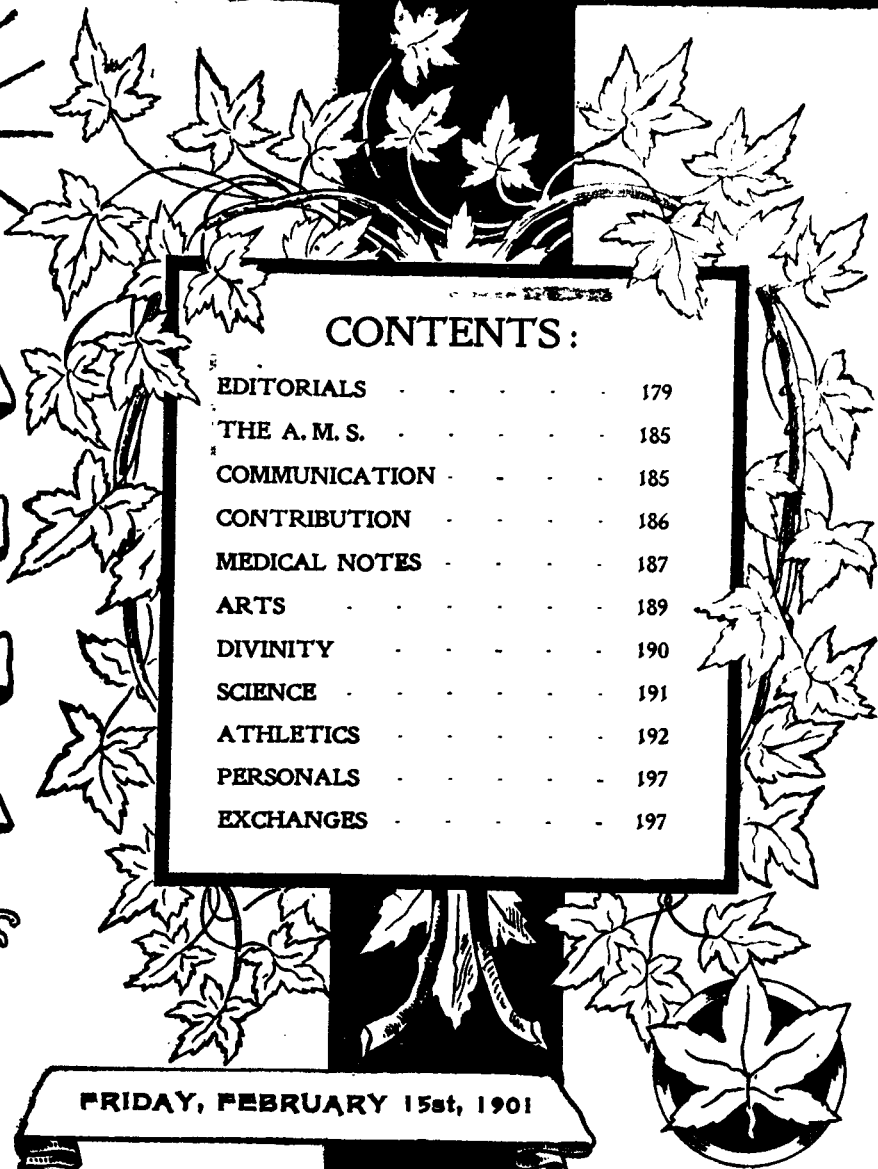


J. V. 288

Queen's University Journal



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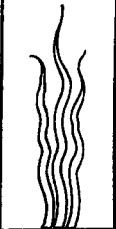
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Queen's University Journal.

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KINGSTON, CANADA, FEB. 15, 1901.

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Advertising rates, \$1.00 per inch per issue, or \$8.00 per inch per annum.

The attention of all readers is called to the exceptionally fine class of advertisements which are selected for each issue, and it is hoped that those interested in the JOURNAL will patronize our advertisers.

GRAY says very justly that learning never should be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obscurity; and, you know, I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man. Why is there more merit in having travelled one's eyes over so many reams of paper than in having carried one's legs over so many acres of ground?"

In these words Horace Walpole apprises the student of the most subtle and fatal danger that can beset his work. The danger is that the student may acquire the form of knowledge, but remain destitute of its power. This

is what Gray means by comparing the student to the footman.

Nor is it to be wondered at if the student fails to see his academic life and his college training in relation to the whole of life, so absorbing and so satisfying are his collegiate interests. Yet his failure is specially fatal. He is given four years under the best teachers that he may learn what the best men have thought, in order that he may be in a position to show other men and women who have not had his privileges what in life is most worth while. If he leaves his college with no helpful message, he has a right to be beaten with many stripes. There is a discipline to be had behind the plow, or the anvil, or the counter, but the university man may draw from the accumulated experience of all, and the world outside the classroom has a right to expect in the college man some help to a satisfying life.

And can a student rest content with a lower aim? Surely not. Wordsworth extracted more life from nature, but he did not do so by accident. One has but to study his works for a few years to discover that the secret of his power lay in the fact that he had eyes in his head, and that he took the pains to understand what those eyes saw. Unless he have sound moral fibre, the blessed gift of freedom that the student enjoys may be his greatest enemy. No one compels him to aim at perfection in his college exercises, so he counts himself happy if he secures his fifty per cent. Yet what will be the result if, when he enters the *extra mural* world, he leaves his work *half done*? No one compels him to do a day's work every day, but what would the practical world say of him

should he leave his week's work till Saturday night?

The corrective is not far to seek. College life is not a mere preparation for life's main work, but it is an organic part of that work. It is the youth preceding the fuller manhood. As the student is, so will be the man. The student who, whatever comes or does not come, does not miss the main concern of his daily college life, will not fail as he stands in the pulpit, or by his patient, or in the courtroom, or in parliament. Doing an exercise in Latin prose, or working a problem in mathematics is as good work, any day, as leading an army or making laws. The one is the natural forerunner of the other.

The student may learn to do his work when the concert or the campus would lure him from the path of duty, or to do his task when his head aches, quite as well as the man who sells cotton or iron. He, too, may learn to subordinate his desires to his reason, and to choose the right and valuable rather than the convenient. In other words, if the student will keep his mind open to truth and freely exchange ideas with men of his own and other universities, and with men who earn their bread in other ways, and will resolve to see life with his own eyes, and to test all things by his best judgment, he will wear his degree with grace and will find that a good university training is the most helpful discipline in the wide world.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN CONVOCATION HALL.

THE memorial service on the day of the Queen's burial was simple and impressive. The glee club led the service of praise, while members of the faculties of law, science, medicine, and theology, read the scripture lessons and offered prayers, and Principal Grant made a short address which we quote :

"We are in mourning for the Head of the State. What was she to us that we should mourn? Little consciously, it may be; because the modern state can exist in comparative independence of its official representatives. The language of the Hebrew prophet concerning the loss of Israel's king shows how much it

meant then;— 'The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of Jehovah, of whom we said, under his shadow we shall live among the nations.' When the King of Scotland and the King of France were captured by the armies of England the conquerors could dictate to the two nations. But, under the British constitution the people are the ultimate earthly source of authority. The title to the throne is not hereditary but parliamentary; fixed, that is, by the people, and therefore the sovereign may interpose constitutional delays to ascertain the will of the people, but cannot veto that will.

But, the head of the state is much still. Our laws, customs, traditions, sentiments are incarnated in the sovereign whether he is called monarch or president. While Garfield was struggling for life, the first question addressed by one American citizen to another, wherever they met, was, 'How is the president?' He stood for the unity and majesty of the national life, and therefore all felt that he was part of their life. While that is so when the head has been elected by a party for four years, how much more is it the case when the monarch has been born to the position and has held it right royally, and with universal approval for two generations?

The Queen was the beautiful embodiment of the unity, the continuity, the grace, the dignity, and the power of the empire. In her the principle of loyalty had become so transfused with personal affection as to be a passion, and hence her singular power over both the reason and the imagination of her people. For one who is capable of apprehending a principle a thousand are influenced by affection. Even those who had never seen the Queen loved her. 'The Queen reigns but does not govern,' it was often said. True, but she did govern, through the influence she unconsciously exerted, more really than any premier, president, or emperor governs. Influence is mightier than rule.

Was there any class of persons that escaped her influence? Every statesman in the empire felt it and acknowledged that it was for good. She always stood for peace; not peace

at any price, but if war, then war in order to maintain or secure peace. Like a rock she stood for justice, for the happiness of her people, for the purity of the court and of the home. Right well was that known to every man who aspired to the high places of public life. Who would exchange such influence for the rule of a despot? She influenced every grade of society, every family in the land and everyone of us more or less. Influence penetrates from the summit of the social pyramid to the base. How disastrously the morals of the court of Charles II. and George IV. told on society, and how much her purity told on social life all over the land! As we thought of this, how proud we were of her! We walked the earth with increased dignity because our Queen was so noble.

Students of the university which bears her title by her express permission, never forget in a self-governing community, we are all kings and queens. We have fewer temptations; our mistakes, blunders, and sins, are more likely to be over-looked. If then the Queen, under the fierce light that beats upon a throne, lived so that enemies could scarce point to a flaw; if she could resist for sixty-four years all the temptations of wealth, pomp, power and flattery, shall we be so base as to shrink from duty-doing? Shall not we consecrate ourselves to the public welfare? Shall not we do our part by the irresistible dynamic of influence rather than by scheming for place or power, to imitate the noble Queen who has gone to her reward, but whose works will follow her as long as those of Alfred. Seek strength where she sought and found it. Be true to yourselves, to your dignity and destiny as the best way of honouring her."

ROMANOS RERUM DOMINOS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The other day the classical men sent the "Divinities" a Latin challenge to hockey. It took the recipients sometime to construe it, but at last by a united effort of their co-operative intelligence they caught its general meaning. They now felt themselves in a hole, but history repeats itself, and as in the brave days

of old a Gaius Curtius was found to leap into it.

At the bidding of the editor I repaired to the rink at the proper hour. I wish I could tell how on one side was massed the manly intelligence of the college and on the other—but I am no orator as Brutus and most other people are now-a-days, and I never learnt rhetoric. Besides I want it later on. They were there, though, all the same.

Have I words to paint the young Greek god, who leapt on the ice, veiling his beauty in a sweater, polychrome as a metaphor of Pindar, followed by a host of Spartan youths, singing as they tempestuously swept around the arena that grand old strain, which, as the historian, Barry Pain, has taught us, was once the battle-hymn of the Crusaders:

*A, ab, absque, coram, de,
Palam, cum, et ex, et e,
Semper haec, dum ego vivo,
Laetabuntur ablativo—*

or to tell of the others who issued forth to meet them, grave as became seven-fifty and a manse, but ever and anon raising their war-cry, *Begadh Kephath-bereshith!* in answer to the joyous *ablativo! ablativo!* of the foe? No, I have not words. My name is not Norval, and I had the grippe when the Watkins lecturer was here.

The trumpet sounded (very like a whistle), and Armageddon began, with a strong suggestion of Donnybrook. The puck sped hither and thither, restless as a child in church, nimble as De Wet himself. But the onlookers interested me more. I mean, those on my side of the rink. Here, with a cry of "*Evoe Bacche!*" the classical man nervously lit his cigarette. There in agony, as the puck sped to the theologic goal, a sad divine ejaculated "*Dagersh!*," explaining when I looked shocked it was not a shewa-word.

Suddenly a change came over the scene. A bell rang, and, as if at the voice of the muezzin, the play stopped, and every classical man raised his stick on high, as he recited the formula of his prophet, "There is no key but Kelly's; all others are imitations." Then the fray began anew, faster and more furious than before,

till again the bell rang. But now the score stood even, and the Berserker lust of battle was still in every heart. On again till at the last the Roman and the Greek stood masters, and the Jew, the Turk, the infidel, the heretic, and the Philistine (the other two religions were not told me), withdrew carrying their dead and wounded with them. Our casualties were two—one killed and one wounded.

As I left the rink, Ganderius Triumphator yoked his triumphal car, while the class poet hurriedly struck his lyre and began an Epini-
kian:—

*Musa laeta facie agmen Classicorum
Recinas ut, macie longa studiorum
Pallidum, in glacie crassiore chorum
Fuderit in acie Theologicorum.*

I did not know how many more strophæ there might be, and fearing I might be asked to execute a tripudium I left the place with what speed I might.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

RHENOSTER KOP, 1st December, 1900.

I'VE been in a big action at last, and it will last me for some time! Every other fight has been mere child's play to it.

We started at two o'clock in the morning, and came in touch with the enemy about five. The ambulance advanced till we were a short way behind the guns, then one of the black drivers was shot through the head. This was pretty warm work. The Boers then fell back on their main position, which they held all day. It was almost impregnable. Now the rifle fire started, and the bullets began to hum past us, even where we were, in the rear. Shortly after this a trooper came galloping up to say that three men in the firing line had been hit, and needed stretchers. The ambulance advanced till we were almost past the guns, then we took out the stretchers and went forward. The bullets were thick now, but *buzzing* past, not hissing, which latter is a sign that they are a bit spent.

It was awfully trying to run along upright, while everybody else was lying down under cover. I was in a horrid funk, I must own! We were then going up the slope of a plateau,

the foremost line of our men being slightly over the ridge, and subject to a cross fire from the enemy's position. I enclose a map of our route. We then passed the second line of our fellows, who were Bushmen. A chap yelled to us to lie down! We told him we had to fetch some wounded from the fighting line. He replied, "Poor beggars!" I asked him if it was bad over the ridge. "It's hell!" he said. This was cheerful, as it was bad enough already. So we marched over the ridge, and it *was* fearful! Pom-poms, Mausers, everything going like blazes. We reached our men, tied them up, and started back. I never expected to get to the top. The man carrying the instruments was shot, and the ground about us seemed *alive*, little spirts of dust dancing round. They were firing at us, and the bullets followed all the way up. It was the most hideous moment of my life! I don't know *how* we got back. The men were badly wounded, so we had to go slow.

We hadn't been ten minutes in, when another trooper came to say that an officer had been hit in the front. Out we went again!

This time we took the flag with the red cross, naturally supposing that it would be some protection. It was worse than the last time. This time they turned a pom-pom on us, which is worse than any rifle fire; I don't wonder Tommy fears it so much. If you saw the wounds it caused you wouldn't either. We got nearly up to the officer when he shouted to us to lie down. "You are only drawing the fire," he cried; "do you expect them to take any notice of *that*?" (meaning the flag). Put it down!" We all flopped. I got behind a stone with another chap. Next moment we were covered with debris and stones. A shell had hit the stone and exploded. We could hear them coming, and lay and wondered how long we had to live. It is curious to look back and analyse one's thoughts at that moment. It never struck me that I *could* escape uninjured, so I considered which kind of a wound I would prefer, and I decided that I'd rather lose my leg than my arm, as then I might still do something afterwards. We lay there for three and a half hours in the blazing sun, without

any water. More men were hit (I saw five myself, one killed), but the captain in command, when we wanted to know whether we should come forward, shouted back to us that it was useless, as we couldn't pass the space with any hope of life. Captain Godfrey, a doctor of the West Australians, was killed bandaging a man up. The row was awful. Our pom-pom was one hundred yards from us, behind a wall, firing at full speed. The report at close range doesn't sound like "pom-pom." It's exactly like some one kicking at a closed door. Even the Boer pom-pom at a distance sounded like that. When we first went out, the captain told me the Boers were only two hundred yards off. I can't remember all the details of the fight. It lasted from five in the morning till eight at night, when our men retired, and hadn't a morsel of food from 2 a.m. till 10 p.m.

We buried four poor chaps. I won't go into a description of their wounds, all from shell-fire.

I got a bit accustomed to the firing after a while. The Boers fired explosive bullets almost entirely. You can tell them from ordinary ones by the noise they make in the air, and also when they strike, which is followed by a small explosion. This is due to the air being greatly compressed in the hole in the tip of the bullet, and when it strikes anything there is a loud crack.

R. B. HOLE, in the *Student*, Edinburgh.

P.S.—I managed to capture a pig this morning,—knocked it over with a rock.

NEW-FASHIONED EDUCATION.

AN article in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, signed L. B. R. Briggs, purports to set forth "some old-fashioned doubts about new-fashioned education," and in the course of it some very good things are said. Here is one which might be pondered over by our Department of Education, and more particularly by the Senate of the University of Toronto. The latter is entrusted with the duty of drawing-up the list of subjects for matriculation, and—as the president has testi-

fied concerning the school system generally—"It has done the things it ought not to have done, and left undone what it should have done." Reformation should begin at the Senate, but it is easier to confess the sins of others:—"I still doubt whether we can do better for children than first to drill them in a few subjects, mostly old ones; then to give them a modest general education in college, or in all but the last year or two of college; then to let them specialize as energetically as they can (but not exclusively); and throughout to keep in their mind not pleasure only, but the stern law-giver who wears the Godhead's most benignant grace."

"LEST WE FORGET."

FOR some time a notice has been posted on the bulletin board that has not received the sort of attention it deserves. Never has money been asked for a nobler or more unselfish purpose. If only our students will read the notice once more, and not forget, this *JOURNAL* will not be a week old before one of Queen's noblest student-sons will be out of debt, and the world will know that Queen's children have tender hearts as well as clear heads and sturdy limbs.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.

PROF. SHORTT conducted the service in Convocation Hall on February 3rd, taking as his subject, "The Outlook for Society in 1901." He traced, in outline, the development of the modern states from the gradual combination of feudal units, under the influence of strong centralizing powers, which at once enlarged the sphere of life for the people, and broke down their absolute and immediate dependence upon a feudal superior. This enlarged circle of freedom and self-realization, naturally tended, in the case of the more advanced nations, to pass over into a democratic form, through the raising of questions as to the rights of man as man. This democratic development has been going on, with varying rates of progress, in the different states of the civilized world.

The characteristic feature of modern democracy, in its more advanced forms, is its tendency to develop a greater multitude of definite interests, which are compelled to find more closely fitting and more efficient organs of expression than those afforded by the miscellaneous powers of the central and local governments.

These various definite interests, old and new, religious, intellectual, fraternal, economic, industrial and social are steadily increasing in numbers, in range and in organization. Though independent of each other in their special forms, yet they are organs of the same civilization, and increase the bonds and the range of a common society. The individual may be a member of many associations at the same time, and with quite different associates in each.

In varying degrees, these associations are educating the people, in connection with their most vital interests, in the very essence of self-government; in other words, in self-responsibility and the desire for accurate knowledge, in self-restraint and the spirit of compromise.

But these organizations, which do the greater part of society's work, not only teach men, in the best possible way, the essence of self-government, but they actually render society self-governing in detail. The result is that the central governments are tending more and more to wait upon these bodies for initiative and guidance. The function of government thus comes to be the adjustment of various interests, and the registering in laws, for common reference, previously matured wishes of the people. On its executive side it continues to perform definitely prescribed duties.

It was further pointed out that the numerous and expanding interests of modern society are not necessarily confined within national barriers, but tend, in following the interests of common humanity, to make for themselves an international field. This important aspect of the subject was dealt with in several of its leading features at the present time. The general trend of evidence went to show, that the tendency of the various practical forces

of society to take on an international character, gave every promise of being greatly strengthened for the future. But these changes cannot take place without greatly affecting the older conceptions and forms of nationality. The national life and spirit, which hold within them even now a far wider range of influences for good and evil than those expressed by either the central or sectional forms of government, must gradually lose the cramping historic legacy of international jealousy and prejudice, and broaden out into a freer and more liberal form, in harmony with the general interests of society and civilization. The specific state governments will suffer no revolutionary changes. They will simply be gradually adapted to the changing needs of the times. Owing to the growth of other numerous organized interests, national, and international, and their tendency to self-government, the formerly exclusive importance of the various forms of government must decline. This is illustrated in the history of the British Constitution and the present rise in importance of municipal government in consequence of the modern concentration of population in cities.

The tendency will be for central governments to become, in many respects, what provincial, or state governments now are, sectional yet sovereign expressions of a wider society, which, while enlarging and enriching its life, does not destroy the individuality of its parts.

In this enlargement society will not necessarily lose the rivalry and antagonisms incident to the various personal and sectional interests within it. The various courts, being connected with the territorial jurisdiction of the several states, will remain as at present, dispensing justice equally to native and foreigner. Private international law will continue to develop, and public international law find a permanent tribunal, as is now being attempted. In the light of present tendencies, there seems to be reasonable ground for hope that civilized society may realize on a larger field, what the present nationalities exhibit on a smaller field, namely, the capacity of rival and even conflicting interests to live together

in peace. Altogether the outlook is hopeful for a wider humanity and more christian social relations throughout the civilized world than have yet been possible.

THE A. M. S.

The meeting of February 2nd began amid difficulties. The president was absent from the city, and the second vice-president was away owing to pressure of business. The responsibility of the chair, therefore, fell upon the devoted head of the first vice-president, and it fell with such weight and suddenness that he was completely crushed. He vanished, not an atom of him remained to serve the devoted meeting. The result was that ex-president, M. A. McKinnon, was unanimously chosen to preside.

An inter-year debate was held on the question of "War vs. Arbitration as a Means of Settling International Disputes." The affirmative was supported for the year '03 by Messrs. McLean and Allen, who maintained that the time was not yet ripe for arbitration, and that war was, therefore, indispensable. Messrs. Evans and Bright for '04, with no lack of spirit, maintained the reverse of this. The judges, Prof. Dyde and Messrs. Fraleck and Leckie, give their decision in favour of the affirmative, but complimented the representatives of '04 on having "great potentialities." Leaving out of consideration a few grammatical errors on the part of one of the speakers on the affirmative side of the question, and the touching use of the endearing term "friends" by one on the negative, the form of the debate was very good.

The critic, J. A. McSporran, gave a pointed criticism. He censured the committee appointed to gather money for athletics for not giving their report at the proper time, and corrected a member of the A.M.S. for using unparliamentary language in an address delivered earlier in the evening. He closed with a humorous reference to the "usual little song of Saturday night."

The people of the county of Frontenac have been asked to vote \$20,000 for a new building for Queen's, and the prospects for a favorable answer are bright.

Communication.

To the Editor of the JOURNAL:

Dear Sir,—I am neither a Y.M.C.A. enthusiast, nor am I recognized as a "sport," but during my college course, which has now extended over some years, I have heard a good deal of grumbling from the "sport" element about the evil results attending the invariable election of a member of the "Y.M.C.A. crowd" to the office of president of the A.M.S. When, therefore, the captain and manager of the football team were elected to the two highest positions in the gift of the society, and when the colouring of the new executive was anything but "Y.M.C.A.," I came to the conclusion that, perhaps, a millenium would ensue. We have had so far five meetings of the A.M.S. since the new executive was installed. Of these meetings the president has presided at two, the first vice-president at one, and the second vice-president at one. As each had had a turn, they, perhaps, came to the conclusion that the fifth meeting might take care of itself. Consequently on Saturday night, February 2nd, we wasted a good deal of time in persuading some suitable man to take the chair. Never since I came to college have I seen the A.M.S. without a chairman to open the meeting. This precedent has been left for the executive of '00—'01 to set. With your wider and longer experience, Mr. Editor, perhaps you can give some light on this question.

Yours, ANCIENT MARINER.

The JOURNAL has no sympathy with those who separate students into such classes as "the Y.M.C.A. crowd," and "the A.M.S. fellows." Such a distinction is false and misleading. We have a sufficient number of examples to warrant us in saying that a man may be at one and the same time helpful in the Y.M.C.A., a successful sport, and a good A.M.S. man. If a man renders efficient service in any one or all of these organizations, his success is due to the stuff he is made of, and not to the particular organization to which he belongs. While it is true that prominent Y.M.C.A. men and leading sports have been

ected to high places in the A.M.S., it is not true that either "the Y.M.C.A. crowd" or "the sports" did the electing. In every case the candidate headed the poll because he was the choice of the student-body.

If any officer fails to discharge his duty, the A.M.S. and not "the sports," nor "the Y.M.C.A. crowd," is the body to deal with him.

Contribution.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF BY-GONE DAYS.

WITH the passing of Principal Caird, of Glasgow University, disappeared the last of the great pulpit orators of the past generation. It is about thirty years since, owing to the failure of his voice, he resigned the charge of a large Glasgow congregation and stepped from the pulpit into the professor's chair. Since then he has preached notable sermons on notable occasions, and in notable places as in Westminster Abbey, and before the British Association; but his career as a preacher terminated long ago.

My recollection of him dates back far more than thirty years to a time when he was in his prime. He had laid the foundation of his reputation as a preacher among university men at Lady Hester's chapel, in Edinburgh, and had become world-famous by his sermons on "The Religion of Common Life," probably the most widely circulated and read sermons of the century. He had not a commanding figure, and the feature of his homely face which arrested your attention and adhered to your memory was his enormous mouth. But you forgot the figure and face when he began to speak. His method was most significantly illustrated in two services he conducted on the same day in Edinburgh in 1858 or 1859. He had come to raise funds to assist a church in Newington, a suburb of the old town. He was to preach in the morning in the small Newington church, and in the afternoon in the large two galleried barn of a church in Princess street. As everyone expected a crowd the little church was barely filled. He preached on the selfish request of Zebedee's children

to be given the first place in the kingdom, and their rash answer to the Master's question whether they could drink of the cup he would drink of, etc. The preacher rather commended their extravagant self-reliance, and pointed out how all the great work of the world would remain undone if we cautiously weighed consequences and hesitated to try the impossible. After the sermon he stated the object of his visit, simply, in well chosen words, emphasizing them, as was fitting, with very moderate gestures and perfectly moderate emphasis. It was such a statement as most well trained speakers would have made off hand. In the afternoon he preached his magnificent sermon on St. Paul in Athens to a crowded, breathless audience, amid such silence that you could have heard a pin drop when he ceased speaking. After the sermon he repeated the notice he had made in the morning, word for word, gesture for gesture, intonation for intonation. He had prepared this matter of fact statement with as much care as his sermons; and yet it was so admirably delivered that it possessed all the effect and freshness of spontaneity. His method of work was supposed to be to choose a subject, think it over thoroughly, preach extemporaneously on it, seize the new thoughts that flash across his mind during the excitement of speaking, add them to his previous conceptions, and work them all up into a sermon, which was committed to memory, and prepared for delivery with as much care as an actor his part.

Another great preacher of those days belonged to a different type. Spurgeon occasionally preached a great sermon, but as a rule you went away disappointed. When at the height of his popularity, before he built his Tabernacle, he preached a dozen or more sermons a week, and could bestow little preparation on any. He used to preach in the Surrey Garden Theatre in the morning, but to his own congregation of coal-heavers, in a little church on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the evening. And there he was at his best. Although not guilty of the solecisms attributed to him, he did occasionally use illustrations that were perhaps a little vulgar, and which excited a laugh.

But they were understood and taken as meant by his humble hearers. I once heard him deliver in this chapel the most extraordinary piece of oratory it has ever been my privilege to listen to. He took for his text "Be ye crucified with Christ." He broke at once into allegory and never fell back for a moment into the didactic or direct. He described the apprehension, the trial, and the death of the old man Adam, as only Bunyan could have told the tale. He went to Glasgow, and there the whole population of that commercial town yielded to his influence. When he reached Edinburgh its people sheathed themselves in critical armour, and went to hear him, thoroughly defended from all emotional attacks. He got through the preliminaries, gave out his text, and commenced his sermon. But the atmosphere was chilling. He could make no headway. He therefore closed the Bible and dismissed his audience, telling them that they and he had come together from opposing motives, and no good would result from pulling against each other.

And yet there were emotional preachers in Edinburgh in those days; Dr. Guthrie every Sunday afternoon, in describing "The city, its sins and its sorrows," told story after story, which moved men as only great speakers can, to remedy the wrongs of suffering humanity. In expression and attitude he was the very embodiment of kindness and charity, and his life did not belie his appearance.

Norman McLeod was more colloquial. On the only occasion I had the pleasure of hearing him in the Barony church, Glasgow, his exposition of the chapter extended to such a length as to leave no time for the sermon, which he very sensibly omitted altogether.

There were no thrilling preachers in the Established Church of England. I heard Dean Milman preach in St. Paul's Cathedral the thanksgiving sermon at the close of the Crimean war. It was composed in those sonorous periods, which give such a charm to his "Latin Christianity," but it did not arouse the faintest enthusiasm. Frederick Denison Maurice was chaplain at the Courts of Lincoln's Inn. There could be no greater treat

than to listen to his reading of the prayers. He himself was lost in devotion, and you followed him irresistibly in that realm of delightfully subdued passion. But when he commenced one of his strange mythical sermons you were lost in bewilderment.

One the most emphatic preachers of the period was Cardinal Wiseman. I heard him preach once in Moorfield's Roman Catholic cathedral. There was no oratory about his sermon. It contained a plain intelligible argument, perfectly conclusive, if you only admitted the premises, and that of course most of his audience did without challenge. After a telling point the cardinal would sit down, as is done in some continental churches. Then the congregation coughed and blew its nose, and when silence was resumed the cardinal commenced again his sledge-hammer attack on the inconsistencies of Protestants, and especially of the Church of England. Passing events afforded him a telling illustration. The Rev. Baden Powell had just published, with legal impunity, his "Christianity and Judaism," then looked upon as a flagrant attack on Christianity, while a devout Anglican clergyman, whose name I think was King, was then in prison for indulging in some venial ritualistic eccentricities. How times change! Baden Powell's book would to-day be regarded as moderate by even the orthodox, while Mr. King's contortions were so restrained that they would hardly attract notice beside the antics of the present advanced ritualist.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Medical Notes.

WITHOUT doubt Friday evening last was one of the most enjoyable ever spent by the final year. Dr. Herald, with that hospitality which has made Queen's famous, entertained the class of '01 to dinner. The very fact of Dr. Herald being the host ensured a pleasant evening and the boys were not disappointed. Some twenty-nine sat down, there being present beside the final year and host, Principal Grant, some representatives from the faculty and one from the hospital. All were pleased to see the Principal present and to re-

ceive from him a few fatherly words of advice. Outside the members of the faculty Mr. P. Millon made the speech of the evening. Messrs. Bogart, Bowie, Carr-Harris, and Paul voiced the sentiments of the loyalty from the boys for Queen's, while Messrs. Smith, Tyner, and Porteous looked after the musical part of the programme. After doing ample justice to everything brought before them, whether in oratorical lines or otherwise, the gathering broke up by singing, "He's jolly good fellow," all being delighted with the hospitality extended them by Dr. and Mrs. Herald and family.

THE HOSPITAL CRISIS.

In the *Whig* of Tuesday, February 5th, appeared a report of a meeting of governors of the K.G.H. at which it was decided to throw the hospital wards open to all the doctors of the city. It appears that this step was taken on the advice of a committee of four appointed to investigate the matter and bring in a report. What form of investigation this committee made it is not ours to say, but from our side of the fence it seems a very biased one. We are led to this conclusion for several reasons and we will endeavour to set them forth in order that all the medicals may see the manifestly unjust way in which the governors have dealt with them.

Apart from all other considerations, everyone must agree that the action taken by the governors is a most dishonest one, and we are much surprised to see men of such standing and influence as Rev. J. Mackie, G. Y. Chown, B.A., W. F. Nickle and B. W. Robertson acting as an advisory committee to the board in an attempt at such an open breach of contract. That it is nothing short of what we have above characterised it no one can deny, for have not that same governing board grasped eagerly at the medical fees year by year and in return guaranteed the students all privileges of the ward practice.

As is well known, most of the students buy perpetual tickets and the faculty have been so generous with the hospital board as to make it compulsory for everyone to buy a ticket in the first year. This being so, at a most conservative estimate, the students at present in atten-

dance will have paid in by spring between \$2,000 and \$2,500, and the board will then owe in the equivalent of practice about \$1,000. This sum they, by their action of February 4th, taken on the advice of men who should know better, have coolly pocketed, and as much as said to the medicals "fish your own hospital practice, we have nothing more to do with you."

That the students have been as good as "fired" from the hospital wards, anyone with a grain of common sense can see. Patients who now seek admittance can go to any doctor of the city and enter on a certificate from him and be under his care. That means that they are not dependent on Dr. Herald, professor of clinical medicine, either for examination or treatment; he has absolutely nothing to do with them or they with him. The students are in exactly the same position as Dr. Herald only worse because patients although poor are not fools. The ward patients are old hands and know the ropes, hence if it is possible to enter the wards under the care of a city doctor and be out of the way of students for clinics they will do so.

Thus we see our finish and as soon as the present supply of material runs out Dr. Herald, Dr. Anglin and the students may as well bid good-bye to the K.G.H. and seek fairer fields and pastures greener. Then how about that \$1,000? We can thank fortune we live in a justice giving community and such a breach of faith cannot be let pass.

This is but a hint of what will happen in all probability if the condition remains chronic or our money is not refunded. Meanwhile all that remains for the students and faculty to do is to make arrangements with the Hotel Dieu for next year's freshman class to pay their fees there.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GRIPPE GERM.

An adipose "med" was he
 And a merry maiden she
 As they laughed and talked
 Down the snowy walk
 In the twentieth centuree.

Said he:—" My dear Nell-ee,
I fear you'll get grip-ee ;
So now, to be sure,
There is a new cure
For this dread malad-ee."

"Vaccination has had its day,
Antitoxin and all the rest,
We have a new plan,
Said this adipose man,
Let's give *osculation* a test."

The latest novel—fresh from the publisher :
" The Ice King's Rescue of Pete," otherwise
" Hank the Modern Ben Hur."

Arts.

It appears to be now in order to present the white glove to the senior judge of the Concurus in token of a clear docket. No case has been brought before the court this session, and this denotes a remarkable and unusual state of affairs. It is a very rare thing for the Concurus officers not to find some few in the University who deserve the wrath of the gods ; but this year it is stated that such is the case. Either of two things must be true—first, that the species of student who is usually regarded as combustible material for the court has disappeared, or, secondly, that the court officials have been guilty of neglect. The first of these alternatives may, possibly, be true as far as the freshman class is concerned, for they are doubtless very good ; but a few of the symptoms of combustibility may still be found among the higher years. The fires of the Concurus may only sober a green freshman, but they would lick up the last fragment of a seasoned senior. It is presumed that the court officials did not care to cause such an immediate dissolution ; but rather preferred to allow nature to take its course, for the combustible senior will gradually disappear with noise and fervent heat. As for the second alternative, we cannot accuse the court of neglect, for its eagle eyes have been wide open for its prey. It may of course be possible that it would accept only big prey, and scorn the little fry that swarmed around it ; and on this we may

censure it, if we wish. But after it is all said, the fact remains that the Concurus is much alive, though not too much in evidence. The odour of its influence pervades the whole college, and it exercises a restraining force on many who would not care to admit it ; but because its actual form is not in view, the thoughtless say that it is dead. If it is dead, its deadness is uncertain and unsafe, for it is liable at any moment to rise up to unsheathe the sword of justice. Let not the unwary become too bold, for who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth ?

Some two or three students have been under a grave misapprehension or ignorance as to the Arts fee. For their benefit we state again that it is first, and chiefly, for the purpose of maintaining the reading room, and, secondly, for the purpose of sending delegates to functions of other colleges. The payment of it is practically compulsory. Nearly all have paid it already, and those who have not will greatly lessen the work of the Arts executive by doing so without delay.

A very large number of students, and some of the professors have been of late taken down with la grippe. Many of them have risen again, and the rest hope to do so very soon. They all agree that they were heartily sick of it.

Not long since a hockey team was born in honour classics. It grew rapidly in mind and stature, and early learned to talk. Its first utterances were in Latin, and were addressed to the aged team of divinity hall, in the form of a challenge to fair fight in the closed rink. The divinity team scratched its heavy head, and decided to accept the challenge. The result was that it was put to rout by the sturdy youth from classics. The young team is big for its age, and is strong and full of fight in proportion. It will accept no " sass " from anybody.

Y. M. C. A.

That the subject discussed at the joint meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. last Friday afternoon was of keen interest was plainly manifested by the large number of students

who assembled in Convocation Hall to listen to Dr. Dyde's address on "Miracles." Pres. H. D. Borley conducted the opening exercises after which Mr. Crawford rendered a vocal solo. Dr. Dyde pointed out that there can be no clear-cut distinction drawn between the natural and supernatural—that these cannot be contradictory to each other. Everything, when we trace it back, finally has its root and ground in the supreme reality. The speaker illustrated this point by quoting Tennyson's lines on "The flower in the crannied wall." If the poet's conception be true, if the little flower has its root in the supreme reality, then it is a miracle. Dr. Dyde then quoted Walt Whitman on "Miracles," who considered that everything was a miracle. The professor agreed with this view, but he saw differences between one miracle and another, some miracles being more miraculous than others, the greatest miracle of all being the person of Jesus Christ. This he considered was shown by John VIII 12-59, a translation of which, by himself, he read. Attention was drawn to the distinction between Jesus Christ in his whole spiritual and mental construction and those to whom he was talking. This passage shows that the danger of that time was a literal interpretation of Christ's words. His hearers failed to see that here was an entirely new spiritual force. Our danger at the present day is the same, trying to press a literal meaning into Christ's words where it is not meant. This was the attitude that Christ found in the Jews and Pharisees and so turned to his own followers; but he found them taking things as literally as the others. Thus he was left entirely without human sympathy, and in his great spiritual loneliness, in the solitude of his spiritual life he went to God for inspiration and power. Believing himself to be the Messiah, he saw only one way of pressing home the doctrines he had preached all his life and that was by the crucifixion.

That the clear, able treatment of this difficult subject by Dr. Dyde was appreciated was amply attested to by the intense attention given to his words by the largest audience that has gathered under such circumstances for years.

Divinity.

THE unexpected happened. The mighty are fallen and brought low in the dust. Glory hath departed from the divinities. They have been defeated in battle. They have fallen before the men of classics on the ice. How, then, did it come about?

A challenge written in a barbarian tongue, written we are told not by the warrior Philistines themselves but by their king, was sent to the divinities challenging us to mortal combat on the ice. After deliberation the divinities decided to take up the gauntlet that had been thrown down, though a number of the elect were in favor of ignoring a Philistine encampment that had as yet won no victories, while we had repeatedly defeated the men of science. Would that we had followed their advice! However, the less wise prevailed and the battle took place.

As many of our first team were suffering from la grippe and were in other ways incapacitated we sent out our second team against the enemy. But we made the sad mistake of sending them forth without either the Pope's or Bishop's blessing, a thing unheard of before and a circumstance which explains the terrible results that followed. Our army went forth in a spirit of pride and boastfulness no doubt because the Pope's warning and blessing had not been given; so the result was that pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. Another thing that may account for our defeat was the fact that neither the moderator nor the redoubtable Bob Taggart donned armor to do battle for their country. Even Curtis who has always fought so well for the house of Israel was unable to fight so well as usual because of a wound he had received in a former fight. It was hinted around that some of the classics men, thinking him like Achilles, were endeavouring to wound him in the heel. Curtis has always been regarded as invulnerable and it was a surprise to learn that he had been wounded in the knees. However recent developments have made the matter plain. It has come to light that he had been neglect-

ing the study of Hebrew and had gone after some of the customs of the foreigners so his iniquity was visited upon him. Ferguson, Edmison, Gray, Guy, McKinnon and Miller, the other warriors though second team men, all fought well at times, although it was easily seen that they had not gone forth with the blessing of the hall, for the score at the end of the fight stood 4-3 in favour of the classics men. Had we been treated honestly it might have been otherwise, but we have learned that even the agents of unrighteousness are used as instruments of punishment. For in the first place the chief fighter among the enemy was an "outsider" and in this immigration policy adopted by our opponents we were not dealt with FAIRLY. And in the second place we had one goal counted against us which ought not to have been allowed. But as we said above the agents of unrighteousness were used against us to humble us in dust. One Reilly (the elder) had been appointed goal judge and when the Philistines swept down the ice and endeavoured to score (not doing it however), someone shouted "let go, Reilly," and Reilly he let go. This was "the most unkindest cut of all," and showed plainly that it was not because our opponents were superior that we were defeated but that the very powers of evil had conspired against us to overcome us. Even in the choice of warriors among the Philistines the evil power made its influence felt. For we had expected that one Logie would have come forth to battle, but he came not and therefore the enemy were greatly strengthened.

The result of our defeat has been a great blow to the hall and the moderator has ordered a general repentance. The Jonah has not yet been discovered, but if the Achan is found who is concealing the secret sin he will be severely dealt with. It has been suggested that possibly someone, Manasseh like, has gone outside of Israel and joined the M.M.P.A. If such be the case the moderator must take steps to have the offender punished, and we would suggest that in future battles, one of which is to take place with the men of the hammer and the tongs, the moderator hold up his hands until the battle is ended.

The mysterious Mr. Glenn has not returned to college. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received.

Klondike time is three hours slower than Kingston time. This explains why G. Pringle is always late for class. He was actually on time one morning; the hands of his watch must have caught.

Thurlow Fraser, B.A., has been elected 3rd vice-president of the International Executive of the Y.M.C.A. for Ontario and Quebec, at the annual convention held in Kingston last week.

We hinted in last JOURNAL that a member of last year's divinity class was likely to go himself "one better." Before the ink was dry he had done so for the daily papers of January 24th contained the announcement that Rev. S. A. Woods, B.A., of Richmond, was married on 23rd ult. to Miss Brown, of Kemptville.

Rev. H. R. Grant has been heard from. He is playing hockey with the Pincher Creek, Alberta, team and preaching between times. In a game against the McLeod team we notice that Pincher Creek team won by a score of 3-1 and that the Rev. Grant who was playing forward scored two of the goals. In commenting upon the game the *Echo* says that "Rev. Grant though under the weather with a cold played his usual good form."

Science.

ON Wednesday, the 6th inst, a small but select party, headed by Prof. DeKalb, started from Science Hall out and over the country to survey the Deloro mine.

After an uncommonly delightful trip, beginning on the K. & P. and ending with a five mile ride on a hayrack (temp. about 20 below zero), we struck Marmora's palace hotel, the Royal. In this country there seems to be plenty of fresh air and whiskey.

Next day we proceeded to business. Arriving at Deloro we were most courteously welcomed by Mr. Johnstone. During our stay both he and Mr. Browne, an alumnus of this institution, endeavored with great success to make our visit enjoyable.

Mr. Kirkgaarde, the manager, to whose kindness we are indebted for allowing us around the mine at all, had given the requisite orders and everybody showed a lively desire to do what they could for us.

Pense acted as transit man and it is no "ciuch" carrying a transit around those stopes. The rest of us held candles and smoked (along with them) to keep warm.

We came home via the C.O.R., nearly missed connections at Trenton as the C.O.R. is not an over punctual line and there is only an hour's overlap.

Prof. DeKalb proved himself a first-class leader and comrade, and we all voted the trip a great success.

By the time this issue of the JOURNAL has reached the hands of its readers, our science dinner will be a thing of the immediate future. The committee is straining every nerve to make the shekels do double duty. We are glad to note that every freshman has signified his intention of attending the dinner. Truly, we have little need to complain of any lack of loyalty in our youngest year.

The second year, almost to a man, is coming. The third, being the third year, has no wish to escape its duty. The fourth has long recognized its privileges.

Reid Minor (inspecting Thomas's notice re Kilburn's views) "Signs of Spring!!"

The professor and members of the senior geology class have requested the science editor to thank the lady or ladies who left such a beautiful specimen of tutti-frutti on one of the museum show-cases. It showed the recent impress of molars and mamillaries (?) belonging to animals of past glacial origin.

SIR HAD-A-GAL.

(Dedicated by Science to a Certain Divinity.)

My good blades carve the glassy ice,

My bright eye does the rest;

My whole get-up is awf'ly nice,

My trousers are the best.

How sweet the looks that ladies bend!

On me they mostly fall;

For them my substance I shall spend:

On one, of course, not all!

The battering band performeth now,
The drum-stick bangs the drum;
There's going to be an awful row
If *She* skates with that "bum."

Athletics.

QUEEN'S annual trip to Pittsburg was thoroughly enjoyed by the men who succeeded in maintaining the splendid record the Canadian University has made in American cities. The "blue" of Yale had suffered defeat this year, but the "red, blue and yellow" came away with four victories.

The "Duquesne County and Athletic Club," the "Bankers," the "Keystones," and the Pittsburg Athletic team, were in turn defeated by the scores 5-1, 5-1, 6-3 and 1-0. Queen's defence proved itself unusually strong, the centres fast, and reliable, the wings a bit unsteady. Capt. Dalton, Curtis, Dr. Hiscock, Dr. Harty, Merrill, Walkem, Knight, Clarke, Elliott, and "Hisser" Mills were the players who represented the University.

The junior hockey team are to be congratulated upon their very creditable first season. In the second game of the series they won from the fast Frontenacs by 5-3, barely losing the round. The "colts" were Ferguson, Malone, Carruthers, Tett, Sargent, Kennedy and Murphy.

The incessant pass-pass-pass is rapidly destroying the effectiveness for which Queen's senior forward line has been noted. With such men as Harty, Walkem, and Dalton, individual work should invariably take the place of the "stand still" passes. Combination of this kind is simply a strength to the enemy. On what is known as a "lull" let each player go it himself, then the chance to pass if it ought to come—will come. The present system of combination work in such cases is get rid of it, and await developments. This will not do Queen's—see to it. On exactly this point hinges the O.H.A. championship. The days of a slow four combination all over the rink have gone. A two or three combination approaching goal, is the only method by which

a team like the "Iron Dukes" can be defeated. *Verb. Sap.*

QUEEN'S II. VS. R.M.C.

On the night of Jan. 14th, Queen's II. defeated the cadets by a score of 7—6. The game was a good exhibition of intermediate hockey, the play at times being fast and exciting, especially in the last fifteen minutes. All through the checking was hard, and at times the boys seemed inclined to rough it a little. Elliott and Gillespie put up the best hockey for the college. Queen's was represented as follows:—Goal, Pense; point, Mills; cover, Carruthers; wings, Elliott and Scott; centres, Sutherland and Gillespie.

RETURN GAME QUEEN'S II. VS. R.M.C.

The return game with cadets which was played on the 28th, resulted in an easy victory for the college by a score of 10—5. Both teams went on the ice confident of victory, but Queen's had the advantage of one goal from the first game. This game, which was all through characterized by hard checking, was a good fast exhibition of hockey, the pace cut out giving no man an opportunity to loaf.

Our team lined up as follows:—Goal, Mills; point, Manion; cover, Carruthers; centres, Kennedy, Gillespie; wings, Scott and Elliott.

FRONTENACS VS. QUEEN'S II.

On the night of January 23rd, a small number of the sport-loving people of Kingston were treated to one of the longest, hardest fought, and most exciting hockey games ever witnessed in the old rink. From the hour of actual play the boys in the tri-colour and the lads of the black and white stubbornly fought, but at call of time each team had one goal to its credit. In case of a tie the O.H.A. requires the teams to play five minute halves until the game is decided; to do this it took exactly one hour, Queen's coming out 3—2.

Frontenacs opened with a rush on Queen's goal. Bob Scott started the ball rolling by tripping Wilson, and from that out the game became very scrappy. All through the checking was very hard and at times the play very fast. At the end of the first half the play

was centred around Frontenacs' end, Queen's condition having told.

After the commencement of the second half Frontenacs were not long in scoring, and to even matters Kennedy jumped the bunch, made a nice little run around the cover, and scored. Some twenty-five minutes later Kennedy broke away again and placed the college one in the lead. This was not for long, Hiscock putting the puck against the net for Frontenacs. The pace and excitement began to show and it was only by sheer nerve and excitement that the weary players were able to move. At last after they had played about sixty minutes Carruthers secured the puck and scored bringing the game to the college, 3—2.

The teams were: Queen's—Mills, goal; Manion, point; Carruthers, cover; Kennedy, Gillespie, centres; Scott, Elliott, wings.

Frontenacs—Hiscock, goal; Murphy, point; Young, cover; Chown, Hiscock, centres; Wilson, Mahood, wings.

QUEEN'S II. VS. FRONTENACS.

The return game with Frontenacs drew a large crowd. But the play had not gone on five minutes till it was plainly noticeable that neither team was very snappy, the men not having recovered from the strain of the hard game two nights before.

Queen's opened up with a rush and a shot from Chaucer on the Frontenacs' goal. This was blocked and end to end rushes followed till Young securing a pass went up and gave it to Wilson who scored for Frontenacs: Scott securing the rubber carried it to Frontenacs' goal, handed it over to Gillespie, the speedy little Irishman, who placed it between the poles. Carruthers succeeded in sending a couple of his long shots past Hiscock. Then Wilson securing a pass landed another for Frontenacs. Kennedy, who seemed to be everywhere, both defence and forward, made two nice clean runs scoring each time, thus winning the game with a score of 5—2, and the round 8—4.

Our team missed numerous opportunities to score by one of the centres not being in front of the goal to catch a block shot; the whole defence was steady and sure. In the second

half Gillespie showed he meant business and could be found in every play.

QUEEN'S II. VS. WELLINGTONS.

Queen's went up to Toronto on February 6th and brought back the scalp of the Wellingtons on their belt by a score of 4—3. In the first half one goal was scored by a nice combination of Elliott and Gillespie. In the second half the play became much faster and Scott and Kennedy needed watching. Scott scored next goal for Queen's and a few minutes later Gillespie repeated the trick. Queen's was a heavier team and showed much better combination. Kennedy, by a neat rush, scored the fourth game for Queen's. The defence was found very reliable and Gillespie and Scott did fine work on the line. The college team was the same as played in the other matches.

PALEFACES, 13; REDMEN, 2.

The first game of the final series with Iroquois was played on a perfect sheet of ice at the Kingston rink Friday, February 8th. Queen's secured an unlucky number of goals—(for Iroquois)—13, while the Wigwammers were lucky indeed in obtaining 2, one being of very doubtful origin, and more than questionable insertion. Queen's defence had but little test and the last periods of the game were not due to any good all round work but entirely to the phenomenal work of Harty and Merrill together with the beaver-like efforts of Capt. Dalton, which at times merged into the brilliant.

The wings almost always passed to the centres, as if every play must of necessity start where the puck is originally scratched off. Clarke in the first fifteen minutes played exceptionally well, but afterwards passed standing still instead of getting away and "getting away hard."

Walkem was not given opportunities he should have had, and these with his magnificent speed might have resulted many times in an uplifted flag. Yet by actual count when there was absolutely nothing else to do but go it alone, he passed to centre indiscriminately ten different times and each time an Iroquois

rush was started with Queen's forwards all down. Our wings are as good as any in the province—potentially—but this lack-a-daisical back-towards-the-enemy passing, with feet dug in the ice, does not do them justice, and, if attempted against foeman worthy of Queen's steel, will handicap the centres and defence at the very moment when they least expect a strain. These moments in hockey are the ones in which every hard fought contest is won—and lost. Surely 'twere better for the university record that every man on the forward line, every time he receives the puck, arouse all the speed that's in him, jump, run, skate—anything to get away. Then the time for passing will come in its turn, and will far more likely result in a net nestle, far more a credit to the powers within themselves, far more a help to their comrades, and far more apt to elicit the dying-to-get-out lung power of others—a good-old-time Gaelic slogan.

Iroquois were outclassed and were only dangerous through Queen's errors. Hiscock was only called upon two or three times and then was the proverbial cork hermetically sealed. Curtis had only one dangerous rush to handle and the other chap reflected off Curtis to the ice. Yet the check was fair; he came, Curtis stood. Harty was the star, his swerving rushes and lightning returns for relief were of the Stanley cup variety at its very best. Merrill scored twice on long lifts, always lifted surely and safely, checked hard and effectively and brought down the rafters by zig-zagging through the whole Iroquois team for a score. If the crowning defect is remedied, Queen's will make the Wellingtons feel that there are two modern first-class sevens taking part in the final games. If it is not, the piteous story of last winter will go down as a twice-told tale. Queen's team was composed of:—Hiscock, Curtis, Merrill, Walkem, Dalton, Harty, and Clarke.

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After long hard work the rescuers reached the bottom of the mass, where the legs and body of a man protruded from beneath a twisted platform. Beside him lay a cane, decorated with coloured ribbons, and a long tin horn.

Fearfully and anxiously a score of strong men lifted the weight from the head and shoulders of the prostrate one and carried him up the embankment. As they reached the higher level, he opened his eyes passed a hand in front of them, as if brushing away a film or screen of some kind, and shouted :

“‘Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Sizz, boom, ah! Ki-yi, hip-hip, hoo-gah yah! Come on, fellows! Which side has the ball?’”—*The Youth's Companion*.

We are in receipt of an anonymous production intended for publication in the JOURNAL. The article, despite its careful penmanship and its good syntax, is about as poor a specimen of English as has ever come our way, and abounds in the worst drivel in the way of personalities that ever trickled from a human skull. If the wretched scribbler will send us his name, we will do our best to have our subscribers contribute towards his keep in a snug corner at Rockwood. Space in the JOURNAL is too valuable to admit of criticisms of students in their private capacities. Such personalities will in the future, as in the past, find their way to the waste-paper basket.

Personals.

J. C. Leitch, '04, of Dutton was called home.

The duties of editing the sporting department of the JOURNAL have devolved on G. F. Weatherhead, B.A., and E. J. Williams.

Mr. H. Nimmo, B.A., our late editor for sports, has secured a good position on the *Detroit Standard*. Congratulations, Harry!

Mr. W. McDonald, B.A., was called home last week to attend the funeral of his grandfather, who died at the patrician age of one hundred and one years. The deceased gentleman had the distinction of having lived in three centuries, and under the rule of five sovereigns.

Mr. J. A. McCallum, B.A., is making his presence felt at Columbia University. Like all Queen's men who cross swords with men of other universities, he finds that his training in the Limestone City stands him in good stead.

He writes us :—“The son of Queen's never will, never can forget her.”

Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of the *Westminster*, and Mr. J. S. Willison, of the editorial staff of the *Globe*, gave us fraternal calls during the conference. Mr. Willison was specially cordial, and the JOURNAL hopes to do better work now that its big brother has stiffened up its backbone. It is the men behind the quill, of Mr. Willison's sanity and culture, who make us proud of Canada's big paper, and who do more than many ever dream of to make cleanliness and good judgment characteristics of Canadian civic life.

'Twere vain to attempt to record the names of the men and women who visited their *Alma Mater* during conference week. Suffice to say, hard work in other fields has not dampened the ardour of the men and women who revived old memories this week. They sung with a new meaning—many of them :

Queen's college is our jolly home,
We love her still where'er we roam,
The merry songs we used to sing,
In memory's echoes long shall ring.

Not the least helpful means to social reunion is the lunch served in the museum. There ideas are exchanged, and grave D.D's. and reverend clergy are boys again and gather that exuberant strength and hopefulness which enable men to be and to do their best in whatever work their lot is cast.

Exchanges.

WE commend the following tribute of the *Edinburgh Student* to our late Sovereign Lady: “Very few and simple shall words be to express our sorrow at the calamity which has fallen upon our Empire within the last few days. There are times when the heart of a people is too full, too wounded, to seek utterance, and with our beloved Queen taken from us, we cannot but feel the desola-

tion of an empty home, though she never passed the threshold. She has been nearer to us than many with whom we have lived long years. She has been gathered to our inmost hearts with an embrace, so longing, so passionately tender, that we feel ourselves bereaved of one of our own choicest friends, and yet of a sovereign to whom we have ever bowed in reverence, sincere and true as only love could make it."

"The editorial pages of the QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL show a rare depth of cynical humour seldom found in a university publication. The style is smooth and easy, and the cynicism not brutal, but keen and penetrating. It bears a resemblance to Thackeray's. Perhaps the editor is a strong admirer of this master novelist. Some of the editorials are more after the form of essays than editorials; but we forget this departure from the path of formality in the cleverness of the production."—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

No, the JOURNAL is not a disciple of Thackeray, much as it admires that author. It gives its days and nights to Prof. Cappon and Principal Grant.

McGill Outlook maintains its high stand this session. The staff is evidently in close touch with every phase of the university life. Speaking of the inter-collegiate debate it says editorially:—"McGill has a glorious record to maintain, and it behooves us to do all in our power to encourage our representatives in their coming struggle. Let every man—and woman—make it a point to be present to cheer them on, and by their presence show that they take a personal interest in the result."

H. M. contributes to the number an elaborate article on the folk-lore of Shakespeare's garden.

TO THE FRESHMAN.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Verdant boy with cheeks of tan,
With thy patched-up pantaloons
Worn for many, many moons;
With thy greenness and thy gall,
With thy crudeness—plain to all—
Thou art but a Freshman now;
And to upper-class men thou must bow;
But despite thy lowly name
Thou wilt get there just the same.

—*Pennington Seminary Review*.

The 'Varsity is flourishing. No. XV. contains an article worth preserving, entitled, "A Sketch of Ontario History." The editorial tribute to our deceased sovereign is graceful and sympathetic, while the sketch, "The Queen," by Maurice Hutton, M.A., is one of the best we have seen.

Congratulations, 'Varsity man, on your fine cut of the interior of the rotunda!

Little Johnny: "Mother, what kind of an animal is a bibliophile?"

Sagacious Mother: "Johnny, a bibliophile is a bookworm."

Downcast student (to his companion): "Will ambition as well as money take one to the bar?"

Jovial companion: "Neither, my boy, thirst will."—*Glasgow University Magazine*.

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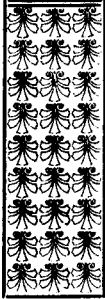
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For Calendar and other information apply to

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Reserve for Security of Policy-holders, 1899	4,324,081
Surplus over all Liabilities, Dec. 31st, 1898, Actuaries' 4 per cent.	302,856
Surplus on Government Standard, 4 and one half per cent	491,394

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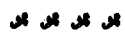
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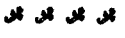
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The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the Cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

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The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information application should be made as soon as possible to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

Education Department Calendar

FOR 1901 (IN PART).

February:

6. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education.

March:

1. Inspectors' Annual Reports to Department, due. Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department, due. Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations to Department, due. Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerk.
29. Night Schools close (session 1900-1901).

April:

1. Returns by Clerks of Counties, cities, etc., of population to Department, due.
4. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
5. GOOD FRIDAY.
8. EASTER MONDAY.
9. Annual meeting of the Ontario Education Association at Toronto.
13. Examinations in School of Practical Science begin.
15. Reports on Night Schools due, (session 1900-1901). Annual examinations in Applied Science begin. High Schools, third term, and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.
25. Last day for receiving applications for examination of candidates not in attendance at the Ontario Normal College. Art School Examinations begin.

May:

1. Toronto University Examinations in Arts, Law, Medicine, and Agriculture begin. Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance Examination, to Inspectors, due.
3. ARBOR DAY.
23. Notice by candidates for the Public School Leaving, Junior Leaving, Senior Leaving, University Matriculation, Commercial Specialist, Commercial Diploma, and Kindergarten Examinations, to Inspectors, due. Empire Day (first school day before 24th May).
24. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY (Friday).
27. Examination at Ontario Normal College, Hamilton, begins. Inspectors to report number of candidates for the Public School Leaving, High School Leaving, University Matriculation, Commercial Diploma, Commercial Specialists, and Kindergarten Examinations to Department.
31. Close of Session of Ontario Normal College. Assessors to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections.

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