Coleman read a very interesting paper on "The occurrence of Gold in Ontario." The first session on Friday was also occupied by reading of papers. In the afternoon the members of the Mining Institute and the Eastern Ontario Dairy Association were present at the formal opening of the Dairy School and Mining Laboratory. A banquet at the Frontenac on Friday evening, tendered the visiting societies by the citizens of Kingston, brought the meetings to a close.

SCHOOL OF MINING NOTES.

With the new term the prospectors' classes have begun, and about a dozen students have registered for the course.

John (from the arts building) has been mysteriously prospecting around the halls of late, but stoutly denies having even a fatherly interest in the prospectors' class.

Students of assaying are now forced to follow the example of one of the professors and to eat their breakfast on Friday night so as to begin assaying at eight o'clock Saturday morning. They bring a lunch along and indulge in a "bun-feed" at noon and do not get home till 5 a.m. or even later. An ambitious youth has suggested that the class be changed from all day Saturday to all day Sunday, so that rink and evening service may both be attended.

A certain student of applied science recently strayed into laboratory number 2 and inaugurated some original research with his watch chain. With evaporating dish and nitric acid he thought to dissolve all the copper and have nothing left but pure unalloyed gold. On being told that gold and all would soon be gone, he snatched the now blackened chain from the acid and then proceeded to silver-plate it. Mercury and silver nitrate soon brightened it up, but on attempting to polish it he found that the acid had gone too far, and the rotted chain snapped into pieces. A shoe lace now adorns the place where the chain used to be. In the meantime a drop of mercury had splashed on his ring and as it was being nicely cleaned away before the heat of the blow-pipe a large drop of molten alloy fell from the heated ring, which by the way bore the mark "18 karats." Further examination shewed the fragment of the ring to be worth just ten cents.

The experimenter readily exchanged it for a street car check, and has taken this for his motto: "Do not *potter* with things you do not understand."

DIVINITY NOTES.

The faithful "remnant" has returned looking sleek and plump from Christmas feasting. No doubt many a turkey found its destiny. Even the bishop was heard the other day to groan within himself, earnestly desiring a horizontal increase of waistcoat. The experiences during vacation were varied. Manuscripts, rivaling in age the codex sinaiticus, have been made to rustle once more before a wondering public, and have earned for their owners another \$7 a Sunday. But how shall we speak of those who now go about the corridors with head down, face long, step slow, and who are ever and anon heard to mutter, "She was a phantom of delight," "A lovely apparition," "Sent to be a moment's ornament." Oh, the tale they could impart!

We tried to ascertain from the archbishop the total number of gifts received, but we received the startling information that no socks could be found in a fit condition to expose on a mantel-piece. He even went so far as to say that there was not a darned sock in the whole lot. On the whole the boys seem to have enjoyed themselves, and wish for many happy returns of the season.

Since we can lick our lips no longer over a Christmas feast might it not be advisable to entertain visions of a divinity dinner. We feel confident that the capacity of the present class is up to the average. We might even dare say, beyond the average, and elegant justice could be done to a "spread." Moreover, it is well to remember the final men who must soon settle down to stern life on perhaps a little porridge and hard tack.

Homilies, lectures and sermons are now being worked off one a day. The audiences are not the most inspiring, neither are the criticisms.

The lectures on Higher Criticism for this session have begun, and before spring we expect to be acquainted with the following letters of the alphabet, P. J. E. D.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The improvements in the reading room, noted elsewhere, are timely and will be appreciated by all.

The rink is now in full blast and the patriarchal Hatch rejoices in the regular attendance of about one hundred students.

At a special meeting of the senior year on Dec. 20th, in response to an invitation from McMaster University for a representative to their annual dinner, J. H. Turnbull was selected.

A list of those who are entitled to a refund of one dollar on the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium fee has been posted on the senate bulletin board.

We are glad to welcome a number of new students since the opening of this term. The total number of registered students is now 508, a larger number than ever before. This is the first time that we have numbered more than 500.

J. B. McKinnon quietly slipped away from Kingston during the holidays and spent a few days pleasantly and profitably in a western town. John is of too romantic a temperament to make himself a martyr to his books in holiday time.

"Paupers" and "students" is the charming association of ideas that the *News*, in view of the elections, has extracted from its inner self-consciousness after many agonizing intellectual somersaults. The students cannot be too grateful for this evidence of love and esteem.

The patients in the hospital have very feelingly expressed the wish that in future those who so kindly undertake to visit the institution on Sunday mornings would refrain from singing such suggestive spiritual songs as "One day's march nearer home," and "The hour of departure's come."

Candidates writing on examinations in convocation hall will no more long in vain to know the names of those sages into whose faces they so often gaze for inspiration. In accordance with a suggestion in last year's *JOURNAL*, cards containing names and other particulars have been placed on the portraits.

An original view expressed in an exchange by a New York clergyman: "If football is a rough game it is especially rough on the spectators, many of whom by unusual exposure run the risk of catching pneumonia. Once in a while we read of a football player being badly hurt or killed, but my conviction is that death does more damage on the grand stand than among those who take part in the game."

The following are typical sentences from an article in the Christmas number of the *Owl*. "The (Scotch) University is a great unsympathetic machine, taking in a stream of raw-boned cartilaginous youths at one end, and turning them out at the other as learned divines, astute lawyers and skilful medical men." And, "The leading non-Catholic colleges of Canada, Dalhousie, McGill, Queen's, Toronto, are all modelled upon Edinburgh university. They are all mere "machines" for the turning out of divines, lawyers, doctors, *et al.*" This is unworthy of further notice, but it is lamentable that enough ignorance and unfairness of spirit exists to inspire such sweeping utterances as these.

PERSONALS.

VICTOR Purdy accepted the position of Public School teacher at Cannington on the new year.

C. H. Edwards, '96, is teaching at Keen, Ont.

Miss Carrie L. Bentley, '93, is at present occupied as a private teacher at Lindsay, Ont.

H. L. Wilson, M.A., '88, formerly tutor in Greek, and at present attending Johns Hopkins university, has been appointed tenor soloist and director of a quartette in a Baltimore church.

Messrs. T. S. Scott, B.A., '94, Brandon, and A. J. McNeil, '95, after being absent from our halls for some time, have returned to resume work.

J. W. Dempster, at one time a member of '94, and who since then has studied at Manitoba College, is now at Lane Theological Seminary.

Rev. Alf. Fitzpatrick, B.A., '89, was, on January 9th, inducted as pastor of the congregation of Kin-cardine, New Brunswick. Fitz sends his love to all the boys and others that he used to know.

The friends and old classmates of Rev. J. D. Boyd, B.A., of this city, will be sorry to hear that he has been seriously ill for several days. He expects to be at work again in a very short time.

Another of Queen's sons has entered the ranks of the benedict's. A. B. Parlow, M.D., '94, of Aultsville, and Miss Hales of this city, were married on Wednesday evening, Dec. 26th. The *JOURNAL* extends best wishes.

Rev. John M. Kellock, M.A., pastor of the congregation of Morewood and Chesterville, was pleasantly surprised at his prayer meeting on Jan'y 3rd, by the presentation to him, by his congregation, of a valuable fur coat.

We have heard with deep regret of the severe loss sustained by Mr. J. H. Turnbull during the holidays in the death of his mother. The *JOURNAL* assures him of the sincere sympathy of his fellow-students, who feel deeply for him in his sad bereavement.

Lennox Irving, B.A., '86, of Pembroke, who was during his course a member of the champion association football team and is now a member of the University Council, had his leg broken in a game of football last September and is still confined to his house. Queen's men will be sorry to hear of this mishap and will join with the *JOURNAL* in wishing him a speedy recovery.

"Rev. W. D. Wilkie, B.A., of Eramosa, Ont., son of Mr. W. W. Wilkie, of this town, was married at the residence of the bride's sister, in Galt, on Christmas Day, to Miss Maggie Scott. The *Herald* unites with the many friends of Mr. Wilkie here in

extending congratulations and good wishes."—Carleton Place *Herald*. As we have not yet heard any denial of this, we congratulate William on his enterprising spirit and wish him all fullness of joy.

On New Year's Eve the Rev. Dr. Carmichael, of Strange, was very agreeably surprised by a large number of his congregation invading the manse and presenting him with "A sprig o' heather and a braw new gown," together with wishes for a happy New Year. After the presentation a substantial supper was provided, and the evening spent in song and merriment. After bidding good-bye to '94, and seeing the New Year well on its way, the visitors dispersed with many expressions of good-will and esteem for their pastor.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THIS is a sample of current sermonic criticism. "I cannot understand Mr. L-ch's definition of the world. I would *simply* say that the world is a collocation or colloboration of the materialistic."—E. C. C-ie.

"There is a man in Chicago so tender-hearted that he often rides in a street car with his eyes closed, rather than see ladies standing up."—Ex.

"I had more fun in the holidays than a barrel full of monkeys."—Andy McM-l-n.

"Me too."—W. P-k.

An exchange tells of how a party of students on a football excursion took possession of a car for themselves, but just before starting were joined by an old Scotch woman. They tried to get rid of her by telling her it was a smoking car, but in vain. Soon the word went round: "Smoke her out." The windows were closed, and everyone was soon puffing vigorously, till at last the air became so foul that one of the boys began to feel sick and removed his pipe from his mouth. The old lady at once greeted him with: "If ye are dune, sir, would ye kindly gie me a bit draw? I came awa in sic a haste I forgot mine."

New Year resolutions have been dinned into the ears of the De Nobis man for many days, but we have room for the following only:

"To have nothing whatever to do with elections in the future."—J. McD. M—.

"To frown down all class examinations."—The Senior Latin girls.

"To refrain from all appearance of swearing or using other strong language."—The Editors.

"To take mine ease, eat, drink, and be merry till May 1st."—W. C. B-k-r.

"To skate six hours every day. Two in the afternoon, two before breakfast, and two after I go to bed."—Librarian R-l-ns.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss Lewis, Mono Mills; House of Commons reading room; J. McDonald, M.A., Picton; James Armour, B.A., Perth; Rev. M. Macgillivray, M.A., city; Rev. A. Fitzpatrick, B.A., Kilburn, N.B.; Rev. J. Gandier, Newburg; D. McG. Gandier, B.A.; W. W. McLaren, '98; W. H. Muldrew, B.A., Gravehurst; T. R. Wilson, '97; J. D. Byrnes, '98; J. L. Miller, '93; A. J. McMullen, B.A.; J. A. Black, B.A., Roslin; Rev. A. Givan, Williamstown; L. J. Day, Cataraqui; E. L. Pope, '95; Miss Odell; Miss McManus, M.A., Tilsonburg; Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., Westport; Rev. James Hodges, B.A., Tilbury Centre; C. F. Lavell, M.A.; F. E. Pitts, '95; Rev. A. K. MacIennan, B.A., Dalhousie Mills; A. J. McNeil, '95; H. S. Bulanquet, '96; Rev. John Fraser, North Shore, C.B.; J. C. Rogers, B.A., Picton; Dr. Arch. Mallock, Hamilton; J. McVicar, '95; Rev. John McFarland, South Mountain; P. Munro, '98; K. P. R. Neville, '96; Miss Brown, '98; W. A. Grange; C. G. Young, B.A.; Rev. John Hay, M.A., Cobourg; Jas. Wallace, '98; M. R. Throop, '96; R. T. Moodie, '97; J. McKinnon, B.A.; J. C. Brown, B.A.; P. C. McGregor, Almonte; D. L. Gordon, '97; R. S. Graham, '98; R. F. Reynolds, '98.

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