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HAD the authoress of Robert Elsmere laid aside her pen at the conclusion of chapter eighteen, book II., or had she written a single book more by way of epilogue in which the reader might catch a glimpse of a union near or far of Thought and Art in the persons of Rose and Langham, she might have done so with the pleasing consciousness of having written one of the most exquisitely charming novels of the age. True, a more appropriate name for the work in this case than "Robert Elsmere" would have been "Catherine," but

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and after all what the world wants in these-times is the fragrance. Up to this point the work is clear-cut, artistic, and as delightful as the Westmoreland hills and meads in which her heroine rejoices.

* * *

There are scenes in the first two books which for grace and finish will hold their own against anything in modern literature. We do not pretend that there are not more eloquent declamations on the subject of Love than are

found here, or that it will compare in the analysis of character and motive with the writings of George Eliot; but we have yet to find in the works of the latter a passage that will surpass in grace of touch or finish the scene between Catherine and Elsmere, in which she first becomes aware of his devotion, or the scene between Rose and Langham, which closes chapter sixteen. We consider the manner in which the last-mentioned scene is written to be simply perfect.

* * *

Indeed throughout the whole work there are individual passages, sketches of scenery and character, touches of thought and emotion, which are admirable. But, taking the work as a whole, it begins to be a failure from this time forth. From the *debut* of Squire Wendover, however interesting the work may be as a study of soul development or as a polemic upon theology, it ceases to have any interest as a work of art—a novel. The agony of spirit, which at first quickens our pulses in sympathy with the hero, begets in us at length a rude, but none the less natural, desire to yawn, when the torture is spun out through hundreds of pages.

* * *

There are other difficulties which present themselves in painting the hero's spiritual development in such detail which would, we fancy, deter most authors from such an experiment, and in many cases, if not in that of Mrs. Ward, prove fatal to the success of such an attempt. We think it has proven so with her also. Take, for example, the case of Langham. This character, up to the close of the second book, is, so far as we are able to judge, a perfectly natural, and it is certainly a possible one. That a tutor in a university such as Oxford,—given such a disposition as his,—would under like circumstances withdraw himself more and more—

"From the din of a world he despised," until finally although "in the world" he was literally "not of it," is, for a time at least, certainly possible.

* * *

But that, after the soul within him had been once aroused, as was Langham's by contact with Rose, he should turn him back with satisfaction to the old life, is, we believe, impossible. We think our own young poet a thousand-fold nearer the truth when he sings

And I—I who have sometime stepped
Upon the paths of Paradise,
Where odorous, opening roses crept
Up palms whose tops were in the skies,

Where waves of melody were swept
 Full tide from throats of birds who kept
 No reckoning of their song, nor slept,
 But made the day and happy night
 In perfect circles of delight,
How can I ever find again
 A pleasure in the desert wide
Where all the springs of life are dried.

* * *

The return is, from the nature of things, impossible. The reason which is given us for the cessation of Langham's attentions is absurd. To suppose him to have been self-deceived is to confute all that has been previously told us of his character. But if he was not self-deceived the position is yet worse. If he was influenced in his action—or, shall we say inaction?—by principles of self-abnegation, he should have felt their force earlier. His withdrawal at this time seems like the act of a scoundrel. But further, we contend that it is absolutely impossible that such a man as Langham could have acknowledged the force of the self-abnegation argument. The whole latter part of his life, as the whole latter part of the work, is a huge mistake. However pretty such a conception may appear in poetry, it is just a trifle ridiculous in prose.

* * *

As to the arguments which change the entire current of Elsmere's life, it is somewhat extraordinary that Oxford theologians were so remarkably conservative that he should never have heard from them anything of the views which the opponents of Christianity at that time held. As Mr. Cooke said in the *North American Review*, there is nothing new in them—they are third-hand. Mrs. Ward gets them from Mr. Arnold, Mr. Arnold from the Tübingen school. The Tübingen school has discarded them as untenable long since. In the face of all this there are few, we fancy, who will not with Mr. Gladstone wonder that this Oxford graduate could not find one word of defence for the faith which has charmed the world for eighteen centuries. Nobody, certainly, can object to Mrs. Ward writing a work on Polemic Theology. But to do so, looking solely at one side of the question and shutting one's eyes to all that may be said on the other, would simply bring down upon an author the contempt of fair-minded people. Nor can any one object to her writing a novel. But to use the name "novel" as an excuse for doing what she would not dare to do in a work professedly theological,—give a hearing to only one side of the case,—is not a course of conduct highly consistent with the purity of motive which should characterize a devotee of the Elsmere school.

* * *

Putting, however, all other considerations out of the question. Saying nothing of the antiquated character of this new theology; of the failure of the novel as a work of art; of the many opportunities which the authoress

had of making it a great work and her inability so to do; of the inconsistency, amounting at times to absurdity, of some of her characters during the development of the plot, the volume contains in itself the best refutation of its theories. What is the impression left upon the reader as he, or she, closes the covers and lays the work aside? It is a feeling of utter wretchedness. Robert Elsmere is a Jeremiad without the old seer's Jehovah. It is an Iliad without an Olympus. It is the human with the elimination of the divine. It is a sermon from modern culture on the text *Vanitas Vanitatum*—and it is pregnant with warning and instruction. *Qui currit, leget!*

* * *

In other sections of the Christian Church the work of the pulpit is largely supplemented, and at times supplanted even, by various other elements of religious worship and activity. Choirs, orchestras, experience meetings, guilds and particular forms of ritual and ceremonial have occupied the attention and aroused the enthusiasm of church members. But in Presbyterianism all the elements of church service are characterized by such a simplicity, we were about to say severity, of tone, that they have never served to distract the attention from, but rather to give emphasis to the great central point of public worship—the presentation of God's message to the church.

* * *

We owe an apology to the *Varsity* for our delay in noticing its proposition for the establishment of an Inter-collegiate Press Association. Owing to circumstances over which we have had no control we could not refer to the matter before. Of course the *Varsity* enjoys exceptional advantages for performing its part of the duties of such an association from the fact that it is printed on its own presses, &c. Other college papers which have their work done outside would need, we fancy, to have their contributions sent in on manuscript. However, perhaps the difficulty might be obviated.

* * *

The *Varsity*, in sending out its periodical News-Letter asking the other colleges to reciprocate, seems to us to be starting at the wrong end. If every Canadian college sends news-letters to Toronto, and all receive in return the same letter from Toronto, the affair would be too beautifully one-sided for anything.

The true plan seems to us to be that each Canadian college should appoint one of its staff to write a letter, say, once a month, and that a copy of this letter should be sent to every other college in the country. In this way each college paper would have as many letters as there are colleges, less one, and the process would be of equal advantage to each. We are prepared to support the *Varsity* in this proposition, and will within the next fortnight despatch such a letter to our contemporaries.

One of the best things we have read lately in the way of a novel is *Donovan*, a modern Englishman. It is the story of one upon whom fate frowned from birth; who through misfortune became a cynic and an atheist. It is a work with a distinct and noble purpose; and no one who is interested in the relation of Christianity to modern life will find the time taken in reading it anything but profitably spent. There is at once a broad Christian sympathy and a hardy common sense about the authoress which is only too rare in much of our modern literary work.

* * *

It is becoming the fashion now-a-days in certain quarters to look less to the pulpit and more to pastoral visitation as the great power in church work. While we have no desire to take from pastoral duties any of the honor which is due to them, nevertheless we do not believe that pastoral visitation either in this country or in any other country can ever become the ruling power in the Christian Church. It certainly cannot in the Presbyterian, without a radical change in the character of its worship. To assume that it may be, in the first place, out of accord with the traditions of Presbyterianism. From time immemorial the pulpit has been the rallying ground of all her greatest and noblest work. The battles which have made her immortal have been fought in the pulpit; any defeats she has suffered have been due to weakness in pulpit power; and from the pulpit has come the victory which at last crowned her work.

* * *

Every one is, of course, familiar with the cry about the decadence of pulpit power. It were small wonder if there was such a decline when we find leading men in the church publicly teaching that we must look no longer to the pulpit, but to pastoral visitation, as the allotted means for the increase of the church. We have no hesitation whatever in characterizing such a statement as a groundless one, and in the second place affirming that the public expression of such sentiments is, as D'Israeli would say,

"A political blunder and worse than a crime."

Never since Paul stood on the hill of Ares has the pulpit been the power in the Church and in the world that it is to-day. The press, so far from supplanting it in the instruction of mankind, is simply its best servant. The influence which Mr. Beecher, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Talmage and Mr. Joseph Cook have had upon religious thought and life in Europe and America for the last quarter of a century is simply incalculable.

* * *

There is an excellent article by Mr. G. Mercer Adam in the Trinity College Review on the influence of colonialism upon literature. Mr. Adam opens the argument by denying that our intellectual activity is in any degree commensurate with our material. Continuing and limiting his remarks to literary activity in the political sphere,

he asks whether it is possible to find "breadth of culture and power of vision" in a political dependence. The country is to-day within fifteen years of celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of its birth. That far-back event saw it a colony in the cradle of France; to-day sees it still a colony in the cradle of Britain. There are some advantages that belong to the colonial condition as there are some advantages that adhere to the cradling stage. If unduly prolonged, however, these advantages become disadvantages—the colony remains the infant colony, and the inmate of the cradle becomes the man-dwarf."

* * *

Mr. Adam goes on to ask whether it is true, as some affirm, that Canada is to-day a "nation," and a somewhat lengthy consideration of the subject brings him to the conclusion that the idea is ridiculous. We have not the time at present to consider the whole question as we would like, but we must confess that Mr. Adam has made out a very good case. Yet he does not offer us a complete solution of the difficulty. He does not say whether he thinks it lies in independence, in annexation, or in what. But, whatever may be the means employed, we are at one with Mr. Adam in holding that until Canada is a *nation*, while she may have an occasional son covered with immortality in the literary sphere, she will certainly have no literature as such that is worthy of the name. One swallow does not make a summer, and one great writer, or two, or three do not constitute a literature.

* ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. *

IS it not a fact that students are often sent to the mission field who are unfit for the positions entrusted to them? Some may say that from observation we cannot ascertain what men's inward character is, and that, therefore, we have no right to pass so harsh a judgment as this upon them. It is true we should be guarded in judging of our fellow-men; and that we should always read into their actions the highest motives which their conduct will warrant; but, at the same time, we must not excuse all sorts of unbecoming and unchristian conduct on the ground that though the flesh is weak the spirit may be right with God. There is not, as is sometimes supposed, an eternal war declared between the flesh and the spirit; a war in which one triumphs to-day, and the other to-morrow. What is called the flesh is nothing other than the outward expression of a spirit that is out of harmony with the eternal will of God. If, therefore, the prevailing tone of a man's conduct distinctly expresses want of conformity with the highest principles of our being, how can we say that notwithstanding all this his spirit may be right with God? That men attend college whose conduct is doubtful while there, and that these are sometimes sent to the mission

field, no one with a fair conception of college life will attempt to dispute. This statement has no reference to any particular college or to any particular denomination more than another. Perhaps it is true of all. Knowing that such is the case, should not those who have the appointing of men seek to ascertain the character of those appointed. Men are sent to the mission field to be a living example to those over whom they are placed—to set before them by word and deed the highest ideal of life, and impress upon them the importance of conforming thereto. But how can he who, in his own life, tramples this ideal under foot, set it before others in its purity and grandeur; or how can he who feeds his own soul with the ever-changing and unreal break to others the true bread of life?

* * *

There are some facts connected with the Extra-Mural students which we fail to understand. They pay a larger registration fee than students who attend the classes. This may be quite proper, if we suppose it to cover the trouble and expense of sending them the work prescribed for weekly or monthly exercises in the classes which they are taking, of receiving and returning the work they do, and of furnishing them with all manner of information upon every real or imaginary difficulty connected or unconnected with their work.

We may suppose them to pay for this object four dollars, as they can scarcely be expected to pay the gymnasium fee, which is exacted from other students. They also pay two dollars of apparatus fee. This must be for the paper, postage, etc., used in sending them the exercises and returning their answers.

Now it is an extraordinary fact that in one class, in which there are, we believe, *twelve* Extra-Mural students, and in which there happens to be a librarian, this librarian is permitted to carry on all correspondence with all these students, to receive and return their exercises, and so on, *for the satisfaction of having done his duty*. And it is still more extraordinary that the Extra-Murals pay all expenses connected with this correspondence.

It appears to us, therefore, that a certain student receives *thanks* for doing work for which some one else is paid, and that Extra-Mural students pay for their apparatus *more than once*.

* * *

THE GYMNASIUM.

We are glad to learn that the gymnasium is again open for exercise, and that it is being patronized by a large number of the students. Though gymnastic exercise may be injurious to the few, yet to the majority it is highly beneficial, and should, by no means, be neglected. But in order to receive the full benefit of such exercise, it is necessary that a competent instructor be present as frequently as possible. This session the committee is unable to engage an instructor, and, in fact, can barely keep the gymnasium open. This unfortunate state of affairs is due solely to the fact that the lion's share of the

funds has been swallowed up by that mysterious and irresponsible body known as the Athletic Association. The members of the committee, however, have volunteered to render all the assistance they can in the absence of a regular instructor. While we recognize the importance of encouraging the college sports, yet, for reasons not far to seek, we believe it is of much greater importance that the gymnasium be kept in a flourishing condition. This cannot be done if the fund, established ostensibly for the gymnasium, is to be spent in purchasing silver cups for the sports, or in paying the travelling expenses of the foot-ball team. It is necessary, therefore, that a certain and sufficient amount from that fund be set apart each year, to be applied in the way in which it was at first intended.

The room now occupied for the gymnasium, as far as situation is concerned, is not all that might be desired; nor are its attractions such as to invite the attendance of the students; and, furthermore, it is becoming too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of students with athletic tastes that throng our college halls. It is time, therefore, to look around for a more suitable location. We heartily endorse the action of the Alma Mater Society in taking steps to secure the drill shed, which, we understand, falls in a short time into the hands of the Trustees. If this building can be secured, one end could be fitted up as a first class gymnasium, and the rest reserved for a skating rink. In this way suitable exercise would be provided for all, and no one would feel that his gymnasium fee is so much money thrown away. We would also suggest that the present fee, which is far too small, be doubled or even trebled, and that it be collected from Medical students as well as from Arts and Divinity. It is only fair that those who share equally in the benefits of a gymnasium should also share equally in its support. Enough money would thus be raised to equip and support a good gymnasium, and there would be a sufficient overplus to carry on the sports as successfully as ever.

* * *

The industrial problem cannot be solved by those who represent the anti-poverty societies of the present day, or by those who are their most direct opponents.

The *Mail* of Saturday, the 12th inst., contains an extract from the *London World*, which runs as follows: "The pauperism around us which is almost a national curse has its origin in some unwise legislation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But pauperism, like other branches of industry, does not flourish where it does not pay. Unfortunately at present it pays exceedingly well, and where the carcass is the birds of prey will assemble with mathematical precision."

The extract goes on to show how much money is expended annually on beggars. In London about \$10,000,000, with prospects of a speedy increase, and the natural suggestion which follows this seems to be a withdrawal of the charitable relief fund or a better or-

ganization for dealing with the armies of paupers frequenting our cities. We do not accept with unquestioning faith the doctrine of which Henry George is an exponent, and which he has expressed in the following words: "To extirpate poverty, to make wages what justice demands, they should be the full earnings of the laborer. We must, therefore, substitute for the individual ownership of land a common ownership. Nothing else will go to the cause of the evil—in nothing else is there the slightest hope."

We are aware that there are other causes of poverty besides those indicated, and we are not fully persuaded that poverty is the parent of all crime and misery. In the low vices which cluster round the Whitechapels of every large city, in the utter ignorance which characterizes the lower strata of society, and in the lack of Christian charity which rouses men to war when the only hope of a solution lies in the way of peace, we can see at least three factors in the universal depression. We are fully aware that there are other causes besides the monopolisation of land. And we can't help thinking that *Grip* has become too enthusiastic a champion of a theory directed towards the absorption by the country of the total rent, and the imposition of a uniform land tax on which it is claimed the salvation of the industrial world depends. The absorption of the total rent-values would make no material difference in the incomes of the citizens of a state, nor can the imposition of a uniform land tax affect the remedy proposed, at least in this country where so much land can be had for the mere settling upon it. It is not difficult to see that the remedy does not lie here. But the curtailing of pauper's rations, or any regulation connected with the pauper fund, is further from the mark still. Pauperism will not be reduced by taking away a fund which has, we admit, too often tempted individuals into the miserable class. The causes of pauperism lie deeper than this. If we have no other reason, the inherent pride in the human soul and the effort to make progress where progress is possible would teach us to discard the idea that the institution of a pauper fund is one of the main causes of the reputed increase in pauperism. There are some to whom such a fund proves a temptation, but in the great social problem they form too insignificant a factor to affect its solution. We wage no war with those who seek to institute a better charitable relief fund in cities. We believe that this goes in line with the great industrial problem, but we consider it a very unimportant part. The ignorant rabble, who "rub the poor itch of their opinion" and "made themselves scabs," cannot be dismissed with a shrug now. The problem which their poverty and clamor forces upon us demands a solution, and though a well organized charitable relief fund may cause a temporary lull in the storm which is coming, yet we feel assured that such a remedy can be only temporary.

Some other time we may have something to say on what we consider a true remedy for existing social evils.

❖ LITERATURE. ❖

THRUSH AND POET.

(From *The Week*.)

THE thrush's song is strongest when he sings
 Love messages to some enthralling bird ;
 His eager heart, with inner impulse stirred,
 Gives untold sweetness to the lay that rings
 Through the cool wood and by the laughing springs,
 With melody she ne'er before had heard ;
 His song is to all other songs preferred,
 And swift she joins him with love-quicken'd wings.

The poet bird-like sings his keenest strain,
 When all his being pulses with love's fire,
 When all his moments feel the thrilling reign
 Of her who can ennobling thoughts inspire ;
 Each way he turns, sky, air, and hill, and plain,
 Receive new beauties from his soul's desire.

T. G. MARQUIS.

"OH, THAT WE HAD NOT MET."

Oh, that we had not met to part
 As we are parted now,—
 The stain of anger on each heart,
 Of anger on each brow !

Would that the love which shone so bright
 Had killed me with its blaze,
 Ere I had seen it robed in night
 And robb'd of all its rays !

Would that the hours so fleet and fair
 Had never come to me,
 Ere I had known that once they were,—
 That they no more can be.

Would I had slept the dreamless sleep
 Ere I had come to know
 That Love may sow in joy, yet reap
 A harvest wild with woe !

Would love had faded ere my birth
 Or blossomed on my tomb :
 Nor ever mocked my youth with mirth
 To curse my age with gloom !

And oh, that we had never met
 And dreamed a dream of bliss,
 To wake again to cold regret
 To wake again to—this !

From "Lyrics" by
 GEORGE F. CAMERON.

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money ; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.—*Seneca*.

SKETCHES OF NEGRO CHARACTER.

No. I.—CAPTAIN PETER.

CAPTAIN PETER is the master of a wherry trading between Port Royal and Kingston, conveying both passengers and cargo. The distance is about six miles; his passengers, "bum-boat men and women"; his cargo an odd barrel of flour, a puncheon of rum, or a few turtles. His ship is a noble vessel, about 30 feet in length, and capable of carrying more "human freight" than what the Board of Trade allows many a sea-going steamer. The crew over which he exercises sway numbers three men and a *fruit excuse* for a boy.

Peter Dounel, or Captain Peter, as he is called, is perhaps the most striking figure of all the clamorous wherry-men on the itinerary, having withal a hearty naval swagger, his left cheek protruded with a bolus of the leaf that cheers but does not inebriate those who are used to it; the inevitable rings in his ears, and a decided nautical cut to his jib, which, I suppose, might refer to his clothes. He has never been known to wear boots, but rather inclines to a pair of leather soles strapped over his insteps after the manner of ancient sandals. He is often observed sporting a magnificent cane, the gift of a distinguished naval friend of his; his watch, the possession of which makes him greatly envied, is a vast source of pride to himself, and does duty far oftener than necessity calls for.

In stature he is about the middle height, short, burly, and powerful as an ox, capable of sending a barrel of flour or potatoes spinning into the boat, when he condescends to assist his lazy crew. His face is certainly not handsome, it being spoiled by a cross look which knits his features habitually, unless he happens to be among a party of his intimate cronies, or unless he is honored by the presence of a white gentleman who craves passage with him. Then does his face lighten up, losing its set hardness, and he becomes a pleasant, jovial man. His wit, though crude, is original, and, in general, good. His language, poor fellow, smacks not of grammar to any extent, and he even stoops to drag in a stray word of Spanish here and there to give *tone* to his discourse and to demonstrate his acquaintance with what he calls "dem furin langwidge." This generally subdues his crew, who consider him a "larnified man," and vastly superior to themselves. To them he is lord absolute, never permitting himself to be addressed by them without his title "Captain." How they jump to do his bidding, knowing that when required to speak twice about the same item of duty he generally brims to overflowing with true nautical *blue lights*, overwhelming them with many powerful adjectives and slight assistances in the way of ends of ropes, all unpleasant to the ear and to the delicate sense of touch. He is exceedingly jealous of his craft, and truly she sails well. He has been involved in many a "tipperary" to uphold his honor among his fellow "captains" ashore.

Captain Peter is a great theorist, and occurrences which are talked of in his hearing are turned over in his mind and brought with pride to his passengers of the next trip. Once when a comet was the subject of speculation as approaching the earth's orbit somewhat, the captain astonished his friends by propounding the theory that it will certainly *strike* the earth, knocking off a piece, and thus disturbing the equilibrium, haul us into space, the earth itself perhaps becoming a comet. On being asked where it will get its tail, he clinched it by saying, "Dem volcanoes would make quite big enough fire to make a good long tail." Now, this is startling, but not so much so as his theory and belief with regard to the return of departed souls to their old haunts on the earth. He claims to have seen several ghosts during his career, notably one of a naval officer who while in hospital used to occupy a seat in a shady spot in the garden, and who, after death, used regularly to return at his old "siesta" hour and sit and smoke in the same calm reflective manner he was wont to do during his sickness. He furthermore claims that there are naval officers who can corroborate his extraordinary statement.

Peter makes use of the most astonishing phrases during his remarks, one of the most frequent being "and what was the masterpiece" (meaning *consequence*), and this he would lay in at every opportune and inopportune moment. He also uses "I don't consarn wid it," or "I don't business wid it," (I have nothing to do with it.) His mildest and favorite oaths are "My guns" and "My mercy"; his more powerful ones we refrain from placing here. Like the generality of negroes, he lays not by for the rainy day, preferring to let to-morrow take care of itself, being able to procure always his dietary of bread and fish, and not being overburdened with family cares. His coin slips away easily, and he enjoys life in his own fashion, having a never-failing faith in "next v'yage."

 ✻ COLLEGE NEWS. ✻

THE PRINCIPAL'S RECEPTION.

FRIDAY, January the eleventh, was a great day at Queen's. An energetic committee, appointed by the Alma Mater Society, had completed their arrangements for a grand reception to Principal Grant, and students and trustees were about to present to him addresses of welcome and congratulation. And certainly success crowned their efforts. Never before has such a royal welcome been given by Queen's, and indeed never before has such a royal welcome been merited by anyone. The great question was how best to give vent to the enthusiasm which filled the heart of every student, and after mature deliberation a torch-light procession was decided upon, to take place immediately before the presentation of addresses. Accordingly, at seven o'clock in the evening, over four hundred of the students assembled at the college, and armed with about two hundred

flaming torches, proceeded to let Kingston know something was going on at Queen's. They succeeded admirably. Those who missed seeing could hardly miss hearing them, so energetically were horns and throats used. After walking through the principal streets about an hour the college was again reached, and lining up in a double row between the side entrance and the Principal's residence a few choruses were sung and cheers given. Then the Chancellor and Principal walked down this avenue of fire to the college, escorted by representative students, after which discarding the torches a break was made by the excited undergrads for the gallery, which was soon filled to its utmost capacity—indeed a little more so. Convocation Hall was very full, many having to stand. The ladies occupied the seats in the body of the hall, and certainly there was a magnificent array of them.

On the platform were seated members of the different faculties, graduates and friends, among whom were noticed Mayor Thompson and Major-General Cameron, C.M.G.

After a few remarks and choruses from the gallery, Rev. J. K. McMorine led in prayer, and Chancellor Flemming read the address of the trustees as follows:—

To the Very Reverend George Munro Grant, D.D., Principal of Queen's College and University:

DEAR PRINCIPAL,—In the name of the Board of Trustees, on behalf of every graduate and friend of Queen's University, we offer you a warm welcome on your return from a journey round the globe. Since your departure in March last, we have been gladdened from time to time by the letters which told us of your progress towards recovery from your late illness. We thank the Lord of all the earth for having had you in his holy keeping, for having given you journeying mercies by the way. We rejoice that you have safely returned with renewed strength and vigor.

Recognizing how much Queen's College is indebted to you for the high degree of prosperity it has reached, and especially for the success of the recent efforts to increase its resources, notably the "Jubilee Endowment" movement, we desire to express in the name of the friends of the institution the deep sense we entertain of the devotion to its interests displayed by you since your connection with the university, and of the manifold and arduous labors you have undergone in furthering its welfare, even to the sacrifice of your health.

We trust that the measures adopted for completing the endowment and for placing the university on secure basis will hereafter remove all anxiety on your part with regard to its financial administration, and will leave you free to devote yourself to more congenial work connected with its scholastic life and interior economy. Returning as you do with renewed physical energy, with a mind filled with fresh stores of knowledge and a heart stirred with enthusiasm and human sympathy, called forth by

contact with the people of many races and climes, you will be able to enter anew upon your duties, counselling and encouraging your colleagues in the professoriate, stimulating the intellectual powers of the students who crowd the halls of Queen's, and inspiring with lofty aims and noble sentiments those who look forward to be the guides to their fellow-men.

We offer you a cordial and heartfelt welcome. We congratulate ourselves individually and collectively. We congratulate all the friends of Queen's, all true Canadians on your safe return. We pray that you may long be spared to adorn the position which you hold as Principal of this university, and continue by voice and pen to influence the advancement of this fair Dominion in all that is generous and elevating. We pray that you may long continue to contribute to the upbuilding of a great northern nation, cherishing the wholesome traditions of the races from which we have sprung, and imbued with their love of civil and religious liberty, a nation in steadfast alliance with the mother land.

FROM THE STUDENTS.

The following address was read by Mr. Ryan, B.A., President of the Alma Mater Society:—

DEAR PRINCIPAL,—Nearly twelve months ago we bade you farewell for a long voyage, fervently hoping that stranger climes might give you again that strength which you had lost in noble devotion to a noble cause. Now we are glad to know that you have found and quaffed the elixir of youth. More than words can tell, we rejoice to welcome you again to Canada and Queen's. We have many reasons to feel grateful for your return. All of us have come within the influence of your personality, and have received from you the impulse for every good and manly action. Your wide liberal views are amply witnessed in the catholic spirit of Queen's. As young Canadians we rejoice in a leader whose broad national sympathies cannot fail to awaken in others the patriotism that animates yourself. As sons and daughters of Queen's we greet you as one who has done more than any other to make this university what her most devoted adherents would wish her to be. We have followed you in your journeyings, cheering again and again utterances which have won the hearty approval of colonists far removed from ourselves, but in the consummation of which they, as well as we, reap the glory. You have spent your life in behalf of the University, which, we are assured, shall remain a lasting monument of your earnest desire "that the higher training in learning and science ought, like the light of divine knowledge, to be made accessible to all." In conclusion, wishing you length of days, with accompanying health and happiness and an influence for good, ever widening and deepening with the coming years, we beg to assure you that we shall ever strive to keep worthy the heritage bequeathed us from the past, holding loyally your own brave motto—"Deeds, not empty words."

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPLY.

After the addresses had been read the Principal replied. He began by explaining that he had intended to give an address dealing with several points that would be interesting to all who appreciated the importance of higher education, and to criticise features in our own system that he considered defective. His recent journey had enabled him to see things from new points of view. He had learned lessons in the old world, and among the new communities that are laying the foundations of empires in South Africa, New Zealand and the Australias. He had followed "the stream like wanderings of that glorious street," where more than a thousand years ago Alfred had provided, amidst the fens of Oxford, a house for scholars, and where now towers and spires, venerable with associations of piety and learning, attracted new generations of students by every influence that exalts and inspires mankind. He had witnessed with interest the efforts that the descendants of the old Dutch settlers are making in the Cape Colony to give the advantages of collegiate education to their children. He had spent hours of delight in the marvellously well equipped museums of Dunedin, Christchurch and Wellington, the three principal New Zealand cities which he had visited.

With regard to Australia, he spoke with admiration of the munificent benefactions bestowed on the universities of Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, of the promise that the institutions were giving, and of the lessons which Canadians might learn from them. But while his attention had thus been drawn during his absence to educational institutions and questions, and while he was in consequence more fitted to discuss educational problems than before, he could not help feeling that the present was not an occasion on which jarring notes should be struck. He would, therefore, throw aside what he had intended to say and would confine himself to thoughts suggested by their addresses and by the progress the university had made during his absence. On a subsequent occasion, when addressing the university council, he would discuss the questions to which he referred, and would endeavour to call public attention to mistakes that were being made.

Proceeding he told his friends a secret—his former strength returned a week after he was on the ocean. What was the explanation? He had been made free from grave, moral and financial obligations in addition to heavy professional duties, and free forever. Queen's had, after eleven years, been brought up to the standard of the provincial university literally endowed with a million of dollars by the province. He was not opposed to the giving of the money to one institution, for it secured that there should be, from the outset, a reasonable university standard, and the historical development of the province would determine whether more were needed, and if so how many more. If the result proved that one was adequate to our actual necessities well and good. If other-

wise, the country would be all the richer. It would have in the end three or four universities, each as well equipped as Toronto, without any undue or unnecessary burdening of the general tax-payer.

"Well, last March," he said, "the task that had been given me was accomplished. The work, too, would abide, no matter what became of the present Principal and professors. I went on my long holiday, therefore, free from all care, because conscious that it mattered little to the country whether I lived or died, or what became of me or any one man. A work was done which, to quote the beautiful language of the city address, 'will confer blessings upon society in the distant future, when the present generation shall be forgotten, and the noise of living fame shall have died into an echo.'

"The trustees had also relieved me of all financial responsibility for the future by appointing Dr. Smith general secretary of the university. Its extension will depend upon him, or rather upon the support you give him. We all know that he is the right man in the right place. The feeling that I would be free hereafter to devote myself to higher and, as you truly express it, more congenial work, was enough almost to raise a man from the dead. Do you wonder now at my speedy recovery?"

"You may ask, indeed, whether the task undertaken by me was one that should have engrossed all my strength. I think it was. There are features in connection with Queen's that convinced me that it was of special importance to the best interests of the country that it should be preserved, and in order to be preserved it had to be strengthened, at least up to the point which I have already indicated. A self-governing university has possibilities for good that are not possessed by mere denominational institutions; nor even by those specially styled "provincial," in which the whole power and patronage is in the hands of a politician, who may be a scholar or who may be the reverse, and who, at any rate, owes his place to political exigencies. This great feature of self-government Queen's had, in a measure, from its foundation. It has it now in perfection. The government of the University is in the hands of an independent board that makes every appointment and every change solely with a view to educational efficiency, and this board is practically in the hands of the alumni. Its work is for the whole country, without distinction of sect, race, or sex, and its special constituency is the body of benefactors and graduates, the men, that is, who are the fathers and children of the institution. What better constitution could be desired? Essentially it is that of all the famous universities of the old and new worlds, yet strange to say it seems not to be understood by some people, to whom every university must be either political or denominational.

"The possession of a theological faculty as an organic part of the University is also an important feature of Queen's, but perhaps that which strikes outsiders most is

the extraordinary love for it cherished by every son, and the pride in it that animates every citizen of Kingston and perhaps every man and woman in Eastern Ontario. There must be a cause for these feelings. What the cause or causes may be I shall leave others to say. They may at the same time explain why a member of the Anglican body was the one to suggest a public welcome to a Presbyterian minister; why a student who belongs to the Roman Catholic church should be the one to represent all the faculties on this occasion; why there should be, as I learn from the newspapers, about a hundred Methodists studying in what some people call a 'denominational' university, and that denomination not Methodist, as well as other facts of the same kind that every true Canadian rejoices in.

"Now, gentlemen, I have to admit that almost all that has been done hitherto has been for the university as a school of liberal knowledge. This is the ancient idea of a university. It considers the student as an end in and for himself, his perfection as a man being the end of his education. This is the true university ideal. I fear that it is being lost in some influential quarters in Ontario. If so the worse for us in the long run. On this high ideal I shall not speak, but content myself with asking you to read again Prof. Watson's inaugural delivered last University day. I have read it thrice, and intend so read it again and again. But there is another view of the university that must not be overlooked. Special schools devoted to the learned professions, to the mechanic arts, and to the varied industrial development of the country should be connected with the University. It is not necessary to centre all these in one place and to agglomerate all round one institution. When that is attempted it is quite evident that it is the glory of one particular institution that is desired, and not the general good of the country. There are special reasons why such schools should be established in Kingston. Not to refer to the Royal Military College, which is properly supported by the Dominion Government, already the Royal College and the Women's Medical College have obtained a deserved reputation. In the future it shall be my aim to do everything possible for their further development. The erection of the John Carruthers science hall, the site of which was selected to-day by the chancellor and trustees, will be another important step in the same direction. It will afford facilities for the study of metallurgy, of assaying, and of practical chemistry in its application to various industries, especially to agriculture. It will be built on a plan that will allow it to be extended at a small cost in the future. Still there is very much more yet to be done. Canada is in its infancy so far as these schools of practical science and technology are concerned. The municipalities of Eastern Ontario have called the attention of the Provincial Government to this matter so important to them, and with one accord pointed out Kingston as the proper site of such an institution."

After touching on the practical application that Mr. Rathbun was making of chemistry and his desire to see a school of science in Kingston, the Principal spoke eloquently on the changes recently wrought in Queen's. He touched on the lack of knowledge of Canada among the people of the Southern seas, and said it was only equalled by the ignorance of Canadians relative to Australasia.

"You must not measure their affection," he said, "by their knowledge. They are British as we are. Their wisest men are a unit in desiring that the connection shall be preserved forever, and in seeking how best to bring about a condition of stable political equilibrium so far as the mother country and the great self-governing colonies are concerned. Disintegration they sum up in the phrase 'All loss and no gain.' They are anxious to cultivate intercolonial trade, and to form as many links as possible between themselves and us. Cold will be my heart when I forget their warm welcomes, the hospitality absolutely ingenious in variety and multiplicity pressed upon a stranger, whose claims were only those of a fellow-citizen and a brother-colonist.

"I have come back with greater enthusiasm than ever for the wonderful commonwealth to which we belong, and with a deeper sense of the sin that would be involved in breaking its unity without sufficient cause. At the same time my conviction has deepened that we must rise to full citizenship, and that there must be commercial and other advantages for those inside the commonwealth that are not given to those who are outside. We owe duties to the members of our own families that we do not owe to our neighbour's families, and yet we love our neighbours. In the same way members of the same nation or commonwealth should have special advantages. Call them discriminations or what you like that foreigners are not entitled to. At any rate the flag is sacred. We did not weave it, and we dare not tare it into tatters, but we must make it represent realities. The Sybil is offering things of price. I pray the fatal cry, 'Too late,' may not be heard when statesmen are ready to purchase them.

"It was very pleasant to travel, but it is pleasanter to be home again and at work. Never before did I get so much good from travelling. On that account, and on Plato's principle that men should not travel till they are sixty, my hope is that before long I may be sent away again. I am more eager to learn than ever, perhaps because I was brought up long ago in the consulship of Plancus when educational red tape was not so much honoured as it is now coming to be. It is a sad thing to see a student leave college without a love of learning, to see him throw aside books with a sigh of relief when school days are over, or to hear him speak of his gladness in having 'knocked off' so many subjects in the prescribed curriculum. His education should be such that all his life he would echo the language of the wise law-giver, 'The older I grow the more I would become a learner.' It has been said that 'the greater aptness of

age than youth for learning is one of the thousand pledges and foretastes of immortality.' When the love of learning ceases to well up in my heart, count me among the dead.

"Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and of the University Council; Mr. President of the Alma Mater Society, graduates and students—I thank you for the addresses you have presented to me, and for the generous language in which you have spoken of my services. Your words are so flattering that everyone would esteem them meaningless were it not that the country knows well that you have, time and again, backed your words with deeds. The history of Queen's is a sufficient pledge for the future. As you say, 'The light of divine knowledge should be free to all.' This keynote was struck by our founders, and in this wider day we are not likely to forget it. As for myself all the strength and wisdom that God gives to me will be at your service. We must work for one another and for the community. One word more, a word that will find an echo in the hearts of the oldest and the youngest here, and in the hearts of our graduates, benefactors and friends all over the empire—'Prove yourself worthy of your fathers.' That was the cry of Greek patriotism. Are not our fathers as worthy of being followed as theirs?"

There were hearty cheers when the Principal concluded his address. Then came a cry for Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, and that gentleman spoke briefly. He referred to Principal Grant as a man who had wrought wonderful changes in Queen's, and added that he was doubly welcomed home by the people of Kingston because of the interest he always took in the institution. His high ideals and aims, and his wonderful devotion to duty, were the mainsprings of his success.

MUSEUM.

VISITORS to the museum cannot fail to notice that large additions have been made to the collections and a good deal of work done in labelling and arranging specimens during the vacation. The Herbarium has been increased by the addition of over 800 sheets of mounted plants, including the collection made last summer between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Our Canadian Flora is now largely represented on the shelves, and can be profitably studied by those pursuing a science course.

The Zoological department has received a valuable addition from the liberality of R. Bell, LL.D., who presented a large collection of skins of birds and mammals procured in Hudson Bay. Several of the specimens have, unfortunately, been seriously injured by the mode in which they were originally collected and preserved, and still further by the depredations of insects. Under the skilful hands of Mr. Horsey, however, most of them will become very beautiful specimens, while the others will be useful for the purposes of study. The college is indebted to Dr. Bell for nearly the whole collection of

animals in its possession at present, and this new addition will largely increase its usefulness.

A collection of Bay of Fundy shells and sponges has also been secured by the curator.

Donations in this department are earnestly solicited from friends of the University.

The Geological department has been greatly improved. A large number of rocks and fossils have been labelled and arranged. During the vacation the curator visited several interesting localities in Nova Scotia and procured some valuable materials for elucidating the geology of the country. At the Mount Uniacke gold mines specimens of the auriferous quartz and of the surrounding rock were procured. At Londonderry iron mines specimens of the different iron ores were obtained, and at Panslow a collection was made of the minerals in the Trap rocks.

A visit to Springhill coal mines was amply repaid by a fine collection of fossils presented by Mr. William Rees and Mr. Swift. These gentlemen are underground managers of part of the works and take an intelligent interest in procuring and preserving valuable specimens of the Carboniferous Flora. The curator desires to express in the warmest terms his appreciation of their kindness and readiness to assist him in the object of his visit.

One of the finest sections known in the world for the study of the carboniferous formation occurs at the Joggins, on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Within a distance of nine miles a series of beds is exposed, amounting to more than 14,000 feet of vertical thickness, and bearing more than seventy seams of coal, with their roof-slabs and underclays. Large fossil trees stand erect at different levels, and the roots of the coal plants are seen running down into the underclays. The bold cliff and the clean-washed shore, which extends at low tide to a distance of two hundred yards from its base, furnish opportunities for examination which cannot be surpassed. A collection of interesting specimens was made here, but the difficulty of carrying such heavy masses rendered it impossible to secure any of the trees. One of these would be a most interesting object in the museum, and it is much to be desired that some friend of Queen's may supply us with it at an early date.

Dr. Goodwin also visited this locality during the vacation and forwarded a box of his spoils.

A number of specimens of volcanic rocks and fossils was procured at Cape Bon Ami, near Dalhousie, illustrating the geology of the locality.

Through the kindness of Dr. Williamson the curator was enabled to accompany him on a visit to the copper mines at Sudbury, where a good suite of specimens was obtained. The ore is Chalcopyrite, and if the present indications are reliable, immense quantities of it must exist in the neighborhood to reward the labors of the company. Some specimens are rich in nickle. Thanks are due to the gentlemen in charge for their great kind-

ness in furnishing information and the means for visiting the different mines.

Several students who labored in British Columbia during the summer months have brought interesting collections from their fields of labor.

The Principal also kept the museum in mind during his journey round the world and secured a number of valuable specimens of different kinds, which will be placed on exhibition as soon as possible. On the whole, the projects of the museum are most encouraging, and by the aid of friends it will soon be a most important part of our scientific outfit.

FROM A. W. BEALL.

HERE is a part of a letter received by one of the boys from our well-known friend in far-off Tokio. It is of special interest to any who may think of going to Japan. The letter explains itself:—

My opportunities for Christian work are chiefly among the students. Very frequently I go in among them, into their rooms in the dormitories adjoining the school. A great many attend this school for the English pure and simple. Some get interested in Christianity, but quite a number of them are becoming nominal Christians, a circumstance, speaking generally, in my mind, fraught with considerable peril to Japanese Christianity, as it is now becoming a politic thing to do. But to return to my students. I can always get a few who want to study the Bible. You can perhaps imagine the pleasure I feel at seeing their delight when finding some new passage in the Bible, especially in the Old Testament, which has been in their hands but a few months. I feel this most keenly, that what this land needs most of all is fearless preachers of Christ, of truth, of purity. For if any land under heaven needs Christ and Christlikeness it is Japan. To put it more plainly and terribly, falsehood and impurity are unknown in this land, or at least are not recognized as evils. There is a widespread impression in Canada that the men who come here as missionaries must come prepared to combat infidelity, to discuss Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall and Huxley, and that if he is not a born metaphysician he had better not come to Japan, where defeat will certainly await him, but had better go—no had better stay at home. Well, I boldly say that this country does not need such men, and when I say this country I do not mean the upper classes, who are eagerly grasping after Western civilization without inquiring into the nature of its foundation, but the rank and file, the toilers, the laboring classes, the millions who form the immense majority of the people. The men we do need are those who will be kindly but terribly truthful—men who will preach with whole-souled, loving earnestness “Ye must be born again,”—men who will act as evangelists, who will not give, may force upon the Japanese a knowledge of modern agnosticism, but will literally fulfil Christ's last command, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,” and not philosophy. Their

attitude should be the complete ignoring of all such subjects, and to bring this people face to face with the terrible fact that they are sinners, and then that Christ is a present Savior from sin. You may say, “Why, that's just what is preached at home, and I thought the Japanese demanded more than that.” Well, what is true of Canada's need is a thousandfold more true of this sinful, sinless country. You will understand this statement better when I say that this nation is devoid of a moral conscience. Our business is to create or awaken it. “Every cloud has a silver lining.” This pleasure is found in the faithful few Japanese who are turning out to be pure gold. We have such in our school, a goodly number. In the hands of such in this and the many other Christian schools is found the material for making Japan's future greatness truly great.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR W. BEALL,
13 Tani-Zaka, Azabu, Tokyo, Japan.

Y. M. C. A.

AN admirably written paper on “Temperance” was read by Malcolm McKenzie, B.A., at a recent meeting, and had the writer given his consent a vote of the meeting would have designated it for publication. The paper presented most clearly our country's situation in regard to the liquor traffic, pointing out the weakness of past legislation and the necessity for further educating the electorate on the subject of temperance. Addresses were given also by Dr. Anglin, W. J. Patterson, and the chairman, J. J. Wright, all of which were to the point and well received. The room was crowded, and much interest in the proceedings was evinced. The ladies of the two colleges kindly responded to an invitation, and were present.

The Y. M. C. A., as the name decisively implies, is exclusively for young men. Time and again at conventions has the advisability of throwing the doors open for a mixed audience been discussed, but, so far as we can learn, never sustained. Time and again has it been tried by associations struggling for an existence, and has only had the effect of hastening dissolution. The association has a work to do, an end to reach. That work is among young men, and that end the salvation of young men from the perils which surround their physical and spiritual lives. How zealously should all its energies be centred upon the realization of that end, upon the accomplishment of that grand work? Consequently when it is proposed to admit to our meetings our lady students, we must object, as we feel certain they also, knowing the design of the association, would do. We suggest instead that at intervals during the term special meetings be announced to which invitations be given our lady classmates, whom on such occasions we shall welcome most cordially.

The new programme has appeared and quite pleases everybody. It is neat in design and contains a store of

information. Suspended opposite the study table it will be both useful and ornamental.

During the holidays Sharbot Lake district was in the charge of Hugh Ross, divinity student. John D. Boyd held forth at Wilbur, and J. Binnie at Mattawachan. These fields are supplied by the Missionary Association. Several other stations in the presbytery were also supplied by our students.

PERSONALS.

REV. J. M. DUCLOS, B.A., was on June 8th married to Miss Nella Purvis, of Portage du Fort.

Rev. Jas. Murray was married not long ago to Miss Madge Webster, of Georgetown.

Rev. M. McKinnon, B.A., Eldon, was recently presented by the young men of the congregation with a handsome cutter and address. The young ladies also presented him with a sideboard and dinner set. Do you want any help to use these, Malcolm?

We have been informed that Dr. Dixon, of Frankville, has been obliged to relinquish his lucrative practice because of ill-health, and that in a few days he will remove to Florida's balmy clime. It is but a couple of years since Dr. Dixon graduated with honors, winning medals and scholarships during the period that he was a student in the college, and carrying off the gold medal when graduating. During his brief sojourn in Frankville he has made hosts of friends, and has also been accorded a very extensive practice, his treatment of his patients clearly proving him to be a skilful physician. In his departure to Florida, Leeds county suffers the loss of one of its rapidly rising medical practitioners. We trust that the change of climate will completely restore his shattered constitution.

NOTES FROM THE ROYAL.

A NUMBER of new students have come in since the vacation, making the freshman class an unusually large one.

Professor informs student, who has written a prescription without ordering any water, that "physicians, like Pharaoh's daughter, take a little profit from the water." Are our doctors so far behind the times as to still be looking for prophets?

A subject for a paper to be read at the Provincial Convention, which meets in Ottawa next month, has been assigned to the Royal Y. M. C. A. Accordingly at the last meeting of the association T. G. Allen, B.A., was appointed to prepare and read the paper.

We are glad to know that a long-felt want is to be supplied by the forming of a class for practical toxicology. Provision has also been made for a special course of lectures on pathology.

COLLEGE NOTES.

HOW do you do, old boy! Glad to see you. Did you have a good time in the holidays? Say, give us 10 cents to help pay for some torches.

Prof. Ross—(to class in Apologetics)—We'll meet no more below, but up above.

The long face of the Sec'y-Treas. of the JOURNAL is due to the fact that subscriptions are coming in very slowly.

The boys think the signs on our new wire fence in the library very elegant.

Say, Jack, if I pay 10 cents can I carry a torch in the procession on Friday night? Well, I should murmur.

Quite a number are wondering how many times they have to read exchanges before new ones are put on fyle. Ask our editor.

One of the usual items on the programme of our Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting every Friday night is, "Mr. Potter will now make the usual announcements."

For some time past we have been looking round for Joseph (the assistant in the physical laboratory), but up to time of writing no trace has been found of him. Joseph, Where art thou? or, What hast thou done?

What can have happened to our worthy Secretary of the Alma Mater? No notice was put up about our first meeting of '89.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

A PLEA.

THE room formerly placed at our disposal being much too small for our increased numbers, the Senate has given us, in addition, a large unfurnished room in the upper flat. As each of us is obliged to pay one dollar towards the gymnasium, from which we derive no benefit, we would respectfully suggest that the whole sum, amounting to thirty dollars, be expended in helping to furnish this room. All we ask for is necessary articles, and we do not think this request unreasonable, since a room where we could study between classes, without interruption, is very much needed.

Our society is flourishing to a remarkable extent, its meetings being largely attended and very interesting.

"To think of that bad, naughty man, Prof. Reynolds, taking me for a nurse. L. B.

"Oo's a little lamb now?" H. M.

"Chestnuts!" H. F.

"What on earth would the JOURNAL do without the ladies?" A. C.

"I'm never going to say anything when one of those editors are around. They always put it in the JOURNAL." M. C.

"What's that?"

THOSE EDITORS.

✽ DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ✽

CELEBRITIES OF '89.

No. 1.

IT is somewhat difficult to catch a glimpse of No. 1. His visits to college are irregular and spasmodic and he is, moreover, usually late. But the scientific observer need not despair if after several days of stalking, he fails to meet the object of his search. The daring Nimrod in pursuit of the coveted Bighorn on the summit of the great Divide, considers himself in luck's way, if, for a fortnight's or perhaps a month's wearisome watching, he is rewarded by a single head. So we would again impress on the students of humanity the necessity of perseverance and untiring energy. To those, however, who have neither the time nor the inclination to devote to this, we purpose to offer a few remarks. To begin with, we shall endeavor to portray faithfully the subject of this sketch. Imagine to yourself a rather tall, slim youth, whose cast of countenance reminds you neither of a Spanish troubadour nor of an Esquimaux; whose figure might seem to your wondering gaze to approximate nearer to Bunthorne than to Apollo Belvidere; whose chronic semi-abstraction of manner might bespeak the venerable Professor were it not for the few straggling bunches of virgin fluff that one can see manfully pushing their way through the folds of his epidermis; whose shoulders have already, in well developed embryo, that well known stoop so redolent of midnight oil and Greek roots. His careless, swinging walk, with each limb pointing simultaneously to north, south, east and west, would sufficiently vindicate his merry, childlike, independent eccentricity of disposition did not his guileless, far-away smile confirm instant that impression. His large, dark eyes, which, in justice to their happy possessor, we must admit come nearer to our own ideal than anything we have ever seen, with the exception perhaps of those of a favorite bull dog, now long since dead (rest his soul!) light up with almost celestial brilliancy when he gets his prose back marked "very fair." We have known No. 1 ourself for several years and can say *coram omnibus* that we have never heard the breath of scandal blowing through his youthful whiskers. This is a reputation that not every student can boast of. But while the fair sex have, time after time, in vain assaulted the citadel of his affections, it must not be supposed that he is callous to the nobler feeling which possess the true genius—No! We have authority for the statement that, at school, he has been known to invade fearlessly the sacred precincts of the girls' exit hall—when the boys' door has been locked. No. 1 is not what one might call an athlete. He rejoices more in the exquisite beauty of the Odes of Horace (expurgated edition of course) than in the reckless impetuosity of the ubiquitous quarter-back. At the same time we refrain from disseminating the idea that he is a book worm, blown-in-the-bottle. We ourself can testify to having seen him on the Campus

picturesquely scraping the real estate off his right boot after an abortive attempt to connect with the mysterious drop-kick. It is whispered also that he occasionally visits the gymnasium and disports himself with a pair of clubs. He usually has the gymnasium to himself soon after he starts swinging. But in spite of all these shortcomings he is a very good fellow. While he never unnecessarily obtrudes his opinions on others, he is ever ready for an argument, and any smart Alec who contemplates playing our friend for a sucker will find his victim with his loins girdled and his lamps burning and a tolerably wide range of information. The Professors themselves will bear witness to this. We know of no other individual, at this moment, with a corresponding inoffensive appearance who can so effectually rattle a Prof. and his class as our No. 1. His questions are all of the most pointed and searching character; and when, in addition to this, we add an aggravating pertinacity and a restless desire to sift the whole question to its uttermost depth, we can imagine the result on all concerned. A stranger coming into the lecture room and finding the Prof. nervous and agitated and the class hovering between hysterics and superstitious awe, could nine times out of ten stake his big dollar that No. 1 has been asking a few questions. We cannot leave our hero without remarking that he has a brother, and one of those brothers that we don't find in hollow trees. Long after the names of students whom we now see passing to and fro are lost in the twilight of years gone by, the name of the "brother" will shed its undying lustre on the scroll of fame as the only man on record who ever succeeded in getting the maximum in junior philosophy without direct collusion with the professor.

WHAT THE MEDS. ARE SAYING.

JUST gaze on our moustaches.

ADAM H-LK-R.

H. G. T-LLM-N.

ART. E-I-TT.

M. E. McG-TH.

Truly de "Royal am a moverin' along."

BEVY OF STUDENTS, ADMIRINGLY.

To propitiate the gods. I make an offering of my beard.

ALEX. ST-W-RT.

Double bezique counts five hundred, doesn't it?

G. J. N-I-H.

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so is it likewise reformed by their moderation.—*Cicero*.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—*Montaigne*.

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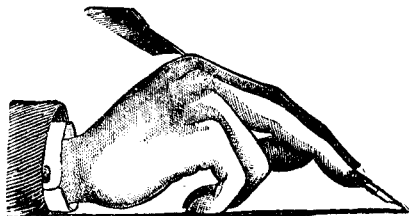
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