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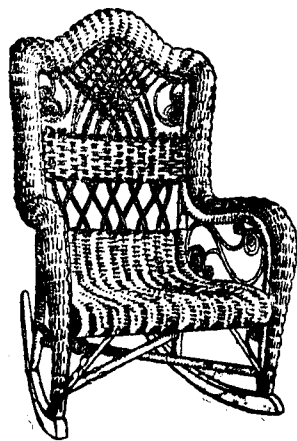
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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL.

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**The Business Manager is in the Sanctum on Mondays and
Wednesdays from 11 to 12 to receive Subscriptions.**

Subscription \$1.00 per year; 10 cents single copy.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor
Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

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

ON the 18th of January there was handed in at the job office of the *Whig* the "copy" for the medical column of the *JOURNAL* published on the 21st. In the report of the medical dinner there was a sentence which read somewhat as follows: "The *Times* and the *News* were represented; the *Whig* reporter probably had to attend a dance for which that office did the printing." We quote from memory, and are not positive as to the exact phrasing. The proprietor coming upon this item, "accidentally," as he said, objected to it and wished to see the editor. Mr. Burton, acting-editor of the *JOURNAL*, on hearing of this interviewed the gentleman, and after a friendly discussion of the matter, had the objectionable item deleted, informing the medical editor of his action the same evening. The next day the latter gentleman received a letter from the proprietor of the *Whig* accusing him of offensive and ungentlemanly conduct, stating that he (the proprietor) could not descend to his level, and that therefore he would ask as his right that Mr. Richardson, our medical editor, should not set foot in the *Whig* office. This letter was based on the item sent in for publication and afterwards withdrawn, and had been written before the interview between Mr. Pense and Mr. Burton, though the former made no reference whatever to it during the conversation, and the latter acted in the matter in complete ig-

norance of the action which Mr. Pense had already taken.

The letter was marked "private," but Mr. Richardson very properly laid it before the *JOURNAL* staff. The acting editor was instructed to see Mr. Pense and ask for some satisfactory explanation or apology. In this he was not successful, that gentleman ignoring the question of his right to make use of matter intended for publication in the *JOURNAL*, and taking his stand on this, that he refused positively to publish lies about his own paper. This, of course, necessitated the cancelling of the contract, and the staff, feeling that immediate steps must be taken if the *JOURNAL* was to appear at the usual time, made other and satisfactory arrangements for publication. Their action was reported to the A.M.S. last Saturday night, and endorsed by a unanimous vote of the students. The business manager being laid up with the grippe, his assistant went on Monday to get the plate for the *JOURNAL* cover, along with other "cuts," which are our property. He was informed that these would be held until the full amount of our indebtedness to the *Whig* was paid. If the object of this was to embarrass us in the issue of the *JOURNAL* it failed of its effect, for at the earliest possible hour on Tuesday morning the account was settled and the plates released.

* * *

Such in brief is the history of our trouble with our former publisher, and of the transfer of our work to another office. The facts speak for themselves, but we have still a few words to say by way of application. When the publisher of the *JOURNAL* came to a knowledge of the objectionable item, whether he did so accidentally or otherwise, he had no right whatever to make it the excuse for the letter he wrote our medical editor, and in thus making use of matter not yet published he violated a recognized and fundamental rule of decent journalism. When he asked for an interview with the acting-editor and discussed the matter with such assumed candor that he persuaded that official to delete the item, without making him aware of the fact that this letter had been written, he was guilty of conduct which ought to make him chary of applying such terms as untruthful or ungentlemanly to others. When he attempted to shield himself from public criticism by marking the letter "private," he displayed a childishness of disposition scarcely to be expected in a grown man. The *Whig* has received from the students for the publication of the *JOURNAL*

alone many thousands of dollars, and has never lost a cent through trusting them. Hence, when Mr. Pense refuses to hand over our property and implies that we are not to be trusted, he wantonly insults every student of the University.

As for his flings at the students and the University through the columns of his paper, he is doing more good than harm. His sarcastic references merely unite the students against such injustice, and thus tend to promote the solidarity of the students of all faculties. Not only is he harmless, he is even amusing. There is among the geysers of Iceland a little one called the Strokhr, or churn, that has a peculiar physical defect of which tourists frequently take advantage. Whenever clods are thrown into it there is a violent retching, followed by an ebullition, in which a mass of half-digested mud is thrown skyward. If the bystander happens to be to the windward some small portion of this spatters upon him, but the bulk of it is received back and swallowed up by the unhappy geyser, which continues in an internal state of commotion for some time. At present we seem to have got to the windward of Kingston's little geyser.

* * *

The *Conversat.* has gone on record as the most successful in many years, if not in the whole history of the institution. Several features contributed to this end, and it would be well to have these kept in mind when the next session rolls round. Foremost among these we are inclined to place the date. Heretofore it has been crowded into the first term, just before the Christmas vacation, when many students were short of funds, and the members of the faculties were preparing for the increased expenditure demanded by the advent of Santa Claus. Again, the medical dinner is fixed for that week, and there is a tendency also for students to cut classes and go home because they think the *Conversat.* will disorganize things somewhat, and they have therefore less compunction in extending the vacation a few days. All these things militate against the success of the *Conversat.* But heretofore the contention has been that it would cause too much of a break in the work of the second term. The result has proved that this fear is groundless. Apart from the time lost by a few members of important committees, there was no visible disturbance of class work until the very day of the function, and on Monday morning work was resumed with all the more vigor and earnestness.

On the financial side there was a like result. The receipts were slightly larger than last session, and the report of the general committee will, we are told, show a deficit of only a few dollars. Among the steps taken to increase the comfort of our guests that of serving refreshments in the museum was most timely, as it drew the crowd away from the narrow stairway leading to the third flat and distributed the people in such a way that much less crowding was experienced. The committees are all deserving of the thanks of the A.M.S., for they did their work well, and programme, decorations and

refreshments were all of such merit as to receive only the most favorable criticisms. On the whole, we believe the date of the *Conversat.* should be permanently transferred to the third week in January, and that the committees should be appointed not later than the first week in December. We would respectfully suggest to the Senate, however, that nothing is gained by continuing classes through the afternoon of the day on which the *Conversat.* is held. A plan which would meet with much favor from the students is to suspend classes altogether on that date and make up for it by dropping Ash Wednesday from the list of regular holidays.

* * *

A good deal is being said and written just now regarding more adequate protection from loss by fire in the city. We have long wondered at the lethargy of our college authorities in this matter, and hope that the present agitation may make them take prompt measures to do all they can to insure the safety of our buildings. There is one solitary hydrant on the college grounds, which has not been tested for months unless it were during the vacation. There is no standpipe within the main building, no hose and not even a small hand extinguisher. Moreover it is a decided risk to hold classes in the third storey under existing conditions. There are no fire escapes on the outside of the building and the only means of exit is by a narrow, winding stairway directly over the Registrar's office. If once a little blaze started among the stationery and records there stored, this avenue would almost immediately be cut off. At the other end is the library the value of which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, yet were fire to break out in that vicinity there are at present no adequate means of coping with it, and by the time the city Brigade got to work we should probably require not only a new building for the library, but a new library itself. Many improvements are urgent at present, but in our opinion this question takes precedence over all others.

* * *

As the *JOURNAL* is interested in every question which affects the welfare of Canada, we would like to refer briefly to the question of immigration, now so prominent. Undoubtedly we have a vigorous Minister of the Interior. Far-off Russia has been invaded and some of her "best citizens," in the shape of the Doukhobors, have been induced to emigrate to Canada. The *Globe* and other Government papers have been busy issuing certificates of character in favor of the people. The opposition press has endeavored to discredit them, but the cry is too obviously one of "sour grapes."

The fact is that Mr. Sifton has accomplished what his predecessors promised but never carried out, and just to that extent he has done more harm than they. We may well ask, Why this unseemly haste to use up the natural resources of Canada? They form a permanent asset which we would do well to reserve for our sons and daughters, and which they will, no doubt, be glad to claim. Why should we be eager to hand them over to strangers whom we have actually had to coax to accept

them? Such a policy does no honor to Canadian statesmen and brings discredit on Canada in the eyes of the world. Our most powerful reason for holding aloof from union with the United States is that we may build up a strong Anglo-Saxon nation to the north of the boundary line. We see the bad effects which the indiscriminate reception of European immigrants has had on the civilization of the United States, and we should be chary of following in their steps.

Our immigration policy is based on a false idea of nationality, the idea, namely, that statistics prove a nation's greatness. It has all along been a question of quantity, not of quality. The object of each Minister of the Interior has been to make a good showing in the blue books. They know that the common run of electors is sure to be overawed by an imposing array of figures. The ordinary elector makes no attempt to interpret statistics; he merely counts heads—it is so much easier.

As to the Doukhobors we know little of them, but if reports are true, their ideas of marriage are uncomfortably lax. They seem to select their wives as flippantly and unceremoniously as the gay sophomore picks up his partner at the rink. Now that they are here, however, we hope that they will settle down and make good citizens. In any case the policy is bad, and we have suffered because our affairs have been in the hands of politicians instead of statesmen.

"College Offences."

In a recent editorial under the above heading the editor of the *Whig* undertook to read the Medical students a lecture for insulting ladies going to and from the rink. In another part of the same issue he quotes with approval Josh Billings' terse statement, "Darn a liar, I hate a liar." When this confession is put side by side with the editorial in question, we have an interesting statement of the editor's attitude towards himself. In the latter he says, "the papers were deprived of work by the students because they did not muzzle the reporters and suppress the truth." The man who could write that with a knowledge of the facts must be full brother to the man the humorist had in mind, and Mr. Pense's judgment on him is none too severe when he says "Darn a liar, I hate a liar." The only printing done for any considerable section of the students since the "great outcry," to which he refers was for the medical dinner and the conversat. In both cases the work was done at the newspaper offices, as the editor of the *Whig* knows. Thus he expresses his gratitude for receiving the order for the conversat printing.

Again, when he says, "First comes a protest from Arts students against the abuse hurled at them by Medicals congregated at the medical building, and for which the Arts men dubbed them a savage mob." There are just two deviations from the truth here, either of which would be sufficient justification for the editor of the *Whig* applying to the man who wrote it his little quotation, "Darn a liar, I hate a liar." The Arts men have not protested against the abuse of the Meds., nor have

they called the latter a howling mob. An irresponsible, whom nobody seems to know, has given our friend a very fruitful theme by an item of college news in one of the city papers. An editor who would accept such a statement without corroboration is either very innocent or very unscrupulous. Does every man writing to the *Whig*, and signing himself "Citizen," express the views of Mr. Pense and all the other citizens of Kingston?

It is unnecessary for us to defend the good name of our Medical editor, at whom all this mud is thrown, for the assault is futile and will ultimately prove a boomerang. But we would like to point out to Mr. Pense that while he only accuses the clergyman of two falsehoods, the editor of the *Whig* has gone him one better and told three. There seems to be a sort of dual personality in the *Whig* editorial chair, a sort of Hyde and Jekyll, and we trust that Mr. Pense will take the editor of his paper aside and say to him gently, but firmly, "Darn a liar, I hate a liar."

The Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum.

When the Sirdar defeated the Khalifa, he saw that if the Soudan was ever to be what Gordon hoped, it must be ruled by natives educated under British teachers and inspired by British ideals. He has therefore appealed to the Empire for money to build and endow a college in which the instruction will be given in Arabic, but the second language to be learned must be English. No proselytism will be attempted, but the fundamental ideas of Christianity so permeate all British life and thought that the youths taught in the Gordon College will appreciate such a life as he led and the death he died.

The possession of the Nile valley, all the way up to its sources, is a very important factor in the constitution of the British Empire, and it becomes us to help in the work of making the British occupation a blessing. Nothing in the meantime will show more clearly that our citizenship is British as well as Canadian than a general contribution towards this object. From all over the Dominion has come cordial approval of the scheme. Every cadet in the Military College has given a subscription. Contributions of 25 cents and upwards are received, and the Bank of Montreal transmits them free of charge to headquarters.

Should not Queen's take a hand in the noble work? Three or four hundred quarters would make up a goodly "stone for the Cairn."

Contributions.

Recent Poetry.*

A VERY charming collection of poems has just reached us from the land of Burns and Scott. It is entitled "Ballads and Poems" by members of the Glasgow Ballad Club. The verse is strong in thought and fine in workmanship, and while there is nothing tran-

scendently great in the volume, every poem is readable. The makers of these ballads are serious men; and one of their number Mr. William Freeland, as far back as 1881, well describes himself and his fellow bards:

"We are men, and we love the wild weather;
We are makers of ballads and songs;
We are Knights of the Thistle and Heather,
And we sing for the righting of wrongs."

Good fellows all! Strong singers, probing the mysteries of the external world and of their own hearts.

The opening poem, "A Ballad of Borderland," is by Mr. Freeland. It is finely rhythmical, and shows the corypheus of this band to be a man filled with a lofty respect for his art, and possessed of a mind bent on solving the riddle of life and death.

"But I hear
Like murmurs from a happy sphere.
The noble music that they made
As minstrels in their native shade,
When fiery-tongued, they sang to rout
The deity that prompteth doubt,
Not knowing then that doubt is still
The servant of the Heavenly will,
And slays more foes of truth and good
Than ever priesthood understood."

This is vigorous work; something for the mind to chew upon. A poet who can write thus

"Sees

Glints of still grander mysteries"
than are scanned by ordinary mortals.

Another striking writer is Hamish Hendry. His "The Beadle's Lament" is exceptionally strong: he has entered with fine dramatic insight into the old beadle's attitude towards the new-fangled religion introduced by the "Sleek Herd, wi' face o' wey." He has handled the Scotch dialect with a skill that would have done Burns credit, and his rhythm is as austere as the face of the beadle. But there is a lack of sincerity in the poem; he is evidently writing to show how well he can reproduce an extreme type of man. Moreover, his dialect, his rhythm are borrowed; the voice of Burns speaks through every line. Had Burns never lived, "The Beadle's Lament" would be a great poem, but as it is we have merely a good imitation of a great artist's language and manner. We like Mr. Hendry much better in "The Blind Musician."

"She sits, where meet the public ways,
Nor craves the public boon,
But patient-wise she sits and plays
A fitful, wheezy tune.

"Her numb hands fumble on the keys;
Her feet to quick airs beat;
While March wind blows across her knees
Keen gusts of bitter sleet."

This is simple, strong work, intensely sympathetic; the woman lives before us, we leave our Canadian home and stand in the gloom of a Glasgow day, with the smoke

and sleet blackening Argyl Street till the gas lights struggle to dispel the mid-day gloom, and that wheezy tune fitfully grates upon the ear. It is in this simple ballad work that Mr. Hendry is at his best. His "Two Toilers" in the same manner contains one fine stanza, one that shows how well he understands the humble toiler:

"The grace of simple tasks well done,
The regal human grace is his;
Slow steps he home at set of sun,
Nor knows how great he is."

Another writer, who seems, from his subjects, to be a more scholarly poet than Mr. Hendry, is William Canton. His "In Memoriam" is good, but then it is In Memoriam verse, and the poet would have to be great indeed to be either original or impressive on such a hackneyed subject. But in this poem he has shown himself a student of Keats; he has something of Keats' sensuous charm of language, and the rhythm is not unlike the immortal odes. He is, however, at his best in "In Sicily." This is, indeed, an excellent poem, and one worth much study. It is one of the longest poems in the volume, and for us by far the greatest. The central thought is a fine one, and the whole thing is worked out with a spirit caught from the master-artist he extols.

The subject is the same as that so well done by Keats in "The Grecian Urn," the permanency of Art. It is on a poem by Theocritus.

"For one Theocritus, it seems,
Beheld and sketched this urchin so
Twenty-two hundred years ago."

It is best to let a poem such as this speak for itself; any words of the critic would be inadequate to show its artistic excellencies and its teeming thought. One section will suffice:

"A world of change! For while he plaits,
Heedless of foxes and of Fates,
Throned heavens of gods, broad realms of men
Are ruined and built up again.
Like cloudflakes touched with rose and gold,
The radiant goddesses of Greece
Flash through their sunset and surcease;
And Lucian's gods are bought and sold—
Vain, hollow gods, the scorn of man;
The great grave gods of Julian
Sweep from the world with angry frown;
Then from a reeking cross looks down
The Man-God's sad and thorn-crowned face;
Last, from the outer gloom of space,
The horror of a God unknown
Chills the tired human heart to stone."

But the poem we have turned to most in this volume is one by Neil Munro, whose novel "John Splendid" was reviewed a few weeks ago. "Home" has a sincerity and force that grips the heart. But this is dangerous ground for the critic. This is new, original work, and it may after all be the accident of birth that makes this poem thrill us so; the Celt in us may have smothered the judgment. Perchance we are enchanted by the bag-pipe music that

would drive a Saxon or German critic into angry denunciation.

A couple of stanzas will serve to show its peculiar charms :

Here is the shore, and the far wide world's
before me,
And the sea says "Come," but I would
not part from you,
Of gold nor fame would I take for the scent
of larches
That hangs around you in the rain or dew,
Place of my clansmen, place of the old brave
stories,
Good hearts, stout hearts, keen swords and
their manly glories.

* * *

" Oh, here's a cup to my friends and my
darling own place
Glad am I that by fortune my mother she
bore me here ;
It might have been far on the plains of the
Saxon strangers,
With never a hill like Dunchuach or
Duntcorvil near
And never a fir with its tassels to toss in
the wind,
Salt Finne of the wave before and the woody
Creag Dhu behind."

Mr. Alexander Lamont has likewise a most impressive manner. He is essentially an interpreter of Nature. In his "A Lowland Stream" he has caught the music of a gentle rill. The rhythm is as mellifluous as the stream he describes, and he has a felicity of word and phrase that shows him a true poet. If William Canton sang the permanency of art, he impresses the permanency of Nature. It is true he but follows Tennyson in this ; but had Tennyson never written his " Brook," Alexander Lamont might still have sung this splendid lyric. One stanza will well illustrate its beauty :

"Far up, amidst the silent hills,
By lonely, unfrequented ways,
Where unhistoric, nameless rills
Sing through long summer days ;
Round verdant banks by hazels hung,
Then glistening feathery ferns among,
As if in beatific dream,
Fair glide the peaceful, Lowland stream.

At the beginning of this article it was said that the makers of these ballads are serious men. It is necessary to except Robert Ford. He is a Scotch humorist of more than ordinary ability. He handles the dialect of Burns as one to the manner born ; and his " Boucht Wit " has lines quite as good as some of the finest touches of his immortal master.

Others are worthy of mention, and show that the spirit of Burns is not dead in Scotland ; that, despite the yearning of the world for fiction which has turned so many brilliant Scotchmen to romance, there is still

a large band of sturdy singers north of the Tweed.

One of the most interesting Anthologies of verse that has appeared in this age of Anthologies is "Sonnets on the Sonnet," compiled by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. The key, with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart has been more widely used and appreciated than perhaps any other form of verse. Many dear old friends are in this volume, and many new faces, especially foreign ones, appear. The specimens of the various verse forms given in the appendix, and the closing notes on "The Sonnet Principle" will be found of interest to those who are not specialists.

T. G. M.

*" Ballads and Poems." By members of the Glasgow Ballad Club, Edinburgh ; William Blackwood & Sons. "Sonnets on the Sonnet," An Anthology. Compiled by Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., London ; Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto ; The Copp, Clark Co.

Communications.

A Freshman Objects.

To the Editor of the Journal,—

IN the last issue of the Journal, an editorial appeared, dealing with the subject of "At Homes." After referring in a general way to the great increase of social events, held in the University, particular mention was made of the "At Home" held a short time ago by the members of '02. However just a criticism of "At Homes" in general may be, it certainly seems too bad that one year should have received the whole brunt of the charge. The writer considers that an exception should be made in the case of the final year (of which he is evidently a member) and that a social gathering on their part is "commendable." Granting that this is true ; if an "At Home" is necessary when students are leaving college, is it not even more necessary when they are entering ? The freshmen come to college, in the main, strangers to one another. Should one not become acquainted with the members of his own class, with whom he must associate, day by day, for years ? The Freshmen's reception (so kindly provided by the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. of the college) is appreciated greatly by all the new comers, but its object is essentially different from that of a year At Home. As I understand it, the Freshmen's Reception is, not so much to acquaint the members of the new year with one another, as to acquaint them with the other students of the University. This being the case, it is little wonder that the "stranger" looks about him for some method by which he may meet the members of his own year. It is to be deeply regretted if these year gatherings have been the means of lessening, in any way, the interest taken in functions concerning the whole student body, and if they are to cause estrangement between the different years, certainly they should be discouraged. But, is this the case ? Was not the Conversat. this year one of the most

successful ever held in the University? If the freshmen did not support it quite as well as might have been wished, surely it was not on account of the "At Home" they attended the previous week. The mere increase in their number of acquaintances would be an inducement to attend such an enjoyable event as the Conversat.

With regard to the freshmen having "monopolised the bulletin boards for weeks," I would like to ask if these boards are not for the use of the students in general, and, as long as no other notices are disturbed, if the freshmen have not as much right to use them for their business as any other year.

A former issue of the JOURNAL expresses its " hearty appreciation of the kindness of the three years, '00, '99 and '01," for extending to it invitations to their respective At Homes. In vain do we search the columns of the last issue for a similar recognition. Are we to believe that in the intervening time the JOURNAL has lost its head and with it the sense of gratitude?

It seems but reasonable to look for some explanation of the attitude assumed by the JOURNAL on this particular occasion.

FRESHMAN.

Poetry.

The Beadle's Lament.

("Ballads and Poems," by the Glasgow Ballad Club.)

Nae mair, auld Sabbath Book, nae mair
 Shall we twa tak' the poopit-stair;
 Aneath my arm wi' decent care
 Ye've traivelled lang;
 But noo, like bauchles past repair,
 We twa maun gang.

For you sloek Herd, wi' face o' whey,
 Wha' cam' last spring frae yont Glenspey
 Has set his will, has wrocht his wey,
 Wi' laird and cottar;
 Till e'en the session are as cley,
 And he the pottar!

He's turned the auld kirk upside-doon;
 Pentit the wa's blue, green, and broon;
 The book-brod, tossed roun' and rouss',
 Glowers wi' red plush on't;
 And in the pews ilk glaiket loon
 Cocks whare he's cushioned?

The douce precentor, Dauvit Parks,
 Nae mair in his bit boxie barks;
 An organ, stuffed wi' water-marks
 Maks a' lugs dirl
 And twa-three lads in lang white sacks
 Start off the skirl.

A brow new Bible has been bocht,—
 Revised, to clink wi' Modern Thocht;
 A brow new beadle has been socht,
 Souple and snod

And this new Herd, himsel' has wrocht
 A brow new God!

A God wha wadna fricht the craws;
 A God wha never lifts the taws;
 Wha never heard o' Moses' laws,
 On stane or paper;
 A kind o' thomless Great First cause,
 Skinklin' thro' vapour,
 As for the Bible, if you please,
 He thinks it's true,—in twa degrees;
 Some pairt is chalk, some pairt is cheese;
 But he'll engage
 To riddle oot the biggest lees
 Frae ilka page!

The Fall, he thinks, is nocht but fable;
 Adam ne'er delved, nor killed was Abel;
 Men never built the Tower of Babel,
 Nor lenched an ark;
 While auld Methuselah's birth-day table
 Clean jumps the mark!
 No' that he says sic things straucht oot;
 Lord! h's as sly's Loch Leven troot;
 But here wi' Science, there wi' Doot,
 He crams his sermons;
 Throwin' the plainest texts aboot,
 To please the Germauns.

The auld blue Hell he thinks a hainer;
 The auld black Deil a kintry clainer;
 And what is sin, but sant to savour
 Mankind's mersh luggies?
 While Saunts, if ye'd believe the shaner,
 Are kirk-gaun puggies!

The Lord have mercy on sic teachin'!
 And on the kirk that tholes sic speech in;
 A heathen-man, wi' heathen screechin',
 Were less to blame
 Satan himsel' would damn sic preachin'
 For very shame!

Oh for the days when sinners shook
 Aneath the true Herd's righteous crook,
 When men were telt that this auld book
 Is God's ain word,
 When texts were stanes waled frae the brook,
 And prayer a sword.

Four ministers I've seen ta'en ower
 To yon kirkyard, and a' the four
 Were men o' prayer, were men o' power
 In kirk and session;
 Preachers wha nailed ye wi' a glower
 To your transgression.

Ah for sic men o' godly zeal;
 Men wha could grab ye, head and heel,
 And slype ye to the muckle Deil
 Without a qualm;
 The sinner thro' the reek micht squeal,—
 They sang a psalm!

Stout Herds were they, and steene their creed;
 But this Chiel drones a wee bit screed
 In which God's will and what Christ dreed,
 Are thinns to guess on;
 Yammers for our eternal need
 A bairn's schule-lesson.
 A wee schule-lesson dull and dowff
 Scribbled atween wa games at gowff;
 For at the tee he maks his bowff
 Baith syne and sune;
 But wha cares for a beadle's bowff,
 Wha's day is dune.
 My day is dune; and right or wrong,
 The thocht comes like a maefu' song;
 This book and me, we've traivelled long
 The poopit-stair,
 But that's a gate we twa shall gang
 Nae mair, nae mair!

**Thoughts Prompted by Seeing a Spider
 on a Lady's Bonnet in Church.**

(With apologies to the shade of R. B.)

What's this my lady nimbly creeping
 Advancing now and now retreating
 And acrobatic feats repeating
 With perfect ease?
 All such manoeuvres are past beat'ng
 Except by fleas.

'Tis surely not our friend that browses,
 Where foliage is thick and towsie,
 For all your hair's as sleek's a mousie,
 And combed with care.

The simple hint thine anger rouses,
 Oh thou most fair!

It cares not for your bangs so curly,
 Nor whether you look pleased or surly,
 And heeds not whether late or early,
 You'll homeward stray.

Its perfect independence truly
 No fears betray.

'Tis clear it never was in church,
 Or it in haste a place would search,
 Whereon in comfort it could perch,
 And there pretend.
 By many a blinking, drowsy lurch,
 Its ways to mend.

But what is this it leaves behind it?
 A line; but wherefrom did it wind it?
 Before this none could see or find it.

Yet there it lay,
 Composed of what? Who can define it?
 I dare not say.

But now another line it stretches,
 And forms a web with dainty stitches,
 Which would do credit to the witches,
 In its perfection,

For helpless victims now it itches
 With satisfaction.

Ah now, my vicious little friend,
 What pity 'tis your skill to lend.
 To bring to an untimely end,
 Poor trusting creatures
 Whose innocence can't comprehend,
 Your fiendish nature.

You ugly, heartless, crawling spider,
 How doubly dark old Nick has dyed you,
 For oft in murder I have spied you,
 Yet still I spare,
 For conscience pleads you've nought to
 guide you
 In ways more fair.

If I a man your tricks condemn,
 While I defend my fellowmen,
 And e'en deceive that heav'nly gem,
 A trusting maid,
 In justice I with "Nickie-ben,"
 Should deep be laid.

Your nature's dark is age admitted,
 Your ways of life are aye regretted,
 Yet, though by circumstances fettered
 You still can teach
 More truth, by practice illustrated,
 Than those that preach.

M.

A PENSIVE SOLILOQUY.

Generous I am, too generous, generous to a fault,
 I'd give my body to be burned, tho' not for love:
 My head I daily give to burning, out of spite.
 Love! Should I love Queen's students? Love their
 Principal,
 And love that clergyman who lies! Never. Rather
 perish love
 Within my burnt-out heart than such a fate.
 And yet perhaps I am to blame, I the so-generous,
 The liberallest man in town except, perhaps, the Princi-
 pal
 Whom I hate, And yet he is a great man. No, he is
 not great,
 I'll not allow him great. I'm not to blame,
 I hate and heat my head with hate. I'll ever hate.
 "Out of my office, Sir, and never dare again darken my
 door,"
 And you, poor cubs of Queen's, you, barking brats, you,
 Gnawing rats, out with your poor belongings, your rag
 paper,
 You, noisy, rowdy, brawling, lying crew. Ah! the
 Cadets!!
 I once did think that they were paltry trash, but I have
 changed,
 Perhaps I may see something differently some day. My
 heat
 May then subside, and church and clergymen, students

and Principal,
 And hospital, and even my party's club, may have my
 generous love,
 As well as my large gifts and loyal services.
 Yes, Love is the great thing, casting out all spite and
 littleness and hate.

On the Rink.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME.

(A true description of the episode falsely told in the last JOURNAL.)

I was skating alone on the rink,
 'Mid the rushing "paired off" throng,
 And I thanked my stars as I saw them pass,
 That I'd no one to lug along.

I saw a gray fur coat quite near me,
 That shattered my peace and my rest,
 For a minute I hoped she'd not know me,—
 But ah, no! she knew what was best.

With a smile on my face, but yet groaning,
 I went up and got ready to bow,
 Then the load left my heart in a minute,
 'Twas the one that I did not know.

It's true that I've taken to hockey,
 That I no longer skate with the rest,
 For again I might not be so lucky,
 And, — not to tempt fate is best.

University News.

Alma Mater Society.

The regular meeting of the A. M. S. was held on Saturday, Jan. 14th, President R. Burton in the chair. Communications were read from W. R. Tandy and J. D. Cannon resigning the position of Queen's debaters in the Varsity-Queen's debate. J. Anthony and R. B. Dargavel were chosen in their stead.

J. Hugh Laidlaw moved, seconded by G. H. Williamson that the Decoration Committee for the Conversation be empowered to purchase bunting suitable for decoration purposes, the cost of the same not to exceed fifteen dollars (\$15)—Carried.

D. A. Volume gave notice that at the next regular meeting he would move the ratification by the Society of the officers elected by the Mandolin and Guitar Club.

W. McDonald reported from the Executive that a series of open meetings had been arranged for, commencing Saturday, Jan. 28th.

On motion of A. Leitch, the secretary was instructed to extend the sympathy of the Society to the friends and relatives of the late J. Smith.

After the critic's report the meeting adjourned.

A regular meeting was held Saturday evening, Jan. 21. The athletic committee was instructed to procure, if possible, a statement of the expenditure of the Senate Fund, and to find the amount of the balance, if any, on hand.

J. Wallace, R. B. Dargavel and N. J. McLean were appointed a committee to consider on what conditions the bunting belonging to the A.M.S. should be lent, if lent at all.

The Executive was requested to investigate *re* McDowall's bill of thirty dollars (\$30) for piano hire.

The song book committee was requested to report next Saturday night.

The following were elected officers of the Mandolin and Guitar Club:—

Hon. Pres.—Dr. Allan Stuart.
 Pres.—Dr. H. V. Malone.
 Vice-Pres.—G. F. Dalton, B.A.
 Sec.-Treas.—D. A. Volume, B.A.
 Leader—C. A. Porteous.

R. B. Dargavel gave notice that he would move that the students who had entered Queen's since Christmas be enrolled as members of this Society.

G. E. Ellis reported that he had examined the books of the ex-Treasurer and found them correct. He moved, seconded by A. W. Poole, that the bonds of the ex-Treasurer be returned to him.—Carried.

W. McDonald reported from the Executive that J. Anthony and R. B. Dargavel had declined to act in the Varsity-Queen's debate. W. McDonald and D. M. Robertson were appointed to represent Queen's.

The meeting then adjourned.

An open meeting of the A.M.S. was held in Convocation Hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 28th.

J. A. McCallum reported on behalf of the JOURNAL staff, setting forth the circumstances which led to a change of publishers, and moved that the action of the staff be ratified by the Society. The motion was seconded by J. Macdonnell and carried unanimously.

J. A. McCallum gave the following statement of the Senate Athletic Fund from March, 1898, to Jan. 26th, 1899:—

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand	\$155 52
Fees, 1897-8	530 00
Interest	14 30
	—————\$699 82

EXPENSES.

Interest on gymnasium ..	\$ 90 00
Athletic Committee (1898).....	440 83
" " (189-9)	26 00
Levana Society.....	25 00
	————— 581 83

Balance on hand

J. S. Macdonnell reported that the work of the song book committee is progressing favorably.

G. E. Ellis moved, seconded by A. W. Poole, that the following bills be paid;—W. C. Baker, \$1.25; City Hall, \$9.50; A. Lanigan, \$1.50.—Carried.

J. D. Cannon gave notice that next Saturday night he would move, as subject for debate, "That Canada should bear a share proportionate to her resources in the expenditure for Imperial defence."

The meeting was then favored with a duet by Misses Dickson and Silver.

An interesting informal debate was held. E. L. Fraleck moved, "That a course in Science is a better equipment for life in Canada at the present time than a Literary or Classics course." The motion was seconded by J. S. Shortt. G. A. McGaughey moved in amendment, "That part of a literary course which treats of Political Economy and History is a better equipment for life in Canada than a Science course." The amendment was seconded by J. J. Harpell. After a lengthy discussion the original resolution was carried by a considerable majority.

W. H. Montgomery gave a recitation and was twice encored.

The critic gave his report, and the meeting adjourned.

The Conversazione.

The committee in management of the Conversazione this year have again demonstrated that a successful function of this kind can still be held in the college. The assemblage which gathered on the evening of Jan. 20th, was one of the brightest and gayest that ever thronged the corridors; and so far as we have been able to learn everyone who was present was delighted with the evening's entertainment. The following programme was rendered early in the evening in Convocation Hall:

- Selection—"Bride Elect"*Sousa*
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY MANDOLIN AND
 GUITAR CLUB.
- Song—"Chanson du Toriador," from "Carmen"...*Bizet*
 MR. J. NEVIN DOYLE.
- Selection.....
 QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.
- Clarinet Solo - "Air Varie No. 9".....*Brapsant*
 MR. JAMES E. WALLIS.
- Song—"Sweet Nancy".....*Peskatt*
 MR. J. NEVIN DOYLE.
- Violin Solo—^(a) "Nocturne"*Chopin*
^(b) "Mazurka".....*Musin*
 MISS ETHEL ARMSTRONG.
- Song—"Song of a Soldier" *Handel Hastings*
 MR. J. NEVIN DOYLE.
- Selection.....
 ORCHESTRA.

The selections were all well received, while Mr. Doyle responded to several encores.

After the concert, dance programmes were distributed and the halls and corridors were thronged by happy couples, who kept time to the music supplied by the two orchestras, one of which was stationed in Convocation Hall and the other in the alcove.

Refreshments were served in the museum, and this was found to be much more satisfactory than on the upper flat, as the crowding, which always took place in the narrow stairway, was avoided.

The decorations were very attractive, and although not on such an extreme scale as in past years, were quite sufficient to give a pleasant and gay appearance, and, besides, we had the satisfaction of knowing that the bunting with which the decorating was done was our own, and this no doubt enhanced its beauty in our eyes.

The following delegates were present from sister universities:—McGill, F. Patch; Toronto, LeSeur; Victoria, G. Grange; McMaster, Scott; Trinity, Rev. Mr. Starr.

The chairmen of the different committees, to whose efforts most of the success is due, were as follows:—Programme, R. B. Dargavel; Invitation, J. S. Shortt; Reception, R. Burton; Finance, A. R. B. Williamson.

Athletics.

HOCKEY.

QUEEN'S DEFEAT BROCKVILLE.

Queen's Senior Hockey Team clearly demonstrated their playing ability on the night of January 25th, when they routed the Brockville team at the Kingston Rink in the second round of the O.H.A. The score, 15-3, was larger than expected, as the wonderful feats performed by Brockville's representatives in previous matches had been made widely known. The chagrin of the Brockville supporters was very great as the death-knell of their favorites was rung (or struck) at short intervals by the thud of the puck after it passed through their goal posts. Queen's not only took the game, but their admirers were forced to take much coin, to escape a breach of etiquette. At the commencement, the play was very lively, and Brockville strained every muscle to win the game in the first five minutes. Queen's seemed dazed for a little while, but soon awoke from their trance, and then Brockville's defeat was a sure thing. The latter were soon unable to keep pace with Queen's speedy forwards who skated rings around them. Only once during the rest of the game did Brockville come into particular notice, when they scored two goals in succession. The combination of Queen's forwards, particularly Harty and Dalton, was marvellous, and the large crowd of spectators were amazed at the way in which the line went up the ice. As usual the College defence was impassable, Merrill and Curtis playing a grand game, Carmichael, in goal, did some good work. For Brockville, Laroque, Black and Weatherhead were chiefly noticeable. "Forrie" received quite an ovation when he appeared on the ice.

At the end of the first half the score stood 7-1 against Brockville. Queen's scored 8 and Brockville 2 in the second half. Six of Queen's goals in the latter half were scored inside of five minutes. The teams were;

QUEEN'S—Goal, Carmichael; point, Curtis; cover-point, Merrill; centres, Harty and Dalton; wings, Carr-Harris and Walkem.

BROCKVILLE—Goal, Laroque; point, Black; cover-point, Connell; centres, Phillips and George; wings, Weatherhead and Butlin.

Queen's journeyed to Brockville last Wednesday, and administered another defeat to the Brockville team. The score was 10-3. This places the senior team in the final O.H.A. game.

QUEEN'S 13-BELLEVILLE 3.

Queen's first team visited Belleville on Thursday night, January 26th, and played an exhibition game with the Belleville hockey team before a large crowd of spectators. The playing of the College team was a revelation to the Belleville enthusiasts who gave Queen's a great ovation. At half-time the score was 4-2 in favor of Queen's, but in the second half the latter added nine to their tally, Belleville scoring one. "Jack" McLean made an admirable referee. After the game the College players were entertained by their Belleville friends at the Quinte Musical Club, where a most enjoyable time was spent.

FRONTENACS DOWN QUEEN'S II.

Queen's II. having defeated Cadets II. on January 20th, by 12 goals to 3, and winning the round by a score of 20-8, entered the second round with the Frontenacs of Kingston, and played the first game on Friday, January 27th. The game was characterized by much rough play as the rivalry between these two teams was very keen. Newlands and Walkem of Queen's, and Murray, Wilson, Britton and McDowall of the Frontenacs were ruled off during the game for "violations" of the rules. Waddell, one of the Frontenacs forwards, was very unfortunate in having his hand broken by being struck with a stick by a Queen's player. He was replaced by Britton. The teams were:

FRONTENACS—Goal, Hiscock, E.; point, McRae cover-point, McDowall; centres, Wilson and Reyner; wings, Murray and Waddell.

QUEEN'S II.—Goal, Hiscock, R.; point, Carr-Harris, F. F.; cover-point, Walkem; centres, Newlands and Knight; wings, Curtin and Elliott.

At the finish of the first half the score stood 6-2 in favor of the Frontenacs, and at the close the Frontenacs had increased their lead, the game then standing Frontenacs 13, Queen's II. 5. The Frontenacs won the game on their merits, and can certainly claim to be the better team. The College players did exceedingly well, and made their opponents work hard for every goal.

On Wednesday night, last, the return game was played, and the Frontenacs again won by 9-4.

A Night in the Tuscorora Town.

On Friday, Jan. 27th, the University Glee Club left for Gananoque, where they gave a concert under the auspices of the Y. P. S. St. Andrew's church of that town. On arriving there the clubs proceeded to the opera house, where they were welcomed by the young

ladies, and after a short rehearsal the members were individually dined at various private houses.

The concert proved a success financially and otherwise. The glees and instrumental selections were of a very popular nature. The selections by Mr. Woods as well as the solos of N. O'Connor, A. Harris and W. Lavell, "took the crowd." But the gem of the evening was the solo by Mons. Andrieux, especially his rendering of "Home, Sweet Home," without accompaniment. After closing with the college yell, the clubs were entertained at the home of Mr. Bullock, where the time was most enjoyably spent in cards and dancing until 2 a.m., when most of the members left for Kingston. A few remained over till Saturday, and all report the Gananoque girls to be admirable entertainers.

DISCORDS.

Jack Edmison was not "Hurd" from all evening.

Louis Andrieux has certainly become "one" of the boys.

Some of the Gananoque girls think that Mr. Harriss would make a good hugger.

Davy Volume said he was dead sure of a good time as he sent invitations down there for the Conversat.

The "Wart" saw the fun this time.

N. T. Greenwood's specialty was the "frog-dance."

Porteous and Woods were observed sitting on a lath in the hall, humming that old familiar tune, "We're the biggest lobsters in the bunch."

"Hank" Bleeker deserves the "birch" for shocking the gang.

"Hungry" would like to have got up against that eight-course dinner.

"Antonio" as usual looked brave with his "Shield" on his arm.

From the way Woods played (his) cords, he ought to be sure of a mission next summer.

Manager Menzies has a weakness for that song, "Get Your Money's Worth."

Pete—"Why don't you fellows sing, "Oh Enjoy Yourself"?"

Craig's two-step was very, very grace(y)ful.

On dit that Tandy kept a brotherly eye over a certain freshette.

"Watt's" the reason a fellow cannot tear himself away for one day without writing to "her"?

The Mayor of Kingston's Scholarship.

Another graduate of Queen's has been elected Mayor of the city, and he has promptly followed the example of his predecessors for the past twenty years. John McIntyre, Q.C., began with a medal, which was subsequently changed—at the request of the Senate—into a Matriculation Scholarship. A good New Year to His Worship Mayor Ryan and to the city of Kingston!

The Sir John A. Macdonald Chair of Political and Economic Science.

On the return to Canada from Europe of Sir Charles Tupper, the Principal sent him the circular regarding the endowment of the above Chair, and received a prompt reply, enclosing a handsome subscription with the promise that he would promote so important an object in any way in his power. The minimum sum required has been so nearly reached that subscriptions are being now collected for the Chair of Mental Philosophy. Subscriptions for either object will be acknowledged in the JOURNAL.

Personal.

Rev. J. K. Macmorine has presented a large collection of botanical specimens to the Herbarium of the University. It embraces many plants collected in Ontario, Manitoba, New York, Tennessee and elsewhere, and is a valuable addition to the Herbarium.

Mr G. W. Mason, one of our extra-mural students, now in attendance at the Ontario Normal College, Hamilton, was the successful candidate at the elections there on Jan. 20th, for the position of President of the Literary and Scientific Society.

Ladies' Column.

The Chair of Common Sense.

NOW that the *Conversazione* has come and gone, and all excitement, except that of the rink and hockey, is over, when we grow dizzy with the confusing whirl of work, and dismally whisper in awe-struck accents something about the "exam." and "nine weeks," now, I say, we begin to notice a great lack in our Alma Mater. Not even our enthusiasm over our successful hockey match can blind us to this one great fault. We most urgently need the endowment of a new chair—a professor of common sense.

No one, we are sure, will quarrel with our plan; we do not expect to hear a single dissenting voice, even when we declare that this should come before the new library, reading-rooms and Convocation Hall we so long for. No one will object—for the scheme will commend itself. We know, to all; we all know some one (or more) who would be so greatly benefited by a course under such a professor, and our generosity is such that (even though, of course, we have no need of his services ourselves) we would gladly help to establish his chair.

The only weak point that we can see, lies in the question, how to force all those who need it to take a course, or even a pass class, in the subject. For strange as it seems, it is nevertheless quite true, that all our friends are oddly oblivious of their own needs, and actually insinuate that *we* should take a class. The very idea!—but we will not go into personal questions; there is no need, for we have a plan all ready matured to meet the difficulty.

The professor should receive his salary like all the others, but his classes should be regulated altogether by the Alma Mater Society, or among the girls by the Levana. There should be no ticket marked "Common Sense" in the mysterious receptacles whence the Registrar draws those bits of cardboard—pink, blue, yellow, and nondescript—which bear with them so much woe. The secretaries of the Alma Mater and Levana should be supplied with sober brown squares, arranged thus:

Common Sense.

Student

Entered by

This explains the whole working of the plan. Any person who believes that any other person whatsoever, be he student, professor or outsider, would be the better of a class in this subject, may present the case to either of these societies. If, after due deliberation, it decides that the complaint is well founded, the secretary fills out this card with the names of both accused and accuser, or perhaps we should rather say of the student and benefactor. The card is given direct to the professor by the secretary, so that there is no chance of a recalcitrant "forgetting" to present his, or of practical jokes being played with forged ones. Once the name is entered on the professor's books, the attendance is compulsory till a passed certificate is granted, and is to be forced if necessary by the constables of the Concurus.

And now we can imagine the motley throng that would pour in on the societies. Here a student begs for a ticket for the professor who sets an essay every week; there a professor calls for a general one, to include all his class who have "sloped" or come "not prepared," or perhaps been late for eight o'clock class (remember, that after serious deliberation cases are not always sustained). Here stands a member of the JOURNAL staff offering to pay double fees for a certain editor of a city paper; there is the president of the Levana Society eager to have the girl students so instructed that they shall properly estimate the value of their society. Here are three or four football players calling for tickets for the athletic committee, and here is one of the committee carefully having them filled out for all the Rugby Team. There, some from each of the election parties, shouting themselves hoarse in their endeavors to gain entrance for all on the other sides; there, the President of Alma Mater tying up his neat-looking bundle of cards all marked "Freshman;" there, a freshman, announcing his benevolent intentions towards the officers of the Concurus, and—but surely that is enough for one class. It is easy to see that our professors will not be left to lecture to empty benches. Indeed the experiment seems likely to succeed only too well, for it looks as if there would be none left to roam about the corridors and smile in triumph to see the process go on. Can it be so? Must our wisest and best go in and sit meekly in the junior class among the freshmen? Surely not! Yet if it were so, it would be but one more reason for founding the chair as soon as possible. Who offers the first subscription?—the man who feels himself in need of the

class, or who believes that he alone can stand outside and watch? We leave that question to be settled by the divinities.

Medical College.

Notes.

THE open meeting of the Kingston Medical and Surgical Society was a pronounced success, and the final year is grateful to the Society for the courtesies extended them.

Owing to the number of visiting physicians and surgeons present at the evening meeting, Dr. Third very kindly offered to give the final year an evening with the Fluoroscope. The class gladly accepted the offer and spent last Monday evening at the hospital, where the ghosts of their Physics days were called up with all necessary accompaniments, dim lights, blue blazes and ominous cracklings. Many valuable hints were given, the result of the original research of our excellent Hospital Superintendent.

C-p-r wants to know if the rays will penetrate tough chicken.

"The Streak," after X-rays exhibit—"Oh, that's all right. Third can see through me. Oh, yes!"

Another "At Home" in the "Den." This time the chief attraction was an exhibition of physical development. Did you see gramme's method tested?

The medical experts have two cases under their consideration, one the Arts student who issued the famous challenge, and the other a "Public" man who writes "private" letters. When we receive their report the "boys" will get the benefit.

J. D-v-l-n does not know what to do with the "Streak."
"Will I break him in two or split him up?"

The Fourth Year motto: "Punctuality is a virtue."

Weese & Co. are "taking" the final year *with hoods*. Why are some fellows so frugal as to provide for wants a whole year in advance?

Mr. G. S. Sadler, of the final year, was called home last week by the sudden death of his mother. He has the deep and sincere sympathy of his fellow-students.

Dr. Goodwin gave the members of the Y.M.C.A. a very practical and helpful address last Friday.

Our Professor of Surgery has sufficiently recovered from the prevailing malady to discharge his professional duties.

Some of the paragraphic jokes in the daily press are credited to the ex-pense account of the JOURNAL.

Grip, Grippe, Grip,
Whoever you can reach,
Whether it be the student green,
Or the aged ones who teach.

But if we had our choice
Of the times that you should come,
We would raise our voice
With decided shout,
Wait till Exams. are done.

Amen!

Science Hall.

Science Hall Notes.

PROF. DEKALB has arrived after being detained at Syracuse for some days by an attack of la grippe. He left Rothwell and Rogers in Mexico hard at work. During his absence he has seen about several lots of ore for the Mill, so we may expect to hear the familiar thump of the stamps very soon.

R. W. Brock, M.A., spent a few days in town last week.

A. F. Huffman also paid us a flying visit.

A new air blast has been placed in the Quantitative Laboratory, and the new steam bath is taking its time getting ready for use.

One of the boys in the Assaying Class last Saturday was heard asking where the bottle of dilute H₂O was.

Prof. Nicol gave a very interesting and valuable lecture on asphalt, last week, illustrated by lantern slides.

Prof. Dupuis had the class in Spherical Trig. out locating the local meridian last week.

While lighting the blast lamp the other day, one of the boys lost a good deal of the hair on his face and head. He looked sort of surprised when he found his hair ablaze.

Mr. Dickson has graduated to laboratory No 2. He feels his honors.

A meeting of the Engineering Society was held Monday evening, January 30th.

An invitation was received and accepted from McGill University, Faculty of Applied Science for an At Home on Friday, Feb. 3rd. C. P. Merritt was chosen to represent the Society.

The Secretary was instructed to issue a challenge to Divinity Hall for a Hockey Match. It is to be hoped the learned Presbyters will see fit to accept the challenge.

A committee was appointed to draft a stanza of the "Old Ontario Strand" referring specially to Science Hall, for insertion in the new Song Book.

Prof. Dupuis then gave a short but much appreciated talk on the Rise of Modern Machinery. After tendering him a hearty vote of thanks, the meeting adjourned.

Divinity Hall.

Belleveth All Things.

THE *Westminster* deserves our thanks for the way in which it keeps the subject of Theological education to the front, and especially for its straight hits at students. The red, blue and black margin Bible man of whom *The Westminster* speaks does not openly exist among us, nor does the society

lion roar, but the question, "Why go to College?" discussed in the last number of the paper mentioned, can hardly fail to find us, if broken up into its constituent parts, "Why attend ——?" and "Why attend ——?" etc. "Because the Church requires it" is not such an unreasonable answer, as the Church should know better than an individual student what should be required of him in many cases. The student should surely endeavour to enter into the spirit of such requirements. Blessed is the relation between teacher and taught, between class and student, between Church regulation and the regular candidate for the ministry, when what is demanded is met just as spontaneously as if there were no formal requirement. For the attainment of this ideal there must be much of mutual trust. There are classes which make attendance compulsory by the inherent value of each hour's instruction. If the question be put "Why go to Queen's?" we can scarcely conceive a man in attendance so dense to his privileges as to give a perfunctory answer. Here is one good thing which *The Westminster* man says:—"The chief function of the college is to start men thinking on its great subjects, to teach them how to study, how to use the tools they will be handling in after service, to discipline their minds, to give them the bias of their profession, to awaken and set free the genius for preaching which is in every man called to be a prophet, and so to make them self-contained, masterful men." That of "setting free the genius for preaching" is good.

There is one class in our Divinity course which we should feel in honor bound to attend fairly well; and so we do, speaking approximately. But we remember the idea which the Professor of Physics has, or had at one time, of greater and greater approximations. We profess that we are called to preach the gospel; and the class to which we refer may be called the Preaching class. It bears directly on our work, is not compulsory, and is conducted in the modern spirit. No one interested can attend a single meeting of the class without getting some ideas with which to work, and the only honorarium the professor receives for his pains is our attention.

"You may be as worldly in a theological hall or in the office of the Y.M.C.A. as if you remain a lawyer's clerk, or a dealer in real estate, or a plumber's assistant." *Vide Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell*, p. 493.)

The article by Rev. M. M. in the *Queen's Quarterly*, January, 1899, entitled, "The Power and Training of the Pulpit," is worthy of a second reading. A graduate of Queen's, whose Honour course in Philosophy was never completed—but of whom the world may yet hear, as he is a boy of ideas, bearing a euphonious Grecian name—put himself on record as saying that the Philosophy course and one sermon a week at Chalmers Church are the proper

things for a student. Of course your Science man will say, "Let us have something to eat, first, and then we shall have a basis for the consideration of *Where are we at?*" But, Mr Editor, we are not the only oracles. We simply try to report what we see from our own Hall, knowing that the view varies somewhat in detail, though the background remain.

Divinity Hall should remind us of a place of which Kipling sings, somewhat as follows:—

"Where nobody works for money,
And nobody works for fame,
With only the Master to praise us,
And only the Master to blame;
But each for the love of working,
But each in his several star,
Portrays the thing as he sees it,
For the God of Things as they are"

Time will fail us if we tell of Chiniquy, and Sheldon, and Bishop Potter, and President Harper, and John Sinclair and others, for information regarding whom see the aforesaid *Westminster* in various issues. But we must report that Rev. K. J. McDonald, of Beaverton, "was presented by the ladies of the congregation with a fine fur coat and gauntlets and a purse of money." Of this even the Practical Science man may take note.

Exchanges.

The College Romeo.

EXTRAORDINARY DEMONSTRATION BY STUDENTS.

AFTER long and careful consideration the Senate of Aberystwith College have decided that the lady student who was expelled from the Ladies' Hostel for talking to a male student from the window shall return to college, whilst the male student is to go away for two terms. The decision thus arrived at has been the cause of most remarkable demonstrations by the large body of students, and yesterday afternoon the Romeo of the Alexandra Hall romance was presented with a beautiful marble timepiece and silver-plated inkstand as some sort of testimony to the regret with which his departure was viewed by his fellow-students. Previous to the departure of the train the students assembled in force, and forming up in funeral order, dressed in deep black, and wearing their black gowns in the form of cowls, the solemn procession started for the station. The leading file carried open books and the proceedings throughout were of the most solemn character. The Dead March was sung, together with Welsh funeral hymns. Hundreds of spectators lined the streets, and showed much sympathy with the students. Romeo was escorted to the carriage amid loud cheers.—(From a leading London daily).

CYMRY AM BYTH!!

De Nobis.

H. S. LOCK-HEAD—(At dinner table, after listening to the various comments on a sermon recently preached in one of our city churches)—

Well, who is this Oesiph'oras anyway?

D. A. Menzies (suddenly arousing himself from his usual mid-meal reverie)—“Oh, that's the chap who sang at the Conversat—I'd just forgotten his name, but they say he's all right.”

Prof. in Greek.—Mr. McKinley, will you please translate?

Freshman.—Mr. McI-n-is is my name, professor.

Prof.—O, I beg your pardon, I am always getting those presidents mixed.

Landlady, knocking loudly on student's door—(screamed) Mr. Mc, fire! fire! The business college is on fire!

Mr. Mc. Indeed; the Business College, is it? oh, alright Thank you.

R. A. W-ts in assuming his accustomed place at the rink after the Brockville convention.—“I thought of this every day I was away, and those four days seemed like a month.”

(Two divinities in grave confab.):

First: Why is dear brother L-w-e like an angel?

Second: Got big feet?

First: Dinna joke. Poor George; he is in the region of spirits now.

Second (wiping away a tear): Too bad! too bad! when did he die?

First: You misunderstand. He has not left us, but is living at the Frontenac.

Both (in merry concert): Let's have a smile.

Astronomical Observations.

The “man in the moon” says

That there are no (sand) flies on Willie Augus Fraser.

That beside the radiator in a dark room is not the best place to cool off.

That the freshmen wear powdered sulphur in their socks to avoid grippe.

That there are others.

That a certain professor does not get his normal amount of sleep because the baby's teething.

That the man at the back end of the piano when it is being carried up stairs is “not the whole push.”

That the student who is undertaking to report college affairs for the *News* is a *fresh* man.

That he is eke an ass.

That he has furnished the former publisher of the JOURNAL with a splendid text.

That the latter is using it for all it is worth.
That F--zz-l thinks the Doukhobortsi way of getting married is legitimate enough.

That the student who stayed away from the Conversat because of the death of a friend in the city is to be commended for his consideration.

That his ticket of admission was not so scrupulous or it would not have arrived accompanied by another man who was not entitled to admission.

That both of these gentlemen should be black-listed another year.

That a sophomore girl thinks the moon just too lovely for anything.

That a Junior gallant agrees with her and wishes he were the moon.

That it was not a divinity who scored 49 with his young lady during the hockey match last Friday night; it may have been McC-ll-ch.

Student to A McM-ll-n—Are you getting up early now, Archie?

Yes, sir; I am getting up, most of my time; I am learning to skate, you know.

J. Shortt (reading essay): “I am on the horns of a dilemma—.”

A voice —“You ought to have it *dehorned*.”

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