

# QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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## Queen's College Journal.

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FOR a number of years past the students of the Royal have had their annual dinner. That these are enjoyable affairs no one who has ever attended one will deny. They are more, however. They are of great benefit to the students and also to the professors. At them students and professors meet more as equals than is possible otherwise. Whatever the students feel could be improved about the Royal, what they think are hardships in the requirements of the College or the Council, they can there ventilate and express their opinions upon. The professors thus learn the sentiments of the students upon various matters connected with medical education, and this is the best source. The laws which govern medical education affect the students. The students, therefore, are the best judges

as to whether these laws are wise restrictions, or unfair and harassing requirements. Having matters of this nature thus brought to their notice the professors will think over them, and, if they deem it advisable, have them changed so as not to press unfairly on any one. Some questions which were thus brought up at the last annual dinner we intend to discuss later on. Our main object in speaking of these gatherings at present is to ask the question: If these annual reunions are of such benefit to the medical students, why would not similar ones be of advantage to the arts students? Perhaps some one will say there are so many arts students that you could not get a place in the city large enough in which to dine them. Well, grant this to be true. Why, then, could not the various years hold class suppers? We would like to see either plans tried. Besides the benefits already referred to as flowing from these gatherings we believe that a better feeling would be created between professors and students, and a kinder and more permanent friendship engendered among the students themselves. Let the arts boys move in the matter, if not as a body, by classes.

IT is most sincerely to be hoped that the new officers of the Alma Mater Society will do their utmost to increase the interest taken by the students in the weekly (we were near writing *weekly*) meetings of the society. For some time past, no one has endeavoured to dispute the fact that the Alma Mater as a debating and literary society, has to all intents and purposes ceased to exist. What

we now have is a periodical meeting of a corporal's guard of students, a couple of whom have been attracted by true interest in the society, while the remainder have come for want of something better to do. These spend a long time in useless wrangling over some point of very minor importance, wasting the greater part of the evening with business which might have been transacted in less than one-half the time, and when the debate is called for there is a simultaneous rush for the door by those who have come merely "for fun." The consequence is that the room is all but cleared, and the debate has to be postponed "until next evening," which really amounts to a postponement *sine die*.

This is a deplorable state of affairs, and will no doubt seem astonishing to our graduates, who call to mind the Alma Mater Society in its palmy days, when the students had an eye to something beyond mere book work cram. Surely it must become apparent to every student, who will reflect for a moment, that the cultivation of his elocutionary abilities is an affair of no mean importance, no matter what may be the sphere of life which he has mapped out for himself in the future. This is so plain that we need not delay to point out reasons. We admit that students may have found very little encouragement to attend the meetings of the past few years, but we do maintain that they have no one to blame but themselves. No one has made a sustained effort to bring out the leading students in any numbers. Not more than half-a-dozen students in all can lay claim to having attended the meetings with any degree of regularity, and not even that number can claim to have made any preparations for the debates.

It remains with the students to say what is to become of the Alma Mater Society this season. It must be either sink or swim. The new President has expressed his inten-

tion, and we believe that he will do his utmost to carry out this intention, of making the society a literary and debating society in the truest sense of the term. This he can do if he receives the support of the students, not otherwise. Surely the students of Queen's are not so blind to their own interests, as well as to those of the Alma Mater, as to allow this attempt at reform to prove a failure.

THE Torontos have claimed the championship of the Central Football Association, and, not unnaturally, the *Mail* supports their claim. Before entering upon a defense of the Queen's University Club in their claim of the championship it will be well to correct what we will assume was an unintentional misrepresentation of fact on the part of the *Mail*. In its issue of Monday, Dec. 22nd, it states that the Queen's club had played but one match in the Association ties, namely, that with the Torontos. Had the editor never heard of the match between the clubs of Victoria and Queen's Universities? It is said that the Torontos have lost three afternoons and one whole day and were at the expense of travelling to Bowmanville. Against this place Queen's loss—one afternoon to play Cobourg—one whole day to play the Torontos, and the expense connected with these matches. We think it will be generally acknowledged that the trip to Toronto on the part of Queen's and the expense thereof, would be equal to the Toronto's trip to Bowmanville including expenses and say two of their afternoons. Against the remaining afternoon sacrificed by the Torontos, Queen's can place her afternoon with Victoria. How about expense in these two cases? The *Mail* does not credit the Torontos with any expenditure on their matches played in the city of Toronto and we may from that fairly infer that they were at none. How was it with

Queen's. The Victorias were in Kingston a day and a half—they had with them in all about twenty men. This would cost at the least calculation \$2.00 per each man, making a total of \$40.00. Add to this \$6.00 for conveyances to bring them to and from the station and to and from the field and \$10.00 in cash handed over to the secretary and treasurer of the Victorias, and a like sum paid to the cricket club for the use of their grounds, and you have a total of \$66.00. Compare this with the Toronto's outlay for matches played in Toronto. The *Mail* says it was nothing and we believe it, because we have the experience of the Queen's team to go by. But it may be objected, the Toronto's were right in not paying any of the expenses of visiting teams and Queen's was very foolish to do so. Perhaps Queen's in this case did only as they would be done by, they did by Cobourg this year as they did by Knox last year and as they are confident either Cobourg or Knox would do by them. So much for the records of the two clubs claiming the championship. From these facts any unprejudiced person can see that Queen's has been to at least as great expense in connection with the Association matches as the Torontos.

Now, as to the Championship, whose is it? Undoubtedly Queen's, until it is taken from them in the only way possible, by beating them on the Foot-ball field.

They won the championship last fall when they defeated Knox, and they held it at least until the 6th of December last, no one calling their claim in question. Not having been defeated then, we claim they hold it still. Any club having won the Championship certainly retains that honor until they are defeated or until they refuse to play. Queen's have not yet been defeated and they have not refused to play, and further, they cannot be required to play again until next season. In support of this we refer to No.

8 of the cup competition rules as published by the Association which limits the time for contesting the championship to the first Saturday in December. On that day the Torontos and the champions played and the champions were not defeated, and consequently the cup is still theirs. But it is said the Association met and made a new rule giving Queen's the option of going to Toronto again and accepting \$60 in payment of their expenses, or of playing the match in Kingston, guaranteeing the Torontos the same amount for their expenses. Granting this was a fair decision on the part of the Association, we still claim the championship for Queen's, the Torontos by their non-appearance in Kingston having forfeited all claim upon it even according to their new rule. When the decision of the Association was forwarded to Queen's what did they do? At once they said to the Torontos come on. The Torontos had the word of the Association that if the game were played in Kingston the Queen's club would have to pay them \$60. This was all the guarantee that Queen's had for their expenses when they went to Toronto.

They were assured that their expenses would be paid in full. They accepted that assurance and went. The Torontos, however, knowing how much they contributed to the expenses of Queen's and how royally they entertained them, refuse to accept the word of the Association and ask for an additional guarantee from Queen's. We cannot help thinking that if the Torontos want the championship they had better win it and not try to get by quibbling. At the same time we think that the honorable way for the Association to act would be to pay the bill they owe Queen's before by vote they saddle them with more financial obligations and legislate them out of the championship. Queens is willing and ready to play the Torontos or any other club in the Associ-

ation whenever and wherever the Association may decide, provided the arrangements are not all one-sided, as they are in this case. If they are defeated they will yield the championship gracefully and congratulate the victors.

→\*POETRY.\*←

**A POEM THAT WALT WHITMAN NEVER PUBLISHED.**

(We clip the following from the 'Varsity.)

THE following parody on Walt Whitman's "poems" is decidedly the best thing of its kind that we have seen for some time. It appears in *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*, a novel by Richard Grant White, the well-known Shakesperian writer.

Mr. Washington Adams, who is being passed off at the residence of an English nobleman as a typical American, produces the piece out of his pocket as "one that Walt Whitman's never published yet; but I kerry it around," he says, "to read sorter b'tween whiles."

I happify myself.  
I am considerable of a man. I am some. You are also some. We are considerable; they are all some.  
Put all of you and all of me together and agitate our particles by rubbing us up into eternal smash, and we should still be some. No more than some, but no less.  
Particularly some, some particularly; some in general, generally some; but always some, without mitigation distinctly some.

O eternal circles, O squares, O triangles, O hypotenuses, O centres, O circumferences, diameters, radiuses, arcs, sines, co-sines, tangents, parallelograms and parallelo-pipedons, O pipes that are not parallel, furnace pipes, sewer pipes, meerchaum pipes, briarwood pipes, clay pipes; O matches, O fire, and coal-scuttle and shovel and tongs and fender, and ashes, and dust and dirt!

O everything! O nothing!  
O myself! O yourself!  
O my eye!

I tell you the truth. Salut!  
I am not to be bluffed off. No sir!  
I am large, hairy, earthy, smell of the soil. am big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.  
Also instructive in my propensities; given to contemplation; and able to lift anything that is not too heavy.  
Listen to me and I will do you good.  
Loaf with me and I will do you better.  
And if any man gets ahead of me he will find me after him.  
Vale!

**A PARTING WISH.**

ON Venice, in a narrow court,  
Far from disturbing hands,  
Most graceful carved of Parian stone,  
With moss and ivys overgrown,  
An ancient sun-dial stands.

A perfect thing in form and use.  
It seems; but in the stone,  
Half hidden by the mosses dark,  
One still may trace the words, "I mark  
The sunny hours alone."

L'ENVOY.

In youth, in womanhood, in age,  
Heaven grant thee, for thy part,  
To have and hold as friends of thine  
Those that bear not that fatal line  
Half hidden in their heart.

BAN.

—Acta Columbiana.

FOR all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,  
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each;  
Hence, should One Order disproportioned grow,  
Its double weight must ruin all below.  
O! then, how blind to all that truth requires,  
Who think it freedom when a part aspires?  
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
Except when fast approaching danger warns;  
When I behold a factious band agree  
To call it Freedom when themselves are free,  
Each wanton Judge new penal statutes draw,  
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

—GOLDSMITH.

**THE STUDY AND PROFESSION OF MEDICINE.**

PROFESSOR WATSON, in reply to the toast of "Queen's University," at the Medical Dinner, spoke as follows:—

I don't know that anything can make up for the horror of having to give an after-dinner speech—for my own part I always feel as the victims of the French Revolution must have felt as they were journeying in their tumbrils to the guillotine,—but if anything could atone for the bad quarter of an hour and more which one must go through in waiting for his time to come, it is the character of the toast to which I have been asked to respond. "Queen's University" is a name that never fails to call up enthusiasm in the breasts of her sons (applause). At her feet they have at least learned to know how little they know, they have fought for her and bled for her—in pocket if not in person—and they love her accordingly. I for one should be sorry to see her deprived of any of her Faculties. A University ought, in my estimation, to be the nursing mother of all the liberal arts, and no university can be called complete that has lost her head or has been amputated of her right arm. Theology and Medicine, as well as the Arts and Law, are essential to the completeness, symmetry and fair proportions of the body pedagogic. Some people may even think that our own university falls so far short of perfection, that her right arm, Medicine, and her left arm Law, do not grow naturally out of the trunk but are rather superficially attached to it, being not so much organs as appendages (laughter), and that a fuller tide of life would course through her veins were the union of head, trunk and limbs more intimate than it is. On that point it is not for me to express an opinion, but this I may say, that between the staff of the Royal College and the Senate of Queen's University there is, and has been, the utmost sympathy and cordiality of feeling (applause). Of the Medical professors we may say, in language that has now become classic: "We approve of them." (Laughter and applause). It is true that in the primeval ages, when as

yet the Royal College was not, but formed a component part of the central luminary, the molecular agitation characteristic of vigorous life was so intense that what was then the Medical Faculty was shot out into space, and has ever since appeared as a satellite (laughter). I should not like to call it a comet revolving in a more or less eccentric orbit of its own. I have heard it whispered that, at the time of this description, there was between the trustees of Queen's and the Medical College a sort of —what shall I say?—disseverance of sentiment, natural under the circumstances, and that for some little time thereafter the relations between the two bodies were what in the language of diplomacy, would be called "strained." Even in times more recent still the atmosphere has once or twice been slightly electric, but I think that these differences of opinion may be called lovers' quarrels, which as everybody knows are only indulged in for the pleasure of making up again (laughing and applause). Besides the cordial feeling which I share with other members of the Senate, I have a special reason for feeling warmly to the Royal College. Not many are aware of the fact, I fear, but I have had the honor of being one of its students myself. Most people, I suppose, have at some time or other felt a divine thirst for universal knowledge, accompanied by a touching belief in their own capacity to attain to it. This ebullient state of mind, like measles or scarle fever, is a thing that as a rule comes to a man only once in a lifetime. My attack of the distemper was very slight. It occurred to me that as desert to the solid food of philosophy, some people think that there is no solidity in philosophy, and that we might as well try to live on bottled air; but those people are barbarians; they are even more ignorant than you and I; They are what Milton calls "dull fools" (laughter). I say that it struck me to temper my severer studies with such a light and volatile subject as medicine. I began with the fascinating study of Anatomy (great laughter), and I stuck to it doggedly,—for about three weeks (renewed laughter). During that time my occupation was with "the bones." That is the only occasion on which I ever tried to rival the negro minstrel in his own line. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the language of Anatomy is "condensed poetry." He referred, I presume, to its richness of metaphorical allusion. Skeleton for example, now—Skeleton! *σκελλω* to dry. Could there be a more appropriate term than that? I at least found "the bones" dry enough. What a wilderness of words, what a "Sarbanian bog" of verbiage, the wretched student must force his way through! The esoteric love of cervical, dorsal, lumbar, sacral (great laughter), and the remaining vertebral (laughter and cheers), the multitudinous processes and sinuses and foramens, which came on in endless file, as the spectral descendants of Banquo passed before the eyes of Macbeth; the barbaric wealth of such terms as supra-occipital, synomous-temporal, mastoid-temporal; all these keep falling on him "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa," and threaten to bury him alive. "The bones" however, as I soon found, were child's play; when, drawing a long breath of relief, one tried to thread the wandering mazes of the nervous system; then (cries of "Ay, then!") one got some idea of what pious Aeneas meant by "unutterable woe"; then—as our German friends say: *Ach du lieber Himmel!* I had had enough of it. As a relish to more solid food I came to the conclusion that Anatomy was a failure, and I suddenly discovered that I had been neglecting my own proper studies. *Experientia docet* (a voice, "I hope it has.") Since that eventful period I have always had the profoundest admiration for the assimilative powers of the students of medicine (laughter and applause). Gentlemen who, in so short a time, are able to explain the whole

vast ocean of medical knowledge, on whose shores I was as a child casting pebbles, call forth my wonder, my admiration and my pity. I say "pity" advisedly, for are there not twelve teachers in the Royal College, and is not each one of them convinced that his own subject is of supreme importance? (Laughter). I managed to struggle through say a sixth part of Anatomy, now multiply six by twelve, and you have seventy-two times the amount of work that floored me. How can one small head contain it all? Like other avocations the profession of medicine has had to submit to the attacks of the satirist, and sometimes the shaft has been sped home by those of its own household. But despite the sharp lash of satire, Medicine is a noble avocation, and the recruits to its ranks had needs be men of noble nature. To me the physician seems the modern knight errant. He is continually called upon to scorn delights and live laborious days and too often he has to console himself with the reflection that virtue is its own reward. The ideal physician is no doubt as seldom met with in the flesh as other ideals, but it is much to have an ideal at all, much more to try to fashion one's life in its image. I trust that the young men who are soon to go out from us with the stamp of the university upon them will strive to rise to the dignity of their noble profession. And it is too much to hope that there may yet be a golden age when Medicine will no more be curative but only preventive, and when the physician shall have become the health officer, pure and simple engaged mainly in supervising the hygienic arrangements of our cities, towns and villages. This physical millenium is no doubt very far off, and its shout of victory comes very faintly to our longing ears; it may be that it is merely a dream; but even so it is a dream that surely is well worth dreaming. I trust my medical friends will not take it ill of me if I conclude by expressing a wish, that the occupation of physicians may undergo euthanasia and at length become a thing of the past. (Applause).

## SERMON.

### UNIVERSITY SERMON.

The following sermon was preached by the Rev. D. T. Herridge, of Andrew's Church, Ottawa, in Convocation Hall, Nov. 23rd.

THEY ARE DEAD WHICH SOUGHT THE YOUNG CHILD'S LIFE.  
MAT. 2, 20.

THIS was the angel message which came to Joseph and Mary exiled in Egypt for the sake of the infant Christ. Warned by a previous vision of the monstrous designs of the king, they had fled hurriedly in the night from Bethlehem, the quiet village of the nativity, soon to be filled with weeping over the slaughter of the innocents. Herod was now an old man full of crimes and sorrows. Led on by reckless ambition and ungovernable jealousy, he had reached at length a throne of lonely splendor by a long course of cruelty and murder. The scribes and rulers, the members of the Sanhedrin, the High Priest, his three sons, his beautiful wife Marianne the only being he ever seemed to love, became in turn the victims of his suspicious hatred and guilty fear. Growing age seemed only to develop the dark and brutal instincts of his nature. Haunted by the speeches of his murdered wife and murdered sons, maddened by ominous rumour and vain remorse, "the pitiless monster," as Josephus calls him, was seized in his last days by a bitter ferocity which never pitied and never spared. When news reached him of the mysterious star in the East, and the visit of the wise men to Jerusalem, cloaking his cruel suspicions for a time under the guise of religious devotion, he inquired

diligently into the meaning of this strange appearance, as though he wished to add his homage to this new wonder from Heaven. But far otherwise were his thoughts. He who had extirpated by cruel murder the last of the As-moneans was not likely to spare a descendant of the house of David whose birth had been heralded in such an extraordinary manner, and who had appeared at a time when the whole world—great Pan being dead—was looking for some emancipator from philosophers which had revealed their utter weakness and governments which had degenerated into ruthless tyranny. The Magi did not return to minister to the hypocrisy of the royal barbarian. They departed to their own country another way. And when their mission was fulfilled in the finding of the Christ, Joseph took the young Child and His mother and fled into the land of Egypt. How long this exile lasted and what are its profound suggestions, we need not now inquire. At length the tyrant died: the soul of the wretched old man, who had been styled the Great, devising cruelties even in his last agony, stung by remorse and fear, consumed by his own debauches, went forth with a shudder into the awful darkness. Men breathed more freely now that he was gone, and the day of his death became a national festival. God spoke by His angel to the exile in that hostile land, bidding him return again to his native country: "Arise, and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel, for they are dead which sought the young child's life."

In the stirring events of this piece of history we have mirrored the two opposing spirits which seek for admiration in the hearts of men. The message of the angel is not only a statement of what is past, but a prophecy of what is to come in the ultimate overthrow of everything which seeks to destroy Christ and His Gospel and the ultimate triumph of the Babe of Bethlehem over the whole wide world. In sharp antagonism we have presented the two claimants for kingly sway,—the false king tottering to his overthrow in the splendid palace, the true King whose kingdom shall have no end, cradled in the lowly manger. Either Herod or Christ must rule the world and rule our hearts to-day. There is no room for compromise or divided mastership. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

We need not be surprised that the advent of Christ should produce a stormy conflict of thought and action which in different forms has continued to manifest itself at every period of the world's history. Evil is not a necessary part of human development. It is absolutely unauthorized in the creation of God, and should have slept forever "in the night of possibility." But all its latent powers which had seemed to grow torpid in the congenial atmosphere of a universal corruption were roused to life by the appearance of the Christ, and the eternal antagonism between good and evil made sharply manifest. It was impossible that a new religion claiming such absolute authority over the heart and conscience of men should make its entry into the world unchallenged, or should maintain itself through all the successive changes of human thought without undergoing the most rigid investigation. The history of Christianity is a history of unending strife. When we remember the fierce and persistent opposition which it has encountered in a thousand different forms at the various epochs of its first beginnings and the strength of the Empire which was arrayed against it; the enticements which threatened internal weakness and seemed to leave it an easy prey to designing rulers; the intolerant ecclesiasticism of a later time working in the name of Christianity and yet striking a blow at every one of its essential principles; the coarse effrontery and blatant atheism of the last century; the covert sneer, the open reviling, the sad denial which are the Herods of the present time,—when we

remember these things, and behold the Kingdom of the Christ still flourishing and growing upon the earth, we echo the language of the wise Rabbi uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago: "If this counsel or this work be of man, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God!"

In order to see the verification of the angel's word in the course of human events, it will be necessary to trace in brief the history of Christianity in the world, and so exhibit some of the leading forms in which the Herod-spirit of extermination has made itself manifest. At the very outset we are forced to notice the wonderful growth of the new religion in the face of the most unfavourable circumstances. It came into a world full of all the abominable impurities of heathenism, and had to contend not merely with the opposition of unregenerate hearts, but with the new intellect of a critical and investigating age. We see Christianity, like the bright star which was its herald, dawning in the midst of a universal darkness. The birth of Christ is revealed first of all to humble shepherds, and His Gospel at once allies itself with the weak and feeble things of the world so that not many wise, not many noble, not many mighty are called, but such as the Philippian jailor, the slave of Colossæ, the humble fishermen of Genneseret. It has no strength of armies, no glittering splendour, no earthly reward. It is lighted only by the light which comes from heaven, and speaks of new hopes, new joys, new ambitions, a new kingdom of which the world had never dreamed before. Imperial Rome arose to crush the nascent heresy. The record of the early Christians might be written in blood. Nearly all the original propagators of the new faith perished by unnatural deaths. Persecution followed persecution through all quarters of the vast empire whither the hated sect had made its way. The sting of satire and the voice of calumny were added to the under force of arms, and to name the name of Christ became an insult to the mighty Pantheon only to be avenged by a dark cell in the Mamertine or a cruel death in the arena. Yet in spite of the unwearied opposition of the mistress of the world, Christianity continued to spread and the history of its growing influence became in effect the history of the progress of mankind. Even the literary efforts of its first opponents obtain an undeserved remembrance only as they are quoted in the triumphant reputations which were called forth against them. At length no later than the fourth century, Christianity became the recognized and established religion of the Roman Empire and the last cry of expiring heathenism is heard in the well-known confession of the Emperor Julian: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" And here another form of trial ensued. By the unnatural union of church and state enfeeblement began gradually to manifest itself. The stalwart heroism of earlier times seemed to be in danger of passing away, and *would* have passed away had not renewed opposition called it into fresh life. For it is profoundly true of that period as of many subsequent ones, that Christianity has suffered more from the hypocrisy and diffidence of its professed friends than from the strength and malice of its enemies. It was by the kiss of Judas that the Son of Man was betrayed. The religion of the lowly Nazarene whose kingdom was not of this world seemed ill-attired in the robes of purple and fine linen which adorned the royal palaces. Internal controversy disturbed the church and finally rent it asunder. Elaborate theologies were formulated and then quarreled over as though they had been the very bread of life, and hierarchical pretensions gradually developed till the whole church was under the bondage of a rigid ecclesiasticism. The Herod-spirit of extermination seemed to have passed over to those who professed to

worship Christ but who like the false monarch who was their prototype were really bent upon destroying Him. Christ's enemies became the men of His own house, and a new sad proof of the supernatural origin of Christianity was afforded by the failure of misguided controversy and narrow aims to shake it from its firm foundation. From these bitter trials Christianity again emerged to shine with greater lustre than ever in the glorious era of the Reformation. Every student of history knows in what malignant forms the spirit of Herod manifested itself at that time; how the Anti-Christian power which in earlier ages had lodged itself in Pagan Rome reappeared with still more subtle energy in Papal Rome, from whose Vatican the thunderous Anathemas seemed to echo through the whole world. We remember how the way was prepared for the great awakening by men like Huss, Savonarola, Wycliff, "the morning Star of the Reformation," till Luther appeared to meet the claims of the Church by an appeal to the inalienable rights of the individual conscience. All the old tyrannies were repeated. Thousands of noble men perished in the dungeon, at the stake, upon the field of battle. The blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church, and the blind fury which went forth to its work of indiscriminate slaughter was utterly baffled in the attempt to extirpate the spirit of Christ from mankind. The young child had found a safe asylum from the furious assaults of pride and iniquity and the strength of the enemy was spent in vain. The Herod-power which sat upon the world's throne was mocked, not of the wise men who came from far and near to lay their treasures at the young child's feet, but mocked by God who fulfilled the prediction made of old time against those who would attempt to overthrow the kingdom of His Son: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." With the birth of modern philosophy, another epoch of opposition begins. The world had not yet learned the sublime lesson which the Magi taught, that the wisdom of earth may well acknowledge the wonder of Heaven, and that science finds her true goal when guided by the Divine light she falls in humble adoration at the feet of Christ! A malignant and virulose current of criticism began to manifest itself in the literature of the day. Men spoke of Christ and wrote of Christ in a manner at which the scepticism of our time would honestly shudder. A spirit of cold, unsympathetic analysis of the Divine life and mission is succeeded, especially in France, by the outbreak of turbulent passion and undisguised hatred of the Nazarene which led at length to the enthronement of the goddess of Reason in the person of a prostitute, and the fearful Nemesis of Anti-Christian principles in the horrors of the French Revolution. Then as we advance to our own century we find the destructive spirit manifesting itself in what seems a much less repellant form, but one which really strikes at the very heart of Christ and seeks to rob Him of all those attributes which make Him the real Saviour of the world. The rude attacks of Voltaire and Paine are exchanged for a subtle scepticism which reduced both the testimony of the Gospels and the testimony of the human heart to forms of unreliable fiction. Paulus eliminates the miraculous from the story of the Evangelists, attributing the idea of the supernatural to the grossest ignorance, and so destroying at a blow the Divine mission of the Son of God. Strauss arose subsequently as the exponent of a mythical interpretation, the Gospel history being in his view nothing more than the adaptation of a narrative to preconceived ideas; so that Christ is an ordinary person whom national prejudice or pious expectation had magnified into an ideal. And later still we have Rénan who in an undertone of real sadness declares his disbelief in the grounds of revelation and his forced dissent from those Christian saints

whose characters he regards as the purest in the world. Here we have antagonism which though pronounced is not bitter,—the mournful spectacle of doubt mingled with despair. In our own day the Anti-Christian spirit manifests itself in a variety of forms from the Secularism of the masses to the Agnosticism and Pantheism of the philosophers. It is true that the abuse and calumny of earlier ages have passed away except on the lips of those ignorant demagogues whose coarse blasphemy is its own reputation. The Herod spirit does not seem to manifest itself in the blind fury of indiscriminate slaughter. There is even the semblance of worship sometimes at the Holy Shrine of Christ. But at heart none the less, there is rank rebellion and fierce enmity. Not merely in the thoughtless outcry of the mob always ready to follow the most blatant leader, but in the subtle innuendoes of the would be sages, in the frequent tendency of current thought, in the materialistic earthiness of this modern age, the name the Christ is blasphemed and His right denied to a universal kingship over the lives of men.

And what has been the result of all this continued opposition to Christ and His Gospel? Surely by this time it must be stamped out altogether, for it has been subjected to every kind of attack which human hatred and subtlety could devise, or human power carry into execution. No system which has contended for supremacy in the hearts of men has ever encountered so much fierce and bitter opposition; for it has been the supreme irony of history that the Saviour came unto His own, and His own received him not, but rather echoed in a thousand forms the outcry of the brutal Judæan mob, crucifying the Son of God afresh and putting Him to an open shame. Yet Christ and His Gospel have not yet begun to show the symptoms of decay and dissolution. The attack has been more than met not by weapons of like construction, but by the irresistible force of Divine Truth. Men looked upon the feeble beginnings of Christianity and thought at first that it was scarcely deserving of serious attraction. But when the stone cut of the mountains without hands began to grow mysteriously, the world-monarchies tried to crush it and tried in vain. The young child seemed to lead a charmed life, for persecution and bloodshed while destroying His followers, served only to extend His influence over the hearts of men. And when the violence of the pen succeeded the violence of the sword the attack was equally a futile one. Neither gross calumny nor subtle innuendo; neither blind prejudice nor ignorant superstition; neither the coarse effrontery of the vulgar nor the cold denial and mournful silence of philosophy has disturbed the majestic sway at Christ the Lord. The history of opposition has been one of complete failure from first to last. The angel-voice is true in fact as it shall be true in prophecy:—"They are dead—they shall die, who seek the young child's life."

And what is the reason of this strangest phenomenon in all history, the decay and death of the spirit of Herod and the immortal youth of the spirit of Christ? The answers of infidelity are manifestly insufficient. Gibbon's well-known reasons might possibly explain a momentary triumph but not a continuance through all the changeful centuries. For while the years come and go, Christ remains the same yesterday and to-day and forever, striking the roots of His glorious Gospel ever more deeply into the soil of human hearts, and gradually diffusing the heavenly brightness which hung at first above the manger at Bethlehem over the whole wide world. There must be some deeper reason for the failure of anti-christian principles, for they have everything as it seemed in its favour, and a Gospel of merely human origin would have succumbed long ago to the crushing opposition which it encountered everywhere, and would have been interesting only to the student of history as an effete system which

had proved its utter weakness, and had vainly striven to find a place in the heart and conscience of mankind.

These Anti-Christian efforts have been unavailing because of the character of Christ Himself.

No one in all the range of history has ever been subjected to such keen and relentless criticism, or has endured so much calumny and misrepresentation. Blinded by prejudice and hatred his own countrymen accused him of blasphemy and the whole Roman world was prepared to take arms against his system as a rank profanation and a political heresy. Writers of many shades of thought employed themselves in minimizing all His beneficent actions and reducing His unique virtue to a mere matter of expediency. Scurrilous insinuations followed one upon another, and the life the pure man was presented through the haze of impurity in which it was regarded. Later still a series of Christs were given to the world; a mythical Christ, a rationalistic Christ, an intellectual Christ, a perfect-man Christ. Here He is shadowy and afar off; there we almost seem to see him, now we have just touched the hem of His garment. Yet amid all these phases of thought and feeling, Christ remained unchanging, the one luminous figure in the middle of the deepening gloom. Even scepticism has now confessed what it must long have felt, that whatever Christ may or may not be He is not guilty of conscious fraud. He could not have built up on immortal foundation a principle of morality from which the regeneration of the world proceeds, nor could a number of ignorant, untruthful men have fabricated the details of a life which in its unique sublimity transcends the wildest visions of the facts, the noblest thought of the philosophers. The character of Christ is untouched by all the centuries of rebuke and criticism. Pilate's confession has become universal, "We find no fault in Him." He is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. Looking along the low plane of their restricted vision, it may be enough for some forgetting their hostility in genuine admiration to cry, "Ecce Homo!" "Lo! the man!" Be it ours reverently raising a grateful eye to Heaven to cry, "Ecce Deo!" "Lo, the God!" Anti-Christian efforts have been unavailing also because the evidences of the Truth are found on examination to be satisfactory and convincing. The wise men who laid their treasures at the feet of the wondrous Babe are but a type of those who in every age have looked and wondered and adored. Christianity has commended itself to the most enlightened understandings. It gives no encouragement to ignorant superstition or base credulity. It stands forth in the full sunshine, challenging investigation and bidding all men behold its majestic proportions and its lofty aim. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, keen in intellect, warm in heart, is but the first of that countless list of noble men who discerning the life of Christ have known in whom they have believed. All the influences of early training may have been unfavorable, prejudice and bigotry may have opposed for a long time the entrance of the light; but in spite of these things the world's giant minds have confessed the transcendent power of the Man of sorrows, and have entered the kingdom of heaven with the simple yet sublime faith of a little child. The efforts of criticism to break down the evidences of Christianity are like the efforts of pygmies to overthrow the everlasting hills. With foolish glee they may hold up a little fragment—a temporary accretion upon the surface of the solid rock—and imagine forsooth! that they have made a splendid conquest; but the towering mountain rising high into the clouds above, mocks them with the majesty of its awful silence.

But the most conspicuous failure of anti-christian thought is in the attempt to construct something which shall take the place of Christianity in human life. Sup-

posing the murderous designs of Herod-faction could be successful and the young child's life destroyed, what King and Hero shall we have in His stead? Where shall we look for another Gospel of hope and inspiration? To this question so fair and natural, no adequate answer has been returned. We wait in vain for something which shall supplant the monstrous superstition of Christendom. Remove the Divine ideal of the Gospel, and the constant and painful search after another has proved itself an utterly futile one. To all the eager cries of the heart of men, to all their infinite yearnings after the unseen and eternal anti-christian thought has little to say. There is power of destruction as it seems—fierce, blustering power, working often aimlessly and without avail. But there is no verifying power—no power to build up and to save. In this regard, of a truth, "They are dead who sought the young child's life." And the anti-christian thought of to-day virtually recognizes this utter impotence. The loud shout of ignorant triumph with which the world echoed in the past, is being succeeded by tones of sadness and often of despair. The Macbeth of unbelief hath murdered sleep. The scepticism of our time is essentially pessimistic, and it can only emerge from its position by ignoring those solemn truths which are written deep in the universal conscience of mankind. Disappointment in the present if not counteracted by hope for the future may settle into the conviction that the world is but

"One desert

Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests save carcasses and wrecks,  
Rocks and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness,"

and O, we cannot believe even if we would, that sin is merely a misfortune resulting from environment, or the abnormal action of molecular forces in beings who are pure automata. We cannot believe that the thought of a Nemesis of evil, slow-footed but sure,—the dread of something after death—is the wild fiction of a diseased understanding. We cannot believe that the appointed goal of mankind is a Nirvana of oblivion where conscious personality shall be forever destroyed. August prophecies arise within us,—prophecies of immortality and eternal life. The pessimism of Herod can be cured only by the optimism of Christ who without deluding by false hopes lays down the truth of two stupendous facts: the sin of man, and the salvation of God.

"They are *dead* which sought the young child's life." That is the ending of wickedness now and always. Great armies have come against the young child filled with boastful pride and confidence of victory. By the breath of the Lord they have perished in a night; and in the morning the angels have cried: "They are *dead* which sought the young child's life." Infidel books have come forth to refute christianity, to show its absurdities, to sweep it away from the face of the earth, and soon their weapons have grown rusty from disuse, while the angels have cried: "They are *dead* which sought the young child's life." Critics have advanced with keen, malignant eye, and bitter hatred rankling in their hearts determined to hunt down this monstrous superstition and reveal some better Gospel to mankind. But they have only cut themselves with their own weapons and have found no grateful converts to share their sad oblivion. Again the angel-voice has cried: "They are *dead* that sought the young child's life." And it is not reversed for the scientific enlightenment and literary research of the present day to accomplish a task which has been hitherto impossible. Christianity has everything to hope for by the gradual diffusion of knowledge in regard to the great world of nature and the smaller but sublimer world of man. It cannot be long before the knell of defeat shall be sounded for those who are lifting their voices *now* against the Eternal Son, when



the angel-cry shall be heard once more: "They are *dead* which sought the young child's life."

But is the young child dead? Has He not come forth from the brief exile to which the Herod-spirit would fain consign him forever, fresh in eternal youth, the light of immortality beaming in his eyes, and the power of an unquenchable mission surging like a full torrent through His soul? The perennial bloom of which the world-poets often dreamed was realized in Him, Christ Jesus "ever young and ever fair." In the vigor of early manhood He died upon the cross; but dying to the seen and temporal, He liveth to the unseen and eternal. We look upward as the cloud receives Him out of our sight, waiting for that glad time which is evermore drawing nearer and nearer when the Angel-voice to Joseph shall find a grander echo in the chorus of great voices in Heaven saying: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of Our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever!"

THE ROYAL COLLEGE

ÆSCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

SATURDAY evening, Dec. 13th, the members of this Society were treated to a lecture on Phrenology, by Prof. Burr, practical phrenologist. The attendance was large, on account of which an adjournment was made to the art building. At eight o'clock Mr. Spankie took the chair, and in a few introductory remarks called upon the lecturer, who, upon rising, was greeted with prolonged applause. Prof. Burr began by stating the particular pleasure he enjoyed at his present opportunity of addressing an audience of college students, as it called to his mind many reminiscences of his earlier days.

He referred in eloquent and pathetic terms to the prospects of young men who have received a college training. He pointed to the rapid strides of science during the last half a century, dwelling particularly on electricity and animal magnetism, especially with regard to their therapeutical effects. He said that the latter often replaced medicinal anaesthetics. Here the lecturer suggested an enlargement on the subject of magnetism; but cries of "phrenology--phrenology" from the students led the professor back to his subject. He said it was only within the last fifty years that phrenology had received its just amount of attention and claimed for it a place among the sciences of this day, based as it is on common sense. He did not wish people to think that phrenology could put brains where there are none, but he did claim that by the aid of phrenology the weak points in a man's nature could be disclosed, and, therefore, his attention directed thereto. The lecturer mentioned the name of one gentleman, now a medical student, who was thus benefitted. The good results of phrenology are purely physiological and depend upon the law that use increases while disuse diminishes the power of any organ, it matters not whether that organ be brain or muscle. The speaker gave vivid illustrations of this law, referring to pugilists, athletes, etc.

A SECRET.

At this juncture Prof. Burr said he would unfold a secret, because he was in a college. He referred jocularly to the popular idea of bumpology as being the basis of phrenology, but told his hearers the real method of judging of a man's particular ability, which was by placing the hand on the head and causing the subject to speak; the act of speaking causes a sort of thrill or fremitus, which is felt by the hand and that part of the head at which it is most distinctly felt, the locality of

greatest cerebral development. This, he claimed, was something not generally thought of by the populace. Measurements, of course, and the general contour of the head aided, as well as physiognomy. The lecturer asked the audience to nominate a man whose head they would like read. After a short excitement the chairman had the nomination and the reading of his head provided no small share of the evening's amusement, as the professor did not hesitate in announcing defects as well as excellencies. Mr. H. M. Mowat's head was next read, which kept up the fun, and if phrenology be true we may look for a first-rate lawyer in the person of this gentleman. Mr. A. P. Knight was the next and last who received a reading at this meeting, and was pronounced as possessing the qualities for a good schoolmaster or professor. This closed a somewhat lengthy, but amusing and well appreciated lecture. A number of arts students were present and enjoyed the sport.

On motion of Mr. Clark, seconded by Mr. Kyle, a vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Burr, after which the chairman declared the meeting adjourned till January 10th, 1885.

During the past half session the members of Æsculapian have been exceptionally active, and have benefitted greatly by their attention to literary matters. The meetings have been weekly instead of fortnightly as formerly, thus showing the presence of a more scientific class of students, as the papers read before the Society are, with one or two exceptions like the present, the work of students, and no trouble has yet been experienced in procuring a speaker.

THE HUMAN HEART.

The heart is a muscular organ and, like the brain grows most rapidly during the early years of life. Dr. Benecke, of Marburg, Germany, has made some important statements on its growth. He says the increase in size is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, being at the end of the second year double what it originally was, and again doubled between the second and seventh years. Its increase is then slow until about the fifteenth year, when it again makes progress and keeps pace with the advance of the other portions of the system. From the twentieth to the fiftieth year the increase is only about .061 of a cubic inch annually. But after the fiftieth year a slight diminution ensues. In childhood there is no difference in the male and female heart, but after puberty the male heart develops more, and the difference averages from one and a half to two cubic inches. Roughly speaking the heart resembles in size the closed fist of the same person.

ITS FORCE.

The force, or power of the human heart is greater than many persons imagine and investigators have differed widely in their calculations of it, but it is generally admitted to be not less than fifty pounds.

ITS WORK.

The necessary work of the heart is great and its unnecessary work sometimes very trying, as a glance at the following will show:

The ventricles of the heart are estimated to contain about 3 oz., and these are emptied at every cardiac beat; tho amount of blood in an ordinary-sized man is about 18 lbs., or 288 oz., thus requiring 96 beats of the heart to send it once through the system. Now the average cardiac action is 72 beats per minute; or, in other words, the 18 lbs. of blood is impelled through the body every eighty seconds by this little human force-pump. These calculations might be greatly continued, but time and space will not permit of it here. Let each one who is not acquainted with this part of his body continue and as

tonish himself by learning of the enormous amount of work performed by this little organ during lifetime, and I will content myself by calling attention to another and perhaps more important matter, namely :

#### ITS REST.

Does the heart never become tired, you may ask, or does it differ from other parts, in that it requires no rest? The answer is that in respect to fatigue, the heart is not different to any other organ of the body, but it does differ in its mode of rest. When our legs or arms are weary we refrain from using them, but to refrain from using our heart would be to give up life. The heart, like the spinal cord, never sleeps. It is a ceaseless organ and takes its rest in this way: the average number of beats per minute we have seen, is 72. Now, when we are in recumbent position, the number of beats is diminished by from ten to fifteen, the reason being that the body is more nearly level, and therefore the blood more readily reaches its destination than if it had to be propelled straight up. This is the heart's natural mode of taking rest, and a good practical lesson may be learned from a knowledge of those things which modify the heart's action, i.e., which either unnecessarily give it more work by depriving it of its rest, or which aid it in the performance of its duty.

Now, it is a common observation that a man who has been imbibing too freely of alcoholic drinks, does on the following day, experience very unpleasant sensations, such as languor, headache, restlessness, etc., and why? Just because his heart instead of beating 10 or 15 beats per minute slower, and thus receiving its usual rest, was required to beat 10 or 15 beats faster, thus being deprived of its rest, and fatigued and weakened, for it is a physiological fact, that alcohol first diminishes and afterwards accelerates the heart's action. For the same reason violent exercise injurious. The heart's action is always increased after a meal, and some articles of diet affect it more markedly than others, strong coffee and tea accelerate it and are injurious, while tobacco and excessive cold are likewise injurious by depressing it. Temperance, moderation and regularity are essential for perfect health of this organ.

"Say, Jack, you were at Mrs. Grant's 'At Home' last Saturday, weren't you." "Well I should complacently inosculate," said Jack, with the air of one who has improved on the old version. "Didn't you have a pleasant afternoon?" I said, without even smiling at Jack's last effort, for I do not encourage his circumlocutory style. "Oh yes," he rejoined, "only I did not know the ladies well enough to spend a very hilarious time. Besides I was only introduced to one lady, and of all the rest I was only acquainted with one other, to whom I didn't get a single opportunity of speaking the whole time I was there." "But whose fault was that, Jack? You didn't expect the Doctor to stay at your elbow the whole afternoon and watch for the first sign of flagging in your conversation, to say, 'excuse me, Mr. Man, but if you will allow me I think I can introduce you to a young lady who will entertain you better than the one with whom you have been talking,' did you?" "Why no," said Jack, somewhat indignantly. "Then why didn't you try to get acquainted with some other ladies? Were you not tired of talking to that one girl I saw you with, the whole afternoon?" "Yes, I cannot tell a lie, I was," Jack made this last remark in italics. "That's good" said I, "you can very likely then feel for the poor girl. I saw her face wearing a bored look about fifteen minutes after you commenced talking. You didn't know why her glance kept wandering away from your inanimate face to the couples whose members were rapidly interchanging remarks, and

exchanging places and causing a social circulation, that was mentally invigorating; but I knew that she was suffering from an overdose of Mr. Jack Man." "Oh that will do," said Jack, and his tone was one of deep feeling. "But I went on," you knew the lady could not get up and excuse herself and hunt up a new partner, and yet you sat there with a brown stone front, and kept away any who would have entertained her. Half a dozen such hobblers as you would have killed the efforts of even such a host and hostess as Doctor and Mrs. Grant, but happily there weren't that many of you, and you only spoiled the afternoon for one girl this time, but what will you do the next time?" "Stay away," said Jack promptly. "Allow me to correct you," I replied, with awful calmness, "such invitations are never refused by gentlemen, but are accepted with thanks, for the opportunity of meeting new people and enlarging the circle of their acquaintance in the right direction. A gentleman after paying his respects to the host and hostess, immediately seeks an introduction to some of the ladies, with whom he converses for a few minutes, and then makes way for someone else. This same gentleman, I might remark, is never afraid of being bored himself, but is always careful not to bore others. Jack has a great faculty of crystallizing conversation with one or two remarks, and after musing for a minute or to, he said, "entertainment, chummy, is a double and continuous effort to forget one's self and to be pleasant to one's neighbor—" We came to a corner just here, and a small boy took the occasion to run his pointer sled amongst Jack's feet. After a short period of confusion, during which his eyes saw more constellations than his wit ever produced, we went home in silence.

## DIVINITY HALL.

### LECTURES IN ELOCUTION.

WE are unable to say how the students in Arts appreciate the lectures in elocution by Prof. Parker, but we can without any hesitation bear testimony to the interest the "Divinities" take in this excellent course. Perhaps this deep "interest" may not be quite apparent to the Prof. himself, but it exists nevertheless, and by and by no doubt, will show itself in well rounded gestures, proper articulation and convincing, because natural, tone of voice. All are glad the course in elocution begins early in the session so that there is some time to practice before the spring examinations come on.

#### MR. MOODY.

Three of our number visited Toronto last month to hear the world-famous evangelist, D. L. Moody, and came back to us well repaid for their time and trouble. Perhaps these brethren will impart some of the inspiration they gathered to the rest of us, at the students meetings. "Faith in God and in His Word," and common sense methods of dealing with men, along with a keen insight into human nature, appear to be Mr. Moody's grounds of success. There is food for reflection and stimulus to action in the great work of this man of spiritual power. Can all not have the same? No, it is the same though in a lesser degree with the early planters of Christianity. And all may have the faith and knowledge of the "word," for there nothing in the reason of things to prevent them. But to have the power that we may be "Moody's," is where we often make the mistake, in short, we lack the second essential, viz, common sense. Each must be himself and not another, and the best evidence of possessing spiritual power lies in this, that a man is then in the highest sense possessed of his own individuality.

UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

The students of all the departments of the University, especially those of the "Hall," derive a great deal of benefit from the Sunday afternoon services.

The institution of this order of things a few years ago was a good one. Because, while it does not detract from the valuable sermons which can be heard in many places of worship in the city, yet it is organized more particularly for the students. As students, we all are pleased to think of those who come from distant places as bringing a message bearing directly on us and our life duties. Not that others refer less, but these more to students and students' life. But this does not imply that the sermons in Convocation Hall must be very "deep" to be duly appreciated. Not at all. It seems to be the common verdict, that the sermon which best touches the chords of every day life, and inspires young men with the true practical value of the "now," is the one which is most valued. Indeed those who have come, seem to have been actuated with this view, for we have had living truth - gospel truth, offered us in ways that have been very beneficial.

AGNOSTIC STUDENTS.

In the last issue of the JOURNAL we are told that more than fifty per cent of the students of the four leading American Universities are said to be avowed agnostics. Now we venture to say this, that if the students of those universities had life presented to them in its *real issues*, that startling remark need never have been written. Agnosticism is miserable diet to live on, and infinitely worse when offered as comfort to a dying man. As a principle of belief or rather non-belief, it utterly perverts the individual character, and destroys the upward progress of society. But we may be asked, can there not be good agnostics? There may be good living men who claim to be agnostics, but they are so in spite of their negative belief, and not because of it. Man must have a belief, and a positive one at that. The "don't know" style of faith never yet accomplished anything in this world and never will. For the co-herency and development of life, social and individual, we want something definite to stand upon, and while a few have all along maintained a dull agnosticism, the many have been, and always will be positive in their belief. The former exist only because of the latter. And were the condition of things reversed, then farewell to all that forms the very key stone of the best civilization, viz: a firm belief in a Supreme Being. Practice proves every theory, for "by their fruits ye shall know them." What political or social advance was ever made on the "don't know" system, what science ever made the world more intelligent under the role of agnosticism, and what religion ever offered a single hope or cast one ray of light across the dark shadow of the hereafter through the ministrations of the priests of agnosticism? Not one. Men do not want to beat the air forever, they want facts, and it is a blessed thing that the facts are given to which their faith can cling. A faith which in the great majority of cases is not weakened but strengthened by the higher education of our universities. We say with confidence that Canadian students take higher and safer ground than their cousins across the way, if the quotation above be true. But we question its veracity very much, because the development of all a man's faculties is the aim of a true university. And we cannot bring ourselves to believe that any well organized and thoroughly equipped institution for the advanced education of youth can possibly aim at anything less than that of all the powers bestowed on man. This being the case agnosticism can have no foothold so long as truth is taught in our universities and seats of learning, for truth is one, universal and complete, embracing every faculty

and emotion of mind and soul. Hence such teaching must necessarily include theology, and this not merely as an adjunct or occasional appendage, but as an integral part as well as the consummation of all departments of human knowledge.

••COLLEGE WORLD. ••

UNIVERSITY. - Professor Morrison, M.A., Ph. D., F.R.A.S., of the National University, Washington, is likely to be one of the examiners in mathematics this year. According to the *Varsity* the appointment, it made, will have the approbation of every graduate and undergraduate. It is plainly to be seen that University College is merely a Provincial institution. If it were a Dominion, Sir John would not be so blind to the interests of the country, but would have enforced the N.P. in this case as in all others. He would have, of course, as a matter of principle, put such a tax upon imported university examiners as to have forced them from the field, compelling University College to produce her own, or, as she does not appear to be able to do so, to apply to those of her sisters who can. Canada for the Canadian, and Canadians for Canada and all her institutions.—The *Varsity* is crying out about the present system of working the Library. They appear to have a real grievance. A man there cannot obtain a book of any kind whatever until late in the afternoon and then he is compelled to return it sharply at 10 o'clock the next morning. Not only this, but they have to put up with the injustice, that although this rule is vigorously enforced in the case of the college boys, yet it is just the other way with the Professor and outsiders who may retain a book *ad libitum*. Indeed such is the state of affairs that a student to gain any benefit from a book finds it to his advantage to obtain it indirectly through this privileged class. Again we can recommend to University that she take a leaf from Queen's in this respect. We are able and willing to spare one for her benefit. At present with University the recently established Public Library in Toronto is of more utility to the students than their own.—The *Varsity* says that she notices that nearly every publication gets out a special number at Christmas, so she is going to have one too. If we did *Varsity* would probably say we were "noticeably obsequious," in the polite manner in which she spoke of an editorial in our first number on the wearing of gowns.—The Literary Society, an organization somewhat similar to our Alma Mater Society, still keeps up the similarity by being in a state of anarchy and disruption, caused by intense party spirit.

VICTORIA.—Twenty-two Freshmen.—The *Acta* reports great improvements having been made during the summer in the College buildings and the campus.—A friend has promised to endow a new chair at an early date. He, wise man, apparently is not so sanguine as the Torontonians of the immediate translation of Victoria to Toronto, and its absorption into the so called "First Uni-

versity of Canada."—The Rev. Dr. Badgley, B.A., a graduate of Albert in '68 and who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the same institution in '81, has been appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Logic in the room of Professor Workman, who resigned. The Doctor held the same position in Albert. The *Acta* speaks highly of him and of what an addition he would be "to the staff of this department in which Victoria has *always* held an *acknowledged pre-eminence*." The Italics are our own, and we will refrain from making further comments excepting that we think some people would be better satisfied if there was a mark of interrogation after the word "pre-eminence," or if they were told by whom the "pre-eminence" is "acknowledged." If it is by Victoria, of course it is all right, so long as it is so understood.—The Vics. have a couple of rather nice customs. One, is the seniors wear white ties, their use by the three junior years being of course prohibited. The other is, the most popular senior, by the vote of the College carries throughout the year a gold headed cane. This cane has been handed down from generation to generation and has the name of each of its bearers inscribed upon it.—The Literary Societies are treating the town and College to some first-class lectures. Two have been given by Dr. Sexton. Dr. Ormiston and Professor Goldwin Smith are likely to follow him.—In the examination for medals the Vic. boys think they should be extended over eighteen hours instead of the nine hours now allowed, if a fair test of such a candidate's knowledge is to be obtained. They are accordingly agitating the matter in the *Acta*. Better come to Queen's, boys, if it's longer examinations you want, you can get eighteen hours or more every trip here.—Victoria has a Library grievance, too. Join the excursion of University College Library Committee to Kingston.—Their "Latest Project" is to build an athletic hall, in which all the different athletic organizations or *societies* will have a share.

McGILL.—The total number of students entered in the freshman class this Session is 195, distributed among the different faculties as follows; Medicine 88; Arts, male 57, female 25; Applied Science 16; Law 9. The *University Gazette*, now in its eighth year is published this year by a joint stock Company. The *Varsity* of Toronto has adopted the same plan.—The Principal, Sir William Dawson, strongly urges the advisability of separate classes for women. The Hon. D. A. Smith's endowment is to be used for this purpose.—Senator Ferrier, of Montreal, has been appointed Chancellor.—The authorities have given the vacant Lectureship in classes to an Englishman. A step we claim to be a libel on Canadians in general and on the graduates of McGill in particular.—The graduating class in Arts chose Mr. A. H. V. Colquhoun as their Valedictorian last month.—A new song book, which will contain 150 songs and choruses with four part music, is nearly completed. Good for McGill.—The Shakespeare collection of the late T. D. King has been purchased for

their Library, by the Hon. D. A. Smith and Mr. W. C. McDonald.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—The undergraduates have discontinued the publication of the Journal.—Principal Macvicar, in announcing the programme for the ensuing session, said he was happy to be able to state that their number of students had now reached 76. They had twenty new students, and ten of them were from Quebec, a province which was not supposed to be productive in the matter of students; and the other ten belonged to the different other provinces. He concluded by announcing that there would be a course of Sunday afternoon lectures in the hall, as there had been last session, and that several distinguished gentlemen had consented to act as lecturers.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HALIFAX.—The session was opened on November 5th, the inaugural lecture being by Dr. Pollok, on the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." The freshmen class this year is larger than usual, numbering ten or twelve. A catalogue of the library has been prepared this summer, showing 9,000 volumes. At a meeting of the College Board on the same day, steps were taken for carrying out the instructions of the Synod relating to a chair in Dalhousie College. A Bursary Committee was appointed which takes measures to help deserving students who are in need of aid. One dollar a week is paid towards the board of all the Divinity students, and additional aid is given according to the requirements of each case.

### →Y.M.C.A.←

THE last student's prayer meeting for the year, was held on Thursday afternoon, the 18th Dec. The chief thought of the meeting was, "if we are to be strong, healthy Christians during the next year, we must not neglect private prayer and the daily study of the word." The Israelites had to gather the manna daily, so must we partake daily of that "living bread which came down from Heaven." We cannot take enough on Sunday to do for a week. Moreover, the Israelites were to gather the manna every morning early, before the sun waxed hot; so the spiritual life of Christians depends largely upon their spending the early hours of the day in gathering rich soul food from the word.

The following was adopted as a motto for the members of the Association, during the coming year, "Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." After singing, "Blest be the tie, &c.," the boys separated for a happy holiday. Some of them will spend the time in Evangelistic work, believing that they are called thereto by the Master.

During the last two weeks of the term, a number of the students met together daily for prayer and christian fellowship. The general verdict concerning these meetings was, "Well boys, you know, this is grand altogether!"

We are glad to know that the number of College Associations is increasing in Canada. One has recently been organized in *Dalhousie* under most favorable circumstances, and gives promise of a good work.

EXCHANGES.

THE Colby *Echo* for November contributed an article on Geo. Eliott, which shows considerable knowledge of her work, and considerable insight into her character. With regard to its literary style, however, some of the expressions might be improved. "Dingy mortals," for "ordinary mortals" or "obscure mortals" is not a happy phrase, for it calls attention to the word rather than to the thought. "Common ranks of life," should be "ranks of common life." Sympathy is not enlisted in people. You have interest *in*, but sympathy *for*. It has only to be mentioned to be noticed at once that the following sentence is confused in its figures. "She gave *life* to thoughts and feelings which before had been *dumb*, and to her readers a *mirror* by which to look into their own souls, and *test* their inmost workings." As a rule the writer of the article weakens instead of strengthening his remarks by a too frequent use of adjectives and adverbs.

As regards the matter two sentences may be quoted as perhaps the best in the article. "Geo. Eliot is unrivalled in the presentation of character—not so much the character already formed as that in the process of development. She analyzed with merciless precision the complex web of human motives and shows their subtle working under the intricate and varying circumstances of human life." Two other sentences express a rather noticeable contrast, to which we call attention by means of italics. "She is beyond doubt the best apostle of the modern doctrine of *humanitarianism*," and "The great central fact of her creed is that of *infinite* aspiration towards truth, and right, for individuals, and of *infinite* compassion and love towards mankind." Apart from the correctness or incorrectness of the latter statement, there is no indication in the contribution that the writer can reconcile the doctrine of humanitarianism with his use of the word "infinite" at all. If he does why should he seem to consider that there is a radical conflict between the highest morality and the best religion.

Apart from this, and viewing the article as a whole, the writer is too lavish in his praises. No doubt Geo. Eliot felt the mystery of life. That is apparent from the mental toil that is manifested upon almost every page. But her worth does not lie so much in the solutions of the difficulties which beset her so thickly, as in showing that there are questions to be solved or she would almost say, seem to be insoluble. You may go to Romola or to Daniel Deronda to see that her burden was greater than she could bear. We would refer the writer to an article in No. 6 of the *Oberlin Review* on "The Pessimistic view of Life," which touches in one paragraph upon that side of Geo. Eliot's character which is the opposite of the one dealt with by himself.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic*, No. 14, and *The Dalhousie Gazette*, No. 3, both contain articles which deal with novel-reading, entitled "Novels and novel-reading," and "Novels, their use, and abuse," respectively. Amongst other things each has something to say of the historical novel. The *Scholastic* says, "although Sir Walter Scott's novels gave a better insight into the character and customs of the age of which he writes than can be obtained by the reading of history, still he is not to be relied on for historical knowledge," and the *Gazette*, "the advantages to be derived from the historical novel are of a very doubtful character. Whether the deeply rooted prejudices, which, with the young at least, are the inevitable results of a course of historical novels, are compensated for by the increased interest in the study of history may well be questioned." What does the writer in the *Scholastic* con-

sider to be historical knowledge apart from an insight into the character and customs of the age? And does the writer in the *Gazette* think that the historian can be implicitly relied on for an impartial presentation of historic truth? While you may point out novels which have given untrue pictures of historical characters, you can also point out so-called histories which fail in the first requirement of true history, viz.—the historic imagination. In these, history becomes a mere catalogue of events. With reference to the young it may safely be said that more children have conceived a thorough distaste for history by reading such histories than by reading historical novel.

"Novel-reading is a recreation which requires no mental effort on the reader's part." is the opinion of the *Gazette*. "Novels are good only when read for amusement, and when tired of the more arduous task of life" is the opinion of the *Scholastic*. They would probably place poetry in the same category with novels. No doubt they are in a sense correct. But if that is for the writers the whole use of novels and poetry it can with tolerable certainty be affirmed that neither will ever comprehend the spirit either of a great novel or a great poem.

November's *Sunbeam* in "Greatness and Littleness" poses as a preacher, who gives in regular order sermon and application. Only those whose lives are examples of purity can venture to exhort others. T. L. may be one of these. But she writes, "How often are we prevented accomplishing our object because we consider the way too humble for our noble feet to tread!" That is sarcasm; and even such mild sarcasm as that scarcely harmonized with the true spirit of the theme. But setting that aside, and we only ask the question, when then the subject is set forth with sufficient clearness, is there any need of application? Well not those, to whom any application would be of benefit, do the applying for themselves? Each individual would then fit the sermon to his own need, while your application may only suit a few. But this is no place for dogmatism.

→\*PERSONALS.\*←

GEORGE M. MACDONNELL, B.A., Q.C., '60, is the happy father of a young son.

MILES S. ROBERTSON, B.A., '84, conducts the class of junior German.

JOHN YOUNG, B.A., '82, is finishing his theological studies at Edinburgh University.

REV. ALEXANDER McLEAN, B.A., '78, died at Mooretown, Lambton Co., of typhoid fever, caught while filling appointments in the Presbytery of Sarnia.

JOHN R. SHANNON, '85, lately on the *JOURNAL* staff, early in the season received and accepted a good appointment on that of the *Montreal Star*.

REV. JAMES MURRAY, B.A., '82, B.D., '84, having accepted the call to Streetsville, was inducted on the 10th of November.

JAMES BETHUNE, Q.C., an Alumnus of '60, the eminent lawyer, died the middle of last month at Toronto, of typhoid fever. "He was a man of sterling integrity, high principle and unblemished reputation, and his death will be deeply regretted throughout Canada."

ROBERT CHAMBERS, B.A., '66, Missionary at Erzeroum, East Turkey, recently sent us a congratulatory letter for our work in the past and good wishes for the future. The JOURNAL thanks him for his kindness and wishes him likewise every success during the many succeeding years.

REV. ALEXANDER MCGILLIVRAY, an Alumnus of '75, who, as we recently reported, received his charge at Williamstown, has been appointed by the Board of French Evangelization to visit the United Kingdom in the interests of the work they have in hand. He proposes to leave early in January.

GEO. T. NEISH, L.D.S., Jamaica, eldest son of James Neish, M.D., '65, Health Officer of Port Royal, Jamaica, was married on the 3rd of Dec., to Agnes, daughter of W. C. G. Arrowsmith, Esq., of the Audit Office in the Treasury Department. We extend to the happy couple our congratulation and best wishes for a long life of prosperity.

JOHN MUNDELL, '87. Medico, met with a serious accident before the holidays while working in the Chemical Laboratory, a quantity of sulphuric acid, we believe, getting into his eye. He went to Toronto to Dr. R. A. Reeve, '65, to have an operation performed on it. The Doctor, we are glad to report, thinks there will be no serious results from the accident, though time will be needed to effect a complete recovery.

R. VASHON ROGERS, B.A., '61, has written a book which has just been published, entitled, "The Law and Medical Men," which is a concise and clear statement of the law well supported by authorities. The titles of the different chapters will give a summary of its contents, which are as follows:—Early Practitioners and Laws, Fees, Who should pay the Doctor? Who may practice? Negligence and Malpractice, Criminal Malpractice, Professional Evidence, Medical Experts, Experts in Insanity Cases, Defamation, Relation with Patients, Dissection and Resurrection, Dentists, Druggists, Partners, Goodwill, Assistants.

#### Woman's Medical College.

THE annual meeting of the subscribers of the Woman's Medical College took place on the afternoon of the 4th Dec., in the Council Chamber. The attendance was not large. Mr. W. Harty occupied the chair, and the first thing that was undertaken was the reading of the report, which contained considerable information which has already appeared in print. It referred to the change of quarters and to the attendance at the College. Last year there were eleven students and this year there are thirteen, an increase of two. It was also pointed out that the College had received from Queen's the same terms of affiliation that were granted to the Royal College, and related that students were now allowed to go up to the Medical Council for examination, but that the College had no representative in the Council. This showed a liberal spirit on the part of the Medical Council.

The report also referred to the location of the graduates of the college, and to the additional apparatus that had been added to the institution, and to the fact that the work achieved in the college had given great satisfaction.

The financial statement was then read, which showed the receipts to be \$2,246.36, and the expenditure \$1,959.04, with a balance on hand of \$287.32

#### THE DIRECTORS.

The following board of directors was then appointed: Sir R. Cartwright, Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, A. Gunn, M.P.,

W. Harty, E. J. B. Pense, R. V. Rogers, H. Folger, Jno. Carruthers, A. P. Knight, Mrs. W. Harty, Mrs. McNee, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Trout, and Mrs. Gildersleeve.

At a subsequent meeting Sir Richard Cartwright was elected President and Mr. W. Harty, Vice President.

The next meeting will occur on the first Thursday in December, 1885.

### +DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.+

#### FOOTBALL.

THE Queen's—Toronto Football match is now an affair of the very dim past, all attention having been drawn from the match proper by the later action of the Central Association and the Toronto Club. Our readers are doubtless all familiar with the particulars of the match, so we will not trouble them with any further account of it. Suffice it to say that the students of Queen's have as yet found nothing to diminish their pride in their Association Football Club, and their confidence in its ability to defend the Championship Cup against all comers.

#### ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE adjourned annual business meeting of this society was held on the evening of Saturday, the 13th. Dr. Herald was, as usual, at his post. After some minor details had been attended to the retiring secretary, Mr. J. F. Carmichael, was called on to read his report. It contained several items of interest. Four entertainments of a musical and literary character had been given, but these for some reason had not received the encouragement from members of the society which the merits of the concerts as well as the praiseworthy efforts of the executive committee should have commanded. A company of Bell Ringers had been engaged by the society, but the venture was a lamentable failure. The number of members had been augmented by ninety-nine new names and on the whole fortune had looked with favour on the society during the past year. The treasurer, Mr. Ryan, also read his report, in which the financial affairs were dealt with fully. Mr. Farrell's motion to restrict the presidency of the Alma Mater to those only who had left the college walls was brought up and proved the signal for a lengthy discussion, which was finally ended by a vote adverse to the motion. Mr. Farrell's other motion to have the annual business meeting held a week later than heretofore would probably have met a better fate, but a motion was brought forward by Mr. Mowat for the postponement of these important matters which necessitated alterations in the constitution and was received with such favour that the former motion was laid on the shelf until next meeting in order to give the members time for deliberation. Dr. Herald in a few graceful words then introduced Mr. Mowat, his successor, who on taking his seat was greeted with great enthusiasm. It may safely be said that if the new president sticks as well to his post and performs as faithfully and as well the important duties pertaining to the office as his predecessor no one will ever find cause to regret having entrusted to him the guidance of the Alma Mater.

Mr. Mowat in a brief reply repeated his resolution to do what lay in his power to advance the interests of the society, and to put as much life as possible into the debates. A vote of thanks to the retiring president was carried with such intense enthusiasm that the Dr. should see that his untiring efforts have been thoroughly appreciated.

The meeting then adjourned to hear a lecture by Prof. Burr, on Phrenology, which was held in an adjoining class-room under the auspices of the Æsculapian Society