

# QUEEN'S

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and Thursdays from 11 to 12 to receive subscriptions.**

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dressed to the Business Manager.

**T**HE Conversat is dead, and we may write over it the sententious western epitaph "Died by request." But what of the debt we owe to sister colleges, of whose hospitality we have partaken for two sessions without return of any kind? If the Alma Mater Society finds itself unable to proceed because of what looks suspiciously like a senatorial boycott, cannot the Arts Society take the matter up? Delegates to other colleges are selected from among the Arts students, and upon us falls the odium if no return is made. If the seniors have not decided to patronize the "high tea" at the Kermis instead of having a class dinner they ought to enlarge their plan and invite the other students to unite and make it an Arts students' dinner, instead of a class dinner. Such a scheme we feel sure would meet with pretty general support and would reflect credit upon the enterprise of '97, whereas the reproach, if no college function of any kind is held, will attach most strongly to the same year.

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No despotism, no plutocracy can be more tyrannical than organized labor when it gains the ascendancy as it has in some of the large cities of the neighboring Republic. The alien labor law, designed at first to protect the American artisan against the pauper labor of the old world, is now directed in the most obnoxious way against Canadians, especially

in the cities along the border. Buffalo is the most conspicuous example. There, Labor Inspector De Barry is fast earning the reputation of being the meanest man in Christendom. A great many Canadians have gone to that city to work, and on the whole they have shown such industry and intelligence that they have in many cases surpassed the native workmen, and the demand for Canadian labor has been steadily increasing. But organized labor became alarmed, and through its agent it has been steadily rooting out the hated alien from Canada. In this there is a double joy, for it is vindicating the sacred principle, "America for the Americans," and at the same time indirectly it is giving the British Lion's tail a twist, a pastime which the more ignorant American laborer so dearly loves. De Barry is kept busy patrolling the hallowed precincts of that elysium of the labor demagogue, and the bold, bad Canadian who falls foul of him is promptly deported across the river out of the "land of the free." But such is the demand for Canadian skill and intelligence that this grand inquisitor has an unhappy time of it. Having got rid of the dress-makers and sewing girls, he is now confronted by the fact that a whole army of bright young Canadian girls have dared to enter Buffalo hospitals to help care for the sick and unfortunate. His census reveals the astounding truth that to deport all these would seriously interfere with the efficiency of some of these institutions, and he appears to have "weakened."

There is a slight feeling in some parts of Canada that our government should retaliate by similar legislation, but we trust that the better sense of our representatives will prevail and that we shall continue to allow our neighbors a monopoly of such peanut politics. Let us thank De Barry and his masters for the high tribute they pay to Canadian skill and energy, but let us not imitate them, for imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and there is nothing flattering in the envious and selfish policy they are pursuing.

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We have received from Mr. A. J. McNeill, Divinity Hall, a copy of "Woodlands and other Rhymes," a

small volume of poems written by his brother, who was for some years a student of Queen's. These poems show remarkable promise for such a young writer, his sympathy with nature and his ability to give that feeling poetical expression being especially noticeable. In another column we quote one of the poems from this collection, "Faine Soluis," a translation from Ossian.

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Dr. Hodgins is writing a history of Higher Education in Canada, and he will esteem it a favour to receive copies of old or rare documents connected with the early history of Queen's University. If any reader of the JOURNAL has any such paper in his possession will he kindly send it, addressing J. George Hodgins, Esq., LL.D., Education Department, Toronto? and it will be returned, if wished.

### COURAGE! REFORMER.

ARTHUR T. BARNARD, HAMILTON, ONT.

Where God hath kindled the flame of truth,  
Can the voice be still? Can the soul have rest?  
Can the word that should rescue a perishing race,  
Lie silent and dead in the prophet's breast?

Not so—though the struggle be bitter and long,  
Though friends become strangers, and warm hearts grow cold,

Still onward, still upward undaunted he strives,  
Till his labour is ended, his message is told.

O they that have toil'd through the weary night,  
Know not the labour their hands have done,  
Till the clouds roll back, and the morning dawns  
To show them a glorious victory won.

Then courage. No seed that the Lord hath sown  
Can be chok'd by the nettles of falsehood and wrong;  
Your eyes may not witness the ripening fruit,  
But the harvest is sure, though it tarrieth long.

Mr. A. T. Barnard, of Hamilton, who is totally blind, passed his matriculation for Queen's with high honours in classics in 1895, and is now pursuing his work extra murally with marked success. He hopes to be able to attend lectures next year and take the remainder of his Honour course intra murally.

T. G. Marquis, B.A., late English master in the Kingston Collegiate Institute, has accepted the Principalship of the Brockville C.I. He is succeeded in Kingston by John Marshall, M.A., also a graduate of Queen's, who for some years has been teaching English at St. Thomas.

Toshi Ikehara, B.A., '96, who left us in October for Springfield, Mass., returned to Kingston to spend the vacation with his Canadian friends. He declares that the only respect in which his new home is at all comparable with Ontario is in its possession of more money and milder weather.

## LITERATURE.

### FAINE SOLUIS.

(From Ossian.)

AS Myro, prince of Sora Isle,  
With sail bore by Fair Erin's shore,  
An open bay, that lay before  
In witching beauty's winsome smile,  
Revealed a sight of novelty,  
A mermaid frolic in the sea.

It was an even nigh the calm,  
And twilight rested on the seas  
In fairy grandeur, and the breeze  
Blew perfume from green groves of balm,  
And sporting in a secret nook  
Their curls the merry sea-nymphs shook.

With silent sail drew Myro nigh  
In covert shade with throbbing awe,  
Until at closer range he saw  
The nymphs were Irish virgins shy,  
Who sought a rocky cave in fear,  
As from the hunter flee the deer.

But cruel Myro for his bride  
The fairest seized and homeward steers,  
(Nor threats of vengeance, pleadings, tears  
Prevail with him), across the wide,  
On to his castle swiftly sped  
And with the tearful maiden wed.

But she was all unhappy, she  
Oft strode alone along the strand  
And wept for Erin's happy land,  
For blithesome home and girlish glee:  
For if an eagle woo a dove  
Such were the charms of Myro's love.

Ah! Faine Soluis who can tell,  
As sitting on the rocks alone  
You hear the foam-tipt billows moan,  
What passions in your bosom swell,  
If anger, loneliness, or love,  
The more your Celtic spirit move?

In bitterness of soul a day  
She trod the fringe of ocean sand,  
And saw his skiff upon the strand  
And no one nigh: without delay  
She spread the white sails to the breeze  
And off for Erin o'er the seas.

To Scotland's shore the winds and waves  
Conveyed the bark, and on the sand  
Was Fingal with a little band,  
And to the hero and his braves  
She told her tale, and at the words  
They swore her safety by their swords.

But Myro followed fast his bride  
In hot pursuit across the wave,

And heeded not that Fingal gave  
Protection, but with haughty stride  
And with drawn sword defiance frowned,  
Where Gaul stood forward on the ground.

O, Morni's son, no feeble hand  
Has cleft in twain the stranger's shield,  
But strong is he and skilled to wield,  
With artful ease, the dark-blue brand;  
And should the combat long delay,  
'Twill wear thy sturdiness away.

To help the weaker without blame  
Threw Oscar with his left a dart,  
That missing Myro, in the heart  
Of Faine Soluis found an aim:  
She fell lamenting on the ground  
And Gaul the nerveless Myro bound.

And there beside the torrent's flow,  
That murmurs with the lapping wave,  
They dug with swords her lonely grave,  
Consoling Myro in his woe,  
And on her finger placed a ring  
Of gold in honour of the King.

A. D. MACNEILL, '97.

#### TWO FRENCH NOVELISTS.

A few days ago I saw in a list of "famous English books" Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon" and Maupassant's "Odd Number." After all, the publisher was not so far wrong. The books by every continental writer of repute have been so well done into English that they have become as familiar to us as the works of our own writers. The French school has had the greatest influence on our literary artists. We study their books, we make ourselves acquainted with their lives, and to a very great extent we imitate their methods of construction and their modes of expression. Zola, although perhaps the most read, has had the least influence on our novelists; whereas Daudet and Maupassant have affected to a greater or less extent the entire modern English school. Poor Maupassant is no more, but his marvellous art remains, and a study of his books will show what a wonderful vehicle for expression the short story may become.

But Daudet! \* Ah! He who does not know Daudet is as yet unacquainted with the most chaste artist, the most refined personality among the present day writers. Why is it that we have to go to France for such an artist, such a personality? Can it be because the Academy, that "sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion," that "recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste," keeps the

\*Thirty Years of Paris, by Daudet. London: MacMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

Robert Helmont, by Daudet. London: MacMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

French writers from falling into the crude art of our most popular novelists—the wild, Celtic sensationalism of a Crockett, the didactic tendency of a McDonald, or the wretched construction of such a book as "Kate Carnegie," which the Rabbi alone saves. The French will not tolerate weakness in art, and Daudet—whether he deal with the life of a boy, as in "Le Petit Chose," a sad tragedy, as in "Jack," or a bit of humour (and in this he is without a rival), as in "Tartarin of Tarascon"—is always a consummate artist.

McMillan & Co. did a wise thing when they began the publication of his works in the Colonial Library, and they did well, too, to reproduce those excellent illustrations by Montegut, Picard and others, illustrators whom our English artists would do well to imitate. The Daudet books are by far the finest that have so far appeared in the series, and the two before me, "Thirty Years of Paris" and "Robert Helmont," are charming books, not only to read but to look at. Usually illustrators take the attention from the story, and not infrequently it is difficult to tell just what scene or expression the illustration is intended to intensify. Not so with these. So well are they worked into the page and so carefully are they executed that there is not one but is of the greatest value to an understanding of the narrative.

Daudet's books all have the personal note. He is a subjective writer, and never quite sinks himself in his characters or situations. Each character has in some way played a part in his own life, each incident is drawn from his own experience. "Thirty Years of Paris" is a collection of slight sketches, opening with his "Arrival" in Paris, whither he had gone to devote himself to literary work; and closing with Tourgenieff, a study depicting the literary friendship of Goncourt, Zola, Flaubert, Tourgenieff and himself. All are done with an artist's repose and calm, a power and equipoise that make every word interesting. He is never tempestuous, he is never hysterical, he is never boisterous, he is never bitter; an evenness of temper, a literary quiet sits in brood on his stormiest, his most pathetic, his most humorous scenes.

He says of "Le Petit Chose" than he had "an inner eye, impassible, rigid, a cold and inert double, who, during the most violent outburst of 'Petit Chose,' quietly observed everything, and not till next day said, 'A word with you.'" "Le Petit Chose" is really one phase of his own life, and the words just quoted might be applied to his own artistic methods. He has two individualities, the man and the artist; and the artist is constantly saying to the man, "A word with you." If ever man had reason to feel bitter it was Daudet when he read Tourgenieff's *Souvenirs* and found himself cruelly assailed

by the Russian. But with what a noble calm he bears the shock. "And himself," he says, "that excellent Slav, who obliged him to assume so cordial a manner with me? I can see him in my house, at my table, gentle, affectionate, kissing my children. I have in my possession many exquisite warm-hearted letters from him. And this was what lay concealed behind that kindly smile! Good heavens, how strange life is, and how true that charming word of the Greek language, *Eironieia*!

"Robert Helmont, the Diary of a Recluse," is a leaf out of Daudet's own life, written while in forced retirement (he had broken his leg) in the country in '70 and '71, when the Prussians were thundering at the gates of Paris. It is a book of contrasts. He is in the country, rural sights and sounds are about him, but the incessant booming of cannon rolls through the air; and while he remains inactive, Paris, his loved Paris, is being stormed by the Prussian vandals. A sensitive poet with a nature as refined as a woman's, he is in constant expectation of being ruthlessly murdered, and he can scarcely step across his door without seeing destruction or death. To intensify the situation he is compelled to accept the companionship of a half-crazed murderer, Goudeloup. It is not often that a diary is readable, but the "Diary of Robert Helmont" is not only entertaining but also gives a full and excellent picture of the horrors of war. And with what exquisite finish the book ends! "From the distant quiet plains rises a misty vapour like the smoke of an inhabited village; and if anything can impart consolation after a cruel war, it is this repose of all nature and mankind, this universal calm which rests upon a shattered country—a country recruiting itself by sleep, forgetful of the lost harvest in preparing for that of the future."

Turning to Balzac, what a difference! Here there is no calm, no repose. Sainte-Beuve in one of his inevitable critical strokes, hits off Balzac's genius perfectly. "Balzac," he says, "desired the artist to precipitate himself headlong into his work, like Curtius into the gulf. A genius of that sort affords much animation and passion, but also danger and a great deal of smoke." But despite this defect of his quality, Balzac is the first French novelist, and almost the first novelist. He has as many characters on his stage as Dickens, as fine an

eye for the familiar life of France, and as intimate an acquaintance with the lives he depicts, as Scott has for the Scotch peasants. No phase of life is unknown to him; he enters every rank of society, and if at times he exaggerates, and if at times he is weak and unsteady, there are purple patches in every book by him that place him head and shoulders over every other French prose writer; and as we read him carefully and thoughtfully we are compelled to compare him with but one genius, our own Shakespeare. He has Shakespeare's breadth of sympathy, Shakespeare's wonderful intuitive eye that makes him see at a glance all round and through the subject he is treating, he has Shakespeare's force and extravagance of language, and he has, to an almost equal extent, Shakespeare's power of at times packing his sentences with living, burning thought.

His "The Country Parson" is a most uneven book, but such characters as Farrabesche, Veronique, Abbe Bonnet, and Sauviat are drawn in his best manner. However, to get Balzac at his best it is needful to study a book like "Eugenie Grandet." The hard, sordid peasant, greedy of money, unloving, utterly selfish, often appears on pages dealing with French life, but no finer study of the kind was ever done than Grandet. But it is a book of excellent characters. Madame Grandet, meek, submissive, serves as a contrast to her self-willed, tyrannical husband; Nanon, with dog-like faithfulness watching over her master's interests, gains our sympathy as do but few menials in literature. Poor Nanon! What penetration Balzac had when his pen framed you, when his imagination sent the blood coursing through your veins! But Eugenie stands pre-eminent among Balzac's women. Not that she is the most striking, the loftiest, or the tenderest; but that she is the most perfectly done, the most true to life. At forty "she has simple manners, all the dignity of one who has passed through great sorrows, and the saintliness of a soul unspotted by the world; and, no less, the rigidity of an old maid, the little penurious ways and narrow ideas of a dull country town." She is not idealized; there is no high coloring; she is simply a woman, and as we read her words and her deeds we forget her creator, and his art, and think only of herself.

Herein lies the difference between the art of Daudet and the art of Balzac; from Daudet the man we never free ourselves, and he is a delightful personality to be with; from Balzac we are always freed, we live with his characters and they with us, while their creator stands apart with his magic wand enjoying our enthrallment.

T. G. M.

\*The Country Parson, by Balzac. London: McMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Eugenie Grandet, by Balzac. London: McMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

La Grande Breteche, by Balzac. London: McMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Batrix, by Balzac. London: McMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

**THE CURE OF SOULS.\***

In a brief and modest preface, the Rev. Dr. Watson expresses something like a hope that his lectures to divinity students on the practical work of their calling may be found to deal with the difficulties and dangers which are likely to beset the path of the average man. He is to be congratulated on the success with which he has hit his mark. The book is one that cannot fail to be helpful to pastors and ministers; for the author may be taken at his own estimate and described, not as a genius but as merely so superior to the average man that he is able to overlook his comrades and their work from an eminence that is high enough but not too high to put him out of touch with them. He is a fine specimen of the good all-round man; healthy, full of vitality, with eyes open to the facts of life and the complexities of human nature, too sane ever to fill that saddest of roles—the being a martyr by mistake, brave but not Quixotic, in Tennysonian phrase “rich in saving common sense,” and therefore a first-rate guide to his young brethren. One is impressed with his almost super-abundant vitality. That, combined with his sanity, humour and culture, keeps him free from crotchets and one-sidedness of every kind, and imparts to his conclusions and illustrations a tone of quiet assurance that is excellent in its way, though doubtless rather exasperating to those who do not see eye to eye with him. When in his chapter on “Public Worship” he sums up with the verdict, “that the ultimate issue for the Church in general might be a combination of liturgical and extemporaneous prayer,” he is pretty sure to incur the reproach of Laodiceanism from both extremes. When he is urging that the minister of every congregation should have a Cabinet, in which every interest is represented, he applies, in a mere aside, the same principle to the mightiest and most complex organism, with a calmness which is slightly top-lofty. “Colonies without share in the Imperial Government are certain, sooner or later, to start a disastrous war of independence.” When he would give an illustration of the folly of a church having any indifference or enmity to theology, he says that “one can hardly imagine a more flagrant outrage against the idea of a university than the omission or exclusion of one science alone, and that the queen of all, and the one in which all others cohere and are crowned.” He is apparently quite unaware that a great many respectable people in Ontario and Britain have always contended that if theology is included in the work of a university it at once becomes sectarian while its theological course must be “unsound.” He is not unaware of this

fact, but instead of girding at it he treats it with a calmness which to some of the thin-skinned may possibly savour of contempt. When he lays down the two conditions of the Christian Church of next century having a beautiful and acceptable doctrine, it is with apparent unconsciousness that he is traversing some of the most cherished ideals of our so-called “theologians.” The two conditions are stated with perfect clearness—one is “that theology be allowed the same liberty as any other science, mental or physical,” and the other is “that the obvious distinction between religion and dogma be frankly recognized.” His explanation of the hatred of dogma which fills many intelligent and liberal minds, who know that the progress of every science depends on the constant exercise of the right both to freely formulate and freely revise conclusions, is that “the physicist has not been confined to the limits of the fourth or sixteenth centuries, while the dead hand of councils and confessions rests on the theologian.”

In the same tone in which he would express a hope that with the progress of civilization the Chinese may cease to cramp girls' feet into beautiful little lumps on which they hobble gracefully all their lives, or the Flathead Indians cease the practice of aiding development of the brain by systematic compression of the skull in infancy, or that even Christian ladies may yet give up the still more pleasing and healthful practice of tight-lacing, he calmly says: “It is to be hoped that every branch of the Christian Church will soon exact no other pledge of her teachers than a declaration of faith in Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and a promise to keep His commandments, and otherwise grant to them the fullest freedom of thought and exposition.” Is it any wonder that with the roar of applause which greeted Ian Maclaren all over Canada and the States, and which made the heart of Major Pond glad as he counted over the shekels with which his star lecturer was filling his capacious pockets, a few shrill voices blended asserting that they were not sure as to the orthodoxy of the man? His confession of faith would not be much more bulky than Paul's or John's: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.” “Repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.” “This is the love of God that we keep His commandments.”

While laying the scourge on the backs of some of the expositors of “the higher criticism” for their pretentiousness and uncharitableness, and seeming to rate them soundly, he completely gives away the case against their methods and conclusions, which constitute the real gravamen of the charge against them. The first service, he says, which criticism has rendered to the working ministry is

\*The Cure of Souls.—The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching, by John Watson, M.A., D.D.

the apologetical. "Almost all the moral attacks upon the Bible, which may have been cheap, but which were very embarrassing, fall to the ground as soon as the Bible is seen to be a progressive and gradual revelation. When the massacres of the Canaanites and certain proceedings of David are flung in the face of Christians, it is no longer necessary to fall back on evasions or special pleading. It can now be frankly admitted that, from our standpoint in this year of grace, such deeds were atrocious and that they could never be according to the mind of God, but that they must be judged by their date and considered the defects of elementary moral processes. The Bible is vindicated because it is, on the whole, a steady ascent, and because it culminates in Christ." How embarrassing the attacks were is well shown by the terror which Tom Paine inspired in the 18th century and Colonel Ingersoll twenty years ago. How far the Church has advanced in the last decade or two is seen in the indifference which greeted Goldwin Smith's belated article on "The Old Testament the Millstone of Christianity," and the indignation excited by his unworthy treatment of Dr. Workman. There are, however, good men who still believe that it might be in accordance with the mind of Christ to take up babes by the heels and, after the manner of ancient Iroquois or modern Turk or Kurd, dash out their brains against the nearest rock, because one of the psalmists of Israel pronounced the man blessed that would do so to those that had taken them captive and had treated their children according to the approved method of the times. These will be startled at Dr. Watson's method of interpreting Scripture, but he is so genial that they are not likely to institute a process of libel, and possibly they may in time come to see that his point of view gives more honouring views of God than their own.

Taken as a whole, it may be said that this book is a worthy addition to the excellent volumes on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology which we owe to the Yale Lectureship, and that it is a contribution to a subject of the deepest interest to every young minister.

#### TWO CRITICISMS.

Is it the Anglo-Saxon self-consciousness and reserve that forbids us to acknowledge the impression produced upon us by a work of art until we have heard a verdict pronounced upon it by some individual to whom we look for an utterance of a special impressiveness and weight? Is it the matter-of-fact trend of the nineteenth century, or the dislike of the average Englishman for the gush and sentimentalism so characteristic of French literature that causes us jealously to conceal any emotion produced in us

by the contemplation of everyday life and of commonplace objects? And finally, is it not a species of intellectual cowardice that prompts us, after reading a book which stirs us deeply and in which we recognize the expression of a vital truth, to bow before the dictum of a Jeffrey or a Jerrold and tacitly acknowledge that no good thing can be found therein, until someone is found with sufficient courage or sufficient literary reputation to throw down the gage to the critics and proclaim the truth to the world? We buy, read and enjoy an author's works, but we too often leave it to a future generation to do justice to his genius.

The death of Coventry Patmore, the English poet, has reawakened the interest in his writings, which of late years had begun to flag. It must be admitted that since his death his works have met with much more generous treatment from the critics than at the time of their appearance. His chief poetical works were "The Angel in the House," a long, but in places very beautiful poem, in praise of woman and of domestic life, and "The Unknown Eros," a more ambitious but less popular effort, which met with a more favorable welcome from reviewers. Had Patmore possessed the sensitive nature of Keats he would never have survived the storm of ridicule which greeted the appearance of "The Angel in the House," a poem which, in spite of the scorn of the critics of the time, has come to be recognized as one of the treasures of English literature. But the serene, home-loving, retiring disposition of the poet enabled him to submit with comparative indifference to attacks which would have driven to frenzy a Chatterton or a Keats. As an example of these attacks we quote the following criticism which appeared in the *Athenaeum* after the publication of "The Angel in the House."

"The gentle reader we apprise, That this new 'Angel in the House' Contains a tale not very wise, About a person and a spouse. The author, gentle as a lamb, Has managed his rhymes to fit, And haply fancies he has writ Another 'In Memoriam.' How his intended gathered flowers, And took her tea and after sung, Is told in style somewhat like ours, For delectation of the young. But reader lest you say we quiz The poet's record of his she, Some little pictures you shall see, Not in our language, but in his:

"While thus I grieved and kissed her glove  
My man brought in her note to say,  
Papa had bid her send his love,  
And hoped I'd dine with them next day;  
They had learned and practised Purcell's glee,  
To sing it by to-morrow night;  
The postscript was her sister's, and she  
Inclosed some violets, blue and white.

Restless and sick of long exile  
 From those sweet friends, I rode to see  
 The church repairs, and after a while,  
 Waylaying the Dean, was asked to tea.  
 They introduced the Cousin Fred  
 I've heard of, Honour's favorite; grave,  
 Dark, handsome, bluff, but gently bred,  
 And with an air of the salt wave."

"Fear not this saline Cousin Fred: He gives no tragic mischief birth; There are no tears for you to shed, Unless they may be tears of mirth. From ball to bed, from field to farm, The tale flows nicely purling on; With much conceit there is no harm, In the love-legend here begun. The rest will come another day, If public sympathy allows; And this is all we have to say, About the 'Angel in the House.'"

Patmore's most devoted admirers cannot but confess that, had the passage quoted been a fair sample of the general style of the poem, it had better have been left unwritten. The critic, with diabolical ingenuity, has hit upon its weakest point and held up to ridicule the rhymed prose of the passage in a manner that would have killed the poem had it not been possessed of true vitality. It lived to win the approbation of the wisest men in England, in spite of the sarcasms and caricatures of Chorley and his critical brethren.

As an illustration of the estimation in which the poem is held at the present day, we give the following extract from an article in the *Academy*:

"It was a book greatly beloved. Tennyson, not profuse of recognitions to his contemporaries, ranked it high in our short list of 'great poems.' Carlyle, spurner of poetry, strange to say carried this poem with him on a holiday as a true companion. No wonder that Ruskin said he wished English girls had those lovely lines all by heart, if not all by lip. 'You cannot read him,' he says, in 'Sesame and Lilies', too often or too carefully. As far as I know he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies;" and it is from 'The Angel,' also that Ruskin takes an instance of love at its highest—as it may exist in the disciplined spirit of a perfect human creature—as the purifying passion of the soul. There, anyway, you had the heart of the matter; and the poet must have felt that some at least of his arrows of song had gone right to the mark. Hawthorne and Emerson sent similar reports from America, where the poem had immediate vogue, and has had sales to outnumber the more than 100,000 copies which England has absorbed."

R. J. Clark, M.A., '96, who spent his vacation in Victoria, B.C., sends us some interesting notes on the sessions of the Sealing Commission in that city.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### ROMAN RELIGION.

OF the many questions that connect themselves with the study of the Greek and Latin languages, one of the most interesting is that of religion. Interesting, however, as it is, and important, it is a question almost ignored by even the more advanced scholars. On no subject is the student's mind more hazy or his ignorance more profound. So far as is necessary to explain the frequent allusions to legends of the gods of Greece and Rome he works up the stories of classical mythology, resolutely but dully, having no clue to the maze of details. Finding no satisfactory key to the mysteries of religion, unable to separate in the myths what elements are primitive and what originated later on the soil of Greece or Italy he gives up the whole question as insoluble. This, however, is the surrender of the half of a nation's life, and that, too, the more important half. As a traveller who takes note of the material achievements of a foreign land, its architecture and manufactures, shipping, its naval and military equipment tells but a one-sided story unless he bears testimony also to the racial elements, national temperament and moral and religious principles at work, so a student of an ancient literature who confines himself to the dull mechanic round of grammatical details and exact dates of some historical or literary events, loses half the value of his study, unless he comprehends the forces at work, the underlying spirit of the nation with which he is dealing, the national endowments of the race, the inherited character, the moral and religious principles in action, the causes internal and external which necessitate as their result the historical record which we call history.

The religion of the Latin race is a reflexion of the Latin character. As compared with the Greeks, how different are the two peoples in their spirit and genius; the Roman cold, reserved, of meagre imaginative power, energetic and domineering, fit type of the legal or military temper; the Greek, cheerful, communicative, democratic, of vivid fancy, a type of artistic, idealistic and intellectual temper. Each of these races can be best understood by tracing them back by the historical method to their origin. In Latin, as in Sanscrit and in German, it often happens that by recurring to their etymological meaning the names of characters that figure in religious myths, the fiction disappears, giving place to a physical phenomenon.

Roman religion reveals more simply than does Greek religion the primitive religious notions of the Indo-European race. Enclosed within the mountains of Central Italy and preserved by their isola-

tion from the confusion that results from contact with other peoples, the Latins were more faithful than the Greeks to these primitive notions. Uniform occupations in presence of the same physical forces, which they believed gods, preserved them from forgetting their old mythological conceptions. A conservative temper which gave high value to tradition and a patriotic attachment to national divinities long preserved the old beliefs of Latium from any effects of innovation, while on the other hand the Greeks brought into contact with the older eastern civilization varied infinitely the primitive heritage of religious beliefs, and made their mythology the artistic prelude to their triumphs in sculpture, painting and literature. In addition also to the natural tendency of the Latin character to respect for the past must be added the fact that a privileged caste, supported by the state, gave to the Latin religion a character of fixity which did not exist in Greece, where there was neither a national priesthood nor national religion.

The points of contact between Greek and Roman religion were originally very few. In the first place no heroes played any role in Latin mythology. In the next place the only deities common to the two peoples were the Jupiter and Vesta of the Latins, corresponding to the Zeus and Hestia of the Greeks. Of the Latin Pantheon, Jupiter (*Dies piter*) alone was primitive and Indo-European. The identity has often been pointed out of the Latin Jovis (in its earlier form, Diovis) with the Sanscrit Dyaus, the Greek Zeus, the old German Tio (Tuisca) and the Scandinavian Tyr.

All the Roman deities, with the exception of Jupiter, originated on the soil of Italy. These deities have connected with them no myth, history or genealogy. The Roman genius was unpoetic and unimaginative. These gods have their nature revealed in their names and represent the notions of an agricultural people, some natural force, some moral quality, or act of domestic or warlike life which they personified.

Saturn is the god of the sown seed, Pomona of the orchard, Vertumus of the changing year, Mercury of trade. The abstract deities of a minor rank, like Fortuna, Concordia and Bonus Eventus, that preside over the thousand accidents of life, are quite late in their origin, and but the pale productions of a religion that never had the imaginative power to impress upon its types the marks of a strong personality.

Roman originality expressed itself not in the contents of its religion, but in the form, in an elaborate ritual and sumptuous ceremonial, whose vestments and usages were largely borrowed from Etruscan sources. Just as in the practice of law, precedent

and absolute verbal accuracy were strictly adhered to, so in the celebration of religious services, the mispronunciation of a word or substitution of a word for the set words of a sacred formula was sufficient to vitiate any religious celebration.

Presages of good and evil were drawn in abundance from signs in the air and signs on the earth. The priest by his conjurations, by the power of a magic word, could exercise authority over the heavens, could make the rain fall or draw down the thunderbolt. A friend of law and order, the Roman regulated religion as he did civil life. In Latin the same verb *agere* is used to express religious as well judicial procedure.

Such was the religion of the Romans—a worship of agricultural, domestic and trade deities—deities altogether practical, arising out of the routine of a life of limited activities, expressed in a ceremonial of strict routine and mechanical external observance.

When, therefore, they came in the Punic wars into contact with the Greeks, it was not strange that the Greek religion, which had shown singular force of expansion by imposing itself upon the lettered classes among all the nations overrun by Alexander the Great, should furnish one more proof of its influence by assimilating to itself the religion of Rome. The artless beliefs of earlier days were no longer suitable for the masters of the world. They were the products of an age of ignorance and faith, limited as the horizon of the people that created them, without power of response to questions of a more inquiring age. With incredible rapidity Roman religion gave way before the Greek mythology transformed and enriched for ages by the free imagination of a gifted people, arrayed and beautified by poets' transcendent genius, and serving as the vehicle of symbols of the highest and most abstract truths as the philosophers of the day claimed. Art, poetry and the theatre introduced into Italy popularized the gods of Greece. Education fell into the hands of foreign teachers. Noble youths, to complete their education, made the grand tour of Greece. All concurred among the upper classes to reduce to oblivion the old national religion. No wonder that the Older Cato, who had witnessed the rise and triumph of Greek religious ideas, but remained himself loyal to the old Italian faith, felt himself in his old age a stranger in the land that gave him birth.

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Alex. Keith, '94, has been located in Toronto, where he is engaged in the coal and wood business.

Among the successful candidates at the recent examinations at the School of Pedagogy we notice the name of W. M. Whyte, B.A., '96. We congratulate "Billy" on his deliverance from the "house of bondage."



## UNIVERSITY NEWS.

## ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

AT the meeting of the Society on Dec. 19th a communication from the Senate was read, stating that that body had found it impossible to make the change in the Christmas vacation asked for by the A. M. S. For the future the vacation will be arranged so as to include the two weeks in which Christmas and New Year occur, the first Monday after New Year's to be the period of the vacation. The mock parliament was organized for 1897. Rev. A. W. Richardson, B.A., was chosen by the committee as leader of the government, and ex-premier J. S. Shortt, B.A., will act as chief of the loyal opposition. George Kennedy, '00, Sc., the stalwart centre scrimmager of Queen's rugby team, was presented by his fellow-students with a gold watch in token of their esteem.

The first meeting for the new year was held on Jan. 9th. At this meeting the report of the conversation committee was presented, wherein the committee announced that their efforts to make satisfactory arrangements for the entertainment had been vain. The chief cause of failure, according to this report, was the hostile attitude of the university authorities toward the scheme. This is chiefly due to the openly expressed opinion that the students should this year devote all their energies toward raising funds for the gymnasium and workshops. The senate's action is unfortunate, as a sympathetic co-operation with the students in promoting the success of their annual function would have ensured a much heartier support from the students for the plans which the senate is endeavouring to carry out.

A. B. Ford, M.A., reported on behalf of the athletic committee. J. C. Brown, M.A., gave notice that he will move at the next meeting the appointment of a committee to investigate the amount and method of apportionment of the gymnasium fee. A resolution was passed expressing the Society's sympathy with the Rev. J. W. Muirhead in his recent bereavement. A. W. Playfair, M.A., gave notice that at the next meeting the JOURNAL staff will present a report. Notice was also given by R. Burton that he will move that the A. M. S. arrange for a mock trial to be held at one of its meetings.

The next meeting of the Society will be an open one, held in Convocation Hall. Its chief features will be the opening of the mock parliament, the speech from the throne, and the ensuing debate.

## QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION OF TORONTO.

At a meeting of graduates and friends of Queen's University of Toronto and the vicinity last evening the important step was taken of forming a Queen's

University Association of Toronto and vicinity. Henceforth Queen's will be represented in Toronto by an association of supporters who have already showed their loyalty to the institution, and who showed last evening how deep is the love which it inspires in those who come in contact with its spirit. Principal Grant was present and delivered a masterly address upon the characteristics of the University, and after the first two toasts, "The Queen" and "Queen's University," business was transacted with the result that the organization starts with the following officers:—Honorary President, Hon. Justice MacLennan, LL.D., Toronto; President, Rev. G. M. Milligan, B.A., D.D., Toronto; Vice-President, James W. Curry, B.A., Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, A. H. Beaton, B.A., Toronto. Committee-men—Rev. J. A. Grant, B.A., Richmond Hill; G. F. Macdonald, M.A., Toronto; Capt. D. M. Robertson, B.A., Toronto.

Rev. Dr. Milligan, one of the most loyal of the sons of Queen's, presided, and at his right was Principal Grant, who had remained a day in town at some personal inconvenience to be present. At his left was Mr. Alexander Muir, B.A., who graduated from Queen's in 1851, and his services to the cause of Canadian nationality by writing "The Maple Leaf" were recognized during the course of the meeting by his unanimous election to the post of bard of the association.

## ENDOWED WITH MEN.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, Rev. Dr. Milligan proposed the toast of "Queen's." In doing so he referred to the *esprit de corps* which characterized the men of that University, and he went on to say that he thought that Queen's deserved recognition as having served the country in having been so richly endowed with men. He ran over the list of the professors of Queen's, remarking, in connection with Prof. Watson's name, that a professor of philosophy in another University had said to him that he considered Prof. Watson in some ways the ablest living philosopher in either Europe or America. Dr. Milligan also drew attention to the catholic spirit which was cultivated at Queen's.

Principal Grant, who was heartily welcomed, greeted those present by the title of "friends"—a word, he observed, which he did not use lightly. His first words were a reference to the long time during which he had been connected with the University. He was now in the twentieth year, and he spoke for a few moments of the doubt and hesitation which he felt when invited to assume control, for he had been taught to think that there was no room for Queen's in the country. He had, after looking into the circumstances, come to the conclusion that Queen's had a bright future, and he could say that

the years he had spent in connection with the University had been the happiest of his life. They had been happiest because he had been working, and man cannot be happy unless he is working; because it had been successful work; and because it was work which had no end. The Principal then referred to the ground the University covered. As he was speaking in Toronto, he would say that Queen's was doing the work done by Toronto University, University College, the School of Practical Science, and the great theological seminaries like Knox, Wycliffe and St. Michael's. All this work was done without splitting the organization into a number of different water-tight compartments, and this unity characterized them from first to last, and the glorious helpful harmony of the organization inspired her students.

The Principal then drew attention to the success which Queen's had had in securing good men, remarking that in the past few years four of her professors have refused much larger salaries elsewhere. They had preferred to stay in Queen's because they felt so comfortable in doing their work there, and could not think of leaving. Of the intimate and most beneficial relations existing between the students and their professors the Principal spoke, and he went on to remark that in selecting professors the authorities were not hampered by any considerations of a sinister or inferior nature; they chose them from educational motives alone, and were in a glorious position of freedom.

#### OPEN TO IDEAS.

Another distinctive feature of Queen's was her openness to ideas. Ideas were of most importance to a nation; what, he asked, has become of the wealthy nations of antiquity, while Judæa and Greece still exercise immense influence upon the world. Owing to her openness to ideas Queen's had originated many reforms and changes, which they were glad to see were copied in other institutions, just as they had copied many things from others. In this connection the Principal spoke of the way in which Queen's had refused to separate her arts from her theological faculty, the result being that nine of the professors in arts are eager to help in the theological department. They recognized that man is a unity, and that the fundamental questions for the age are not those of dogmatic theology, but those of biology, social and political science, etc. There was nothing mystical or esoteric in their theology. Yet another characteristic for the past twenty-five years had been their marvellous and steady growth. In compliance with a request from some person who was compiling statistics he had made a comparison between the numbers of matriculants, graduates and registered students at

two epochs, about 24 or 25 years apart; and although in general he disliked statistics, regarding nothing as more vulgar than to estimate a University by the numbers it could show, it being better to turn out one thoroughly equipped man than fifty with a smattering, yet this comparison showed amazing progress, the number of students in arts having risen from about 30 to 400. This had been a steady, healthy increase without jumps. A boom would, he said, be the greatest curse to such a place.

Again, they had always attached great importance to the faculty of arts. Till it was made strong they would do nothing else. They believed in developing men as men first, not as traders or professional men. That was their aim, and, in spite of all temptation, they refused to do anything until it was accomplished. In this connection Principal Grant spoke of the clear and prophetic views expressed upon this subject in 1871 by the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of whom he spoke with the deepest feeling. In referring to his unwearied and unselfish efforts to aid his alma mater, the Principal stated that not counting interest, which he always paid until his subscriptions were met, he had paid in all out of his salary \$4,000.

#### HOW IT WAS DONE.

The question arose how all this was done. They had no government backing, as some universities had; they were not supported by millionaires, as were others, nor were they maintained by a church, as others still are. Queen's had none of these, and he could honestly say he was thankful for this. He who pays calls the tune, and he did not want the University to be under the government, under a church, and, least of all, to be under two or three millionaires. Queen's had been supported by her graduates, and by their inspiring their friends. He rejoiced to see them forming an association. The time was good, for such associations had been formed elsewhere; and at the time when he, who had been admittedly the greatest of their graduates in Toronto had been taken away, it was peculiarly appropriate that his place should be taken by such an association.

When the applause had ceased Mr. Muir was called upon for "The Maple Leaf," and after a patriotic speech he gave the well-known song, the audience joining in the chorus. Business came next, and the minutes of the organization meeting were read, and the draft constitution drawn up by the sub-committee was presented by Mr. A. H. Beaton, the acting Secretary. On motion of Mr. Curry it was decided to form an association, to be styled "The Queen's University Association of Toronto and Vicinity." It was further decided to elect

officers, and to leave to them the task of drawing up the statement of the objects of the association and its constitution. The election of officers was held, with the results already given, and an informal discussion was held as to the objects of the association. The Principal spoke at some length, telling of some of the immediate needs of the University, and observing that the discussion of proposed amendments to the constitution of the University was worthy of a place among the objects. He also suggested that the association should be represented on the University Council, outlining the means whereby this representation could be managed. Rev. Dr. McTavish suggested that the association might bear some definite relation to the "Queen's Quarterly," which has been remarkably successful. Mr. R. J. MacLennan remarked that the association might be utilized to enable its members to come in contact with the professors of the University, and this idea met with much favour, it being practically decided that the next meeting will be held in the beginning of February, when Prof. Shortt will be in the city to address the Knox College conference.

After some other business, including a toast to "Sister Institutions," to which Rev. John Mutch responded on behalf of Toronto University, and a vote of thanks to Principal Grant, the meeting adjourned.—*Toronto Globe*.

**LECTURES BY CHARLES MACDONALD, LL.D.**

This eminent engine and bridge builder has promised to pay us a visit from New York next Monday, Jan. 18th, for the purpose of giving the engineering students descriptive talks on the great bridge over the Hawkesbury View, Australia. He will speak in the Mathematics room on Monday at 4 and at 8 p.m.

Though intended for the students of Practical Science, all interested in the subject are invited to be present.

**THE APRIL GYMNASIUM ENTERTAINMENTS.**

These entertainments have had their harbingers already, and not without results—to the great joy of the Treasurer, Mrs. R. V. Rogers, who has already received a little over \$200:

\$51 from Mrs. Cornwall, proceeds of concert by the Ladies' College.

\$86 from the promenade concert by the Levana and A.M. Societies.

\$14.08 from Mrs. Watson, from sale of flowers at promenade concert.

\$50 from Miss Fitzgerald, B.A., proceeds of entertainment given by the Collegiate Institute for the same object.

Total, \$201.08.

**HOCKEY NOTES.**

Our old friend, Mr. Hatch, is still manager of the Kingston rink; we are pleased to see him again.

The hockey club practises every day, except Saturday, at 12.30 o'clock.

Our girls' hockey club is again organized, and holds two practices per week. The position of coach is only temporarily filled. There are several men making strenuous efforts to secure the position, but the knowing ones say "a dark horse" is in the field, who will distance all competitors.

On Monday of this week a team from Queen's, consisting of the defence of the first team and the forward line of the second team, went out to Rockwood to play the Asylum team. We were defeated, the score being 11 to 10. The Rockwoods play a very fast passing game, and are perfectly acquainted with the tactics to be pursued on a narrow rink, such as theirs. Dr. Clarke has kindly placed the Rockwood rink at our disposal, that we may get used to a narrow rink prior to meeting Peterboro.

This year the O.H.A. has dealt with us in its "usual liberal manner." The team which holds the championship is scheduled to play all its matches away from home.

On January 23rd we are to play Yale in New York for the Inter-Collegiate championship of America. We are looking for victory, but recognize there is nothing so uncertain as a dead sure thing, therefore we are practising faithfully. The Kingston Skating and Curling Association has kindly given us the rink for three benefit matches to help defray the expenses of sending the team to New York.

**YEAR MEETINGS.**

'99.

'99 met on Dec. 4th, with the President in the chair. Miss Jennie Kennedy played a piano solo, readings were given by Messrs. J. A. McCallum and J. A. M. Bell, and speeches were made by Messrs. H. H. Black, A. W. Poole and E. A. Wright, candidates in the Alma Mater elections, as well as by the Critic, D. M. Robertson.

"The most interesting meeting of the term" was the general verdict when '99, at the close of its regular meeting on Dec. 15th, adjourned until after the holidays. The attendance was large, and the programme included an essay on a literary topic by Mr. W. J. Saunders; a paper by the Historian, Mr. J. F. McDonald, and readings by Messrs. Kingsbury and P. Balfour. Mr. W. McDonald presented a report from the Programme Committee, and Mr. W. Purvis made an appeal for a heartier financial support of the University Missionary Association.

## MEDICAL COLLEGE.

### ANNUAL DINNER.

THE annual dinner given by the Faculty and Æsculapian Society was one of which the memory will long reign in the hearts of the sons of Queen's, and especially of those students who bid farewell to their Alma Mater this year.

The City Hall was elaborately decorated for the occasion with flags and bunting. Streamers hung gracefully from the corners to the centre chandelier, and the platform was liberally bedecked with the Union Jack and the emblem of Uncle Sam's domain. On either side of the platform stood a grim skeleton mounted on a bicycle. The Decoration Committee had made a noble effort and their artistic venture was appreciated by the "meds" and guests.

The tables were arranged to seat 150 guests, and were tastily adorned by the caterer, Mr. J. McLaughlin. Directly in front of the President's chair was a football square, beautifully arched over and topped with flags of the English, Irish, French and Russian nations. On the square were the 'Varsity and Queen's football clubs hard at one of their contests, and Alfie Pierce looking on. The whole design was original with the caterer, and was made of confectionery painted with the Queen's colors. On the tables were a candy newgart, five stories high, supported at the base by three horns of plenty, and fringed by candy lace; six large pyramids made of cocoanut, stick candy and almonds; a Queen's crown formed of kisses, and six clusters of silver candlesticks holding lighted candles, besides a great burden of cakes, charlotte russe and other delicacies. At each seat was a novel individual bouquet-holder in the form of a candy skull, holding a pretty button-hole bouquet.

Shortly after 8.30 o'clock Mr. A. B. Ford, M.A., President of the Æsculapian Society, took his seat at the head of the table and called the members to order. When all were seated, it was seen that on his right were: Dr. Fife Fowler, Dr. Garrett, Prof. T. R. Glover, Dr. Anglin, Mr. John McIntyre, Q.C., Dr. Third and Dr. Herald; and on his left Mayor Elliott, Hon. Senator Sullivan, Mr. B. M. Britton, M.P., Dr. Clarke of Rockwood, Dr. W. T. Connell, Dr. V. Sullivan and Dr. Boyle. Among the invited guests who were unable to be present were: Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. W. Harty, Dr. Mundell, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Wood, Dr. J. C. Connell, Dr. Cunningham.

The gathering immediately fell to work at testing the inviting and extensive bill of fare provided. Never in the history of the Medical and Æsculapian Society was the annual dinner so well conducted. At 10.30 o'clock, after full justice had been done

the repast, the toast programme was opened by the President proposing the health of the Queen, with a few words of greeting. After drinking her health, the party was favoured with a vocal solo by the Rev. A. W. Richardson. His rendition of the "Longshoreman" demanded an encore, which was very kindly given.

The second toast was "Queen's and Her Faculty," which was proposed by Mr. J. H. McArthur. His address was an able attempt at oratory, and was received with lengthened applause, ended by the college cry.

Dr. Fife Fowler responded, and this being his first attendance at such a dinner he was received with hearty cheers. Queen's, he said, was always noted for having her "faculties about her," and the medical profession above all others required the professors and students to have their faculties about them. The doctor gave a brief sketch of the Medical College from its origin to the present day, alluding particularly to the first professors in charge.

Prof. T. R. Glover also replied to the second toast on behalf of the Arts faculty, and was listened to with rapt attention. At this period of the nineteenth century, he said, one would expect to see the practice of after-dinner oratory abolished. This is a heathenish institution, for no record of the practice can be found in the Bible. He challenged any minister or theological student to prove that such a speech was made when Jonah dined with the whale. (Laughter.) He was glad to see that arts and medicine were to go hand in hand, as our worthy dean has given him to understand, for what was the use of an art man without a doctor? What was the use of a sound mind without a sound body? It would be the glory of Queen's to produce both of these. Pointing to the skeletons mounted on bicycles on the platform, the professor said, "There we see the hurry of modern life connected with the brief destiny of man." (Cheers.)

Rev. A. W. Richardson at this point sang the faculty song, composed by the Rev. S. H. Gould, B.A., which made a great "hit."

Dr. Garrett in a brief address proposed the toast of the Dominion. He classed the Dominion as the brightest gem in the British diadem.

Mr. B. M. Britton, Q.C., M.P., responded and referred to the occasion as one by which the medical faculty would be immortalized in song and speech. At this dinner he had acquired a vast amount of knowledge about Queen's which he had not had hitherto possessed. The speaker pointed out the prominent part taken by members of the medical profession in the Government of Canada, not forgetting to mention the Hon. Senator Sullivan, Kingston's representative in the Senate.

Dr. Fowler read a letter from the Hon. G. W. Ross, explaining the cause of his absence.

Messrs. Bellamy, Dyde, Scott and Stewart rendered a vocal quartette.

The toast to sister societies was proposed by the Rev. S. H. Gould, who saw in that toast good fellowship, unity and progress.

Mr. Tierney, for McGill College, Montreal; Mr. Radcliffe, of 'Varsity; Mr. W. M. Cass, of Bishop's, Montreal, and Fred. Metcalfe, for the Kingston Veterinary College, responded, after which Mr. Harvey gave one of his stirring piano solos.

Mr. C. B. Dyde was chosen to propose the toast of "The Professions," and did so with credit to a graduate of Queen's.

Mr. John McIntyre, Q.C., responded for the legal profession.

Hon. Senator Sullivan followed with a humorous speech, touching lightly on Bible history. Father Adam, he said, was the first surgeon on record. If a prophetic vision had shown him how his daughters would be subject to the laceration of the modern American surgeon, there is no knowing what he would have done. The medical profession gathered knowledge from every art and science. It had been asserted that the medical profession was stationary. That was not correct, for no other profession required the continual study and hard work that it did. The medical man's knowledge comes not from pulpit or forum, but from daily practice and private study. It was one of the grandest triumphs in the medical profession in Canada to have a city like Kingston supplying the other parts of the world with cultured and able physicians. The Senator was loudly applauded on resuming his seat.

Other toasts, with their responses, followed, and the gathering broke up at an early hour.

Mr. E. C. Watson, M.A., and Mr. R. Harvey were the accompanists for the evening.

Taking everything into account we may honestly pronounce the annual dinner a huge success.

#### NOTES.

No report is necessary from the Æsculapian Society, as the deliberations of its last meetings were more or less of a private character, and were concerned in the completion of the details of arrangement in connection with the dinner, which is now a thing of the past, and which has been pronounced by those competent to express an opinion on the subject, an unqualified success.

The refilling of the classic benches of our college after the Christmas vacation was characterized this time by extreme tardiness. Whether the effects of the banquet were so deleterious as to require a longer than the allotted space to counteract them,

or whether it was impossible to "break away" from the pleasant companionship associated with home life, or whether a combination of these causes, we are in no position to judge. Certain it is, however, that the Medical did not properly open till Monday last. It seems to us that the more people get, the more they want. When work is supposed to be resumed on a certain day, why wish to postpone it a few days longer, no matter what they may be. We agree with our esteemed professor of anatomy, when in his salutatory address to us he expressed the hope that in future the time-table as laid down in the calendar would be more strictly adhered to. The Faculty outline our work for us in the way in which they consider—and does not their experience qualify them to judge aught?—that our best interests will be served; and to violate their injunctions is not only harmful to ourselves, but insulting to their judgment as well.

"Joy in the house of Young." For unto W. W. Young a child was born, Dec. 30, at the Upper Scotch Line. We suppose it is the exuberance of "Duodenum's" spirits over their welcome arrival that has prevented his return to college.

We note with pleasure the addition to the freshmen class of several new members.

## DIVINITY HALL.

#### NOTES.

**T.** J. GLOVER, having tired of playing hookey, will henceforth be in regular attendance upon all our classes. He is welcome to the fold, as is also V. M. Purdy ('94), who is with us in the Hall for the first time.

J. W. Muirhead, B.A., has our heartfelt sympathy in his sore bereavement.

We are pleased to see W. J. Herbison able to resume his college work.

While making some New Year calls our indefatigable book-agent encountered St. Andrew, the late incumbent of our Holy See, and brought to us his warmest greeting and benediction. These were received with much enthusiasm, as was also the information that his ex-Holiness has decided to go into retreat in the vicinity of St. Peter's Borough. During his retirement, the faithful will apportion him the usual superannuation stipend of seven fifty and a free cell. We sincerely wish him a pleasant and profitable experience.

A large number of our members duly extricated themselves from the entanglements incident to the holiday season and returned to the city the day before the opening. A second detachment (including the Principal) arrived next day, and others have

been dropping in at intervals ever since. We are assured that His Holiness is detained at the Capital by ecclesiastical matters of the highest moment and we are in daily anticipation of a pronouncement on celibacy, church union or the school question, after which we will expect his return.

Just previous to our last issue it was learned by some of our higher critics that an error had been made in transcribing that portion of the law which refers to the observance of our annual holidays. In accordance with the oft-received instructions, we proceeded to put in practice the new light, reading "19th" instead of "22nd." But, as is often the case with the inexperienced, we were too anxious to propagate our advanced views, and in our haste to enlighten others we certainly blundered. The result was a violent reaction on the part of "the powers that be," who refused to believe that one iota of the law could be wrongly transcribed and threatened us with all the terrors of the inquisition if such heresy was ever hinted at again. Sad to relate there were found in our midst two traditionalists of equally narrow views, who persisted in their verbal inspiration theories and held by the reading "22nd." To their honor, be it said, however, they are now diligently transcribing forty copies of the last chapter of the G.M.G. Homily for distribution among the heretics of the Hall, to reclaim them, if possible, from the perilous position. It is surely a hopeful sign that some at least of the opposing party are willing to reason with, rather than forcibly silence the impetuous young higher critics.

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## LADIES' COLUMN.

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### QUI NON PROFICIT DEFICIT.

**M**Y LADY LEVANA,—Is there a subtle charm imparted by your magic to our highest seat of office, that now for the second time our President has been spirited away?

At our Christmas meeting she presided for the last time, as Miss Dupuis, before going to her new home. All good wishes from the Levana follow her that in the manifold duties of a minister's helper she may prove as successful as when leader of the Glee Club, Poet and President of our Society; and we hope that the new friendships she forms will be as pleasant to her as is the memory of her friendship to "the girls she left behind her."

After sundry items of business had been discussed and settled, we entered upon our programme. The Prophet's Christmas address came first, in which she reviewed the work of our society during the past months, and gave a forecast of what we hope to do this coming term.

Then the President made her farewell address and we separated with the time-honored anthem, "Auld Lang Syne."

The term opens well with an Art afternoon on the thirteenth, and under the leadership of our Vice-President we hope to have several interesting and instructive meetings.

To any person who chanced to enter the college during vacation, the empty corridors and silent rooms seemed dreary and forsaken; and the walls of the waiting room looked pathetic in their loneliness, bare of hats and cloaks and even classic gowns. Now, however, the old order of things has again resumed its sway. All the old friends are back again, looking fresher, brighter and happier for their rest, during which we hope they read nothing except Hamlet and their Bibles. We are glad to welcome some new friends among us, and hope they will soon have as great an affection for Queen's as the old ones.

Skating is the order of the day. Nearly everyone has bought a season ticket for the rink. But there is going to be no sloping of classes this year—at least not very much.

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### 'S SOLILOQUY.

To write, or not to write, that is the question!  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to stammer  
 Out an apology for unwritten essays,  
 Or to take up a pen and likewise paper  
 And by composing end them. To write, or shirk,  
 No more; and by our shirking say we end  
 The headaches and the shocks of student life  
 That we are heir to; 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To write or shirk,  
 To shirk, perchance to slope. Ay, there's the rub!  
 For if we slope, what hiding place to seek  
 Wherein to 'scape the learned Prof.'s keen eye  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect  
 That makes it difficult for us to slope.  
 But who would bear the agony untold,  
 The pangs of hurt conceit, of humbled pride,  
 At finding his grand essay but fourth-rate,  
 When he with ease might deftly dodge it all,  
 By simply sloping. Who would essays write,  
 To sweat and groan over a manuscript,  
 But that the dread of missing our B.A.  
 That distant goal we sigh for, and past which  
 We long to fly to M.A. puzzles us,  
 And makes us rather at an essay plod,  
 Than miss the happy hunting grounds ahead.  
 Ambition thus makes plodders of us all,  
 And thus the weak impulse to basely slope  
 Is put forever from our minds away.  
 And with determined will, and a "J" pen  
 We'll write. Then on the folded paper put  
 The magic name of essay.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

PROFESSOR (in English class)—“The Bonnie Brier Bush” is exquisitely beautiful in detail, but it lacks a plot.

Student—How did it grow then?

Professor faints.

J. Will-ce and his rival at the rink seek at the same time the pleasure of skating with a certain young lady. The rival wins the pleasure, and “Jim” seats himself on a lump of ice in the corner and sings disconsolately “There is a Greenhill far away.”

“’Tis said twa-pennyworth o’ nappy  
Will mak’ a body unco happy.”

We gie this on the word o’ C—y.

Excited Prof. (to Latin class)—“There is no evidence that our author was not popular. Those confounded Arabs were terrible destroyers of things literary. Suppose the Esquimaux or Americans, or some other barbarians, were to overrun the country and all Blank’s poems were destroyed, except a few fragments, would that be any evidence to future generations that he was not a popular poet?”

Our married poet, who has been known to now and then tell the truth, tells this story of his little daughter. Her mother overheard her expounding the origin of sex to her family of dolls. “You see, childerns,” she said, “Adam was a man all alone, and he was ever so lonely-ponely, and Dod put him to sleep, and then took his brains out and made a nice lady for him.”—Ex.

THE GIRL AT THE GAME.

Gaze on the boy with the ball, paw;  
Yes, his nose is knocked askew;  
But he’s not passe in the chappy way,  
And he’s got some fire for two.

Yes, his ear is bloody, his head is bunged,  
And his eye is gouged, I know;  
But he’s brawny-backed and leather-lunged  
And he has a mine of go.

Watch him buck the line, now, paw!  
His elbows are busted and sore;  
But he’s got a tackle that can’t be matched  
By that kid with the coach and four.

He’s lost two teeth, and he hasn’t a part  
In the mop he calls his hair;  
But you bet he could hold a girl to his heart  
With a hug like a grizzly bear.

--Ex.

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