

# QUEEN'S

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## Queen's University Journal.

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G. R. LOWE, B.A.,	- -	Editor-in-Chief.
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**T**HERE is continuity in the change of the JOURNAL staff, so let our bow be a very little one. The *staff* of the staff, the permanent yet flexible force of contributors who grind "exceedingly small" are thoroughly interested in the JOURNAL as theirs. It is only because of our assurance of their hearty support that we attempt the task bequeathed us by our late beloved editor. Although the number of student subscribers is larger than ever before, we do wish that every college man should deem it his pleasure to support *his* paper in a way not the most arduous, yet quite direct, *viz*, by his mighty dollar.

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Hall Caine, during his recent visit to Canada, was reported as giving vent to his admiration of our country by exclaiming: "What glorious opportunities for the development of a magnificent manhood!" The epithets are strong and would not commend themselves to the canny Scot who keeps "glorious" for the book of The Revelation; nor can they be supposed to bear the indefinable significance of the classic "Kings may be blest, but Tam was *glorious*," but rather must they be taken to indicate the impression made by some aspects of our life, manifest to the glance of a diplomatic student of human nature.

Longer experience in Canada and further acquaintance with our conditions would tend to deepen the conviction that our opportunities are not so

narrow as our country is young. She puts it within the power of her sons to earn an honest livelihood and to elevate themselves in social usefulness by the eternal qualities that make men rise. In the development of her natural resources, brawn and brain are always in demand; and as the various operations of industry are being placed on more scientific bases, the reward of a wise use of means is richer, even as the way of success becomes more narrowly defined. Sturdy self-reliance and industrious habits are among the Canadian virtues.

To those who seek to call forth their higher faculties, something more than "the blind groupings of Homer's cyclops round the walls of his cave" is attainable. Educational, religious, artistic influences remind us that "man shall not live by bread alone." Our relations to the old land link us to her glorious past, and the very problems of our widening existence fire our hearts with the magnificence of the future that may be ours. With our representative institutions it is not ours to complain of lack of opportunities, but rather to enter the open doors.

We are glad the distinguished Manxman has called attention to the true aim of our country's gifts. It is to make men. A nation's glory in her manhood. And ours are restless times, when the timber of manhood must feel the strain. The recent spectacle at Ottawa is not one to inspire a ruddy glow of confidence in our government representatives, though we must admire the pluck of the Premier. Our country calls for men; is always calling; and will eternally reiterate the call. When the thought of war passed through the land, many a young Canadian heart felt a devotion that would shed its best blood if need were; and in the everyday days of peace, even when undisturbed by dire dreams, our Canadian nationality imperatively demands men.

To come nearer home, what are our opportunities and aims as Canadian University men? As members of the University organism we have many avenues of progress. We have access to much of the lore of the ages and contact with the best spirit of the times. We have means of physical develop-

ment and no mean place in Canada's great sports. We have associations "by the people, for the people," and some far off wooing of the *still, small voice* of Art. Better than all, we have men for our masters, men of attainments, of culture, of breadth, of character. What we wish to emphasize is this: We, at this seat of learning, in common with our fellows at other colleges, have many special privileges, and our aim should be to present to our country as a return for the opportunities she gives us, the gift of a growing manhood. This is her reasonable demand—men of action, of executive ability, of affairs, men of letters, of science, of religion, men who can follow and men who can lead; but in all and through all, men, "able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness."

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Recent events, in both America and Europe, have given striking illustrations of the truth that democratic institutions do not necessarily make a people free. If it is true that the free man is the one who is master of himself, and who, therefore, is free to do only the right, to fulfil the true end of his existence, the same may be said of nations. Such nation is free in the truest sense which is making progress toward the realization of a high national ideal. Such a nation cannot be satisfied with a merely material prosperity. It must seek especially the moral and spiritual upbuilding of its citizens and must, therefore, be interested, not only in its own welfare, but also in the advancement of civilization the world over; it will recognize the spirit of freedom in whatever continent or under whatever government it is found.

Applying such a test, what nations have most right to be called free? We fear it is not those which have talked most loudly about liberty. Of late we have seen the great republic to the south, which is so proud of its free institutions, assuming a hostile attitude towards Great Britain over a question of little importance, while acknowledging that it was aware that if Britain were involved in war on this side of the Atlantic, Russia would attack her on the other. At the same time we behold France, the ancient champion of liberty, more ready to enter into alliance with Russia than with either Germany or Britain. What does all this mean? This much at least; that the United States is more deeply interested in the forms of government than in the advancement of civilization, and that France cares more for revenge than for liberty.

In spite of all the wrong-doings of Britain, no intelligent man can doubt the influences for good which the British nation has exerted during the past century. It has fought out the battles of civilization in every quarter of the globe, and while giving

its own citizens full political freedom under a limited monarchy, it has been ready to recognize the spirit of freedom, under whatever form of government manifested.

To an American, war with Britain must, of course, mean the defeat of Britain; and this would necessarily involve submission to Russia's terms in the East. Can it be that, under such circumstances, any large number of American citizens would welcome war with Britain? We are glad to believe that the best citizens in every part of the States would not, and we believe their influence will always prevail. But we are forced to acknowledge that while the most influential class would oppose war, the majority would welcome a war with Britain on almost any pretext. Such a state of affairs should cause thoughtful men to ask what the explanation is, and we believe that at least a partial explanation will be found in the fact that our neighbors have worshipped the form to the neglect of the spirit. They have imagined that, with a republican government and free institutions, the people must be free and that where this form of government was wanting there could be no freedom. We admit that this is only a partial explanation. The other side is to be found in a certain class of immigrants that has poured into the United States from all parts; but probably the fact that the form of freedom was given greater prominence than the spirit has done much to attract this class of immigrants.

Be that as it may, it is time for every nation to learn that government by the people does not necessarily make a people free in the highest sense. Nothing short of a high moral and intellectual standard among the electors can make a people free, and this is a lesson which Canada, as well as her neighbor, needs to learn. It is still true that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," whether they be a republic or a monarchy.

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Good fellowship has always been a prominent feature in college life, and in the nature of the case must continue so. Young men, with three-quarters of life drawn from a common fund, the other quarter affording just variety enough for friendly differences, and with boundless life in all, must let their spirits run out in social channels. Nowhere do they find such vent as round a jovial board where "good digestion waits on appetite" and the richer feast of wit and wisdom revives the higher man. Why such intellectual creatures insist on the material part is a question for the physiologist or gastronomist, but this is a fact that must be reckoned with—even students' tongues move more freely at a well-laden table. Hence the desire for a college residence;

and so too we have our college dinners, not often at Queen's—for in this, as in all things, we are temperate—but we have the senior year and the medical dinners; once the divinities celebrated, but some unmentioned catastrophe so overawed the theological mind that such dissipation has never since been suggested.

It has recently been our good fortune to be present at two of these academic symposiums, and thereby hangs, no, not a tale, but a moral. One was a gathering of two score genial, hearty young men. The repast was quite simple; the chief article of diet excited conversation by showing the sad fate of the proverbially dumb. But there was real fellowship, the impromptu speech and sparkling repartee, the jovial song, the keen but generous wit, the hearty laugh and general flow of spirits; all these in happy variety carried us into the small hours and we loathed to rise. We can never again meet any of that jolly company without a glow of brotherly feeling.

The other was a grand event, elaborate in all its details. The menu card still decorates our table, both because of its artistic beauty and as documentary evidence to all comers that kind Providence has furnished us with one good meal. There were jovial spirits too, and good speeches and singing, but it was *too much*. To treat ten courses with impartiality is a heavy task for any man, and the feast of reason coming in eleventh is liable to a perfunctory discharge. Then what is more natural than to call in spirits of another order to revive the fancy and feelings? Heavy eating is disgusting, but heavy drinking is abominable. To a man of refined feelings (and may we not expect all students to be such?) nothing is more dispiriting than to sit at the table with a drunken man, or to see him helped out by his friends. A century ago this might be tolerated, to-day it is an offence to every pure-minded man. We are not laying down total abstinence, but simply maintaining that if good fellowship be the end of an academic dinner, this use of wine is fatal. If men do not know how to use it, keep it off the table. This would certainly increase the pleasure of all.

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The students' organ has three grievances to voice:

*First*.—"When she went there the cupboard was bare." Perhaps she, herself, had removed the bone. At any rate it is avowed that more students than one have enquired of the librarian for some book recommended in class, only to learn of its opportunity (?) removal by the professor. *Ora pro nobis*.

*Second*.—Plato tells us that if a man is released from the underground cavern, "the dazzling splendor renders him incapable of discerning those objects of which he used formerly to see the shadows."

Thus the junior philosophy class find it difficult to take notes and to decipher the hand-writing on the blackboard, owing to the lack of window-blinds. All that is needed is to call the attention of the senate and perhaps remedies are already in process.

*Third*.—Some students, consulting in the senior philosophy class room, seem to forget the presence of others similarly engaged. You have heard of philosophic calm. How can one study if others, within hearing, are reading aloud? "Silence is golden."

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The tradition that there is nothing new under the sun has been seriously shaken by recent events in Canadian politics. For the past month men have looked for news from Ottawa with something of that uncertainty which marked the rule of Napoleon, when "False as a bulletin" became a proverb. Now, however, cosmos seems stable enough for a snap shot, and what do we see? Certainly the survey is not inspiring, and a stern patriot would welcome any agency, even cruel war, that would purge such humours from the body politic. It is a time, not for partizanship, but for national honor; indeed neither of the present parties inspires the fullest confidence.

A political party can appeal for support on either of two grounds. First, it can enunciate a policy and stand or fall as the country judges it true or false; or second, it can appeal on the ground of confidence in the personal ability and character of its leaders, and say, "If you deem us worthy we shall deal with the question as best we can." The Conservatives have had for many years a more clearly defined policy, and also a stronger leadership than their opponents. Hence their solid organization and their firm seat in office. But they have no longer a single leader of marked prominence holding the confidence of all, and their policy was never before so freely criticized as to-day. Add to this the disgusting personal intrigue (or so at least it looks to outsiders) and fickleness recently shown, and it seems as if fortune has taken a turn and the Liberals' time is come. Will they stand the test? The best men in Canada are earnestly asking the question, but the future alone can give the answer. One thing may be said, the Liberal leaders do seem too careful about taking the country into their confidence. Where there is a quite marked superiority of men, a party can afford to go to the country on the question of personal confidence, but it is doubtful if the superiority in this case justifies such a course. Sir Richard's refusal to prescribe till "called in" looks worldly wise; but he ought to remember that Canada has too much of that wisdom. After all it may be better to run on our own merits than to win by the faults of others, even if those faults are notorious.

## LITERATURE.

## JOHN KEATS.

**A**LTHOUGH all the poems of Keats were published within four years, few writers have called forth criticism so widely diverse. His first book was published in 1817, and Leigh Hunt was, at that time, apparently the only critic who recognized the fact that it contained a promise of something of the grandeur and beauty of the old masters. After referring to the poetical excellence of the Lake School—then by no means popular—he continues:—

“From the time of Milton till lately, scarcely a tree has been planted that can be called a poet's own. People got shoots from France that ended in nothing but a little barren wood from which they made flutes for young gentlemen and fan-sticks for ladies. The rich and enchanted ground of real poetry, fertile with all that English succulence could produce, bright with all that Italian sunshine could lend, and haunted with exquisite humanities, had become invisible to mortal eyes like the garden of Eden:

“‘And from that time those graces were not found.’

“These graces, however, are reappearing, and one of the greatest evidences is the little volume before us; for the work is not one of mere imitation or a complication of ingenious and promising things that merely announce a better, and that after all might only help to keep up a bad system. But here is a young poet giving himself up to his own impressions and revelling in poetry for its own sake.”

This, together with the publication of *Endymion*, provoked the severest possible attack upon Keats, the authorship of which is usually ascribed to Lockhart. In an article eminently malicious and lacking in the essentials of true criticism, he attempts to extinguish the young poet.

“To witness the disease of any human understanding, however feeble, is distressing; but the spectacle of an able mind reduced to a state of insanity is, of course, ten times more afflicting. It is with such sorrow as this that we have contemplated the case of Mr. John Keats. This young man appears to have received from nature talents of an excellent, perhaps even of a superior order—talents which, devoted to the purposes of any useful profession, must have rendered him a respectable, if not an eminent citizen. . . . For some time we were in hopes he would get off with a violent fit or two (of metromanie), but of late the symptoms are terrible. The phrenzy of the “Poems” was bad enough in its way, but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable, drivelling idiocy of ‘*Endymion*.’”

A month later, Gifford, whose name has reached us only as “a noteless blot on a remembered name,” criticized, according to his lights, *Endymion*, dwelling with keen delight upon imperfections everywhere manifest, but painfully unable to catch even a passing glimpse of the rich lights of fancy and rare charms which appeal to all true lovers of poetry.

A general impression existed for years that these reviews were, in a great measure, responsible for the illness and death of Keats. It is only since greater facilities for knowing the man have been offered through the wider distribution of his letters, that one realizes his nobility of soul and heroic purpose in life. His was a nature of fine sensibility and noble humility, but by no means weak or dependent upon popular approval. A sense of imperfect achievement by no means deadened his consciousness of innate power.

“Praise or blame,” he writes, “has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own work. . . . I will write independently. I have written independently, without judgment. I may write independently and with judgment hereafter. In ‘*Endymion*’ I leaped headlong into the sea and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks than if I had stayed upon the shore and piped a silly pipe and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure, for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest. . . . There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study and thought. I will pursue it.”

After the publication of *Lamia*, *Hyperion*, *Eve of St. Agnes*, and the famous Odes “*To a Nightingale*,” “*On a Grecian Urn*,” “*To Autumn*,” etc., (which Swinburne characterizes as “The triumphant achievement and accomplishment of the very utmost beauty possible to human words,” and again says of them, “Greater lyrical poetry the world may have seen than any that is in these; lovelier it has never seen nor even can it possibly see”), Francis Jeffrey contributed an article to the *Edinburgh Review*, in which, for the first time, Keats' poems received fair and judicial attention from the popular critics of his day.

After referring at length in a highly appreciative manner to his poems, Jeffrey continues:

“The models upon which Keats has formed himself in ‘*Endymion*,’—the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems—are obviously the *Faithful Shepherdess*, by Fletcher, and the *Sad Shepherd of Ben Jonson*, the exquisite meters and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity, and, like his great origi-

nals, has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air which breathes only in them and in Theocritus, which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights and sounds and smells of the country with all the magic and grace of Elysium. . . . There is no work accordingly from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule or select more obscure, unnatural or absurd passages. But we do not take that to be our office, and just beg leave, on the contrary, to say that any one, who, on this account, would represent the whole poem as despicable, must either have no notion for poetry or no regard to truth. . . . We do not know any book we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm."

From this time Keats steadily rose in popular favor. In 1844 Leigh Hunt again shows his fine appreciation of the rare genius of his gifted protege :

"Keats was born a poet of the most poetical kind. . . . It might be said of him that he never beheld an oak tree without seeing the Dryad. . . . In what other English poet (however superior to him in other respects) are you so *certain* of never opening a page without lighting upon the loveliest imagery and the most eloquent expressions. Name one. Compare any succession of their pages at random and see if the young poet is not sure to present his stock of beauty, crude it may be in many instances, too indiscriminate in general, never, perhaps, thoroughly perfect in cultivation, but there it is, exquisite of its kind and filling envy with despair."

Keats' biography, published four years later than the above, threw a clear light upon the simple, manly, courageous character of the poet. James Russell Lowell, with his inimitable felicity of touch, also pays tribute to him :

"The poems of Keats mark an epoch in English poetry ; for, however often we may find traces of it others, in them found its strongest expression that reaction against the barrel-organ style which had been reigning by a kind of sleepy divine right for half a century. The lowest point was indicated when there was such an utter confounding of the common and the uncommon sense that Dr. Johnson wrote verse and Burke prose. The most profound gospel of criticism was that nothing was good poetry that could not be translated into good prose, as if the test of sufficient moonlight was that tallow candles could be made of it. We find Keats at first going to the other extreme and endeavoring to extract green cucumbers from the ray of tallow ; but we see also incontestable proof of the greatness and purity of his poetic gift in the constant return

toward equilibrium and repose in his later poems. And it is a repose always lofty and clear-aired, like that of an eagle balanced in sunshine. In him a vigorous understanding developed itself in equal measure with the divine faculty ; thought emancipated itself from expression without becoming its tyrant ; and music and meaning floated together accordant as swan and shadow on the smooth element of his verse. Without losing its seriousness, his poetry refined itself and grew more inward, and the sensational was elevated into the typical by the control of that finer sense which underlies the senses and is the spirit of them."

In regard to popular criticism, Keats writes :

"I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty, and the memory of great men. I would be subdued before my friends and thank them for subduing me ; but among multitudes of men I have no feeling of stooping ; I hate the idea of humility to them. I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of thought about their opinion. . . . My glory would be to daunt and dazzle the thousand jabberers about pictures and books. . . . Just so much as I am humbled by the genius above my grasp, am I exalted, and look with contempt upon the literary world."

Matthew Arnold, whose sanity, sureness of touch, and calm impartiality constitute him a most admirable critic, after quoting Keats' words :—"If I should die I have left no immortal work behind me, nothing to make my friends proud of my memory ; but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had time I would have made myself remembered," says :

"He *has* made himself remembered, and remembered as no merely sensuous poet could be ; and he has done it by having 'loved the principle of beauty in all things.' For to see things in their beauty is to see things in their truth, and Keats knew it. 'What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth,' he says in prose ; and in immortal verse he has said the same thing :—

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye-need to know.'

"No it is not all ; but it is true, deeply true, and we have deep need to know it. And with beauty goes not only truth, joy goes with her also. And this, too, Keats knew and said, as, in the famous first line of his *Endymion* it stands written, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' It is no small thing to have so loved the principle of beauty as to perceive the necessary relation of beauty with truth and of both with joy." And further on Arnold adds : "No one else in English poetry, save Shakespeare,

has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness. 'I think,' he said humbly, 'I shall be among the English poets after my death.' He is; he is with Shakespeare."

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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

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### DULCE EST DESIPERE.

**K**IPLING has remarked that to sweep all the dust into one corner is to give a false idea of the cleanliness of the room. On the same principle an unwise reader of this article—if such there be—may conclude that life at Oxford is a record of more or less drunken jests, and may agree with the definition which calls it, "An excellent institution for the prevention of overwork." Yet though the average English undergrad. does not spend the greater part of his time in practical jokes, an account of his conduct in his more frivolous moods may not be uninteresting.

The Canadian student is usually on the simmer, but rarely on the boil; never quite quiet, he seldom abandons himself to utter rowdiness. The average English undergraduate remains quiet and demure for a week or a fortnight, and then breaks out into some great "rag" wherein law and decorum are thrown to the winds. A "rag" is the general term applied to any outburst, from mildly smashing a friend's hat to making a bonfire of his furniture in the quadrangle, and throwing the Dean of the College upon the lighted pile, as was recently done in an Oxford College. In Christ church "Quad" is a fountain known as Mercy, into which objectionable freshmen are thrown, which answers all the purposes of a "court," and is much simpler and more expeditious. At another college the favorite method is to "unbreech" the offender and drag him around the quad. Recently this punishment was inflicted upon a "fresher" of the same name as a very popular senior, who naturally objected to being confounded with his namesake. A consultation was held to decide what should be done. "Call him Asher," said one. "Why?" "Oh, is it not written that Asher abode in his breaches?" The name stuck, and he is called Asher unto this day.

The Thames at Oxford is known as the Isis, and is divided into two branches, the Upper and Lower River. The eights, torpids and fours of the various colleges practise upon the Lower, while the Upper is reserved for such as do not aspire to distinction, but are content to paddle about for their own amusement. This gave rise last term to a most extensive and carefully planned "rag." A very raw and verdant fresher was informed that he had been elected "Captain of the boats upon the Upper River." No such office exists, but the unknowing

fresher accepted the proud title with joy. For the next few days his rooms were besieged by men coming to congratulate him, and to beg for instructions. A Balliol undergraduate personated the captain of the Rugby Football Club, declared he had hitherto played football, but now wished to take up rowing; others came declaring themselves to be famous rowing "Blues" (men who had rowed for the 'Varsity against Cambridge) and desired coaching. Another personated Guy Nickalls, ex-champion amateur sculler of England, and requested advice. The poor fresher, though astounded at his unexpected good luck, believed all. At last the day of his installation came, when he was to go in procession to the river to begin his duties. The street was lined with undergraduates, and forth he came dressed in the costume which he had been informed such officials always wore. Upon his feet were tan boots, with long spurs; then came chocolate and green stockings, rowing "shorts," a flannel shirt, a scarlet blazer, a red tie and a silk tile hat with a peacock's feather. To the door of the college was led a donkey, whereon he sat. At this moment the Bursar appeared and summarily dismissed the cortege, much to the anger of the "captain." Afterwards the procession came together, and though debarred from the river led their trusting victim, still mounted on the donkey, to the railings of a neighboring church, wherefrom he made oration. Two days afterwards his father came and led him away from Oxford, and the place that knew him shall know him no more. The solemnity with which such jokes are often carried out is surprising. When Richard Harding Davis was in Oxford, his great popularity did not prevent him from being mercilessly ragged. Some of his adventures were more true than tellable, but the following is harmless: Mr. Davis was invited to a dinner held by the Balliol "eight" at the conclusion of the races. On the afternoon of the dinner every member of the boat came to him privately and solemnly assured him that none but the veriest "bounder" ever wore evening dress on such occasions; flannels were the only wear. But alas for the guileless American! On his appearance he found a large and distinguished company assembled, including a cabinet minister and various other celebrities, all in most irreproachable evening dress. Every member of the eight disclaimed having spoken to him on the subject, and indeed hinted to their guests that they might be very thankful that this American savage had turned up in anything more respectable than his customary paint and war-whoop.

Probably the most abused feature of Oxford life is the proctorial system. Each year two Dons are appointed, called Proctors, who for a large consid-

eration become responsible for the behavior of the students in the town. With their sub-proctors and bull dogs (human, not canine,) they parade the streets at various hours of the day, fining or rusticating any under-graduate caught misbehaving. Their power is absolutely autocratic, and its use necessarily renders them unpopular. Five shillings for being out after 8 p.m. without cap and gown, or for smoking in cap and gown, is the smallest fine; one of fifty pounds and a year's rustication was recently imposed by the Varsity officials for breaking into another college, demolishing the ledger and almost killing the porter. A delightful old Latin statute says: *Si quis procuratorem trucidarit*—if anyone has slain a proctor in discharge of his duty, the offender shall be fined five pound and permanently expelled—but I never heard of anyone bold enough to try the experiment. To be seen with any young lady whose name you cannot give or for whose character you cannot vouch, is, as Chaucer's Parson says, "horrible dedly sinne," usually involving rustication. Recently a proctor approached an under-graduate, who was walking with his sister, and taking him aside said: "Will you please introduce me to that young lady?" "No, sir," was the reply, "I only introduce my sister to gentlemen." Less fortunate was the man who, on being asked the same question, replied, "Ask her yourself; I only mether two minutes ago."

But after all, adventures with the "Proggins," practical jokes and visitations from drunken seniors, form a very small part of Oxford life. Work is a stern and ever present reality, and to nine out of ten the pursuit of folly is a very secondary affair. The right-minded reader has a true sense of perspective; the other class may be left to their own devices.—W.L.G.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

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*To the Editor of the Journal:*

**D**EAR SIR,—As many students of Queen's intend to follow the profession of teaching, and as an essential step to this, in our Province, is attendance at the School of Pedagogy, a few remarks on the school and on pedagogy by a graduate may not be uninteresting.

The avowed object of the school is to prepare teachers for their work; the real object to prevent teaching from being made a stepping-stone to other professions.

It is presumed—and the presumption is the *raison d'être* of the school—that special knowledge and technical training are required for teaching as for law, medicine and divinity.

To attack this presumption is to attack the whole system of normal and model schools, and to throw down the gauntlet to a host of eminent teachers, among them the Principal of McGill University, who has recently been reported as saying that "teaching is as much an exact science as any other." Still we must attack it, and we feel that our attack is supported by the silent example of our Alma Mater.

What is required of a tutor at Queen's except knowledge of his subject?

How many members of the Faculty of our University, or of any University in Canada or Britain, are graduates of training schools?

And yet we imagine that our Professors can teach, and that our tutors could efficiently teach their subjects in a high school.

Nor is it only in connection with academic studies that teaching is required—the foreman of a shop or factory, the master workman of a foundry, a head clerk or salesman, all these are teachers. Their aim is that those whom they teach shall acquire knowledge of their respective subjects, and they believe that such knowledge is the only requisite for the teacher.

But the Toronto educationists utterly repudiate the idea that knowledge is the end of learning. The present Director of Teachers' Institutes, who has always been in close touch with the Ontario Education Department, deliberately says, in the preface to Historical Documents of Canada, 1891: "The manner in which he acquires his information and arrives at his opinions is of far greater importance than the knowledge and the opinions themselves." And the School of Pedagogy shows its entire accord with this idea by its worship of "method" and disregard of knowledge. A favourite expression of the advocates of the system is that teaching is a science, not an art. Knowledge of subject to be taught, and of human nature, and habits of command, are nothing without the school training. Indeed, no difference in degree of fitness for teaching is acknowledged between an honour graduate of a University and the holder of a senior leaving certificate.

The school offers, or, to be more accurate, imposes upon its victims a training in the supposed science (not art) of school management, consisting of a few axioms of common sense and a great deal of unmeasured abuse of opponents of the system, and some hints, which may be useful, as to presentation of lessons. But even more ridiculous is the special knowledge it pretends to impart. This is contained in Psychology, which reveals and classifies the minds of the class (of course all minds and all classes are alike), collections of faculties to be trained by the omniscient teacher. As explained by

Mr. Houston, quoted above, it is quite immaterial what is taught or learnt so long as these scientifically determined faculties are developed, and developed in the right way.

Psychology is, no doubt, when its limits are acknowledged, a subject of interest and instruction to advanced students of philosophy, but it is hard to believe in the sanity of a man who talks of a "practical working knowledge of psychology," yet these are the words of the Principal of the School of Pedagogy.

While such is the teaching of the school, no teacher can learn anything there without impairing his usefulness. And it is a gratifying proof of the common sense instilled into the minds of the students that many of our brilliant graduates fail to come down to the school's standard.

The cause of this unhappy state of affairs is that we are still dominated by the idea that there are "natural laws in the spiritual world," and that the human mind can be as accurately analyzed as the human body.

So long have we suffered that many have grown callous, and mutely bow to what they accept as an unavoidable evil. However, even protests of despair may awaken interest, and if anything can be said for the school, I shall be most happy to have provoked it.

C.

## SPORTS.

### HOCKEY.

THE first hockey match of the season was played on Monday night, Jan. 13th, between the Limestones and Queen's II. The teams were:

Queen's.		Limestones.	
Hiscock	Goal	.....	Savage
Ross	Point	.....	Strange
Merrill	Cover	.....	McDowall
Devlin	} Forwards.	} .....	Sutherland
Newlands			Lowe
Dalton			Harty
Brock			Cunningham

At half time the score was 1—0 in favour of the Limestones. Shortly after Brock evened things by a pretty side shot. By nice combination Sutherland again scored for the Limestones. Just before time was called Dalton scored for Queen's and made the game a draw. The teams agreed to play till one side would score, and Harty did the needful for the Limestones after 10 minutes' play.

Fast clean hockey characterized the game, but little combination was attempted by either side, and the shooting of both teams was very ineffective. For the Limestones, Harty, Sutherland and McDowall were the most prominent; and for Queen's Merrill, Brock and Dalton.

### THE HOCKEY TOUR.

KINGSTON, 15th January, 1896.

To the Editor of Queen's College Journal:

DEAR SIR—At the request of a great many of the students, I have decided to send in this sketch of the hockey team's vacation tour through the United States.

This being the first trip of the sort ever undertaken by any hockey team, it was only after much discussion that the club determined to make the experiment. The men selected to go were probably the ten strongest players that old Queen's could gather. They were: Guy Curtis (Capt.), R. Hiscock, R. McLennan, J. F. Weatherhead, J. S. Rayside, A. B. Cunningham, R. Brock, J. W. Merrill, Jock Harty, and Geo. McKay. The last two were the only new men upon the team, so, the strength of the combination being well-known, grand results were expected by the students of Queen's, and indeed by the whole hockey-loving people of Canada.

The west-bound train of Saturday morning, Dec. 28th, carried them off, and the same night saw the team's safe arrival in Pittsburg. At the station there the boys were met by Mr. Corney Bermingham, an old Kingstonian and an uncle of Jock Harty's. The whole team feels under great obligation to Mr. Bermingham for the kindness and interest displayed by him. Indeed it was he who made the arrangements with the Pittsburg clubs, and it was largely through his instrumentality that the trip was undertaken.

It had been arranged that the team should stay in Pittsburg a week, and as only four games were to be played, plenty of time was left for sight-seeing. The team's fixtures there were as follows: Queen's vs. Casino, Dec. 30, 1895; Queen's vs. Western University, Jan. 1, 1896 (New Year's afternoon); Queen's vs. Casinos, Jan. 1, 1896 (New Year's evening); Queen's vs. Holy Ghost College, Jan. 3, 1896.

It must be remembered that the game as played in the United States is different from the game as played here. Hockey is a Canadian game; its birth-place was Canada, and although it may be said to be Canada's great national winter sport, yet it is not sufficiently old to have spread its popularity to other countries. However, very little difficulty was experienced in arranging a code of rules to govern the contests in Pittsburg. The arrangement was pretty much on the principle that our team should play under American ice-polo rules, using a ball instead of the puck, but with hockey sticks instead of polo clubs. Our team was therefore playing under American rules, but with familiar weapons. Ice-polo is an adaptation of the game of polo as played on roller skates. A wire cage is used instead of goal posts, and there is no such



thing as off-side play. The ball is placed in the centre of the rink and both sides are lined back an equal distance from it, and play is commenced by a player from each side making a rush at the ball. There are very few rules to hamper the players, and the game is very little different from the old game of shinny. To Canadians, our game is far in advance, and nearly all Americans who have seen the two games played, are of the same opinion. Indeed the grandest result of the visit to Pittsburg is that the clubs there have decided to adopt our game.

As arranged, the first game was played on the evening of Dec. 30th, and very few minutes' play displayed the superiority of our team. The Casinos were out-played from the very commencement, and the game ended 15 to 0 in favor of Queen's. The crowd was very impartial in its applause, and cheered our fellows lustily. The papers were also very impartial, and sounded the praises of the victors in a sportsmanlike manner. It was a revelation to the Americans to see our fellows dash down the rink, and by pretty, individual or combination play, shoot the ball into the cage. The opposing goal-keepers were rather terrified by the lightning shots made by our forwards, and some of them appeared, padded from head to heel. But our fellows took their victory very quietly, for they remembered that the game was young in Pittsburg, and that the Americans were at a great disadvantage as regards sticks and skates.

The games that followed were largely repetitions of the first and resulted in victories for Queen's by much the same scores.

The rink in which the games were played is a very magnificent structure. It is built of solid brick, and the skating surface is of about the same area as that of our new hockey rink. Of course artificial ice is used, and to make this, thirteen miles of pipe are contained in the building. Their rink is called the Casino, and in its appointments it is palatial. The ceilings and walls are frescoed, and more than five hundred incandescent lights illuminate the skating surface. A magnificent gallery encircles the structure, and the floors and sides are finished in hard wood. A splendid cafe is situated in one end of the building, which is also furnished with splendid dressing and retiring rooms. An orchestra of twenty pieces discourses music morning, afternoon and evening. The cost of the building was \$300,000, and though used as a skating rink for only about three months during the year, the remainder of the time it is open as an amusement hall.

I am sorry that I shall be unable to write further regarding the city of Pittsburg and its people. Let it suffice to say that the team was treated splendidly

by all. The management of the rink and the players were all very kind, and as their guests the team had several box-parties at the theatres.

From Pittsburg, the boys proceeded to Washington and Baltimore. Three games were arranged against the Baltimore club; two to be played in Baltimore and one in Washington. A team from Quebec city visited Baltimore last year, and as a result the Baltimore team now plays the Canadian game. The games here were repetitions of the games in Pittsburg; but the Baltimore team, being older at the sport, puts up a stronger game than the Pittsburgers, and succeeded once in scoring. The visit in Baltimore and Washington was no less pleasant than in Pittsburg, and many friendships were made there. Norman Carmichael, '90, Alf. Mitchell, '94, and "Tug" Wilson, '88, looked after the boys, and the last named gave a very charming reception to the team at his residence. As plenty of time had been allowed for sight-seeing, Washington and Baltimore are more familiar spots to the boys.

The return journey was commenced on January 9th, and a match was played against all Pittsburg on the 10th. Great improvement was noticed in the Pittsburgers' play, and they succeeded in scoring twice against our team.

About noon of January 10th, the team reached Toronto, but unfortunately it was found impossible to arrange a game there on that date, so no stop was made. On the evening of the 10th, the team arrived back in the old Limestone City, after having spent a very enjoyable vacation.

DUNRAVEN.

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## PERSONALS.

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**M**ARRIED, at the home of the bride's mother Perth, on Thursday, Dec. 26th, 1895, Rev. R. C. H. Sinclair, of Oliver's Ferry, to Miss Jennie McDonald. "Shake!"

Although the cake has not yet arrived, we believe we are not premature in extending cordial good wishes to Harry Lavell, B.A., '88, Smith's Falls, a former Assistant Editor of the JOURNAL and Leader of the Glee Club, and to Mrs. Lavell, formerly Miss Minnie Chambers, B.A., '91, on their union by the sacred vows of matrimony, at Los Angeles, on Dec. 28th, 1895.

We welcome back to Kingston that old veteran, T. G. Marquis, B.A., '89. He comes from Stratford to teach in the Collegiate here. Although presumably debarred from his old position on the football team by the new rules, his force as a literary man, enhanced by that of Mrs. Marquis, a former student of Queen's, will doubtless remind us of the "Tom" of olden days.

## COLLEGE NEWS.

### ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

**A**T the regular meeting of the Alma Mater Society on Saturday night, January 11th, communications were received from F. Nisbet, O. G. Johnson and the corporation of the city of Kingston, and notice of motion was given that the bills presented by these parties be paid.

After the adoption of the Treasurer's report, a brief discussion took place as to whether preparations should be continued for the conversazione. It was finally decided to hold a mass meeting of the students to consider the advisability of holding a conversazione at this late period of the session.

G. R. Lowe, B.A., was appointed Editor-in-Chief of the JOURNAL, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late James Stewart, M.A., and Mr. R. Burton was appointed Assistant Editor. At the next regular meeting the report of the JOURNAL staff for '94-5 will be presented.

An enthusiastic expression of the pride which the general body of students feel over the laurels won by the senior Hockey team in their tour in the United States was put on record with the hope that their success will continue throughout the season. When the team returns final arrangements will be made for practice hours in the rink for the various teams of the University.

It has been found difficult to secure programmes for the meetings of the Society during this session, but as the classes of '98 and '99 have been asked to hold their inter-year debate under the auspices of the Society, and as the students in medicine have also been requested to provide for one evening, two good programmes, to be presented in the near future, may be anticipated.

At the mass meeting on Monday evening all matters *re* the conversat. were referred to the general committee.

Last Saturday evening the meeting was larger than usual, and it must have warmed the hearts of veteran attendants to see so many new faces in the sometimes empty benches. The chairman of the general committee reported, and recommended that a conversazione be not held, but as a number of liabilities had been incurred, the Society refused to adopt the report and referred the matter back to the committee asking them to make a full report of expenses, etc., next Saturday. In the meantime a motion was passed postponing the conversazione indefinitely. The undertaking has been attended with misfortune from the start, and this action of the committee will, in all probability, finish it, though quite a large number of the students are still anxious to see a conversazione carried through.

The bill for the City Hall was referred to the Society's auditor, to be reported on next week.

The financial report of last year's JOURNAL was to have been presented, but the business manager found it impossible to have it completed in time, so the notice was extended for one week. In view of the unsettled state of the country, and the inability of Sir McKenzie Bowell to form a satisfactory ministry, the executive was instructed to call on Mr. J. S. Shortt, B.A., to form a cabinet. The executive will report next Saturday night, and as far as can be judged, the probabilities are that a new parliament will meet about the first week in February. Speculation is rife as to whom the opposition will select as their leader, but it is impossible as yet to venture even a guess. The chairman of the Reading Room Curators, on motion, secured the privilege of holding the annual sale of papers and magazines next Saturday, after the regular business of the evening had been disposed of.

A short and very enjoyable programme was then presented, consisting of recitations by Messrs. Gordon, Ferguson and McIntosh, and two instrumental trios and a duet by members of the Banjo Club, after which R. Burton, the critic *pro tem*, gave a very thorough review of the evening's proceedings.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

It is in the so-called trivial incidents of life that the depths of our nature are revealed. Take for example the cultivation of a first moustache. Behold the freshman, tenderly solicitous of the slowly gathering down on his upper lip, scarcely more pronounced than the nap on the elbow of an old coat! And yet that faint penumbral shadow is a bow of promise, an infallible pledge of the innate optimism of the race. In the earliest stages of incubation, before it is visible to the eye, he discerns it with sensitive finger end and hope whispers *nil desperandum*. Later the innuendo and sarcasm of his fellows, which in any other connection would be re-sented in vigorous fashion, fill him with ill-concealed joy, for are they not the harbinger of assured success? What matter though it be red or white, saffron-lined or roan-colored, it is still the most thriving and artistic adornment that ever graced the lip of freshman.

We would like to call attention to the tendency to drop bits of waste paper on the floors of the reading and consulting rooms. Last week it was especially noticeable, and both places looked quite untidy some time before the weekly cleaning up took place. Use the waste paper baskets, gentlemen, and thus secure that appearance of neatness and cleanliness which ought to prevail in these rooms.

The European war cloud and the Canadian cabinet crisis have been creating a great interest in the daily papers this month, and to get a look at one of them is like waiting for the welcome "next" in a popular barber shop. One stalwart liberal, we are told, has been meeting the newsboy at the top of the stair and acting as convoy until the *Globe* is safely filed, thus securing first place on the line. An hour later, when he turns from the desk, his cherubic countenance suffused with smiles, and low gurgling laughter welling up from his ample bosom, one would think he had been away upon the delectable hills seeing visions and dreaming dreams. Rumor, indeed, says that he dreams nightly of Montreal Centre, Jacques Cartier and West Huron.

**THE LEVANA SOCIETY.**

The regular meeting of the Levana Society, which took place just before the holidays, was an unusually interesting one. A thoughtful essay on "Dress Reform," by Miss Smith, introduced a brief discussion on the merits of fashion and good sense, and particularly on the possibility of following one's taste and expressing one's personality in costume. A humorous poem bearing on the subject was read by the poet, and the critic closed the meeting with some short, pointed remarks on the whole programme. We must not forget to add that a beautiful song, "Daffodil Time," sung by Miss Fowlds with great taste, and a chorus by the Girls' Glee Club, added greatly to the interest of the meeting.

**THE "AT HOME."**

The Levana Society gave the second annual "At Home" to about two hundred guests on Friday afternoon, 10th inst. Owing to the immense improvement the reading room has undergone lately, not half the labour was necessary to make the rooms presentable, and for the first time the women of Queen's felt that they need not be ashamed of the room in which they spend a good part of their college life, and which is so indissolubly connected with all most sacred therein. It is no doubt true to a certain extent that we are what our surroundings make us; and in view of that the bare white walls, scratched floor, and almost total absence of the soft curves of drapery, must have had a dispiriting effect on the æsthetic instincts of girl graduates. Not that this want is felt in class-rooms. On the contrary, these things would be only out of place there and detract from the concentration of mind necessary for perfect listening. But in one's own room, where the mind is relaxed from the tension of the past hours, bareness accentuated by tidiness is by no means an inviting outlook. Now all is changed; comfort and beauty have alike been kept

in view in making the reading room essentially a home room for Queen's women.

The introduction of music at the "At Home" was another decided improvement, for which we had not even the first requisite last year; and the rattle of tea-cups had all the time the accompaniment of the more refining melody of the piano. That piano is a source of immense satisfaction, for the lack of it was just as painful to our sense of harmony as the lack of colour was to the eye; and we cannot but feel glad that we no longer require to write a note once a year in order to borrow the fine instrument downstairs (and the room with it) for the annual song service.

It is good to have one's efforts appreciated, and the girls returned home on Friday well pleased with themselves, tired, but at peace with all the world.

**Q. U. M. A.**

The regular meeting of the Missionary Society was held on Saturday, Jan. 11th, President Gandier in the chair.

After the devotional exercises the treasurer, A. Rannie, presented his report as follows:

Total amount still due.....	\$339 98
Cash on hand .....	29 49

Total deficit ..... \$310 49

P. W. Currie was received as a member of the Association.

Rev. J. W. Muirhead, B.A., of Whitewood, N.W.T., who is at present visiting in the city, was present, and gave an interesting account of his work in the West. He answered many questions in reference to mission work in Manitoba and the Territories. Mr. Muirhead took a very active part in the work of the Association during his college course, being for some time its treasurer, and we are pleased to see that he has still an interest in its welfare.

**Y. M. C. A.**

At the opening meeting of the New Year Prof. McNaughton gave an appropriate address on "The Irreparable Loss in Human Life," based on Heb. xvii. 12, "For he (Esau) found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." The Professor pointed out that these words seemed to cut off all hope for the human soul and suggest a new version of the parable of the Prodigal Son, in which the son would be stuck so fast in the tenacious mire of the far country that it were impossible for him to return. But this version is a flat contradiction of the substance of the Christian faith, which is one of boundless hope for every human soul, and so must not be an adequate interpretation

of the text. For Jesus Himself never despaired of even the lowest, but had a divine audacity of faith in man. These, then, are words of warning that repentance has no magic to change the past. The most profound contrition of to-day will not recall the chances of yesterday. And as the present is conditioned by the past, a mis-spent youth means a shrivelled and stunted manhood. Hence the urgent need of knowing the grandeur and awfulness of our life and of a more genuine appreciation of our birthright. "Young men," he said, "pitch your aspirations high, quit you like men and enter into the fullness of the stature of Christ." Prof. McNaughton may rest assured by the attention of the unusually large audience that his address was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

#### THE SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

This Association met for the first time on Monday, January 13, in the Geology class-room of the Science Hall, when a programme was arranged for the remainder of the term and a short paper read on "Radiation and Absorption as the Basis of Spectroscopy," by W. C. Baker, M.A.

The objects of the society are, firstly, to supplement the work of the Literary and Scientific Society by a series of short papers dealing with the more technical parts of the work; and, secondly, to keep its members posted as to what is being done in the world of science by reviews of the various scientific journals by members previously appointed for the work.

#### YEAR REPORTS.

'96.

*Sit Fausta et Felix.* A special meeting of the senior year was held on Thursday, 16th inst., the attendance at which was much larger than at any previous meeting this session. Mr. R. Bamforth was chosen by the year as valedictorian of the graduating class in arts, and a committee was appointed to assist him in his work. It was decided to have a class dinner on the Monday preceding convocation, and a committee, composed of several members of the year, was named to make arrangements for the same. The chairman of the committee on the year photo, reported considerable progress in the work and urged the members of the year to have their photos inserted in the group at once, in order that the work may be finished before convocation. The delegates to the late events at sister institutions reported, and it was decided to postpone the regular meeting until early in February, when a programme will be presented.

Ed. L. Pope is in the employ of a milling company at Cookshire, Que.

'98.

That the Sophomores are well organized may be judged from the fact that their man stood second in the list of A.M.S. committeemen.

The programme of the fourth meeting of the year was as follows: Song, C. W. Walker; reading, J. W. Marshall; piano solo, Miss Ryckman, and Historian's address, D. H. Laird. Arrangements were made for a class dinner, which was postponed at the last moment owing to the sudden death of Mr. Stewart.

At an enthusiastic meeting on Dec. 2nd, the programme took the form of impromptu speeches on such subjects as "Queen's vs. 'Varsity," "College Gowns," "The Ideal Professor," "College Spirit among the Ladies." The grand finale was the prophet's address. It was a masterpiece.

At the last meeting besides a class oration, a poem and piano solo, debate was waged on whether a student should have free access to the pantry of his boarding-house or not, and won by the affirmative. The order at all the meetings was excellent and procedure exact. Thus much for ninety-ate. "May its future be as bright as its past, and '98 Floreat."

'99.

The year is well officered, as stated in one of the earlier issues of the session, and to the list then given must be added the names of Miss Ethel Minnes, prophetess, and Mr. W. R. Tandy, poet, these offices having since been filled. Frequent meetings have been held, and as the members have come to know each other better the class spirit has deepened and become more and more strongly marked. In football and other athletics '99 has given great promise. In the Alma Mater elections, although the candidate of the year was not successful, he came only half-a-dozen votes short of the coveted goal, and there was every indication that he had a united year at his back.

'99 has had one debate, the subject being "Resolved that the Canadian has greater advantages in life than the Englishman." The affirmative speakers were Messrs. W. Kemp, J. F. Millar and T. Kennedy; while the negative was championed by Messrs. McCallum, W. McDonald and H. Black. The Judges—Misses Jessie Kennedy, Norval McDonald and McLennan—decided in favour of the affirmative. Encouraged by the display of debating talent brought out in this friendly contest, '99 has challenged '98 to an inter-year debate, and the challenge has been accepted for the third week in January. Mr. Tandy will be the leader of the freshmen on that occasion, and his "army" will consist of Messrs. Millar and W. McDonald. The '98 champions will be Messrs. T. Fraser, Ferguson, and G. A. Edmison.

**DIVINITY HALL.**

One of the novices has of late been the victim of strange and severe experiences.

*Firstly*—In wrestling with an angel (?)—C. G. Y-ng—he met with a misfortune similar to that which befell the patriarch Jacob—the third finger of his left hand did shrink, and, like Lot's wife, turned back, but he received healing through the psychological influence of Bro. M. H. W-n.

But this is not the worst. His heart-strings have been subjected to wrenches more severe and less easily cured than that of his finger, and the erstwhile genial melody of his nature has become discordant. But he has by no means lost hope. We are informed that he makes frequent visits to an up-town music store in search of the "lost chord."

K. J. McD-ld is our authority for the statement that Jack Muirhead's mission is not one of pleasure simply, but that he has discovered very valuable MSS. in the vicinity of Rat Portage. He has submitted them for examination to our eminent archæologist in Textual Criticism. These newly discovered parchments will be known in future as Codex X, and we anticipate a very interesting and valuable addition to the course of lectures on the subject next session.

For many days after the re-opening of classes, the calling of the roll testified to the fact that a number of the flock were missing. No one could tell where they were, although some one called our attention to the probability of their being called to fill the places left vacant by the resignation of the cabinet ministers at Ottawa. Some of them, however, being grits, much doubt was entertained as to this supposition. Finally, all such fears were set at rest in the arrival of G. W. R-e, who announced officially that his colleagues were not at the capital. Next to appear was D. W. B-t. Whence he came no one could tell. His home is said to be in the east, but railway officials report him as journeying from the west. It is presumed he came round the other way. W. H. K-n arrived, looking somewhat bewildered, evincing mental and heart trouble, and in answer to the question, "Where have you been?" meekly answers, "I haven't been here." J. B. McK-n is quoted as coming from Vermont, although some evil-minded persons suspect that he has been to "greener fields and warmer skies." The general concensus of opinion is, however, that John was ministering to the spiritual wants of our Yankee friends.

As we go to press W. G. B-k and H. Car-l are not on the scene. They are expected before the first of April. They left us long before classes closed, but the Principal affirms that "domestic reasons called them away." If such is so, we extend to them our sincerest sympathies.

**CLASSICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**

At the meeting of the Classical and Philological Society, on the evening of the 10th of January, a paper on the "Delphian Oracle" was read by H. S. Berlanguet. Oracles, he said, were originally used not to foretell the future, but to give advice and counsel as to conduct in doubtful and difficult circumstances. The origin of oracles is shrouded in mystery. They probably rose from a belief in the existence round about us of spirits, whether as ghosts or as embodied in animals, a belief shared by almost all primitive peoples. Of the Delphian oracle in early times we have little information, and that little is purely mythical. This shrine far exceeded all others in importance; it possessed a world-wide celebrity, and in all parts of the Greek world was regarded with veneration. Such foreign nations, too, as the Lydians, Phrygians and Romans, were in the habit of consulting it. As the central point of civilization it became a bond of union between the different Greek states.

The oracle gave responses on all questions of importance, religious, political, public or social. When consulted on a subject of a religious nature the answer was always of a kind calculated to protect and preserve religious institutions, so that the Delphian oracle was the preserver and promoter of religion in the ancient world. This oracle had a decided leaning in favour of the Doric states, and its decline dates from the time when, during the Peloponnesian war, it showed such a decided preference for Sparta that the Athenians lost faith in its divine character, and the oracle became a mere instrument in the hands of a political party. It still continued, however, to be consulted down to the days of the emperor Julian.

Notwithstanding the general ambiguity and obscurity of most of the responses, there are many that convey so clear and distinct a meaning that it is impossible to deny the existence of some wise agency connected with the oracle. This was the belief of the early Christians, who ascribed it to the Evil Spirit.

The Delphian oracle possessed many features in common with other oracles in Greece. From the earliest times we can trace the influence of oracles in discouraging relentless bloodshed, in distinguishing classes of murder, and allowing purification and expiation in certain cases. They made the sanctity of the oath between man and man a special duty. The oracle at Delphi, as the centre of an Amphictyony, including many Greek states, had a great influence in promoting that ideal unity of Grecian states, which, though never realized, was yet ever present in the Greek mind.

**MEDICAL NOTES.**

We suggest that one of our local papers make a New Year's resolution to receive only truthful reports from its college reporter. His late report of medical matters throws the most erratic statement of the long departed Oily into the shade. We suggest a medical reporter or the refusal of medical news from the present reporter, who knows nothing of medical affairs.

Drs. Whittaker, Sands and A. Robinson were visiting the city and college last week.

As Dr. Sullivan will be absent for some time, Dr. Anglin, Assistant Prof. of Surgery, began his course of lectures on Tuesday. Queen's is fortunate in possessing two such men capable of filling this important chair.

A meeting of the Æsculapian Society was held soon after the holidays to consider certain remarks regarding the Faculty. It will suffice to say that such will not happen again, and no one will need to be aggrieved. A pleasant re-union like our dinner is no place for disagreeable remarks.

A number of final meds have been encouraged by the results of the supplementary examinations.

The Faculty has decided to hold these Supplementals in October hereafter. If the fee is reasonable this ought to satisfy every spring unfortunate.

We extend congratulations to Messrs. Young and Callfas, who, after three months' residence in Kingston, have grown lonesome, and have realized that it is not good for medical man to be alone. They have presented their credentials and have been considered worthy of membership in the M.M.P.A.

W. B. Kaylor has returned to complete his course, and as he also possesses the necessary qualifications is to be admitted to the M.M.P.A.

The Æsculapian Society may find it necessary to say Halt! to detective Moore's work, or it will be impossible to find a sufficient number of members attending the Society to form a quorum.

**ECHOES OF THE DINNER.**

J. D-g (before the dinner)—I'll pulverize the Professors.

(After interviewing the Principal)—I'm sorry I did it.

(At meeting)—I second the motion that we regret the actions and words of certain students at dinner.

B. W-b-r—An orator, gentleman, is made, not born.

McM-n-s—Charge this to the dinner committee.

Mooney—We have a medical library containing thousands and thousands of volumes.

B-n-r—There wasn't enough fourth year men capable of speaking, so I helped the year out of a hole.

R. D. M-z-s (coming to the Hall at 11 p.m.)—Where is the dinner to be held?

Philip B.—It would be better to do away with speeches and lengthen the menu.

Professors—We won't go there again.

J. Haycock, M.P.P.—I didn't do bad for an old farmer.

F. Parker, during the holidays, started on a tour through the western part of the continent, evidently bent on selecting a site for practice in one of the large cities.

**EXCHANGES.**

THE 'Xmas number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* comes to hand in an exceedingly neat and attractive form; nor are its merits confined to "mere outward show." First of all, we are introduced to a clear, and (we are told) a true portrait of Prof. Macdonald—whom the boys call Charlie—one of the foremost mathematicians of the day. We then pass on to a rich field of prose and poetry, dealing with various themes, all of which are readable and interesting. A short article—"The Misanthrope," by J. Macdonald Oxley, is worthy of note. Such students as are inclined to slope classes would do well to read the article, "Pictorian Reminiscences," and learn the moral, *cave* ———. The editorial on "Higher Education" voices the sentiments of Queen's. The *facetia* columns of the *Gazette* are full and overflowing, in which the unfortunate freshman is carefully and tenderly treated. This column is rather marked by its tendency to puns. To the editors we extend our congratulations on their success.

The December number of the *Argosy* arrives under flying colours. First-class paper. golden-tinted covers appeal to the eye, while the matter is up-to-date. Its general style and cheerful tone render it a fitting Christmas number.

The Eastern College papers shine in the general style and appearance of their 'Xmas numbers. The last number of the *King's College Record* is considerably larger than usual. It contains several plates of the college, its surroundings, chapel, etc., besides much readable matter. As a college paper, however, a little of the humorous would materially enliven its pages and break the monotony. Its opening poem, "Alma Mater," is good. It is not generally known here, although we would be disposed to say that internal evidence points to its composition in *our* den. This is a matter for the higher critics, and we anxiously await further developments.

**DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.**

**A** STUDIOUS freshman, in the course of his investigations, has made the important discovery that the prevailing fashion in feminine sleeves is at least 2,500 years old. In support of his theory he quotes Ezekiel 13, 18:—"Woe to the women that sew pillows to all armholes, etc.!"

In Jr. Hebrew. Prof.—"The third word, Mr. B-mf-th, *mouths*. What is the gender?"

Mr. B.—"Feminine, sir."

Prof.—"Give the rule, please."

Mr. B.—Names of things which go in *pairs* are feminine in Hebrew. (Class collapse and Prof. wonders what is the joke.)

They say that more than "Parthenia took a fancy to a coon" down at Pittsburg.

Why is Byers like a school teacher?

Why, because he knows how to handle the b——.

"They ought to try me in hockey as a patent pneumatic goal keeper."—Stuart Woods.

Chorus in the hall—"Give him the axe, the axe, the axe." Enter Prof. of History. Chorus—"Right on the —, the —, the —."

"Of course I had a good time. Why the dinner itself lasted four hours."—R. W. Anglin.

At the Victoria conversat. Miss —— (a little hard of hearing)—"Oh, yes, 'Mr. Cinnamon,' you're from Queen's, are you not?"

Student (sinking in a philosophic slough of despond)—"Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me," etc.

Prof. (broad smile of sympathetic pleasure)—"Say it again; say it again. The more you say it the better for you."

"Hokey poke, a penny a line, we can't tell what he means."—Sr. Algebra Class.

Prof. M-rsh-l—"Ha-ha-a-a-a."

G-dw-ll—"Ho-ho-o-o-o."

Then cometh the joke.

Capt. Guy (embracing Alfie)—"Alfie, old stockin', they're goin' to make me Captain of New York State and I'll give you fellows a fair shake in regard to free trade. I settled the Venezuela question, you bet."

Alfie (huskily)—"What did you get for me?"

Capt. Guy—"Water melons all the year round."

Brock—"Say, some of those Americans are ignorant. They asked me if I was Isaac Brock, the hero of Upper Canada, whom they licked in our little scrap at Queenston Heights."

Mr. J. A. McColl speaks well of all his girl pupils. As he meets them on the street he invariably says, "That is one of my best pupils."

A. H. Ross, M.A., formerly Science Master at Morrisburg, is now on the staff of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

W. Bryce, '96, has secured a good position as teacher in Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines.

Charlie Fox, M.A., is chemist for the Hamilton Steel and Iron Works.

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