

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

VOL. XIII.

KINGSTON, CANADA, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1886.

No. 7.

Queen's College Journal.

Published in TWELVE NUMBERS during the session by the
ALMA MATER SOCIETY of Queen's University.

STAFF:

J. J. McLENNAN, - *Managing Editor.*

DAVID MILLAR, - *Editor.*

EDITING COMMITTEE:

F. C. HEATH. W. G. MILLS.

MISS M. OLIVER. W. A. LOGIE.

W. J. KIDD. E. RYAN.

JOHN McCUAIG. W. H. CORNETT.

T. McEWEN, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

TERMS:—Per Session, \$1.00; Single Numbers 10 cents.

Matter for publication should be addressed to the
Managing Editor. Business letters to the Secretary-
Treasurer, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

The Managing Editor must be acquainted with the
name of the author of any article.

Subscribers will greatly oblige by promptly sending
notice of any change in address.

WE notice with pleasure that Trinity
College, Toronto, has followed some-
what in the footsteps of Queen's in institu-
ting a course of popular lectures. Judging
from the large audience which met last
Saturday afternoon to hear the lecture deli-
vered by the Rev. Professor Clark of
Trinity College, on "Water Babies," we
conclude that the people of Toronto appre-
ciate the favor conferred upon them by the
University. We hope that the people of
Kingston will see it to be to their advantage
to turn out in large numbers to the series of
lectures now being delivered by Prof.
Watson. As a further incentive to the citi-
zens, we hear that a French conversational
class is likely to be formed at an early date.

IN another column reference is made to
the sanitary condition of the Royal
Medical College. It is high time that the
attention of the governing body should be
called to its unhealthy and filthy state. It
is simply a disgrace to the University that
the class-rooms of one of its departments
should be in a condition such as to impair the
health of the students. But we are inclined
to think that the students themselves are
more to blame than the faculty. They have
it in their power to complain, but they seem
not only to have fallen into a state of chronic
carelessness in regard to the cleanliness of
their surroundings, but have even gone the
length of destroying the benches in their
"den" and otherwise damaging the college
property. Were they to complain and be
unheeded, then they might, as a last resort,
call the attention of the city health officer to
the condition of the college building, and he
perhaps would see that something was done
to remedy the present state of affairs.

A pleasing feature in connection with
most colleges in the States is the
interest students take in their Alma Mater.
Visitors are struck with this fact by the
visible memorials donated by former stu-
dents which surround or are within college
buildings. These take various shapes, ac-
cording to the wishes of the graduating
class; it may be a drinking fountain or Y. M.
C. A. rooms, as at Princeton; or a stained-
glass window or gymnasium, as is now pro-
posed by the graduating class of '86, of
Columbia College. In an editorial in the
Acta Columbiana the remark is made that

"it is eminently fitting that '86 should not leave college without a memorial." This seems to be the general feeling of the alumni of States colleges, and it is one we might do well to imitate. The memorial need not be one which would entail any hardships upon the graduating men. A gift is rightly valued according to the spirit in which it is given. In a former number of the JOURNAL a plea was made in behalf of the College Library. Recent publications in every department of science, in history, in travel, and in theology are wanted. Many students, however willing, may meanwhile be unable to accede to the request that they should present even one volume as a permanent memento of their connection with the college. But all the graduates could give a little towards securing a few standard works, which, if presented to the college, would prove a fitting memorial of class '86, and would no doubt be highly appreciated by the faculty and friends of Queen's.

"GO ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This was Christ's command to his disciples, and through them to the church. The church now feels that in as much as she fulfils her duty in this respect, so does she prosper. If this is the feeling of the church, how natural it is that the Missionary Association of Queen's, composed of young men who are looking forward to the Christian ministry, should be similarly influenced. It has been proposed that when any young man offers himself to the foreign mission field, the association should lay aside home work, and devote the whole of their funds to his support. We are not sure whether it is advisable to give home work up entirely. Why not try and undertake both home and foreign work? Students in connection with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of England take upon them-

selves every year to send substantial aid to at least one foreign mission station in connection with their respective churches. They decide upon a mission; all available information concerning that mission is secured. They are then sent forth in pairs to the churches. One student preaches a short sermon, the other brings the mission directly before the people. He treats of the geography, climate, manners and customs of the natives, the encouragements and discouragements of the missionary; and closes with an earnest appeal on behalf of the mission. The self-denying efforts of these young men are never in vain. Ministers gladly vacate their pulpits for the time being; and "the students' pleading" is looked forward to and regarded as one of the ecclesiastical events of the year. What is done in the old country may be accomplished in Canada.

MR. ALLEN has written in haste and fallen into error. He writes from hearsay, and accepts what he hears as truth. He says our editorial contained "a charge" against him. If he had read the editorial he would have found there a bare statement of fact more than justified in his own letter in our present issue. Whether or not "boys will be boys the word over," we would ask our readers to compare Mr. Allen's letter with our editorial of last number and see which is more manly in its terms. We advanced no views whatever, either as to idealism or realism. Mr. Allen charges us with disseminating opinions borrowed from our teacher; and he is rather bitter in his denunciations. But we do not feel the sting, because we perceive that it is not intended for us. It is really too bad in Mr. Allen to strike at the professor through the medium of the "boys." This is evidently his intention; but he is again at sea, because the writer of the editorial referred to never had the pleasure of being a pupil of Dr. Watson. Mr. Allen's

“mare’s nest” theory is consequently wholly inapplicable—and his inadequate conclusion, that the success of Mohamedanism, Buddhism, Roman Catholicism, &c., is attributable to the training of youth, becomes pointless. Have these great systems of religion in the past been purposeless? May they not have been instrumental, to some extent, in paving the way for Christianity? We pointedly deny having made any reference to “old fogies,” or to have questioned their knowledge. We simply allocated Mr. Allen to that nook in the temple of philosophy of which he himself speaks so proudly. He may if he wishes drive realism to its utmost limits, and idealism to ridiculous conclusions; all we ask is that he will leave us unfettered.

“Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

IN those good old days it would seem that London, unlike Kingston, believed in a second term; to give a third term was not wholly out of the question. Without pronouncing on the point, so far as cities and their Mayors are concerned, we are heartily in favour of the London way of doing things, so far as our Chancellorship is concerned. Chancellor Fleming has had two terms, and at a meeting held on the 16th inst., the Council unanimously elected him for the next three years. His nomination paper was signed by members of various creeds and professions, and all were unanimous in declaring that a better man for the office was not to be found in Canada, and that he had fully deserved the honour by his interest in the University and his devotion to the duties of his office. By some men the office would probably be regarded as merely titular (?); but Mr. Fleming has made it such a reality that in the future no man will venture to fill his shoes without making up his mind to do real work. He has been at the front whenever needed.

During the discussion on confederation it was most important for the university to have at its head a man whom no one could suspect of interested local, sectarian, or professional views, and who was able to estimate at its real weight one of the most flashy and hollow schemes ever proposed to an educated people. We believe that there is not a student who would not have voted for Mr. Fleming if students were given the chance. Perhaps by 1889 the franchise will have been given to undergraduates; and if so, we should say that Sandford Fleming will have a good chance for a fourth term.

DR. SCHURMAN, one of the professors of philosophy in Dalhousie College, has accepted the chair of philosophy in Cornell, and some Canadian newspapers regard the appointment as a legitimate subject for congratulation. We are at a loss to know why either Canada or Dr. Schurman is to be congratulated. Canada loses a very promising professor, and she has too few to enable her to afford such a loss. We ought to look forward to a Canadian Philosophical School, and it is therefore important that our own colleges should be manned by our most vigorous thinkers. If there was any promotion in the case, we would be more readily reconciled to the translation; but we cannot see the promotion, and are inclined to think that Dr. Schurman has made a mistake. Cornell’s reputation rests entirely on its equipment as a school of practical science. It has done nothing in philosophy, and it is not now equipped for work in this department. It has only one chair in philosophy, from which nothing has ever emanated, whereas Dalhousie has no fewer than three chairs. It is true that one of these, the one filled by the late Principal, is now vacant; but it is likely to be filled before long. Cornell has more students than Dalhousie, but few of them go with any intention of studying philosophy.

And, as the session in Cornell is nine months long, against a six months' session in Dalhousie, a professor in the former college is not likely to have as much time for original work. The salary, we believe, is a little larger, but no one imagines that that had anything to do with Dr. Schurman's decision. Altogether, while congratulating Cornell, we see no reason for congratulating Nova Scotia or Dr. Schurman.

WE are pleased to have another communication from "Pollux," and to notice that, on reflection, he has, with reference to examinations, endorsed to a considerable extent our opinions expressed in a previous number. He read our editorial incorrectly, because hurriedly. Hence he ran away with the idea, that when we spoke of students, by a process of cram, gaining honours, we of necessity meant that they had been successful in the honours course. This does not at all follow: and the idea was foreign to our minds. All we stated was that any student who could cram, might, under the existing system, gain a position to which his abilities would not otherwise entitle him. When "Pollux" suggests a remedy for cram, he meets our wishes. He shows the inconsistencies of the present examination system, and correctly points out that no allowance is made for mental differences in students. This University faculties will yet be compelled to consider. The fact of the many being pitted against the few who have had superior preliminary advantages, often defeats its purpose by burdening the minds of the majority with information which they cannot appropriate to immediate or permanent uses.

OUR neighbors across the line have a *penchant* for anything "big," and one of them is now about to do the biggest thing in universities that the world has yet heard. Leland Stanford, son of a New York farmer,

went to California more than thirty years ago, and made money by railroading. He now proposes to give \$20,000,000 to endow another university in the State of his adoption. The California State University has an endowment of a million and a half, and hitherto that has been considered quite a respectable sum; but beside the new institution, to be created by one man's beneficence, it will be a mole-hill beside a mountain. We have here a fair illustration of the respective capacities of public and private liberality. Johns Hopkins University, which is doing better work than any other university in the States, has hitherto been the one that touched the high water mark of private munificence, but as its productive funds are only a little over three millions, the Stanford University leaves it, too, quite out of sight. The richest university in the States hitherto has been old Columbia, with an endowment of about six millions. President Barnard is appealing for two or three millions more, and is likely to get them—all the more when he can point wealthy New Yorkers to the example of the man who went west. Cornell is thought to be wealthy, for Goldwin Smith says that when it sells its land, or rather when its land becomes worth selling, it will have six or eight millions. At present, it has two millions, and is so hard up that it couldn't get even one professor of philosophy, till Mr. Sage the other day endowed a chair to the extent of \$3,000 a year. Almost all it has was given by Ezra Cornell, who made money by investing in telegraph lines when few rich men had any faith in them. Beside these sums, the Principal's request for a quarter of a million, with which to equip Queen's properly, seems modest enough. Are there no Canadians who have made money out of railroads, telegraphs or other commodities, and who believe that the best use to make of money is to develop mind and form the characters of the future leaders of society?

POETRY.

ALMA MATER.

ALMA MATER, mother dear!
 Ah! it seems but yesterday—
 Though it's many a weary year,—
 Since I passed from thee away.

Pass'd away with my degree,
 Much elated—very vain;
 What a prize it seemed to me!—
 How, if it were *now* to gain?

Alma Mater! thou hast seen,
 Since the days of long ago,
 Many a mellow Verdant Green
 To a pungent fellow grow.

Are the *knockers* of the town,
 Fastened firmer to the doors?
 Do the wearers of the gown,
 Ever visit—well—the moors?

Can the rustic leave his sleigh
 Over night on Barrie street?
 Nor be forced to plod his way,
 To the country on his feet?

Does the grand procession go,
 Serenading fav'rite 'Dons'?
 Are there any 'ructions' now!—
 Windows perforate with stones?

Have you lofty-toned police?
 Men of sympathetic souls,
 Open to conviction—'grease'—
 Men averse to cracking *polls*?

Are there any 'suppers' now,
 Where the tongue it waxeth thick?
 Winding up in friendly row,
 Classic, very, *quoad* 'hic'?

Ah! in these degenerate days,
 Of the 'Act' *cui nomen* 'Scott,'
 Is there not a risk of ways,
 Worse than singing round the 'pot'?

Alma Mater! may your sons,
 Sober be, in hall or town,
 From the high Olympic dons
 To the freshest Freshman down!

But, the tyranny of 'Scott,'
 Or the *rabies* 'Prohibition',
 Alma Mater! touch it not,
 Nor Toronto 'Coalition'!

So thy sons, in duty bound,
 Will in duty ever pray,
 Till thy glory flash around,
 Brighter than the orb of day.

—STEPHEN McSLOGAN.

VARNO THE BRAVE :

A TALE OF THE

PICTS AND SCOTS.

BY THE LATE D. M., PERTH, N. B.

The arrival of Eric within the castle gates might have awakened momentarily suspicion in the mind of Varno; but the silvery locks of the aged harper, and the halo of sacredness which surrounded his calling, combined with the fact that Eric had with his songs delighted the childhood of his beloved wife, tended somewhat to dispel all doubt as to the purpose of his visit. Yet Eric was unwillingly a tool in the hands of his royal master. His message to Varno was, "Let the words of Eric be peace." But, when he saw the array of armed men stealthily surrounding the castle walls, anguish filled his heart; his harp was silent, and his tongue involuntarily ejaculated a prayer that his trusted friends might not fall into the hands of the traitorous foe.

Varno was too much of a soldier, now that the enemy were visibly preparing to attack his stronghold, to give himself up to despondency or inactivity. He summoned his men and sent them to complete with all haste defensive operations. He himself examined minutely every assailable point in the castle walls; saw that they were secure against attack; armed his soldiers; and having addressed to them, as was his wont, a few words of encouragement, calmly awaited results. Spoldanka was equally prepared for any emergency. She did not add to her husband's troubles by indulging in effeminate forebodings, but actively assisted in the general preparations which were going on to repel the offensive Pictavians, who were even then thirsting for their blood. But other warriors were there than those of Pictavia, and what was some consolation, nearer the intended point of attack. On them the eyes of the garrison were intently fixed; their military costume, unlike the iron cap and brindled-ox-skin covering of the Pict, were helmets and breast-plates of shining brass, and brazen girdles sparkling round gaudy coloured vestments encircled their loins, and supported by massy brass chain swords of unusual length; the white horse portrayed on their banners pointed them out as the ranks of Northumbria.

A noise from the eastern extremity of the fortress now intimated that hostilities had commenced. There a detachment of the besiegers, concealed by trees and brushwood, had unperceived approached the rock, and with an ardour that made danger a mockery, clambered up the rugged precipices at a place where the fortifications were low, and were almost effecting a lodgment when they were observed and treated with a bloody reception. Varno hurried to the place; the few within were instantly butchered, and those who had newly gained the top of the wall were sent hurling back, forcing and dashing in their descent the whole of their scrambling comrades, down over pointed cliff and precipice, till the whole were groaning below, a mangled and almost lifeless mass.

Shouts and yells from the ranks of the Saxon soon brought Varno again to the chief entrance, where a huge pine, wielded by the stoutest and bravest of their host, thundered upon the posts and bars of the massive gate, with a force that made the walls tremble as with an earthquake. The surest of his bowmen instantly crowded the barbican, while swords and battle-axes gleamed behind, ready to dispute the passage should entrance be effected. Onward, and accompanied with a shout, came the ponderous machine, and forward flew a shower of spears and arrows amid the thickest of the assailants: down dropped a crowd of its supporters. Its iron-shod head, untrue to its mark, glanced obliquely; another shower of missiles, and the black, ponderous beam whirled and rolled, then, careering and bounding down the steep declivity, bore along in its mighty sweep whole files of the ablest warriors of Osbneth, and threw into confusion the remotest ranks of the besiegers. Open flew the gate, and down like a flood came the warriors of Varno, and wide and far spread was the shout of death and havoc. Cuthel flew to the rescue; Varno saw the crest of his implacable foe, and in a moment crest and chieftain rolled on the ground. Osbneth, furious as a wild boar when pricked by the spear of the hunter, rushed amid the thickest of the fight, and, wherever the lightning of his sword flashed, there ascended the groan of the dying. Varno saw, and with uplifted battle-axe, rushed upon the chief; but the sword-shaft of the wily Saxon was snapt in two; and then, swinging his blade in the air, Osbneth would have numbered Varno with the dead had not the spear of a stripling arrested his arm; down dropped his sword, and the wounded chieftain hurried to the rear. Long and fierce raged the strife; at length the Saxon gave way; but the King mingled in the mortal shock; and Kennil with his spearmen renewed the honors of the night. Varno and his exhausted warriors were surrounded; and would have fallen, had not a reinforcement from the castle again equalised the contest. Kennil fought with a fury that bordered on frenzy, and Drusken showed a spirit which would have honored a king in a good cause; he fought bravely, and aimed his spear at the breast of Varno. Its whizzing force was arrested by the shield of the stripling conqueror of Osbneth, who shrieked as he received it; then raising his lance at Drusken, he bent forward and fell. The shaft missed the royal mark but pierced the side of Kennil, who rolled and bit the sod as his fiery spirit burst indignantly from its mangled clay.

"The Scot! the Scot!" was at that fateful moment shouted from the castle walls, and responded to by the beleaguering ranks of Drusken. Both sides involuntarily suspended the harvest of death, and gazed upon the beacon-flame rising brilliant and far on the highest summit of the Sidlaws. Again and again, another and another spreading onward and rapidly, blazed on the brow of night, and told too plainly that the fiery Kenneth was now redeeming his oath. Dark, silent, and slowly both sides withdrew from the bloody scene; unmolested, the soldiers of Varno enter-

ed the gate of the castle, and Drusken and Osbneth wended their way to Abernethy. None now remained on the field of strife but the dead and the dying. The noise and shout of battle had ended, and no sound was there save the moaning night-breeze, blended with the faint groans of expiring warriors; and the moon, as if sick of the scene, half hid her form in a cloud, and refused to brighten with her beams what man had defaced by fratricidal slaughter.

If peace was upon the field of death anxiety and confusion filled the castle; the pine torch was seen blazing with rapid speed around the walls, and flickering through every loop hole and narrow window of tower and hall. In the moment of triumph Varno flew to the chamber of Spoldanka; but she was not there. In terror he screamed her name, but the walls and gloomy passages only returned an answer. His warriors caught his anxiety and hastily examined every corner, but in vain; where was she? He beat his brow in agony; again the death shriek of the stripling that twice had saved the life of his lord, pierced his soul; he started, staggered back; then solemnly waving his hand—"Go," said he, with a heavy groan, "search among the dead for Spoldanka." There, cold as the breeze that passed o'er her, was found the loved and lovely one. The spear of Drusken had pierced her bosom; a half-formed smile was on her lips. She had died happy in the hope that her death was the life of her lord. Need I tell how Varno gazed upon the dead, wiped the cold damp from her brow, kissed her lips in affection's very agony, and pressed convulsively her lifeless form to his throbbing bosom; then rubbed his brow and gazed around as if he wished to believe all was a dream. "Ha!" he exclaimed at length, and, as if fearful of having acted wrong, he threw his eyes around with a searching inquisitive glance. Sorrow was depicted on the faces of his sternest warriors; he felt the solitude of his soul; then, starting up, he bore with maniac swiftness the lifeless form to his bridal chamber.

With the rising sun Varno again visited the ramparts; the flush of youth had left his cheeks, but his eyes were calm; his brow was marked with traces of deep feeling, but his step was firm and noble. "Go, soldiers," said he mildly, "bury the dead, and let friends and foes sleep in one grave; then, my gallant comrades"—here he paused, and cast a long, wistful look around,—"then" he resumed, "level the walls and towers of Castle Clatchart, for Varno is the last of his race."

The dead were soon buried; the work of desolation began, and in three days Castle Clatchart was one shapeless mass of ruins.

CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime news was rife of Drusken and Osbneth having resolved to abide the coming of Kenneth at Scone; but that the kings were already in high dispute about the plan in which their united forces should be disposed for his reception. Varno seemed to gain a new life by the intelligence. Again the fine torch flared through every

strath and glen of Fife, and again her thousands crowded around his standard. The capital being in the line of march, and in a manner deserted, there, unopposed, they placed the body of Spoldanka, beside those of her sires, in the tower of Nethan, and without tarrying longer than was necessary to complete the fitting solemnities, the array pushed forward, and just as the sun was sinking came in view of the forces of Pictavia. They, as report had stated, were encamped by Scone, with a rising ground on their right and the broad rapid Tay in their rear. The forces of Osbneth were drawn up on the breast of a hill on the opposite side of the river, far enough removed from the fury of the Scots and near enough the Pictish ranks to maintain the character of allies. However, wishing to avoid the sight of either army, every precaution was taken to elude their ken. The hastening night made objects less distinct, and, embracing the favoring umbrage of a dark forest they stretched onward to the river's verge. Varno brought his men so near their country's ranks that they could almost distinguish the voices of friends above the hum of the camp.

On they march. "Forward, forward, for the sake of our fatherland!" was the ever earnest command, and no thought save his country's need was allowed to occupy his mind. But when he halted, and looked upon the banners which so lately floated their hostile folds before the halls of his ancestors now level with the naked rock, and remembered the bloody spear of Drusken and the death shriek of her in whom his soul centered and its happiness, the patriot for a while was lost in the man. In trembling agony his eyes swept along their line: he halted and almost prayed for power to annihilate with one crush the last sole hope of the kingdom; but his country's dying call soon banished every feeling at variance with her weal, and bade him devise what he could to strengthen the hands of those that were ready to battle for her sake, although it would enable them to effect his own ruin. With this view he resolved to remain concealed till the enemy came in sight, when he could then ford the river with ease and reinforce his native ranks at a time when civil difference would be lost in general danger.

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE OF SOPHISTS ON GREEK THOUGHT.

THE author of the *New Republic* has made us familiar with the question, Is life worth living? That such a question should be asked at all is an indication that the individual or the age putting it has passed from simple faith to philosophical doubt. For the question asks not merely, What is the end? but, Is there any end? The answer is sometimes of a pessimist character. Thus the chorus in the *Ælipsis Coloneus* of Sophocles, says that

Not to be born is past disputing best;
And after this his lot transcends.
Who seen on earth for briefest while,
Thither returns from whence he came;

and Schopenhauer affirms that "human life oscillates between pain and ennui." Some writers, as for example

Carlyle in his *Past and Present*, seek to cure the doubt accompanying reflection by recommending us to avoid speculation, and content ourselves with action. But not only is such advice useless, but if an attempt is made to follow it the result is a hidden scepticism in the guise of a dogmatism. That faith is most robust which

—'buideth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.'

Mr. Herbert Spencer has a "short and easy method" with those who deny that pleasure is the end. Even the pessimist who says that life is not worth living assumes, he says, that the end is a "surplus of agreeable feeling," and only condemns life "because it results in more pain than pleasure." But this is more subtle than sound. The pessimist need not be a hedonist, but may hold that something higher than pleasure is the end. We may, therefore, set aside Mr. Spencer's attempt to snatch a hasty verdict in favour of hedonism, and go on to a critical examination of the hedonist theories of ancient Greece. The Sophists, who appeared in the middle of the fifth century, B.C., were implicit hedonists. To understand their extraordinary influence on Greek thought we must realize the difference between Greek and modern life. Like other Aryans the Greeks in early times were governed by a King or Chief of limited power, by a smaller Council of Nobles, and by a General Assembly of the whole body of citizens. In the time of the Sophists the clan had developed into the state. Each considerable city was a state in itself, having all the prestige of a sovereign power. The "country" of the Greek was not a region but a city. It was, therefore, possible for all the citizens to assemble for political purposes in one place. There was no representative government, but each citizen, however humble, had the right to speak and vote, even on such high matters as declaring peace or war, which, in the English constitution, are practically determined by the "government," in the narrower sense of the term. Thus each Greek state—Sparta, Athens, Thebes and the rest—was an independent unit, at least in idea, and with intense cohesiveness within itself displayed intense repulsion to all the states that were not its allies or subjects. Fusion of states into a larger whole was impossible. Further, there was no separation of church and state, of judicature and legislature, of political as distinguished from social relations. Hence freedom consisted in participating in politics and war, and family life was thrust into the background. The radical defect of the ancient state was that it rested upon slavery, some 30,000 citizens being raised on the shoulders of over 400,000 slaves and aliens. Temporarily the results were marvellous. Greece progressed at a rate that has never been equalled. But after the repulse of the barbarian hosts of Persia, corruption set in, the fire of intellect burnt itself out, and when St. Paul visited Athens he found its people a set of refined gossips, with no originality, no faith, and no enthusiasm. Now the Sophists came to Athens at a time when public morality was on the wane, and when the vigour and simplicity of its best days had vanished. Their work was to create

doubt of the divine authority of customary morality. The Greek traced the institutions and customs of the state back to the special enactments of the gods, and hence law, morality and religion were so inextricably interwoven in his mind that to attack one was to attack all. In modern times a man may lose his faith in a special form of religion without doubting the absoluteness of individual or social morality, or he may even act on the assumption that political morality is different in kind from private morality; but the very simplicity of Greek thought and life made such illogical contrasts impossible. The demand of the Greek state was: "Trust me all in all, or not at all." The Sophists nearly all came from a foreign state, and were naturally free from the narrow patriotism and superstitious belief in custom of the citizens. They looked at things in "the dry light of the understanding." Like Faust they "shattered the beautiful world" of faith, but without seeking to "build it up in their minds again." Their "note" was not construction but destruction. Still they would have had little influence, as Plato points out, but for the "great Sophist the public." The teaching of the Sophists may be summed up in two words, Casuistry and Rhetoric. (1) Their Casuistry took various forms, but its general tendency was to effect the dissolution of customary morality by showing that it was open to numerous exceptions. Protagoras drew attention to the relativity of knowledge, pointing out that what to one man is hot to another is cold, and he denied that there is any natural or absolute morality as distinguished from convention. Hippias reaches much the same result by affirming natural law and denying the absolute obligation of custom. Both thinkers are at one in attacking the popular belief in the divine authority of the laws and customs of a particular state. Gorgias, another Sophist, is a bolder sceptic, and expressly adopts the Agnostic position that what is called truth is only that which we suppose to be true, and what is called morality that which a people thinks will, on the whole, be most advantageous to itself. From this essentially sceptical position it was only a step to the doctrine of Thrasymachus, that law and morality have their source in the desire of those who rule to make use of others for their own selfish ends, a doctrine which is on a par with the favorite view of the sceptics of last century, that religion is an invention of the priests to keep the people in subjection to the church. (2) The positive teaching of the Sophists consisted in an art of rhetoric, which was independent of any specific knowledge, and tended to generate intellectual insolence, and to make truth seem the plaything of words. Modern parallels to the worst of the Sophists must be sought in the political demagogue, the sensational preacher or lecturer, or the omniscient reviewer, who, like Pseudennius, condescends from the height of superior knowledge, acquired in a few hours' reading, especially of the book he airily patronizes, or who may even praise or blame without stint after a glance at the table of contents. "Good speaker, eloquent speaker!" says Carlyle. "But what if he does not speak

the truth!" For after all what a man says is of more importance than how he says it; to discover truth is a nobler thing than to confuse and bewilder an antagonist; and the solitary thinker is in the long run of more service to the race than the pretentious rhetorician who gains the ear of the mob by a mastery over the art of "making the worse appear the better reason."

SIR GEORGE STEPHEN, BART.

IN the British Empire Her Gracious Majesty is the recognised fountain of honour, and, so long as Canada is part of the empire, it is a matter of interest to all of us that those should be honoured by her who are most worthy, and that none but they should be honoured. One or two writers tell us that no Canadian should receive recognition except from the people of Canada; but as a matter of fact the people of Canada are able to give recognition to no form of ability or merit but that which is Parliamentary, and it is to be hoped that that department does not exhaust the whole of our life. Besides, the Queen is the Queen of Canada. She is our head, and she voices the national will. We are governed by Commons, Senate and Queen, and the peculiar prerogative of the Queen is to acknowledge every form of merit in her subjects. But even those who may dispute this general principle, and we fancy that they are few in number, will join with us in congratulating the President of the Canada Pacific Railway on the baronetcy which Her Majesty has conferred upon him. If far-reaching foresight, faith in the country, fertility of resource, and splendid courage are worthy of praise, the Queen did well in conferring honour on George Stephen. He did not ask to build our national highway. He was a millionaire three or four times over when he was appealed to by the Government to undertake the work. He has again and again risked everything he was worth in prosecuting it, and he has now the satisfaction of seeing it all but completed, with a terminus at Hong-Kong, and branches to Australia and New Zealand. Canada will thus become the bond of the whole empire, and the unity of the empire will become more and more visible, and thus a reality, even to the gentlemen who believe only in what they see and who are mortally afraid of sentiment.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE ROYAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE principal object of this JOURNAL is to serve as a medium of communication between the students and the governing bodies of the university. We must be pardoned if on this occasion we take advantage of this privilege to lay before the Medical Faculty a grievance which, however unpalatable it may be to them, is fraught with paramount importance to the students and to the University, viz., the hygienic condition of the Medical College. When some years ago the Medical Faculty took possession of the building they now occupy they justly congratulated

themselves on the commodious size of their new apartments. But the growth of the institution since that time has been so rapid that now evidently something must be done to provide accommodation for the increased number of students and to keep the rooms in a proper state of ventilation. It will be remembered that immediately before the holidays many of the students were taken sick and were compelled to leave for their homes a week or two before the closing of the college. This was without doubt owing to the want of cleanliness and ventilation. Observe, from two till six in the afternoon four lectures are given in the room known as the Physiology class room. During this time the windows are seldom, if ever raised, nor are there any other means whereby ventilation might be secured. The number of students in this room is, from a hygienic point of view, entirely disproportionate to its size. In every way it is too small, the seats being so crowded that it is almost impossible to write the lectures and in fact many of the students are compelled to take notes with no other desk than their knee. With other suitable rooms in the building it is hard to account for the fact that they are not utilized, unless it be that the janitor wishes to save himself a little extra exertion and the faculty the price of light and fuel. Nothing leaves such an impression on the mind as examples, and there is something almost absurd in our learned professors, the guardians of the public health, lecturing in a crowded room of students in an atmosphere reeking with foul fumes. In fact, many of the students complain that they are sensibly affected by the fetid air of the lecture room. The state of the dissecting room, at the present time, is also very questionable. Bones and flesh, in all stages of decomposition, are scattered around the room, the scene being everything but picturesque or agreeable. It is a matter of vital importance to the welfare and growth of the institution that the professors, pre-eminent as they are in their various subjects, should enforce above all things a better state of the hygienic in the Royal College.

THE MUSEUM.

DURING the past year a large number of new cases have been erected for the reception of specimens, so that sufficient accommodation is now provided for more material than is at present on hand. Friends, who can send us objects of interest or value, need not suppose that we are overcrowded with specimens. Last summer the Curator visited the Oil and Salt regions of Western Ontario, and secured specimens of both the crude and manufactured articles, through the kindness of gentlemen in charge of the different works. A number of Geological specimens, including rocks and fossils were also collected.

Upwards of 1,800 sheets of mounted plants have been added to the Herbarium, greatly increasing its value. The following donations have been received, and the thanks of the University are due to the donors :

Dr. Neish, Jamaica, two boxes of Nat. History specimens, including shells, corals, insects, fishes, &c.

Prof. Goodwin, shells from Jamaica ; fossils from Trenton limestone near Kingston ; fossils from Dalhousie, N.B. ; alcoholic specimens of fishes, mollusca, &c., from Baie Verte, N.B.

Prof. Marshall, porcupine fish, and saw of saw-fish. Dr. Williamson, specimens of minerals.

Miss McDonald, collection of silver and copper coins.

K. N. Fenwick, M.D., skeleton of turtle.

M. J. Woodward & Co., Petrolia, samples of crude and refined petroleum, paraffine wax, &c.

Mr. Kidd, Goderich, samples of salt and brine.

Mr. R. C. Murray, fossil from Chaumont.

Mrs. Nicol, bark of lace-bark tree, Jamaica.

Mr. J. Montgomery and Rev. J. Cumberland, a very large sturgeon from Amherst Island.

T. R. Dupuis, M.D., specimens of recent lava from Vesuvius.

Mr. A. Macauley, specimens of stems cut by beavers.

Charles Archibald, Esq., Gowrie mines, Cape Breton, carboniferous fossils, stems of trees, ferns, &c.

George N. Hay, Esq., St. John, N.B., collection of alcoholic and other specimens of fishes, mollusca, &c., from the Bay of Fundy. Some of these were presented by Master W. Matthew and others.

Charles E. Brown, Esq., Yarmouth, N.S., box of Natural History specimens.

SKATING.

SINCE the foot ball season closed the students have been restricted in their exercise to practice in the new gymnasium or to walking, and so when it was announced that the ice on the lake was fit for skating, a meeting of the students was held and a committee appointed to select a suitable part of the ice, and to obtain material for a huge *bon fire* to light up the scene during an evening's skate. The spot selected was opposite the Ontario foundry, at the foot of West street. During the day chosen for the skate, the 16th inst., a large quantity of wood was placed in position on the ice, and at about 8 o'clock in the evening it was lighted and soon broke into a fierce blaze. About 300 of the students and their friends had assembled on the ice and the Principal and several of the professors with their wives were also present. The ice was in splendid condition and several of the students gave exhibitions of fancy skating, which were well received, the efforts of Messrs. Irving, Smith and Pirie, being particularly noticeable. After a number of college songs were sung around the fire the assembled skaters dispersed and the fire slowly died away. The committee consisting of Messrs. Robertson, McCrea, Smith, Irving, Grant, Pirie, Hay, Farrell, Minnes and Goodwin, (Secretary), deserve much praise for the able manner in which they made all arrangements.

It is proposed to have another evening's skate and bon fire as soon as the weather will permit, when no doubt some new features will be introduced.

UNIVERSITY SERVICES.

UNIVERSITY PREACHERS for the next few weeks: Jan. 31, the Vice-Principal; Feb. 7, the Principal; Feb. 14, the Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.D., Ottawa; Feb. 21, the Rev. D. McTavish, D.Sc., Lindsay; Feb. 28, the Rev. Dr. McNish, Cornwall.

The University services are a feature peculiar to Queen's, so far at least as Canadian universities are concerned. They were originated, at the earnest request of the students, when the new building gave a sufficiently large convocation hall for the purpose, and they have been continued every session since. The appreciation of them by the educated public and the students and staff is very marked, but why should *any student* absent himself? When distinguished men come long distances to give us of their best it is a poor compliment to them and a poor return to the Principal who, we understand, takes the whole trouble of providing the supply upon himself, when a student allows a snow storm or a little wind or rain to keep him away. One gentleman who has attended regularly declares that he has never heard from the platform a discourse that was not worth a much longer walk than any of us has to take, while some of the discourses ought to live for ever in the memories and minds of all who heard them. Nothing is said at any time that would grate on the ears of any 'ist. Already this session we have had preachers of the Episcopal Church (Mr. Haslam and Mr. Wendling), of the Congregational (Dr. Lyman Abbott), of the Presbyterian (Mr. Jordan and Mr. Torrance,) and Professor Burwash of Victoria College, a distinguished preacher of the Methodist Church, is expected in March. The choir deserves a word. The ladies declare that the singing is the feature in Convocation Hall services, and as they are admittedly more religious than men, their word on the matter must be final.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal:

WHEN I first heard from a friend a few words of the attack on me which appeared in the COLLEGE JOURNAL, I said, (boys will be boys the world over.) Caught young enough, you can make them believe anything, and having once discovered their "mare's nest," they can rattle away with the confidence of youth about their wonderful find. Indeed, the effect of early training is wholly marvelous—so marvelous that geographical bounds determine the beliefs of the nations. The Mohammedan world is Mohammedan. Why? Caught young, the doctrine has been well drilled into the yet tender mind. The many millions of the old Greek orthodox church stand firm as a rock in their undoubting faith. Why? Because it, too, has been driven home while the mind is yet soft and receptive, by the teachers they look up to. The Catholic is a firm believer in the creeds of his church, and regards the Mohammedan and Græco-Russian as gone

astray. Why? Because, "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The Buddhist, the dominant faith of the world, alone equalling in numbers the whole Mohammedan, Greek and Roman churches, is opposed to all three. And why? Because, caught young, that creed has been so imbedded in his mental constitution that he is incapacitated from accepting any other view. And if the students of Queen's can believe that, in our earth, and the whole solar system, and the countless suns that stud the firmament, there is not one single ounce of matter, we can account for their belief, too, on the same simple ground that there is nothing, however fantastic, which you cannot get believed, if you commence early enough and keep at it enough perseveringly.

Besides which, what a grand thing to hold a belief which we share not with the common world—that we can look down from our elevation on the vulgar herd of mankind, and, arraying ourselves in "the cast-off clothes of German metaphysics," strut about like the jackdaws in borrowed plumes, and believe ourselves something wonderful; when, all the while we and our philosophy, except to the initiated, look simply ridiculous. I am quite aware that men can be brought to believe that they are ghosts "walking on the bosom of nothing;" and that when they sit down to breakfast they sit on no solid chair; that when they cut their bread and steak, there is no real bread and steak to cut and no real knife to cut it with, but that it is all done in dumb show—a mere make-believe breakfast conditioned by the "forms of the mind," which impose on us the necessity, and enforce on us the etiquette; on the observance of which the effects follow.

It seems a very strange belief, that what we see, we see not; that what we handle, we handle not. Of course, I know the whole chain of specious argument, link by link, by which is reached the wonderful result, that "the thing in itself" is non-existent. I know, too, such a thing as explaining away, which is what most of the explanation comes to. But are those young men aware that idealism confessedly admits of *no verification*; and that, at best, it can only speculate and imagine, and fasten on something in realism that presents a difficulty, as the parasite does on the body of the creature on which it preys. It can criticise and theorise, but cannot prove itself.

But we, old fogies, know nothing! Of course not. And yet, experience and wide reading ought to count for something. Do those young men know that Kant himself could never keep himself straight, but, spite of every effort to the contrary, was forever relapsing into the vulgar belief—nature and his common sense being too strong for his philosophy—and that they themselves, like others before them, may—when, in the breezy world of real life, robust common sense displaces the close air of the school-room, and nature and reason have had their way—regard the whole thing as so much foolery—a system that begins by instilling doubts respecting men's primary intuitions, and ends in making them sceptics; as Hume says of Berkeley: "that all his arguments * *

are in reality merely sceptical, appears from this, that they admit of no answer, and produce no conviction." But if they can produce no conviction, why try to disturb the settled belief of the world.

My belief may indeed, be an old-world belief, but if sound, it is, like old wine, all the better for being old. Was it not the belief of Christ and of Paul, of Copernicus and Kepler, of Bacon and Galileo, and Newton and Laplace, of Buffon and Cuvier, and lastly of Darwin, and and is it not the faith of Herbert Spencer and of the whole sane and sober world, as well as that of every fish, and bird, and beast, yea, of every mosquito that lights on our ideal philosopher longing to suck his ideal blood. In fine, the old test of reality is the same to-day that it has ever been, "*handle me and see*; for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye *see me HAVE*."

J. ANTISELL ALLEN.

AN IDEAL EXAMINATION.

To the Editor of the Journal.

Is it worth while to ask the question, Can we have an ideal examination paper? Every one will say it is. Then we ask further, What is an ideal paper? This we will try to discover.

In the first place it is surely correct that the length of the paper and the time given to it should bear a proper relation. Some students will have their paper finished before others are half through. There should then be a generous allowance of time to each paper; a man should not suffer because he is slow.

Then, as to the questions themselves. We think there ought, on every paper, to be a certain number of leading questions, requiring direct answers, such as questions of facts, definitions, etc. These questions, all who know anything of the subject, ought to be able to answer almost perfectly. Again, they should bear such a proportion to the whole number, that, though all were answered perfectly, still they would not give a pass.

Then there should be a number of questions of another description. Questions, which require the application of principles, which are beyond the scope of mere cram, which, in fact, go to show that the student is getting the real benefit from education, that he is being mentally trained and is not a mere depository of knowledge.

Finally, there should be a third kind of questions, of such a nature as to give the best men in the class an opportunity of proving which of them really deserved the first place, and of rendering the professor's duty in deciding easier. These last questions will evidently be the most difficult and should constitute the crucial test of ability, ingenuity and mental training.

Then there is the custom of giving a large number of questions and allowing the students to choose a certain number. This has many disadvantages, especially as it is an impossibility to mark absolutely fairly when each one chooses a different combination of questions. We would

submit, then, that the option paper, though it be, to a certain extent, the test of a student's knowledge of a subject, fails when we want to compare one student's work with that of another, to give a proper standing; and on the whole it ought to be rejected. Yet, as some professors make a hobby of it, we would suggest, that the optional questions be only such as come under the second and third classes of our ideal paper. There should be no optionals of the first class. In a promiscuous paper a student will choose at once all those questions that are of the first class, he will never prefer one of the second or third to the first, so he should not have a chance of doing so. Again, some professors, on an optional paper, allow the writers who choose to compete for a position or for honors a chance to do extra questions; in a case of this sort to give all a fair and equal chance the time should practically be unlimited. As papers are now set we sometimes find one in which all the questions are of the first class, and as a consequence two or three students come out equal at the top. This is the sort of paper to encourage cram and cribbing. We also find papers in which no questions of the first class appear, then there is weeping and wailing. Many are plucked who deserve to be, but many also who do not deserve to be thus used suffer as well.

The only way to do justice to all, to do away with cram, to make cribs of no avail, is to set a properly graded paper. These crude ideas we will leave to the thoughtful consideration of our professors, with the hope that they may not be fruitless, and that perchance an ideal examination paper may as the result be approximately obtained.

POLLUX.

ALMA MATER.

A REGULAR meeting of this society was held on the 16th inst. with Pres. Heath in the chair. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, the case of the indebtedness of the Society to Bird, the caterer of the banquet tendered Chancellor Fleming in '82, was discussed at length, and finally it was resolved that the society should pay one-half the account, the Council paying the balance. A request from the gymnasium committee asking the Alma Mater society to donate \$25 was brought forward, but no definite action was taken in the matter. The program for the next evening was then arranged, and after some instrumental solos the meeting adjourned.

The regular meeting of this society was held in the Science class-room on the 23d inst., with the President in the chair. The minutes of the last regular meeting were read, and on motion adopted. Mr. J. Maclellan's motion that \$25 be donated to the gymnasium was fully considered and carried. The President announced that at the next regular meeting of the society he would deliver his annual address.

The program of the evening was then proceeded with, Mr. H. Dunning favoring the society with Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven," which was received with much appreciation. The debate, "Resolved, that candidates for office in the Alma Mater society should not canvass," was then ably discussed. Eloquent and telling arguments were brought forward by Messrs. Dunning, Robertson and Irving in favor of abolishing the present system of canvassing in the Alma Mater elections, while Messrs. McFarlane and Phalen as strongly supported it, contending that the system was in no way injurious in its effects. After a very interesting debate, the chairman, Mr. J. Steele, gave his decision in favor of the abolition of the system. The meeting then adjourned.

DIVINITY HALL.

THE MINISTRY.—"There are two great dangers connected with the ministry in these days. One is that they shall be afraid of the condemnation of their hearers; and the other, quite as great an evil, that they shall be ambitious of their commendation. I don't know which is the greater."—*Dr. Pierson.*

Rev. Solomon Schindler, a Jewish rabbi, has preached a remarkable series of sermons in Boston on the Jewish people. He rejected the Messiahship of Jesus of Nazareth and found a genuine Messiah in Bar Kochba. The Hebrew idea of a Messiah, in his opinion, was simply a leader who would lead the people out of subjection to freedom.

Mr. Studd, the English evangelist, who accompanied Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the old country, in the States and in Montreal, has gone to New York to meet with the students of Union and other seminaries. He returns next month to this country, when he expects to visit Kingston and to hold meetings with the boys of Queen's. Mr. Studd is specially interested in the spiritual welfare of students.

The third year men are hard at work. The "final ties" will soon be played off.

The Missionary Association will have hard work to make ends meet this year. The reports of Messrs. Whiteman and Dewar show them to be its creditors to over \$80 each. Mr. Dewar's field was no doubt a difficult one for one man to work; and money seemingly was not very plentiful among his parishioners. Some surprise was expressed, however, that the Mississippi fields, previously doing so well, had not subscribed more freely to Mr. Whiteman. But a church was built at one of the stations, and this may have taxed the purses of some in that neighborhood. It is the opinion of many, however, that the student's salary should receive first attention. The Association has nothing to do with building churches; and yet the

fact of having to pay Mr. Whiteman over \$80 just means that it (the Association) pays \$80 to the building fund of the church in the Mississippi field. Judging by the work done by the Association in the past, and especially by such as the above, would it not be well for the benefit of all concerned to adopt, when proposed, the motion given notice of by Mr. McLeod at last meeting, viz., "That this Association, as soon as one of its members can be found willing to go to the foreign field, drop home mission work entirely, and expend its funds in his support.

Judging by the noise heard in some of the class rooms before the second bell, one would suppose that if the Divinity students were not in the majority, they were at least all blessed with good lungs. The Divinities on the whole are a hearty lot of men. May they long continue so; for the work of the ministry requires able-bodied as well as intelligent, conscientious men. But if they are to be conscientious ministers, they must begin by being conscientious students. In the college they have every opportunity of improving themselves and helping others; and it is only when they are about to leave they seem to realize how many have been their neglected opportunities. They should remember that they are preparing for a life's work, that theirs is a noble calling, and that they are in duty bound to turn to advantage everything that will benefit them in this work. Therefore their aim should be not to put in so much time, but rather to make the best use possible of their time, realizing that faithfulness in this respect is as necessary as faithfulness in the ministry. Time appears to be so precious to some that they cannot spare an hour every two weeks to attend the Missionary society's meeting. This is a great mistake. Those students who have attended most regularly speak highly of the benefit they have received from these meetings. The society is doing a large amount of Home Mission work, and surely all church students should have this work at heart. But although there are over 60 church students, the meetings do not average more than 20. Divinities at least should show their earnestness and their interest in mission work by being present at the meetings, and by doing all in their power to further the work of the society.

A good story for which a Knoxite is responsible, is told of a Knox student, a Highlander, and an "unco wee" one at that. Going out one Sunday to preach for the first time, he had many questions to ask of the "tried men" who were only "too happy to answer." When he returned on Monday there was a peculiar expression upon his face, which told the students that something had happened. They consequently began to ply him with questions. Well, how did you get along Mac? "Oh, phary weel, phary weel. Well, now, something has happened. You might let us know. "Oh no, not much." There phas jeest a phellow teekling a girl down in a corner o' the kirk, so I stop, and I sez, "When that phellow in the corner stops teekling that girl I will go on." Did he stop Mac? "Well, ye,

and pretty queeck, too." The same student being afterwards asked to go to L—— to fill the pulpit of the absent minister, asked a fellow student from that town what sort of a place L—— was anyway. "I believe, said he, "it ees full of eenfidels." On being told that there were some there, he replied, "Well, I'll talk to them about the teefil. That will be familiar to them."

Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. Association in connection with Toronto University is progressing very encouragingly. The new building in course of erection will soon be finished, and the ladies connected with the city churches have undertaken to raise the necessary funds for its complete equipment and furnishing.

The Y. M. C. A. work is yet quite young. The following table indicates the number of young men in the Protestant colleges and higher institutions in the United States, and the extent to which Christian work has been organized in them under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. :

No. Institutions.	No. Young Men.	No. Associations.
300 Colleges.....	45,000	157
275 Normal Schools.....	25,000	13
150 Preparatory Schools.....	10,000	27
90 Schools of Science.....	12,000	11
150 Medical Colleges.....	15,000	2
200 Commercial Colleges.....	45,000	
50 Law Colleges.....	3,000	

Statistics show that less than half of the young men in the colleges are professing Christians. It is the testimony of many educators that an exceedingly small per cent. of the men who leave college unconverted ever accept Christ. This is an urgent reason why the entire Christian force in our colleges should be so organized and distributed that every Christian student will do definite work for a definite person.

Our Association is putting forth extra efforts to extend the work more fully in the different branches of the University. At the last regular meeting of the Association about 25 names were added. The most of these were medical students, and we are much pleased to notice the strong interest that they are manifesting in the work, and we hope that with their aid and the extension of the work more fully into their college, great results for good may follow.

Thursday, the 28th inst., was the day appointed by the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. as the day of prayer for colleges. This was, as usual, observed by our branch of the Association holding a special meeting for prayer in the Philosophy class room. It is customary in the colleges in the United States for the staff to suspend lectures for this day, thus affording a better opportunity to all of recognizing the day more fully.

Princeton College Association has a building worth \$20,000. Hanover College, Indiana, has one worth \$1,000.

A building worth \$50,000 will soon be dedicated to Yale. Toronto University will have one soon. Is it not Queen's turn next?

Mr. J. E. Studd, who is to be with the Queen's Association soon, is of the class of '83, Cambridge University, England. He was captain of the university cricket eleven and exerted the great influence that position afforded him in earnest Christian work.

PERSONALS.

WE heartily congratulate Mr. R. Max Dennistoun on his success at his first law examination.

We are glad to hear by the last English mail that Dr. E. Foxton, who is at present in London, has successfully passed his primary exam. in Physiology.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. John E. Galbraith, '80, who fell dead in a fit of apoplexy at his residence at Bowmanville last week. The deceased gentleman was one of the leading men of his year and at the time of his death had gained a wide reputation as a careful and skillful physician. His early death will be deeply regretted.

The Rev. H. G. Parker, Watkins lecturer in elocution at Queen's, has started for the Sandwich Islands. He will be gone two years, and will make a circuit of the globe before returning.

At a mass meeting of the students held on Monday evening week, Mr. Jas. Rattray was appointed to represent Queen's at the annual dinner of the arts students of McGill University, held on Wednesday, the 27th inst. at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. This is the first time that Queen's has been represented at the arts dinner at McGill and we hope that the custom of interchanging courtesies may long continue.

Prof. Ross was in Melrose last Sabbath on the occasion of a fine new brick church, which was erected through the efforts of Mr. Johnson Henderson, who labored there during the past summer.

We are glad to see Mr. W. J. Drummond back again at college.

Miss E. Fitzgerald, B. A., '83, is at present filling the classical chair at Cornwall High School.

It is with regret that we have again to record the affliction of two more of our brother students. Malcolm and John McKinnon, a little over a week ago received the sad intelligence of the death of their father, who died at his late home in Brown's Creek, P. E. I. Owing to the great distance they were unable to go home and pay the last rites to their aged parent. We extend to them our sincere sympathy.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL.

AT the annual general meeting of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, held in Toronto, on Saturday, Jan. 16th, Queen's College club was represented by Messrs. R. M. Dennistoun and A. D. Cartwright, both members of last session's team. The former was elected a member of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. Among other business a motion was made to prohibit graduates from playing on college teams, and that only *bona fide* undergraduates should constitute such a team. This motion was almost unanimously voted down.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I CAN *almost* feel my moustache now, thanks to the cosmetic.—*Bismarck B—th.*

Mine is progressing slowly but surely, but the frost has made it quite brittle.—*W. A. L—g—e.*

Mind ye, if anyone goes puttin' anything in the JOURNAL about me, I'll boot him.—*Dick W.*

Try it on, Dicky.—*Fighting Editor.*

They all say I possess a marked resemblance to the Mikado. I wonder do I.—*J. C—m—l.*

Any man who would hiss would't think anything of murdering a man.—*W. J. K.*

If you don't like the cut of my hair, then don't look at it.—*Joe F—x—n.*

Though Irishmen generally speak twice before they think once, and though I am an Irishman, (for is my name not Phalen?) nevertheless, with your permission gentlemen, I shall defer giving any opinion on the concursus.—*H. Ph—n.*

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

AN OTTAWA Soph. when asked by a Divinity student recently if he had pledged, replied: "I believe I did say something to ma about not going into a saloon, but if you could get a bottle in some retired spot, I don't think I would object."

Enthusiastic Freshie—"Our Prof. got off the wittiest thing to-day! Something about a pretty good goose and a half done egg."

Blasé Senior—"Ya'as, I know; awfully clever, wasn't it? I remember he said that when I was a freshman. Quite broke me up at the time."

E. J's grin feebly relaxes.

Prof. of Chemistry—"Oxygen is an invisible gas, some of which you see in this bottle."

"They have discovered footprints three feet long in the sands of Oregon, supposed to belong to a lost race." We can't conceive how a race that made footprints three feet long could get lost.

The proprietor of a tan-yard not far from here concluded to build a stand or sort of store on one of the main streets for the purpose of vending his hides, buying leather and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment, and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an augur hole through the door post and stuck a calf's tail into it with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave looking personage with a dark beard standing near the door gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand gazing and gazing until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he. "Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the store keeper. "No."

Do you wish to sell hides?" "No."

"Are you a farmer?" "No."

"Are you a merchant?" "No."

"Are you a lawyer?" "No."

"Are you a doctor?" "No."

"What are you then?" "I'm a *philosopher*. I have been standing here for over an hour trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that augur hole."

One of our Profs. complains of his inability to lecture fast enough owing to his having acquired the habit of going over his work very slowly while lecturing to the Japanese in their native country. It is suggested by the students that a certain other Prof. should be sent off to Japan for a time in the hope that he may become affected in the same way.

It is remarkable how certain students of the Physics class sniff when experiments with alcohol are being performed.

Several of the more muscular Seniors intend to issue challenges to John L. Sullivan, as they think they have developed enough muscle in the gym. to warrant their doing so. They are now practising slugging in their rooms on Sophs, pillows, mattresses, etc., etc.

An essay by an advanced Soph. on the shortness and uncertainty of life. "A boy sat on a keg of powder. He was smoking a cigar. They picked up one button."