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HUMANISM.

Lecture by Professor Watson to the Philosophical Society (concluded).

Without attempting a fundamental criticism of the doctrine of Mr. James, it may be pointed out that it rests throughout on two assumptions:— Firstly, that nothing can be verified except that which belongs to the sphere of external nature, and secondly, that there is an absolute opposition between faith and knowledge. Now, it is rather curious that, although Mr. James has described Kant as a "curio," his own doctrine so far as these two assumptions are concerned coincides with that of Kant. For it is one of the main positions of the critical philosophy that knowledge is co-terminous with sensible experience, in other words with the connected system of individual objects which constitutes the world of nature. Holding this view, Kant naturally went on to maintain that all the distinctively human interests, including morality and religion, must be based upon faith. Now, it was pointed out by Kant's immediate successors, and especially by Hegel, that the limitation of knowledge to the system of nature is a purely arbitrary assumption, resting upon the untenable hypothesis that the highest category constitutive of knowable objects is that of reciprocal action. Mr. James is involved in

the same criticism. His main reason for denying that morality and religion can be proved is his tacit assumption that nothing can satisfy the intellect except that which can be expressed in terms of mechanical causation. He seems to forget that the whole sphere of life, not to speak of consciousness, is inexplicable except from a teleological point of view, and that the system of nature itself is ultimately unintelligible unless it is interpreted from the same point of view.

A similar remark applies to the opposition between faith and knowledge. Even the proposition that there is truth and that it is obtainable by us is held to be beyond all rational evidence. Now, it is of course true that there is no way of proving the possibility of a true judgment by going beyond the whole sphere of knowledge. We can show the falsity of a particular or limited judgment by pointing out that it is inconsistent with some principle, the truth of which is admitted, but we cannot bring truth itself to the test of any higher principle. What we can do, however, is to show that even the denial of truth, since it is a judgment made by us, at least presupposes its own truth as a denial. Thus we may fairly argue, that the

possibility of truth only seems to be lacking in evidence because it is the source of all evidence.

There are other more specific criticisms to which Mr. James seems to me open, but it will be better to defer these till we have seen how his followers have expanded what in him is only a method into a dogmatic system. Pragmatism is after all little more in Mr. James' hands than a working conception,—one might almost call it a "dodge"—by which, in default of scientific evidence, we contrive to live and to turn Nature to our own ends. We cannot, it is held, refute the sceptic on theoretical grounds, but we can at least get the better of him in practice; for, though we have no way of knowing whether we have even partially apprehended the world, not even the sceptic can show that we have not truly apprehended it, and we have always this advantage over him, that the beliefs on which we act prove or disprove themselves practically in this way, that they either do or do not give satisfaction to our whole nature. Mr. James, however, only brings the pragmatic method into play in cases where we have to make "a genuine option that cannot by its nature be decided on intellectual grounds," excepting from its sway, the whole sphere of scientific judgments. It is seldom, however, the case that the follower exhibits the same self-restraint as the master, and hence we find Mr. Schiller boldly maintaining that no truth, scientific or other, is ever determined on purely intellectual grounds. Nor does he admit that "throughout the breadth of physical nature facts are what they are quite independently of us"; on the contrary, he advances the

startling paradox that in the apprehension of nature we are by no means "recorders, not makers, of the truth" (to use Mr. James' words), but literally construct Nature, or at least transform it into something different from what it is prior to our apprehension of it. This thesis our author defends at length in his article on "Axioms as Postulates." Starting from the fact that the world as we know it is a gradual construction reached by successive trial, he maintains that it takes its whole form from our successive experiments in shaping it. No doubt we cannot give it any form we please; but, though there is in it a resisting factor, what the world *is*, is what we *make* out of it. Thus, in an absolutely literal sense, the universe develops from lower to higher; the development being not simply in our apprehension, but in the world itself. Mr. Bradley speaks somewhere of the idea that the Absolute develops as "blasphemous or worse"; Mr. Schiller has no hesitation in affirming that Reality itself advances from lower to higher; nor does he hesitate to make this affirmation though, as one of its consequences, he is forced to admit that it is incompatible with the infinity of God, which he therefore denies. Let us glance at the line of thought by which this "humanistic" view of the world is sought to be established.

Matthew Arnold, as everybody knows, was the author of the saying that "Conduct is three-fourths of life." But this, Mr. Schiller tells us, is but a "plausible platitude." The real truth is that conduct is the whole of life, and to give a meaning even to Truth itself is impossible except in terms of Conduct. This is the main

tenet of the new robust and virile philosophy, which regards "purposeful action" as the source and explanation of truth and reality. For Thought itself is but a "mode of conduct," and knowledge derivative from it.* Prof. James put forward the "will to believe" as "an intellectual right (in certain cases) to decide between alternative views. . . by other than purely intellectual considerations, viz., their emotional interest and practical value." This doctrine has been decried as "rank irrationalism." Now, if we had to choose between Irrationalism and Intellectualism, the former ought to be preferred. But Prof. James' doctrine is by no means irrational; it is a vindication of the actual reason by showing that it is permeated through and through by acts of faith. Mr. Schiller, however, claims that Prof. James has not been radical enough; he ought to have denied altogether "the traditional notion of beliefs determined by pure reason alone."† Reason is really, an instrument for enabling us to adapt ourselves to the environment. It has no other use than to subserve the fundamental needs of our life. Even the so-called theoretical principles by which we seek to harmonize our experience are all at bottom devices for enabling us the better to realize ourselves.

This may be shown by asking what is meant by Truth. Now, it has been generally recognized since Kant that no satisfactory answer to the question, *What is Reality?* can be given until we have decided another question: *What can I know as real?* What has not been generally recognized is that Knowledge is not the mechanical

operation of a passionless, "pure" intellect, which

Grinds out Good and grinds out Ill,
And has no purpose, heart or will;
on the contrary, Knowledge is essentially that way of conceiving Reality which subserves our needs and our ends. The idea that Knowledge reveals but does not affect the nature of Reality—that Knowledge is simply a "copy" of what already exists independently of it—is "one of those sheer assumptions which are incapable, not only of proof, but even of rational defence. We come into contact with reality only in the act of 'knowing' or experiencing it. Hence we have no right to assume that 'what the Real *is* in the act of knowing, it is also outside that relation. One might as well argue that because an orator is eloquent in the presence of an audience, he is no less voluble in addressing himself."‡ It is therefore meaningless to ask what the real is in itself. Nor can we say that reality has a rigid nature which is unaffected by our treatment of it, any more than that it is absolutely plastic to our every demand. The actual fact is that the process of knowledge is a case of intervention between subject and object. "When the mind 'knows' reality both are affected, just as when a stone falls to the ground both it and the earth are attracted. We must therefore discard the notion that in the constitution of the world we count for nothing, that it matters not what we do, because Reality is what it is, whatever we may do. It is true, on the contrary, that our action is essential and indispensable, that to some extent the world (our world) is of our making, and that without us no-

*Schiller's Humanism, page 4. †Ibid, page 7. ‡Ibid, page 11.

thing is made that is made."* To what extent and in what directions the world is plastic we can only find out by trying; but at any rate we are sure that it is not *indifferent* to us, and thus Humanism "sweeps away entirely the stock excuse for fatalism and despair."†

Prof. James pointed out that the will to believe comes into operation only when there is a "living" option. Why this is so Mr. Schiller attempts to explain. An option is 'living' for us when the hypothesis suggested does not conflict with "the apperceiving mass of beliefs of which we find ourselves already possessed."‡ But these beliefs are themselves in large measure "the common-sense traditions of the race." They appear to us who float far down the stream of time in the guise of universal and necessary, "axioms," the opposite of which it is impossible to conceive. In truth, every one of them, Mr. Schiller contends, was originally a "postulate," constructed by our minds in order to enable us to satisfy our theoretical and practical needs. Thus the logical law of Identity was a device for harmonizing the chaos of sensible experiences with which the race began. In a similar way was evolved the conception of "one Time and Space as single continuous receptacles; the distinction between thoughts and things, matter and mind; the conception of classes with sub-classes within them; the separation of fortuitons from regularly caused connexions."§ Our ancestors slowly worked out these things of thought "in their attempts to get the chaos of their crude individual experiences into a more shareable and manageable shape." Their

practical value in enabling us to find our way in life and thought has been so firmly established by long experience that it is only by a violent effort we can even admit that they did not belong to the original structure of the mind, but are as much inductions as the "more recent ones of the atom, of inertia, of reflex action, or of fitness to survive."** Nevertheless "postulates" they were, and postulates they remain, differing from postulates that have never established their right to exist only in the fact that they have stood the test of experience, by enabling us "the better to foresee the future, communicate with one another, steer our lives by rule, and have a cleaner, clearer, more inclusive mental view." These axiomatic principles are not likely to be upset by future experiences, but at the same time we must not claim for them the rank of ultimate or absolute truths; they are not determinations of already existing things, but merely the ideal instruments by which we systematize our knowledge and our life. With this we must be content. Perfect harmony of the true, the beautiful and the good is an ideal, which lies far before us, and which must not be confused with the empty abstractions of absolutist philosophies.

It has taken us so long to get "oriented" in this new philosophy—and even now our illumination is by no means perfect—that anything like a complete estimate of it is impossible. I must therefore confine myself to the suggestion of one or two difficulties which lie in the way of its acceptance.

The most paradoxical doctrine advanced by Humanism is that the world itself undergoes a process of

*Ibid, page 12. †Ibid, page 13. ‡Mind N.S., No. 52. §Ibid, page 401. **Ibid, page 460.

development from lower to higher, and is raised from its primal undifferentiated condition by our action upon it. Now, of course, there is nothing unusual in the idea that there has been development within the universe. According to the ordinary scientific doctrine, e.g., our solar system was at a very early age in a highly undifferentiated state, a state of widely-diffused nebulous matter, and gradually assumed its present form. Further, we are all familiar with the doctrine that the various so called species of living beings have all been developed from "one or more primordial forms." But the theory of evolution, as advanced in this form, assumes that the process of development actually occurred, and occurred independently of any activity on our part. The "humanistic" theory of development is fundamentally different. It starts from the side of knowledge, and has a certain kinship with the doctrine of Kant that "the mind makes Nature out of a material that it does not make"; in fact, as Mr. Schiller has himself pointed out, the humanistic theory of knowledge closely resembles Fichte's development of the Kantian doctrine, according to which there is no "thing in itself" beyond the mind, what we call such being merely a *limit* beyond which we are unable to go. The idea that knowledge is a copy of a world that is already constituted independently of our mind is held by Humanism to be a crude and untenable theory. As Lotze declared, "The notion of a world complete in itself, to which thought comes as a passive mirror, adding nothing to the fact, is irrational." We must, then, grant that reality for us is not something that exists prior to our determination of it, but

that it "genuinely grows" or is "made" by us. Listen to Mr. James on the humanistic doctrine. "Take the 'great bear' or 'dipper' constellation in the Heavens. We call it by that name, we count the stars and call them seven, we say they were seven before they were counted, and we say that whether any one had ever noted the fact or not, the dim resemblance to a long-tailed animal was always truly there. But what do we mean by this projection into past eternity of recent human ways of thinking? Did an 'absolute' thinker actually do the counting, tell off the stars upon his standing number-tally, and make the bear-comparison, silly as the latter is? Were they explicitly seven, explicitly bear-like, before the human witness came? Surely, nothing in the truth of the attributions drives us to think this. They were only implicitly or virtually what we call them, and we human witnesses first explicated them and made them real. . . . Our stellar attributes must always be called true, then; yet none the less are they genuine additions made by our intellect to the world of fact. They copy nothing that pre-existed, yet they agree with what pre-existed, fit it, exemplify it, relate and connect it, build it out."

Now, I think one must admit that Humanism is right in declaring that knowledge does not consist in simply "copying" what already exists apart from knowledge. But, in denying the "copying" theory, no advance has been made beyond the philosophy of Kant. For it is, as I have said, a fundamental point in the Critical Philosophy that no criterion of truth can be found outside of "experience" itself. "Nature" is undoubtedly a con-

struction in the sense that it exists as Nature, and has a meaning, only for an intelligent subject.

But, while every true theory of knowledge must reject the "copying" doctrine, it does not follow that we must accept the humanistic alternative, that the system of nature as it exists for us is the creation of our minds. There is no doubt whatever that the existence of man with his capacity for building up systems of thought makes a difference to reality, a difference which we have to take into account in our philosophies; but surely the question is, whether the constructions of our minds actually bring into being what before the activity of our minds had no reality whatever. We construct an arithmetic, and count the stars in the "great bear." Admit that an "absolute" thinker does not in our sense actually "count" up to 7, and what follows? Surely, it does not follow that our counting has absolutely no meaning as a determination of the constellation? Granting that arithmetic is a construction of ours, it yet is a "construction" that, though it does not "copy" reality, admittedly "conforms" to it. The construction, then, is not perfectly arbitrary; it is not the whole truth about the thing, nor even the most important truth, but it is true, in the sense that it alone is compatible with the facts. And the same principle applies to the other special sciences. Mr. Schiller argues that there are various "geometries," which are just as true, though not as useful, as that of Euclid. But wherein does their truth consist? It consists in the fact that they correctly formulate the results that follow when we fix our attention upon certain aspects of real-

ity and for our special purpose set aside all our aspects. But two or more geometries, all of which equally conform to reality, while contradicting one another, is certainly an absurdity. They are all our "constructions," but what gives them meaning is that they formulate the results which flow from certain actual aspects of reality. For, admittedly, not all constructions, but only those which are confirmed by "experience"—only those that "work"—are able to survive; and I think we may fairly say that they survive because they conform to reality, not that their conformity to reality means nothing but their survival.

I do not think, then, that we can admit the humanistic doctrine that Reality as a whole develops. The supposition that it does seems to me to arise from identifying "Reality" with the immediate sensible world. Defined in this way, Reality must be held to develop when self-conscious beings arise. But surely "Reality" must ultimately include all forms of being, and not merely the simplest forms. Now, while it is true that our "constructions"—i.e., our science, our art, our religion, our philosophy—undoubtedly add to Reality conceived as purely immediate or sensible, I can attach no meaning to the statement that our individual minds, or, if you like, the totality of individual minds, "make" Reality, or even make it out of a pre-existent matter, if this means that they bring into being what had in no sense existence previously in the universe. For, though our intelligence builds up for us the world, it does not build up itself. In all the humanistic attempts to reduce truth to what is "useful," the intelligence

itself is invariably assumed. But to assume intelligence as if it were an attribute peculiar to man, is simply to assume that it cannot come in contact with Reality at all; in other words, we have to posit the fundamental identity of all intelligence, or we cannot advance a step. Now, the humanist points out that our "constructions" are never ultimate, because our experience is ever growing,—because, in Mr. James' phrase, it "cuts against the black inane as the luminous orb of the moon cuts the caerulean abyss." Put, then, these two things together:

first, that intelligence is the sole source of reality, and, secondly, that reality is never for us completely intelligible, and are we not bound to conclude that reality, as it truly is, is a complete or perfect intelligence? At any rate, if this is denied, the theism which Mr. Schiller supports must be abandoned.

And this leads me to say that Mr. Schiller's idea of God as a perfectly good but finite Being seems to me—but, as Kipling would say, "that is another story."

THE SEA : THREE VIEWS.

I. The Landsman.

O the blue sea, the bright sea,
 The sea of a sheltered bay,
 Where the waves break soft on a pebbly beach,
 And the little fishes play.
 O the blue sea, the bright sea,
 And the ship that swings with the quiet waves!

II. The Sailor.

O the green sea, the deep sea,
 The sea of a hundred tales,
 Where the waves stretch on to the edge of the sky,
 And the "Phantom Dutchman" sails.
 O the green sea, the deep sea,
 And the ship that bounds o'er the swelling waves!

III. The Widow.

O the gray sea, the cold sea,
 The sea that never spares,
 Whose wrath is roused no man knows how,
 Whose secrets no man shares.
 O the gray sea, the cold sea,
 And the ship that sinks 'mid the clutching waves!

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Editorials.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

WHEN the Alumni of Queen's in the neighborhood of Kingston, together with their friends, met on Friday evening, Feb. 2nd, an Association was organized with a full list of worthy officials—but the whole thing stopped there. That there should be an organization of this sort seemed to be about all those present had decided upon. Why it was necessary or what it was to do, beyond entertaining wandering Alumni, no one ventured to point out. Everything that was done was, as one member expressed it, "railroaded through in short order."

It seemed rather strange to us that no one could state any strong and convincing reason for forming such an Association. Of course it was evident that the idea behind the meeting held was the hope of aid to the Endowment scheme. This is all very well at present, but

the organization will fall to pieces as soon as this work is accomplished if it is not to serve some more permanent purpose. We pointed out before in these columns how it should be made the central organization of Queen's Alumni of which all the other local Associations should be Branches. This Central Association should have some means of keeping in touch with all the graduates of the University, so that when help is needed, or votes to be taken, the voting paper could be sent out to a much larger number of those entitled to a voice in our affairs than is at present possible. Indeed it is very doubtful whether Queen's with all her boasted democracy and esprit de corps is as considerate of her Alumni in these matters as many other Universities that boast less. No University can afford to lose trace of her graduates. Queen's graduates are her staunchest friends, and she should avail herself of every possible means to keep in close touch with them and to bind them to her with still more inalienable allegiance.

We think most emphatically, that one of the most important and valuable services this Association can render the University, is to undertake at once to prepare a record of all our graduates. A most thorough and painstaking effort should be made to discover the whereabouts and occupation of all graduates in all "years" and in all faculties. This will entail considerable expenditure of both money and labor, but the result will be invaluable to the University. Let a small fee be asked from the branch Associations, and a paid Secretary

be appointed to do this work of collecting, publishing and preserving this data. We repeat what we said in the last number, that the Journal would be willing to co-operate in the work by publishing these records in the Alumni columns.

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POST GRADUATE WORK IN
THEOLOGY.

IN Queen's University we have splendid courses outlined in our Calendar, leading to the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science, but as yet we have no course leading to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This omission from our Post Graduate Courses seems to us to be a great defect. If a Theological student, after completing his B.D. course finds that he is still rather young to undertake the regular work of the ministry, and that he would prefer to remain at his studies a few years longer, he is at once confronted with the problem of courses. The way things are at present he must either outline some work for himself or else leave the Theology altogether and go back to the Post Graduate work in Arts.

Is this entirely in the interests of Theology? Doubtless some of our Arts Professors would be tempted to answer in the affirmative, but we are rather doubtful about it. The immense fields for research that are being opened up in Theology, by the new critical method, present to the student problems no less tempting, and certainly no less essential to the highest life of mankind, than either Philosophy or Science. But students want definite

courses, not only to spur them on to do their best work, but to guide them through the intricate mass of material in order that their efforts may be attended with the best results. Only scholars who have been over the ground can outline a profitable course for the youth who does not know much of the magnitude of the subject he would study. We would like to see the University provide a course of study leading to the degree of Doctor of Divinity similar to the Ph.D. courses in Arts. The work should be fairly difficult and require the full three years study after the student has secured his degree of B.D., just as for a Ph.D. degree, three years special work is required after the degree of Master of Arts has been awarded.

At present there are one or two students in Theology, who contemplate doing some special work on the Old Testament. The efforts of these students might be directed and stimulated and made to mean much more for themselves and for the church, if a definite course were outlined, which would require strenuous work and persistent application to thoroughly cover it in the time. Now, that Queen's is in a special sense the University of the Church, this particular course seems to be more appropriate. Honorary degrees are often conferred on men for such trifling reasons, that it would be a step in the right direction, for Queen's to provide a way to this degree, that would require ripe scholarship and a long course of earnest application to study.

If the University still wished to grant honorary D.D. degrees this could be easily arranged, even if a definite course were outlined. Should it be considered unfair to put the written degree on a par with the honorary recognition of worth, then we would suggest that the Ph.D courses be made to cover Theology as well as Science and Arts. The difference in the subjects should not stand in the way at all. The study of Oriental languages cannot differ very widely from the study of Classics or Moderns, and the present method of criticism and theological research are as profound and as thoroughly scientific as the methods of Philosophy or practical Science. Hence there could be no very serious objection to extending the Ph.D. courses to cover this department of learning as well.

It is often regretted by the leaders in the Church that the young men leave college so soon, and that they do not pursue any very definite line of study after they do leave. Why is this? Largely because there is no way of recognizing the work that is done. We firmly believe that if the University provided suitable courses that many of the younger men in the Hall would remain a few years longer, rather than rush into a work which their youth unfits them for; and also we believe that a number of the studious men who have left the College, would welcome such a course since it would serve not only to direct their labors, but it would possess the additional value of a stimulus to their efforts by affording public recognition, in the end, of

the work thus accomplished. We hope the University will arrange for some such Post-graduate work in Theology at an early date.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The discussion on the Railway Bill in the Mock Parliament was allowed to sink into the purely burlesque and farcical. This was probably due to the nature of the bill itself which invited a ludicrous discussion and absolutely shut out any serious debate. This is all right for one night but if interest is to be sustained we must introduce a good strong debate that will be equal at least to the inter-year contests, if not indeed, equal to the Inter-University debates.

The Queen's Association at Kingston met, banqueted themselves, organized, elected officers and separated without doing anything definite.

What does the Association intend to do? The Toronto Association and others have undertaken some definite work for the University by proposing to raise considerable sums for the Half-Million Dollar Endowment Scheme. Of course we do not question the good intentions of the association here, but already every association has its work all planned. The Alumni in and about Kingston are not to be outdone in the point of generosity to Queen's and we are quite confident that the reason no definite work was outlined was simply because the plans were not then fully matured. You may expect to hear of another meeting in the near future.

A reconsideration of the proposed changes in the arrangements regarding the College Post Office is a very

commendable action. No such radical alterations should be hurried through the A. M. S. without a thorough discussion. It is quite contrary to the spirit of Queen's to do any such things hastily.

We are glad to have those Sunday afternoon addresses commence again. At this time of year they are very enjoyable. We hope, however, that they wont be continued on into the examination month. Most students prefer to ramble about in the open air all Sunday afternoon when they are driven so hard with study all week: health is a prime consideration with us then.

If the Alma Mater Society Executive, the Champion Foot Ball Team and the Hockey Team would get their photos taken as early as possible they would oblige the Journal very much. We had hoped to have one of these groups for this number but have been disappointed. There are as many groups yet to be published, as there are numbers of the Journal to come out, and for this reason we are anxious to have these groups as early as possible.

Let us suggest that all those who expect to be medallists in the spring get their photos ready so that no delay will be caused in getting the cuts for the Convocation number of the Journal.

The Endowment Number just published and distributed to our subscribers has met with general approval and has been much appreciated wherever it has gone. As was expected, it has been a real eye-opener to

many of the graduates of years ago as well as to the church at large. It has an important end to serve and those who have seen it are strongly of the opinion that it is well adapted to serve that end. It sets forth very fully the Queen's of To-Day and we hope it will fall into the hands of all the promient men, in the Church and out of it, who do not know the University as they ought to know it. If you have a friend who ought to know Queen's, send his address to the Registrar for a copy of this special number.

The "Collin's" Government is a strong and wordy bunch but the opposition have them "distanced" for long-winded speeches.

The opposition are most audacious. They even send invitations to members of the Cabinet to attend their secret *caucus*. What do you think of that? McL— only smiled.

On the suggestion of the Principal it has been decided to establish a employment bureau in connection with the Registrar's office, for the students of the University. If the students desiring work of any kind either during the summer vacation or permanently will fill out the cards provided an attempt will be made to bring them into touch with persons or corporations desiring their services.

All material for our next issue must be in not later than Monday, February 20th. The editors of departments would make the duties of the Managing Editor considerably lighter by attending to this promptly.—Man. Ed.

Ladies.

THE Journal extends congratulations to the girls of the Sophomore year, who carried off the championship in the inter-year debates in the Levana Society.

Spring, spring, happy spring, has ever been a favorite theme of poets. They have praised the beauties of nature at this season, the budding tree, the verdant, tender green of the grass, the bright sunshine, the balmy air—they have sung of the love that fires a manly bosom at this time when nature clothes herself in a fresh new garment of verdure, and innumerable as these songs are, are they not all songs of gladness? To the poet, when this season suggests nothing but joy,—but alas, we are not all poets,—very few, or none of us, I fear here at Queen's can lay claim to that title—even though the word amateur be prefixed to it—if this standard of an eager joyous longing for April be applied to us.

And yet April is coming very quickly too, we have to turn the leaves of the Calendar but twice and it is upon us. We can't very well believe it now with the thermometer ten below zero, and huge banks of snow piled up along the streets—but just come over to the College cloak-room, or up to the Levana room and settle down to read a delightful story; in a few moments you fairly imagine you hear the first robin chirp, and see the trees bursting forth into buds—for this is what will happen. Engrossed in your book, for a time you are oblivious to the voices around you, but one little word, "examinations," arrests your attention, and even at the

most interesting point of your story you needs must stop and listen. "Do you know it is only seven weeks until the examinations begin, and I have all my Math. to get into my head yet, not to speak of those Modern books I have to read."

"Seven weeks," tittered in a tone so tragic that the other occupants of the room all turn to see what it can mean.

"Seven weeks, and I hav'nt even began to read my Latin yet."

With that the two speakers hastily leave the room whether to search for the goddess of inspiration or for some short road to knowledge we cannot assert. But for that morning at least "Ainslee" has lost all interest for you—for are there not just as tragic things happening every day of our life, especially of our life here at Queen's towards spring, as can be recounted on the pages of any magazine. A neglected French book is quickly searched out, and on opening the page at the prose passage to be translated, once again you receive rather an unpleasant shock when you have to decide upon the idiomatic phrase for "passing an examination."

Having finished your work you settle down for as you think, a well deserved rest before class, and a chat with one of your friends. Naturally Hockey and the various matches are interesting topics of conversation. You have seen both big matches of the season and are yet enthusiastic to think of watching the fortunes of Queen's II. and III. Then your friend, a senior probably, haunted always by the vision of a much desired roll of parchment, tied with a wee bow of red ribbon, working ever with a feverish haste; or possibly a post-

mortem, who though dead to all other feelings, can appreciate the more keenly the harrowing thoughts which the one word examination recalls—looks at you in mild surprise and answers.

“I am sorry I can't go, but of course from now-on I have to ‘play’ —. Once again you feel exactly as you did the time you were skating on the river when the ice was thin, when you suddenly felt yourself breaking through, and sinking down in the ice-cold water beneath.

Fortunately the bell gives its familiar tingle at this moment and for once, gladly you leave the Levana room expecting to hear an inspiring lecture, and for an hour at least to forget about those “sept. semaines.” But no—the first sentence that falls from the lips of the professor strikes terror to your heart.

“Just a word to the wise will be sufficient. Remember in about seven weeks we shall all meet again in Convocation Hall and then”—but the rest is all lost to one person at least. Is it a swoon? If so, it is the first time in your life, but have you ever had such a provocation?”

At noon hour you stoically pick up your books, leave the room, enter the cloak room, when without a word to anyone you put on hat and cloak and fairly rush from the building, lest again you hear that awful knell, “seven weeks, seven weeks!”

Once in the clear frosty air you almost forgot your troubles and begin again to enjoy life as of old, but as you are about to cross the walk leading to the old building, you see someone hastening along towards you, and suddenly there is an encounter. “Oh, pardon me—really I am sorry,

but you see I am in a great hurry—I have to rush off to the library for a certain book of reference before I can write my history essay. I simply must have it now for you know it is only seven weeks until examinations begin.” With these breathless words she hastens off, while you?—you lie still and quiet on the ground, having fallen not so much from the force of the encounter, but from the shock which those two words had caused you. You are conscious of a sharp pain in your right ankle, and you realize what that means, even before you hear the verdict of the medical who has been hastily summoned,—“a bad break,” seven weeks at least of perfect quiet will be necessary.

Then and then only a quiet peacefulness steals over you, and in spite of the pain, in the midst of the exclamations of pity showered upon you,—you heave a sigh of relief and say,—“yea, verily, the fates are propitious, no more worry about those wretched examinations, and besides I'll be able to use my Hospital ticket. With that you lose consciousness and waken later to find yourself stowed away in a small white ward in a handsome stone building on Stuart Street, which seemed in truth a heaven of rest after the storms and worries of the morning.

On the evening of Tuesday, the twenty-fourth of January, a merry crowd of laughing, chattering, bundled-up humanity, set out from Kingston to give a Concert at Wolfe Island, in aid of the Q. U. M. A.

The weather was cold and a trifle stormy, but, undaunted, the loyal

sons and daughters of Queen's pushed forward, and after surmounting many difficulties arrived at their destination to find that they were their own audience. Well, it was scarcely as bad as that, but the Wolfe Islanders to judge from the number present must not have learned by years of proximity to Kingston, that it takes a good deal of "weather" to frighten a Queen's man, or woman either.

After the report was circulated among the inhabitants, that two van loads really had come, a few more people arrived to fill up some of the forlorn looking empty benches, and the program began. Doctor Goodwin made an excellent Chairman, and the evening passed pleasantly in Solos, Duets, Mandolin selections, and Recitations; some of the members of the Ladies' Glee Club sang a chorus, and an especially gifted gentleman of the party gave an exhibition of Ventriloquism. After the Concert refreshments were served by some of the women of the Church, and the visitors were by no means backward about taking heartily of everything, the cold wintry air, and long drive having given them excellent appetites.

On the return trip an upset and some narrow escapes lent interest and had no serious results. Indeed one member of the party laughingly made the remark that "considering the many dangers encountered the mortality was very low." Everyone reached home in excellent spirits, unless perhaps the man who was interested in the financial side of the evening, though if he had other feelings on the subject he managed to conceal them all.

Arta.

MR. Henry Bourassa, M.P. addressed the Political Science Club and their friends in Convocation Hall on Friday, the 3rd inst. The attendance was large, we are glad to say, as the address was one long to be remembered. Professor Shortt occupied the chair and introduced the speaker with a few words indicating Mr. Bourassa's position among the French Canadians; and what manner of mind his hearers should bear toward him.

Mr. Bourassa was heartily received; as we are proud to say, any speaker with anything to say, no matter how unpalatable his views may be, always is received at Queen's. The speaker captivated his audience at once with his inimitable French grace of manner. He was plainly a man with a great talent for affairs. He was clear and rapid in his utterance; and exhibited, too, strenuousness in thought and action. He showed much real rhetorical power and immediately took hold of the audience with such a grip that it was never loosened until he had delivered his last enthusiastic period.

For about an hour the speaker gave an historical sketch of the struggle of the French Canadians for their rights, — their peculiar customs and religion. The sixty thousand French whom the brave Montcalm lost to the British by the battle of the Plains of Abraham, were descendants of the French of the north and west of France. Their forefathers had emigrated to Canada before that time when the local institutions of this section of France had been destroyed or centralized by the power of a despotic King. On arriv-

ing in Canada they immediately set up their own institutions. They were self-reliant and resourceful. Canada was then covered with dense forests which were infested with wild animals and Indians. The French priests heroically penetrated these trackless woods as far west as the Mississippi basin, and even beyond; devotedly braving dangers of every form; even death at the hands of relentless and inhuman tribes of Indians—especially the Iroquois. While their priests gave their blood in the pursuit of their sacred calling, the energetic colonist cleared the land of timber, and slowly, at great odds, forged ahead to the possession of good farms and comfortable homes.

It must ever be borne in mind, that these daring pioneers jealously guarded their rights from the encroachments of European French officials who came out to instruct or rule them. One of the most prominent officers of Louis complained that the colonial militiamen refused to serve under any but their own officers. The French Canadians were no longer Europeans, indeed, but Canadians. After the surrender of Montreal to General Murray, at the close of the Seven Years' War, Canada was ceded to Britain. Murray endeared himself to the French by his humane and just consideration of their claims. When the United States army under Montgomery invaded Canada during the Revolutionary War the French Canadians drove them out; and remained loyal to the country that had so generously treated them. Again in 1812-1814, they showed their old time courage and patriotism, in helping to hurl the foreign army from our soil.

They have always remained true to Britain, in gratitude for her kind treatment of them. Yet the interests of the people of the Lower Province have not always been safe-guarded. A solemn promise had been given by Gen. Murray in behalf of the British Government, to respect their custom; to grant them the practice of their own language and religion. But they, as well as the people of Upper Canada, were driven to desperation by the iniquitous conduct of British officials, and the system of the family compact. A number protested against the encroachment of their liberties with their blood, under Papineau; as did the British Canadians under Mackenzie at York. This was only following out the stern precedents set by every patriot in Britain since the days of King John; and ill-timed and lamented as the occurrence was, yet it brought relief through Lord Durham's famous report.

These few words will give a slight idea of the development of Mr. Bourassa's speech. He made us satisfied to be cemented with a people of such valour and determination; and inspired by so worthy ideals of true citizenship. He closed by making a few remarks on Mr. Chamberlain's plans to federate the Empire by means of external bonds. He claimed that the French Canadians were better qualified to arrive at a proper solution of the problem, since they were less influenced by desires of the heart arising out of affection to the motherland. His main contentions were that the time had not arrived to reverse the process of safeguarding and protecting purely Canadian interests which has resulted in our virtual independence; that it should shame the Cana-

dians to grow rich in exporting wheat to Britain at an advanced rate, if less advance would result in bringing the British workman to a starvation basis; and that, as we do not seek to meddle in the affairs of the Mother country, we would beg of her not to interfere in matters purely Canadian. We may or may not agree with Mr. Bourassa; but we cannot deny him our respect and admiration.

The open meeting of the final year in Arts was held on Tuesday, January 31. Nearly every member of the year was on hand to enjoy the most delightful meeting this year has held. Professor Shortt, the honorary President of the year was present and gave a farewell word of advice to the students. His speech was a gem; and will not soon be forgotten. D. N. Morden, the President, gave his speech from the throne. It was good—and full of practical wisdom. Miss M. MacKenzie's history of the celebrated year was much appreciated. The orator, A. G. Penmann, in his usual enthusiastic manner, delivered the oration. N. F. Black sang the epos, which foreshadowed the future careers of the members of this year. It was a unique production, and greatly enjoyed—especially when the fate of others was in the balance. Refreshments were served during the evening, and it was all too soon when the last number on the programme of this delightful evening was given and the final open meeting of this year became a thing of the past.

Will the editors of departments be careful that the material they send in does not overrun their allotted space.
—Managing Editor.

Dibinity.

AS his final year draws to a close the grave and reverend senior is expected to unburden himself of some of his hoarded-up wisdom, and let fall some crumbs of advice to the members of the junior years in the hall and to the generations of would-be Theologians who are yet to be initiated into our midst. There are of course a multitude of subjects on which we might discourse at some length, but as Lesson No. 1 we would like to point out what nearly every one of us is daily finding to be a great and deplorable defect in his intellectual furnishings and equipment for the proper appreciation of our Theological course. This is the lack of knowledge of German.

Something of success has attended the efforts of the powers that be in persuading those who propose to enter upon a Theological course to obtain before entering the Hall a working knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. Even in these departments it must be confessed that our attainments as a class are not to be considered as exactly brilliant. We must confess that in both Old and New Testament exegesis it must often be disheartening to our professors to hear us stumbling over a verse of comparatively simple Greek or Hebrew, or, what is worse, sneaking through it by the surreptitious aid of a hidden translation. But while we are sometimes "not prepared" we *can* all read both Hebrew and Greek under pressure; but only a very small percentage of the class can read any German whatever. Of course we admit that a knowledge of German is not so fundamentally necessary in our work as Greek or Hebrew. But it is almost

indispensable in anything like a thorough course in Theology. One of our professors has to spend a great deal of valuable time, both his own and of the class, in translating and giving to us the results of the most recent German criticism;—results which as yet are away in advance of the work done by English scholars and which we can get from no other source. This is work which we should be able to do for ourselves, every one of us. Another professor is doing the same work for us in another department of our work, or rather putting us through the actual process which these German critics have followed. We are astounded at what we learn, but are debarred from further investigation by the fact that we cannot read the language in which as yet this work has been solely done. Whole libraries of commentaries and theological works are thus shut out of our Calendar lists of prescribed books. We are proceeding so rapidly in this age of scientific advance that we cannot afford to wait until these works are translated. They are put out of date and superseded by later and better results before the laborious work of translation can be completed.

It is perhaps too much to expect that every theological student should be able to read German freely,—that is an ideal which we would not soon attain. But we do believe that in many cases the defect is due to mere oversight or lack of information or advice, when the young, inexperienced student maps out his Arts course. It is to be regretted that the young students do not get advice on the choice of classes from those who could give it, for we all find that we have made mistakes. The note in the Calendar recommending students

to take Greek and Hebrew has had good results. Might not the study of German be recommended in the same way? Perhaps this might draw the attention of a few students to the great value of German in their later work. Since suggestions are cheap, we might also suggest that in the Senior German Class some Theological works in that language should be put on the course as optional texts for students intending to enter Theology, just to familiarize them with that style of writing. At all events, whatever be the means used a better knowledge of German among theological students, especially in this day of scientific criticism, is a "consummation devoutly to be wish'd."

Can it be true that there is craven spirit abroad, lurking about the quadrangle? Can it be true that a Faculty of Queen's have thrown away their arms and fled, because, forsooth, the warrior host of Divinity Hall has drawn up arrayed for battle? Can it be that the men who sent out that flaunting challenge to the mighty men of valor across the "quad" are afraid to meet their ancient foemen? Sound once more the shrill clarion; sound the timbril; sound the harp; unfurl the standards of battle and say: "Is it peace or is it war?" Ye men of Science let not the traditions of the past be broken! Bring out the sticks and rubber, pad up your strong men and teach them to stand on blades of steel, for Divinity Hall is thirsting for the fray.

The "virulence" and heat of the late election campaign does not seem to have burned very long in the veins of the members of the Hall, for they

turned out en masse twice a week ago to hear Rev. J. A. MacDonald, the Editor-Peacher. He is a prime favorite here, as he is wherever he preaches and students are not at all slow in learning to appreciate such a man. His truly prophetic earnestness and appeal, his beautiful word painting and his powerful presentation of the great essential principles of the "nobler life" all make such discourses stand forth prominently among the great sermons which we have heard.

Medicine.

IN our account of the Medical dinner, we were forced, through lack of space, to omit the "Message from the Skeleton" to the medical students. We feel confident, however, that it will be as acceptable to our readers now, as it was to the "Meds." on the evening of Dec. 15, when delivered by Mr. J. F. Sparks, B.A.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SKELETON.

Good evening, my boys! Don't hold your breath!
 You are not shaking the hand of Death!
 For I am a skeleton you well know;
 'Tis long since I came from the grave below.
 For years I've noticed your careless tread,
 And harmless whistling among the dead.
 I have heard your "grinds," your lectures too
 I have tried to prompt you to help you through;
 You carried me with you to Cousin Kate
 To dance or to dinner it's always my fate.

Oh I am a skeleton you must know.

I've left my tenement down below.

I'm forced to move as the boys go round.

But they've guaranteed me safe and sound.

Yes, I'm a relic of long ago,

I've slept a century down below.

My name is gone from the crumbling stone;

There is nothing left of myself but bone.

This narrow cell was Life's retreat,

This place was Thought's mysterious seat.

Beneath this well polished canopy

Once shone a bright and busy eye.

Here in this silent cavern hung

A ready, swift and tuneful tongue.

Oh, I am a skeleton, you must know,

I've left my tenement down below.

Was I black or white? What matters it now;

We're brothers all since the last big row.

Farewell, my boys, for we must part!

I'd heave a sigh, but I have no heart!

'Twas at post mortem when some old quack

Took heart and lungs which he brought not back.

He took whatever he found inside

As proof conclusive that I had died.

He robbed the dead with a grewsome theft;

The microbes dined on what was left!

The Dead breathe not as the Living do;

The ribs are open, the air blows through.

Oh, I am a skeleton, you must know,
 I've left my tenement down below.
 Was I shot or hung? What matters that,
 Since I know my place in your top flat.

For lack of food I have grown so thin
 I've hardly features enough to grin.
 Your guest no longer ought I to be
 Since Death and Youth cannot agree.
 Life is uncertain, but Death is sure;
 And one dies rich but to wake up poor.

However big the estate one owns
 Some student may handle his worthless bones.

'Tis just as well for the grave is cold,
 Can't be compared (to the) scenes I behold.

Oh, I am a skeleton, you must know
 I've left my tenement down below,
 When the boys are out, you'll always note
 That I am too, though I don't vote.

At the regular meeting of the Aesculapian Society Jan. 27, Mr. F. W. Trousdale was appointed post-master for medicine for the remainder of the session. For some time past it has been felt that some steps should be taken to relieve "John" of these duties which were really not his own and which the increasing number of students had made quite burdensome.

Hereafter the post-office will be open four times a day and we are sure that any little delays in receiving mail matter that may have previously occurred will be overcome. Be-

sides distributing the mail Mr. Trousdale will also take charge of the reading room and we trust that all will assist him in keeping the papers and magazines in their proper places.

Dr. A. H. Singleton, B.A., sailed on Sunday, Jan. 29 for Edinborough, where he intends taking a post-graduate course. The Journal wishes him every success.

Prof.—Which is the first cranial nerve?

Le B—re (prompted by Mr. C—mbs—ge) The F'fth Sir.

Professor in anatomy—From an astronomical point of view, from a geographical point of view, in which direction does this line point?

Blondy (after careful consideration)
 —Towards the solar plexus.

Science.

THE Science scribe had swallowed an overdose of his favorite drug, the doubly distilled extract of lotus, and before he awoke he was transported twenty years into the future and saw passing before him in panoramic succession, the faces and forms of his old final year associates. The drug somewhat dulled his otherwise keen memory but he remembered sufficient to tell me that Kissie was head of a large contracting firm whose business was financed on the large sums of money which the senior partner had borrowed from John during his college career and forgot to return. His latest contract was to build a huge skating rink ten miles square where all the bands in the empire were playing continuously and

one number lasted a week. John Sears was private secretary to Kissie and had charge of the firm's biggest job, viz: to supply river sand sufficient to fill the sink-hole in which the new Ontario Government had placed the Province.

Mac—Scotty—Henderson and Baker were still apprentices to a large electric supply firm and occasionally were given trips outside the factory to take charge of line work. They each owed Monty \$10,000 which they had borrowed to keep up appearances.

Cairns, Bateman, Cartwright & Co. was the name of a large consulting firm of mining fakirs in El Paso, Texas. It was reported that their principal business consisted in instructing tender-feet in the mysteries of the gambling dens at a merely nominal fee. Tod Sloan acted as bouncer for this firm and received the magnificent salary of ten lire per day.

McEwen was still single and was continuously "warren" against society and the cruel fate which had condemned him to celibacy.

Ramsay, he of the auburn hair, had prospered beyond all imagination, and was reputed to be worth a million in cold cash, made by selling the patent rights of a cock-tail which cheered but not inebriated.

McPhail & Johnson had a government contract to survey the whole province, and make new divisions of the ridings, so that the government could remain in power for ever and ever. Pete of the varnished whiskers acted as rod man at 50c. per day on consideration that he voted with the government.

Weary Willie Way could not be found but was later discovered as

baggage man running out of Lindsay on the G.T.P. where he was married and uncomfortably settled. In his spare time Willie taught drawing in the kindergarten there.

John was the newly elected Chancellor of the University, an honor conferred on him by the senate for endowing a much needed chair of architecture in the school of mining.

Fairlie as Professor of Civil Engineering in the Agricultural College at Guelph, but poor J. D. V. never graduated. He made numerous trips from Ottawa to write off his exams. but never found the necessary time to report at the College. His voice was unimpaired and could be heard any evening in the leading "salons" of the capital.

Dobbs was still at Queen's devoting his time to geological research, destined to make his name a bye-word in the scientific world. Monty was paid \$10,000 a year by the Govt. for waiting. He was supposed to collect the tolls from the boats which passed up Haggart's ditch, and at last accounts he was still waiting for one to heave in sight.

At this juncture the man of almighty ability remarked, that according to him, it was time to quit dreaming of the future and start a new hysteresis curve on which the volt-eaters could loop the loop at the exams. So that is the finis of the dream. Take it seriously, for the dream of a lotus-eater always comes true, as the future will show.

The Science dance is well under way and the society has every confidence that the excellent committee in charge will make this function an

even greater success than in previous years.

At the regular meeting of the Engineering Society on Friday, the 17th inst., the Honorary Pres, Prof. Gwiltin will read a paper on a subject of interest to the whole society. Members who do not attend will miss hearing a splendid lecture.

The excellent papers read by Messrs. Cairns & Bateman before the Eastern section of the Canadian Mining Institute were much appreciated by the members. The President and others present complimented the boys on the material and arrangement of their papers.

Science men rallied nobly around the Gov't standard at the Mock Parliament. Probably the motive of some was purely mercenary as the projected railway to the North Pole will afford considerable work to engineering students.

The boys are loud in their praise of the excellent opportunities afforded them by Profs. Gill and Teague, of gaining practical experience in boiler tests. Already three complete tests have been made of different plants in the city and a 48 hour test of the city pumping plant is now on the list. There will be six 8 hour shifts and the assignment of the hours is anxiously looked for.

Silently one by one, in the infinite
 Note-books of teachers,
 Blossom the neat little zeroes,
 The forget-me-nots of the angels.

—Ex.

Athletics.

QUEEN'S 9, TORONTO 4.

QUEEN'S met Toronto on Jan. 23rd in the first of the home games winning out by an easy score of 9-4. The game on the whole was by no means of first class variety though at times waxing exciting enough. After a few minutes play a comparative standing of the teams was easily seen and it wasn't necessary for Queen's to over-exert herself. At the same time her form was rather disappointing and caused some misgivings as to the next game with McGill. Her defence was up to the usual high standard—Macdonnell and Sutherland playing well together and Mills attending to most of what escaped them. On the forward line, except at intervals, there was little show of combination and a tendency to play out of position. However, this was offset by numbers of fine individual efforts, Richardson and Walsh especially getting off some splendid dashes. Only the good work of Lash in goal for Toronto saved them from a greater defeat. Toronto's forwards, though playing well together, were not as speedy as the home line and could not get inside Queen's defence. Referee McKenna was thoroughly impartial and by his strictness kept down rough work.

Toronto got away with the puck on the blow of the whistle but their attack was warded off. Walsh was sent to the fence and in his absence Toronto got busy and Southam slapped the rubber into the net. Play then went into Toronto territory where Lash indulged in some slashing and was also sent off for a rest. Queen's evened the score on a rush by Rich-

ardson and Sutherland but a few minutes later McGowan again put Toronto in the lead by a splendid lift from cover into Queen's net. From this on Toronto was never dangerous and Lash was kept busy attending to Queen's offerings. Williams first made the score 2-2 after some futile shots and a little later Richardson dashed down the ice and landed another. The next came from a rush from Macdonnell—a pass to Williams, and the score was 4-2 where it remained till the half was over. The second half was rather faster and some pretty hockey was handed out. Sutherland scored twice in quick succession on passes from the wings. A blow on Harty's weak knee caused a slight delay but immediately after Richardson made connections with the net for the seventh goal. Queen's were pressing hard and working well together. In a pretty bit of work Southam made the third tally for Toronto which was followed quickly by a goal from Walsh and Richardson making the score 8-3. Toronto's last goal came from a rush up the ice and a hot shot by McGowan. Queen's hadn't delivered her last bolt however, Richardson making the final score 9-4 where it remained for the few minutes of play left.

Queen's—Goal, Mills; point, Macdonnell; cover, E. Sutherland; centre, B. Sutherland; rover, Walsh; wings, Richardson, Williams.

Toronto—goal, Lash; point, Broadfoot; cover, McGowan; centre, Southam; rover, Patten; wings, Kennedy, Martin.

Referee, McKenna, McGill.

QUEEN'S 4, MCGILL 2.

On February 3rd a crowded rink saw Queen's triumph over the red and white of McGill in one of the best games seen on Kingston ice. The play was particularly fast and exciting and amply repaid those who had braved the extreme cold. Both teams were in good condition from steady practice and fought till the ring of the gong. The McGill line-up was the same as had defeated Queen's in Montreal, but on Queen's team there were three changes. Mills was in his old place in goal, while Clark and Farnham were tried on from the intermediates. Queen's defence was almost impregnable—braking up all kinds of hot attacks. Clark at cover played a splendid game, checking and lifting well; Macdonnell gathered in most of what got past cover and behind him again stood "Dick" ready for all that was coming. The forward line showed excellent form. Farnham made good his promotion. Williams developed remarkable speed and Richardson and Walsh played like whirlwinds. McGill presented a splendidly balanced team—the forwards were heavier than Queen's and played together rather better though individually not so fast. McCallum did the most effective work, closely followed by Gilmour while in defence goal-keeper Lindsay proved a star. The shooting of both forward lines seemed somewhat ragged. In the first half Queen's had things much her own way—her forwards played well together and her defence repelled the attacks. In the second half their combination seemed to break away and most of the work was individual while McGill played strongly and at times matters looked serious.

The game was unfortunately marred by numerous penalties, Referee Burns proving very severe on all rough work though overlooking numbers of off-sides.

Play went off with a rush and the puck travelled up and down in speed, fashion. First blood came to Queen's from a hot shot by Walsh and a minute later the rafters shook again when her forward line broke through and Farnham landed the puck. Play became faster than ever. McGill trying hard to score but failing to make good while Queen's rained numbers in on Lindsay. Finally Farnham found the necessary hole making the score 3-0. For the rest of the half play was Queen's though no further score was made.

The opening play of the second half was as fast as ever and marked by as many penalties, McGill being the chief sufferer.

After many fruitless attempts Williams shot Queen's last goal on a pretty bit of individual work. Farnham was hurt and had to retire for a while, McGill dropping a man to even up. At this time from numerous penalties the ice looked rather deserted, Queen's playing five men to McGill's four. On a face-off near McGill's goal McCallum snatched the puck and slipped past Queen's defence for McGill's first score. Play slackened with a number of lifts from the opposing defence but with five minutes to play McGill gathered together and Gilmour landed the second goal. This acted as a freshener and both teams fought hard but to no avail and time was called with the score still 4-2.

Queen's—Goal, Mills; point, Macdonnell; cover, Clarke; centre, Farnham; rover, Walsh; right wing, Williams; left wing, Richardson.

McGill—goal, Lindsay; point, McKenna; cover, Robinson; centre, McCallum; rover, Gilmour; right wing, Raphael; left wing, Sims.

Referee, Burns, Toronto.

The senior hockey schedule from present indications will have the same ending as the foot-ball season—a tie between Queen's and McGill. The latter should have no trouble in winning her home game from Toronto and Queen's is counted on to repeat the trick in the final game—though games in Toronto are proverbially uncertain. The tie might very well be played off in Brockville which has a splendid rink and would turn out a good attendance for such an event.

The Queen's-McGill game was unfortunately conspicuous for the large number of penalties inflicted on both teams, though indeed several of them seemed unmerited, the referee in his desire to keep down rough work sometimes punishing even a straight legitimate check. But it was plain that with some the sport had failed in one of its most desired effects—training a man in self control and the readiness to bear a blow in the interests of his team and his 'Varsity: Failure to realize is no sign of a craven spirit; the crowd can easily see when a man is playing up to his opponent. The provocation is often strong but let him remember the interests at stake and "grin and bear it." Better that than to have the bitter memory of a deciding goal of a

match fallen to his opponents during his enforced absence "on the fence."

On the 25th Queen's Juniors met the Strollers in the first game of the final round of the local O. H. A. Junior Series winning out after a smart match by a score of 2 to 1. The return match was played on Jan. 30th, when Queen's III were again victorious to the tune of 4-1. Our Junior team this, for the first time in some years enters the next grade playing home and home games.

Queen's players were:—goal, Swift; point, Baker; cover, McKenzie; forwards, Carson, Ellis, Richardson, Roberts.

CALENDAR.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY

Saturday, 7.30 p.m.

AESCULAPIAN SOCIETY

Friday, 4.00 p.m.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

1st and 3rd Fridays, 5.00 p.m.

ARTS SOCIETY

2nd Tuesdays at 5.00 p.m., beginning January 17th.

LEVANA SOCIETY

2nd Wednesdays, 5.00 p.m.

Feb. 22—Address—Prof. Campbell.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays, 4.00 p.m.

Feb. 3—Importance of Little Things—Misses Asselstine and Grass.

Feb. 24—Influence of Environment not Paramount—Misses McFarlane and McIntosh.

Y. M. C. A.

Fridays, 4.00 p.m.

Feb. 17—Prof. Dupuis.

Feb. 25—Address on Student.

Volunteer Movement.

Q. U. M. A.

Saturdays, 11 a.m.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Feb. 16—Afternoon meeting—The element of selfishness in human progress—H. T. Wallace, B.A.

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

The Hon. Geo. E. Foster is to speak at an early date not yet announced.

GLEE CLUB

Tuesdays and Saturdays, 5 p.m.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.

Feb. 19 — Chancellor Wallace, D.D., McMaster.

Feb. 26—Prof. McNaughton.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE regular meeting of the society was held on Saturday evening, Jan. 28th.

Several bills were read and the treasurer was given power to pay them.

A motion was passed expressing the gratification of the society at the successful publication of the Endowment Number of the Journal, and its appreciation of the efforts of the Journal staff.

The final debate for the inter-year championship took place between the years '06 and '08, the subject being: Resolved "that the withdrawing of government aid from all sectarian schools by the French government was not in the best interests of France." '08 took the negative side of the question, and the judges decided in favor of their representatives, Messrs. D. A. McArthur and O. Mond.

At the meeting of Feb. 4th very little business was transacted. It was decided that the A. M. S. would guarantee to leave the hall in its regular order after the Mock Parliament on Saturday evenings and so not make it necessary for Mr. Burton to stay afterwards to straighten up.

The meeting then resolved itself into a Mock Parliament: the Government, through its Minister of Railways brought in a bill to extend the K. & P. R. to a point at or near the north pole. This measure met with severe criticism from the opposition side of the House, the hon. member from Winnipeg (who it is whispered has his eyes on the portfolio concerned, in case of a change) being very aggressive, and making some very serious and telling charges. The debate was adjourned, before the bill came to a vote.

Our Alumni.

W. R. Bloor, M.A., '02. is engaged in the University at Pullman, Wash., U.S.A., as Assistant Professor in Chemistry. It is also reported that Mr. Bloor has recently been married to a graduate of the same college. The Journal extends its heartiest congratulations and wishes Mr. Bloor every success in the west.

J. K. Johnston, M.A., '99, now of Winnipeg, Man., is farming in the west—or rather doing a little real estate business and farming to fill in the time in the summer months. During the winter when everything is completely snow-bound he spends his time studying law in Winnipeg. The west, we are told, is well supplied with University men who are engaged in farming, &c., in the meantime, waiting for the development of that great land and the opportunities which a new and growing country affords.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 2nd, many Alumni and friends of Queen's assembled in Grant Hall for the purpose of forming an association at the University. A dinner was served, about one hundred and fifty being present to enjoy it. Several addresses were given, the chief among which were those by Bishop Mills and Principal Gordon. After the main speeches were delivered it was moved by H. A. Calvin, seconded by H. W. Richardson, and supported in neat speeches by Francis King, Robert Crawford and W. F. Nickle, that a Queen's Association be formed. The motion was carried unanimously and the following officers were elected:—

President—W. F. Nickle, B.A.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Shortt, M. D., Miss Lois Saunders, Robert Crawford, B.A.

Secretary—J. M. Farrell, B.A.

Assistant-Secretary—Miss Edith Malone, M.A.

Treasurer—H. H. Black, M.A.

Committee—Miss Ethel Minnes, Mrs. Newlands, M.A., Miss Marion Redden, B.A., H. W. Richardson, Dr. O'Connor, J. M. Mowat, B.A., Rev. D. M. Solandt, B.A., Dr. A. P. Chown, Prof. Nicol, R. J. McKelvey.

Dr. E. W. Fahey, '01, was last month married to Miss Kathleen G. Joyce, of Rochester, N.Y. Immediately after the marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Fahey left for Duluth.

Mr. Wilfrid Playfair is another Queen's man who has entered journalism. He is at present on the staff of the Montreal Herald. Dan. Campbell, who, until lately, was on the staff of the same paper, is now with the Ottawa Citizen.

Rev. D. R. Drummond, M.A., B.D., '92, of Knox Church, St. Thomas, has recently been called to occupy the pulpit of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, recently vacated by the Rev. Neil McPherson, B.D.

Exchanges.

THE elective system of choosing courses is a question which is troubling the larger American Universities at present. The newspapers have taken it up and are publishing interviews with various college presidents and prominent professors. Many forcible remarks have been made on both sides. President Wheeler, of California University, claims that the elective system is not conducive to the best moral life. The Dean of Princeton pronounces it false because he says there is no elective system in life. The president of Colorado College thinks that when given a chance students follow the path of least resistance and do no more work than they can help. On the other hand President Elliott of Harvard and President Angell of Michigan have stated that in their experience the elective system has been a success. The fears at first entertained that the students would select one-sided courses and "snaps" were unfounded.

Mother (to daughter playing with a Noah's ark) "Yes, Edith; the Lord told Noah to build the Ark, so the water wouldn't cover up the animals and drown them."

Edith—Well, Mamma, if the Lord had bought his animals at Wannamaker's they'd have floated right upon the top of the water, same as mine do."—Ex.

Prof. in Calculus—"You understand this formula? Well, you just square, divide, multiply

* * *—! ! ! ! * !—! ! ! ? o o—! and there is your new formula."

Student—"?????????"—Courant.

Faded and brown in the warp of time,
Withered and cold in the winter's
breath,

I know, O leaves, that the sunny
clime

Will win ye back from the winter's
death.

Weary and worn in the stress of life,
Sinful and sad in the waste of years,

I know, O soul, that eternal life

Will win thee back from the vale of
tears.

—Niagara Index.

President Hadley, of Yale, was travelling in Yellowstone Park when he chanced upon a young man, whom, from his appearance he judged to be a student. "This is a wonderful scene, isn't it?" said the President. The stranger smiled, nodded to his questions and turned without speaking to look at the view. "Do you think," asked President Hadley, now almost sure that he was talking to a student, "that this chasm was caused by some great upheaval of nature, or is it the result of erosion or glacial action?" "My views" said the stranger, quickly opening a bag containing stereographs, "are only two dollars a dozen, and are cheap at the price. Let me show you some samples." Then the President was certain he was talking to a student.—Ex.

A Chinaman's definition of a toboggan slide "Whiz and walk a milee."—
Vox Collegii.

THE VOICE OF THE NORTH.

The grey deer leaps from the thicket
At the crack of the frost-racked
beech,
And the howl of the starved wolf
answers

The hoot-owl's hollow screech.
The stars draw nearer and sparkle,
And beneath, the north-light shakes,
And the voice of the Northland
echoes,

Wild voice of the woods and lakes,
Wild voice of the woods and lakes,
Where the whooping wind through
the open rakes,

And the rumbling hills resound
As the straining ice-field breaks.

—*Yale Courant.*

■ The New York Tribune has offered a prize of \$25 for the best essay, not exceeding eight hundred words in length, setting for the benefits which result to colleges and to the student body from college fraternities. An other prize of \$25 will be given for the best similar essay against college fraternities.

HARD LINES.

With fingers inky and black,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat at his cheerless desk,
Hanging his weary head.
Write! write! write!
With haggard and weary eyes;
He sang, as he worked in the waning
light,
The "Song of the Exercise."

Swot! swot! swot!
While the gas is burning dim!
And swot—swot—swot
Till the brain begins to swim!
It's oh! to go and fight
In the land of the Rising Sun,

Where there's never an exercise to
write,

Or a problem to be done.
Professors with children dear,
Professors with gentle wives,
It is not lines we are writing out,
But our unhappy lives.

Write! write! write!
I hear the fiend's wild laugh,
For he knows full well I am writing
both

My lines and my epitaph.
But why do I talk of lines?
I have only just begun,
And no matter how fast my pen may
fly,

My work is never done.
My work is never done,
Though dreary hours go past;
Alas! that I should write so slow,
And my work piles up so fast.

Swot! swot! swot!
Far on through the winter night,
And swot—swot—swot
As soon as it's morning light.
A little weeping would cool my eyes,
But on their swollen brink
My tears must stop, for every drop
Dilutes the watery ink.

With fingers inky and black,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat at his cheerless desk
Hanging his weary head.
Write! write! write!
With haggard and weary eyes;
And still, as he worked in the waning
light,
He sang in a voice that pierced the
night,
This "Song of the Exercise."

—*G.U.M.*

Inquirer: "How do you say Mor-
mon in French?
P. J. P—nd "More mon? Plus
d'argent of course."

De Nobis.

SCENE: Levana room, Jan. 25, the judges have just left to decide as to who has won the final debate.

Studiosa: (An enthusiastic senior): I think I'll read a little Brunetiere.

W. J. K—dd, member for the R-s-d-nce. "Are we to understand Mr. Speaker, that the grandfather of the Honourable Gentleman was black?"

Hon. N. F. Bl-ck, Minister of Defence: Mr. Speaker, are kids allowed to blatt on the floor of this house?

I directed my impatient steed to take me where P-l-n was. He did, so and we entered a crowded court-room where all attention was focused on the brilliant K.C. who was addressing the jury. On his manly bosom I saw, displayed a medal in English, a medal in Political Economy, a medal in History, and a medal in Euchre. Presently however he diverted his fiery glance toward the gallery and saw my luckless self. He stopped short and shouted "Apprehend yon stranger immediately; he escaped me once when I was prosecutor for the Concursus but now I shall have his blood"

When my feathered companion at length overtook me I was somewhat out of breath and could whisper only a prayer to be taken from that fearsome spot to any old place.

"I looked into the home of Blustering Billy, America's greatest philologist and observed the strong likeness of a number of its inmates to a charming member of the class of '04. In the study were Prof. C—ll and the victim whom he had stolen from the church and bull-dozed into philological erudition. The professor did not seem to be doing any work himself,

but he was still making Hay, while the moon shone."

The whereabouts of the Hon. A. G. Penman, I had no difficulty in finding but he could not spare me time for a conversation. He was acting as chairman of an international convention of the Sons of Common Sense and being the only properly accredited member could not leave the meeting without destroying his quorum.

In the holiday time, one of the best known and best loved of our tutors visited the old homestead. He was starting off one night to call on a dear friend of his boyhood days—still his dearest friend—when he saw an immense owl, sitting on the roof of the barn. A keen huntsman, he hustled into the house, got his gun, walked about half a mile around through the fields in order to get within range without being seen, and taking rest over a rail fence, he made a dead shot and over went the bird. He hurried around to the other side of the barn to pick up what he was sure was the biggest thing in the owl line ever seen in that section. He didn't know his father had purchased a fine thoroughbred turkey. Was he man enough? Did he pick it up and go with it to his father, and with face suffused with the flush of shame, say: "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little gun." All that is known is that the prize turkey, after having been unaccountably absent for some time, turned up at last with its spurs *unaccountably* an inch shorter, and that the poor widow and her children in the village feasted royally upon a huge turkey left with the compliments of Santa Claus. Since his return to college it is remarked that Mr. — has taken to wearing glasses.