

# QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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## Queen's College Journal

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The Editors must be acquainted with the name of the author of any article, whether local or literary.

THE annual election of five members of the University Council took place on the 15th March, resulting in the re-election of four of the retiring members and Mr. A. B. McCallum, M.A., '81, of Listowel. The last named gentleman takes the place of Dr. McLean, of Goderich. Mr. McCallum is well known to the present generation of students, having but recently completed his course with considerable distinction. We have no doubt that he will worthily fill his seat at the Council Board.

WE hope to hear of the success of the efforts which will undoubtedly be made soon to revive Regiopolis College in this city. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that a building of such capacity should lie idle, whilst those young men who wish to become educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ontario are obliged to prosecute their studies in the Province of Quebec, or elsewhere. We consider Kingston a model University city, possessing advan-

tages which few places on the continent can rival, and as such is eminently suitable for the location of a flourishing Roman Catholic college. The friends of liberal education will be in sympathy with Bishop Cleary and his colleagues in attempting the work of resuscitating the defunct institution.

THE memory of the late Dr. Ryerson, who for nearly a third of a century presided with marked ability over the Educational Department of this Province, is being perpetuated in a variety of ways, each of which seems to find ample support from his admirers of all classes. It needs not a monument of stone to preserve in the memory of his countrymen the virtues and great national services of the veteran educationist who has recently passed to his rest, but the spontaneity with which his admirers, and especially those of his own sect, have undertaken a tangible recognition of his services, proves the genuineness of the regard in which the deceased was held. A large monument is to be erected to his memory at Toronto, and there is some talk of endowing a chair to bear Dr. Ryerson's name in Victoria University, of which institution he was at one time President. The latter project is the one from which the most direct benefit would be reaped, and a nearer approach made, we think, to the spirit of philanthropy which characterized the departed scholar, who in his life sacrificed much to the weal of others.

THE refusal of Toronto University to admit ladies to the classes of University College, and the consequent forced

emigration of one dauntless lady-student to Queen's, has been exciting considerable comment—comment which, as a rule, has been unfavourable in the last degree to the first named institution. The *Citizen*, however, takes the other side of the question, and, in a humorous article which has been largely quoted, maintains that co-education is a rule which works, or rather which ought to work, both ways. This being the case, it feels justified in "instituting a crusade which has for its ultimate object the admission of men to ladies' colleges." "Why," indignantly demands the editor, "should ladies be more highly educated than men? Why should the mysteries of plain sewing, and basques, and cooking, and hem-stitching, be confined exclusively to one sex? There is no good reason. If women feel that they *must* go to Queen's and Victoria to learn trigonometry, and Hebrew, and physics, why should not the doors of the Whitby and Ottawa and Hamilton Colleges be opened to what is rapidly becoming the weak, despised, governed sex—man?" We should like to hear from the ladies on this point.

THE recent destruction by fire of a college in Pennsylvania, as well as the narrow escape from similar disaster of two or three other American institutions, have led to a discussion in the College press of the advisability of providing adequate fire escapes in all colleges. In those institutions where students reside in the premises it is of the utmost importance, in our opinion, to use every possible precaution against fire, and also to provide all the modern facilities for the escape of the inmates in case of an emergency. Scarcely less urgent, however, is the necessity for providing and keeping in working order appliances for the extinguishment of fire in all colleges, whether residence or otherwise. The amount of money expended in building

and equipping colleges is too great, and represents too much of the hard earnings of the people, to be carelessly sacrificed through the negligence of those in charge. We call the attention of the authorities at Queen's to the urgent need which exists of furnishing a proper supply of fire extinguishers, to be kept in the new building ready for use at a moment's notice. Even if the building is considered fire-proof, enough damage could be done by an incipient fire in certain of the rooms (such as the Library, Chemical or Physical laboratories,) to cripple the institution, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, we commend the preventive policy to the proper authorities.

AT the close of a session's classwork it may not be inappropriate in the columns of the JOURNAL to voice the opinions of a large number of the students of Queen's regarding the distribution of classwork in general. The undergraduates are not disposed to grumble at the amount of work which has to be got through with in the session, for, although large, it is not more than should be required in the curriculum of a first-class college. If any ground of complaint exists, it is in the shortness of the session, which compels the professors to assign for each day's recitation more work than can be assimilated by the student, or satisfactorily explained by the instructor. Under the present *regime*, and more especially since the recent raising of the standard at examinations, it has become a necessity for a student, who intends to keep up with the class-work, to deprive himself of necessary recreation and rest, in order to faithfully perform the tasks allotted without stint by the framers of the curriculum. It is true that only a minority of students "make a conscience" of keeping up with their classes, but it seems to us that the more appropriate method of applying stimu-

lus to those who require it is not to make the work so difficult that the majority give up in despair. By a judicious extension of the length of the session it would be possible, without adding to the work prescribed in each subject, to allow time for a fuller explanation in class, and by this means the interest of a larger number of students might be aroused. Each day's recitation could cover less ground, and at the same time be productive of greater benefit to the class. The extension of the session would also permit students to devote more time to the work of College Societies, reaping the culture which they are so eminently calculated to impart, and, moreover, would render possible more systematic and less fitful periods of recreation, which latter are as necessary to the hard-working student as the sun's rays to the flower.

**T**HE Sunday afternoon religious services in Convocation Hall are, comparatively speaking, a recent introduction into the routine of the College, and yet since their re-inauguration, a little over a year ago, have done considerable service as a target for a fusillade of criticism right and left. As long as the JOURNAL is under the present management its pronouncements on religious topics will be of a neutral character, but, as an impartial observer of the aforementioned criticism, we may be allowed to say a few words on the subject. We do not intend to review the objections to these services which have been raised by some of the local ministers and members of the Kingston Presbytery, who seem to have imagined that, as a Court, they had power to dictate to the authorities of the University. Since the petition anent these services, which was presented to the Presbytery at its recent meeting here, has been wisely tabled by that body, we do not deem it charitable to have anything to say regarding the spirit which

actuated the supporters of the petition, but it might have been advisable for these gentlemen to have considered that the students of the University are the particular class for whose benefit the services were instituted, and as such are entitled to an expression of opinion regarding the advisability of continuing them. We speak the mind of nine-tenths of the students of this University, when we say that these services on Sunday afternoons have been highly appreciated as a means of culture and mental growth. To those who are religiously inclined there has been no lack of spiritual food contained in the addresses of the gentlemen who have occupied the platform of Convocation Hall, and to those who occupy the position merely of outside critics the discourses have appealed with a fairness which, we are persuaded, has not been without its effect. There are among the those students whose minds, in regard to religious subjects generally, are in process of formation, and we consider it a not unwise policy on the part of the University authorities to adopt this method of aiding original investigation of truth. To agnostics and creed-subscribers alike there have been remarkably liberal and honest appeals made by men of commanding intellectual power and known research, and it is difficult to conceive of the result being otherwise than beneficial. The value of these services may not be recognized by those who pin their faith to a shibboleth, but honest inquirers after truth will welcome them as a boon, and we have no hesitation in expressing a wish for their continuance.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**P**ICTURESQUE CANADA. The publication of this work marks a distinct epoch in the progress of illustrative art in this country, and we now have a work which the Canadian book-loving public may well be proud of. The views of Canadian scenery and pictures of national life are from paintings by the most talented artists in Canada, under the superintendence of Mr. O'Brien, President of the Canadian Academy, who himself furnishes many

of the sketches, while the very beautiful engravings themselves are executed in a manner and with a skill that has never been approached in Canada before. The late Dr. J. G. Holland saw the advance sheets, and expressing his surprise at their beauty, said that next to *Scribner's* they were the best he had ever seen, and that was the very highest encomium he could pass upon them. This alone is very high testimony as to the merit of the pictorial department of the work.

But it is not as a work of art alone that "Picturesque Canada" is to be praised and valued. The letter press—historical and descriptive—is in the hands of some of our best writers, under the direction of Principal Grant of this University, who furnishes the historical part of the work. It may justly be said that, as a history, the volumes before us take precedence in very many respects, of our best Canadian works. The histories of Parkman and others are valuable, but it has seemed to us that they very frequently fail to do justice to the different classes and beliefs referred to, so we are struck by the liberality and breadth of view noticeable throughout this work, in the discussions of early Canadian history, and which, coupled with a patriotic fervour and vigor of narrative, make the work extremely interesting and instructive. "Picturesque Canada" has had a large sale both in this country and Britain. The members of the Royal family have expressed their appreciation of it by ordering a large number of volumes, and it will without doubt be the most popular work published in this country.

The names of the writers for "Picturesque Canada" which we have as yet heard of are Mr. J. G. Creighton, B.A., of Montreal, Miss A. M. Machar, of Kingston, and the Rev. Charles Pelham Mulvaney, of Toronto. ("Picturesque Canada," edited by Principal Grant, Queen's University, Art Publishing Company, Toronto.)

**CHEMISTRY FOR INTERMEDIATES**—The little work before us seems peculiarly adapted for the purpose designed,—lessening the labour of note-making on the part of teachers, and of note-taking on the part of pupils. The Chemistry text-books in vogue can be used to advantage by teachers alone, who retail the contents to their pupils in the form of lectures and notes. Mr. Knight, we think, has succeeded admirably in his attempt to give the contents of the text-books in a condensed form, that is, as far as they relate to High School work—the chief principles of Chemical Physics, with notes on the principal elements and their compounds.

That the publishers recognize the value of this work is shown by the fact that they have undertaken the whole responsibility of its publication, giving the author a royalty on each copy sold. (Chemistry for Intermediates, by A. P. Knight, M. A., Rector and Science Master, Kingston Collegiate Institute. Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co.)

We have received a copy of No. 30 of the Humboldt Library Series of Popular Science, "On the Study of Words" by Archbishop Trench, of Dublin. The book

is a compilation of lectures delivered in the author's polished and yet perspicuous style. It is needless to say that the reading is intensely interesting to a student of philology, and at the same time sufficiently interesting to captivate an ordinary lover of the beauties of language. The publishers of the Humboldt series have materially aided the diffusion of scientific knowledge by the publication of the present cheap series, (Fitzgerald & Co., New York.)

#### MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS.

WE give below the official announcement of the result of the examinations in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. The examinations were held in Convocation Hall from the 21st to 25th of March, and in accordance with the new regulations were divided into Primary, Intermediate and Final.

##### SECOND YEAR (WITHOUT ORAL.)

H. R. Duff, Kingston.  
R. N. Fraser, Westmeath.  
T. Cumberland, Rosamont.  
A. Forin, Belleville.

##### WITH ORAL.

W. H. Bullis, Chatham.  
E. Foxton, Kingston.  
W. J. Webster, Napanee.  
R. C. Cartwright, Kingston.  
D. H. Mackie, Belleville.  
H. J. Williams, Rose Hall.  
H. J. Emery, Rutherford.  
E. S. Roy, Picton.

##### THIRD YEAR (WITHOUT ORAL.)

J. F. Kidd, Kingston.  
W. Young, Carlow.  
W. G. Anglin, Kingston.  
T. A. Moore, Kingston.  
A. McMurphy, Pembroke.  
H. M. Froiland, Kingston.  
John Cryan.

##### WITH ORAL.

C. Clancy, Wallaceburg.  
Dr. Hickey, Kingston.  
L. T. Davis, Kingston.  
G. S. McGhie, Elgin.  
A. J. Grange, Napanee.  
J. Smith.  
W. Hall, Villa Nova.

##### FINAL EXAMINATION FOR M.D. (WITHOUT ORAL.)

R. W. Garrett, Kingston.  
D. B. Rutherford, Belleville.  
J. M. Stewart, Portsmouth.  
A. P. Cornell, Portsmouth.  
C. E. Jarvis, Nilestown.  
H. Knox.

##### WITH ORAL.

R. S. Anglin, Kingston.  
A. D. Cameron, Lancaster.  
G. H. Denike, Belleville.  
H. N. Macdonald, Lake Ainslie, N.B.  
A. A. Mordy, Almonte.  
J. T. Reeve, Clinton.

The first three of the final men were equal.

Messrs. Cameron and Reeve have an additional examination in chemistry before obtaining their degrees.

Messrs. P. Kidd and W. J. Young will act as House Surgeons at the General Hospital. The former will receive appointment during the summer. Messrs. W. G. Anglin and T. A. Moore have been appointed Demonstrators of Anatomy for next session. Kingstonians have thus carried off three of the best positions, and are to be heartily congratulated.

• LITERARY. •

ASSUAGEMENT.

I LEAVE my couch; the oblivious wand of Sleep  
Has failed to conjure rest; adversity  
Has stormed my soul. I wander by the sea.  
O'er head dark chariots of the tempest sweep,  
And mainward, through the gloom, lights dimly peep  
From mist-palled ships that sink mysteriously,  
Brine-laden breezes toss the spray in glee.  
And Pharos flashes o'er the troubled deep.

Lo! the mild halcyon's wing has cleft apart  
The clouds, and with a radiance divine  
Phosphor, dawn-herald, gems the heavens calm.  
Auspicious omen! to my clouded heart,  
The rays of Hope in tranquil glory shine,  
E'en now, assuagement on it lays her balm.

—College Mercury.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

ONE has said whom the dark overpowers  
Whither vanish man's soul and the flowers:  
"Is love deep as the grave that devours?"

Deep as the grave! Ay, and deeper  
The love of the wept and the weeper;  
Greater than sleep is the sleeper.

Love is not dust, that it moulder;  
Death may be bold, Love is bolder;  
Death is of old, Love is older.

Love, were she Death's, would be fearless.  
Bride of his couch, were it cheerless?  
Only the mortal is tearless.—*Ex.*

A FRAGMENT.

HUSH, Birdie, hush! Cease thy gay trilling;  
Waste not thy wild notes on ears so unwilling.  
What at this early hour causes thy waking?  
Dost think the moon's pale light,  
Fading to darkest night,  
Proves day is breaking?  
Through all the summer-time thou hast been singing,  
To weary heart and mind sweet respite bringing.  
Now, while through forest glades frost, busy fingered,  
Paints the leaves brown and red,  
Then hurls them stiff and dead

Down to their mossy bed;  
Why has thou lingered?  
In some fair distant land green trees are waving,  
While in the waters clear, bright flowers are laving,  
Why dost thou longer stay where all seems dying?  
Already through the trees bleak winds are sighing.  
Leaving this leaden clime,  
Tracking the summer time,  
Haste thee thy flying.

—Selected.

• CONTRIBUTED. •

\* \* We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JOURNAL does not commit itself in any way to the sentiments which may be expressed in this department.

UNIVERSITY RIFLE COMPANY.

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I have been sorry and somewhat surprised to see in several recent issues of the JOURNAL disparaging allusions to the University Rifle Company. These allusions generally take the form of "funny" paragraphs. I am surprised the more that such allusions should have been admitted to your columns, because some one tells me that nearly all the members of the JOURNAL staff are militia officers. But of course it must have been that these had no cognizance of the foolish and puerile remarks that have frequently been incorporated in "De Nobis." The Rifle Company is composed of fine looking and soldierly fellows, who want to make the company a success, and surely it would have been more appropriate for the JOURNAL to have encouraged their efforts rather than to sneer at them. The writer of the articles referred to, in his attempts to be "funny," has also shown his complete ignorance of military organization with reference to two remarks (which from their personal nature I think it necessary to refer to). I might say that it is laid down that the different officers of a company should take different positions frequently, *i. e.* the captain and subordinate officers change about. It is no reason that because officers are of different ranks they should each hold one position during drill, and one only. Then again, if the orders which appeared on the board were "imposing," it must be put down to the Queen's Regulations, as they were only according to regulation.

Yours truly,

VOLUNTEER.

[We regret that "Volunteer" has found cause for complaint in the articles referred to, and can assure him that although the humor therein contained may have been somewhat grim, nothing more than good-natured banter was intended. The JOURNAL has a weakness for the latter, and we don't think any great harm has been done. We are glad to hear that the Company promises to take a fresh start next session, and that it will be worthy of Queen's and a benefit to the members. This session's drill has been decidedly beneficial to those fortunate

enough to attend, and the only regret is that a larger number of members have not answered faithfully to the roll-call.—ED. JOURNAL.]

### REFLECTIONS ON VISITING FORT HENRY.

BY A STUDENT.

**S**TILL thou standest, proud fort, upon thy noble eminence; still thine ever-watchful eye is gazing upon the waters beyond; still thou imbuest the heart with a thousand melancholy and poetic memories.

As I clamber up the steep hill side to-day dim visions of the past come vividly before me—sad and gloomy spectres haunt, and at last seize, me in their cold and forbidding grasp. As I proceed slowly upward I see in imagination the barbarians of Nerves swarming on the shores of Greece; the followers of Cæsar upon the shores of Britain; the soldiers of Wolfe on the steeps of Quebec; and many similar scenes engraven on the page of history. As I pause to rest and to look around, the thought strikes me, what will man not attempt for the sake of glory! I behold in the near distance the spires and mansions of a proud city, and instinctively recall to mind the history of a thousand such cities laid in smoking ruins for the sake of glory; and the people who are now crossing the ice in the harbor furnish me with a picture of their fleeing inhabitants. I proceed, and as my feet crush the crisp snow, I imagine I am trampling upon the bones of what history calls heroes, who have died for the sake of glory. The city clock strikes, and, as though the sound of a trumpet had fallen on the still air, I see these so-called heroes suddenly spring up, form in battle array and rush forth to what is called victory—yes, but it is the victory of the sword over reason, the victory of death over life. I reach the summit, and before me is a soldier, mechanically pacing to and fro, guarding the entrance to the fort. Visions of the past are again upon me and I see some dignified spectre guarding the dust of Alexander or of Bonaparte, too sacred for mortal eyes to rest upon. I request admittance. "Not," says the spectre, "without a pass." "What!" I return, "*a pass to see the sacred dust of murderers?*" "You are mistaken," says the spectre, "these men were martyrs to the cause of glory." I turn away with contempt. "Alas," I say to myself, "how vain is the education of mankind! We are taught to abhor the murderer of one, but to worship the slayer of a million. And this is the age of civilization! How delusive! I should prefer to call it the age of barbarism."

Revolving in my mind the dying words of Wolfe, I proceed around the fort, and as I walk over some bare ground with its withered grass, the veil of imagination again enshrouds me, and I am far away. I am standing on some great battle field with its dead yet unburied. Around me they lie in silent heaps, growing ghastly in the pale light of the silent moon, and I hear a voice saying, "We have died for the sake of glory." "Yes," I return, "but your death was an error. You may have died for the sake of

glory, but you have not won it." Proceeding around the fort I observe the polished guns upon the walls, with their gaping mouths, patiently warding off an imaginary enemy. Again I dream of the petty warfare of Indian tribes, the noblest of which are held to be barbaric. Again I dream of the mighty conflicts of nations, which are nothing more than great tribes, and yet are held to be civilized! As I examine the walls and trenches minutely the horrors of the pillage of the ancient city of Jerusalem crowd upon my mind. I imagine I see in yonder ditch men locked together in a death struggle, and others, who, falling wounded, are drowned in rivers of blood. Yet the scenes around Jerusalem were in the year 70 of the Christian era. Those were times of ignorance and barbarism: these are days of education and enlightenment. Horror of horrors! Educated to kill more artistically; enlightened in the art of rendering more poignant every phase of human suffering. As I proceed I notice parts of the wall slightly crumbling, and my mind becomes filled with forebodings of the future of military glory. I am carried far away upon the wings of thought to the golden future when human brotherhood shall be fully recognized. The same sun shines upon me, but I see no longer the fort beside which I stood a moment ago. In vain do I ask where are the monuments which have represented the historical victories of those who died for the sake of glory? A faint whisper alone answers me—they have long since crumbled to dust, and the so-called glory of those for whom they stood has ceased to be worshipped. Brothers the world over have shaken hands, and the doctrine of peaceful arbitrament has obtained a *real* victory over the barbarism of the nineteenth century—over the necessarily bombastic, but unreal, glory of military life.

R.

### ❖ MEETINGS. ❖

Y. M. C. A.

**T**HE annual meeting of this Association was held on Saturday, March 18th, in Divinity Hall, the President, Mr. R. C. Murray occupying the chair. After the usual opening exercises, reports were heard from the conveners of the different committees.

Mr. J. Hay, Convener of Religious Work Committee, reported that services had been successfully conducted during the winter at Barriefield, and the Grand Trunk Depot. The work in some parts of the city had been discontinued, as the majority of the people had become church-goers. Since the new year a meeting had been held weekly in Colborne street. The internal work of the Association had been very successful. Mr. J. Somerville, Convener of the Devotional Committee, reported that the Friday afternoon prayer meetings held in the Classical room had been very largely attended and intensely interesting. The Bible class on Sabbath mornings had been very instructive and helpful to many. He hoped it would be continued. Mr. N. Campbell, Convener of Committee for

visiting the sick, reported that the sick in the Kingston Hospital had been visited on Sabbath mornings.

Reports were then heard from the retiring officers.

The President said that the Society had great reason to be thankful. The special work of the Association had been vigorously performed, meetings had been conducted successfully, and much earnestness had been shown. During the session at various times they had been privileged to listen to stirring addresses from Rev. Messrs. Parsons, Rainsford, Owers, and others, on the distinctive work of Young Men's Christian Associations. In conclusion he said, "Let us go forward, upward, onward."

Reports were also given by the Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

- President—J. A. Grant.
- Vice-President—A. McLachlan.
- Recording Secretary—A. Gandier.
- Corresponding Secretary—J. W. H. Milne.
- Treasurer—A. L. Smith.
- Librarian—J. Douglass.
- Delegate to Convention—J. Sommerville, B.A.

#### MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

THE result of the last meeting of the Missionary Association on the 25th March, shows that its capability of undertaking mission work was not fully developed when in our last issue we reported that six students were to labor under its auspices during the coming summer. Two more are to be sent out immediately—one of these going to Consecon in Prince Edward County, and another to the line of the Canada Pacific Railway in the North West Territory. No Society in the College is of more importance, and no other can show as much development during the past two or three sessions as this Association. In two years its active working capacity in the field has almost tripled.

At the next regular meeting on April 8th the President's annual address will be given.

#### UNIVERSITY SERMON.

THE University preacher on 10th Feb. was Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., of Toronto. The power of prayer was the theme of his discourse, a synopsis of which is given below:

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—St. Matthew XXI. 22.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—St. John—15, 7.

The rev. gentleman said he had been struck with the words of Canon Moyley, who, speaking of the power of prayer, stated that it was strong wishes, that wishes are prayers if men believe in God and if their wishes are formed around his presence. This was the theme he wished to illustrate, the power of strong wishes in the spiritual sphere to fulfil themselves. He first spoke of the conditions under which these wishes are to be cherished and expressed, the conditions under which prayer is to be offered.

(1) A man who prays must abide in Christ. What was meant by "abide?" Why, nothing but a living relation-

ship, a branch of the true vine, a drinking in of the sap that we may bear fruit of the good that is within us. A man who prays must be bathed in the atmosphere of Christ's presence, he must have Christ's grace, he must cling to Him as the branch clings to the vine. How many prayers must be ruled out because the offerer is self-centred instead of centreing in Christ:

(2) A man who prays must have Christ's "words" abide in Him. Only in the light of them can he know the way to the Father, can he know of sin and redemption, of life and death, of heaven and hell. A man who prays should do so in the light of such words as "Blessed are the poor in Spirit," "Blessed are the meek," "Blessed are the merciful," "Blessed are the pure in heart," "Blessed are the peace-makers," "Blessed are the persecuted for righteousness sake for their's is the kingdom of heaven." "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things shall be added unto you." "A man cannot serve God and mammon." "Many a man desires to be religious because he knows it to be a good thing, especially at death, but he is not willing to give it first place, and he violates the words which say, "Seek first the kingdom of God." Remember that God will have first place or none. Too many pray according to the worldly standard "Love them that love you and treat you well," "Treat with a lofty scorn them that do you wrong." Too many pray with the words of this standard in their hearts when they ask for forgiveness. They should pray believing that the Lord conquered death, that He won the victory not for Himself but for the weak, the sinful, the sorrow-stricken unto whom he says, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God believe also in Me." God's words live in the memories and hearts of those who pray; this is substantially what is meant by praying in the name of Christ. To pray in His name is to ask with His authority, otherwise prayer will not be answered. "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." To have Christ's words abiding in us means more than to have them in our minds, but to have a true apprehension of duty. There is no truth without a corresponding duty, and when we apprehend our duty it is binding upon us. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." "if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." It is Christ within us that prays.

(3) A man must pray believing in God, who is the hearer and answerer of prayer. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." How many prayers are worthless simply because they are the utterance of words—words, that mean nothing? How often the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England is muttered over by men having no knowledge of the meaning of salvation and forgiveness, mercy, love, meekness, purity of heart? The same may be said of extemporaneous prayer. How often does a man pray for forgiveness and yet say in his heart, "Oh, I'm not so bad after all." While he prays not to be conformed to this world he actually hopes that it will not be granted; he has a stronger conviction of the value of money and comfort and success than of the things prayed for. Believing in God means in this connection that a man must pray to God having the conviction that he is sure to get that which he prays for. The believing man has faith, the substance of things hoped, the evidence of things not seen. To a man of faith the future is as certain as the present. There is no limit to prayer under these conditions. If prayer were a sort of charm it would be a curse. If it were possible for a man to get on his knees and ask God for money, success, health, honor preceded with the formulae incantation, "In Christ's name," with

the assurance that he would get what he wanted, prayer would be the devil's most formidable weapon. Prayer moves the hand that moves the universe, but only on the conditions prescribed by the hearer of prayer.

He now proceeded to consider how prayer was to be answered. A partial answer was given in the opening of the sermon, "Strong wishes, in the spiritual sphere tend to fulfil themselves." This fact was demonstrated in worldly things. A man will not succeed by wishing, but by working in harmony with the laws of God. Only those who keep these laws can expect to prosper. Even so is it in the spiritual sphere. We must work according to God's laws, having the conviction that it is Him that works in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. A child does not open the drawer by sitting on the floor and gazing at it after having vainly tugged at one of the handles for a moment. No more does a man cure himself of bad temper by kneeling down and asking God to make him speak kindly and gently, while at breakfast, he repeats the offence in consequence of a foolish word dropped by a child or friend. If one desires a situation he uses all the power which he can command; he must have his eyes open, he must see that no stone is left unturned, that no friendly influence is overlooked. And so in spiritual life, a man must not omit to use any powers of which he may be possessed in order to gain a vantage ground; he must not fold his arms and wait for something to turn up. A man who prays must set about having his prayer answered. He hoped the students whom he addressed would be men of prayer, of faith, and of action, "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit," and "working always with the glad consciousness that God is spiritually working in you." Said he, "Cherish lofty ideas, and labor to realize them, looking to God for the accomplishment of great things." A man becomes impressed with the enormity of some public evil, sets his face against it, and hopes to eradicate it. He enters upon his task with enthusiasm. But he finds no other in his mood, and feeling his argument is resisted by those who have hobbies of their own, the temptation is to become discouraged, to settle down into a prudent man of business, minding his own affairs, less sensitive to the cries of the children of misery and tyranny in social life. "Fight," said he, "against any form of evil until it is destroyed. Christ's cause is sufficient in this struggle with what is evil in society. With God's strength you will be sure to conquer." He remarked that all of them had set an ideal before them. Some, for instance, proposed becoming faithful ministers. They went to congregations waiting for them, determined to speak the will of God at all hazards. But they are worshipped more than God. They are praised for their eloquence, the pathos and sublimity of their language, and perceiving this they would lose their high ideal, submit to what is conventional rather than Christ-like, be more anxious for the patronage of the wealthy than the vigorous influence of the Spirit. He hoped this would not be so with them. He trusted that they would speak boldly, that all their working, and reading, and thinking, and social intercourse would be laid under contribution that men might be brought to Christ, that they might be built up in Christ. Sometimes prayer seems to be unanswered even under the conditions specified. This may be for temporal good. It may be for spiritual good. We have a right to go to the Father and ask for the things which we want, bread, health, strength, vigorous intellect; but the spirit of Christ is of more consequence. Sometimes it seems that God does not answer prayer. But he does. Accident and misfortune may seem against this belief, but the bereaved before now have been forced to admit that in their human judgment they were wrong, that what appeared as curses were really blessings. We should have unlimited trust and confidence in the allwise, infinitely loving Father, remembering the

words of His Son: "Ask and it shall be given, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

### PERSONAL.

**REV. DONALD ROSS**, Financial Agent of Lake Forest University, Chicago, who is a well-known Canadian and graduate of this University, was last week in Kingston, the guest of Rev. Dr. Smith.

**E. HOLTON BRITTON**, '83, R. C. Cartwright, of the Royal College, and **L. W. SHANNON**, B.A., '77, having received lieutenants' commissions in the Canadian militia, are now attached to "B" Battery Royal School of Gunnery for the usual short course of instruction. They will be followed in a few weeks by **MR. J. S. SKINNER**, '83, who has also received his commission. Mr. Skinner is the third member of the present JOURNAL staff gazetted an officer in the Canadian militia.

**JAMES LAFFERTY**, M.D., '71, has resigned the medical charge of the eastern section of the Canada Pacific Railway, which he received last fall, and has gone to Winnipeg, where he has already been a very successful operator in real estate.

**GEO. CLAXTON**, B.A., '70, late of the firm of McGuire & Claxton in this city, has also left us for the land of golden promise. We hope his success will be commensurate with his well known application to business.

We regret to hear of the serious illness of the mother of **MR. A. ARMSTRONG**, of the Freshman class, who resides near Markham, Ont. Having been called home it is unlikely that Mr. Armstrong will be able to pass his examinations this spring.

**J. HAMILTON**, B.A., '77, who has been for some time teaching in Brantford Collegiate Institute, has returned to Kingston to resume his medical studies.

**J. A. GRANT**, B.A., '78, of Ottawa, has been awarded the degree of M.D.C.M. from McGill College, Montreal.

**GEO. MCARTHUR**, B.A., '81, who graduates in theology this session, has accepted a call to become the colleague and successor of Rev. Dr. Mann, of Pakenham.

**H. J. EMERY**, of the Royal College, has been appointed teacher of the Howe Island Public School for the summer months.

**D. MCTAVISH**, B.A., '81, has accepted an appointment to a vacant pastorate at Fort Collins, Colorado, whither he will proceed immediately after Convocation.

### DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

A DIVINITY'S EXPLOIT.

A FEW days ago a divinity student was seen proceeding in great haste towards the corner of the park where it borders on King and West Sts. He reached the park, found the gate locked, but nothing daunted, he attempted the daring feat of scrambling over the fence. It was accomplished in a style that the would-be acrobat thought neat and dignified, but then he couldn't see himself. He hurried on and at last reached the fence on the other side, where, triumphant and full of confidence from his previous success, he repeated the fool-hardy act in a manner that would have made the most accomplished gymnast envious. For, in the middle of the act, the prob-



lem,—how many lengths of my body would it take to reach across this street? must have entered his brain, and with him, to think was to act, for instead of coming down on his feet, and then going through the process of measuring the street, as any common person would have done, he came down his full length at once, with his hands stretched out and his face buried in the earth (the reason of this last act is not quite clear.) Then he slowly and carefully drew himself up, in order, of course, to repeat the operation, when he espied a red mark on one of his hands. Could it be blood? Instantly his manner changed; he was no longer the cool calculating mathematician; although he is a graduate of this University, and has studied philosophy and logic, he could not reason with or control himself. In mortal terror he remembered hearing that lockjaw was sometimes the consequence of a wound in the hand, and he did not consider that this was only a scratch, a mere ruffling of the skin. He was deadly pale, his eyes protruded, his teeth chattered and his trembling knees knocked together from fright. Summoning up all his fast ebbing strength, he ran to the nearest house. Would he get there in time? He did, and violently ringing the bell, he brought the lady of the house to the door and imploringly besought her that she would dress his wound. The lady was rather taken aback at this request from an entire stranger. But she was a woman, and seeing a person in distress, her woman's heart could not resist the inclination to pity, so she took him in. She soothed and quieted him, washed his hand and to please him put a piece of court plaster over the place where she thought the wound was likely to be. "Out of sight, out of mind," so in this case, no longer able to see the object of his fright, he forgot it, and not only it, but the class to which he was hurrying when he left King St.

A LARGE number of undergraduates went to hear "Patience" which was produced in the Opera House, March 18th, by the Gorman Church Choir Company, of Philadelphia. Comparison was naturally instituted between the performance of this Company and that of our own Glee Club in November last. It was generally conceded that the male choruses were finer, the dragons better drilled, and much of the acting of the Philadelphia company ahead of the amateur performance in Convocation Hall. On the other hand it was unanimously decided that the voices and general capability of the lady singers in the professional company were altogether inferior to the amateur assistance rendered by Kingston ladies at the Club's rendition of the opera. The singing of Mrs. Dow alone was a notable exception. The two leading roles of *Patience*, and *Lady Angela*, were not rendered with anything like the spirit thrown into the impersonations by Miss K. Wilson and Mrs. Betts, and the acting and singing in the other female roles will stand a comparison equally favorable to our local talent. If the performance of the Glee Club had been given in the Opera House with all the advantage of stage scenery etc., there can be no doubt that even greater success would have attended their efforts.

Now it is that the pensive freshy ceases to think of home and mother, and begins to transfer his affections in dead earnest to the fast approaching exams.

A CERTAIN Sophomore of our acquaintance was visited the other night by a nightmare of more than ordinary hideousness, and even yet he has not wholly recovered from its effects. He dreamed that a fierce demon, conspicuously labelled "Pluck" approached the bed and with a fiendish chuckle attempted to fold him in its embrace. The Sophomore trembled and to avoid the monster turned his head. Hardly had he done so when he uttered a cry of delight, for on the other side, close to him was a beaut-

eous maiden—a maiden whom to see was to love. Her name was "Forty per-cent," but as the enamoured Soph stretched forth his arms she vanished and, in her place stood the demon who had first appeared. Shuddering, he again turned away. Once more he saw the bewitching damsel, but once more, as he attempted to embrace her, she abdicated in favor of the demon. Several times was the process repeated, until the victim, no longer able to struggle against his all-powerful foe, succumbed, and with another chuckle the monster seized him.

Whether this horrible dream should be regarded as a forecast of what will be made known on the 21st of April, or merely as the to-be-expected result of over-eating (a favourite practice with Sophomores) we are at a loss to determine—perhaps it was partly both. It is, however, needless to mention that the student is a member of the Metaphysics class.

Some playful individual found his way into the Classical room the other day and indulged in the divine art of pencilling on the blackboard. Under the inspiration of his artist's nature he succeeded in drawing in chalk the profiles of several local celebrities, his master creation being a representation of one of the professors.

When the junior Latin class assembled, the eye of the Professor rested for a moment on the blackboard embellishments, and at the end of the hour, in a tone in which the faintest tinge of irony could be discovered, he congratulated the class on the production of a second Bengough. He remarked *en passant* that a profile on a blackboard was generally termed a *silhouette*, but that chalk marks on a blackboard were *stillier yet*.

We regret to announce the serious indisposition of our funny contributor. He went to hear "Patience" the other night, and came away with Sullivan's music ringing in his ears, and the words of several of the refrains repeating themselves in his memory. We met him in College a day or two afterwards and noticed a wild light in his eyes, as if he was labouring under inspiration of some kind. He timidly handed us a note which on opening we found to read as follows:

An Anti-Concursus young man,  
A fresh-from-his-nurses young man,  
He was just in his teens  
When he first came to Queen's,  
And he's nearly a Soph. young man.

Immediately following the disgust with which we read the above came a feeling of relief when we reflected that our friend's insanity was only temporary. He returned, however, shortly afterwards with the following, which we reluctantly read:

A go-to-sleep-in-the-class young man,  
A cram-up-for-pass young man,  
He'll be very content  
With forty per cent,  
A rollicking Soph. young man.

Sadly we folded the paper. "Surely," thought we, "the fury of the attack is nearly spent." We went homewards. Scarcely had we become ensconced in our easy chair when a messenger brought us the following:

A Divinity-Hall young man,  
A waiting-for-call young man,  
He's decidedly weak  
On Hebrew and Greek,  
But alas! he's a Church young man.

We smiled. Our sense of humour was at last touched. However, this thing must stop. *Patience* had ceased to be a virtue. We hired the Poet-Laureate, of the College to write the following, which we posted up on the bulletin-board:

A Patience-crazy young man,  
 A terribly lazy young man,  
 He must cease writing verses,  
 Or be laden with curses,  
 From the furious editor-man.

We hoped this would have the desired effect, and breathed easily for a day. But on the following day we were again assailed with the following:

A lady-student young—undergraduate,  
 An exceedingly-prudent young—undergraduate.  
 She's decidedly pretty,  
 And passably witty,  
 This College-bewitched young girl.

After the first shock of perusal, we immediately resolved on violent measures, and having run the author of the above to ground, we succeeded, with the assistance of several confreres, in placing him under strict confinement in the cellar. He is now in a straight jacket, and we hope to be able to announce his convalescence in our next issue.

A PETITION has been circulated and signed by the students resident in the city, asking for the use of the Gymnasium during the summer months. It will be presented to the Senate in a few days.

ONE of the occasions under which the average undergraduate comes to the conclusion that life is a blank, is when, after struggling and fighting for several minutes to reach the post office wicket in the library first, and getting his body severely pummelled in the attempt, instead of receiving that long looked-for letter, he is presented with a patent-medicine circular.

THE "Pirates of Penzance" are to be re-produced in the Opera House, May 10th, for the benefit of the 14th P.W.O. Rifles' Band Fund. The opera is under the management of Mr. F. C. Heath, musical conductor of the Glee Club, and will number among the performers several members of the College Club.

A GOOD 1st of April joke was perpetrated on a Junior last Saturday evening at the close of the Alma Mater Society meeting. The Society had just adjourned, the session being a short one, and some of the members were standing around the corridor engaged in conversation, when a worthy Junior put in his appearance. He inquired why the meeting of the Society was not in progress, and was gravely informed that there was not a quorum present, one being lacking to complete the number. Now, the aforesaid Junior is well known to be actuated at all times by an earnest desire to further the interests of the Alma Mater Society, and in fact the interests of his fellow-students at large, so, without a moment's hesitation he stepped into the breach, and in a tone in which self-sacrifice and magnanimity were conspicuously blended, remarked, "Well, boys, I wasn't intending to stay this evening, but under the circumstances, I'll go in and complete the quorum in order to rush business through." The offer was at once accepted, and the conspirators with their victim filed into the Society's room and took their seats. The Vice-President gravely took the chair and called on the Secretary to read the minutes of the *last* meeting. The Secretary complied, and read the minutes of the meeting which had adjourned some fifteen minutes previously. Some snickering was heard in the back benches, but the Chairman in an offended tone having severely reprimanded the delinquents, perfect order was restored and the Secretary completed the reading of the minutes. The victim was narrowly watched to see if he "took" so to speak, but as is usual with certain attendants of the Society, he gravely voted that the minutes were correct. The conspirators thought they had carried the joke far enough, and were not sufficiently prodigal of time to re-transact the

business of the evening for the special delectation of one. A motion to adjourn was accordingly moved and seconded, and the conspirators decamped, leaving the Junior aforesaid to peacefully pursue his way homewards, reflecting on this last act of generosity, which crowned a well-spent day, and little suspecting that he was the sorry victim of an "April Fool."

### \*EXCHANGES.\*

ACTA COLUMBIANA makes perhaps the best appearance of any paper on our list, while the managers evidently possess three requisites for turning out a good college paper—good taste, humor and literary ability. The following parody on *Acta* is worth reprinting:

#### THE COLLEGE MAN.

If you want a receipt for that long-hidden mystery,  
 Known to the world by the name, "College Man,"  
 You'll have to go back into primeval history,  
 There to discover such facts as you can.  
 Apply all the formulæ trigonometrical,  
 Tangent and cosine of small *a* and *b*,  
 And if you work them by rules geometrical,  
 Possibly then you his nature will see.  
 The cheek of the Freshman, with dignity running o'er,  
 Tends to suggest one its synonym, "brass,"  
 Fearing the scowl of the smallest wee Sophomore,  
 Talking so big of "the men of my class."  
 The fun of the Sophomore, living so happily;  
 Naught does he care for his "cramming" or work,  
 Cribbing in all things so very successfully,  
 Thus being able his duties to shirk.  
 He takes all his fortunes so jolly and easily,  
 Drowning his cares in a schooner of beer;  
 What does it matter, so time passes speedily?  
 Ready at all times for song or for cheer.  
 The Junior so "nobby," the Senior magnificent,  
 Envy alike of the Freshman and Soph,  
 Deeming all others quite too insignificant,  
 Ready at last on life's voyage to start off.  
 Add to these traits that have just been related you,  
 Quite a large share of original sin,  
 Then to the mixture, remaining "in statu quo,"  
 Athletes of every kind now you throw in.  
 Take of these elements all that is possible,  
 Mix them up well in a pipkin or crucible;  
 Set them to simmer and take off the scum,  
 And a true "College Man" is the residuum.

THE *Varsity* (University College, Toronto) boorish and impudent, although generally appropriating other men's jokes and giving them out as original, often gets off some good things of its own. In a recent issue it has the impertinence to refer contemptuously to our University sermons, and affirms its belief that failing copy in this respect, we (the distinguished staff of this paper) hold a prayer meeting and report the proceedings. This struck deeply into our sense of humor, and we marked a copy of the *V.* and sent it round to a few sympathetic confreres, hoping that it might have the effect of tickling their appetite for the "funny." They assure us that it had.

A WHITBY College girl, "fond of perusing the exchanges" of the *Sunbeam*, and apparently of rhyming, gets off an elegiac, of which the following are some verses:

How doth the naughty *Varsity*  
 Produce its little jokes?  
 By raking up what long hath been  
 Forgotten by other folks.

Where doth the gentle *Acta*  
Its words tremendous find?  
In Webster's Unabridged, where it  
Is ever on the grind.

Why doth the stately *Rouge et Noir*  
Come but four times a year?  
Because, you see, it costs too much  
To print it oftener.

Where doth the Q. C. JOURNAL  
Obtain its maxims wise?  
Hush! now we'll cease, all things are not  
Revealed to mortal eyes.

It may be that we are not poetical or are destitute of "finer feelings," or don't happen to be "mashers," but we must confess (Philistine though we may be) that the average poetry in some College papers makes us sick. For example:

MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine is sweet and fair,  
Her eyes are clear and bright;  
Like gossamer her golden hair,  
Her hands are snowy white.

My love one only thing doth lack.  
Would'st know what that may be:  
Then come a little closer, sweet,  
Put down thine ear—*It's me.*

—Trinity Tablet.

Or the following:

"Do you love me, sweet?" was the wail he wole,  
As he pressed her close to his heart's wild throbbing;  
"Does love's fierce tide irrigate your soul?  
Is your heart with mine simultaneously bobbing?"  
Her soulful eyes flew up to his face,  
And pierced his own with their lovely glitter;  
Then softly she muttered, with winning grace:  
"Do I love you, George? Well, I should twitter!"

—College Transcript.

THE *Spectator* published by the St. Laurent College near Montreal, is a Canadian exchange, whose acquaintance we are glad to make. The tone of its articles is less narrow than what we are accustomed to meet with in papers published by Roman Catholic Colleges in the United States, and its views on educational matters are generally sound. The make-up of the paper is good, but more discrimination in the selection of news items would add to its attractiveness as a College paper.

THE *Yale Record* is one of the few American College papers which possess real literary excellence without being heavy. The editors display taste and good judgment in their selections, the majority of which, besides being original, are decidedly above the average. This is, of course, to be expected in a college where the number of students is so large that the editors have plenty of room for choice. One of the *Record's* contributors is an amateur poet of rare feeling and insight as several recent fragments of song from his pen prove. The following lyric, taken from the last number of the *Record*, we consider a gem:

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

"CECINI PASCUA, RURA DUCES."

On an olive-crested steep,  
Hanging o'er the narrow road,  
Lieth in his last abode,  
Wrapped in everlasting sleep

He, who in the days of yore  
Sang of shepherds, pastures, farms;  
Sang of heroes and their arms,  
Sang of passion, sang of war.

When the lark at dawning tells,  
Herald-like, the coming day,  
And along the dusty way  
Comes the sound of tinkling bells,

Rising to the tomb aloft;  
While some modern Corydon  
Drives his bleating cattle on  
From the stable to the croft.

Then the soul of Virgil seems  
To have broken from its dreams,  
And to sing again the melodies  
Of which he often tells,  
The lowing of the herds,  
The music of the birds,  
And the tinkling of the bells

❖ BOY MOTS. ❖

THE bills announce that the "Edipus Tyrannus" was originally produced at Harvard College. Probably its presentations some thousands of years ago in Greece are only regarded as rehearsals.—*Post*.

"FAREWELL, vain world, I'm going home," quavered a weak voice from the vicinity of a neighboring gutter, about 12 o'clock last Saturday night. "That you, X.," sang out a passer-by. "Why ain't you at home and in bed?" "In bed, Y, in bed? You must be crazy; I've been there for half an hour. You're too drunk to go home by yourself; pull off and turn in with me, old fellow."—*Southern Col- legian*.

WILL wonders never end?  
See! see a senior bend  
His stately head,  
And a word is said  
To his little freshman friend.

THIS is an examination. See how sad these boys look! Look at that boy in the corner. He will pass. He has studied hard. He has all his knowledge at his finger ends. See, he puts his knowledge in his pocket because the tutor is looking. Come away children!—*Record*.

FENDERSON was at the theatre the other night. "It was a burlesque, a take-off, wasn't it?" asked Smith. "Yes," said Fenderson, "that is what it was, I guess. They had taken off about everything they dared to."—*Ex*.

1ST FRESHMAN TO 2ND DITTO.—"Did you get her photo while you were away?"

2ND F.—"Well-ah, the fact is, she gave me her negative."—*Princetonian*.

SENIOR, who doesn't see the joke. "My head is pretty large and it takes a little while for the thought to travel through it." Freshman, "Is that what you call 'thought flying through space?'"—*Union Herald*.

TIDE OF TIME.

Trilobite, Graptolite  
Nautillus pie  
Seas were calcareous  
Oceans were dry.

Eocené, Miocene.

Pliocene, tuff,  
Lias, and trias,  
And that is enough.

O sing a song of phosphates,  
Fibrine in a line.  
Four and twenty frolics  
In the van of time.

When phosphorescence  
Evoluted brain,  
Superstition ended,  
Man began to reign.

—[Rev. Joseph Cook, in Grip.]

HE was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the Philadelphia dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor, as the new man came in with a column where a stick only was required. "Do you desire a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No! boil it down," thundered the city ed. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there ain't "culchaw" enough in Philadelphia.

LITTLE freshman to big freshman—"Say, don't you have to pay more than ordinary sized men for your clothes?" *Vice versa*—"No; I pay less, because I'm such a big advertisement."—*Yale Record*.

A SYMPHONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

1. *Allegro con Moto*.

A damsel fair, of "utter" ilk, glides languid 'long the street;  
And bliss "all-but" Algernon knows, as his eyne that face greet.

2. *Andante con Tenerezza*.

Imploringly, with clasped hands, he asked in language stilted,

"O blushing lily, wilt be mine?" Ineffably, she wilted.

3. *Scherzo*.

As toward her father's house they pranced, in true æsthetic fashion,

A minuet and gavotte they danced, to gratify their passion.

4. *Presto Furioso*.

The fatal portal reached, they entered, but alas for romance,

Her cruel papa—just made Algernon Belvidere Apollo Jenkins think he'd been sitting for some hours on the crater of a good, healthy, active volcano. Weep!

For the sunflower is withered.

—*Mercury*.

THE Cleveland preacher took for his text: "He giveth his beloved sleep." And then he said, as he glanced around, that the way his congregation had worked itself into the affections of the Lord was amazing.—*Ex*.

"OH, what rapture!" remarked Adolphus, as he clasped his fair one in his arms. "Oh, what rapped yer?" a friend inquired shortly afterwards, as he observed Adolphus trying to get his head and a large-sized bump into his hat at the same time; and Dolphy said he didn't exactly know, but thought it must have been the old gentleman's gold-headed cane.—*Ex*.

A RED-HAIRED Englishman says that in his native country they call him an "hauben blonde," but 'ere in America they call 'im a "red-eaded son-of-a gun."—*Ex*.

"I KNOW," said a little girl at the supper table to Lieut. A, "that you will join our society to prevent cruelty to birds, because mamma says you are so fond of larks."

Then there was a silence, and the Limburger cheese was heard scrambling around in the tin box on the shelf.—*Ex*.

A ROMAN GHOST.

A Freshman tried to scare a Prof.  
By dressing as a ghost;  
He entered the Professor's room,  
And leaning 'gainst a post  
Gave vent to sundry dolorous groans,  
And when the Prof. awoke,  
And, trembling, stared in dire dismay,  
The ghost thus to him spoke;  
"O. Dic ad mihi"—when the Prof.  
A bowl threw at his face;  
"No Roman ghost," thought he, "would put"  
'Ad' with the dative case."—*Ex*.

THIRTEEN female physicians are practicing in an Iowa town, and at a recent fire there were not enough well men to run an engine.

IT is Oliver Wendell Holmes who speaks of "the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—the love labial—the limping consonant which it takes two to speak plain."

INSTRUCTOR, examining black board—"I don't quite understand your figures, Mr. X." Mr. X.—"Very well, I'll explain them to you after recitation."—*Record*.

A CAT when pursued by a ferocious dog may not be feeling quite as well as usual, but nevertheless, she presents a fur-straight appearance.

A lady named Mary Magui-ah  
Had trouble in lighting her fi-ah;  
The wood being green,  
She used kerosene—  
——— ssz —!!!! — ?!!!! — tzssz —!!!!  
She has gone where the fuel is dry-ah!

—*Occident*.

1ST STUDENT—"It's queer when D—— falls it's always on his head; some way or other I generally strike on my feet." 2nd Student, glancing at them: "I shouldn't wonder."

SIMSON, who by mistake of the errand boy, found his ticket to be for the second gallery instead of the orchestra circle, says he was much distressed at having to change—in fact, he was moved two tiers.

WHY was Pharaoh's daughter like a successful stock-broker in a money-panic? Because she got a little profit from the rushes on the banks.—*Ex*.

"PINK TRESSES."

They sat alone in the even-tide,  
(Her hair was decidedly auburn in hue.)  
They talked of love personified.  
He said, "I love you," she said, "I love you."

But she had on a dress of brightest pink,  
And he said, as she coyly received his caresses,  
"Do you know, my dear, I do not think  
That I'er can admire such bright pink dresses."

"Out! insolent wretch!" the maiden cried,  
"If I have auburn hair 'tis no excuse  
That you should thus your true love deride,  
And heap on her your insulting abuse."

"No, no!" he pleaded in tones most humble,  
In return to her highly impassioned addresses,  
"You did in your haste the consonants jumble.  
I said pink dresses and not pink tresses."

—*Yale Record*.