

# QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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## Queen's College Journal

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author of any article, whether local or literary.

**B**EFORE going any further we must ask the indulgence of our readers for the irregularity with which we have presented them with the JOURNAL this session. We were thrown out in our calculations about a month on account of the ponderous size of the first number. Besides having to wait for several manuscripts, the printer's fonts could not bear the draught made on them, and the type had to be used over again before the whole matter could be incorporated in that issue. No. 2 was still more delayed because of a great dearth of "copy," and our pride would not allow us to use the scissors. But we have managed since then to rouse the students to a little more interest in the paper and have been trying to catch up. With this issue we find ourselves only one week behind last year. We must confess that we have not been able to pay so much attention to the JOURNAL as has been done in former years. All the active editors have had their hands full with

college work, and though they deplored any unpunctuality, they did not see their way to neglect that work because the mass of students were apathetic. At first our title read, "Published every two weeks." But the absurdity of this announcement was, of course, apparent to every one, and it was changed to "Published in twelve numbers during the session." So that our readers need not be alarmed that they will not get full measure. We shall publish two numbers in April, and one immediately after the closing ceremonies.

By reference to the above heading it will be seen that the staff has been remodelled. Mr. J. V. Anglin, who has been connected with the JOURNAL for the last three sessions, has left college, while three other gentlemen who through one cause or another have been prevented doing any editorial work this session have withdrawn their names, which leaves the staff composed only of the active workers—though probably some of them will smile when they see the qualifying adjective.

**T**HE Alma Mater Society exercises to a very slight degree the functions which are implied in its name. There is very little intercourse by means of it between students and ex-students, and it has degenerated into a mere students' literary society. As a partial remedy for this we make the suggestion that in connection with the closing ceremonies a meeting of the society be held in Convocation Hall, which might be attended by all the old college men present in the city at the time (and there will probably be a

larger number than usual), at which speeches might be made by eminent graduates, and those who were officers and active members of the society in ye olden time. Incidents might be rehearsed relating to the organization of the society and accounts given of its proceedings in former years. Such a meeting would certainly be very interesting, and would be the means of bringing many together in friendly conference, who had not met since separating after graduation. The proper way to organize such a meeting is to give it in charge of an efficient committee of the society to correspond with gentlemen who are likely to be here, and to make all necessary arrangements. We hope the committee will be appointed immediately.

**E**LOCUTION, in its theory and practice, is a subject too much neglected in these days. Often as this fact has been stated and strongly as the need of improvement has been urged, we are not yet thoroughly alive to its importance. That in-artistic style of elocution, which is a discordant bawl when not a monotonous drawl, is still in the majority. And yet the value of manner is inestimable. How much does the worldly success of every man—though treading some more sequestered walk of life—depend on manner? How often do we meet men, removed without the circle of publicity, whose winning address seems their sole passport to prosperity? How much more important, nay, how essential are the graces of manner to that man who, as a public speaker, becomes, for hours at a time, the cynosure of a thousand eyes; his every gesture, attitude and tone appealing to his auditors and, if apt, enforcing with redoubled significance the subject of discourse, or exciting ridicule by their awkwardness or a sense of weariness by their tame monotony. The latter is, alas, by far the more frequent occurrence. Too often is excellent matter

disfigured by an execrable manner. We read with amazement how Edmund Burke, man though he was of deep political insight, multifarious learning and refined taste, so marred his matchless periods by an unhappy, halting delivery as to drive his fondest admirers from the house—glad to climb over or crawl under the benches—no shift too mean so they could escape his inharmonious tones.

And yet attention to these points and sedulous cultivation may correct many defects and evolve capabilities for graceful elocution that were undreamed of before. To this matter, if to any, the maxim, *nihil sine labore*, is applicable. Too often in other departments of life, even with labor we have nothing. But in this corner of the vineyard of self-improvement every laborer has his due reward. In the page of history this truth is exemplified—and it is to the lives of those who have triumphed over difficulty that we should look for encouragement, when like mountains of difficulty frown down upon us. Demosthenes tells us how scantily nature endowed him with the graces of the orator and he tells us of his long struggle to overcome that disability. Looking for an example to Ireland—that *opificina oratorum* of modern times—the tongue of “stuttering Jack” Curran, after ceaseless drilling, became amenable to control and grew eloquent pleading in the Senate for the liberties of his country and, at the Bar, for the misguided enthusiasts of '98. Macready, one of the brightest ornaments of the English stage, ascribed his success to industry alone—disclaiming, doubtless with too great modesty, any natural talent for his profession. Thus men who, by their own confession verified by their contemporaries, were handicapped beyond most of their competitors, have by dauntless will distanced all others at last. Let us see in this the necessity of going into training in this direction—assured of our reward if we do but try.

AT a recent meeting of the Alma Mater Society a subject of much interest was discussed, namely, whether the vacant Chair of Classics in Queen's should be filled by a Canadian or old country graduate. It was urged strongly and, we think, conclusively that the nationality of the candidates should be overlooked and attention given only to the comparative merits of the two classes of men. The point at issue is not whether a graduate of Queen's, or any Canadian graduate, can be got who will perform the duties passably. Doubtless very good men may be had from among the graduates of Queen's who would fill the Chair in a highly creditable manner. But the question before the authorities of Queen's is, where can the *best* man be obtained for the salary they offer. We deny that a slur is cast upon those worthy sons of Queen's by seeking an occupant for the Classical Chair in an English, Scottish, or even an Irish University—for the alumni of T. C. D. are famed for high scholarship. In doing so Canadians are only making the candid admission that the culture of a young country is not so high as that of an old one, that the accretions of intellectual wealth from half a century are not so great as those from several centuries, facts which it were absurd to deny.

We are aware that the excellence of any one's scholarship depends very much upon the qualities of the individual—his industry, his intellectual power and his natural aptitude for special branches of study. But surely, if over and above these, the student derives any benefit from superior teaching facilities, the old country student of Classics has immeasurably the advantage of his Canadian fellow. Thus in all the colleges in Ontario there is but one professor in the department of Classics—taking both Latin and Greek,—in Oxford there are, besides tutors innumerable, no less than five, all men

of pre-eminent ability. Among these, occupying the Chair of Philology, is Professor Max Muller, whom no national antipathy, no fond conceit of her own superiority prevented Oxford University drawing to herself and receiving the reflected lustre of his great learning.

It is contended that an essential qualification of a Canadian professor is an intimate acquaintance with life in this country, and with the *morale* of its youth. There would be some force in this if urged against the appointment of an old country graduate to be supreme governing head of a college. But qualities requisite in a commander-in-chief may be entirely dispensed with in a subaltern officer. So in a teacher of Classics the desideratum is rather a thorough knowledge of the social life of the ancients, their customs and manners, the outcome of their peculiar civilization than an acquaintance with the idiosyncrasies of the Canadian student.

#### THE CLOSING CEREMONIES.

IT is eminently proper that the close of the most eventful session of Queen's College should be celebrated with extraordinary proceedings. The Senate has prepared a programme which is both extensive and excellent, though it is still open to change and amplification at the suggestion of graduates and students. The order of proceedings as it stands at present is as follows:—

Sunday, April 24th.—Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Vice-Principal, in Convocation Hall, at 3 p.m.

Monday, April 25th.—The annual scientific lecture given by Professor Dupuis, at 8 p.m. Subject—The approaching transit of Venus.

Tuesday, April 26th.—Tree planting by graduating classes and graduates from a distance, in the forenoon. (2) Special Convocation at 3 p.m. Exercises—Recital of the Prize Poem by the author; delivery of Valedictory Addresses by representatives from the graduating classes in Arts, Divinity, and Medicine; Glee by the Q. C. Glee Club. (3) Banquet at 7:30 p.m. Open to the Senate, Trustees, Graduates, Students and (if they so desire) their friends, male or female.

Wednesday, April 27th.—Closing Convocation at 3 p.m., for distributing prizes, laureating graduates, announcing honors, &c.

**A SWEET GIRL, GRADUATE.**

**H**YPATIA Higgins was wondrous fair ;  
 With her violet eyes and golden hair,  
 And her cheek like a peach on a sunny wall,  
 She was queen of the girls at our Country Ball.

Before her beauty I bowed my head :  
 " This measure with me wilt please to tread ?"  
 Softly her rosy lips she stirred ;  
 " *Cui bono*, sir ?" were the words I heard.

I rallied my wits to the charge again :  
 " A glass, fair maid, of the good champagne  
 Will be *bonum* for both," I smiling cried,  
 " *Ariston men hutor*," the nymph replied.

" The night breeze sleeps, and the moon shines fair—  
 Will tempt with me, maiden, the balmy air ?"  
 And, O, the light of her lustrous eye,  
 As " *Nux Trillistos*," I heard her sigh.

" O, little my Latin and less my Greek :  
 I prithee, sweet lady, deign to speak  
 In the vulgar tongue, to a plain young man,"  
 " *Quousque tandem*"—the pair began.

The Fair began, but I heeded not,  
 As I turned, and fled that accursed spot :  
 Six tumblers I drank of the good champagne,  
 And straight proposed to my cousin Jane.

Of wisdom or beauty Jane makes no boast,  
 But she's pretty as many, and wise as most ;  
 She lights my cigar, and she laughs at my jest,  
 And she gives me the dinners I love the best.

And—the heavens be praised !—she has never heard  
 Of Greek or Latin a single word ;  
 And she knows no more than her baby's nuss  
 Of the Differential Calculus,

Many a varied year has flown  
 Since I left that lovely Muse alone ;  
 And many a Jack has found his Jill,  
 But Hypatia Higgins is Higgins still.

The light of her violet eyes is dim,  
 And the waist that was is not now so slim ;  
 And her cheek has deepened its dainty pink,  
 Till Jane and I are disposed to think  
 That *hutor* is not her only drink.

And still must she flirt with the men of old,  
 For the men of today are deaf and cold ;  
 There's none to whisper *sas agapo*  
 And the only lover she e'er will know,  
 Is the Wooden Spoon of her long ago."

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✻ **CONTRIBUTED.** ✻

\*.\* We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JOURNAL does not commit itself in any way to the sentiments which may be expressed in this department.

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**THE CLASSICAL CURRICULUM IN  
 QUEEN'S COLLEGE.**

**I**N the JOURNAL for March 9th, their appeared an article under the above heading, signed by "G," the opinions of which I don't agree with and would like to answer. "G" wants the curriculum which applies to Honour Classics altered so that more works should be read before

the candidate goes up for examination. He thinks that the more works that are read the higher will be the standard for Honours, and that unless a voluminous amount of reading be done a knowledge of the Classics must be imperfect ; in fact he makes a plea for *quantitas si non qualitas* ; for that it seems to me is what it amounts to. As "G" says, it has always been the boast of Queen's that it is not so much quantity but quality of work done she aims at. The framers of her Curriculum evidently thought that a thorough knowledge of a few typical works would stand the student in better stead than a superficial knowledge of many. This idea strikes me as very reasonable.

A college can really only begin a man's education ; and in the study of the Classics is it not a better way to do this, to instil him with the principles of philology, which will enable him to bring out the full power of an author's expression ; and to so acquaint him with the niceties of construction that he may better appreciate an author's meaning, and thus to set him on the right path, as it were, than to require so much mere translation that he must either slur over little shades of meaning or construction or be unable to overtake the work set before him.

"G" says that ten times "as much" honour work is prescribed in some colleges as in Queen's. Let us suppose the figures are correct. Now, let us take two men, equal in ability and with an equal amount of time at their disposal \* and with no assistance (for there is very little professional supervision over honour work). Give one a few typical works to read and the other six times as many and let them spend the same amount of time at them ; does "G" mean to say that the latter will acquire as accurate a knowledge of the classical languages as the man who gives his undivided attention to the few ? It seems to me that his knowledge must necessarily be more or less superficial. It is impossible that he can have time to pay attention to philology and construction, which are indispensable to an accurate knowledge of a language and without which a man might better read a good translation of the original work. But the other having mastered a few is well prepared to overtake the many, if he so desire. There are men in Queen's College now who can read Latin and Greek with ease and with little or no help from lexicon or translation. But I doubt much if they would have been able to do so if they had been compelled to *translate* a vast quantity of classical work, without being able to pay proper attention to philological aspects, &c. Everyone knows what a fanning-mill is. Suppose two men are given defective mills to work with. The one, looking at the amount of work before him, feels that he has no time to lose, and starts to work with his machine as it stands ; the other makes his machine efficient for the work to be done and then is ready for any amount of it. In the same length of time the former will undoubtedly fan more wheat than the other, but will it

\* In looking over the Calendar I see that no one has taken first-class honours until the end of his third year, and I suppose it is the same elsewhere.

be in such a satisfactory condition? The relative advantages of the two methods of teaching, seem to me comparable to this illustration, crude though it may be.

"G" thinks that in Queen's "Honours are easy" in the classical department. It is clear he has never tried to obtain them; if he had he would probably have a different opinion. In fact from the way in which he speaks of "time being wasted (*sic*) on the 'dry husks of antiquity'" he would even seem to hold the study of classics in contempt. If so, he might better have turned his attention to complaining of something else. But if honours are easy, how is it that only six have managed to obtain them during the last five years; and that the number reading honour work generally dwindles down to one or two at the end of the session? I expect the reason is that an intimate acquaintance with Tacitus, Germania; Quintilian Book X; Cicero, De Oratore, Bk I; Persius, Satires, III, IV, VI; Lucretius, Bk I; Horace, Epodes; Terence, Andrian; Homer, Odyssey, Bk XII; Demosthenes, De Corona; Pindar, Olympic Odes; Aeschylus, Prometheus; Aristophanes, the Clouds, and Hesiod, Works and Days, is not such an insignificant matter as "G" seems to think.

With him, I think it was a good move to consolidate the work of four years, both in mathematics and classics, into two, with more frequent recitations and lectures. The writer, for instance, has no taste for mathematics, and would think it a great hardship if for four weary years he should have to keep pegging away at Napier's Analogies or the mysteries of conics and the "many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse." The student having once got clear of distasteful subjects can now give his whole attention to more congenial ones.

'81.

### THE CLASS OF '59.

To the Editor of Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—This is the 17th of March, and the afternoon has been more or less wet. I have been reading some of the articles in the last number of the JOURNAL and my thoughts reverted to the time when I was a student of Queen's. We had, for those days, a fair graduating class in 1859—fair I mean in point of numbers—for I need not speak of ability or scholarship, or any of those things. There were many nice fellows and some slow ones in that class. How they have been separated. I have been looking over the Calendar for 1880-81, and we appear to have had nine Bachelors laureated in 1859. I think one of these had been a student of other years, and was not strictly a member of that class. Of the other eight I believe three or now Presbyterian ministers, two are English Church clergymen, one is an Inspector of Public Schools, one a County Court Judge, and one—last but not least—a licensed slayer of men, or, as perhaps he would prefer to have it put, a "healer of the ills to which flesh is heir." I think these two last named were the worst mischiefs of their year, although truth compels me to state that the two English Church clergymen were not

far behind. It was during the session of 1858-59 that good John Anderson, the Janitor, died. A typical Scotchman, rugged as granite, yet possessed of much quiet humor, and, I verily believe, a true and loving servant of the Master, his earthly toils ceased in 1859. He had rooms in the college and the students used, during the later days of his illness, to sit up with him. A friend of his who resided not far from the college, discharged the duties of janitor. And even in connection with poor Anderson's illness and death I remember a circumstance which had its humorous side. Some of us were sitting up after his death with the corpse, and the acting janitor was also present. A bottle of brandy which had been used medicinally was in the room, and some of the students were much amused at the resort to its contents had by the dead man's friend, and the manner in which it was done.

It was related of Anderson that having a dog of which he was fond and being desirous of shortening its tail, he was in a quandary what course to adopt. He wished to perform the amputation himself, but he did not desire to forfeit the dog's affection. He got a friend to hold the dog with a bag over its face and head. He excised a portion of the tail himself, and then went to a distance, and called the dog, which, upon being released from the bag, rushed to his master for protection.

If I remember aright it was in 1859 that "prods" made their appearance in the class rooms. The medical man introduced the first,—an ordinary pin bent in a sort of a triangular shape. This was placed upon a student's seat while he was on his feet in class, (and I may mention *en passant* that the point was uppermost), and when he sat down he was likely to rise up again in a hurry. The difficulty, however, was that so much of the pin was taken up in the bending process that little of it could be utilized for prodding purpose, and if the victim had thick trowsers or a long coat the impression made upon his—let us say feelings—might be very slight. Moreover, the prod was easily turned over, and then failed to perform its mission. But "necessity is the mother of invention." If I remember aright it was the Judge who adopted a prod consisting of a small piece of flat wood with two pins run through it, and a small piece of wood so fastened that it would slide up and down on the pins and would, when the prod was in operation, slip down just as far as the pins went into the victim's flesh, or was intended so to do. This small instrument was called by a large name, "the double-barrelled self-regulating prod."

But, my dear editor, I am perhaps wrong in furnishing you with some of the above contained information, for their may be mischievous spirits amongst you now who will be tempted to revive these old time customs. My dear young friends, take my advice and do not do it. It may be fun to you to see a sedate burly Nova Scotian rising in haste from the seat where you placed your little prod, but if that same Nova Scotian quietly places you across his knee after class and warms you up in his fashion, the laugh will be on the other side of your face, and depend upon it the sympathy will be with him and not with you.

Well, Mr. Editor, another piece of mischief perpetrated during my days was a scamp making up a long certificate in another student's name, stating how the latter had been

afflicted with all sorts of diseases, and had tried Dr. Ayer's remedies, and been completely cured. This certificate was sent to Ayer with a view of its being published in his almanac, but the thing leaked out, and I believe the student whose name had been used wrote to Ayer and obtained the certificate. The perpetrator ought to have been punished, but he was forgiven. I will now say good bye. If you choose to publish this "lucubration," well and good,—if not throw it to one side. If it is published I hope other students of olden times will furnish you with reminders of their college days. Yours,

A. B. A. of 1859.

[It is gratifying to find that our request to graduates, to contribute to the JOURNAL, has not been wholly unheeded; and we are grateful to "B. A. of '59" for thus opening the ball. It is to be hoped that his example will be followed by others who, by so doing, will enable us to establish a column headed "Class Reminiscences," or something of that sort. Such reminiscences would surely prove interesting not only to the different members of a class who are scattered over the country and those who immediately preceded or followed them, but also to the general reader. The reminiscences would doubtless recall to mind more of the fun, the fears, the fights, and the frolics, of their student days, than have been mentioned by the first writer, and these being added, a very interesting department might easily be established. A considerable portion of the JOURNAL as it now is, must be of little interest to the old alumnus, because being removed from the scenes, he cannot enter fully into their spirit. But if such a department were established it is safe to say that his interest would be doubled. And of course there are many who have taken a partial course and have not obtained the degree who we would like to hear from. Such letters would also tend to draw men nearer their Alma Mater, and be a means of communication between old classmates. We are sure our alumni readers will see the force of what we say and fall in with the suggestion. Don't all write at once.—MAN. ED.]

#### HOW A SOPH CAME TO GRIEF.

"THEY say there is nothing like skating for combining pleasure and exercise at the same time," muttered a certain Soph, who was trying to discover some means by which he might enjoy both, and yet be able to make the required percentage at his finals without descending to the use of 'cribs,' &c.; for he happened to be an honest youth, and would that we could claim that as the characteristic of all students, both here and elsewhere. However, after thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that skating was what he wanted, and hearing, the other day, that the ice was sufficiently strong to allow of his enjoying this pastime with comparative safety, he immediately determined to try it. The chief drawback, however, was that he had never acquired a knowledge of this noble art, for he had always lived in a place where he had no opportunity of learning it. But deeming it highly probable that even those who were the most accomplished skaters must have been at some period of their

lives in the same position as himself, he was disposed to look upon this as a comparatively slight hindrance, and one which would soon be overcome. Therefore, with all the ardour of a student who is just beginning to study a new subject, and is inclined to consider it a little more than probable that that is the department in which nature has destined him to shine; after purchasing a pair of skates constructed on the most improved design, he made his way to the place where he was told the best ice would be found. Having arrived there, and finding the ice in a very good condition, he lost no time in putting on his skates. But just here it occurred to him that as there were quite a number on the ice, and as he wished to impress upon them the idea that this was not his first appearance on skates, and as it would not be becoming to the dignity of a second year student in Arts to appear in any other condition than as familiar with the art of skating, he thought it would be advisable to watch others for a short time, just to find out how the operation was to be performed. The conclusion which he arrived at was that skating would not be very difficult to learn, as all seemed to glide along on their skates without the least trouble. So he thought that if he would only strike out boldly at first there would be no difficulty at all. The way in which he did strike out, however, showed that he was evidently going on the supposition that he had quite as much control over his feet with the skates on as without them. He soon discovered his mistake, however, for when he first launched out he was not long in discovering that his feet would no longer obey him. At first he endeavored to keep them under his body; but finding, in about two seconds, that such a course of action was utterly impossible, he changed his course of procedure, and made a frantic effort to increase the velocity of his body to such an extent that it might correspond with that of his feet. He might have succeeded in accomplishing his object had time permitted, but unfortunately it did not, and the result was that he sat down very suddenly, very emphatically, and very much against his will. At first he was inclined to be angry, but was at a loss to find something on which to bestow it; so, after looking around to satisfy himself that no one was laughing at the ignominious way in which he had assumed a sitting posture, and casting a somewhat doubtful glance at his feet, as if his confidence in them had been as much shaken as his body, he ventured to get up again, and with some little difficulty regained an upright position. His fall had evidently given him some new ideas about skating, for his bold and confident air had left him, and there was considerable timidity displayed in his movements, with a certain amount of caution, which showed that he did not feel at all comfortable either in body or mind. However, he seemed to have discovered his mistake and found a remedy for it; for he brightened up considerably, and in preparing to make another attempt it was noticed that he intended to keep his body a little in advance of his feet. His first move, therefore, was to incline his body forward, with the intentions no doubt, of making another trial. Now we have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that his intentions were good, for we are assured that they were; but the principle on which he intended to advance was evidently one of those which are very good in theory, but exceedingly poor in practice; for he had no sooner inclined his body forward, preparatory to making a start, than his feet, by way of variety, no doubt, began to take the opposite direction.

What followed might lead to an ordinary person to suppose that he was seized with a sudden and eager desire to examine the ice very closely; but of course such was not his intention; for his exceedingly rapid descent to a horizontal position was quite as involuntary as the hasty manner in which he had sat down a short time before. He soon arose again, however, attempted to smile and appear indifferent, but it was evidently hard work. This second failure had caused him to lose all confidence in himself; and as he stood for some time with his feet slightly apart, his arms held out from his side, and a look of confusion on his face, he seemed uncertain as to what he would do. But that doubt was soon expelled from his mind in a very unceremonious manner, for another youth, while moving along at a respectable rate after the manner of progression usually adopted by the crab family, came into collision with him before he was able to get out of the way, prostrating him once more on the ice, and causing him to see that peculiar variety of stars which are only visible under such circumstances. This of course brought things to a climax, and it is almost needless to relate what followed. Suffice it to say that, as matters now stand, there is a certain pair of skates which could be purchased considerably below cost, and a certain Soph. who is still looking for something which will combine pleasure with exercise, but who emphatically denies that it is to be found in skating. A. S.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

“**MISOGYNIST.**” Your article is too personal for publication. You should treat such a subject as “co-education” in the abstract, not in the concrete. The fact is you are too hasty and narrow-minded to discuss it at all. Let co-ed. have a fair trial in Queen's before any complaints are made—you haven't got any complaint.

“**FRESHMAN.**” The QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL was established in the fall of 1873. We don't know who the first editors were as they were too modest to put their names in the title page. Will some student of 1872-73 kindly answer this question?

❖ **MEETINGS.** ❖

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE Y.M.C.A.**

THE annual meeting of this Association was held on Saturday, March 19th, in Divinity Hall. Encouraging reports were heard from the retiring officers and conveners of their respective committees, concerning the position and workings of the society during the session. Meetings were held regularly on Sabbath evenings in Barrielfield, Little's Lane, and in the School house beyond the Depot, all of which were satisfactorily attended, especially the first. Regular visits have also been made to the Gaol on Sunday mornings and tracts frequently distributed. Besides these the College prayer meeting, held immediately after service, and the occasional prayer meeting held throughout the different students rooms, have been very encouraging and greatly enjoyed by all attendants. The regular business meetings, however, have not been as well patronized as the Association desired, yet this

can be accounted for, no doubt, by Saturday lectures, and the number of societies in connection with the College. The financial report which was presented by the assistant Treasurer, Mr. J. McLeod, '83, shows that after remitting the usual fee of \$10 to the Secretary of the Intercollegiate Y.M.C.A., and defraying the other necessary expenses, a respectable balance is yet on hand. Having heard the reports, the election of officers next ensued, which resulted in the following being appointed: President, R. C. Murray, '82; Vice-President, W. F. D. Meikle, '81; Rec. Secretary, S. W. Dyde, '83; Treasurer, P. M. Pollock, '81; Librarian, Chas. Cameron, '84; Corresponding Secretary, A. McLaren, '82. Announcement was also made of the Y.M.C.A. Convention to be held at Cleveland in May, and after due consideration of the importance of this Association being represented, Mr. D. McTavish was unanimously chosen as its delegate.

**MEDICAL SOCIETY.**

THIS Society held its regular monthly meeting on Friday evening last at Dr. Dickson's, the following members being present: The President, Dr. Dickson; and Drs. Sullivan, Dupuis, McCammon, Metcalfe, Phelan and Henderson.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, and the Secretary stated that as yet he had not received any answer from the Belleville Society in response to the changes proposed in the medical tariff of fees.

It was moved by Dr. McCammon that Dr. Metcalfe be requested to postpone his paper on Paralysis until the next evening in order to give all the members an opportunity of being present.

Dr. Sullivan suggested certain changes in the course of study pursued by students during their college career. He claimed Theoretical Chemistry and the history and preparation of drugs took up much valuable time that could be better spent in studying minute Anatomy and the changes which take place in the body during disease.

Dr. Metcalfe exhibited portions of a brain and its coverings, which shewed the changes found in many cases of a common form of insanity.

Dr. Dupuis shewed the brain of Gideon Lane, the man who died in the gaol a few days ago, and whose case has excited considerable interest in the city. He had, after considerable trouble, obtained an examination of the body, and found a tumor weighing nearly two ounces on the under surface of the brain, and the parts in its neighbourhood were considerably softened, which was what he had anticipated prior to death.

Dr. Henderson had seen the case some time ago in the hospital, and then said a tumor would account for the patient's symptoms. He quoted authorities, stating how rare it was to find these tumors among the insane, and doubted whether Lane was really a lunatic.

After partaking of refreshments the Society adjourned at 10:30 p.m.

**SUNDAY SERVICE.**

THE University Preacher for March 20th was the Rev. John Gallaher, B.A., of St. John's Church, Pittsburgh. We are indebted to a local paper for a short synopsis of his sermon. He took as his text :

Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. XI. 1.

The place that we give to faith is very important, as it affects very radically the whole character of our views of the economy of redemption. He who holds that a man must believe in order to have regeneration must also hold in order to be consistent, that the will of man needs simply to be excited to activity by the grace of God. On the other hand he who holds that regeneration is the efficient cause and indispensable condition of faith must believe that men are truly, and in a proper sense of the term, spiritually dead, and need not merely a gracious exciting but a true and radical spiritual renovation and a substitution for the stoney heart of a heart of flesh. In a mere technical sense faith is the belief of any fact or proposition upon the ground of testimony. Faith is described in the "standards" as a grace whereby the sinner is enabled to perform certain acts. This idea is fully borne out in the scriptures. Faith is a gracious habit of the soul and like all other habits is to be judged by the acts to which it gives birth. Notwithstanding all ancient and modern attempts to solve the principle of life, it remains a mystery. Faith partakes very much of this character, hence the scriptures dwell very largely on the achievements of faith and so sparingly with discussions as to its nature. The text is not a definition but simply a description of its characteristics. In the subsequent verses of the chapter we are requested to look at the lives of working, thinking, struggling men, whose outward career is a vindication of the reality of their profession. All things exist for them under two conditions, those of time and space. As regards time very much with which they are concerned is future to them. As regards space very much is out of sight. Considering faith as a substance, it substantiates God's promises, making them pleasant realities. The word rendered substance contains a three-fold idea—fundamental and real and abiding. The things hoped for are the glories held out in God's word, the believer's inheritance in the future. Faith is real. There is no man that does not live in the future more or less. Expectation and anticipation make up a very considerable portion of almost every life. Here and there may be found one who does not wish for enjoyment beyond the present time. To such, faith seems a superfluity, things hoped for are a nullity. But the larger majority look into the future. With them there is a good time coming. Their faith is abiding. It is a substance. Science up to the present time has discovered no means whatever of annihilating substance. It may be transformed or transmuted, its qualities may be removed, but its substance remains as the basis of new forms of existence. The primeval forests have been reduced to coal, coal burns away and leaves gas, the particles are absorbed by the leaves of the trees and plants and they bring forth food for man and beast so that not a particle is lost. Just as carbon may assume the form and quality of a diamond so faith may lie embedded in any or all the forms of worship which are adopted through Christendom. Because a man belongs to a different church it does not follow that we have nothing to do with his faith. The faith of the church is a common faith once delivered to the saints, though there may be different forms of church government. When we speak of the church we mean the whole body of Christ's people of whatever denomination. There is one common blood in the veins of all creeds, one faith that shall abide while the Eternal

Creator shall abide. In looking at faith as an element it may be better understood by the word, proof. Faith does not require us to yield assent to any proposition without evidence. It is the acceptance of certain testimony because it comes from a person whose evidence we are not able to reject. The next element of faith is confidence. Each has to fall back upon his own faith. The manner has confidence in his compass because it is properly constructed. So faith must be founded upon an intelligent conviction of God's authority. Faith is not necessarily unsatisfactory, when it cannot give satisfaction to all cavillers. Lastly, faith is the evidence of things not seen. Doubt has invaded the realities of the seen, as well as the unseen world. We are in the midst of merely passing scenes, while away beyond the skies there lie realities of which we have as yet no experience. These bodies must finally succumb; yet we know we have a building of God, eternal in the heavens. Amid all the troubles and turmoil of life we can look to the hopes and glory of the future, because we have been put in possession of that blessed faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

**ÆSTHETES.**

LONDON is not particularly gay just now. No doubt it is reserving its energies for the coming season, but the "high art" and "aesthetic" school still flourishes in society, and finds many devotees. The "cultured" beings form a sort of mutual admiration society, and every young poet, painter, and composer who joins their ranks finds himself surrounded by a host of kindred spirits, all willing to yield him the same tribute of feverish worship which he pays them. The young men affect long hair through which they carelessly run their fingers, low collars, neckties of strange hues, and very ill-made clothes. The women, too, are fearfully and wonderfully garbed. Trailing robes in the 'Peignoir' style, made of quaint materials of still quaintest colours, mustard yellows, pickley greens, oriental reds and indescribable blues, the hair generally dressed in a classic Greek knot, without the slightest reference to the type of face. Add to this, strings of beads galore and very dirty old lace with any 'quaint' additions in the shape of mediæval shoes, peacock feathers, etc., and you will have a very fair idea of the London 'æsthetic' of to-day. Any ordinary mortal who does not understand this kind of thing, and who ventures to say so, is at once spoken of as a 'Philistine.' The leader, and I believe the founder of this school is young Oscar Wilde, and in him is consummated all the 'utterness' of their creed. He speaks in a pathetic monotone, poses in languid attitudes, and is generally surrounded by a bevy of admiring girls; he likes to be seen with Ruskin, whom he addresses as 'Master.' One is constantly hearing fresh stories of Oscar Wilde. This is the last:—He informed the world that the event of this century had taken place under his roof. Mrs. Langtry and Ruskin met in his chambers. The 'Master' was quietly sipping his cup of afternoon tea, when the door suddenly opened and the 'Jersey Lily' walked in. Ruskin rose, advanced to meet her with outstretched hands, exclaiming—"We have no poets, we have no painters, but we have beautiful women who hold our destinies in their hands!" Mrs. Langtry nearly swooned. Æsthetic tableau!

**COST OF THE BUILDING.**—The Treasurer of Queen's College has paid the contractors for the erection of the new University building, whose cost was \$51,994. As the citizens have only subscribed \$45,000 they will be asked to make up the balance. They can then point to the edifice with pride and say, "We built it."—*Whig.*



❖COLLEGE WORLD.❖

THE *Niagara Index* is fond of teasing Oberlin College and is encouraged in so doing by the way that Oberlin pouts. Oberlin is marked for its ultra-co-ed. proclivities: "Filled with charity and overflowing with chivalry, the *Transcript* proposes that the *Era*, *Oberlin Review* and *Index* adjourn to the backyard and fight it out. We're ready for the *Era* man—but we would not venture a single round with the half-man, half-woman that controls the *Review*. There would not be a tuft of hair left to us, nor a single eye, and as for scratches, why, our countenance would be one exaggerated evidence of the tearing qualities of woman's nails. Says the *Transcript*: "The average weight of the Junior girls is 118 pounds." Just our fighting weight to a dot. But is the toggery included in those pounds?"

THE students at Bates' College seem to be fond of teaching school. A large number of the students have taught school during the college year, as the following figures show: Senior class, 22; Junior class, 22; Sophomore class, 18; Freshman class, 26; total, 88.

BATES College was visited by fire on March 2nd, and damaged to the extent of \$15,000. The students succeeded in removing the apparatus, libraries and cabinets, with little damage being done.

THE Bates *Student* opposes the formation of secret societies in that College on the ground of expense and a tendency to class dissensions.

THE Sophomores of Dartmouth took a pleasure trip to Montreal, and had their class dinner at the Windsor. Why are Sophomores, in general, so fond of innovations?—*Acta Victoriana*. Perhaps because it enables them to enter upon their duties with more spirit.—*Whitby Sunbeam*. Hotel it not in Gath.

YALE has a parlor skating rink. Who would not be a Yale student?—*Sunbeam*. We wouldn't. Did you ever try rolling skates, *Sunbeam*? If you haven't, don't!

YALE has conferred over 12,000 degrees.

THE late Prof. Watson, of Wisconsin, left his property for the furthering of astronomical education. Of course the will is to be contested. A scientist's relatives always object to his property being devised for nonsensical purposes. A man who would leave his property to observatories, &c., must clearly be insane!

BERLIN University has 4,107 students this session, the largest number ever enrolled at any German University, 1,819 are in the department of philosophy, 1,347 law, 585 medicine, and 284 theology.—*Syracuse Herald*.

THE Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association had its sixth annual meeting on the 23rd of January, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Ten colleges were represented, as follows: Amherst, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Lehigh, Princeton, Rutgers, Stevens, University of Pennsylvania, and Yale. A committee was appointed to expend \$150 for a silver cup, upon which is to be engraved the name of the college receiving the largest number of first prizes each year and also the names of the winners.

TRINITY (U. S.) has discarded base ball and will throw all its energies into cricket, which seems to be more popular in the States. We wish an eleven would come over and see us.

CAMBRIDGE College, England, has decided to drop Greek from the list of required studies. Sensible idea, that.—*Montpelierian*.

THE Principal of an American female college lectured recently on "Woman." A comprehensive subject. The college paper says "it was highly interesting and gratifying to all."

COLLEGE LIFE.—A correspondent of the *New York Observer* writes in the following sensible strain: "A young man learns in college to value character above condition. Nowhere else is he subjected to a scrutiny so searching and so just. There is nothing which a college community hates more heartily than sham; there is nothing which it respects more thoroughly than manliness. It will pardon much to one who displays this, but no other qualities can atone for its absence. Wealth and scholarship count for but little where a true manliness of character is lacking. A few men may make themselves the parasites of one whose claim for popularity is founded solely upon money, but the general sentiment of college despises this. Now an atmosphere in which this spirit prevails is a good atmosphere for a young man to breathe. "You send your son to college," says Emerson, "and it is not his teachers, it is his comrades, who educate him." Yes, and they educate him well if they teach him this lesson—that a man's worth consists not in the money that he owns, but in the manhood that is in him. We see, in this city, on every side, the controlling power of wealth. There is one place in the world where wealth does not rule, and that place is the college. Again, a young man learns in college to take a broad view of life. He stands, as it were, outside of life and looks forth upon it. He sees what men have been and done in all ages and lands, what ideals they have pursued, what honours or what disgraces they have earned. He considers the avenues of practical activity which are open to him. He chooses his course and intelligently enters upon it. The memory of the literatures he has read and of the histories he has passed in thoughtful review remains with him always, as a refreshment in his leisure and an inspiration in his work; and as long as he lives he will be more broad in his plans and more catholic in his sympathies because of the outlook over the life of the world which he has thus gained."

THE Inter-Collegiate branch of the Y. M. C. A. has, in the United States and Canada, 96 organizations, 43 of which have been formed during the past year. They have a total membership of 4,268, while the whole number of students at these colleges is about 20,000.

SOME papers from female colleges are strong-minded, some have very little self-reliance; some think women are capable to do everything and anything that men do, others have a very low opinion of women's capabilities. One paper describes a journey, some dozen of the young ladies took by the cars (sic) one Sunday to hear a certain clergyman. The paper says: "Soon after we were seated Mr. Guard entered the pulpit accompanied by two ladies. A thrill of disappointment passed over us. Was it possible we had come ten miles in the cars on Sunday only to hear a woman speak? Yes, possible, probable, certain, for Mr. Guard is already introducing her as Miss Frances Willard, President of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, &c." But in this case they were disappointed; as the lady speaker acquitted herself admirably."

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL has a kindly word to say of Samuel Woods, M.A., who has been actively connected with Queen's College in one capacity or another since his graduation from our University.—*Varsity*. The *Varsity* has made a slip here. Mr. Woods has never been connected in any way with Queen's College except that he has taken the Greek classes for portions of the last and present sessions, during the vacancy in the classical chair.

But the slip is excusable, as Mr. Woods is an ornament to his Alma Mater, and it may well be proud of him.

THE Oxford calendar shows a slight increase in the number of undergraduates. There are now 2,882, against 2,814 a year ago; but the number of members of convocation have diminished from 5,212 to 5,159, and the matriculation from 798 to 758. Balliol has increased from 214 to 242, which is due to the arrival there of a number of selected candidates for the Indian civil service; Lincoln, from 58 to 76; and in spite of the "screwing in" scandal at University they have 12 more than last year. Christ Church has declined from 217 to 207.—*London Truth*.

HERE it actually is again: "The leader of the classes at Vassar College is a Japanese girl. She is from the *clite* of Japanese society, and is both stylish and popular." We had hoped not to have undergone the depressive agony of seeing this article again; but the Lutherville *Seminarian* chirpily incorporates it in its column.

#### PRESS COMMENTS.

THE *Journal* assumes a neat, modest exterior, and is in every way an ornament to the College it represents. We give it the first place in the great family of Journals.—*Argosy*, Mount Alison Univ., Sackville, N.B.

THE *Journal* is ably edited and neat in appearance.—*King's College Record*.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL is, by all odds, the neatest publication of the kind with which we are acquainted and reflects great credit on its editors.—*Can. Presbyterian*, Toronto.

IF all its namesakes turn out as well as itself, it will have no cause to be ashamed of them.—*Pres. College Journal*, Montreal.

OUR courteous contemporary.—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

MERIT ACKNOWLEDGED.—The Belleville *Ontario* admits that the literary and mechanical excellency of Queen's College *Journal* demands from it a retraction of the judgment recently passed upon the merits of the *Varsity* as a college publication. Says the *Ontario*: "While still crediting the latter with commendable features we must award the preference to the JOURNAL, which has a tone and look that most favorably impress at first sight. The typographical part of the paper is just what might be expected from the WHIG office, where the printing is done."—*Whig*, Kingston.

UNIVERSITY journalism is becoming quite the thing now in Ontario, though it has long been an accomplished fact in the universities of the United States. The *Acta Victoriana* is the name of the one edited by the Victoria College students; the *Varsity*, by University College; and the Queen's College JOURNAL, by the students at Kingston. Of these the latter certainly takes the lead. The *Squib*, edited by the students of the London Collegiate Institute, in 1866, was perhaps the first paper in the country of this kind. It was followed some years after in Upper Canada College by the *College Times*. The Ladies' Colleges also publish *Sunbeams*, and other lovely effusions of the golden haired graduates and undergraduates.—*Mail*, Toronto.

LAST session we received the Queen's College JOURNAL regularly, but to this date, this session, we have received but two numbers, October and January. We regard it as one of the best edited, most sensible, impartial, practical, College journals published, and we always welcome it with pleasure. An article, entitled "University Education of Women," contains sentiments endorsed in some sections of

our country, but bitterly opposed in others. It is conceded by sensible men, except old fogies and ill-tempered, sour-graped bachelors, that a liberal education ought to be enjoyed by both sexes; but there are a great many well founded objections to opening the doors of all our Universities and Colleges, and thus endorse co-education. There is a strong public sentiment in the South against co-education, that will not be altered for years, if ever; and it will not before our Universities are thrown open to both sexes. We notice that Queen's has taken this step, and we trust she will never have occasion to regret it. The true student is admirably delineated in an article on that subject. We trust the "boys" at Queen's are all "True Students;" which, alas, is a vain hope for many. "Word-lore" is tersely, forcibly written.—*Randolph Macon Monthly*, Ashland, Va.

WE are always glad to welcome the Queen's College JOURNAL; but, dear JOURNAL, while thanking you, too, for the kindly spirit of that paragraph about us in the last January number, we must ask you to please explain where the joke is, in speaking of the "dim religious walls of Trinity College." Is it a hit at our poor much-talked-about Divinity class? It's beyond us. The pretty little four stanzas of verse, bidding farewell to 'Scotia,' speak well for co-education. Altogether, for neatness, sound sense, and good taste the JOURNAL comes near the top.—*Rouge et Noir*, Trinity College, Toronto.

#### THE WAY IT BEGAN.

WHO wants to fight?  
"I," says Mr. *Varsity*,  
With his native "pervarsity,"  
"I'm ready to fight."

Who'll take him up?  
"I," says the *Scholastic*,  
"With my pen so plastic  
I'll take him up."

Who'll feed the flames?  
"I," says the *Index*,  
"They're easy to vex,  
I'll feed the flames."

Who'll wisely reprove?  
"I," says Queen's JOURNAL,  
"Because I'm so venerable,  
I'll mildly reprove."

Who'll laugh at them both?  
"I," says *Rouge et Noir*,  
"I look on from afar,  
And I laugh at them both."

Who'll think it's fun?  
"We," cry the others,  
"We watch our big brothers,  
And we all think it's fun."

—*Sunbeam*.

THERE is a turnstile at one of the gates which is well painted and nicely trimmed—in fact a very handsome turnstile. But nobody likes that infernal man trap. It is deceptive and cross-eyed. When two persons are approaching, which of course they do with anxiety, each thinks it is looking at the other, but the chances are twenty to one that each will get a thump which will double him up. That turnstile has been the direct cause of more profanity than even the new-fangled boardwalk which leads up to it, and that is saying a good deal.

## ✻ EXCHANGES. ✻

THE *Montpelierian* is a new and pretty face. A principal characteristic, is its fearlessness. It wrestles with the question as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays under the head of "Was it Bacon or Shakespeare?" Undoubtedly many moral lessons are drawn from that bloody tale of the "Spider and the Fly," and well drawn. The *Montpelierian* seems to be recovering from the effects of a libel suit; it has no respect for lawyers: "As soon as a young man becomes convinced that he is endowed with talents a little superior to those of most other people, he makes up his mind at once to be a lawyer. To be a good lawyer, and make the profession pay, one must not only consent to mingle freely with the lowest and most degraded of mankind, but he must be able to take the poor man's living without a flinch; he must be able to prove the truth of that which is false; he must be able to prove the falsity of that which is true; and, in short, to make a complete and consummate liar of himself." The Local department needs weeding.

THE *Dalhousie Gazette* for March 12th, is an interesting number. The *Gazette* borrows several of our "squibs" without giving credit, an omission which in this case we don't object to. We sometimes get articles from students which we don't like to refuse though we doubt their originality and their wit, and it is provoking when these are copied and credited to our paper.

THE *Sunbeam* is much offended at a simple remark that we made setting forth the opinion that boarding-school girls were not remarkable for their staidness. Come to think of it, Miss *Sunbeam* has cut us dead this session; was it for this? But, come now, Miss Ex. Ed., put away that pout; it does not become your amiable face at all. When we used the word "flighty" we certainly did not have your dignified paper in our mind. The Local Editor says you are a Florence Nightingale, but Florence was never sarcastic. The February number of the *Sunbeam* is a good one. The tone of the articles is eminently sensible. In a contributed article, the author's fellow boarders are advised to give more attention to the cultivation of something more lasting than to pretty hands, Saratoga frizzes, &c. An editorial congratulates the students on the earnestness with which they pursue their studies; which it considers very fitting in an age when women can take such a high place in science, literature and art. The death of Miss Rhodentia Mus is graphically related.

THE *Trinity Tablet* has just put in an appearance for the first time this session. It says that "an exclusively local paper meets our idea of what a College periodical should be," and endeavours to come up to its ideal as far as possible. It is nevertheless an interesting paper and the doings in and around Trinity College, are set forth in an entertaining manner. It is conducted by the Junior Class, who say they notice a change for the better in that "contributions are pouring into the *Tablet*." No longer do we hear the cry "the students do not support their paper." The students do support their paper, and we thank them for their aid. May they continue as they have begun. Although we cannot accept everything that is offered, it is well that a surplus supply of material should exist. The editors are beginning to look forward to the time when their duties will consist solely in selecting the best from a large number of excellent contributions; when they, themselves, need never write "paper-fillers," and when the office of editor will be as honorable as ever, but a sinecure." In our simplicity this is what we thought would be the duties of an editor—our eyes have been opened. But if such a happy state of affairs exists in Trinity College, how is it

that that with the exception of a piece of poetry and two short letters, all the articles in the last number of the *Tablet* show distinctly the editorial hand in their creation. The *Tablet* conveys the impression that Trinity College is plunged in the depths of gloom during Lent. It is a very courteous paper and overflowing with amiability to all men. It is also neat and gentlemanly, and we will be glad to receive it regularly.

WE have made the acquaintance of several new papers this month. Foremost among them is the *College Rambler*, from Illinois College, Jacksonville. The sincere gentleman who controls the exchange department says he "loathes and abhors the exchange review," so we will humor him by merely saying that the *Rambler* is a good representative of the average College paper; that ought to be general enough for any body. The exchange editor gives his opinion on the College exchange column in a very neat and pithy article. But we don't agree with him that the exchange column as it now exists should be abolished; and the *modus operandi* of exchange editors he generalizes so glibly, is not ours by any means. He says that the cheap notoriety attained by the *Niagara Index* and some of its style, gained by loud-mouthed and indiscriminate abuse of its neighbors, and the faults of other papers, are arguments against the exchange departments as they now exist; but if the *Index*, &c., wish to display their coarseness and bad taste, in their exchange columns, there is no reason why other papers should give up a most interesting column. We say interesting and we may add useful department; for if an exchange column is properly conducted it is both of these and one of the best parts of a paper. As for ourselves we give our candid opinion of a paper and we want a candid opinion in return. When annoyed by any display of bad taste and foolishness in a paper we perhaps express our opinion too candidly, but it is only the hope that the paper criticised may see what we think are its defects. Such a conversation as this has often taken place between our editors: "The A— for this month says we are too B— in our C— department, and I don't know but that it is right to a certain extent." "Pshaw! a paper that is so D— as the A— has no right to talk." "Perhaps not, but you remember the E— said the same thing." But so an effort is made to improve the feature commented upon. If we thought that the majority of exchange editors are as the *Rambler* says we should be disappointed; but we don't think so. We are willing to admit the same sentiments in other papers, as those which govern ourselves. No, no, *Rambler*, try to "convert" the *Index*, &c., if you like; but don't assume the role of iconoclast until you have sufficient data. But we must compliment you on the way you express your opinion.

THE *Lutherville Semianarian* introduced itself this week. It is a "Miss," and a good type of the Ladies College paper. Its exchange column lacks in dignity. As the *Sem.* is only in its first volume it of course shows the usual characteristics of a new paper, but if all such started as well, they might be congratulated.

THE following is the answer given to a complaining subscriber by the *University Reporter*: "We are sorry you don't like the paper. We publish it simply to please you. We should ask you to come down and edit it, only that if you did, some idiot would say how much better he could do it himself, and that would annoy a nervous person like you."

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic* doesn't care what outsiders think of Notre Dame, or itself, but nevertheless devotes a great deal of space in replying to criticisms and strictures, merely by way of courtesy.

## ❖ DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ❖

**I**N the Calendar for 1867-68 we find the following: "DRILL.—The Government has authorized the formation of an association under the name of the "Queen's University Drill Association," and has appointed Captain Craig of the 47th Battalion Volunteer Militia, its instructor. It is specially intended for the benefit of students."

TALK about progress. In session 1870-71 ten years ago there were 25 students registered in Arts. This session there are 172. While there are treble the number in Divinity now, what there was then and double the number in Medicine.

At the last University service there were only four members of the choir present. They should be more regular.

MR. GORDON, of Toronto, the architect of the Arts' building, has been awarded the first prize of \$2,000 for the best design for the new Parliament Buildings to be erected for the Provincial Government at Toronto. Mr. Gordon's hat will not hold many more feathers.

The other day when the students of a certain class were endeavouring to drive away the gloom characteristic of this season, by means of a lively song; the Professor coming in at the close of it, remarked, with one eye on the class and the other in the near future, "I hear you singing now, but soon there will be weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

The decree has gone forth that the privilege of using the classical lecture room for the purpose of practicing vocal music can only be granted upon payment by the whole class of several dollars each.

It is nothing unusual now to observe one or two members of the Senior Greek class preparing themselves for a comfortable journey to, and short stay in the land of Ned, during the progress of the recitations, while the Professor good-naturedly requests the student reciting to speak softly, lest he may disturb their dreams. At the same time he makes mysterious observations regarding certain individuals who shall stand shivering in the cold spring wind, destitute of feathers, and so touchingly does he describe their condition sometimes that many are observed to draw their coats closer around them, while their teeth manifest a strong inclination to chatter as the horrors of the anticipated exposure dawn upon their minds.

The Mayor's gold medal has by this time become an accomplished fact. The present Mayor of Kingston, E. J. B. Pense, Esq., printer of this paper, has signified his intention to give a medal this year for the best examination in Honor Chemistry.

The Glee Club is considering whether it will accept invitations to give concerts at Newburgh, Napanee, Picton and some other places, as soon as the exams. are over. The Club last week gave a concert at Wilton, a small place in the country. It was well entertained and well received. The members liked the supper given for them, they liked the people, especially the Wilton girls, but they did not like a twelve miles ride over a very rough road.

The Curator of the museum will not "set his house in order" until the close of the session. The museum is in great confusion at present.

A poor persecuted Freshie and a cheeky Soph. resolved not long ago to be avenged on a proud Senior. This is how they did it. They observed that the aforesaid Senior

made a rush for the evening paper as soon as it was thrown in at the door by the carrier and devoured its contents. So armed with an old paper those wicked youngsters went outside and after remaining out for a time came to the door and threw in the old paper. The bait worked at once. The Senior jumped from his chair rushed downstairs seized the sheet and in about two minutes was seated in one chair with his heels over the back of another swallowing down its contents with his usual voraciousness. Several students who had been let into the secret gathered round and raised a loud laugh, but he couldn't see where the laugh came in till one of them whispered, Nov. 15th, 1879. The round happy face of that Senior became suddenly elongated. He looked the picture of a "Sell." We understand he is determined to be even with them yet.

## ❖ PERSONAL. ❖

**R**EV. R. JARDINE, B.D., '66, D. Sc., of Chatham, N.B., has been called to the pastorate of St. John's Church, Brockville. Dr. Jardine is an old Brockville boy and the congregation called him without even hearing him preach. It will be fortunate if he accepts the call. His career at this College was brilliant and also at Glasgow, where he took the degree of D. Sc. He spent some time in India as Principal of the Church of Scotland College. He also holds a high rank as a writer on philosophical subjects; his books have gained for him a high reputation, especially that on the "Philosophy of cognition." We shall be glad if he will consent to come up nearer to us.

A. B. McBEAN, B.A., '05, of Montreal, whose liberality in giving prizes for essays is so much appreciated by the students, was in Kingston this week. We noticed his genial face at the University service.

REV. R. J. CRAIG, M.A., '73, of Mill Point, is Moderator of the Presbytery of Kingston.

WILBER DALY, B.A., '80, of Napanee, is recovering from a severe attack of sickness which it was thought at one time would prove fatal. Several of the fellows went up to see him, and brought back reassuring news.

AMONG those who received the *ad eundem* degree of M.D., last week from the University of the city of New York, was Chas. R. Dickson, M.D., '80. The number who graduated last week from three Universities was 522. To this number the Bellevue Medical College contributed 118 and the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia 205. 55 Homœopaths were also graduated last week from the New York College. In the United States at present it is calculated that there is one doctor to every 600 of the population. It is not so bad as that in Canada; therefore Dr. Dickson came back.

WM. STEWART, B.A., '79, in engaged in looking after the rights of the pupils of Brantford Blind Institute in the case against Mr. Hunter, the sympathetic and noble-hearted Principal. The Brantford *Telegram* says that he conducted the case on behalf of the pupils in a most creditable manner, and though only about twenty years of age, cross-questioned and examined the witnesses in the investigation in the style of an old lawyer. His many friends at Queen's will be glad to hear of his success. As a result of the energy of Mr. Stewart and others, the Institute will probably have to hunt ar(!)ound for a new Principal.