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WE present to our readers in this double number of the JOURNAL a full report of the proceedings of the 48th Convocation. We have made the number just twice as large as usual so that none of the particulars should be postponed to a later date. If some of the other departments have suffered in consequence we hope that our subscribers will take it in good part, and assure them that in the next and last number we shall endeavor to do all that in us lies in the way of atonement for the present omission.

We have conducted the JOURNAL this year upon business principles and have succeeded thus far in paying for each issue as it was produced. We have at present about enough to pay for the production of No. 10; but not enough for the double number. We are most anxious that we should accomplish all that we undertook at the time of our appointment. We have tried very hard to make the JOURNAL entertaining, crisp, independent and instructive. While we do not expect a universal assent to

all our ideas, we have good reason to believe that they have met with great favor at the hands of a large number of our subscribers. We hope, then, that those who have not yet paid their subscriptions for the current year will kindly hold up our hands in this matter as they have so generously done in the others; and, by forwarding their subscriptions at once enable us to hand over the JOURNAL to our successors, not only without the deficit of a copper, but with a respectable little surplus. They will realize the importance of *immediate* action when we remind them that only three members of the staff—the editor-in-chief, managing editor and secretary-treasurer—are in town, and that we may be called away.

* * *

There has been quite an excitement among students, members of Presbytery, etc., over Presbyterian Examinations. With all due deference to those gentlemen whose sensibilities have been wounded by the rigor of the Examinations, the methods which they have adopted to ventilate their grievances seems a most unfortunate one. The writing of editorials in the JOURNAL or letters in the church papers, should have been a *dernier resort*. The true remedy under such circumstances is to bring the matter up before the Presbytery itself. But, after all, while the examinations were pretty stiff, those who had the hardest papers—the gentlemen who were up for license—appear to be the only ones who have nothing to say on the matter. In any case, the principle of running to the Press with every little grievance is a bad one. If the Presbytery *refuses* to settle it, then, we say, go to the Press, but not till then.

* * *

One of the most welcome of the exchanges that reach us is Dr. Barnardo's *Night and Day*. It is, as it claims to be, a record of Christian philanthropy, and details the history of the 3,100 waifs which Mr. Barnardo has rescued from the streets of London. Every child saved is one less in the number of the criminal classes, and one more added to the ranks of that intelligent Christian population which forms the backbone of the country. If ever a cause deserved the support of a Christian people, it is this. The history of some of these waifs is heart-rending. The Home is at present in need of funds, and we hope that all of our readers who can spare a little will send it to Dr. T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.E., 19-26 Stepney Causeway, London E., England. The journal edited by Dr. Barnardo is only two shillings a year, and

a better investment could be made by no one. If some of these bigots who are eternally straining at the gnats of society and swallowing the camels, would only expend their superfluous energy upon a cause like this, what a blessing it would be! We strongly urge all of our readers to subscribe for *Night and Day*, and we are certain that they will come through a year's reading of it better, nobler, more charitable men and women.

Each number is full of illustrations of the waifs, their homes previous to their rescue, etc. We hope also that all who can will help Dr. Barnardo in his grand work.

✽ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ✽

STUDENTS AT CONVOCATION.

RECENTLY in a letter to one of the city papers Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of Toronto, gracefully modified the statement which had been made that he had been greatly annoyed by the students during the first part of his speech. He says:

"I should like to assure you, and through your columns to state to the students and their friends, that I was not in the least 'annoyed' by the remarks which were interjected from the gallery. I simply wished to have my share of the fun, which I regarded as harmless. When I came to the serious portion of my address the quietness and earnest attention with which the students listened were all that any speaker could desire."

This certainly proves Mr. Macdonnell to be a man of much charity and forbearance, for many others in his position would have immediately become enraged by the deplorable want of reverence displayed for a short time by the boys, and in all probability would have taken their seats as quickly as possible in order to escape the jibes and jokes at times hurled at them from our Mount Olympus, the gallery. We are glad the reverend gentleman took his scorching so kindly, and certainly we are sure he has lost nothing by doing so. At this season of the year the boys are to a large extent forgetful of anything else than the fact that exams. are over, and their exuberant spirits, so long kept confined, chained and checked, with one rush burst their bonds and an explosion takes place. It could hardly be otherwise. But Mr. Macdonnell goes on to say:

"It is true that if I were a member of the committee that arranges the jokes to be cracked I should advise less of mere noise and more of pointed wit and humor. Moreover I would strongly urge that in the treatment meted out to those who come forward to receive their honors, there should be discrimination between ladies and gentlemen. I cannot help regarding it as a serious fault, even on an occasion when a good deal of license is allowed, that young ladies should be subjected to remarks on personal appearance, etc., which, if made at any other public gathering, would be regarded as the height of rude-

ness. I commend this matter to the earnest consideration of the gentlemen of Queen's, and I shall be glad if, in this particular, they will revise the code of academic etiquette."

A committee to arrange jokes! Would that we had such a combination. But, alas, it is "every man for himself," and each vies with the other to yell the loudest or shoot the largest dart. For the greater part nothing is heard by the audience, so far as the gallery is concerned, save a confused roar as of a menagerie at dinner. If this incessant and annoying racket were modified and the insipid repetition of stale jokes abolished, it would be possible perhaps to indulge in a few pointed jokes which could be generally appreciated. As it is, it is useless to attempt such a thing. We are glad, however, that as a rule speakers are seldom troubled by this racket, which generally takes place in intermediate stages and during laureation. The audience, we are sure, heard almost every sentence spoken in the addresses from the platform, provided they were given in a reasonably clear tone. In this respect Queen's is greatly superior to many other Canadian universities, and especially to one institution where a few weeks ago fire crackers were exploded and other disgraceful actions indulged in during convocation. We hope the day will never come when the students of this university will forget that they are gentlemen and refuse that respect to which their guests are alike entitled.

✽ QUEEN'S 48th CONVOCATION. ✽

THE CLOSING EXERCISES.

THE halls of Queen's are again deserted, and her sons are scattered to the four winds; some are the proud possessors of freshly-won sheepskins, while others are taking a breathing space in which to gain sufficient energy to climb the tree of knowledge next session. The closing exercises were exceptionally interesting and successful, and we regret that space forbids us to do more than give a bare summary of events. On Sunday afternoon, April 21st, Rev. A. Macgillivray, M.A., of Brockville, delivered the baccalaureate sermon in Convocation Hall. He spoke for thirty-five minutes to a very large audience from the words:

"Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people, and for the cities of our God: and let the Lord do that which is good in his sight."—I. Chronicles, xix., 13.

The discourse was a most excellent one, and, from the remarks afterwards heard, was much appreciated. In beginning he said to the graduates: "I appreciate the honor and responsibility of speaking to you to-day. Our paths touch for a moment, to diverge again, till we all meet in that central spot whither the Lord will bring his own. I have but one hope in addressing you, that I may

be used by our common Master to say a few helpful words to you as you pass out to take your place by the side of those who are working for the betterment of the world. It is fair to assume that you accept as true (and true and personal to you), 'None of us liveth to himself.' You recognize, therefore, that you have a call to go forth to do battle for God and country. The hopefulness and enthusiasm with which you doubtless contemplate your work will have a shading of regret as you think you are soon to part from companions by whose side you 'climbed Parnassus,' and from teachers that not only directed studies and imparted knowledge, but stimulated thoughts and incited to high and noble things. It has been a high privilege in your college life that you found in your Principal and Professors not only able teachers but helpful and sympathetic friends.

"Possessed with 'the mighty hopes that make us men,' you quit this seat of learning, 'yearning for the large excitement that the coming years will bring.' Knowledge, strength, faith, sympathy, all are yours, to be used by you for those who have not, and for those who have in lesser degree. You are ambitious for that distinction that comes of service, and I therefore take as our theme acceptable service, and for our text those grand, inspiring words, read at the beginning, that stir like the blast of a trumpet."

There were four things in the text that he asked to be considered, inasmuch as they were of the elements of "acceptable service," not necessarily "successful" service. He was not free to say that men were bound to serve "successfully," as we generally use the term. Men had served faithfully and acceptably in the sight of God, to whom success, in the common use of the word, did not come. "Succeed if you can," he said; "work for success; but if you fail, let it be said that you did the best possible to any man, that you deserved success."

He advised men to let a right cause be the only one to command their service. Humanly speaking, there were tremendous odds against Joab and the mighty men that he led with such a dauntless spirit. The children of Ammon and their hired allies, the Syrians, had their tens of thousands of chariots, manned by hundreds of thousands of soldiers. But right was on the side of the smallest battalions. They drew the sword for their people and for the cities of their God, and before their onslaught Ammonites who did battle for a shameful wrong, and Syrians who sold their strength for gold, broke and fled, thus demonstrating that the might of God is with the cause of right, and teaching men that

"Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Men with high abilities, natural and acquired, were under correspondingly high obligations to use them so as to give the maximum amount of service to the world.

Special qualifications fitted the graduates for leadership among men. They would find the battle that wrong

wages pitched before "the gates of the city," and they could not, as men, do less than gird on the armor and draw the sword "for your people"—that was their country—"and for the cities of your God"—that was their faith.

There was an urgent call that as Canadians they should ask themselves, "Are we realizing what we owe this fair land, where our home is, and which God has given us to possess for Him?" Questions affecting the political, social and commercial life present themselves every day and call for solution. What was to be done with the partizan politician? the Jesuit? the liquor traffic? the combines? These are among the problems Canadians are asked to deal with. "I am not going to venture on this consideration here," said the preacher, "but I submit another question, and on its answer I modestly believe the solution of those greater ones depends. I ask, 'What are we going to do with ourselves?' The public life in all its parts is no better and no worse than the units that make it up. We may take it as an axiomatic truth that if the individual is right, then the community and the nation cannot be wrong. We are bound to believe that the politician, as a rule, represents those who choose him. A pure, high-minded electorate will be known by their representatives as such. As long as communities, constituencies, races, creeds and class interests give bribes in the way of support and receive bribes in the way of material good, public life will be poisoned, and the poison has been introduced at the fountain head. Beyond doubt we will have independent, patriotic men in high places when we place them there, not to serve a party, but to serve the nation. The public man to-day who wants to be free from all party trammels has to choose between independence and political death. Ennobling as the spectacle of political martyrdom would be, those ready to embrace it for conscience' sake are few. We fervently pray that the few we have may be spared to the public life of the land. Young men, you can make the right easier for our representatives. Call no party or faction master. Partizanship blinds the eye and warps the judgment. Hold yourselves free in your God-given strength and independence to assist the right and to resist the wrong, suffer who may. When we do right, and insist on the right being done, the politician will realize that if he is to remain it will be to promote the country's interests, and not party ends. This may be something of a trial, but he will bear it and stay. Let us do right and the Jesuit, as a disturbing element, will go. If he remains his power of mischief will be gone. A community, vigilant for freedom, will easily keep a few marplots from harm. You will surely be ready to join hands with those who ask no favors on the ground of race or language or creed. Asking and receiving none for yourselves, you will find it both easy and right to resist and refuse the demands of those who do. If the individuals in the communities are right, then social evils must go. The upas tree of the liquor traffic will be hewn

down, and its hateful shadow will cease to darken the land; and practising the golden rule—do as you would be done by—the meanness in commercial life will disappear.”

Doing what was right, and therefore best for the country, men would be doing what was best for their faith. To serve the country was to serve God. The fear of God and the love of man should permeate all actions. What all men had they had received from God. Sacredly and reverently it should be held in trust for Him. The best services and noblest sacrifices of which great souls were capable had been given and made for the faith as it was in Jesus. As true men the lower love of country would lead to the higher love of God and constrain to the practice of that “righteousness which exalteth a nation.”

“This land for God” should be a first belief. Just as they brought in and kept in the pure, life-giving light of the gospel would men see their community of interests. Truth was the great solvent before which difficulties disappeared, Christian love the great unifier that blended into one different nationalities and creeds.

A “fearless spirit” was an element in all acceptable service. “Let us be of good courage,” said Joab, “we have a good cause; we fight for our people and the cities of our God.” To be animated by any other spirit would be dishonorable. God is honored in the courage of his servants. Waiting on God, they would find that strength of heart that He promised, and with a reverent fear of Him all fear of man would vanish.

The manful bearing, born of the fearless spirit, was the third element in service that the speaker commended to the graduates. “Let us play the man,” said Joab to his comrades in the hour of conflict. “Whether your battles are fought in secret against self and alone with God,” said Mr. Macgillivray, “or in public against prevailing wrong, you must act the manly part. The occasions so to act will not be few. In the war with sin within, and in the world around us, there is no discharge in this life. The siege is never raised until God calls his warriors to their rest. The world has need of every man. Every man as a soldier, every soldier a hero. The world has no use for that timid goodness that stands silent and passive in the presence of evil, leaving the right without defence. Be the position humble or exalted in which God places you, occupy it for God, and adorn it by noble service. God may not call you to the achievement of splendid victories, but he calls us all to be faithful unto death, daring to do right, keeping that committed to our trusts. There is never an age in which the world does not need the men with the fearless spirit and manly bearing. Our country never needed them more than now.

“God give us men! A time like this demands
Clear minds, pure hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men whom desire for office does not trill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
For while political tricksters with their worn-out creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Wrangle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.”

The speaker concluded by asking the graduates to show in life and work an abiding trust in God. Without that element there would be no successful or acceptable service. These words, 3,000 years old, thrill us still, “Let the Lord do that which is good in his sight.” Such faith was sublime. Under such inspiration they could imagine the mighty men of David marching to the conflict without a tremor, knowing, as they did, that “the battle was not theirs, but God’s.” “So, brothers,” he said, “let it be with us. We do not know what the future has for us. In the fight let us bear ourselves like men. God will care for the issue and for us. “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”

THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

On Monday evening, April 22nd, the Queen's College Missionary Association held their annual convention in the history class room, which was crowded. Principal Grant occupied the chair, and after a few well chosen remarks called upon the Rev. John Hay, B.D., to address the meeting. Mr. Hay spoke concerning the home branch of the association's work. The progress of mission stations under the care of the association was very marked. As an example of this the case of Merrickville was cited. The speaker referred specially to the rapid progress of the work during the past ten years. It has now Dr. Smith and his wife in Honan, China, and five missionaries in the home work. As one interested in the association's welfare he wished it Godspeed.

Rev. A. H. Scott, of Perth, presented the report of the foreign work. He spoke of the interest and enthusiasm manifested by the students of past years in taking up such a work in China. The association had every reason to be grateful that to-day it was enabled to take such an active part in the evangelization of the world. He believed the association had procured the best man possible—one who had taken a course in arts, medicine and theology, as well as a special course on the eye in New York. He was assured that Dr. Smith and his partner in life would meet with success in their labor of love.

Rev. Dr. McTavish, of Toronto, was then called upon, and in beginning his remarks paid a high tribute to Dr. Pierson's “Crisis of Missions” as representing the work in all its aspects. He spoke of the opportunities for work and the encouragements given in it. The cause of Christ was advancing despite the opposition of such men as Sir Leopold Griffin, India, and Canon Isaac Taylor. It is often objected that the attention given to foreign work should be turned to home work, while the fact is that

those who are most earnest advocates of foreign missions are most actively engaged at home. Among other examples he cited the noble work done in Toronto by Mrs. Ewart and Mrs. Harvey. The prayer no longer is, "Lord, open the doors," for all the doors are open; nor is it, "Lord, thrust forth laborers," for there are 3,000 who have volunteered for service. It should rather be, "Lord, help me to thrust my hand into my pocket and help to send those who have volunteered."

Judge Macdonald, of Brockville, and Mr. P. C. MacGregor, B.A., of Almonte, then told of their interest in the mission work of the College, and expressed their pleasure at the general enthusiasm of the meeting. Rev. R. Campbell, D.D., of Montreal, and Rev. S. Childerhose, B.A., of Madoc, in short, spicy addresses, concluded the evening's proceedings. The missionary association met next morning at half-past ten o'clock and finished up the business connected with the present session.

THE VALEDICTORIES.

The Convocation for valedictories, etc., was held on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. There was a very good attendance, the gallery being especially patronized by unchained students. The proceedings were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Scott, of Perth, after which the Chancellor introduced the valedictorians.

VALEDICTORY IN ARTS—R. M. PHALEN.

Farewells occupy a prominent place among the sad and glad events of our existence. We say sad and *glad*, for to assume that farewells are always *sad* is to believe that we are never called upon to sever ties that are perhaps disagreeable to us, or to break loose from associations that have been other than conducive to our happiness. We can conceive of "Robinson Crusoe" when he took the last look at his lonely island, raising a whoop of delight that would put to the blush an ordinary Indian or cause the noisiest student in a street procession to turn green with envy. Then again, if the modern funny man is to be believed, the average husband says good-bye to his mother-in-law with a thrill of joy and a feeling of superlative gladness which the initiated alone are capable of fully appreciating. Many other instances, perhaps not so extreme as these, might be adduced to show that farewells may be, and very often are, the real bright spots in our existence.

But while this is so, we are on the other hand frequently called upon, through the vicissitudes of ever varying fortune, to say farewell when the dearest wish of our heart rebels against it, and sheer necessity alone compels us to go through the painful ordeal. Perhaps no nobler word picture of Robert Burns is handed down to us than that which portrays him standing as he thought for the last time on the shores of his much-loved Scotland, and through a mist of tears and oppressed with heart-breaking grief, saying,

"Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,

The place where fancy loves to rove,
Pursuing past unhappy loves,
Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,
My peace with *these*, my love with *those*,
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr."

This was the cry of a manly heart, when asked to part from friends whom he had learned to love, to sever friendships, or rather companionships, which were dear to him as life itself, and to go forth into the unknown and untried future friendless and alone. Scotland was dear to Burns, and Scotland he could not think of parting from without finding the scalding tears coursing down his cheeks. This intense love for country, for community, for home, kindred and friends, is one of the most redeeming traits in the otherwise irregular character of Burns. His tears on this occasion are not to us a sign of weakness, but rather of strength, for only the strong man is capable of deep feeling.

We, the class of '89, desire this afternoon to unbottle the phial in which these tears of Burns have been handed down to us, not that we, like him, should weep, but that we should at least as we are about to say farewell to our Alma Mater, catch somewhat of the spirit which these tears embody, the spirit of loving regret and genuine sorrow, that circumstances force us to say good-bye to all the associations and loving ties which have held us willing captives to our Alma Mater for the last four years.

We know full well that to a casual observer who does not know the inner feelings of the average student, our adieu to-day may appear to be one of greater gladness than sadness. Ah! but deny us not our little season of gladness. The big sorrow will come later, and all too soon. When convocation is over and the crowd of beautiful ladies and passable gentlemen dispersed, and we come to the full realization of the fact that we have been kindly yet firmly thrust from the nest in which we have been nurtured to make our own way in the big world, then, and perhaps not till then, shall we fully realize the great place our Alma Mater occupied in our affections and the many cherished relations about to be lost to us, which cluster round her revered halls. Sorrow is the sister of joy, and the student who perhaps appears most hilarious at present will, ere many days be past, find himself longing, perchance with tears, for the tender grace of his dead college days. We cannot think of him as less a man or more incapacitated for the faithful performance of life's duties because he may feel as we have described.

But the lines of joy and sorrow must converge, at least on the day of graduation, for every student, and for us in common with others: sorrow that college days are over, but joy because our benign mother is about to enroll our names among those of her worthy sons. Then again this is a day of joyfulness for us, because it marks our triumphs over many difficulties, difficulties which we

have not always met in the spirit of Caesar, when he could say *veni, vidi, vici*. Perhaps in many instances we could more truthfully say *veni, vidi, victus sum*. Yet we hope that even from our failures we have learned wholesome lessons which will profit us in the after time. Yes, we stand here to-day glad that our course of study, in so far as it was mixed up with the unpleasant and we would almost say unprofitable system of cram and final examinations, is, for most of us at least, a thing of the past. Some of us, it is true, may be so glad to get rid of cram and final examinations that we shall henceforth not do much more in the line of study. To such we would say, our present educative system, with its trying terminal examinations, prizes and medals, is particularly framed to meet your case. You need a goad to urge you on, and these are the goads which our teachers and professors adopt. But just here comes in the evils of the system, for the man who studies faithfully with a view to preparing himself as thoroughly as possible for the duties of life, will be called upon to answer to the prod in common with the dull, lazy ass who will not move without it. We are glad, then, that we are from under this goad, and that now we shall be able to study a subject closely without being distracted by the looming apparition of a final examination, or urged to efforts beyond our powers by the thought of possessing a medal. But we have other than selfish causes for joy to-day. Our dear old Alma Mater has given us great cause for rejoicing by the energetic efforts she has recently made to lead the van in higher education in Canada. No longer, we are devoutly glad to say, shall the oft-times supercilious student of Toronto University be excused for his ignorance if, in all the innocence of his heart, he asks whether or not Queen's has degree-conferring powers. Our new calendar, scattered throughout the length and breadth of this country, will show all intelligent people that Queen's possesses the power in a pre-eminent degree, in fact that she has so far soared to the heights of presumption as to think of conferring the degrees Ph. D. and D. Sc. It gives us unqualified delight to note these signs of progress in our Alma Mater. And this delight is intensified by the thought that we have the men and money in Queen's to make these sweeping changes in her curriculum a telling reality in the educational life of this Canada of ours. We are only sorry that many of us will not be privileged directly to benefit by this infusion of new brain power, and the consequent degree of new life, which have been added to the work of our University.

We hail with gladness the greater scope and thoroughness which recent changes have made possible in some other very important classes in our curriculum. These changes must mean increased diligence on the part of those who aspire in the future to the high position of graduates of Queen's. In this increased diligence, however, directed by able and sympathetic professors, we see the prospect of Queen's becoming even greater than she at present is.

And now we must, even at the risk of being hackneyed in our style, turn to say a few words of farewell, to our professors in particular. We part from you with regret, not because you are professors, for no student feels regret in parting with a *mere* professor any more than the laborer feels regret in parting with the machines which have aided him in his work, but because we have found in you men in the truest sense of that word. Your superior learning and experience you have not used in the way of making us more keenly feel our defects and inferiority. In your most exacting demands as professors we have sought and generally found your sympathy as fellow-men. You did not look upon us, and therefore did not treat us, as inanimate lumps of clay in the hands of a potter. Recognizing your own separate individuality, you were willing to concede a like privilege to us. Your object then as teachers was not to develop in your students reproductions of yourselves or any other man, but to show to each the most successful line along which he could realize the best that was in him, consistently with his individual peculiarities. Then outside of your class work you were not so awfully unbending and dignified as not to notice your students when meeting them. Your kind nod of recognition was always appreciated. Then your warm, friendly hand-shake, which we have been privileged to receive when returning to our work in the autumn, although perhaps a seemingly small thing to you, meant much to us. It gave us the impression that you were again glad to help us through another session's work, while it made us more willing than ever to be helped by such men. We have heard uncomplimentary remarks made at your expense by the students and perhaps by ourselves; but we have also heard praise lavishly poured out upon you, the latter being usually very largely in the ascendant. The proportion between the praise and blame which we have heard visited upon your heads was generally fixed by the degree of sympathetic good nature or cross-grained peevishness which you infused into your class work. That you were firm, yet considerate, in your demands for honest work we thank you. It has been beneficial to us. But that you at any time showed that the work done was more important in your eyes than the class who did the work, we do not thank you, for to such impressions, if they ever did arise, we can trace no good results.

At your homes we have always found a true welcome, and this to students in a strange city means much. We are, though students, social animals, and that you were so kind as to recognize this we feel thankful. Your welcome was always natural and free from that lofty condescension shown by the superior to the inferior, a condescension which must always be gall and wormwood to any free-spirited individual, be he student or mechanic, literate or illiterate. Yes, we thank you to-day for treating us like men, both in your capacity as professors and in your social relations with us—thank you that you always gave us credit for the possession of sufficient

common sense to know and keep our own place, without resorting to that contemptible and unmanly way of teaching us the lesson, viz., by snubs and high, cold looks. You have most effectually taught us that the truest way to retain one's own manhood is to be ever ready to acknowledge the manhood of others. We hope you will not think us presumptuous in speaking as we have. We can feel the pulse of the students: we know, therefore, that much of the success of any university must depend upon the cordiality of feeling existing between the students and professors. Believing this, then, we have no hesitation in saying that though in the years to come you will most assuredly be remembered for your eminent abilities by the class of '89, yet on the tablets of enduring memory which live in the heart as a secret recess, your image as sympathetic, helpful men will be indelibly retained, when as mere professors you are relegated to the shades of forgetfulness.

But now turn we in sadness, and with many, fond regrets, to say good-bye to this good old limestone city. We have nothing but good words for Kingston and its people. We have found the city beautiful for situation and its inhabitants all that the people of such a matter-of-fact, substantial old city should be. Common sense in all their dealings, yet hospitable and free in their manner to students to a degree to which our words cannot do justice. If any of our class leave Kingston without having fully worn off that rusticity of speech and manner which no doubt sometimes characterized us, it has not been through lack of delicate and considerate attention from the good cultured people of Kingston. We would like to abide with you always, to be known as citizens in your midst. Were we, therefore, M.D.'s we would immediately after graduation hang out our shingle in some conspicuous part of your city, and after a few weeks' practice expect to wear a silk hat and drive with a jehulike speed in a convenient two-wheeler through your principal streets, to give the public the impression that we were doing a rushing business. But we are not M.D.'s and it doth not yet appear to some of us perhaps what we may eventually be. We shall, however, we believe, be fulfilling the highest expectation of our Alma Mater, professors, and good friends of Kingston if we strive by God's help to be men. Our heartfelt thanks we offer the good people of Kingston for the amount of genuine pleasure which their kind attentions have infused into the four years' course which we have just completed.

To the students we are leaving to succeed us we have not much to say. We are glad to know that we leave many more to succeed us than have preceded us, glad to know that the coming students will find in Queen's broader and better opportunities for development as the years go by. To you students with whom we are immediately acquainted is entrusted the honor of the college for the coming three years at least. Be faithful, we would say, faithful in your studies, faithful on the campus, faithful in the Alma Mater, and we would almost

say faithful, at least we would say enthusiastic, in blowing your tin horns and kazoos in the gallery during Convocation gatherings. We know you, boys of the first, second and third years, for thanks to the admirable system prevailing at Queen's, no hard and fast lines of demarcation separate one year from another. Yes, we know you and respect you, and this being so, we can safely entrust matters to you for the future. We are sorry to leave you as you will be sorry to leave your fellows when your turn comes. We have had our disagreements, both within and without the Alma Mater, yet in the midst of all we have retained a mutual respect and tender regard for each other, and can pray fervently that it may be our privilege through the coming years to meet under auspices as agreeable as those which surrounded our life when we sang together in the corridors of our dear old Alma Mater, "Queen's College is a Jolly Home."

VALEDICTORY IN DIVINITY—C. J. CAMERON, M.A.

Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Gentlemen of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The graduating class in Divinity is naturally anxious that to-day, as it looks, as students, for the last time upon these dear old walls, its valedictorian should give expression to the feelings which, like Banquo, "bodiless and unbidden," rise up before them to add a new charm or a light touch of regret to the pleasure of the hour. And so, taught from my earliest recollections that poetry is the highest expression of human thought, I have concluded that it, and it alone, could adequately convey the mingling emotions which master them to-day. Of all the various gems of genius which have charmed the world for ages, it seems probable that no one better voices their sentiments to old Queen's at this time than the well known and yet ever beautiful quatrain—

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue:
Sugar is sweet—
And so are you!"

Gentlemen may smile—but if this is not a fair expression of the sentiments of the Divinity class to Queen's, they are at perfect liberty to consider it—to quote the diplomatic language of the Principal—as an expression of their affection for "some of the *friends* of Queen's." And if they still persist in thinking that the poetry inadequately voices their affection for either the one or the other, I can only say that I shall try yet again ere I have taken my seat, and if I fail this time they must e'en give it tongue themselves.

The graduation day of a University is always a time of interest to all men who have at heart the welfare of their country. It is a field day for the veteran—a time in which those who have taken part in the life of the nation—who have served as private or commander in her "battles, sieges, fortunes"—and who carry, it may be, upon their brows or upon their hearts, the scars of many a

well-fought field or many a hard-won fight—come down to look upon the raw recruits who are coming forth at the country's call to fill the ranks of the recreant or the dead, and judge of the fitness or incapacity of the sons to take upon them the burdens which for many a long year their fathers have so well sustained. Ah, yes—graduation day means more than a mere going forth from one class room to another and a larger one—more than a mere parting from those

"Whom we have only known to love—
And loved to know"—

more than merely another son sent forth into the world well equipped for the struggle, to lift the mother or the father or the family a step higher in the way of comfort or social standing, or a step nearer to the luxuries which have become so necessary to those who have

"fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life."

It is important to the individual—it is of moment to the family—but to the NATION it is a thing of life or death!

It means the sending forth of a band of young men who will strengthen the hands of evil or of good—who will make the hard task which those who are toiling for her welfare have before them yet harder, or who will cast into the scales on the side of Right that inestimable influence which youth, energy, enthusiasm, faith have given them—and nerve with a cheer the hands already trembling and the hearts already faint with "the heat and burden of the day."

It is important as a day of results, first, to the graduate himself. Consciously or unconsciously, he reviews the work done by him during his four or seven years' course, and the review shows him how far his work has been a failure and how far a success. Read rightly, faithfully, conscientiously, it will nerve him for the work that lies before him—it will guard him against the errors that are behind him—it will give him courage for the efforts of the future.

What it has taught him he alone knows—not the College Don, not the Faculty, not the Senate, but himself. And if we venture to read aloud some of the lessons which experience has borne in upon us, we believe that the boys, whom—with all the little differences of opinion that have existed between us—we still love, will receive the little that we have to offer them in the same spirit in which it is given, as a symbol of our common struggles, our common hopes, our common aims, and as a token, however slight, of that imperishable fraternity that exists, and must exist forever, between all the sons of Queen's! And so we say—

HAVE LOFTY IDEALS.

Not every man who has them is great, but no man is great who has them not. I know—no one better—that there is nothing more prosaic and practical than the constant grind of college work. I know, no one better, that the student's heart yearns, when he is overwhelmed with

toil, for a word of sympathy and encouragement from those who are qualified, by their broader experience and their supposed wider Christian life, to be able and willing to give it to him. And I also know—no one better—that for the most part he looks for it in vain. Is it wonderful, then, that some of us have learnt to appreciate to the full the worth and beauty of the Laureate's words—

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

But all this is a mean to an end. Disappointed in the practical, the student turns naturally for comfort and hope to the ideal; and if only his ideals be high enough, and his efforts to their attainment strenuous enough, he will, by the force of that "divinity that stirs within him," rise superior to all circumstance and *compel* the recognition which mediocrity is ever so slow to give.

Live with good and great men.

We do not mean in the social and political sphere. This is a part, but only a very small part, of the life of the individual. You may be of that cynical disposition which takes small pleasure in the latest style of spring bonnets, the newest thing in cuts, or the last shade of dress goods. It may not be Paradise for you to gossip for hours over the next wedding—the beauty of the bride or the terror of the groom. This is, in all probability, due to a defect in the constituent elements of your nature—but there are all kinds and conditions of men, and you may be one of this kind. You may not be beside yourself with joy at the defeat or election of the Grit or Tory candidate in the Island of Anticosti. You may even go so far as Carlyle, and hold that you are a unit in a population of 25,000,000—mostly fools.

But all this is a matter of small importance. It is the *inner* life that makes the individual,—

"The soul is its *own* place, and of itself
Can make a heaven of hell—a hell of heaven."

A man may live with poachers, tapsters, flunkeys, and yet, with Shakespeare, swing the world behind him.

See the good in all literatures, philosophies, religions. The effect of University life should be to give you culture, and culture consists in the acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the thoughts and lives of all other civilizations as truly as your own.

When you see this good, USE IT. We are told that the pulpit has lost its hold upon the race. If this be so, it is the fault, not of the faith *behind* the pulpit, but of the *man in it*. There must be a progression in the pulpit as truly as in the state. It is the task and privilege of the minister to adapt himself to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. If men will persist in using the phraseology and the forms of thought of a century ago, they have no right to expect the indulgence of those that hear them. Did the daily press act upon this principle, the minister in question would, in all human probability, be the first to object, and he would likely object pretty dogmatically, too. For the Theology of the past I have

the utmost veneration and respect; for its methods of expression, as applied to our time, none at all.

If there is a failure in pulpit power it is because the minister is afraid of his people. He takes to himself Paul's words of being "ALL things to ALL men," and when he pats this or that vice on the shoulder he thinks that he is a second Paul. He is laboring under a trifling delusion. And the wondrous part of it is that he is the only one who does so. This was not the spirit of Paul; it was not the spirit of Stephen; it was not the spirit of the Prophets of old; it was not the spirit of Christ. He is not really aiming at playing the part of Paul; he is after popularity. Such a course is not expedient. It means in every case a life failure. Such a course is not long possible. The past teaches—so clearly that he who runs may read—that the great men of the earth—the men who have, by sheer intellectuality, moral force or divine power—and all ministers should be such—lifted the world up from the plane of the lower to the higher, and swung the ages after them—were men, who not only were not popular, but were oftentimes the objects of its hate and scorn.

I have read many a life of the past; I have conned with pleasure many a deep thought and wise saying of the mighty spirits who "are not, because God took them"; I have studied the literatures of many languages; but I have yet to know a master spirit of any clime or time who did not find in his own bitter experience the truth of the words that were first applied to the central Personality of the ages—"He came unto His own, and His own received him not."

What shall we say of Galileo and the reception which the world gave him? "Recantation or death!" And yet he spoke the truth.

What shall we say of the discoverer of the circulation of the blood—the immortal Harvey? Did the men of his time acknowledge the truth and worth of his discovery and crown him with immortelles? Let the records of his struggles answer you!

And so it has been in every department of thought and life. The history of all literature is an almost unbroken record of earthly failure, of unpopularity, and—of divine success.

And so we say, if the pulpit power is failing in its search for popularity, it deserves to fail. A minister has nothing to do with popularity. He has to reckon, not with man, but with God.

And so the class of '89 offers you as part of its closing words, that which expresses its own faith—Let popularity go!

"To thine own self be true!

And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

It does not lie in the power of man to make or mar your life. Never mind the past—it is behind you. Recall it only to spur you on to greater and nobler efforts.

The future is before you. Dwell on it only as a time in which to realize the results of the work you do to-day. As this is, so shall that be—yet in larger measure—more of good or more of evil.

"The Present! Ah, the mightiest mind
Holds only that! We may not see
The dim days, or the undefined
And unformed ages yet to be.
Enough for us that if we do
The present deed that should be done,
The Three shall open to your view—
Past, Present, Future—One!"

Ladies of Kingston:

For all the many and generous expressions of kindness which you have given us during our residence in this city, we are deeply grateful. The class which I represent appears to be solicitous that I should not close this part of my valedictory without quoting to you, in their name, words with which they appear to think you very familiar, and which they certainly know perfectly. They will need modification for the occasion:—

"Good night! Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow

That we could say 'Good night' until to-morrow."

Gentlemen of the University:

In our days it is thought that the sole necessary qualifications of a good teacher are knowledge of a given subject and a greater or less ability to impart that knowledge to others. Anything beyond this—as, for example, adaptability to the natures and sympathy with the aspirations of students—is mere sentiment, and as such valueless to hard-headed, practical men. The gentlemen are wise—intensely wise, and practical—very practical; and yet some of us have a dim sort of a recollection of a man whose name should be uttered and heard with reverence in a place like this—of one who completed the first step in the line of a Federated Empire—of one who was hard-headed enough to checkmate Gortschakoff and Bismarck, the mightiest diplomats of Europe, and practical enough to place a coronet upon his own brow while he set the tiara of empire upon the forehead of his Queen—of Benjamin D'Israeli, in short, who said that the secret of his success lay in the apprehension of the truth that "Sentiment was the first principle of empire."

The success, gentlemen, of your work, like the Kingdom of Heaven, be it said with reverence, "cometh not with observation." It does not depend merely upon your knowledge of a given subject or your ability to impart that knowledge to your students; many men have this. It does not depend merely upon your giving them living examples of wisdom, integrity, truth. There are many such examples. It does not depend solely upon your intellectuality or your moral worth. These are all good—are very good; but they are good only as being part and parcel of something infinitely higher and better.

You have to deal not only with the class, but with the individual. And upon your treatment of the individual will depend largely—more largely than you may think or I can tell—the true and abiding success of your work. You are wise, and your wisdom will win much for you. It may garb your name and presence with dignity. It may inspire with reverence your pupils. It may awaken their admiration, but it will never win their love. With one word of kindness, a single expression of sympathy, you may do more in five minutes than all that you have done in a decade—more work, a higher work, a greater work. What do I care for the teaching of a man whose every action shows that it is a matter of infinite indifference to him whether my life is a blessing to my country or a curse! It is not merely knowledge that we want—we can dig out knowledge for ourselves. We want our characters moulded, shaped, purified, impressed by those who are older than ourselves, and who know by practical experience the difficulties which we shall meet in the walks of life. We have read history badly if we have not yet discovered how little it takes to make or mar a life—how narrow the line between the sinner and the saint, between the immortal patriot and the equally immortal traitor.

I know, sir, of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, the stains on the pages of human history are to be traced for the most part no more to the natural depravity of the individual sinner than to the unnatural brutality of the should-be saint. What has been is, and will be. Envy, jealousy, ignorance on the part of the moral majority, and ruin of body, wreck of soul, and oftentimes national dishonor are the fruits. An unjust censure by George Washington—a censure which was the outcome of the jealousy and hate of lesser minds—and Benedict Arnold, the hero of Quebec, the patriot of Saratoga, goes forth to the world for all time as “Arnold, the traitor!”

That censure was a trifle? Yes, a trifle to the men who inspired it—a trifle, it may be, to the man that uttered it—but that trifle broke the heart and wrecked the life of the man upon whom it was inflicted—that trifle brought shame and infamy upon a name that would have shone like burnished gold upon the records of a people, and would have been, but for that trifle, to all succeeding years

“A name not casting shadow anyways,
But gilt and girt about with light and wine;
A name for men to dream of in dark days,
And take for sun when no sun seemed to shine.”

That trifle changed history then, and such trifles are changing history to-day. And so I say that it is the trifles that make the epochs, and it is only by the consideration of such trifles that a teacher has claim to our veneration and respect.

Some such teachers we have had here. And for these men, while the heart throbs or the memory lives, the class of '89 will have only the most pleasant recollections

—the highest veneration and the most unalloyed respect. And so, farewell, O Queen's!

For thee our hopes are high, our fears few, our doubts none. Strong in the faith which they must needs possess who have been for seven years partakers of thine inner life, we go forth from thy gates with full confidence that those whom we leave behind us—to whom we now give over the sacred heritage which we in turn received—will guard as the apple of their eye—as a sacred thing—thy stainless honor; and believing that, when they stand where we to-day are, they will bequeath it, with a yet diviner lustre, to other and to younger hands. May thy paths, which have often been compassed about with clouds, with darkness, with doubt—which have run under starless skies and beside troubled waters—move henceforth along in easy and ever-upward course! May the stars of night smile down upon thee from the depths of the infinite calm above! May the sun in its meridian lighten up thy way—flowers bloom about thy path—brave sons walk with thee to bear thy burdens—wise minds and strong hands direct thy goings—until, in the fulfilment of thy fate, thou prove thyself a sign set for the rise of many in Israel—a centre of light and wisdom, one of the imperishable pillars upon which shall rest the glory of our country's Future!

THE PRINCIPAL'S ADDRESS.

Principal Grant then addressed the assembly as follows:

Mr. Chancellor, Members of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the programme of our “commencement” proceedings my address was put down for this afternoon, because features connected with to-morrow's convocation threatened to lengthen it, and it was felt desirable to divide the business, even at the expense of encroaching on the time set apart for the valedictories. A sense of duty and of courtesy therefore constrains me to be brief.

This time last year I was in Oxford, where I had the pleasure of addressing the students of Mansfield College, and of seeing, under the guidance of Principal Fairbairn, the wonders and some of the men of the University. Its heads and graduates, I may say, never speak of it as “this great University,” and when a stranger ventures on a compliment they laughingly disclaim it or seriously acknowledge their shortcomings. At this distance, however, I can venture to tell you that there can be only one Oxford and one Cambridge. We may have in Canada what will suit most of our young men better. No doubt of that. But we cannot have these. When I visit countries like the expanding states to the south, or the cities under the Southern Cross, whose growth has been still more rapid, and guides point out to me some new stately college hall or richly endowed university, I always say to myself, “There is no reason why we may not have as good as that in Canada, and we shall have it, too, as the country grows older.” But a different feeling comes over one as he walks through the gardens of Magdalen, or

FOR "LIGHT AND WINE" READ "LIGHT DIVINE" IN PAGE 136, 11 LINES FROM BOTTOM.

hears the thunders of the Sheldonian, or worships in King's College Chapel, Wordsworth's ode mingling with the music of the "scanty band of white-robed scholars." You cannot duplicate the Bodleian. You cannot give an order for the memories of a thousand years. The precious possessions of the British Empire are stored there. They are there for us. They are our cradle, our birth-right, our heirlooms. They are not to be bought or stolen. Barnum could buy Jumbo, but not these, and as for stealing, the world has pronounced righteous judgment on the carrying away to London of the Elgin marbles, and Napoleon's pillage of museums, as it has on the looting of the Emperor of China's summer palace.

While in Oxford I did not forget the Convocation of Queen's, and when the Chancellor cabled me that it was a success I felt that I could leave England with a light heart. When, months afterwards, I read in New Zealand the generous references that had been made by students and other speakers to the Principal's efforts and services, my heart warmed within me, and an old vow was re-sworn to dedicate all that I am, or have, to making this university worthy of its sons and of Canada. This vow, thanks to you and those whom you represent, is no longer a burden. It was indeed something terrible when it meant, in part at least, asking others for money. I tried to bear it then smilingly, for grumbling never yet helped any one, and people therefore thought that it was quite a pleasure to me—a pleasure which, however, few asked to share—proof, surely, that human nature is not as selfish as it is supposed to be. No; it was a yoke that pressed on me every moment, and galled. Now, thank God, I am free of it, and free to devote myself to work formerly dreamed about. The success of the Jubilee Fund has made Queen's safe. Remember, it has done nothing more. Extension is imperatively demanded in different directions, and I invite the attention of intelligent men and women to these opportunities for investment. Equipment that was considered adequate for a University on any part of this continent a quarter of a century ago is now laughed at. Let there be no mistake on this point, and let our friends who have done little or nothing as yet for our last effort make Dr. Smith's work as light as possible. They have an inducement now. They know that the future of Queen's is secured, and it is for them to determine whether it shall do its work on a small scale or on one commensurate with the time and with the efforts that some have made.

I am thus led to give a brief report of the Jubilee Fund, and I can do so with peculiar pleasure. A year ago last month it was announced that the minimum sum required, viz., \$250,000, had been guaranteed, and that, according to the terms of subscription, interest would be expected if the principal were not paid. Now the Treasurer is able to report that \$96,000 has been sent in to him, and that, of the nine or ten thousand of interest due on the balance, about \$8,000 has been paid, a sum more than equal to what we formerly got from the five years'

scheme. In other words, nine-tenths of the whole amount subscribed has been paid in full, or in the form of the first year's interest, and of part of the tenth still unpaid we by no means despair. The total cost of obtaining this quarter of a million was \$682! I make no comment in this report, and draw no moral. That may well be left to others. The graduates and friends of Queen's sacrifice willingly for a cause they deem of sufficient importance, but they have no desire to talk of their sacrifices. The cause is the highest possible development and enrichment of the life of the nation. They believe that no nation can be great except along the lines of education of the best type and free from bondage of every kind. No matter how good the native stock of a people may be, it requires the best kind of cultivation. To this end the wisdom of the past and the resources of the present must be laid under tribute. The best efforts of all are needed, and should be welcomed. It is therefore matter of regret that there should be any lack of unity in this high work. Red-tape, doctrinaire conceptions, prejudices and pride are all out of place. The thing to be aimed at is the organization of our best educational forces so that there may be no schism in the body politic, but harmonious action everywhere. This is what we long for, though we declined to have anything to do with a scheme that looked like organization, but that to us meant absorption. That it was so intended is indeed becoming evident to the people generally. They see now that we have always aimed at unity and rational development, but that our proposals, even for consultation, are declined. I must be allowed to express my disappointment at the language of the Minister of Education in bringing down the correspondence on matriculation at the close of the session. The charges against the department and the Senate of the Provincial University were tacitly admitted. All that was said, however, so far as reported, was to call attention from the point at issue by an observation which may or may not be correct, but which was irrelevant. The Universities, the House was informed, would not be likely to surrender their power of holding their own matriculation examinations. What steps, may I ask, have been taken to ascertain the mind of the Universities? Is it proposed to surrender all power to the department, as at present constituted, or to a body that would represent the best educational thought and experience of the country? Everything would depend on that, and that could be ascertained only by a conference, like the one called to consider the question of federation, and which its promoters consider to have been useful, while it cost the department nothing. Another conference might well be called, on the same economical conditions, to consider the possibility of a rational and uniform matriculation examination. The crude conception of gathering all colleges into one place may, I think, now be dismissed. But the point the Minister was called upon to refer to was something quite different from departmental centralization. He had years ago announced himself in favor of

a common matriculation, and hoped that the four universities would accept this policy, promising that if they did the department would conduct the examination free of expense. Three of the Universities did accept, and the fourth refused. He, as an acknowledgment, now pays the expenses, not of the three, but of the fourth. The only explanation of this method of pressing a policy and keeping a promise is that chartered Universities are to be treated with injustice unless they surrender their independence. Their money, it would seem, must also be surrendered. A little newspaper, supposed to voice the ruling policy, has recently declared that "Queen's must hand over her endowment to the Government before she can be allowed to co-operate in improving public education." The sweet reasonableness of this doctrine every free man must admit. The regard for the educational interests of the Province is manifest. It is enough, however, to say at present that any ministry that asserted it openly would not live long in a civilized country, and that the institution that preached it would be its own worst enemy. Fancy a newspaper in Massachusetts declaring that Harvard, Boston, Amherst and Williams must hand over their endowments to the Government before they could be allowed to co-operate in improving public education! That Cornell, Columbia, and other Universities in New York must also commit the happy despatch! That Oxford, Cambridge, London, and the Scottish Universities must go and do likewise! Enough on this subject. I apologize for the digression. More detailed treatment is needed, and I have promised to give that at a special meeting of the University Council, to be held next month.

One word more in acknowledgment of the liberality of our graduates and benefactors. Nothing binds men together so much as common action, of an unselfish kind, voluntarily undertaken towards the attainment of a high ideal. We, being many, have thus been made one. Other Universities have received large sums from a few wealthy donors in one locality. Our friends are in every part of the country, and of every religious denomination. Their action has consolidated them and us into an organism, closely united like a family. Into this family you gentlemen, who are to be laureated to-morrow, will enter. I can wish for you nothing better than the family spirit. The graduates and students are the strength of any university, and its best representatives to the general community. Let those who go from us, even for one short summer, remember that the reputation of their Alma Mater is entrusted to them.

THE LAUREATION.

The final day at last came when the successful students were to receive their reward in the shape of degrees, and at 2 p.m. an excited crowd had assembled outside the main entrance, which was for some reason or another closed. When it was opened, however, one grand rush filled the hall, the students occupying the gallery, where they conscientiously endeavored to rigidly observe the

rules as laid down in the last number of the JOURNAL, and in a great measure they succeeded gloriously. The platform was well filled with professors, trustees, members of the Council, graduates and friends of Queen's, among whom we noticed Rev. Dr. Smith, general secretary; Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Toronto; John R. Lavell, B.A., Smith's Falls; Rev. A. H. Scott, Perth; Dr. Bolter, Stirling; A. T. Drummond, Esq., Montreal; D. B. McLennan, Q.C., Cornwall; Rev. Dr. Campbell, Montreal; Rev. James Gray, Stirling; Dr. A. P. Knight; Prof. Waddell, R.M.C.; George Y. Chown, B.A.; R. W. Shannon, M.A.; Rev. Dr. McTavish, Lindsay; John Hay, B.D., Campbellford; and many others.

The Principal, addressing those present, referred to the fact that on Tuesday the term for which Chancellor Fleming had been elected expired, and announced that the popular Chancellor had been elected again. (Cheers.) He then proceeded to install him. This ceremony was brief, the Chancellor undertaking, "in the strength God has given him, to defend the College and protect its rights." Then there was more applause, and the irrepressibles in the gallery sang that old song which, on so many similar occasions, has done duty, "For he's a jolly good fellow." Mr. Geo. Chown, B.A., of Kingston, and Mr. J. R. Lavell, B.A., of Smith's Falls, placed the robes of office upon Chancellor Fleming's shoulders, notwithstanding the fact that they were informed that the Chancellor could put on "his own duds."

The Chancellor then made an interesting address. He said that he accepted the duties and responsibilities of the high position conscious that the authorities would accept his earnest efforts to discharge its obligations. He would again look for the indulgence and support hitherto invariably received. He was delighted to see the Principal back again and to express the common sentiment of all present, and of every one of the many friends of Queen's throughout the country, in hoping that his restored health would enable him to continue for many years the noble work he has undertaken.

Reference was made to the visit of the Governor-General and the manner of his reception. His Excellency has expressed his deep interest in the University, and has stated his intention of offering a scholarship of \$75 for competition. "Within the last few months we have lost an old and true friend in the death of Mr. John Caruthers," said the Chancellor. "We hoped that his life might have been spared for him to take part in laying the foundation stone of the Science Hall, which is to bear his name; it has been decreed otherwise. This hall will be a lasting memorial of his worth and of the aid he has generously given. Efforts were made so that the foundation stone could be laid during Convocation week, but this preliminary work has been deferred from unavoidable circumstances."

The Trustees having determined to issue a doomsday book much material has been collected by Rev. Dr. Wil-

liamson. The book will contain the names of every individual who has, from time to time, aided in the endowment, and in it will also be chronicled important facts in relation to the history of the University. Dr. Williamson has prepared an appropriate introduction embracing the narrative of the preliminary proceedings from 1831 to the date of the Royal Charter, 16th October, 1841, with records of the founders and first benefactors, some of whom are still alive. It is contemplated to embrace the following chapters :

1. Introductory—1831 to 1841.
2. Comprising events from the date of the Royal Charter to the purchase of the Summer Hill property and the occupation of the old college buildings—1841 to 1854.
3. From 1854 to the appeal by Dr. Snodgrass and Prof. Mackerras for endowment in 1869.
4. From 1869 to the erection of the new buildings in 1880.
5. From the occupation of the new buildings to 1890, or as may hereafter be determined.

In it and succeeding volumes it is designed to chronicle the good deeds of every friend of Queen's. The Trustees have further resolved to place memorial tablets in Convocation Hall in honor of the students of 1887-8, and of the subscribers to each separate endowment fund in the years 1840-1869, 1878 and 1887. The subject of tablets of the most fitting character is under consideration, and a committee of the trustees has been appointed to place them in position as soon as practicable.

By the increase of the staff the Senate has been enabled to add to the strength of the curriculum. Material additions have been made to the courses for honors, and special provisions have been made for the steady advancement and careful supervision of extra-mural students. New arrangements have also been made for post-graduate students. The object aimed at is to afford facilities in Canada for extending the attainments of those who have attained the degree of M.A., and encourage them to look forward to reaching a still higher educational rank. The Chancellor hoped that the Board of Trustees would be able to still further extend the usefulness and efficiency of the University. In connection with the question of providing new buildings great inconvenience was experienced by the Women's Medical College, as the rooms used are unadapted for the purpose, and were at a great distance from the arts and science lecture rooms. This allied college, of no small importance in the work it was endeavoring to accomplish, should, as soon as practicable, have similar accommodation to that enjoyed by the Royal Medical College, and should be provided in some position more contiguous to the building occupied by the arts classes.

"It will be remembered," said the Chancellor, "that the proposal of some few years back to move Queen's from Kingston to share the fortunes of a State University at Toronto had the effect of uniting every friend in a common determination that the seat of learning should

remain on its original site. It was also determined that means should be employed to strengthen the endowment ; with that object in view 'Queen's University Endowment Association' was organized, with active branch associations in many parts of the Province. This association proved advantageous, independently of the immediate purpose for which it was established, in bringing the College authorities at Kingston into direct communication with the many friends throughout the country and providing a channel for the interchange of views and aspirations. It is therefore felt that although the immediate object for which the association was formed has been accomplished, it will be in the interest of the University to continue the organization under the name of 'Queen's University Association,' and it is suggested that the main body and all the branches should hereafter be known by that title."

The Chancellor said that there was reason for gratification with the steady advancement made and the excellent prospects before them. The past two years have been eventful in the history of the institution, but the minds of those who conduct its affairs were no longer weighted with the burdens which at one time pressed upon them. The number of students in all departments is steadily on the increase, and there is the strongest proof that Queen's has gained the confidence of the community. It must be the desire of all that the institution continue to be recognized as indispensable to the moral and intellectual advancement of the Dominion.

Reference was made to the self-denying exertions of Principal Grant, and besides conveying the sentiments of the Trustees, as was done on his return from his trip around the world, his portrait was ordered and this further agreement decided upon : "That all contributions to the Endowment Fund, beyond the minimum of \$250,000, that may be received, be applied, as far as required, to the endowment of a chair which shall bear the name of Principal Grant." The General Secretary says progress has been made in this direction. Dr. Smith speaks hopefully of the prospects of receiving the sum required to endow the Principal Grant chair.

At the conclusion of the address the Chancellor turned to Dr. Grant and said : "And now it is my pleasant duty at this stage of the proceedings to call upon the Chairman of the Board of Trustees to unveil the portrait of the Principal, which will hereafter remain a prized possession of the University."

Rev. Dr. Wardrope, Guelph, in the absence of Hon. Mr. Morris, unveiled the picture. The familiar face, in oil, created applause. Dr. Grant glanced at the portrait, and a naughty medico suggested, "That's the handsomest man you have seen." The students sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The names of the winners of scholarships were read and the cards handed over. When Mr. T. L. Walker walked up to secure the Gowan prize in natural science, for the best collection of Canadian plants, Dr. Grant

remarked on Senator Gowan's interest in Queen's. He mentioned the many instances in which he had given money to the College. "When he comes among us—and I hope soon to see him here—you will know what kind of a man he is," said Dr. Grant.

Envelopes were broken by the Chancellor, and he made the announcement that the following had won prizes, thus:

Lewis. Value \$25. Given for the best lecture on Luke x. 38-42 inclusive.—John A. Reddon, Mildmay.

Macpherson. Value \$25. Given by Sir David Macpherson, Toronto, for the best essay on the "Influence of Britain on India."—P. A. McLeod, Dundas, P.E.I.

The honor list was read and the medals presented. Prof. Fletcher, in handing the Prince of Wales gold medal in classics to D. R. Drummond, and a silver medal to G. E. Dyde, said the winners were worthy men. He also mentioned that the paper of J. H. Mills, of Lindsay, was of the highest merit.

Prof. Dupuis gave R. S. Minnes the gold medal for mathematics. He said the young man had won it after a severe contest. Two or three of the papers were so good that a most critical reading had to be given before any distinction could be made.

P. A. McLeod was tendered the Mayor's gold medal in philosophy by Dr. Grant. The medal in natural science will be forwarded to J. T. Bowerman, of Ottawa, who won it without attending the College. This showed the advantage of having extra-mural students in connection with the institution.

Dean Fowler presented the medals to the winners of them in the Royal Medical College. Then the laureation of the various graduates occurred. Miss Isabella McConville's appearance, to secure the degree of M.D., C.M., was greatly applauded. The degree of M.A. was conferred on five gentlemen, and that of B.D. on two. The gentlemen to whom the honorary degree of LL.D. was given were announced, and the names ordered to be enrolled on the list of graduates.

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., Toronto, addressed the graduates. He spoke of the days when he attended college, and the lack of facilities enjoyed in comparison with those of the present time. Then there were no girl students in attendance, and no chance for displaying that marked academic etiquette; chaffing the sweet graduates, as now enjoyed. Truly they had lived in a simple, barbaric age. He congratulated the students upon having reached the present stage in their lives, and also upon having secured degrees from Queen's University. The institution, while conservative, was manifestly growing. It was independent and catholic. This latter feature was made prominent by the Presbyterian Trustees asking for legislation by which men of other denominations could be represented on the board, and by the election of R. V. Rogers as the first of five such men.

The advice offered was, in the words of the late David Livingstone to Scottish school children, "Fear God and

work hard." This was an age, he said, not characterized by a spirit of reverence. But the graduates need not be among the irreverent. He advised them not to treat the realities of life as *Punch* or *Grip* treat the frailties and foibles of mankind. If they dealt with the verities of life, truth and eternity in that way they would soon have no religion to ridicule. They should not be ashamed to study their bibles. It would throw light on all the duties and relations in life. They should also work hard, for to be successful, distinguished or honored required men to use the powers God had given them with unstinted diligence, and to have the conviction that they were doing all for God. He advised all men to have ideals and to make them realities. Their motto should be, "What ought to be done can be." He urged this more particularly in this age of selfishness. The graduates should be men, and believing in the motto mentioned, then partizanship in politics, and the graver things that threaten the existence and life of the people, would forever be quieted. He asked them to be true to themselves and to their country, and then they would be true to God. Dare to do right, be Queen's men in reality, then their lives would be grandly successful.

When Mr. Macdonnell concluded his earnest, brilliant address he had so won the admiration of the audience that he was stormed with applause.

Principal Grant said that it was almost two years since he had attended a previous convocation. At that time Queen's had reached the great crisis in her history, but the dangers had been surmounted. The same might be said of his life. Since then all that had happened had been good. He asked the assemblage to rise and sing the grand old doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The chaplain concluded the exercises of the day.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES.

After Convocation the Trustees of Queen's University met in the Senate room, and at six o'clock adjourned until next morning. Those present were: Chancellor Fleming, Principal Grant, Dr. Wardrope, Guelph; Dr. Laidlaw, Hamilton; Dr. Campbell, Montreal; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Toronto; Rev. W. Herridge, Ottawa; Rev. Dr. Bain and Rev. M. Macgillivray, Kingston; A. T. Drummond, Esq., Montreal; D. B. McLennan, Q. C., Cornwall; W. C. Caldwell, M. P., Lanark; Dr. Boulter, Stirling; and Messrs. G. M. Macdounell and R. V. Rogers, Kingston.

It was decided to proceed at once with the erection of a Science Hall in accordance with plans submitted at the meeting, and the carrying out of the details will be left in the hands of the local Trustees. The building will be known as the John Carruthers Science Hall.

A committee was appointed to see what additions to the teaching staff are needed, and to report as to the state of the finances.

The Rev. Jas. Carmichael, of King, was appointed Lecturer in Church History for the coming session, and

the Rev. James Ross, B. D., of Perth, Lecturer for the following session.

Owing to the constantly increasing duties of the Registrar, the Rev. Dr. Bell has been relieved of his duties as Librarian, and Mr. Adam Short, M. A., appointed to do the work.

In the form of a resolution the thanks of the Board were tendered the Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick and Senator Vidal for their services in securing the passage of the act amending the charter of the University.

Dr. Moore, of Brockville, was appointed Representative of the University in the Ontario Medical Council. The report to the General Assembly was read and adopted, and the reports from the Librarian and Curator of the Museum were also read, and a grant made to the Library.

The lease held by the Royal Medical College authorities expires in a few weeks, and the Trustees granted a new lease for an additional term of ten years.

Rev. Dr. Bain, Kingston; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Toronto; Dr. R. Campbell, Renfrew; Hon. Justice Maclean, Toronto; E. W. Rathbun, Deseronto; and Andrew Allan, Montreal, were re-elected Trustees, and the Rev. J. Mackie, of St. Andrew's, Kingston, was elected to fill a vacancy.

Several other minor matters connected with the University were transacted, and the meeting adjourned.

The following is a list of the Honors, Medals, Scholarships, and Graduates:

MEDALS.

Classics—Gold Medal, D. R. Drummond; Silver Medal, G. E. Dyde.

Mathematics—Gold Medal, R. S. Minnes.

Philosophy—Gold Medal, P. A. McLeod.

Political Economy—W. J. Patterson.

Chemistry—T. S. Walker.

Natural Science—J. T. Bowerman.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Foundation No. 1, Senior Latin—Miss A. G. Campbell.

Foundation No. 2, Senior Greek—J. A. Roddick.

Foundation No. 3, Senior English—Miss M. A. King.

Foundation No. 4, Junior Philosophy—F. Heap.

Foundation No. 5, Junior Physics—S. T. Chown.

Foundation No. 6, Junior Chemistry—C. C. Arthur.

Nickle, Natural Science—F. King.

Cataraqui, History—Miss L. Shibley and J. M. Farrell, equal.

St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, (close), Junior Greek—W. H. Davis.

Glass Memorial, Junior Mathematics—H. A. Hunter.

HONORS.

Greek, Class I.—D. R. Drummond, G. E. Dyde and J. H. Mills. Class II.—J. Cooke.

Latin, Class I.—D. R. Drummond, G. E. Dyde and J. H. Mills. Class II.—E. S. Griffin.

Mathematics, Class I.—R. S. Minnes, F. King, T. H. Farrell and W. Curle.

Mathematics, first year, Class I.—J. C. Gibson, E. Ryerson.

Natural Science, second year; Botany, Class I.—J. T. Bowerman. Class II.—E. J. Corkill, T. L. Walker.

Zoology, Class I.—J. T. Bowerman.

Geology, Class I.—J. T. Bowerman.

Chemistry, Class I.—T. L. Walker. Class II.—E. J. Corkill and F. J. Pope.

Philosophy, Class I.—P. A. McLeod. Class II.—J. Sharp, J. Binnie and A. G. Hay.

Political Economy, Class I.—W. J. Patterson, W. Curle, J. A. Sinclair, J. Millar. Class II.—R. M. Phalen.

English Literature, first year honors, Class II.—J. Marshall, B. A., C. F. Hamilton and F. Ireland.

Natural Science, first year; Botany, Class I.—R. Lees, T. L. Walker and A. M. Fenwick.

Geology, Class I.—A. M. Fenwick, Pope, and Lees. Class II.—R. R. Robinson.

History, Class I.—R. M. Lett.

English Language, Class II.—R. M. Lett, N. Macdonald.

French, Class II.—E. S. Griffin and R. M. Lett.

German, Class II.—R. M. Lett and E. S. Griffin.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

John Marshall, B. A.

John McKinnon, B. A.

Thomas G. Allen, B. A.

Andrew Haig, B. A.

Wm. T. McClement, B. A.

O. L. Kilborne, B. A.

Alex. H. D. Ross, B. A.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

James Binnie, Durham.

John D. Boyd, Alexandria.

James Cattnach, Williamstown.

Stanley T. Chown, Kingston.

Geo. T. Copeland, Cornwall.

R. H. Cowley, Ottawa.

Wm. Curle, Campbellford.

D. R. Drummond, Almonte.

Geo. E. Dyde, Kingston.

E. B. Echlin, West Flamboro'.

John P. Falconer, Sydney, C. B.

James M. Farrell, Kingston.

T. H. Farrell, Kingston.

E. Scott Griffin, Kingston.

R. M. Lett, St. Thomas.

John H. Madden, Delta.

Perry Mahood, Kingston.

John H. Mills, Lindsay.

Robt. S. Minnes, Kingston.

F. J. McCammon, Kingston.

D. G. McPhail, Lanark.

R. M. Phalen, Cape Breton.

John A. Redden, Mildmay.

E. H. Russell, Douglastown.

J. S. Shurie, Trenton.

D. Strachan, Rockwood.

John B. Turner, Hamilton.

✻ LITERATURE. ✻

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 119.)

BUT Montreal from an after-dinner point of view seemed rather a jolly sort of place. There is a peculiar fascination about a large city in the evening with its myriads of gaslights, its well kept streets and crowds of promenaders. Accustomed as we had been to the severe simplicity of the good saint Ignatius reflected in the village bearing his name, no wonder that the hour at which we should have been at Hochelaga found us still gazing from a friend's window at the passers-by and chatting over our adventures since we had left Kingston. The situation at first sight appeared alarming, but a calm contemplation of the subject revealed the fact that there was nothing for it but to remain in town another day and take the steamer to Three Rivers in the evening. This proposition I feel bound to state was received with considerable satisfaction. The tow moves so very slowly that it was a moral certainty we should be able to head it off and the novelty of the idea of chasing a runaway raft down the St. Lawrence struck us so forcibly that we relinquished, without a sigh, the prospect of a five o'clock breakfast and a sunstroke on Lake St. Peter. Next evening, limp and wilted with the intense heat that the natives informed us was indigenous to Montreal, we boarded the Quebec, and having ascertained that she was due at Three Rivers about 2.30 a. m., settled ourselves gloomily for the trip. Great as had been our enthusiasm the evening before, it had now wholly vanished. Our sole desire was to regain the raft, visions of a home, a mother and a bright hereafter were swallowed up by this absorbing aim. We were careless of surroundings and would cheerfully have undergone shipwreck if it could have placed us the sooner under Moses' fostering care. The events of that dismal voyage need not be raked up. After spending a couple of hours in anxiety and suspense on a deserted wharf at midnight, we spied the twinkling lights of the tow four or five miles away. We joyfully launched our boat which we had brought with us and, half asleep, rowed out to meet it. Even at that early hour the men were stirring and the smoke curling up from the caboose chimney bore witness that Moses was still alive. Sure enough his smiling countenance appeared at the door as we hauled our boat up on the logs. He advanced with his bland smile and would have gone more into detail had not S— whispered fiercely into his ear, "If you try any of that fancy five o'clock breakfast business this morning, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear." Moses looked solemn in a moment. Frenchmen, I notice, generally understand that sort of language. We were not disturbed and slept peacefully till tired nature expressed herself content. The St. Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec is not particularly interesting. In fact in some places it is horribly monotonous. There is a distressing

sameness about the scenery that palls upon one whose tastes have been educated up to the Thousand Islands and the Coteau. This we soon found out and congratulated ourselves on having escaped so much of it. The price paid, it is true, was rather extortionate, but the quality of the value received was undeniable. Lake St. Peter, over whose treacherous bosom we were journeying, is merely an expansion of the river. It is very shallow and very dangerous. The steamboat channel is a most intricate affair and, viewed bird's eye, resembles the form that a lively boa-constrictor would be apt to assume were you to jab a spike into the tip of his tail. (The latter experiment is, by the way, quite unnecessary, as anyone who thirsts after knowledge may, for a small outlay, obtain Government maps which are sometimes quite reliable and afford a much more convenient method of arriving at the information.) The storms on Lake St. Peter are most justly dreaded. They are fierce, violent and vindictive. They rise on the shortest notice and speedily convert the tranquil surface of the lake into a white sheet of angry waves. Woe betide the raft that is caught unawares. It would drift out of the course into the shallows whither the tug could not follow and most likely go to pieces on the lee shore. Soon after we had passed Batisseau the wind began to freshen and we immediately hove to near a white sandy beach. It was lucky we did as, in a short time, it was blowing a gale. We were wind bound at this beautiful spot for nearly thirty-six hours. The country round about was flat, not to say marshy, and, owing to the long drought, the fields had that cracked and wrinkled aspect which is proper to the complexion of an Egyptian mummy. A few wild raspberry bushes were making a valiant effort to sustain the credit of the region, but alas, their parched and withered appearance told a tale of toil, suffering and blasted hopes. There were four raspberries found on the premises and these were carefully divided among the crew. The bathing was unsurpassed and served the double purpose of refreshing the heated body and offering a valuable field for researches in natural history. No one, I should imagine, with a penchant for that fascinating study, could fail to be impressed with the unusual development and activity of the blithe water-snakes or avoid becoming attached to the many specimens of the affectionate leech that abounded on all sides. And S— never ceased regretting the loss of a magnificent snapping-turtle which he had been unable to capture owing to the fact that Moses had borrowed his club to kill lizards and he had come away without his breeches. Most of the men on the steamer hailed from Champlain, a village hard by, and they joyously betook themselves home as soon as we cast anchor. S— and I, in a momentary fit of envy, wished that we lived in Champlain too, but on second thoughts and after having listened to a lively description of the place from Moses, we concluded that, on the whole, we were rather glad we did not. You may depend on it we hailed with intense delight the asthmatic toot from the John A., which, like

the slogan on the Scottish hills, summoned the clansmen from afar. The clansmen arrived in due course of time, that is, about three hours after the whistle and whatever may have been our indignation at their unpardonable delay, it was speedily mollified by the alacrity with which they set to work. The huge snubbing cables were hauled on board, the tow line was once more adjusted and again we urged upon our wild career. If all went well, to-morrow's sun would see us in Quebec. The men seemed fully aware that they had but one more night to spend on the raft and, as evening drew on, instead of going off to bed as usual, assembled on the big dram and "feats of strength and sleight of hand went round." They seemed very fond of practical jokes and considered that any comrade who was green enough to be caught was fair game for their ridicule. A favorite trick was to persuade one of their number to stand in front of the open head of a barrel on its side and try to kick it upright. This generally ended in the man's being thrown violently on his face with his legs in the barrel and was of course received with roars of laughter. It was a rough sort of joke and is perhaps responsible for the remarkably ugly noses that one sees everywhere. Another of their harmless little games was to grease the flat top of a log and get some fellow who had not seen the preparations to take a running hop, step and jump thereon. As soon as the unfortunate youth struck the "slick" part he would, in all probability, sit down suddenly and sail away amid thunders of applause. Sometimes the end of the log was tilted over the edge of the raft and a ducking would end the man's woes. If the victim couldn't swim, the more boisterous was the mirth. The men kept up this sort of fun till darkness set in and then retreated to the big bonfire that, according to law, must be maintained every night after leaving Montreal. Moses had served out all the remnants of pork and hardtack and things looked flourishing for a big carouse. The latter fact came home to S— and myself after we had sought the seclusion that our cabin granted. The whole blessed night we had dinned into our ears the dismal refrain of some popular lower Canadian melody, sung in a monotonous shiny-on-your-own-side voice that went through and through us like an east wind. This melancholy chant never ceased for an instant and had a most demoralizing effect on our night's rest. At 1.30 a. m. S— and I were sitting up in bed, staring wildly at one another, our ears neatly folded back in the endeavour to keep out the sound and both of us calculating the probable consequences of "sick-ing" Spot at the crowd. Such is the power of music, however, if persistently laid on, that S—, like Bute, the fairest of all men, was presently captivated by the strains of the Sirens and first thing I knew was hunting about in the dark for his breeches and flannel shirt. He informed me that he was tired of sleeping and believed he'd go out and see the fun, advising me, at the same time, to follow his example, but I failed to see the point and told him I could hear splendidly where I was. Some-

how the concert seemed to flag after he went out. The presence of a stranger doubtless proved too much for their bashful natures and one by one the soloists dropped off till at last I dropped off too. When we awoke next morning we found that we had not made as much progress as we had hoped. The strong tide running in proved a serious obstacle and for hours we would remain in exactly the same position, although the John A. was pulling for all she was worth and the nine sails were up to catch what slight breeze there was. It was very exasperating to look at the broad front of the raft and see the surging waves tossing about — the pace apparently something tremendous—then to cast your eyes on some object on shore and perhaps perceive that the only advance we made was a retrograde movement (there's a bull for you.) Arine calculated that we should reach Quebec that evening about six o'clock and he was pretty near the mark. The magnificent spectacle offered by the Citadel and Cape Diamond to travellers entering the harbour from above or below, burst upon us late that afternoon. It was the first time I had seen Quebec and I was profoundly impressed with the stately grandeur of the old town. The view from the river cannot be surpassed and once seen can never be forgotten. We drew up at the "coves" a short distance above the town. Everything about us reeked of lumbering. The coves are nothing but a series of long wharves jutting out into the river, between which the logs are stored until required. As soon as we had made lines fast and stowed all the paraphernalia of rafting on board the tug, the cant hooks, sails, ropes, etc., the men, without any compunction, proceeded to demolish the caboose and accomplished the business in short order. The dram looked deserted without the familiar stove-pipe sticking up in the air, but alas! in the morning our little cabin was to share the same sad fate. The neighbourhood of the coves is not aristocratic. The houses along the shore are small and, with but few exceptions, excessively dirty. The playful disposition of the inhabitants may be inferred from the fact that, on intimating to Moses that we intended walking into town that evening, he held up his hands in holy horror and told us we would assuredly be "stuff-club and rob." The nearest wharf was monopolized by a most disreputable looking crowd, among whom was an individual with bloodshot eyes and ghastly visage who had perched himself on the extreme edge and was vigorously proclaiming his grievances to a couple of small boys who were passing in a boat, all which disclosing the important historical fact that French-Canadian whiskey is quite as effective in its small way as any other. Needless to remark we locked the shanty door that night and placed several chunks of Moses' cake within easy reach to hurl at any midnight prowler. But we were not disturbed. It is a most singular coincidence that whenever the John A. Macdonald enters Quebec harbour it immediately begins to rain. This is not the result of two or three observations, but of careful study for many years past.

In consequence of this proclivity she has been dubbed the Rainboat and those in the trade will tell you that there is always a heavy run on umbrellas and Mackintoshes the day before she is expected. No superintendent of a Sunday School, unless he were insane or had sinister designs on the cake and lemonade, would avoid ascertaining whether there was the slightest chance of the John A. arriving on the same day as the annual picnic and no power would induce a Quebec girl to wear her best bonnet while the obnoxious craft was within range of the very largest telescope. Sure enough, next morning it was raining hard and, from the gloomy state of the sky, bid fair to continue all day. We packed up our belongings, took a last look at the comfortable little lodgings and hastily betook ourselves on board the tug. Ten minutes sufficed for the destruction of the two shanties and in half an hour one solitary dram was all that remained on the raft. We felt inexpressibly mournful as the old concern broke up. It had borne us safely through so many perils and had afforded us an endless source of enjoyment. No less sorry were we to part with the faithful Moses. He had exerted himself tremendously to give us the best of everything and the robust health that universally prevailed bore ample testimony to the success of his efforts. We gripped hands and expressed a hope that we should meet again next year. S—— and I then jumped on board the 11 o'clock ferry and were very soon landed at the Lower Town market. We spent the whole day knocking about. Drove out to Montmorency through the quaint little village of Beauport, and inspected the falls, giving Spot a swim in the clear water at the foot, hired a calèche, comme il faut, and drove about recklessly. Paid a visit to the Citadel and gave the sentry at the gate a quarter for touching his hat as we passed out. Walked about on the esplanade enjoying the superb view till dusk and then made tracks for the tug, which we discovered only after the most frantic search. At 10.30 that evening we crept noiselessly out of the harbour. The moon was just rising over the Heights of Abraham and shedding her pale light on the towers of the city and the frowning outline of Cape Diamond. We sat on deck wapt in admiration and light overcoats till a turn of the river hid the glorious sight from view. Then we became aware of the fact that we were bound for Kingston and Kingston we eventually reached after as jolly a fortnight as fault-finding humanity could possibly desire.

“What do you think of Fielding?” asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. “Oh it's important, of course, but it doesn't amount to much without good batting.”

Judkins (with apparent carelessness)—“By the way, Feebil, you're a lawyer; what would you do if a fellow was to refuse to pay for a bill of goods?” Feebil (dryly)—“I would see a lawyer, give him a retainer, and state my case.”

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES IN MONTREAL

BY REV. DONALD ROSS, D. D., M. A., PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY
IN QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

(From the Presbyterian College Journal.)

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class :

THIS day crowns your work in this institution. You stand at the goal to which you have been eagerly pressing forward through several years. You have been toiling patiently along the arduous road to knowledge, developing and strengthening your intellectual and spiritual powers, broadening the horizon of your thought, cultivating more catholic sympathies, so that you may truly say with Terence, “*humani nihil a me alienum puto*,” or, with a much more illustrious Roman, “I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise.” You have been taking the true measure of yourselves, and I do not doubt that you have now a more humble opinion of the extent of your knowledge than you had when you first entered these halls, that you have learned there is a great deal more in the realm of thought than your philosophy then dreamt of. The true end of education, the highest wisdom, is to know ourselves—what we are capable of doing, wherein our real strength as well as our wisdom lies. No more profitable expenditure of time can be made than in mastering that lesson. For genuine self-knowledge implies an accurate understanding of our place in the intelligent universe, of our relations to God and our fellow-men, and the obligations these relations impose. Unless we have a right apprehension of these, how is it possible for us to fulfil them aright, and merit the eulogium of good and faithful servants. So that the seven, or ten, or twelve years you have devoted to preparation for the gospel ministry and the service of man have been by no means too long a time for fitting yourselves to be workmen in the highest field of effort. I congratulate you on having finished your course and received the *imprimatur* of your *Alma Mater*, as fully qualified by scholastic training, for the sacred vocation you have chosen. Yours is a position to be envied. Standing on this high plane you are about to assume enlarged responsibilities. The question you have now to face is, how can you make your career in this calling profitable in the highest degree? What must you do to ensure success in the practical work for which you have been so long in training.

It seems trite to say that there must be complete personal consecration on your part. One who studies for the Christian ministry is supposed to be actuated solely by the desire to spend his strength and other gifts in the service of his Divine Master, and to have received of His fulness, and grace for grace. Your mission is to make known to men what He was and is. To do this with the best results you must have that mind which was in Him, which led Him to seek not His own glory but the glory of God in the redemption and elevation of fallen man.

It was with similar devotion that Paul traversed Asia and Europe beseeching men to live by faith in unseen realities. How he might most effectually employ his splendid gifts in the service of his Master was ever uppermost in his thoughts. It was his complete consecration that carried him through perils and opposition that might well paralyze all efforts on the part of any man of less intense earnestness and strength of purpose. Such devotion is indispensable to success in advancing the kingdom of righteousness and truth in the earth, and inspiring men to think and act truly. We expect those who go on foreign mission service to be men of faith and consecration, filled with a moral and spiritual earnestness. It is men of this stamp that are just as surely needed in the church at home. Without this all other gifts will be of little avail. The greatest preacher of the apostolic age, or of any age, declared that though he possessed the gifts of eloquence and understood all mysteries and all knowledge, yet, were he not inspired with love to God and man, his ministry would be fruitless. The opinion of so high an authority ought to carry great weight. Those who are to be instruments of righteousness to others ought to be men of pronounced sanctity, and to be filled with the spirit of true benevolence. Personal holiness, with the spirit of true benevolence. Personal holiness, transparent purity of life, harmony of profession and action, is absolutely necessary to success in preaching the gospel and ministering to the spiritual needs of men. Daily renewal of purpose to be wholly the Lord's is requisite to feed the flame of devotion on the altar of the heart. This is the secret of power with God and with men. Covet this best grace, and your life will be fruitful of blessing to the world and of truest enjoyment to yourself.

Then to make your religious life and work rich in results you must be men of prayer. Prayer is an appeal for help to One to whom belongeth all power and wisdom. The expectation that divine light and strength will be granted is reasonable, not mystical. Prayer has a higher value than the satisfaction experienced in giving expression to our emotions and desires. It is said that we are living under an order of things which is invariable. The only help we can fairly expect is from a wise use of the laws by which we are environed. We might as well plead with the pitiless waves not to engulf us, or with the pestilence that walketh in darkness not to come nigh to us, as to supplicate God to direct us in perplexity, or to give us courage in an emergency. So argues the man who is under the intellectual spell of the scientific conception of law. God is under the limitations of the laws which He has Himself established, and He cannot interpose or interfere with their action. But law is nothing in itself. It is simply a formula expressing the mode in which phenomena occur. But phenomena are manifestations of a power acting in nature, and producing change. The laws are not that power. They are merely the intellectual interpretation of the manner in which it acts. Therefore to speak of the laws of nature restrain-

ing God from interfering with them is equivalent to saying that His ordinary method of action prevents Him from operating differently. This notion is absurd, unless we deny Him the attribute of freedom. To assert that the stability of the universe necessitates undeviating uniformity in the Divine action is equally irrational, for even man can interfere with the laws of nature for his own ends, or the good of others, without disturbing its equilibrium. It is not impossible for God, then, to deviate from His usual mode of action and answer our petitions. Neither is there anything to hinder the Divine Intelligence from acting directly on ours, so that we shall be filled with a higher wisdom, and enlightened in regard to questions that are dark and perplexing. There can be no difficulty in understanding that the divine mind may inspire and influence us just as the mind of a teacher, or guide, or friend does. It is a fundamental article of your religious faith, as well as a fact in your personal experience, that the power which upholds and governs the universe makes men strong, gives wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding. You have an abiding conviction that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." The heroes of religious liberty found inspiration and courage both to do and to endure through this agency. Our Lord spent whole nights on the mountain sides in prayer that He might receive strength for the exhausting ministry in which He was continually engaged. Elijah and Daniel among the Prophets, Peter and Paul among the Apostles, Luther and Knox among the Reformers, Wesley and Whitfield among the revivalists of later days were importunate in supplication. They held constant communion with Him without whom nothing is wise, nothing is strong. They were imitators of their Divine Master in this as in so many other respects. And, certainly, if you would be successful in spiritual work, you must be nourishing the hidden life of the soul by constant fellowship and communion with the Father of spirits. Jacob wrestled with the angel until the break of day, refusing to let him go without a blessing, and he prevailed. The lesson is plain. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

In addition to all this, set before yourselves the highest ideal. Aim at nothing short of perfection. Depend upon it you will fail to attain it, but your constant effort must be to reach this goal. As preachers of the word of life, as wise master-builders, you ought to go on developing your capacities to their utmost limit, to make the most of the possibilities of your nature and your opportunities, endeavoring all the while to be true to your own individuality, and not to become like some one else who may be constituted entirely different from you. Your faculties may not be of the highest order—ten talents are given only to the few—but you ought to cultivate them diligently so that you may fully approve yourselves before God. How can I turn my advantages to best account is a question that ought to have your most serious thought,

for there is no chance given to re-live or reconstruct the past. Unimproved opportunities rush by leaving their indelible record behind. I have heard men, again and again, express the keenest regret that they had not utilized their privileges as they might have done in the early years of their ministry. The trend of habits cannot be changed. The potter can make of the clay a vessel to honour, or to dishonour, according to the conception or ideal he has before him; but once made he cannot remodel it. It henceforth retains the form into which he has shaped it. You can make success or failure out of your circumstances according as you will and act; but you cannot undo your career and refashion it. It remains unalterable. By earnest effort you can exchange the brass and stone and wood into gold and silver and precious stones. There is a secret alchemy within your reach by which such wondrous transformation can be wrought. Your resolve must be to achieve this splendid result. Every man has consciously, or unconsciously, a standard before him: Let yours be the highest and most approved.

Success in your ministry will require continuous hard study and growth in knowledge. To have completed a course of theological discipline is not enough, for theological science is progressive. Its realm is widening with the process of the suns. Of course I do not mean that the sum of saving truth is being increased—that any additions are being made to the revelation of God's will to man in matters of faith and duty, but its rich contents are being gradually discovered and exposed to view by devout scholars. The enlargement of human knowledge in every direction is contributing to a fuller development of the truth of God as expressed in scripture. See how the secrets written in the great volume of nature, the mysteries which have been hid from ages and from generations, are being brought to light year after year, and being added to the sum of our knowledge. The sciences that are devoted to the interpretation of the thoughts God has revealed, in the book which lies ever open before us, are advancing with marvellous rapidity. Their glorious march across the stage of the nineteenth century may well excite our wonder and inspire us with lofty hope as to their future developments. He who tries to keep pace with the progress of any one of them finds that he must not relax his efforts for a moment. Hence has arisen the imperative necessity for men to be specialists, to confine themselves almost entirely to one field or province of thought or research, if they would become proficient in it. And these all are paying tribute to theology—the queen of the sciences. They are lending their aid to the elucidation, and contributing to a more complete understanding, of the deep thoughts of God conveyed by holy men who spoke as they were moved by the Divine Spirit. It is no disparagement to the great theologians of the past to say that we have come into possession of treasures of wisdom and knowledge contained in the Scriptures which they did not even conceive of. Athanasius and Augustine and Turretin and Edwards and Hill,—

“The great of old!

The dead but sceptred sovrens who still rule

Our spirits from their urns,”—

were not permitted to enter the wide and rich domain of religious thought in which it is our privilege to expatiate. It is doubtful if they were permitted, even from some Pisgah height, to behold it afar off. And those who come after us will push their way into regions of theological thought which are inaccessible to us. They will witness an expansion of scripture truth which would fill us with wonder and joy had we the power of prevision. It is this constant development that invests the study of revealed truth with such profound interest, and spurs the mind on to fresh discoveries in holy writ. “Every scribe that is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven is like a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.”

The opinion has gained currency in some quarters that a special theological training is not a necessary part of the equipment of a successful gospel preacher. Moody and others of our time, whose religious teaching has been crowned with eminent success, never studied theology as it is taught in the schools, and the Apostles, it is said, were summoned from their fishing nets and electrified men wherever they preached the truth as it is in Jesus. But it must not be forgotten that the special work of Moody, and men of the same class, is that of evangelists—the simple presentation and illustration of the leading truths bearing upon the salvation of sinners. Their function is to excite men to concern regarding their spiritual safety. It does not lie within their scope to edify or build up men in the religious life, to promote their growth in holiness. That demands thorough, systematic religious teaching, sustained through years, for which they are not qualified. All that is requisite for the work they accomplish is the possession of good natural gifts, a thorough acquaintance with scripture, and a consuming zeal for the welfare of their fellowmen and the glory of God. As for the Apostles, it is a mistake to suppose they had received no special training for preaching the gospel. They were three years under the tuition of the Prince of teachers, learning of Him how they might rightly divide the word of truth. The most eminent of the Apostles was learned in all the wisdom of the Rabbinic teaching, and I think his epistles reveal the fact that his imperial intellect had felt the spell of the Hellenic culture. Besides they received special gifts to qualify them for fulfilling their commission to preach the gospel. Never in the history of the Christian Church has there been so urgent a need that its pastors and teachers should receive the most thorough training, for never was so great an intellectual demand made upon the pulpit as at the present day. Only think what a drain is made upon a preacher's resources by the preparation, week in and week out, year after year, of at least two thoughtful, stimulating discourses on topics in which a large number of people are not personally interested. What an amount

of careful and varied reading and earnest reflection that implies! Yet the critics and the enemies of the pulpit lament that the deliverances of the pulpit are commonplace. Is it to be wondered if they sometimes are, considering the pressure under which the preachers labour? Let the politicians and the barristers, with whom they are often disparagingly compared, go on speaking two or three times a week for a series of years, in the same hall, on the questions of disallowance, or a protective tariff, or commercial union, or the habeas corpus, or some civil or social right or disability, and I venture to say that before many months the most brilliant of them would be found even less interesting than the dry-as-dust ecclesiastics. It is no easy matter, when knowledge is running to and fro in an unprecedented manner, and the general education of society has reached so high a standard, to say what is attractive and interesting from Sunday to Sunday through the course of a ministry of even ten years. A restless, fickle, critical spirit is characteristic of the times, and he who would make religious themes attractive to his hearers, and edify them, must be familiar with the currents of thought that are sweeping them onward, in many cases irresistibly, in others with strong crying and tears, because they shrink with terror from the issue to which they are hastening. There are vitally important questions pressing for solution on the minds of thoughtful men, and the pulpit has to deal with these either directly or indirectly, so that he who has chosen to be their spiritual guide and counsellor must grapple with these problems and be able to give an intelligent answer concerning them. This fact is recognized by all the churches, and they are exacting a higher standard of qualification from those who seek to enter their ministry. Not less theology and philosophy and natural science and physics, but more, are required to meet the increasing intellectual demands of the times upon their religious teachers. The cry repeated by the foes of religion, that the pulpit has been superseded by the daily press and the multiplication of cheap and attractive literature, is not true to fact. Statistics show that while a growing number ignore the existence of churches and the preaching of the Gospel, the number of churches in proportion to population is rapidly increasing. It is true that many speculative thinkers, and men of brilliant abilities in certain directions, look upon the preacher as one whose occupation is gone, an anachronism in these days of culture and high general intelligence, but they are only a small fraction of the best scholarship of the time. They call attention to themselves as the advance guard in the march of thought, and the unreflecting are apt to conclude that the leaders of intelligence are all of the same mind—whereas the foremost thinkers of the world do not imagine they have outgrown the necessity of a preached Gospel. This pride of intellect, which regards the Christian pulpit with immeasurable contempt, has always existed, though it is more outspoken at present than it has been for some generations. Paul encountered it in Corinth when he visited

that city of culture and sensuality. The great Bishop Butler complained that, in the eighteenth century, "people of discernment set up the Christian religion as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule." While the world lasts the preaching of the Gospel will appear to the self-satisfied worshippers of things seen and transitory, to the sybarite and the intellectual dude, to be a beating of the air, a vain and foolish procedure; but to them who are tortured by the guilt and burden of their sins, or who have tasted the powers of the world to come, it will be of unspeakable value.

The preacher of the gospel, then, ought to be a man of the broadest possible culture, while he is well equipped in the special department of theological science, if he would be a good minister of Jesus Christ, and adapt himself to the spiritual needs of men. For though it be true that the cravings of man's religious nature are the same now as in the days of Elijah, and Daniel, and Paul, and John, yet the modes by which these are ministered to are changing with the varying circumstances of society. Education, social surroundings, manners, and modes of thought are factors which have to be taken into account when dealing with men's religious life, in presenting to them the saving truths of scripture. Any one acquainted with the history of preaching knows how very different, for example, was the preaching of the Reformation period from that of the 18th century, or the preaching of a generation ago from that of to-day. The spiritual needs of man were precisely the same, but the methods of meeting them, through the preaching of the gospel, have varied with the altered circumstances. In other words, the truths presented for the awakening of sinners and the edification of believers are unchanging, but the outward forms in which they are set forth change with the passing years. The preacher, therefore, who would be ever fresh, and interesting, and successful, should be always developing, keeping in line with advancing thought. That they fail to realize this is the reason why not a few are restless and dissatisfied, conscious that their well meant efforts are unsuccessful. They have not been moving on in their thought. They are out of sympathy with their ever fluctuating environment, and they are preaching for the past, not for the present. Hence they are not appreciated as they sincerely think they deserve, and they find fault with their congregations, while they themselves are to blame for not discerning that they are not keeping step with the march of the world's thought and life. I would impress on you this fact that when you go into the active ministry of the word, you must, if you would make the most of your privileges, be untiring in your study of the freshest thought of the time, and ever keeping abreast of the great movements that are affecting individual and social life. The preacher ought to be a seer, a prophet, perceiving the present needs of men, and shaping his message according to the requirements of this generation.

Now, to keep up with the progress of the best thought

of your day, and at the same time give adequate attention to the practical duties of the ministerial office, you will require to exercise a most rigid economy of your time, and turn to best account the golden moments as they fly, bearing their record into eternity. The complexion of your future will depend largely on the way you employ every hour and minute of every day. Time is one of our most sacred and priceless trusts. Its faithful administration ought to engage your attention at the very outset of your ministry. Every moment should be spent in doing something which will make your life potent for usefulness, and shed lustre on your future. The secret of making the most of it is being strictly methodical in its use. We are filled with amazement at the amount of work done by some men. They accomplish so much, not merely because they seem to possess inexhaustible energy, extraordinary capacity for work, but because they are eminently methodical, and allow not a moment to be wasted, if that can be avoided. Cultivate this unspeakably valuable habit with religious fidelity.

I would add that you must be possessed with the spirit of sacrifice. Every true worker who would leave the world better than he found it must count on making personal sacrifice. Especially have the great spiritual teachers of the race achieved success only through much tribulation. Socrates had to drink the fatal hemlock as the price of enlightening his countrymen with respect to the mysteries of life and the hereafter. Moses suffered the reproaches and the provocations of the people whom he rescued from bondage and to whom he unfolded truths concerning God and righteousness. And to mention only a few names of more modern times—David Brainerd and William Carey, Livingstone and Hannington, John Williams and the two Gordons, who have made moral wastes fruitful and attractive—have achieved their successes through the sacrifice of self. They counted not their life dear unto themselves that they might finish their course with joy. They were filled with the spirit of Him in whose ministry they served, and who gave His life a ransom for many. From one point of view His ministry might be pronounced a failure. He rallied around Him a few followers, but they were of no account in the society of Jerusalem or of Rome. He came to establish a kingdom, but he suffered the death of a malefactor. The new movement seemed to have collapsed in His ignominious crucifixion. But His death has quickened the pulses of humanity, and inspired the world with a living hope. By the cross He conquered. He saved a lost race, and won a name that is above every name. His kingdom now girdles the globe. Modern civilization and all the glory of these later centuries have been the fruit of His sacrifice. The best benefactors of mankind have surrendered all to promote the welfare of others. You who purpose going into foreign mission service must necessarily sacrifice much when you forsake the attractions and advantages of civilized life to bring the blessings of light and freedom, and social refinement, and religious peace and

comfort to the heathen in their darkness and degradation, to give counsel and the inspiration of hope to those who are perplexed and disheartened with the difficulties that beset them, possibly you will suffer persecution or martyrdom for the good of those who are tormented by their superstitious fears. We thank God that you have the heart to do this. But it is not of the missionary to the savage and cruel heathen only that the self-sacrificing, martyr spirit is required. Those who are to carry the gospel to our enthralled French-Canadian fellow-citizens, or to the sparse and struggling settlers of the Northwest and of the older Provinces of the Dominion, need to be men equally forgetful of self for the greater glory of God and the spiritual enrichment of those among whom they labor. In fact no one can reasonably expect to be successful even in the cultivated centres of population, where all the church machinery of the most approved kind is in motion, and willing workers rally around him to lighten his burdens, except by making constant surrender of self, exhausting heart and brain, and foregoing legitimate personal considerations, if by so doing he may lead to higher planes of thought and experience any who are living in the lower realm of the transitory and the unreal, of self and that world. But out of this experience you will distil your highest enjoyment. Martyrs for the King of saints have been triumphant at the stake and on the rack. For their sacrifice they received a hundred fold more even in this life. You are not your own. Freely you have received, freely give—strength, time, heart, mind, acquisitions of knowledge and experience, life itself, for Him who gave Himself for you.

I bid you God-speed in the work of life. Be strong, be courageous, be true, be faithful. Let your service to God and humanity be the very best in your power. I trust that from day to day the light which lighteneth every man coming into the world may illuminate your intellect and quicken your spirit, so that labor will not be accompanied by a sense of weariness, but may bring joy and gladness to your hearts; that as you help men to escape from the toils of sin and to obtain the glorious liberty wherewith the Son maketh free, your sense of the divine condescension and love may be enlarged, that the resolve already made by each one of you "For to me to live is Christ," may be strengthened, and that your growing experience may be that He is throwing his completeness round your incompleteness, round your restlessness His rest.

One of our new Profs. must have been rather shocked at the familiarity of the Queen's student, when, after vainly endeavoring to find the door-bell of a house, where he was going to spend the evening, he was assaulted in the darkness by these words: "Blame it all! kick the door and walk in."

HE: "Why do you suppose the sea is so popular?"

SHE: "Possibly because it's such a howling swell."

[And the wind———]

❖ COLLEGE NEWS. ❖

COLLEGE WORLD.

THE new Catholic University at Washington will have a chair of Temperance.

Canada has forty colleges.

Shakespeare is being translated into Chinese by the President of the Peking University.

A young ladies' base ball club has been organized at Alleghany College.

The ladies of Harvard Annex have challenged the Columbia Coeds. to an eight oared race.

Each member of the champion Yale Eleven may choose between a gold watch charm, in the form of a foot-ball, and a cameo ring with a raised foot-ball of red, as a championship trophy.

The class prayer meetings are quite a distinctive Amherst idea; in fact, there seems to be nothing similar in any of our colleges to-day.

The matriculation cards of students in German Universities admit holders to theatres at half price, shield them from arrest by civil authorities, and give free admission to many of the art galleries and museums of Europe.

The annual boat race between Cambridge and Oxford was rowed on the Thames on March 30th. Cambridge won by four lengths, rowing the four miles and two furlongs in 20 min. 48 sec. The number of races won by each now stands, Oxford 23 and Cambridge 22.

At Amherst the examination system has been entirely abolished, and a series of written recitations given at intervals throughout the session has been substituted.

During a recent visit of Mr. Robert P. Wilder to Oberlin, thirty-two new volunteers pledged themselves to the foreign mission work and \$400 a year in addition to the \$700 previously pledged, was pledged to the support of a missionary on foreign soil.

Ohio Wesleyan University has been called the "West Point of Missions." At a recent meeting there in the interests of foreign missions, held by Robt. P. Wilder, of Princeton, it was said that the Ohio Wesleyan had sent out more foreign missionaries than any other college in the country.

SENIOR DINNER.

ON Saturday evening, the 20th of April, the year of '89 met at P. McLaughlin's Princess street, and closed their four years of college life in one of the most enjoyable meetings the boys ever held.

True, there was an absence of that hilarity and jovialness which characterize students' meetings, but there were many reasons for this. To say nothing of examination time and the feelings of uncertainty which filled the breast of every one present, we all felt that this was the last time we should meet together as a class, the last time

perhaps we should look into one another's faces and join our voices together in those choruses we had so often sung before.

About 8 o'clock, Dan. Drummond, chairman of the year, took the head of the table and asked the boys to gather round him. We always knew in our meetings that when Dan spoke he was in earnest so we quickly obeyed, and soon were all deeply engrossed discussing the various dishes which Patsey knows so well how to get up. It was a great dinner, and notwithstanding some of the fellows had already had two suppers it was surprising how they ate.

But even the appetites of students don't last forever, and when the last dish had been disposed of we were called to order. The chairman made a few remarks thanking the year for their kindness to him during his term of office as chairman, and then proposed the first toast, "Queen and Royal Family," which was sung most heartily.

Then followed toasts (galeoir) "JOURNAL," "Alma Mater," "Glee Club," "Athletic Association," "Lavana," etc. The speeches were all happy ones, according as the occasion demanded. Mr. C. O'Connor responded for the ladies in a speech sparkling with wit and humor.

Mr. Phalen toasted "mine host" in a manner peculiar to himself.

College songs were sung throughout the evening, and solos by George Dyde, Dan. Strachan and E. H. Russell.

The formation of our class society was completed also, and the officers appointed, viz.: President, Jas. Binnie; Secretary, T. H. Farrell.

A few more college songs were sung, and then we all joined hands and sung "Auld Lang Syne" and the college days of the class of '89 were over. Few words were spoken, but many were the prolonged hand shakes that were taken that night, and many a silent tear was brushed away as we said good-bye to one another. We had a glorious class, and we had glorious times, and our last dinner will not be forgotten when we are relating our experiences at Queen's to those who may come after us.

PERSONALS.

J. RATTRAY, B.A., has made Melrose his home till college reopens.

J. J. MacLennan, B.A., '87, of Toronto, was down for Convocation. He looks as learned as ever, and we were very glad to see him.

J. V. Anglin, B.A., M.D., of Dumont, Pa., came up on a very pleasant errand, accompanied by his plug hat. His business here will be found recorded elsewhere.

H. A. Lavell, '88, our popular Man. Ed., is recruiting his health in Toronto after the arduous labor of editing the previous numbers of this periodical.

Mr. G. T. Copeland, B.A. intends to turn his attention to legal pursuits, and will enter a Cornwall law office next September.

Principal Grant has been appointed Hon. Corresponding Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute in Ontario.

Rev. James G. Potter has accepted a call from the congregation of Merriekville. His induction and ordination took place May 7th.

Dr. Mundell has gone to New York, where he will attend the hospitals in quest of further knowledge.

Doctors H. G. Tillman, G. F. Emery, W. H. Rankin, A. E. Hilker and John Duff, from Queen's, have left for the Old Country *via* New York. They are all bound for Edinburgh.

Dr. Tillman intends practising in Kingston, Jamaica. Before settling down, however, we expect to see him round here, when a certain interesting event will take place.

Omar L. Kilborn, M.A., M.D., has been appointed lecturer in analytical and practical chemistry during the summer session.

Prof. Macgillivray, Ph.D., will spend the summer in Germany. He goes to publish the work upon which he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Leipsig.

Principal Grant spoke at an Imperial Federation meeting at Hamilton on May 10th.

J. D. Boyd, '89, has been located for the summer at Sharbot Lake. The K. & P. will see considerable of John, as it passes Wilbur and terminates in Kingston.

J. Binnie, '89, will expound the law and the prophets in Carnduff, Souris District, N.W.T.

The Presbyterians in Bryson, Que., are fortunate in securing W. H. Cornett, B.A., for the summer months.

A. G. Hay, '89, is teaching the youthful mind to sprout in Carberry, Man. As he is a member of our staff, we have no doubt he will succeed.

J. H. Mills, '89, has entered upon his duties as assistant classical master in the Almonte Collegiate Institute.

Our subscribers must excuse any want of vim in this number of the JOURNAL, as our fighting editor has retired to his home in Bruce for the summer, to work out some knotty questions in law. He will be back in the fall, however, and then woe betide any one who does not walk circumspectly.

R. J. McKelvey, '90, is taking a special course in the Royal School of Infantry, Toronto.

J. C. Connell, M.A., M.D., and Miss Aggie Hendry were made one a few weeks ago by Rev. Dr. Jackson. The wedding took place on April 30th at the residence of the bride's father, Kingston. The groomsmen were J. E. McCuaig and G. F. Emery, M.D. Our best wishes!

On April 24th, at the residence of the bride's father, Kingston, W. Coy, M. D., '86, was married to Miss Mary McMahan. J. V. Anglin, B.A., M.D., supported the groom in his trying ordeal with his accustomed sympathy and good-will.

Jas. M. Farrell, '89, will spend the summer teaching in Minnedosa, Man. T. L. Walker, '80, will be similarly engaged at Waskada, Man.

D. McG. Gandier has returned to his old field, Matawatchan, Renfrew Co. This is one of our hardest mission stations, and we wish Mr. Gandier every success in his arduous labors.

John M. Millar, '90, has been appointed to look after the spiritual interests of the Presbyterians in Maysville, Wolfe Island. We intend keeping our eye on him, and will faithfully report any misdemeanors.

COLLEGE NOTES.

NO flag was flying from the tower of the University during convocation--not even a broom stick. What was the matter?

The Science Hall has not yet been begun.

The librarian is engaged in compiling a new catalogue of the books in the library. It is quite an undertaking and occupies a great part of his time.

Surely some better provision could be made for the distributing of the mail during the summer session, than leaving it on a table in the reading room.

The halls and campus look very lonely now, but the bowling green is well patronized.

Several of the foot-ballers are still in the city and on some afternoons the red, blue and yellow stripes of the Queen's jerseys may be seen on the cricket field. There is some talk of making up a scratch team to play Brockville.

The gymnasium is to be handed over to the Royal College. It is to be hoped that the senate or trustees will provide some other and more suitable place in which the students may exercise. Could not the drill shed be secured?

The cinder path has already been staked out around the Rugby foot ball grounds. It is 10 ft. from the touch line and a much greater distance from the goal line.

The following students are attending part or all of the classes of the summer session: H. A. Adamson, T. H. Balfe, F. H. Birmingham, J. A. Brady, E. R. M. Brant, H. Douglass, J. Emmons, J. C. Gibson, —, Hogle, H. Jack, J. J. Kelly, B.A., A. Lockhart, F. J. McCammon, B.A., A. E. McColl, B.A., J. E. McCuaig, J. A. McLellan, R. S. Minnes, B.A., G. Neish, J. Neish, J. H. Oldham, H. A. Parkyn, R. R. Robinson, A. H. D. Ross, M.A., J. G. Smith, V. Sullivan, A. O. Watts, I. Wood, B.A., Miss Weir.

The bowling green is in splendid running order, thanks to its energetic secretary. One rule obtains to which there is no exception, viz.: Every aspirant to a game must roll the unoccupied part of the green, at least once, with the heavy roller and to the satisfaction of John

We enclose a circular regarding the *Intercollegian*. It is striving to diffuse a knowledge of College Y. M. C. A. work and we hope it will receive your support. Copies may be obtained through our Sec.-Treas.

A joke, without a precedent, has been perpetrated by a little friend whom we often see in and about the college—selling shingles, for instance. Two nails and a screw were suspended from the frame of the window in John's sanctum, and when that worthy had got comfortably settled for the night with his usual companions—a pipe and a paper—our little friend began to vigorously rattle the nails on the window pane by means of a long string, to the far end of which he attached himself. But John was not to be fooled thus, for he says, "I sprang out and caught the little rascal." The string and appendages were forfeited notwithstanding the threat of said little rascal to tell his pa.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

SOME time ago the officers of the Levana Society were photographed by Sheldon & Davis, and a very attractive and academical picture it is indeed. It is the intention of the ladies to present a framed copy to their reading room and thus inaugurate the custom at present observed by their brother students. This is a good idea and we hope that it will not be forgotten by the lady students of succeeding sessions.

We had a peep into the ladies' sanctum not long ago. It is really quite a cosy place, but a carpet is greatly needed and also more comfortable chairs. Some time in the future the ladies expect to raise funds enough, somehow, in order to procure these luxuries.

We were glad to hear of Miss Maud Squire's success at McGill. She graduated with first-class honors, carrying off a medal in Science.

Miss Beverage, '92, has sailed for Liverpool, where she will spend the summer, returning home in time to resume her studies at Queen's next October.

Miss Alice Cameron, B. A., '88, of Renfrew, was up for the baccalaureate sermon but was unable to remain for Convocation.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THIS is a strange institution which makes ladies bachelors and young men M.A.s, isn't it?

We were handed the following by a freshman:

The difference between a senior and an oracle is a difference in deed.

The difference between a junior and an oracle is a difference in kind.

The difference between a sophomore and an oracle is a difference in degree.

The difference between a freshman and an oracle is a difference in spelling.

"Why does Prof. F— never use a chair?"

"He sits on the class."

When a freshman goes fishing the only thing he is sure of catching is a cold. He catches *that* anyway, and if he gets caught catching a cold he catches a thrashing. Catch on?—*Ex.*

The following was found in the waste-paper basket of a certain freshman:

"The boy hoodwinked a pencil."

"She died of a chronicle illness."

"Momentum—something to remember a friend by."

"Ecclesiastic—a stretchy kind of substance."

His name will be furnished on application at the sanctum, on condition that \$5 is deposited to insure secrecy.

The following remarkable dream was told a while ago by a very matter-of-fact theologue:

"I dreamed that I came across a lady evangelist with black hair, dark eyes and rosy cheeks. She was an extraordinarily beautiful lady. Of course I entered into conversation with her, and she said something about wanting to get a settled permanent charge. I told her that I hardly thought it would be exactly proper for a lady to look after a church, but nevertheless she persisted in saying that she would like to anyhow.

"Well!" said I, a bright thought having struck me, "Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to marry a minister?"

"Oh! I'd like to," she blushing replied, "only I can't get one."

"I woke up feeling rather embarrassed, and I shudder to think of what might have happened if I had remained asleep five minutes longer."

Scene in classics:

Prof.—"Mr. S—, what is the force of the last syllable in the word *quodam*?"

Mr. S—.—"Makes it emphatic, sir."

One of our revered Profs. has long been accused of a fondness for *pie*; but it is doubtful if even he relished the sauce on Convocation Day.

He was taking her home after the theatre and a little supper at Tim's.

"Darling," said he suddenly, as he gazed dreamily at the silvery disk overhead, "why am I like the moon?"

"It isn't because you are full, is it?" she asked, as she edged away from him.

"No," said he, sadly; "It's because I'm on my last quarter."

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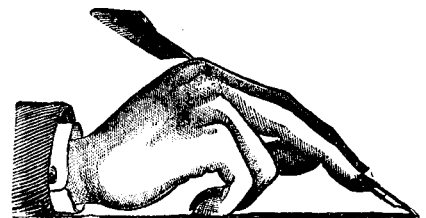
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