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# QUEEN'S COLLEGE \* JOURNAL.

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## Queen's College Journal

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MUCH has been written on the subject of capital punishment in Canada during the past few months. In our opinion many things have been said which are hurtful in tendency. However, in a general way, we think the discussion may do good, as it may lead some to a more intelligible conception of what society means by the death penalty. From among the views advanced we select three which we think seize some part of the truth and are therefore worth considering by all who wish to have an adequate idea of the meaning of the law on the subject. It has been said by some that the infliction of the death penalty is simply a preventative, *i.e.*, that it deters persons who have murderous intentions from carrying them out. In our opinion it has no direct influence in that direction. And the testimony of the most experienced judges is, we believe, in line with this view. A second opinion is that the infliction of the death penalty is educational, *i.e.*, that the aim of society in carrying out the sentence of death is to teach man the majesty of the law. A third view is that it is simply society taking vengeance on one who has transgressed its laws, *i.e.*, that in inflicting the penalty of death society is vindicating the majesty of the law; not seeking to teach men that there is a majesty in the laws of society. Many writers who have advocated one or other of these views, have insisted that any one of them excludes the other two. We do not think so, we are inclined to think there is an important truth in each of the three views, and hence, that properly understood, each view is simply one aspect of the whole truth. We think capital punishment is a preventative of crime not because it really deters the murderously disposed

man from committing murder, but because it teaches that we are all members of one organism (society) and therefore brethren. And so it tends to prevent men from having the murderous spirit, which is pure individualism. We think it is educational, not because it teaches men what is the usual consequence of murdering a fellow man, but because it tends to bring out the idea that murder, and indeed all wrong-doing, is a violation of the primal conditions of society, *i.e.*, it tends to lead men to fear the crime, not the punishment of the crime. Finally it vindicates justice, not because it expresses the feelings of the friends of the murdered person, but because it is the expression of the truth that murder negates the conditions under which society is possible.

The Editor of the Free Church of Scotland Monthly, now on his travels in the United States, writes of men and institutions with charming directness. Of one minister in San Francisco, to whom he had a letter of introduction, he says, giving the name of the poor man: "He called for the purpose of asking me to preach for him, to suit his own convenience, but he did not further condescend to trouble himself about me or my affairs." Another brother was kinder, he "drove me to see the new university, which is now rising, and which is starting with an endowment of £4,000,000, the gift of one man, a Mr. Stanford, who is thus erecting a permanent memorial on the grave of his only son. Even as it is, there is no lack of colleges in California. In San Francisco alone there is a State University, one or two Medical Colleges, and a Presbyterian Theological Seminary. The last named institution is rather a 'one horse' affair, with some ten or twelve students, none of the professors having any reputation except Dr. Burroughs, who is said to be a scholar, and who has written a book on the Song of Solomon, which Mr. Spurgeon, it seems, has pronounced the best book on the subject. I have no doubt the seminary has the right to confer degrees, and that may account for almost all the clergy here, as elsewhere, being doctors of Divinity." San Francisco did not agree with the editor, apparently. It is a bad city, but the number of D.D.'s may explain why there are so few Christians. "It has a population of over 300,000, and only 15,000 of these are attached to any church." The Canadian Church is not so rich in D.D.'s, but it is richer in pastors, students and people. Formerly, Queen's alone gave degrees in Divinity, and it gave them so sparingly that a cry arose to heaven and the General Assembly for more manufactories of the much prized articles. Knox, Montreal and Pine Hill Colleges—and other institutions it may be—now assist in supplying the

demand, but, strange to say, Queen's is more sparing than ever in awarding the honour. In spite of all that has been done, Canada is not up to the United States mark. Only a small minority of our ministers are D.D.'s, though it may be a comfort to know that the number is increasing more rapidly than scholarship or original thinking. In Kingston Presbytery there is not one D.D. outside the staff. Why not begin by decorating the Presbytery as a whole? That would put us ahead of our neighbors, and would show "hustle" worthy of them. They assume that "when a minister has assumed a certain age, he ought to be a doctor, and he is so addressed accordingly." Our proposal is to give the title to all ministers, and lest a "cut" should be tried, to all students for the ministry. We would then lead—according to the American student—all the churches in Christendom, and would never be overtaken.

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The Xmas holidays are at hand, and the JOURNAL'S advice to the students is to make the most of them. Those who have fallen behind in their work through mis-spent time do not deserve a holiday. But to the honest worker we would say, forget as far as possible all about classes and exams, and give your mind a complete relaxation. But remember that rest does not mean idleness, and if the time hangs heavily on your hands, and you cannot find profitable amusement otherwise, we will not censure you if you review—say your notes on Philosophy. By all means get a rest, and you will do better work when you come back. If our good wishes could be realized by expressing them, the coming vacation would be happy indeed for all.

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The Senate outlined in the Calendar two years ago various excellent courses of study for the degree of Ph.D., and we understand that some Masters of Arts in different parts of the country are perusing these, aided by correspondence with the Professors. This session lectures are given on the courses in Classics. Professor Fletcher lectures on Latin, Professor McNaughton on Greek, and Mr. Nicholson on Philology, and as candidates are required to offer Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics and Politics, and must show acquaintance with the best modern critics of those authors, Mr. Short has agreed to give weekly lectures on the Politics of Aristotle, and on alternate years Professor Watson on the Republic. We would like to be informed if any other Canadian University is doing work of this kind, and in what form. It is a distinct step in advance here, and we are glad that Canadian students who wish to take a post graduate course in Classics are not obliged to go to John Hopkins or Europe.

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To every lover of social order recent events in England are very cheering. But a few years ago the offence which is driving S. C. Parnell from public life would have been passed over with complete indifference. When Mr. Parnell, and those who still support him, bring forward the old argument that if he has the ability to perform his political duties, his moral life is something with

which the public has nothing to do; the answer virtually given is that a good stream cannot come from a polluted fountain. That society, and especially the political members of it, should give such an answer, is, we think, particularly hopeful and promising.

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## LITERATURE.

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### THEKLA'S SONG.

FROM "WALDENSTEIN," BY SCHILLER, PART II, ACT III, SEC. VII.

The clouds march onward, thy oakwoods moan,  
Wanders the maid by the shore alone,  
While the great waves break with might, with might,  
And she sings out her song to the dreary night,  
As the tears from her dark eyes move.

My heart is dying, and life is vain.  
O Holy One, call back thy child again;  
For nothing,—no, nothing more bright can be mine,  
For now have I gathered off life's best vine,  
I have felt what true life is—I love

A. E. L.

### ON THE TALKING OF NONSENSE.

THERE is no greater mistake in the world than the looking upon every sort of nonsense as want of sense. Nonsense, in the bad sense of the word, like certain suspicious ladies, is very fond of bestowing its own appellation, particularly upon what renders other persons agreeable. But nonsense, in the good sense of the word, is a very sensible thing in its season; and is only confounded with the other by people of a shallow gravity, who cannot afford to joke.

These gentlemen live upon credit, and would not have it inquired into. They are perpetual beggars of the question. They are grave, not because they think, or feel the contrast of mirth, for then they would feel the mirth itself, but because gravity is their safest mode of behaviour. They must keep their minds sitting still, because they are incapable of a motion that is not awkward. They are waxen images among the living; the deception is undone if the others stir; or hollow vessels covered up, which may be taken for full ones; the collision of wit jars against them, and strikes but their hollowness.

In fact, the difference between nonsense not worth talking, and nonsense worth it, is simply this:—the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them. This is remarkably exemplified by Swift's "Polite Conversation," in which the dialogue, though intended to be a tissue of the greatest nonsense in request with shallow merriment, is in reality full of ideas, and many of them very humorous; but then they are all commonplace, and have been said so often, that the thing uttermost in your mind is the inability of the speakers to utter a sentence of their own;—they have no ideas at all. Many of the jokes and similies in that treatise are still the current coin of the shallow; though they are now pretty much confined to gossips of an inferior order, and the upper part of the lower classes.

On the other hand, the wildest rattling, as it is called,

in which men of sense find entertainment, consists of nothing but a quick and original succession of ideas,—a finding, as it were, of something in nothing,—a rapid turning of the hearer's mind to some new phase of thought and sparkling imagery. The man of shallow gravity, and besides an uneasy half-consciousness that he has nothing of the sort about him, is too dull of perception to see the delicate links between one thought and another; and he takes that for a mere chaos of laughing jargon, in which finer apprehensions perceive as much delightful association as men of musical taste do in the most tricksome harmonies and accompaniments of Mozart and Beethoven. Between such gravity and such mirth there is as much difference as between the driest and dreariest psalmody, and that excellent laughing trio,—“E voi ridete,”—which is sung in “Cosi fan tutte.” A Quaker's coat and a garden are not more dissimilar; nor a death-bell and the birds after a sunny shower.

It is on such occasions, indeed, that we enjoy the perfection of what is agreeable in humanity,—the harmony of mind and body,—intellect, and animal spirits. Accordingly, the greatest geniuses appear to have been proficient in this kind of nonsense, and to have delighted in dwelling upon it, and attributing it to their favourites, Virgil is no joker, but Homer is; and there is the same difference between their heroes, Aeneas and Achilles, the latter of whom is also a player on the harp. Venus, the most delightful of the goddesses, is Philomedeides, the laughter loving;—an epithet, by the way, which might give a good hint to a number of very respectable ladies, who “love their lords,” but who are too apt to let ladies less respectable run away with them. Horace represents Pleasantry as fluttering about Venus in company with Cupid—

“*Quem Jocus circumvolat, et Cupido;*”

and these are followed by Youth, the enjoyer of animal spirits, and by Mercury, the god Persuasion. There is the same difference between Tasso and Aristo as between Virgil and Homer; that is to say, the latter proves his greater genius by a completer and more various hold on the feelings, and has not only a fresher spirit of Nature about him, but a truer, because a happier; for the want of this enjoyment is at once a defeat and a deterioration. It is more or less a disease of the blood; a falling off from the pure and uncontradicted blithesomeness of childhood; a hampering of the mind with the altered nerves; dust gathered in the watch, and perplexing our passing hours.

It may be thought a begging of the question to mention Anacreon, since he made an absolute business of mirth and enjoyment, and sat down systematically to laugh as well as to drink. But on that very account, perhaps, his case is still more in point: and Plato, one of the gravest, but not the shallowest, of philosophers, gave him the title of the Wise. The disciple of Socrates appears also to have been a great enjoyer of Aristophanes; and the divine Socrates himself was a wit and a joker.

But the divine Shakespeare—the man to whom we go for everything, and are sure to find it, grave, melancholy or merry—what said he to this exquisite kind of non-

sense? Perhaps next to his passion for detecting nature and over-informing it with poetry, he took delight in pursuing a joke; and the lowest scenes of his in this way say mote to men whose faculties are fresh about them, and who prefer enjoyment to criticism, than the most doting of commentators can find out. They are instances of his animal spirits, of his sociality, of his passion for giving and receiving pleasure, of his enjoyment of something wiser than wisdom.

The greatest favourites of Shakespeare are made to resemble him in this particular. Hamlet, Mercutio, Touchstone, Jacques, Richard the Third, and Falstaff, “inimitable Falstaff,” are all men of wit and humour, modified according to their different temperaments or circumstances; some from health and spirits, others from sociality, others from a contrast with their very melancholy. Indeed, melancholy itself, with the profoundest intellects, will rarely be found to be anything else than a sickly temperament, induced or otherwise, preying in its turn upon the disappointed expectation of pleasure; upon the contradiction of hopes, which this world is not made to realize, though, let us never forget, it is made, as they themselves prove, to suggest. Some of Shakespeare's characters, as Mercutio and Benedick, are almost entirely made up of wit and animal spirits; and delightful fellows they are, and ready, from their very taste, to perform the most serious and manly offices. Most of his women, too, have an abundance of natural vivacity, Desdemona herself is so pleasant of intercourse in every way, that, upon the principle of the respectable mistakes above mentioned, the Moor, when he grows jealous, is tempted to think it a proof of her want of honesty. But he must make Shakespeare speak for himself, or we shall not know how to be silent on this subject. What a description is that which he gives of a man of mirth—of a mirth, too, which he has expressly stated to be within the limit of what is becoming! It is in “Love's Labour's Lost:”—

“A merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.  
His eye begets occasion for his wit:  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.”

We have been led to these reflections, partly to introduce the conclusion of this article; partly from being very fond of a joke ourselves, so making our self-love as proud as possible; and partly from having spent some most agreeable hours the other evening with a company, the members of which had all the right to be grave and disagreeable that rank and talent are supposed to confer, and yet, from the very best sense of the forgetfulness of both, were as lively and entertaining to each other as boys. Not one of them, perhaps, but had his cares—one or two, of no ordinary description; but what then? These are the moments, if we can take advantage of them, when sorrows are shared, even unconsciously; moments, when melancholy intermits her fever, and hope takes a leap into enjoyment; when the pilgrim of life, if

he cannot lay aside his burden, forgets it in meeting his fellows about a fountain, and soothes his weariness and his resolution with the sparkling sight, and the noise of the freshness.

To come to our anticlimax, for such we are afraid it must be called after all this grave sentiment and mention of authorities. The following dialogue is the substance of a joke, never meant for its present place, that was started the other day upon a late publication. The name of the book it is not necessary to mention, especially as it was pronounced to be one of the driest that has appeared for years. We cannot answer for the sentences being put to their proper speakers. The friends whom we value most happen to be great hunters in this way; and the reader may look upon the thing as a specimen of a joke run down, or of the sort of nonsense above mentioned; so that he will take due care how he professes not to relish it. We must also advertise him, that a proper quantity of giggling and laughter must be supposed to be interspersed, till towards the end it gradually becomes too great to go on with.

A. Did you ever see such a book?

B. Never, in my life. It's as dry as a chip.

A. As a chip. A chip's a slice of orange to it.

B. Ay, or a wet sponge.

A. Or a cup in a currant tart.

B. Ah, ha; so it is. You feel as if you were fingering a brick-bat.

A. It makes you feel dust in the eyes.

B. It is impossible to shed a tear over it. The lachrymal organs are dried up.

A. If you shut it hastily, it is like clapping together a pair of fresh-cleaned gloves.

B. Before you have got far in it, you get up to look at your tongue in a glass.

A. It absolutely makes you thirsty.

B. Yes. If you take it up at breakfast, you drink four cups instead of two.

A. At page 30 you call for beer.

B. They say it made a Reviewer take to drinking.

A. They have it laid on the table at inns to make you drink double. The landlord says "A new book, sir," and goes out to order two neguses.

B. It dries up everything so, it has ruined the draining business.

A. There is an Act of Parliament to forbid people's passing a winter's with it in their pockets.

B. The Dutch subscribed for it to serve them instead of dykes.—*Leigh Hunt.*

## CONTRIBUTED.

### ELOCUTION IN THE PULPIT.

**T**HERE are many ministers of the gospel occupying pulpits among the various denominations who condemn the elocutionary art in the services of the sanctuary. These men will tell you that the services should be conducted in a natural way, and not in the mechanical style of the elocutionist or mere reciter. "Give the people the word" they say, and that is all that can be done.

Again, they assert that if you teach a man to speak by the rules of the elocutionist you make him stiff, formal and artificial. It is to be regretted that such utter ignorance of the simplest rules of elocution, to a very great extent, explains the meagre congregations which attend the services at many of our churches. How can people be expected to come to church to listen to a preacher who, in an unintelligible manner, will gabble off the Scriptures and labour through his sermons in the "natural way," as he is pleased to call it?

This natural way generally consists in a most unnatural whine in reading the Scriptures and in the delivery of the sermon, which will either have the tendency to put you to sleep or so grate upon your nerves that you determine never to enter that church again. If we take the whiners and ranters out of the churches we will have a very small number of good preachers left.

It may be asked what is the cause of this awkward and uncouth delivery and how can it be remedied?

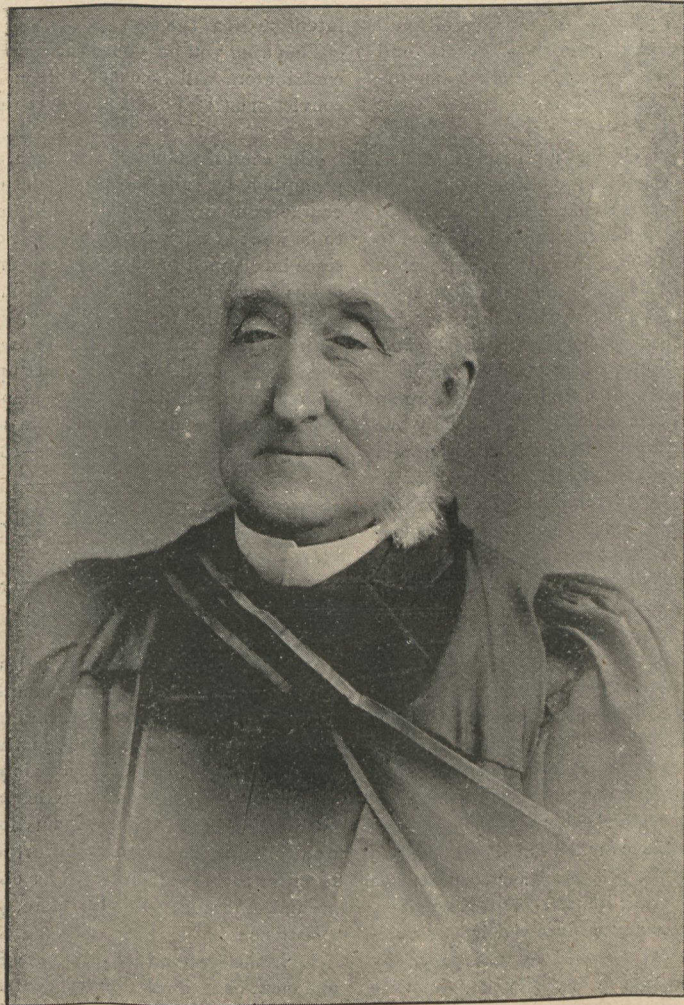
Carelessness in articulation, stiffness in gesture and neglect of voice culture, and sometimes a poor imitation of a favorite speaker are the general causes of bad delivery.

The Universities and Theological Colleges will keep men under their care for seven or eight years, and the faculty will cram them with Arts and Theology as a preparation for the great life work of preaching the gospel, and at the end of this long term it is common to find that that branch of their education and training, which is above all others the most important, because by means of it all the other knowledge is to be used for the elevation of humanity, public speaking has been entirely neglected.

Teachers are provided in all the other branches of learning, but that art "by which man masters men" the student is left to discover for himself, or at best a teacher is provided for a few weeks. Elocution cannot be mastered in a month or in a year. By careful training every day during the University and Theological course of seven or eight sessions a student ought to become a polished and eloquent speaker. His voice would be developed and brought under control, his gestures, which at first had been studied mechanically, would become graceful and natural. The training and criticism would remove awkwardness and mannerisms.

There is no reason why every man should not have a good clear delivery and graceful style. There is not such a difference in men's "gifts" as many imagine. The gifts nearly always come by study, and "the gift of gab" perhaps more than any of the others requires training, pruning and polishing.

The people demand good speakers, and many a man who is well qualified in every other respect to take charge of a congregation is refused on account of his "bad delivery." The frequent use of this expression by the people should be a warning to Divinity students not to neglect the cultivation of those powers by which they hope to be able to sway men's minds and lift humanity up to a higher life. I hope to have the opportunity in a future issue of speaking more definitely on "What elocution is and how to study it."



REV. GEO. D. FERGUSON, B.A.,  
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## COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Editor,—In Q.C.J. of Dec. 10th, 1890, the first article that attracted my attention was the reference to an anonymous letter attacking our honoured Principal. Such an attack may be a laughing matter to us who know the facts of the case, but to those whose opinions are formed from hearsay and the daily newspapers, the consequences are more serious than some may suppose.

I am not surprised to see such misrepresentations and fabrications in the public press which must cater to all tastes, and could dismiss the "ministers" wrath and indignation with a smile, but on reaching that "communication" in the columns of Q.C.J. I must confess some amazement.

Now, sir, in other matters, it does not seem right that letters without signatures should be published, but when attacks are made on a person's character, it appears to me that a letter which its writer is afraid or ashamed to own, does not merit publication. What is the object of a communication to the press? Is it not to call general attention to some important matter which has escaped notice? Surely every student recognizes an old acquaintance in the substance of that attack on me, for it is nothing less. I had not thought a student would stoop so low, nor would I even now trouble to reply to one adopting methods universally considered so mean and dishonorable but for the fact that in the interest of truth it is forced on me to point out a few inaccuracies which will be sufficient to show the spirit in which the letter was written.

If ever care is necessary, it is when one is tempted to impute motives and to assail the character of another, and the testimony of a person disregarding this must be considered worthless.

The nameless champion of justice will hardly note that there might possibly be a difference between assertion and truth. I shall show, where he departs from high-sounding generalizations and condescends to particulars, how much he depends on mere assertions.

In the first place, the "address" to the jury was delivered directly from evidence taken during the trial.

Again, the "address" to the prisoner was "prepared" as it was delivered, about 7 p.m., on the 26th November, 1890. No doubt the person was deceived by my "eloquence." The verdict was prepared by the jury, by whom also was the question of validity of evidence decided.

The statement that the fine was the largest ever inflicted, is simply an untruth. And even if fifty cents were greater than any other fine, and even if only *one* charge were proven, those conditions would have no bearing on the question of justice.

As to "sitting on counsel"—whatever that means—I may say that Mr. Lavell, Junior Counsel for defence, on the 27th Nov., voluntarily acknowledged that they had no evidence, and relied only on attacking the character of witness for prosecution, thus showing, beyond cairl, that it was, in justice, a matter not of choice but of necessity that the questions proposed by the defence were not allowed, although, as I pointed out at the time, more latitude was allowed than could have been claimed

as a right—so much for the points mentioned in the letter. In conclusion, sir, let me say that I have no desire to engage in a controversy on the subject, nor do I acknowledge the right of any individual to question my conduct as judge.

Should the gentleman who was summoned wish to decide the matter, he will find me willing, not to indulge in abuse or mere words, but to refer it to the Principal, to whom alone any account is due—which has been my intention from the first.

Thanking you for your space, and trusting that your contributors will henceforth have the courage of their convictions.(?) I am yours respectfully,

E. J. E., Ch. Justice.

[Our correspondent of Dec. 10th, we believed, was not prompted by any desire to detract from the private character of any one but to point out what he considered to be want of fair play on the part of a public body, and since he claimed to voice the sentiments of a number of students we consented to publish his communication, which has called forth this reply. With all fairness to both sides, we can say that we are glad this matter has been made public, as it gives an opportunity to those who thought with our first correspondent to see how the case looks from the other side. We will publish no further correspondence on this subject.—Ed.]

### PIOUS FRAUDS OR HOW FAR SHOULD THE PULPIT GO?

To the Editor of the JOURNAL.

Sir,—I quote the following extract from the *Globe's* report of one of Sir Richard Cartwright's incisive speeches:

"A thousand pulpits more or less have held up John Charles Rykert as an awful example.

"How many of these pious frauds have pointed out to hearers that Mr. Rykert is the natural outcome and very latest evolution of John A. Macdonald's system."

We are so grateful to Sir Richard for the part that he took in securing the condemnation of Rykert that we would like to back him up in further work of the kind. In order to do so efficiently, I for one wish to be sure of my ground. Would you, therefore, answer the following questions:

1. Is the system that produces Rykerts the product of one man, or is it the party system carried to its full development?
2. Are there any men of the Rykert type on the other side, in any of the provinces, and have any of their leaders ever denounced them by name?
3. When a man has been *proved* guilty, is he not in a different position to the public from men who are merely accused by political opponents?
4. When a minister cites Birchall as an awful example of sin, is he a "pious fraud" because he does not also point out that the poor wretch was the very latest evolution of his education or something else?
5. Is it the duty of a public man who aims at enlisting the public conscience on his side to denounce as pious frauds all who go with him as far as he proves his case in a court open to him but not to them?

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE ARTS SOCIETY.

THE election to the offices of the Society took place Nov. 29, the polling booth being in the south end of the reading room. There was not the excitement that was expected over the voting, but, nevertheless, a very fair vote was polled. The following officers were elected:

President—J. A. Black, '91.

Secretary—J. A. Beattie, '91.

Treasurer—J. Kellock, '91.

Committee—Hugo, '92; Argue, '92; Frazer, '93; Scott, '94.

Some of the runs were very close indeed, especially in the committee, Scott defeating Herbison, the other freshman candidate, by but one vote.

Alf. Lavell, who ran against Black for the office of President, and to whose work the society mainly owes its inception, was thought by quite a majority to have had enough honours for the time being and was defeated. We might say here that we agree with the vote, and think it well if possible, other things being equal, to have the honours divided in the case of all college societies, for when you come to think of it four years at college is a very short time in which to give every man his due as regards election to college offices. We congratulate all the successful candidates, and hope that, on this the first year of the Society's voyage, they will guide her safely and successfully. Mr. Black will make an excellent officer, as will no doubt each of the others, and therefore we have every hope of a good first trip.

As the names of this season's officers in some of our College Societies have not as yet been published, we give them below:

CLASS SOCIETY OF '91.

President—W. F. Nickle.

Sec.-Treas—N. J. Sproule

Historian—Alf. E. Lavell.

Poet—J. Kellock.

SOCIETY OF '92.

President—W. H. Davis.

Sec.-Treas—Jessie C. Connell.

Historian—Jennie Nicol.

Poet—Miss M. Murray.

SOCIETY OF '93.

President—J. F. Frazer.

Sec.-Treas—J. S. Cameron.

Historian—A. Hayden.

Poet—A. J. McMullen.

SOCIETY OF '94.

President—Hugh Fleming.

Sec.-Treas—Ed. Peacock.

Historian—C. F. Lavell.

Poet—W. R. Tandy.

At the meeting of the A.M.S., held on the evening of the 6th inst., the literary part of the programme was supplied by the second year. W. Grant read an excellent paper on "The Drama After Shakespeare," after which an interesting and animated discussion was given. We regret that we are unable to publish the essay.

Y. M. C. A.

The various committees are busy. That on religious work looks after the Hospital and House of Industry. In both places the Sabbath morning services are well attended and highly appreciated. A number of students go and take part in the meetings at the House of Industry, and on Friday evening, 5th inst., the Sophomores provided a pleasant entertainment for the inmates, with speeches, singing and reciting. The boys both enjoyed themselves heartily and delighted the audience. It was a rare treat for the unfortunate folk out there, and they expressed boundless gratitude for the attention shown them.

It is pleasing to note that our new members are throwing themselves heartily into the work of the Association. This ought to stimulate the seniors to additional zeal. What is the matter with some members who are so often absent? And with others who have never taken part in our meetings?

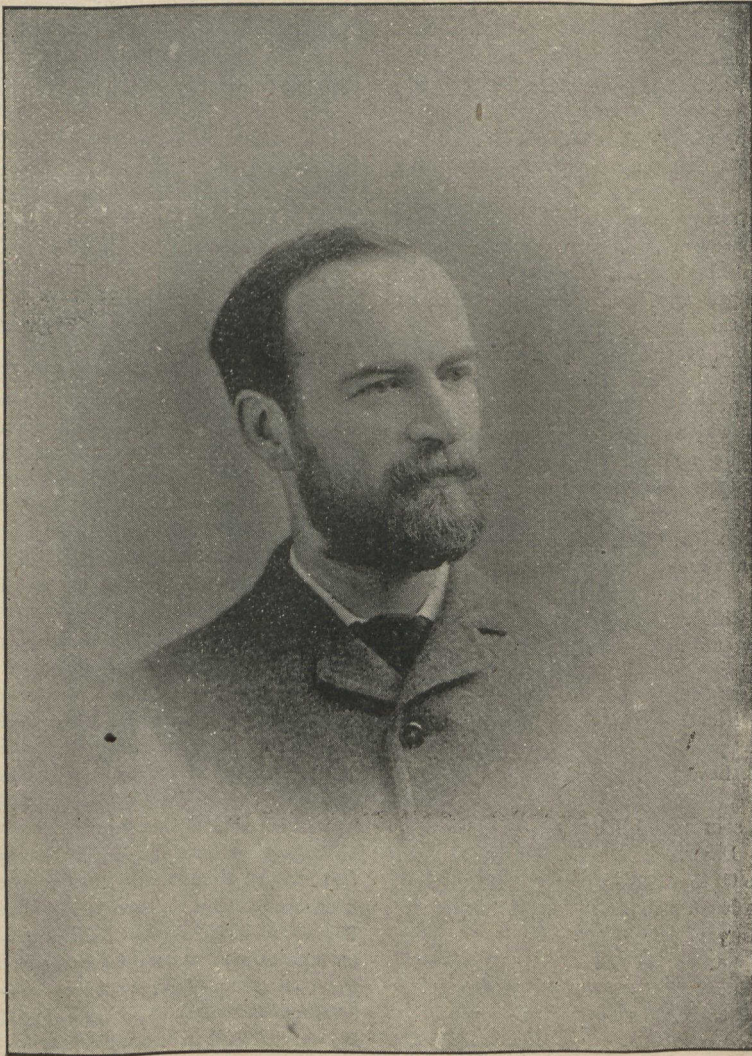
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M.A., OXON.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN.

Prof. Fletcher, whose portrait appears in this number, was born in 1850, in London, England. At an early age he moved with his parents to Canada and settled in Toronto. Here he was educated first at Upper Canada College, where he became "head boy," and then at Toronto University, graduating, after a distinguished course, in 1872, as gold medalist in the ancient classics. After graduating, Mr. Fletcher received the appointment of Principal of the Yarmouth Seminary, in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, one of the best secondary schools in the province. This rank it maintained and enhanced under the energetic management of the new Principal. Mr. Fletcher, however, resigned his position in 1875, in order to prosecute his classical studies under more favorable circumstances at Oxford. He matriculated into Balliol College of which the celebrated Jowett was Master, (or head,) as he still is. For the next four years Mr. Fletcher studied in this ancient seat of learning, taking the regular course for Classical Honors, and obtaining a "first" in Classical Literature, and a "second" in the final school of Classical History and Philosophy. After graduating here in 1879 he was appointed to the Chair of Classical Literature in the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, which he resigned in 1881 to accept a similar position in Queen's. He was married in the same year to Miss Isabel Inches, daughter of Mr. A. Inches, Deputy Surveyor General of the Province of New Brunswick. Mr. Fletcher ably performed the functions of Classical Professor in Queen's till the establishment of a Chair of Greek, in 1889, when he became Professor of Latin.

In addition to his regular pedagogical duties, Mr. Fletcher has, in conjunction with Mr. Nicholson, published a valuable text book on Greek Composition, a second edition of which has just appeared. He is also editor of the classical department of the *Educational Monthly*, by means of which he will no doubt contribute somewhat to revive in the country the waning interest in the study of the ancient classics.





JOHN FLETCHER, B.A., TORONTO; M.A., OXON.  
PROFESSOR OF LATIN, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

## LETTER FROM HONAN.

The following letter was received by the Missionary Association from our Missionary, Dr. Smith, of Honan, China. As it is intended to reach not only the students of Old Queen's, but also her Professors, Alumni and other friends, we publish it in the JOURNAL. We trust that it may have the effect of interesting the new students in our Foreign Mission work, of reminding the negligent of their duty toward their representations, and to increase the zeal of the supporters of former years.

HHSUIN HSIEN, HONAN, CHINA,  
Sept. 28th, 1890.

My Dear Friends,—It affords me pleasure to have the opportunity to write to you from the field of battle in Honan. From my last letter you would learn a little about our trip last spring. This trip, we left Lin-Ching, Sept. 1st, by house-boat, and had on board, besides four of a crew, Mr. Goforth and myself, two helpers, a teacher and last but not least a cook. Travelling by house-boat is rather tedious, especially if the wind is contrary. Lin-Ching is about 140 miles by land from the centre of our field, and nearly twice that distance by water.

We spent our time in studying, talking, walking, eating and sleeping.

On the Saturday night, Sept. 6th, we reached a place named Wa-Long, and on Sunday morning we attempted to get an inn for the day, in which to preach and heal, but we were disappointed. Dr. McClure and Mr. McGillivray had spent a few days in the place last spring, and the people asserted that the Dr. took away peoples blood in bottles, and that I would do the same, so they did not want us. We looked around for a vacant spot and found a place before a little temple. Here we set up and began to work, but by night I had treated only ten patients. Very few books had been sold and very little talking had been done. Although large numbers came out to see us, they kept at a distance, and those who did come near were not anxious to hear the Gospel.

On Monday night we reached this place, but did not stay, as there was soon to be a very large religious fair, and at such times the crowds are enormous and entirely unmanageable.

On Tuesday night we reached Hsin-Chen, a market town with a population of five thousand. We remained there and worked for three days and had a very good time. I treated 211 patients and had several operations. We were more than surprised to find that there were compounds to Tang-Dang mortgage. We at once put a man to work to Tang a compound, and I hope he will be successful, if so I will tell you more in our next, as I imagine it may be our centre.

From this we proceeded to Nei-hui-fu, which we reached on Saturday evening. Our reception in the Fu was decidedly cold, and I have no doubt there were some plans on foot to disturb us. However, we remained only three days, and in that time I had treated only fifty patients, and very few listened for ten minutes at a time. They all seemed afraid, but we were not able to discover the cause. We returned to Too Kou, which is six miles from this place. We could not get an inn in Too Kou, but where our boat was tied to the bank there was a

nice clump of trees, so we resolved to begin work under the trees. We tried to rent a couple of tables and a few chairs, but it was almost impossible. At last a rickety table was produced and an old bed with three feet. I took possession of the table and Mr. Goforth had the bed for his books. The people came in crowds. I often had 200 people around me. They crushed badly at times until I got cross and frightened them. I think I hit only one man, but I had a more effective plan. When the circle became too narrow I would step back rather suddenly and come down and stamp on some poor fellows toes, and remember, I am none of your "lightweights." This caused the man to stamp around and widen the circle. Then I would give them a lecture, and for a time all would be well. If this failed I had only to fill an ear syringe with water and show it to them. So long as it was near the crowd would keep at a distance. We stayed under the trees for six days and had a grand time. I treated 450 patients and had several important operations. The people listened with fair attention to the speaking.

We arrived here (Hsui Hsien) on the 23rd and commenced work on the 24th. The first to greet me when I reached the inn was the old man of fifty-five years, on whose eyes I operated for cataract last spring. He had been blind for six years, and during the last two had been led about from place to place. Now the sight of both eyes is good. He can go anywhere alone and I can do his work quite satisfactorily. His greeting was most hearty. His son, who had remained at the inn for ten days with him during the operation, and had listened every day to the Gospel with interest, had not only continued interested enough to study the books we left with him, but he had succeeded in getting a cousin interested. They have been studying the books together. Not only so but his two sons have been studying the books. One of only eight years has learned to repeat what we call the "Three Character Classics." Thus the whole family, through the blessing of God, are likely to be brought into the fold by this one operation. The old man does not know very much of the doctrine, but he came to be taught every day. He never failed to put in his word of approval, and often helped me through a difficult point. Pray for this old man and his family, that they may be of our first true converts. Much will depend on the character of those first received into the fellowship of the Church of Christ. There are also two other men in the same village who have been reading our books under the direction of this young man. One of them was very anxious to see us. He is a little afraid of his people, so Nicodemus like, he in company with our young man come to our boat after dark. It was about bed time, so we did not see him. They went to the inn where our helpers were and had a long talk. We are greatly encouraged to press on in the work, and we know that God is blessing us. Every visit will gain for us a few more friends. We know that God will honour the preaching of His own word, and in time we will have the great privilege of leading many into the fold.

On this trip I had eighteen days steady work, and treated 900 patients, about 150 of whom came back twice

or more, thus making an average of 58 patients per day. I had over 40 surgical operations, about 30 of which were on the eye. I will never work up a very great reputation for extracting teeth, as I had on this trip only twenty-five pulls.

Much has been said about the grand system of education in China. I have come to the conclusion that it is most miserable. Time and again, in a large crowd of men, not more than one in ten recognize characters. We find it a great task to get those who cannot read to understand us, as their vocabulary is so limited. Then the educated classes are versed only in their own classics. They can repeat page after page with the comments of the sages thereon, but outside of that, in the majority of cases, their minds are perfectly blank. There is very little inclination to learn about the outside world. So long as there is "cash" enough in the bag to buy food and clothing, the "that," the "how," the "why" and the "whither," cause them no anxiety whatever. The first step necessary is to lead them to think for themselves, but their horrid pride is a terrible barrier in the way.

This leaves us all well.

I'm yours, sincerely,

J. FRASER SMITH.

#### PINE STREET MISSION.

Many of the students of the College have been impressed for the last three or four years with the necessity of commencing city mission work in the vicinity of Division and Pine streets. Some of them made known their thoughts to the Missionary Association at one of its regular meetings last April, and advocated immediate action. The majority of the Association thought that the wiser course to pursue would be to "hasten slowly." Accordingly a committee was appointed to investigate the needs of that community, and also to ascertain the opinions of the pastors of the three Presbyterian Churches of the city with regard to the advisability of commencing mission work in the neighborhood already referred to. The three pastors approved of the work. The Association, at a special meeting, having heard the report of the committee, resolved to commence mission work on Division street. A special committee was appointed to arrange for and to oversee the work during the summer. Mr. John Boyd, B.A., was appointed missionary for the summer months. Immediately a building was rented from Mr. Ed. Dawson, and cards announcing all the services were distributed. Our Sabbath School at first was small. But owing to the untiring zeal and splendid management of our missionary, the indifference of the people gave way to interest, which in turn was kindled into enthusiasm. Soon the fifteen names that at first appeared on the roll were increased to 120. Teachers from the three churches offered to aid in the work. The result is that an excellent work is being carried on among the young people of that hitherto much-neglected place.

The services on Sundays and Thursdays are equally well attended. The little mission hall has been taxed to its utmost capacity at almost every service. In July last the committee saw the necessity of providing

a more commodious building. Accordingly, Mr. Neil McPherson, B.A., Chairman of the Committee, and Mr. John Boyd, B.A., missionary in charge, presented a memorial to the Presbytery of Kingston, and asked permission to erect a suitable building for missionary purposes near to the one at present occupied. At a special Presbytery meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, the said request was granted. The Presbytery also appointed a committee to act in conjunction with the college committee. Rev. Mr. Porteous was chosen as Chairman of the joint committee. A subscription list for building purposes was at once circulated, and, despite many discouragements, Mr. Boyd has succeeded in raising over \$1,500 for building purposes. The committee met, and after due consideration purchased a lot on Pine street, near the corner of Division and Pine streets, for the sum of \$500. Through the kindness of Mr. Williamson, of Chalmers Church, plans and specifications were placed in the hands of the committee. Tenders were immediately asked for. That of Messrs. Massey & Son was accepted. They set to work at once, and the result is that the building is now nearing completion. Mr. Boyd hopes to have it opened by the New Year. So good showing for such a remarkably short time is owing to the strenuous efforts and unwearied activity put forth by Mr. Boyd during the summer. He certainly was the best man that the Association could have chosen for such a work. Sympathy, earnestness, and consecration to the Master's work are all required for success in such an undertaking. The Association, at its last meeting, having heard with great pleasure of the great assistance rendered to Mr. Boyd and to the committee by Mr. David Laidlaw, of Chalmers Church, Mr. James Campbell, of the Royal Medical College, as well as by the mission teachers, who rendered their services voluntarily, passed a vote of thanks to them for their valuable services. But now that the Pine street children are being cared for, are there not other neighborhoods in the city where a similar work might be carried on? It seems to us that there are.

#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE OF ATHLETIC FUND THIS YEAR

Paid to J. M. Mowat for track on campus.....	\$ 35 00
Paid to N. R. Carmichael for football expenses.....	285 00

Total.....	\$320 00
Received from Arts and Divinity students \$1 each.....	\$252 00

The dollar fee from the students of the Royal will soon be paid, no doubt, and that will leave the fund for this year with a balance on the right side. But, in future, less must be spent on football, or there will be little for anything else. Arrangements were made for building a gymnasium, but they fell through. In view of our expenditure it is perhaps as well that they did. But we are sure to have a gymnasium next year. For the rest of this session we must be satisfied with the curling and skating rinks, admittance to which is secured for students at half rates.

**PERSONALS.**

Alex. Ross, M.A., is teaching in Almonte.

T. Camelon, M.D., '90, is practising in Indiana.

D. A. Givens, B.A., is in Los Angeles, Cal., practising law.

A. B. McCallum, B.A., has opened a law office in Paisley.

Fred Heath, M.D., is mitigating "the ills that flesh is heir to" in Brantford.

J. J. Ashton, B.A., '85, Critic of the A.M.S. '85-'86, is teaching at Darlington.

Oscar Young, one of the wandering spirits of '91, has materialized in Chicago.

John Madden and James Hales are among wish-to-be-fledglings in law in Toronto.

John Lamont, B.A., '90, is unravelling legal lawlessness in some seat of strife in Toronto.

W. C. David, M.D., '89, is in partnership with Dr. George McLean, West Bay City, Michigan.

E. Ryerson, '92, has been unearthed in a school in Orillia. He is studying for a first-class certificate.

We are pleased to see that J. McEwen, '88, and W. J. Kidd, '88, are now full-fledged barristers and solicitors.

W. D. Harvie, M.D., '89, is diagnosing, curing or otherwise the maladies of suffering humanity in and about Hillsboro, Dakota.

Joe Holdcroft, M.D., '87, is in Inverness, Que., and William Holdcroft, B.A., M.D., '90, in Deseronto. Both have a very good practice.

Revs. R. Whiteman and Orr Bennett are taking classes in the Free Church College, Edinburgh. The JOURNAL readers would like to hear from you.

The new firm of McLennan & Robertson has hung out the necessary shingle in Toronto. Who does not know Jimmie McLennan and Donald Robertson?

S. S. Burns has not returned from his mission field at Bolter. The spell-bound audiences that hear with closed eyes his eloquent appeals attest his preaching powers.

J. Nelson, who appeared among us a few years ago and vanished again like the swallow, will take charge of a Mission Station at Eau Claire after Xmas. He has been in Knox.

Charles Fairfield, B.A., '87, has been sighted once more. After leaving us he completed a medical course in Toronto, and is now taking a course in Edinburgh.

David Kellock, M.D., '90, was seen in the Royal a week or two ago. Some suspected him of having a suspicious look and maintain he either was or was not looking for a wife. His sign-board can be seen in Fullerville Mines, New York.

"Aye, there they go, the way of all the earth," as the old woman said with a sigh as she met a wedding and

mistook it for a funeral. Married—Rev. W. H. Cornett, B.A., '87. Please address JOURNAL, Epicure, Sanctum, and claim our good wishes, Will.

The headmaster of the Almonte school, P. C. McGregor, is an old graduate of Queen's, having been a class-mate of Prof. Dupuis. He has always been loyal to Queen's and the JOURNAL. There are in attendance now or have graduated in the last three years at least seventeen of his old pupils. Few graduates have contributed so liberally.

Our Business Manager the other day received a note from W. R. Stewart, who entered with '91. He is now in Buckingham, P.Q., sub-manager of a phosphate mine, and is no doubt doing well, for in his letter he enclosed a dollar and his best wishes for the JOURNAL. May many follow his example, if not as regards the mine, at least as far as the dollar is concerned.

Rev. W. J. Drummond has reached China, the scene of his mission work. He has been sent by the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, and expects to labor in Nonken, a city of 68,000 inhabitants, 160 miles from the mouth of the Yang Tsi river. He visited Tokio and "saw John Dunlop, an old Kingston friend, and seventeen other Canadians." It will soon be impossible to go anywhere and not find a son of Queen's.

Calls:—Rev. D. L. Dewar, from Scotstown, Que., to Ailsa Craig, Ont.

Rev. Alex. McAuley, who has been doing such excellent work in Darling to Woodville, Ont.

**WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.**

The Woman's Medical College Missionary Society met as usual in the college sitting room on Dec. 2nd. The attendance was good, and after business matters had been dismissed, the President, Miss O'Hara, gave an interesting account of her visit to the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance held in Montreal, and expressed herself as having spent a very pleasant and profitable time. She speaks in the highest terms of the entertainment afforded, the excellence of the papers and addresses given, and above all of the extreme kindness of the lady students.

As our students were enjoying the warmth of the hall fire the other evening, and waiting for the next lecturer, a load of stools arrived at the door, which were quickly transferred to the hall and as quickly taken possession of. The girls were considering the best means of finding out and thanking the liberal donor when it was discovered that they had been ordered for the Royal.

The students will be pleased to learn that Maggie McKellar, M.D., has arrived safely in India.

We regret that Miss Henderson, '92, has been called home on account of illness. This is the second time this session.

Dr. Phelan has kindly consented to give clinics in Hotel Dieu on Saturdays.

## ROYAL COLLEGE NOTES.

Although the Clinic Class is usually a model of decorum, yet, at times, some of its members, in attempting to be funny, are apt to hurt the feelings of patients. Everything said or done may be of an innocent character, but patients may not always construe it as such.

There is no reason why a patient, who has once been before the class, should have any objections to come again.

Our new professor in clinical medicine gives the students plenty to do, and spares no pains in getting out-door patients to illustrate his clinics.

## PERSONALS.

W. J. Hall, M.D., is working in the city missions of New York, and is said to be one of the best missionaries at work in that great metropolis. The great warm heart that made him a favorite when at the Royal, now makes him a welcome visitor in the homes of the suffering poor. Relieving the body that has been brought into distress by sin is only part of the work of the true physician. Just as we deem it insufficient to remove the pain without some effort to remove the cause which produced it; so on a higher plan, what is needed over and above the healing of the body is to point the sufferer to the truth that makes him free from the bondage of sinful habits. None hold such a vantage ground as he who has read what has been hidden from others—the results on the body of evil habits. In many cases he alone can speak. Dr. Hall is welcomed by the poor of all creeds and nationalities crowded into the slums of that city, when he comes in the capacity of a physician, whereas he was stoned by the same classes when he came to them simply as a preacher of the gospel. The science of medicine owes much to christianity. It is therefore only just and right that the doctor should go hand in hand with the preacher in reaching the lapsed masses. We wish Dr. Hall much success in his work.

Dr. A. Gandier admitted that he was outdone by the student who married before the close of the session, but he lost no time in seeking to overtake him, for we hear that he took to himself a wife on the same day that the degrees of M.D. were conferred. Thus a precedent has been found for the gold medalist of this session. We wish him every success. It has come to our ears that Dr. Gandier has already attained such a reputation that if he tells a patient he cannot recover he goes away at once and dies.

Dr. O. L. Kilborn has been showing the stuff our "boys" are made of to the students of Edinburgh. He entered into competition with a class of forty and succeeded in obtaining one of three medals given. We offer our congratulations.

## LOCALS.

Hop along, sister Mary.—[H. A. P-kn.

I apologize; do you accept it?—[Chawley.

I beat the street car and proved an *alibi*.—[J. K-k.

Dean—I'll reserve any further remarks for next day.

Class in chorus—Thank you, sir.

Prof.—What other medicine would you give besides strychnine?

Student—Nux Vomica.

I am on the rock, but I must entertain the delegates.—[J. E. McC.

Just think of being invited to dinner at your own boarding house. I'll go to Trinity.—[E H—

I'd rather propose to, than propose the toast of, the ladies.—[J. W. W.

## ANNUAL ELECTIONS.

The annual election of the A.M.S. took place on Dec. 6th. Owing to the regretted retirement of Dr. Cunningham, B.A., who was a candidate for the position of President, the electors were deprived of much of the interest which usually centres around them. The following are the office-holders for the year 1891:

Honorary President—Dr. Watson.

President—N. R. Carmichael, A.M.

1st Vice-President—A. B. Cunningham, '91.

2nd Vice-President—J. Hutcheons, '91.

Critic—J. McC. Kellock, '91.

Secretary—E. C. Gallup, '92.

Treasurer—W. G. Irving, '93.

Assistant Secretary—E. Currie, '94.

Committee—F. C. Lavers, (Med.), D. C. Porteous, '91; J. S. Cameron, '93; M. Wilson, '94.

## THE SOPHOMORE YEAR.

On the first Monday of the month the class of '93 held a meeting for mutual entertainment and social development. There was a good attendance, and a few ladies were present. J. W. McLean was appointed chairman, and an interesting programme was submitted. A paper on "The relation of church and state" was read by J. Peck, who distinguished himself in last year's parliamentary debates. The paper contained a great deal of interesting information, put in a taking style. A quintette of male voices "brought down the house," not so much by the artistic merit of the piece as by their strenuous efforts to maintain a decorous equilibrium on the platform. Macintosh and Stewart contributed humorous readings, and the meeting was concluded with a verse of the National Anthem. It is intended to hold similar meetings fortnightly.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Dr. D. Cunningham, B.A., in the sad bereavement which he suffered in his father's sudden death, and which caused him to withdraw from his candidacy for the presidentship of the A.M.S.

It is with sincere regret that the JOURNAL records the death of another of Queen's undergraduates, W. C. A. Walkem. He entered with the class of '91, but since his first session has been attending the R.M.C., Kingston. We extend our sympathies to the sorrowing friends.

A new drama, entitled "Against the World," invites our special attention, because it was written by a young Kingstonian who has attended classes in Queen's, Mr. Henri B. Telgmann. Mr. Telgmann has been at work on this play for about four years, and the present form is the result of frequent revision. It was first brought into public notice in the fall of '88, by the Rev. C. J. Cameron, A.M. It was the hope of the author at that time to have the play produced by local amateurs, but those who heard it read decided it was too heavy for non-professionals. It was not till last fall that the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Telgmann himself succeeded in organizing an amateur company to produce the play under his personal supervision. In the first performance Mr. N. Raymond, of the Royal, figured in one of the leading roles, where he found ample room to display his splendid oratorical ability. The play presents many strong situations. From the first the interest of the audience is aroused. The plot is a more than usually intricate one, and demands the close attention of the audience to appreciate its subtle meaning. The fire scene at the end of the second act is a masterpiece of scenic effect. The comedy element throughout, although not a prominent feature, by good acting could be made a very striking part of the play. The conclusion of the last act, where "from virtue's side grim vice is headlong hurled," etc., gives ample room for the display of passionate oratory, and the audience has the satisfaction of seeing the villain foiled, and the rightful lover clasps his long sought love in his arms, for "Honest courage holds its own, aye, even against the world." Although some parts of this play present marked resemblances to other plays that we have seen, yet, on the whole, it is striking for its originality of conception, its unity of action and its freedom from anything that is vulgar or offensive. We congratulate Mr. Telgmann on his first production, and wish that this and his subsequent efforts may receive the appreciation they deserve.

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OUR TABLE.

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**T**HE *Acta Victoriana*. This journal is the organ of Victoria University, and is now in its fourteenth year. One might, after a perusal, take it to be much older, such good use has it made of the time. We would like to say some graceful things about the *Acta*, but other editors have forestalled us and we dislike monotony. What good others have said we endorse, and add our compliments,—a selfish hope that whether from Cobourg or Toronto the *Acta* may not fail to visit us.

The *Student*, from the University of Edinburgh, enjoys the great advantage of being a weekly. It thus has a freshness it would not otherwise have. In monthly and bi-monthly journals we often notice a great discrepancy between the date, say of a lecture and the date of its publication. This is avoided in a weekly issue. One feature in the *Student* is worthy of imitation by other journals. We refer to the programme of lectures, concerts, athletic contests, etc., which are to take place

during the current week. The appearance and literary character of the *Student* are above the average.

The very fine portrait of the first Bishop of the recently formed See of Alexandria would of itself be a sufficient reason for drawing attention to the November number of the *Owl*. The Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, is a Scotchman and a good looking one. We like the "get up" of the *Owl*. It is distinctly a College paper. The literary contributions are all of a high order and all from students. This is as it should be. The editorials are well written. One, on a comparison of obligatory and optional courses in a University is a good example of the old game with the straw man. After all we are inclined to remain by our former convictions, that a University which does not offer to its students the option of several good courses does not meet the need of the present day, and can scarcely be classed with the "higher education" institutions. It is a pity College papers must give so much attention to football. We all are guilty. Our friend from Ottawa always brings a fund of humour and will always be welcome.

The *Sanctum* is much brighter for its presence, and the exchange Editor rejoices that the Thanksgiving number of the *Focus* came so opportunely to hand. Day after day we had been racking our brains to think of something new to say where nothing new was to be said, and we were just about giving up in despair when the carrier appeared with the charming little pamphlet now before us. We will say this for the appearance of the *Focus*, it pleases us better than any other exchange we receive. Nor is mere appearance all the *Focus* may boast of. On the first page our eye catches the title "advantages and disadvantages," which proves to be an interesting dissertation upon the vicissitudes of life in which the writer points out plainly the "uses of adversity" as well as the privileges of prosperity. He draws attention to the fact, so oft unseen, that those dispensations which have seemed even curses to men have proved the truest blessings. Temptation, in whatever form, has its work to do—a good one to the honest nature. In substantiation of this point we might quote from Browning:—

"Why comes temptation but for man to meet,  
And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,  
And so be pedestalled in triumph."

There are several other prose selections worthy of note, and—well it is too bad—but really some of the poetry—there is too much of it anyway—is too far below the standard to have a place in a College paper. The editorial department might evince a greater interest in the leading topics of the day. The scraps of College news are interesting, and the jokes are as a rule good. Altogether the *Focus* is a well edited journal, and has made remarkable progress since the appearance of the first number little more than a year ago.

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Xmas greeting:—All our subscribers will please bear in mind that all subscriptions *must* be paid in by the end of January, 1891.

See life of Prof. Ferguson on page 37, JOURNAL No. 3.

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE second year poet has produced an Epic entitled "Lowerwatha." We are sorry to hear that it is for private circulation.

In the land of Indian summer,  
In the land where Yankee boodlers  
Ever flee the Sing-Sing prison,  
In the land which John A. bosses,  
In the city named Kingston,  
In a fair and stately building,  
Where a broad and verdant campus  
Stretches ever to the westward—  
Came a whisper, low and dreary,  
G—s is going to be courted,  
We can only say "macte, puer, nova virtute."

I went to the At Home in the den,  
But I won't go there again,  
The moon shone bright, as the boys got tight,  
And had a big time, O then!  
But Jonathan he grew bold,  
And danced when he was told,  
The fiddlers ceased, and there was peace,  
But Jonathan kept on dancing, dancing, dancing.  
*Tune Monkey.*

Any one singing, whistling, or otherwise aiding or abetting "Little Annie Rooney" within these walls will be hanged.

Prof.—Mr. J., what is the shortest distance between two points called?

Mr. J.—(Confused)—Well, Professor, I don't like to be personal, but I suppose Guess is.

Rainy night, 2 a. m., boarding house door, two Meds:—

"Late, late, so-o-o late (hie),  
An' dark th' night an' chill-l-l!  
Late, l-late, s-so la-a-ate!  
But we (hie) canenter still-l-l!"

Head with night cap from above:—

"Tow late! Tow late!  
You cannot enter now!"

Say, Billy, Prof. C— is a pretty good rider.

Yes, the English always ride well.

But Prof. Mc N— can't ride.

No, the Greeks weren't much at *that*.

I had a bright ray of sunshine on my *side* during the elections. She got all the girls to vote for me.—The *best* of the Sophs.

C. K. O. Cam-r-n—And is this *really* the Glee Club?

Frank H-go—O, no! It's the ladies' sewing circle.

There is an oft-repeated story of a student who had been fined ten shillings, bringing the sum in halfpennies. The professor turned the tables with "Ah! Mr. Z., I believe you are a halfpenny short; would you mind counting it for me?"

## LEARN EVERETT SHORTHAND.

- 1.—Because it is particularly adapted to College work, having been invented by that distinguished British Scientist, Prof. Everett, of Queen's College, Belfast, who thoroughly understands what a College student requires.
- 2.—It is the briefest, legible system extant.
- 3.—It is simplicity itself, easy to write, easy to learn and easy to read.
- 4.—Hardly any grammalogues, while in Pitmanic systems these are counted by the thousand.
- 5.—Vowels are indicated even in the briefest reporting, therefore unfamiliar words in Greek or Latin can be written at speed and read afterwards—a feature which no other system can boast of.
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