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## Queen's University Journal

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

THE JOURNAL is always delighted to be able to record advances in the efficiency of our Alma Mater. Thanks to the energy of those who direct her affairs and to the place she has in the affections of her friends, we have of late frequently had this pleasure. This week we call special attention to the editorial on "A Faculty of Applied Science." Both students and friends will regard this forward movement with peculiar pleasure.

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We are pleased to be able to announce the JOURNAL staff for '94-5 :-

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On account of their recognised good judgment and ability, and on account of the high esteem in which they are held, we predict that '94-5 will be the brightest year in the history of the JOURNAL.

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One of the most exasperating types of students is he who is continually borrowing from you essays or books. Of course when you are no longer attending the class in which they are used it is different, though indeed you sometimes are amazed, even if you say nothing, when some one quite as wealthy as yourself wishes to borrow all your honor books on some one

particular course. But when a student with whom you are competing, because he has heard the Professor praise an essay on which you have put a great deal of time and thought, comes around and begs your essay, a very severe strain is put on one's christianity. You feel that with malice aforethought you have been robbed of the results of hard labor. More than that, you know that your work will be turned against yourself because it will be used to establish the borrower in the favor of the Professor. The silver lining to the cloud is your conviction that of all the ways of acquiring knowledge that of plagiarising or stealing from others is the most superficial and the meanest.

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The fifty-fourth session of our Alma Mater is almost at an end, and with its close another senior year lays down its sceptre and goes out to join its predecessors in the various pursuits of life.

In bidding farewell to former graduating classes the JOURNAL was accustomed to publish a short biography of each member of the year, but on account of the difficulty of dealing thus with so large a class, and for other reasons, it was thought advisable to discontinue the practice and attempt instead a sketch of the year as a whole.

Entering, as '94 did, with over seventy members, a close union of interests and tastes could not well be expected, and so we find the members ranged in more or less distinct groups about such centres of College interest as the Alma Mater Society, the Y. M. C. A., and Athletics.

In Alma Mater, it must be said, the year did not manifest as much interest as the importance of the Society demanded, and consequently their influence in this direction was not as strong as it should have been.

Towards the Y.M.C.A. a stronger and more active interest was shown, and to '94 the Society is indebted for many of its most earnest and effective workers.

The dominant characteristic of the class, however, was an enthusiasm for athletics, and along this line they were preeminently successful. Since entering College they have always been well represented on all the athletic clubs and this year they have the enviable honour of furnishing six of the nine men representing Arts on the Champion Rugby Team of the Dominion.

Though such strong supporters of sports, they have shown their capability for good hard work, and after reaping a well earned harvest of scholarships members of the class are going up, with every prospect of success, for final examination in nearly every honour course on the curriculum.

Many of the class intend to return next session, some to pursue post-graduate work in Arts, and others to enter other faculties of the University. The majority, however, will be leaving Queen's for good, and to these the JOURNAL presents its very best wishes for their future success, and hopes that in after life they may never forget to remit their yearly subscription to the JOURNAL as a memento of their course at Queen's and the pleasant years spent "On the Old Ontario Strand."

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The JOURNAL is not intended to take the place of either conscience or common sense. Accordingly throughout the past session it has not presumed to give advice to students as to their behaviour on particular occasions, but has been content with trying to set forth general principles.

Now, however, as the present staff nears the end of its regime it feels that the hoary head with which age has crowned it will justify a few words of special advice to giddy theologues, sober freshmen, and all intermediate orders, as to how they shall disport themselves at the approaching Convocation.

Reserve the front seats of the gallery for freshmen; keep theologues and post-grads in the rear.

Admit to the gallery all the street arabs that come along.

Sing such new songs as "See the mighty host advancing," "Hop along sister Mary," "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea," etc.

Crack jokes which will come as a complete surprise to the unsuspecting hearers, e.g., by calling attention to the fact that "there's no hair on the top of his head," by making loud smacks when ladies are being "capped," and in other such witty ways hitherto unheard of, hitherto unknown.

Do all your talking when some one else has the floor, and make an extra effort to interrupt strangers as frequently as possible.

Bring all the tin-horns, whistles, canes, boots, etc., which are to be found within a radius of ten miles and use them to the best of your ability in producing such musical sounds as will most tend toward the unconscious education and uplifting of the ignorant masses there assembled.

In short, make all the noise you can, in all the ways you can and whenever you can, and should any primitive student dare to sing a song written earlier than 1894 B.C., or to perpetuate a joke so old that we never before heard of it, or in any other way to act contrary to the traditions of Queen's, let that offender be summarily dismissed from among

"the gods," never to be reinstated. Thus shall the public be convinced of the superior intellect and genteel character of students, Convocation will worthily reflect "the aims, dignity and life of the University," and the Senate and Principal will be forever grateful.

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We understand that a committee of the Senate is drawing up a scheme for the establishment of a new faculty in Queen's with the object of giving a theoretical and practical education in the various branches of Applied Science. Students who wished for degrees as Assayers or Analytical Chemists, or in one or other of the various departments of Engineering, and graduates in different parts of the country who complained that Queen's was slow in moving along those practical lines, will now be gratified. The first work of a University is the faculty of Arts. That is the foundation. That having been equipped up to its present condition of efficiency, the time has come for doing something more for professional training than could have been attempted previously; and the organization of the School of Mining and Agriculture in Kingston makes it possible to utilize the staff that is to be connected with both departments of that school and so secure the services of a large body of instructors.

The object of a Faculty of Applied Science being professional instruction and not culture, the matriculation, as in McGill and Toronto, will practically be confined to mathematics. A four years' course is to lead to the degree of B.Sc., but a Diploma or Testatur will be awarded to those who complete three years of the course and pass the necessary examinations. Students who have already passed any of the classes that are required for the B.Sc. degree may be able to take the course in a shorter time; and special students may be admitted to such course of instruction as the Faculty may think proper.

The work will be carried on partly in the University buildings, partly in the Mining School, and partly in the Agricultural School.

The courses are to be as follows:—

- A. Chemistry and Mineralogy.
- B. Mechanical Engineering.
- C. Civil Engineering.
- D. Electrical Engineering.
- E. Mining Engineering.
- F. Biology, leading to Medicine. Students in this course, after receiving their diploma, may graduate in Medicine in three years, if they have taken the Arts or Medical matriculation.

In addition, there will be short courses in Architecture and Navigation. The School of Mining and Agriculture also intends to provide short courses in Mining, Agriculture and Veterinary. Certificates

will be awarded in all those departments by the respective Faculties.

The first year's work which, except as to the options, is common to all the courses, is as follows:—

*First term.*

Algebra and Geometry, Junior English, Plane Trigonometry, Descriptive and Experimental Physics, Junior Chemistry, Drawing.

*Second term.*

Algebra and Geometry, Junior English, Descriptive Astronomy, Descriptive and Experimental Physics, Junior Chemistry, Drawing, and one of the following options:—1. Blowpiping; 2. Elementary Surveying; 3. Botany (Structural).

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Cecil Fairfield Lavell, William Cornelius McCutcheon and John Alexander Claxton, B.A., kindly step this way.

Gentlemen, on Tuesday, April 24th, at two o'clock p.m., you are expected to deliver in Convocation Hall the Valedictorys for the classes in Arts, Medicine and Divinity. Our own private opinion is that in performing this function you will be a striking illustration of the truth that the sway of the IDEA does not as yet control all things, but since you have consented to become martyrs in the service of your respective classes we wish to give you some friendly advice.

First, a few general remarks. Because the voice of the Lady Medical is no longer heard in the land—you need not say why—let none of you by prolonging your remarks presume on the long suffering, gentleness, meekness, &c., of the much enduring student. The worm might turn, and private advices assure us that at present it is in a somewhat agitated condition. Neither, gentlemen, need you make prolonged remarks on “after us the deluge.” A large number of you will be back and if you don't return things will wag on as of old. It will also be advisable for you to remain in your own yard. Leave the School of Mining to the Principal. According to *Grip* he is full of it, and much more likely than you to give it the adequate treatment that it deserves. If, however, on account of lack of material you must wander, you might try the School of Agriculture. Dilate on the sanitary condition, the historic memories, the beautiful proportions and the magnificent site of the building. Grouping it with the Jail and Chalmer's Church you might instance the group as a remarkable illustration of the theory of development, Incarceration, Education, Salvation. Notice the broad acres surrounding it and by your past experiences, by Combinations and Permutations, prove how admirably adapted it is to raise peas, potatoes, parsnips, pumpkins and pigs. If you do this you will not have labored in vain.

But coming now to what has long been regarded

as absolutely necessary to any Valedictory we have a few remarks. When you say good-bye to the Ladies do not in an unseemly manner prolong the anguish. At this point a little poetry like

“Darling, I have watched thee daily  
And I know thou lov'st me well,”

will be expected and will be quite in order.

In this touching and truly pathetic manner you will tersely explain how it is that some men are taking post-graduate (?) work, how you have performed your duty towards the Kingston public and at the same time gently hint of things that are to be. With regard to the Professors you are of course convinced that they have all been of immeasurable value in fitting you for home and public life, and for making you

“A thing of beauty, a joy forever.”

You might mention the above fact, but don't give them any advice—unless indeed you wish to disturb their gravity. Somehow they are convinced that from long experience they know better than you do how to run the University—and privately we are of the same opinion. You will of course be expected to say something about Football to show that at least 90 per cent. of the team belong to your faculty, if not to your year, to expand on the unceasing energy and indomitable perseverance that rising superior to every defeat at last won for us the proud titles of Champions of Ontario, Champions of Canada. Something on this subject has appeared before so do not advance any claim to originality.

Gentlemen, we have a few private remarks to make. Mr. Lavell, you will notice with pride the efforts that have been made to consolidate and bring more into touch with student life the various societies around the College. You will notice the advance that has been made in the Science department and you will give voice to our satisfaction in having fewer and more rational examination papers. If time will permit you might make a few remarks as to the need of a gymnasium.

Mr. Claxton, you have our sympathy. Were the times not so hard we would advise you to again take up the wail for more Professors in Divinity. But it is no use. Dr. Smith says he never before saw such a financial stringency and he can be trusted. You will, however, after mentioning our friends the Principal, Profs. Ross and Mowat, refer kindly to the influence of the Post-graduate session, and our keen appreciation of the lectures of Professor Milligan and Dr. Thompson. On wider questions you had better be non-committal.

Mr. McCutcheon you may take as your text, “The old order changeth giving place to new,” and expatiate at length on the moral benefit derived from the Senate's enforcing the prompt payment of fees and that students must act in a right and in a proper manner. You may make the annual growl

about the Council's iniquity but dinna forget to mention any advances in medicine made during the past year. You may now take your seats, gentlemen.

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One of the most noticeable changes in our college life within the past few years is the decay of singing. Even the present undergraduate can recall the time when singing before lecture was the rule in almost every class in the University, and "Clementine," "The Old Ontario Strand," etc., were familiar to everyone. Now all is changed, and we hear only, in wearily drawn out measures, "There's no hair on the top of his head," whose dismal wail for the departed is well fitted to be the dirge of Orpheus. But, worse than this, public meetings in Convocation Hall have lost one of their most interesting features, the ever popular college songs, and even the praise of the Y.M.C.A., though, no doubt, coming from the heart, seems often to have little regard for the ear.

The cause is quite obvious. The leaders of the Glee Club having left college, none undertook to succeed them, and anarchy had its inevitable results. This want of organization was strikingly shown two years ago when the Choral Club instantly disappeared without any apparent cause, and no attempt has since been made to revive it. Perhaps it was that it should be dropped for a year or two that it might be taken up with greater interest when its loss was duly felt. But surely *now* this object lesson has taught its moral to every one, and unless our singers mean to "die with all their music in them," it is time they bestir themselves.

It is too late for any practice this year, but now is the time to lay plans for a well organized glee club next year. A moderate membership fee would keep out all uninterested ones, and at the same time form a nucleus to pay an instructor. A good concert could be easily got up during the winter and would pay the balance. Why, this year "Varsity" Glee Club visited some of the leading cities of Ontario, and their concerts were a great success, patronized by the Governor General, lauded by the newspapers, etc. ! If the expenses could not be fully met in this way, many students outside the club would be glad to contribute, as they already do to football.

The recently announced result of examinations at the Kingston Ladies' College reveals the fact that the "dears" are deep versed in Divinity. There seems to be an English Faculty, a Presbyterian Faculty and a Methodist Faculty, and yet the utmost harmony prevails. The theologues are divided as to whether they should petition to have the College affiliated or pray that its students may become Freshies next year. Certainly something should be done.

## LITERATURE.

### THE CLOSING CHAPTERS OF OLD MORTALITY.

HERE is nothing in Scott that surpasses and not much that equals the closing chapters of *Old Mortality*. Scott, as well as Shakespeare, have been sometimes charged with unduly hurrying their conclusion. I have never felt the soundness of that criticism. The truth is that such great story tellers know very well when their work is done, when the problems of fate have been solved and the destinies of character for good or for evil have been sufficiently accomplished. After that every incident, every word almost, is a weakening of the tragic impression, the deep sense of destiny, of fatality even, in life which is left on the mind by every great work of art.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, for example, Shylock, a lonely old man amidst a crew of jibing Venetians,\* after judgment has been given against him, says simply:—

I pray you give me leave to go from hence,  
I am not well: Send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

And that is the last you see or hear of the Jew. With these words of his the deep tragic interest of the play comes to an end, and what is left is but the thread of romantic comedy in the story, which Shakespeare winds up with swift, dexterous strokes, throwing in freely high lyrical notes that relieve the tragic gloom of the preceding act:

On such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love,  
To come again to Carthage.

A wonderful balance of tragic and comic elements, unique even in Shakespeare!

It is one of the marks of the inferiority of the novel as a form of art, that the novelist is generally obliged, in order to satisfy the ordinary reader's demand for formal completeness in the story, to protract his narrative beyond the perfectly artistic close, the close which leaves the reader with the profoundest impression of the fates of life.

The great novelists have not always yielded willingly to the necessities of their art. Sometimes they have successfully defied them. Charlotte Bronte seizes the tragic moment and closes *Villette* abruptly in a passionate lyrical outburst; and Scott openly acknowledges his reluctance to weaken the tragic close of *Old Mortality* by a formal conclusion. And no wonder! for of all his novels *Old Mortality* moves to its end with the most powerful union of pathetic and tragic elements. The thirty-seventh chapter marks the beginning of the closing move-

\*This is putting the situation somewhat strongly, in order to bring out the tragic element in the play. In reality the characters of Antonio and Portia have the effect of balancing the sympathies of the reader.

ment. The preceding chapters have been filled with scenes from that stormy period of Scottish history when the Solemn League and Covenant was in the midst of its death wrestle with Charles; and nowhere, in history or in novel, do the strongly marked characters of the period appear before us with such vivid reality as in the pages of *Old Mortality*; the troopers of Claverhouse with the reckless Bothwell at their head, Claverhouse himself, the haughty but faithful Graham, and all the stern breed of Scotch Cameronianism; the heavily wrung spirit of Habbakuk Mucklewraith, who from his prison tower of the Bass rock saw signs and heard voices in the stormy waters around him—a maniac, yet dying with the exalted breath of prophecy and prayer on his lips; the sublime fanaticism of Macbriar, fed with the fires of old Hebrew inspiration and dangerously tintured at times with old Hebrew ferocity, but at the last purified by suffering into the softer flame of the Christian martyr; and that stern soldier of the Covenant, John Balfour of Burley, whose hand has been heavy on the malignant, and whose garments have been dyed in blood. All these and many other types of the time have played their parts on the field of Drumclog, Bothwell Bridge, or elsewhere, with a truth of nature which only four or five men in the history of the world, an Aristophanes, a Homer, a Shakespeare or a Calderon have rivalled. But the period of conflict is past; Scotland and Presbyterianism have fought their fight successfully, and under William and Mary may now look forward to a period of peace. The battle of constitutionalism and religious freedom has been won; the only refractory elements now are a small band of loyal Highlanders in the north under Claverhouse, and a group of malcontent Cameronians, old soldiers of the Solemn League and Covenant, who have found out that William's government after all is worldly minded and Erastian, and not disposed to encourage any reign of the saints, even in Scotland. In such circumstances Henry Morton, after ten years of foreign service, returns to his native country and pays a visit to the scene of his earlier adventures.

And now Scott, from this splendid point of vantage, begins to wind up the threads of destiny in his tale:—

It was on a delightful summer evening that a stranger, well mounted and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent, which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in a romantic variety of shades, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur

of the river seemed to soften itself into union with the stillness of the scene around.

That passage is finer than Scott's ordinary narrative style, a degree more careful in arrangement and more graceful in expression than the full but somewhat commonplace flow of his description. The writer has felt the fine dramatic moment in his tale and responded to it. That picture of the solitary horseman travelling down the winding road, which G. P. R. James took up and made so hackneyed; that romantic historical touch, "the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence;" and that suggestion of the idyllic peacefulness of the summer evening hardly broken by the murmur of the Clyde as it passes Bothwell Castle,—

O Bothwell banks that bloom sae fair!

—are all finely felt, and very effective examples of the great romancer's art.

But in mere narrative and description Scott can be equalled and even surpassed by other novelists, as, for example, he is surpassed by his Italian imitator, Manzoni (Compare chap. 20 of *I Promessi Sposi*). It is when he comes to the dramatic part, the dramatic exhibition of character, that he is unapproachable in the fulness of his power and the felicity and ease of his manner. In the dialogue which Morton, who preserves his *incognito*, has with his former servant, Cuddie Headrigg, now comfortably established on a small farm with that once coquettish Abigail, Jennie Dennison, as its mistress, there is the variety and freshness of nature itself, and the tones of pathos and humour are blended in a way that belongs only to the highest art. How finely the memories of the old conflict, reminiscences of Claverhouse and the Cameronians, of Drumshinnel and Bothwell Bridge are recalled for the reader in the talk of Cuddie, who is unconscious he is addressing one who had been a prominent figure in it all!

Morton asks about the state of the country.

"Country?" replied Cuddie. "Ou, the country's weel enough, an it werena that dour devil, Claverse (they ca' him Dundee now), that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, wi' a' the Donalds, and Duncans, and Dugalds, that ever wore bottomless breeks, driving about wi' him, to set things asteer again, now we hae gotten them a' reasonably well settled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gie him his fairing, I'll be caution for it."

"What makes you so positive of that, my friend?" asked the horseman.

"I heard it wi' my ain lugs," answered Cuddie, "foretauld to him by a man that had been three hours stone dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Drumshinnel..... They ca'd the man Habbakuk Mucklewraith; his brain was a wee bit ajeer, but he was a braw preacher for a' that."

There is the same dramatic truth and naturalness of manner in the homely tenderness of Cuddie's re-

ference to his former master, whom he supposes to have been drowned :

"He was lost in the vessel gaun to that weary Holland—clean lost, and a'boddy perished, and my poor master amang them. Neifher man nor mouse was ever heard o' mair." Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

"You had some regard for him, then?" continued the stranger.

"How could I help it! His face was made of a fiddle, as they say, for a'boddy that looked on him liked him. And a braw soldier he was. O, an ye had but seen him down at the brigg there fleeing about like a fleeing dragon to gar folk fight that had unco little will till't. There was he and that sour whigamore they ca'd Burley—if twa men could hae won a field, we wadna hae gotten our skins paid that day."

Cuddie is quite unconscious that it is his old master who stands before him; but sharp eyed Jenny has her suspicions, and is struck with sudden dismay at the thought that here is something may prevent Lord Evandale's marriage even yet, and what will become then of "our ain bit free house, and the kale-yard, and the cow's grass." Accordingly Jenny, setting her feminine acuteness against the stream of destiny, resolves to keep Morton and her husband from mutual explanations, and to conceal the precarious and reluctant character of the promise Lord Evandale has from Edith. The contrast between the mental adroitness of Jenny and the honest simplicity and bucolic slowness of Cuddie is managed with much humour. Cuddie very nearly lets the cat out of the bag.

"And why," said the stranger, "was he (Lord Evandale) not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?"

"There was the lawsuit to be ended," said Jenny readily, "forby many other family arrangements."

"Na, but," said Cuddie, "there was another reason forby: for the young leddy"——

"Whisht, haud your tongue and sap your sowens," said his wife. "I see the gentleman's far frae weel and downa cat our coarse supper. I wad kill him a chicken in an instant."

Jenny is successful for the moment, as acuteness is apt to be; but in the end her manœuvres, together with Lady Margaret's aristocratic vanity, are in the train of consequences that lead to the murder of Lord Evandale, and to their own disappointment. That is the kind of morality which the instinct of the great novelist weaves through all his work.

But, unquestionably, the finest scene in those closing chapters, the finest, perhaps, in all Scott's work for natural pathos—not the unrelieved and sometimes strained pathos of Dickens, but beautifully moulded by soft touches of humour into the genuine semblance of life—is that where Morton revisits his old home, the mansion of Milnwood, now left to the care of old Alison. There was little sign of life about the old house as Morton rode up to it; and though everything was in good repair (the

watchful eye of old Alison, once housekeeper, now life-rentrix, being over it all), "the grass in the court-yard looked as if the foot of man had not been there for years." Nothing living was in sight or hearing till, after Morton's knock, a little window, "through which it was usual to reconnoitre visitors," opened with much caution, and the face of Alison, puckered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was furrowed when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a *toy*, from under the protection of which some of her grey tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill, tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking."

Nothing but literal quotation can convey what follows:—

"I wish to speak an instant with one Alison Wilson, who resides here," said Henry.

"She's no at hame the day," answered Mrs. Wilson, *in propria persona*, the state of whose head-dress, perhaps, inspired her with this direct mode of denying herself; "and ye are but a mislear'd person to speer for her in sic a manner. Ye might hae had an M under your belt for *Mistress* Wilson of Milnwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally smiling at finding in old Ailie the same jealousy of disrespect which she used to exhibit upon former occasions—"I beg pardon; I am but a stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad that I have almost forgotten my own language."

"Did ye come frae foreign parts?" said Ailie; "then maybe ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country that they ca' Henry Morton?"

"I have heard," said Morton, "of such a name in Germany."

"Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend—or stay—gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a laigh door; it's on the latch, for it's never barred till sunset. Ye'll open't—and tak care ye dinna fa' ower the tub, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll haud straight forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll tak heed o' the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen—it's a' the kitchen that at Milnwood now—and I'll come down t'ye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mistress Wilson ye may very safely say it to me."

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Ailie, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back-door to the little kitchen; but Henry was too well acquainted with the navigation of these straits to experience danger, either from the Scylla which lurked on one side in shape of a bucking tub, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar-stair. His only impediment arose from the snarling and vehement barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, but which, unlike the faithful Argus, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptom of recognition.

"The little dogs and all!" said Morton to himself, on being disowned by his former favorite. "I am so changed that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me!"

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alison's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to prop and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an annunciation which continued for some time ere she fairly reached the kitchen.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' Mrs. Wilson, sir?—I am Mrs. Wilson," was her first address; for the five minutes' time which she had gained for the business of the toilette, entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her illustrious name, and shine forth on her guest in unchastened splendour. "Ye said ye ken'd Mr. Henry Morton?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Henry; "it was of one Silas Morton I spoke."

The old woman's countenance fell.

"It was his father, then, ye kent o', the brother o' the late Milnwood?—Ye canna mind him abroad, I wad think;—he was come hame afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news o' poor Maister Harry."

"It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton," said Henry; "of the son I know little or nothing; rumour says he died abroad on his passage to Holland."

"That's ower like to be true," said the old woman, with a sigh, "and mony a tear it's cost my auld een. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough'd awa wi' it in his mouth. He had been gieing me preceezee directions anent the bread, and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company, (for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, pains-taking man), and then he said, said he, 'Ailie,' (he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance), 'Ailie, tak ye care and hand the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's gane out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into another, and ne'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude enough to see to dee wi';—He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill-luck, on the table."

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming in a tone of hasty impatience, "Down, Elphin! down sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise.—"Ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common ane. And the creature kens you, too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—"God guide us! it's my ain bairn!"

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy. There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise.

There is nothing in that scene which will not bear comparison with the creations of the great masters for depth of feeling and dramatic truth. The description of the old miser of Milnwood's death may be fairly put beside Mistress Quickly's account of the end of Falstaff in Shakespeare. Both the great

artists have put an immortal touch of poetry and pathos in what is otherwise sordid and grotesque. Falstaff "babbles o' green fields," and old Morton forgets his hoard for a moment at the thought of the name of Morton of Milnwood "gane out like the last sough of an auld sang."

Of course the situation, the matter and sentiments are old, old at least as the *Odyssey* and the 'noble swineherd' Eumæus. That is only to say that human nature is at bottom always the same; it is always a new version of an old tale; but this nineteenth century version of Scott's will bear comparison with the versions of most other centuries, and perhaps even, if we except "the father of them all," bear off the palm for sincerity of feeling and the felicity of its art.

And now Scott proceeds to close the eventful history of *Old Mortality* with two scenes from the life of that redoubtable soldier of the Covenant, Balfour of Burley, who in spite of those garments dyed in blood remains virtually the hero of what is fatal and tragic in this story. Burley is not exactly the ideal we could have wished as a leader of the Covenanters. There are dark traits in that strong and concentrated nature; a fanaticism deeper even than Macbriar's, an insanity of hatred more destructive in its hour than Mucklewraith's, for it is combined in an unusual degree with an acute practical judgment and a subtle spirit of intrigue, the unique product of a strongly tempered age and generation. "Look," he says to Morton in that last interview, "at the notches upon that weapon, they are three in number, are they not?" "It seems so," answered Morton, "but what of that?" "The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap rested on the skull of the perjured traitor who first introduced episcopacy into Scotland; this second notch was made in the rib-bone of an impious villian, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the prelatic cause at Drumclog; this third was broken on the steel head-piece of the captain who defended the chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution—I cleft him to the teeth through skull and bone. It has done great deeds this little weapon, and each of these blows was a deliverance to the church. This sword," he said, again sheathing it, "has yet more to do—to weed out this base and pestilential heresy of Erastianism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory—then let it moulder and rust beside the bones of its master."

A heroically tempered man, and yet his career is to end in the deepest tragedy, for with Burley soul and body alike seem to fall into the abyss. Drawn by his violent nature into rancorous feuds, the Revolution brings him no peace, but disappointment. He is discountenanced by the moderate Whigs, who succeed to power with William III., and assumes in

revenge an attitude of open hostility towards them. He is a hunted and unhappy man under the government of William as he was under that of James. Scott with profound irony even represents him as driven to intrigue with the Jacobites and the once detested Claverhouse against the new Whig government. The element of political intrigue grows ever greater in his life. His fanaticism deepens into insanity, and at last he is led by his vengeful nature to take part in the murder of Lord Evandale, and is slain in a desperate fight with the officers of the law. So ends the life of Burley,—no glorious close like that of Macbriar in the solemn testimony of a martyr for his religion, or like that of the conquering Grahame in a last charge for God and King James, or like that of Habakkuk Mucklewrath with the spirit of prophecy on his bloody lips, or even with the rude pathos of a soldier's death like Bothwell's on the field of Drumclog; but as one slain by mean hands in a disgraceful quarrel. And yet he was in capacity of endurance and resolve, as Scott felt, the most heroic of them all. But Scott's ethical instinct is sure as that of the great tragic poets, and there is something akin to their work in the way in which Burley is represented as driven on by the avenging Erinnys, the blood-born daughters of Heaven, to his fate.

With the scene of Burley's death the tale of *Old Mortality* ends. Scott has felt the tragic moment too deeply to prolong his narrative. But with a kind of humorous condescension for the feelings of the ordinary novel reader, he makes a special epilogue or conclusion at the request of Miss Martha Buskbody, "a young lady who has carried on the profession of mantua-making at Gandercleugh with great success for about forty years," in which, amongst other things, he apprises the said novel reader that Morton and Miss Bellenden were happily wedded, and dined in state with old Alison once a year in the great wainscotted chamber of the old mansion of Milnwood.

J. CAPPON.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—With your permission I wish to make a remark or two on the letter of "Conservative" in the JOURNAL of March 17. I do not wish to discuss the questions to which he refers. I should regard such a discussion as out of place in the JOURNAL, so I think it a pity that you should devote an editorial to it.

All that I desire to do is to put things in a somewhat clear light as regards the conference of the Theological alumni. In this connection let me ask "Conservative" if it would not be well to wait until he gets "settled in his own ideas" before he rushes into print. The *furor scribendi* is greatly to

be deprecated in those who have not reached a consistent theory for themselves.

The first point that I wish to refer to is this. One would gather from the letter of "Conservative" that the Conference tried to apply the theory of development to Christ and Christianity. He says: "This question was raised at the Conference." Now what I wish to make clear is that if the question was raised, it could have been only incidentally and by some individual member. It was not on the programme, it was not raised *by the Conference* nor discussed by it.

Further, and this point is still more serious, the tone of "Conservative's" letter would be apt to lead some who were not at the Conference to the conclusion that the Conference *tried* to "make clear" that Christ and Christianity are adequately explained by the theory of Development. "Conservative" does not *assert* that such an attempt was made, but I think the drift of his letters would lead many to think that the Conference did try—and "failed." Now I think it unfortunate that any such idea should go out with the sanction of the JOURNAL, for, as I pointed out above, this subject was not even discussed at the Conference, much less was an attempt made to give a deliverance on the subject. The Conference was not so foolish.

Some individuals who were at the Conference *may* hold the views referred to by "Conservative," viz., that Development is simply a name for the progressive revelation of God in the *whole universe*. But the question was not discussed by the Conference, and hence no opinion whatever as to its merits or demerits was given.

J. S.

We very gladly print this communication in order to remove any misapprehension that may have been caused by "Conservative's" letter with regard to questions discussed by the Conference. However the article may have been interpreted, the editor is quite convinced as to the purity of "Conservative's" motive, that he in no way meant to mislead.

As to whether or not the discussion should have appeared in the JOURNAL, the question is bound up with the wider one, for whom does the JOURNAL exist? We feel certain that a number of our students are troubled by the same difficulties that find expression in "Conservative's" letter. The aim of the editorial was to show to THESE, not merely to "Conservative," a more adequate way of viewing such matters. We thought that when we had done this we had shown that the Conference had not made such a mistake. Our thanks are due and cheerfully given to J. S. for making this point more definite.—EDITOR.

Mr. Editor:—

Not long ago I happened to hear the report of our delegates to the recent missionary convention in Detroit, and must confess I was both amused and



amazed at some of the echoes brought back. For example, the watchword, or the war cry, of the Convention was that the world could and must be taken for Christ during the present generation.

I trust, sir, that I will not be branded as a heretic or an infidel when I say that to me such seems an expression of sublime self-confidence or of most woeful ignorance. I may be very much mistaken, but if so, the silver lining to my cloud is that some of those who so frequently applauded the sentiment will enlighten my darkness.

I would very much like to know what meaning these enthusiasts attach to the phrase, "taking the world for Christ." Does it mean for them that only a few nations have the light, are divinely directed and guided, that all the rest are in total darkness, and that on us falls the duty of packing our valises, enduring the martyrdom of farewells, landing on some foreign shore saying "Let light be" and light will be? If so, sir, how circumscribed their vision and what beautiful examples of Rip Van Winkleism we have in this wide-awake 19th century. If they will hunt up their bibles and read Amos ix., 6-8, they will see that over 2,600 years ago it was clearly understood that God was guiding not only the affairs of his chosen people, but also those of other nations. If, also, they can afford to take the trouble to stop and think for one moment, they will find that some such conception of the goodness and wisdom of God is the foundation of what is known as the study of Comparative Religions.

But, sir, it may be that the phrase means that we have a much more adequate knowledge of the truth than "the heathen," and that one generation is sufficient time for us to reach them all, tell them of Christ and thus make them Christians. If the heathen can be made Christians by so much talk, why not give them an extra refining touch and send along with the missionary a brass band that by playing a few tunes would make all the heathen musicians? But becoming Christlike means far more than listening to so much talk. It is something bound up with and giving meaning to our home life, our social life, our national life, and those who think a South Sea islander can instantaneously acquire all the moral stamina that has taken ages to develop in us show that they make a separation between religion and life that is fatal and indicate that they do not know what the Christ life means, I ask you, sir, if the infinite power of the truth, of the spirit of God, laboring with these foreign peoples for thousands of years, has not been able to raise them higher than their present position—what hope is there that these enthusiasts can bring so much extra help that the world may be taken for Christ in this generation? For the sake of your readers I add a clipping from a Church paper, giving a report of a meeting held in Yoko-

hama by the Buddhist representatives attending the World's Fair;—

When we received the invitation to attend the Parliament of Religions, our Buddhist organizations would not send us as representatives of the sect. The great majority believed that it was a shrewd move on the part of Christians to get us there, and then hold us up to ridicule or try to convert us. We accordingly went as individuals. But it was a wonderful surprise that awaited us. Our ideas were all mistaken. The Parliament was called because the Western nations have come to realize the weakness and folly of Christianity, and they really wished to hear from us of our religion, and to learn what the best religion is. There is no better place in the world to propagate the teachings of Buddhism than in America. During the meetings one very wealthy man from New York became a convert of Buddhism, and was initiated into its rites. He is a man of great influence, and his conversion may be said to mean more than the conversion of 10,000 ordinary men, so we may say truthfully that we made 10,000 converts at that meeting. Christianity is merely an adornment of society in America. It is deeply believed in by very few. The great majority of Christians drink and commit various gross sins, and live very dissolute lives, although it is a very common belief and serves as a social adornment. Its lack of power proves its weakness. The meeting showed the great superiority of Buddhism over Christianity, and the mere fact of calling the meetings showed that the Americans and other American peoples had lost their faith in Christianity and were ready to accept the teachings of our superior religion."

## CONTRIBUTED.

### FAREWELL, DIVINITIES OF '94.

THESE worthies will soon be leaving us, and those immortal words of Convocation day will soon be dinned into their ears. "Gentlemen, to-day you are graduating from Queen's University into the larger university of the world." Though inferior in number to the classes of the two preceding years, and though counting as their own no such a ponderous frame as was nurtured by '93 in the shape of their beloved Pope, yet there answers to '94's roll-call five sturdy standard-bearers of the truth who deserve more than a passing notice.

In the van comes John M. Millar, M.A., tutor in English and full back of the Divinity foot-ball team. We warrant him to be a genuine Divinity student, though we are not prepared to say that he has yet become acquainted with all the theological faculty. This does not mean, however, that John has been an idle, wasteful boy, but being a man of REFLEXION has sought and found, in more fruitful departments of work, a HIGHER INTERPRETATION OF LIFE. His course has been in many ways a unique one, and he carries with him his Alma Mater's highest honors. He has proved himself not only a brilliant student, but also a true man and loyal son of Queen's, and will leave a gap in college life which very few are qualified to fill. Happy will be the devoted hearers of the future, who will drink in the golden words that flow from his lips!

James Rollins. "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call me chief, who for the last three years has ruled from prelate's chair those noisy boys they call divinities." This is our beloved Archbishop, and he has recently *magnified his office* and made his dignity more apparent by taking unto himself a HAT. Years ago it was whispered round that he was in doubt whether to become a preacher or a pedlar. But the "die is cast" and he is a preacher beyond retrieve, and will no doubt cling to that with his characteristic pertinacity. James has been a devoted ringer of "bells," and, as a consequence, has been honored with two elocution prizes. He has shewn himself a capable student in his Divinity course, and we predict for him a painstaking and successful career. In closing we say, James, "*Beware of the ladies.*"

Duncan Obadiah McArthur is in many ways a *great and good* man. He stands alone among his class as the proud possessor of a horse and rig, a *call*, and a wife and family. He has been with us only three years, but during that time he has shewn himself to be a well-deserving, honest and devout man. These qualities, together with his well-known ability as a preacher, will stand him in good stead when he goeth forth into the rough and unsympathetic world.

William D. Wilkie, B.A. As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so was Willie Wilkie three months and three weeks in the School of Pedagogy. Thus did he hope to escape his fate as a preacher of righteousness. But it came to pass that at the end of the third week he was cast forth and went his way. But to his credit, be it said, it was his own inherent worth that made him gravitate towards his Alma Mater again. William has a keen relish for the humorous things of life, and is assiduous in his search after "FEATHERS FOR ARROWS," especially in the Apologetics class room. In spite of many drawbacks, he has made good use of his time, and by his devotion to truth and real progress can put to shame many who have had greater advantages.

John A. Claxton, B.A., is good-looking, makes no noise, and devotes his days and nights to B.D. work. He finished a very successful Arts course in '88, wielded the schoolmaster's rod for three years, and then decided to become a minister. His gentle smile, his bright blue eyes and his unassuming manner have made him a general favorite. No greater proof of the esteem in which he is held is needed than the fact that he has been chosen Valedictorian for his class. He is a good student and faithful disciple of the powers that be, and his only weakness seems to be that the *hardness of his heart* has rendered him unassailable by those angelic forms that love to frequent with the Divinities the upper regions of our halls.

#### OPINIONS OF '94 AS A CLASS.

The time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light, that lies  
In woman's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing.

These are emphatically the sentiments of the year of '94, since they have an unequalled record for married men. To have a number of Benedicts in a year undoubtedly gives a certain stability and gravity to its counsels which the deliberations of a more frivolous body are apt to lack;—for, of course, a year with married men in it cannot be frivolous. But is it not remarkable that among all the officers of that august tribunal, the Concurus, there is not found one married man? Probably their wives would have influenced them to pity the prisoner, and of all undesirable qualities in court officers, the "quality of mercy" is the most undesirable.

\* \* \*

'94 entered College as a year of magnificent potentialities; few of these have up to date been realized. Perhaps the reason of this is that '94 is haunted by an uneasy sense of the superiority of the year of '93. The highest praise which one member of '94 can give to another is to say of him: "Oh, he is one of the redeeming features of our year—good enough for '93, in fact." Early in their course the members of '94 developed a longing for athletics, which has since died out, though vestiges of it still survive in the fond way in which they speak of their victories in the team race. Another cause of their arrested development is that the stars of the year are for the most part destitute of year spirit and rather apt to retire into "God-like isolation," thus leaving the burden of sustaining the corporate reputation of the year upon the shoulders of their weaker brethren, who have not always been able to carry it successfully.

\* \* \*

Another College year will soon be numbered with the shades of the departed! '94 is soon to enter upon its fourth and final purgatorial process, and the last dross of College drudgery having been refined away, the present senior year will be declared ripe for translation. On the 25th prox., the worn out body will be decently composed to rest with unusual pomp and ceremony, while the spirit will be set free to wander whither it will, but ever to retain a fond, half-regretful memory of its former abode. In reviewing that part of the life of the expiring senior year, which has come under our observation, we must bear cheerful testimony to the many noble qualities of heart and hand which '94 has displayed. We regret to say, however, that, as regards College spirit and the keeping alive of the old-time spirit of "Good Old Queen's," the present senior year has not fulfilled our expectations. The preceding senior year,

showed much more life and built up an unusually strong year spirit, but it always seemed too much absorbed in itself to be of great benefit to the College as a whole. '94 has erred in a different way. It has been so absorbed in the worship of the gods of the Senate that it has not exerted that beneficial and inspiring influence upon College life and spirit which our Alma Mater has a right to expect from those who have attained the rank of seniors.

\* \* \*

While looking over the Calendar we observed a list of names belonging to a class that entered some four years ago, and which is to be graduated at the end of this Session. We must confess that we rely almost entirely on the Calendar for our information regarding this Senior year; for the leadership of thought and influence, and the duties pertaining to these gentlemen, have been so usurped and monopolized by others, that truly '94 exists in name alone. With the class as plodding persevering toilers after knowledge we have no quarrel. Indeed one or two in addition to the ability to be "upward toiling in the right," possess a fair amount of average intelligence, so far as we may learn; but whether the class are too modest to assert themselves, or their present surroundings appeal not to their ambition, has yet to be determined. Certain it is that their influence as a class has never been felt outside their own year, and unless the world into which they are about to be thrust, is favored beyond what we have been, then education so far as they are concerned has been misdirected.

\* \* \*

History repeats itself. We have read of the downfall of Greece and the overthrow of Rome, but we have a mightier downfall than either to chronicle. Hitherto order throughout the College has been preserved by the potent influence of the Court, and the dread of the Senior year. But how "the mighty are fallen!" The "Canaanite and Midianite dwell in the land," the Senior and Freshman walk familiarly together, the "lion lies down with the lamb." All the laws that have grown strong by custom have been set at naught, the sacred precincts of Divinity Hall have been invaded; the Library has been turned into a resort for idlers; while the reading room which is supposed to be for reading and quiet during spare moments, is turned into a club room where the athletics of the University are discussed, the discussion being led by the sporting element of the Senior year which comprehends its "better half."

There are officers and duties which belong to the several years and which none can rob them of, such as—officers of Alma Mater, Arts Society, Court, etc. Throughout the last four years these offices have been confined to three men. The dapper little

gentleman who holds the office of Judge, the knight of the rueful countenance and blonde moustache, and the 2nd vice-Pres. of A.M.S., have been trotted out on all occasions when debates have been on hand, or when any office at the disposal of the year must be filled. These gentlemen must possess very great popularity or the talent of the year is at a very low ebb. We have heard that this year is par excellence a football year, but the championship of the College does not rest with them. We have heard they won the team race, it has been "whispered around" that they "cut across the grass." There is one thing this class has done which is original, their photograph is original. It is rumored, however, that the photographer suggested the idea as he was afraid to risk his machine on the combined class and preferred to take them one by one. Good-bye '94. Don't forget us although we have been a little hard on you, perhaps it will do you good.

\* \* \*

Nearly four years ago the annual load of "young rusticity came tumbling" into Queen's. As the drayman of nature deposited his raw material at the door of art he heaved a sigh of relief, for the burden was *very* great. In numbers, mass and Gaelic, it was truly prodigious. From near and far did they come. The mighty sons of the east came to sit side by side with him from the "wild and woolly west" to learn the humanities at the feet of him who is little of stature. "Where did them fellows come from, anyway?" asked John, as the halls resounded with their lumbering tread. Even the venerable Concurus quaked before that awful phalanx.

They are seniors now and we can best judge their true worth. The year possesses many good men, but on the whole has contributed but little to College life. In athletics they occupy a high place. From their numbers the ranks of the first team have often been recruited. In Alma Mater their voice is seldom heard. In Y.M.C.A. they have been more faithful. But in College matters in general they have seldom taken a leading part. With sorrow we bid them farewell and have every confidence that they will acquit themselves with honour to their Alma Mater.

\* \* \*

When '94 came among us they seemed impressed with the idea that real freedom consisted in opposing the authority under which they had placed themselves; their influence tended to foster dissension and to destroy College spirit. It might have been expected that this common aim would have preserved union among the members of the class, but it seems to be a truth that the more loyal a class is to the regulations and institutions of the whole body of students the more faithful it will be to itself, and

we find that '94 itself became a lodgement of factions or a home of cliques.

But, though they came with mistaken ideas of the greatness of the individual, they have learned much of the relation between the individual and the community; especially the truth that the object of all is to develop the best in the individual. During the past two years a better spirit has been at work, and while there are still traces of faction we see that its power has been limited. It is singular that the city portion and those who are attracted to it, should during the first two years make an effort to run things. Soon they are shown their weakness, but it is only when the course is finished that the class is in a position to give their strength to the furthering of College interests. I must say of the class that no year has made greater progress, and that few have contributed less to the development of University life and spirit than the year of '94.

\* \* \*

Ah! yes; decidedly a remarkable collection; long legs, bow legs, philosophers, scientists, patriarchs, benedicts, blue noses; a resurrected Aristotle, a prophet Joel, the horizontal proportions of a Currie, "a reed shaker in wind," vide Long Handled McLean, a Fox and a Peacock dwelling in peace together, and to wind up the tale an animated mathematical personal pronoun, IT Nor-is; thus words almost fail to express the heterogeneity of '94. Yet behold how these brethren have loved one another. Evidently they have been brought up on herbs with love on a side dish rather than on stalled oxen with hatred for sauce. The caustic of experience has almost entirely rid them of corns but there yet remaineth one so tender that the mere sight of a football renders it painful. On other lines, however, than football they have been eminently successful. They have shared in the joys and sorrows of College life, and we do not wonder that Mat. Wilson and Baby Herbison should throw their little caps in the air and shout "Hooray for '94!" May they be stuffed with honors and soaked in success.

## COLLEGE NEWS.

A. M. S.

AT the regular meeting, held on the 17th inst., in accordance with notice of motion it was moved that the A.M.S. transfer the management of the Arts Reading Room to the Arts Society. The motion was ably discussed, but it was decided to postpone the consideration of the question until the proposed changes in the Arts Society are effected.

A. E. Ross, B.A., on behalf of the committee appointed to interview the Finance Committee of the University with regard to fencing the new Campus,

reported the desired permission to erect a suitable big board fence to enclose the grounds could not be secured. Mr. Ross regretted that suitable arrangements could not be made to secure a campus that would suit any visiting football team. The speaker was convinced that in order to secure any matches here next session some better facilities must be obtained. Accordingly he gave notice of motion that the Football Club retire from the Ontario Rugby Football Union.

Notices of motion were also given *re* the payment of a small salary to each member of the editorial staff of the JOURNAL; and also that the attention of the Senate be called to the advisability of having a sidewalk constructed from the Royal Medical College to the Science Hall.

The Mock Parliament was called to order by the Speaker pro tem., Mr. W. W. Peck, and a very interesting session was held although but few of the members were in their places. The Government brought down several papers and reports, which business had been delayed in the early part of the session by the obstructive obstreperousness of the loyal Opposition.

At the last meeting a resolution of condolence was ordered to be sent to Mr. G. F. Macdonnell, M.A., late Vice-President of the Society, at the bereavement which he had sustained by the death of his mother, and extending the warmest sympathy to that gentleman.

The motion with regard to the withdrawal of the Football Club from the Union was not pressed to a vote on account of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Committee announcing that in all probability satisfactory arrangements could be made with the Kingston Athletic Association. This Association offers to put their grounds in suitable condition for football matches and allow the team to practice there on condition that the Association receive 20 per cent. of the gate receipts. This offer will no doubt be discussed at an early meeting.

Mr. W. W. Peck, chairman of the Committee appointed to select the editorial staff of the JOURNAL for the coming session submitted the following staff to the consideration of the Society: Editor-in-Chief, Robt. Laird, M.A.; Assistant Editor, J. C. Brown; Managing Editor, A. B. Ford; Business Manager, S. A. Mitchell; Assistant Business Manager, R. Carmichael.

The report of the Athletic Committee which the Society had ordered to be printed in the JOURNAL was read and adopted. The Committee showed commendable good sense in having the report printed in detail for distribution. This is a step in the right direction, and should be followed annually.

But the election of the Athletic Committee for the ensuing year will cause the meeting to be long remembered as the most exciting one of the session of

'93-4. Two complete Committees were nominated, and then the members of the Society selected the nine men from either Committee which they considered most competent to fulfil the duties of this important Committee. The election was keenly contested, and resulted in the selection of the following gentlemen: C. G. Young, B.A., Sec.-Treas.; A. E. Ross, B.A., A. B. Ford, D. R. MacLennan, G. A. Ferguson, W. Moffatt, A. McIntosh, H. R. Kirkpatrick, J. A. Supple. It was just 11.55 p.m. when an old man was heard to say as he wearily turned the key in the north entrance to the University, "I hope they are elected for five years."

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

On Friday, 16th, instead of considering the regular subject, reports were received from the delegates to the Detroit Convention. D. A. McKenzie gave a general outline of the whole Convention. He stated that there were over 1,350 delegates present, of whom 50 were returned missionaries, and nearly 1,200 were students, 150 of these being from Canadian Colleges. It was the largest student convention of any kind ever held, thus shewing that the intellect of the country is not losing its interest in Jesus and his gospel. He then referred to the spiritual power of the convention, making special mention of the farewell meeting Sunday evening.

D. McG. Gandier spoke of the purpose of the Student Volunteer Movement, and made special reference to the need there is for more thorough, systematic study of the condition of the world, in order that men may intelligently decide where their life-work should be rendered.

After prayer the adjourned annual meeting was resumed. J. H. Turnbull, President-elect, was escorted to the chair, and in a few appropriate words thanked the Association for the honor conferred upon him and asked for their hearty co-operation in the work before them. In behalf of the Membership Committee, W. W. Peck reported that 174 members had paid the fee for '93-'94; 11 others have left College since the beginning of the session and about the same number who intimated their willingness to join the Association have not paid the membership fee. Out of 174 members 115 are active, 6 having been raised from associate to active membership during the year.

The Treasurer reported that the total expenditure of the year was \$100.54, leaving a balance on hand of \$15.58. The reports of the President and of the Devotional and Religious Work Committee were then received and the meeting adjourned.

John Miller, M.A., conducted last week's meeting. His subject was "The Risen Christ," the resurrection of Christ in human history and the human heart. Every one whose religious life has its foundation laid deep in unselfish and loving deeds—

every one whose heart has leaped up at the thought that he is working with God—every one who has felt anything of the joy of temptations overcome—every such one knows in his own experience that Christ has risen from the dead.

Paul accepted the story of Christ's death on the cross and his miraculous rising from the dead after three days, but Paul's main concern was to view Christ's death and resurrection as a mirror of the religious life (Rom. vi., 4-10; II Cor. iv. 10). For Paul, Christ's death and resurrection makes possible and illustrates the process by which we are to find God. They make Christian life possible, because without Christ God had not revealed himself to the world; they illustrate the law of religious life, as of all life, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone."

To us then comes the question—has Christ risen in our hearts? Has he transformed all things for us so that the common duties of our student days, our friendships, our thoughts about what we shall make of ourselves—so that all our impulses and all God's world are invested with a new light and meaning? This cannot come to us all at once, but let us help Christ thus to rise in us day by day.

**MEDICAL NOTES.**

On Friday, March 16th, the Medical Y.M.C.A. held its annual business meeting, for the reading of reports of the past session's work and appointing officers for the next session.

The reports showed a good many difficulties and failures, yet withal a fair degree of encouragement. The expenses for the year were in excess of those of any of the preceding years in the history of the Association, but the Treasurer reported a clean sheet to carry forward. It was decided to join with the Arts Y.M.C.A., at their request, in making the Hand Book a University one. The new officers are:—

- Dr. W. G. Anglin, Hon. President.
- Dr. J. W. Campbell, Hon. Vice-President.
- Geo. G. Stewart, President.
- E. H. Lapp, Vice-President.
- A. A. Metcalfe, Secretary.
- T. H. Farrell, Treasurer.
- , Croskery, Librarian.

Classes in Medicine closed on Wednesday, March 21st, and the siege of written exams. came to a finish to-day. They left, however, a sword of Damocles hanging by the thread of an oral over more than one poor sinner, and soon there will be the sound of weeping and gnashing of teeth. It is to be hoped that in their grief these men will not disgrace themselves and our College by resorting to "eggs."

The inadequacy of the present room for the holding of A.M.S. meetings was brought home last Saturday night to the Medicals at least. Many of them

were attracted to the meeting by the report of the Athletic Committee and the election of a new one. The proximity of the exams. probably made them late in turning up, only to find that they were crowded out into the hall, where they could neither see nor hear. Soon tiring of this they went away, and as a result we lost the honor of holding the Secretaryship by one vote.

Tom celebrated Good Friday by staying in bed all day. He thinks Easter Monday should also be observed.

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#### '94.

On Thursday, 18th March, the Senior Year held its final meeting for this session, and enjoyed an excellent programme provided by our best entertainers.

The committee *re* the class dinner reported proceedings thus far and received further instructions.

C. F. Lavell asked for the voice of the year regarding some questions he proposed dealing with in his valedictory. More of this will be heard at Convocation.

The President then reviewed the history of the class, pointed out that it was the largest in the history of the College, noted the interest taken by '94 in all departments of College life, and briefly referred to some of the changes wrought in the year itself and in College societies, specially in the Concurus and Arts Society.

In conclusion, he suggested the formation of a Literary and Scientific Society, either in connection with the Arts Society or independently. Then followed a number of readings, recitations, solos, duets and choruses, until John thought it time for supper, whereupon the meeting adjourned.

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#### COLLEGE NOTES.

Have you handed the Business Manager one dollar for *your* JOURNAL? If not, why not?

This issue will be the last issue before Convocation. Each subscriber is requested to leave his name and summer address in order that in due time No. 12 may reach him.

On Saturday, March 17th, at "ye olde tyme" photograph gallery, and after much preliminary arrangement, in which Mr. Hugo and Mr. Davis played a conspicuous part, this year's JOURNAL staff were immortalized. Whilst Mr. Davis was arranging the dresses of the ladies and elongating, by means of cod liver oil boxes, several members of the staff, Mr. J. D. Stewart made the time to pass pleasantly by giving us several hundred yards of "ninety-nine blue bottles ahanging on the wall."

Regarding the recent Missionary Convention Mr. McKenzie told us that half an hour before coming to Detroit the delegates passed from car to car

holding a prayer meeting in order that on arriving they might be in a proper frame of mind. Mr. Gandier told us that on arriving the delegates formed into line and one after another the different contingents gave their College yells.

#### A MODERN MIRACLE.

The church works miracles to-day,  
As miracles were wrought of yore;  
The marriage rite restores their sight  
To people who were blind before.

The financial statement of Queen's University Athletic Committee reminded one of the old saying, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made." \$388.00 collected for Gymnasium fees, and \$32.00 spent on the Gymnasium. Some would like to know if it would not be far better to annually invest this fee so that in course of time we could have a Gymnasium of our own, worthy of the University. As things are at present we pay for a Gymnasium that practically does not exist, and then we go and join the City Y.M.C.A. The "Detailed Football Statement" also affords very definite (?) knowledge of what took place. For one game we read \$160.00 granted, and the manager of the team says it cost \$144.09; another game \$160.50 granted, and the manager says it cost \$209.54. When in one place such minute items as "Whiting, Sc.," can be recorded, some people wonder why a little further on we should have "Cash grants, \$176.03." At present what is required is some one to take the financial reports of the Athletic Committee and the manager of the Football Team and prepare a true and detailed financial report of Athletics.

On Tuesday examinations in Medicine commenced. We are convinced of this for two reasons. First, the cloak rooms are packed with coats and hats. Second, everything around the College is fringed with tobacco juice. Surely the gentlemen who so complacently squirt juice about are unaware of the fact that about 70 ladies are in attendance in the Arts building.

The JOURNAL staff extends its heartfelt sympathy to the business manager, Mr. S. A. Mitchell, in the bereavement which he has suffered by the death of his sister.

At first some fears were entertained as to the value of this year's Sunday Afternoon Addresses. The late sermons, however, have been of a high order and will do much towards bringing the '93-'94 series up to the standard. On March 4th Rev. John Sharp, of Admaston, preached on "The Christian Religion an Infinite Progress," (Matt. v., 17). On March 11th Rev. James Barclay, of Montreal, preached on "The nature and position of Christ as shown in His teachings." On March 18th Principal Grant gave us "The lesson of the Book of Jonah." On March 25th Prof. Thompson, of

Knox, preached on "The development of the perfect man." Each of these sermons was of a high order and anyone of them was well worth the price of the book.

P. C. McGregor, B.A., now Principal of the Almonte High School and a graduate of Queen's, spent Saturday visiting his former Alma Mater.

Quite a number of McGill Medicals intend coming here for the examinations of the Ontario Medical Council.

R. R. Robinson, M.D., paid a short visit to Queen's last week prior to his departure for Alberni, B.C., where he intends practising.

J. F. Smellie, B.A., a graduate of Queen's, and recently Captain of the Osgoode Hall Football Club, has commenced to practice Law.

Several of the students took advantage of the cheap rates offered by the railways and spent Easter at their homes.

The Class in Honor History has disbanded for the season.

R. F. Carmichael, '96, paid a visit to friends in Smith's Falls last week.

We regret that J. D. Millar, '95, has been confined to the hospital for some days with a slight attack of fever, but are glad to know that he has sufficiently recovered to resume work.

W. C. Bennett, '94, owing to sickness, has been obliged to give up work for this session. He left for home last week.

After last Saturday evening's performance one might well hesitate before allowing his name to appear as a nominee on any Committee. Surely Rules of Procedure are severely strained when any member has the fullest liberty to abuse another merely because that other does not happen to belong to his little party.

The picture of the JOURNAL staff would ere this have been finished, but—a boil on the nose of the Business Manager has delayed the photo's appearance for some two weeks.

**DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.**

"I HAVE tried to make this whole question of the tariff perfectly plain to you and I trust I have succeeded, still, if there should be some among you who desire further light on the matter I am ready to answer any question you may ask."—Pol Econ Professor.

I got this hat and wore it and the next day Prof. Ross got one just like it.—J. R-ll-ns.

Has she not stood since the time of the flood? Judging from the antiquated jokes of the professors I should say that she has.—Antiquarian of '96.

Please, Mr. Mowat, I just "done" it for a joke and I'll never "done" it again.—R. Irv-ng.

The Med. with true and noble aim  
Gets along by many a novel plan,  
For with many a little fib "and many a little crib"  
He gets credited for many a hard Exam.

"He who laughs last laughs best." I'll laugh now.  
—A. B. F-rd.

The Sophomore year has adopted the Class Motto: "Here's to '96 Sit fausta et felix."

"The age of chivalry has gone," Mowat, "it is an age of pomposos and sarcastisos."—J. S. Rowlands.

"I think I understand most of your lecture, professor, but I'd like to know whether this Ad Valorem you've been talking about is a man or woman."  
—W. H. E—ston.

This carries us back to the days of our youth.—R. B-rt-n. Your allusion, Mr. B-rt-n, is suggestive, but very remote.—Prof.

Talk about the geysers of Iceland. They don't spout half so frequent as them Medicals.—John, as he wipes the tobacco juice from the floor.

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