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Matter for publication should be addressed to A. McLACHLAN; Business letters to GEO. F. HENDERSON, P. O. Drawer 1146, Kingston, Ont.

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

OUR sanctum was last week honored by a visit from Chancellor Fleming, C.E., C.M.G. Mr. Fleming has secured for himself a place in the hearts of the present generation of students which neither time nor separation from the University can change. The interests of Queen's have always been his interests, and he has identified himself with every step of our rapid advancement. May Chancellor Fleming live to see the University for which he has done so much second in no particular to any other in this Dominion is the hearty wish of every man in the college.

But the Chancellor's visits in the past have always been the forerunners of better things to come, and we are informed that this one is not an exception. The plot will not be fully worked out till Convocation. But we will not anticipate.

ANOTHER petition is just now in circulation which we feel sure will meet with the approval not only of the undergraduates, but of the Senate as well, when once the matter is brought before them. The petitioners ask that the programme of examinations may be made public say two weeks before the agony actually begins, instead of our having only two days notice, as has been usual of late years. The reasonableness of the request is so obvious that no comment is necessary. The change would not entail any extra labour or inconvenience on the part of the Senate, and would be a source of great satisfaction to the students.

WE would like to see an "editorial" course introduced in our university. The idea is not a new one, as we understand such a course exists in some American colleges. It may be true that "an editor is born, not made," but a suitable training would be desirable for this profession as well as for any other. An editor, to be successful, requires a good general education, but if this extended over Literature, Classics, Philosophy, Political Economy and History, the course would be sufficient. As part of such a course, active work on the JOURNAL, as well as the writing of special essays and criticisms, should be prescribed. We do not wish to see a staff for the JOURNAL which would be influenced directly by the Senate, but we do think the chief management of this paper equivalent to one or perhaps two classes in the present Art's course. We trust we shall soon see an editorial course, in connection with the Art's course, published in our calendar.

SOME time ago we advocated the substitution of a high standard obtained at the monthly examinations in place of the final, and called for the views of the students upon the matter. No response has been made, but the idea, if developed, would be so productive of good that we hesitate to allow it to be entirely forgotten. We suggested that students who obtained a certain average standard at all the monthly examinations, should be excused from writing at the final or university examination, and in support of such a system it was shown that cramming, the greatest evil a student must contend against, would be, to a great extent unnecessary. This fact alone should be sufficient to recommend it to the Senate, and to the students. But in addition to that it would excite more interest in these examinations. The institution of awarding prizes has been abandoned. These were determined by the results of the monthly exams., and have always been a great inducement to regular attendance. Already this session we notice students are neglecting the regular monthly examinations because, they say, "It makes no difference." We should be sorry to see these examinations fall into serious neglect. Such a state would be against all traditions of the college, and a step in a wrong direction. By means of them we have a training that nothing else can give, and that we cannot afford to lose. What then would be better calculated to insure their continuance, and their being made a proper factor in the course of every student, than the system which has just been proposed. Certainly there must be something to give permanence to the monthlies, and it does not appear that anything else but our suggestion will do so. The training and practice which is received by attending, is not sufficiently apparent to students, so that we may be sure, they will not attend for the sake of these alone. It will not require a

long trial to demonstrate this fact. The advantages arising from the introduction of a system based on the foregoing suggestions, seem to be numerous; the disadvantages, if there are any, have yet to be shown.

IT is, perhaps, scarcely within the province of college journalism to discuss the question as to whether the study of shorthand should be introduced into the catalogue of Common and High School studies.

We may, however, in so far as the training in these schools is prefatory to a University course and a consequent professional life, point out that so long as the present lecture system continues, a knowledge of shorthand will prove itself to be one of the most valuable aids to the student who purposes taking such a course. That it should be so, needs only to be hinted, as the arguments in its favor are so numerous and self-evident that no one would think to question it.

To all those who anticipate a college course we would suggest the advisability of acquiring a knowledge of shorthand, both as a means of lessening the drudgery of class-work, and as an accomplishment which will be of constant service throughout a professional career.

REFLECTIONS OF THE COLLEGE MOUSE.

AS everything seems quiet about the college, and professors and students have taken themselves off, and John does not appear to be lurking anywhere with broom and poker, I think I'll go out for a little ramble. There is one nook which I specially delight in—that is out-board below the stairs. Now that the letter-box is out of use, and some one has kindly removed the Y. M. C. A. hymn-book receptacle to the classical class-room, there is little danger of being disturbed in that retreat even in broad daylight. I always avoid that corner of the closet where the black bottles were last winter. I hate, above all things, stale whiskey smells. I wonder if Coleridge had a snuff of them when he got off that stanza about odours. His mind must have been running then on something more material than Universal Spirit. But if I talk bookishly, Dr. Bell will be setting a trap for my benefit in the Library; so, as Tom Sawyer said, "mum's the word." But the other corner, into which the old

papers and notices are swept, is the spot I frequent most of all. I am extremely inquisitive about all the doings of the students, and, as I have no means of getting a glimpse of the notices while they are on the bulletin board, I have to be satisfied with devouring the news in the closet. I find that several things have changed somewhat since last session. In the first place I am really pleased to see so few notices about lost rubbers, lost gloves and lost note-books. I never rightly understood how these things disappeared. We are told that riches take to themselves wings and fly away, but I never heard of a similar remark being applied to overshoes. This, then, is a decided improvement. But there are other matters not so pleasant. For instance, I seldom read an announcement that is not so scratched and scored that one can with difficulty decipher it. The tendency amongst some students to disfigure notices must almost amount to a mania. I am fully persuaded that these students must be Freshmen. The handwriting, for one reason, seems totally new to me, and besides no one, I believe, could be a full session at Queen's without giving over practices so unstudent-like. I have heard my grandfather, who had not the privilege of being a college mouse, but spent most of his life in a public school, say that the youngsters there played tricks like that. But one who deems himself fit for college should put away such childish things, else, in my opinion, he had better return to a public school. Everything like pens and pencils should be taken from those possessed with this *cacæthes scribendi* until they get beyond their babyhood. But perhaps my ideas of right and wrong will not pass muster with beings endowed with intelligence.

Speaking of announcements, I got into the Senate's waste-basket the other day, and saw two singularly sensational bulletins about a band and a circus, if I remember rightly. I might have thought it was a joke of the magi themselves, had I not overheard, while eavesdropping, some students discussing the matter, and learned from them that one of themselves was the moving spirit. Well, of all notices those were the very worst I ever saw. That moving spirit must be considerably 'less than archangel ruined.' I could have appreciated the clever spots, if I were not quite sure that they would be taken as unkind cuts. The fellow had the audacity to introduce names from the Senate. That was too absurd altogether. It will be something like the fable of the swan and crows as far as the Senate is concerned. But the feelings that prompted that part of the production must have been thoroughly—I was going to say ungentlemanly—but I like unmanly better. But a mouse may not be able to judge as to manly and unmanly conduct. That allusion to a first-year man shows, at least, that the author of the farce was not himself a Freshman, and points to his being a Senior, who had in mind a certain occurrence at their re-union. He was, from another portion of the notice, not a member of the Y. M. C. A. I do not congratulate the fourth year if my surmises be correct. However, his

reference to the first-year man was not wholly unpardonable. Yet—I must say what I mean—the pointed reference to a feature of Mr. Freshman's face was nothing short of mean. To attack a man from behind a fence, on a dark night, is the part of an assassin, and to attempt to hurt any person's feelings—I do not care whose—while you are yourself incog. and behind a mask is the part of a coward and a sneak. His best reparation would be to apologise, or if not that, at least to declare himself. But the sentiments of mice are evidently not current amongst at least a certain class of students at Queen's.

But what is John doing? lighting the gas, I believe! I quite forgot in my musings that this is lecture night. I must escape to my 'wee bit housie' 'wi' bickering 'brattle' for there are few men like Robbie Burns. If I have nibbled any toes, my advice to their owners is that they hereafter keep their boots on. I have only used whips when I might have used scorpions.

Hello! the nest is empty! The whole family must be off already to the lecture. I must go, too, for I know a little cranny, from which I can hear and see everything.

A CURLING AND SKATING RINK FOR QUEEN'S.

HISTORY is said to repeat itself. College journalists are known to do so. But to human depravity must be attributed the cause. Some time ago in these columns a friend of the students mooted the idea of a Curling Rink in connection with the University. His suggestion, however, as we all know, has been set aside. This glorious old fashioned winter we are experiencing, with its huge snow heaps and biting frosts, reminds us again that a curling shed to which we might resort is an institution greatly needed and desired. Football is not courted in midwinter. At any rate our students never have seemed inclined to kick out of doors after the holidays at Christmas, though clubs elsewhere keep at it all the winter, beating the snow into a hard, level plain. The game in winter is certainly preferable to croquet on ice, to which Montrealers resort. Perhaps the real reason for not keeping the ball rolling all the season through, may be found in the fact that two months' football is enough, and a change is sought for. It is said that the heart seeks rest; the head excitement and change. The head controls the foot, hence no matter how delightful a resort the football campus may be, after a time we cry "enough." If we were confined to one thing it is doubtful if we would be as content and grateful as a theologian we hear of, who was presented every where he went on his circuit with rabbits, for breakfast, dinner and supper, and when asked to say grace he burst out "Rabbits young and rabbits old rabbits hot and rabbits cold, rabbits rare and rabbits tough, thank the Lord for rabbits enough". But this is a *hazy* digression. In midwinter months the gymnasium is resorted to; not by all that figured or disfigured on the football field, but only by the few. There exercises of all kinds present themselves in endless variety. The freshie may learn the

use of the horse, a nobler creature than his pony; the soph, may strengthen leathern lungs; the junior may feel the delights of being suspended, while the senior may take his first lesson in climbing. Every organ of the body may be developed, from the tongue to the toe. But let a ray of sunlight pierce this arena, and what a study for an atomist in the dust kicked up by the agile company. Somewhere we have read the opinion of one of Germany's first physicians concerning consumptives, that if he could keep his lunged patient amid fresh and verdant foliage free from inhaling anything but pure air, he could restore him to strength. Certainly the involved principle in this treatment, is true. Exercise in a confined room in which the numerous athletes cause a Sahara cloud to be constantly suspended is doubtles not the best. It may assist one member of the body to the detriment of another, but of course such exercise will always be looked on as better than none.

But better than all body invigorators would be what we are re-suggesting—a Curling Rink. Its atmosphere would be healthful, its exercise exhilarating and not too severe.

Pleasure as well as benefit would be derived. The needed union of the students would be helped by getting up friendly matches. Surely it is not unfitting for a Canadian university of Scotch descent to take the initiative. If no friend will immortalize himself by putting up a suitable building, it would not be unseemly for the authorities to erect it. The cost would be low, and once established it would be a paying institution. We hope this may prove seed sown on good ground, and that our suggestion may soon be acted upon.

MINUTE OF UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.—THE LATE JAMES MICHIE.

THE University Council, at its recent meeting, adopted the following minute in reference to the lamented death of two of the Trustees, the Honourable John Hamilton and Mr. James Michie:

"The Council unanimously resolved to record their deep sense of the value of the services rendered to the University by the late Honourable John Hamilton, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, during the long period of thirty-three years. His high character, his mingled dignity and courtesy, and his constancy and earnestness in promoting the interests of the College, have had no slight influence in strengthening the attachment of its friends; and whatever differences or difficulties have arisen since the foundation of the University, he has always been the object of the respect and esteem of every one connected with it.

"The Council record their deep sense of the loss sustained by the University by the recent death of Mr. James Michie, of Toronto, a member of this Council. Noted for integrity and energy in business pursuits, for generous liberality in behalf of Queen's College, and of Church support and extension, and in response to every deserving call of charity,—and for his amiable and gentle nature in social life, he was respected and beloved wherever known. The Council now mourn the loss of one of the most devoted friends of this University."

We took occasion in a former number of the JOURNAL to refer at some length to the decease of the late

Honourable John Hamilton, the venerable Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and we have now to mourn the loss of another of its members, the late Mr. James Michie.

Mr. Michie was born in Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and came from thence to Toronto in 1845. He entered the employment of the mercantile house of A. Ogilvie & Co., of which his uncle, Mr. George Michie, was a partner. He remained with that firm until 1853, when the present firm of Fulton, Michie & Co. was formed. He was also a partner in the wholesale firm of Geo. Michie & Co. In various matters of public interest he was chosen to fill positions for which he was eminently fitted by his sound judgment and integrity. He was a director of the Bank of Commerce, Vice-President of the Freehold Loans and Savings Company, director and treasurer of the Dominion Telegraph Company, director of the Western Assurance Company, and a member of the Board of Trade. He was as generous and charitable as he was prosperous in business. One action cannot be omitted to be mentioned which of itself would show the generosity of his nature. His late uncle, who originated the Home for Incurables, Toronto, left a legacy of \$2,000 to the institution, provided it was established in three years; and although that period had long elapsed before anything was done in that direction, the deceased, who was residuary legatee under the will, carried out his uncle's intention, and likewise added a substantial sum.

The very unexpected intelligence of his death on the 13th January last was received in Kingston with expressions of general regret. While yet apparently in the full vigour of life in one short week he had been called away.

Mr. Michie was well known to the friends of Queen's University as one of its most efficient Trustees and most generous benefactors, and to all as the unaffected Christian man who amid the cares of an extensive business took delight in aiding, not merely by pecuniary assistance, although that was never wanting, but by his personal and active exertions, in every good work. We cannot, however, do better than record in the columns of the JOURNAL a short extract from the touching notice of his decease by his pastor and intimate friend the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell on the Sabbath immediately after:

"As a trustee of Queen's College and a member of the Temporalities Board many of us know how valuable and unselfish were his services to the Church at large. He was the helper of many a good cause. Many a country church, as well as every city charity, counted him among its benefactors. Many a struggling man—many a poor family—had reason to bless him. I never went to him in vain—and I went often—to ask for help towards any good object. Large-hearted and liberal, he stood out as a noble example to rich men in the use of money. He was prosperous and no one grudged him his prosperity. 'When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

On the following Lord's day, in a sermon to the congregation of which the late Mr. Michie was a prominent member, the Rev. Principal Grant, who knew him well, thus spoke of him:

"It is not for me to refer to what he was to this congregation. That has been done already, but it is not unfitting that I should take this opportunity of testifying how a wide community sympathizes with you. Especially can I speak as Principal of the University of Queen's College, at whose Trustee Board he had sat for many years, and where his modesty and practical wisdom, his willingness to serve and ready liberality, had given him a deserved place of honour. I knew him personally, and loved him as a brother. He was a true man; for he combined the simplicity of a child and the tenderness and purity of a woman with the strength and courage of a man. He was a brave man, and I considered that his chief characteristic, though many may not have thought so. He was brave with that rare moral courage that does not despair when weaker spirits faint. He was the first man who encouraged my predecessor to appeal to the Church when the fortunes of Queen's were at their lowest point. He was the first man in Toronto to encourage me in the work to which I came five years ago. What should we learn from his death? This, that goodness, unselfishness, purity of heart, are the qualities that do most good in the world, and that makes the deepest impression upon others. He loved much, therefore he was much loved. This, again, that each of us should be inspired with the same spirit; so we shall best honour his memory, so we shall live nobler lives, so shall we triumph over death."

UNIVERSITY SERMON.

ON Sunday afternoon, January 21st, the Rev. Charles Doudiet, of Montreal, conducted the services in Convocation Hall, when he delivered the following able discourse:

John XIV. 8.—"Philip saith unto Him, Lord show us the Father and it sufficeth us."

It is well known that one of the most popular systems of modern philosophy is that which denies the possibility of knowing God as the father of his children. The personal God who careth for us, who heareth and answereth prayer. In view of this fact we propose to consider briefly this accidental request of an apostle to the Lord Jesus, a request much deeper in its meaning than Philip himself had thought. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

The more we reflect upon it, the more also we are strengthened in the conclusion that this question lays bare the very foundation stones of the whole Christian structure. If God, as the Father, can be known, humanity may find in that sublime knowledge, every sufficient motive for its moral development in the direction of all that is beautiful and good; and if God, as the Father, cannot be known; if the Supreme Being is to be a mere abstraction; if men can think of Him only as the "Unknowable," it is hard to see what inducements will remain that will be sufficient to insure the moral well-being and spiritual advancement of the human race. Take away the Personal Living God, deny the truth of what Christians call His revelation, and you have a world without hope. In such a world where can we find sufficient motives of charity, mutual love and self-denial. In such a world, when times of darkness and affliction come, where shall we look for consolation and peace?

Our subject divides itself most naturally in two parts. In the first, we will try to show what appears to us the insufficiency of that philosophy which excludes the knowledge of God. In the second, the sufficiency of the gospel system, which does not only rest on the assumption that God can be known, but presents him to man as the Father. Finally, we will add a few remarks concerning the central figure of the Christian system, Jesus Christ, who has revealed the Father unto men.

We say, first, that those systems of philosophy which exclude the knowledge of God, are insufficient for the good of the human race. By the words "The knowledge of God," we include all that scripture teaches concerning the Deity. Not only His existence, but His attributes; not only His general relation to the universe as its Author and Preserver, but His particular relation to men as Father, Judge, Law-giver, Avenger and Saviour. There are atheists, although not many. Their theories have lived their little day, grown old, and if not quite dead, they are not far from it. Finding their position untenable before the attacks of science, reason and revelation, they have practically abandoned it and taken refuge in a new citadel, called Agnosticism. The Agnostic does not deny the existence of God; neither does he affirm it. He owns that he knows nothing about it. He affirms that you know no more than he does on the subject, and he lays down the axiom "that nothing can be known of the personality of God." This last principle has had already scores upon scores of books written in support of it. Some arguments are so ably constructed; their sophistry is so cleverly veiled under scientific terms that plain people, that have never made a special study of these subjects, may find themselves utterly unable to unravel the tangle, and unearth the fallacies which hide themselves under bold and often unscrupulous assertion. Therefore we do not wish here to do more than to present you with an aspect of this whole question which every intelligent hearer can appreciate. We do not intend to discuss the cause so much as the effect. Looking at the effects of agnosticism on mankind we claim it is 'insufficient' for our needs. It is, indeed, applying the rules given by Our Lord, "By their fruits ye shall know them." We might be shown a golden powder, highly perfumed, attractive in every respect, and be urged to use it as an article of toilet, as a most precious cosmetic. We are asked why dozens refuse it? Is it not beautiful? Yes. But it is deadly. It is a rank poison. Slow it may be, but sure. It saps our health, destroys our strength, inflicts unspeakable torture. It kills. Such a powder is agnosticism to us. We may say of it what Alfred de Munet, one of the greatest French poets of our age says, himself of his atheism. "What have we been working at, we stupid demolishers, when we dissected Christ upon his altars? What were we going to sow on His heavenly tomb, when casting the Holy Dove to the winds, we sent it bleeding, whirling down eternal space? We have made a world according to our fancy. It is grand. It is sublime. But men die in its breath! Hypocrisy is dead, we believe no more in priests! But virtue is dying, for we no longer know God!" We do not wish to be understood to say, that our modern philosophers knowingly work to kill virtue and destroy the hopes of men. Neither did Voltaire and the men of his school, dream that they were doing anything destructive to the welfare of humanity. They thought that their philosophy, like new blood, transfused in the veins of a dying man, would renew and regenerate the world. And thus the best men of the agnostic school prefer to work for the amelioration of the world. But can they effect it with their principle of an unknowable God? We think not.

If God is unknowable it follows that we cannot have any certainty that the good we do in the world will have any other reward than the satisfaction it may give us to do it. Also, that the evil that we are guilty of will meet with other punishment than that which earth sometimes affords. There are some men whose broad views and philanthropic despotism will lead to give largely of their means, time and labor, to relieve the destitute, educate the ignorant, raise the fallen, and civilize the savage. Some of these may have been agnostics, but the immense majority

have been Christians. Believing in a personal God, the Father of men, they believed also in the brotherhood of mankind, in a reward beyond that of their own feelings, in a treasure laid up in heaven. The good we do is not un-seldom repaid by ingratitude, sometimes by hatred. Such a return might well freeze up all the springs of benevolence and philanthropy, were it not for a belief in God the Father of all, to whom men are accountable. Take away human responsibility to a known personal God and what law will remain for the general good of mankind? It is not hard to say the law that will remain, and the one that the immense majority of men will put into practice, it will be "selfishness." Men will follow whatever they fancy will lead to their personal good. If a few remain firm and steadfast in the practice of the virtues of generosity and self-denial, we cannot shut our eyes to the self-evident fact that the enormous majority will take its own interests, passions and appetites as the laws of life.

Let faith in God, the Father and the Judge be lost. Let His revelation to man be rejected as unworthy of belief. Let a faithless and soulless naturalism replace Christianity, and what remains to control the evil instincts of the masses. Mankind would soon find that the law of the strongest would be the only law that the fittest only should survive. Occasionally, in the history of nations we find the exhibition of the extreme consequences of such an order of things. Conquerors like Tamerlan exterminating the vanquished men, women and children. Parents, like the Spartan, killing sickly children, that would have been only a burden on the state. Charitable souls like the Bishop Hatto of the old legend, who imagined as the best possible poor relief, the shutting up in a barn and burning alive all the beggars of his diocese! Of course our modern philosophers will not acknowledge the logic of these conclusions. Their safeguard against these extremes are found, first, in their superior culture, but, second, and perhaps chiefly, in the influence of Christianity around them, of which they can never wholly free themselves. But let them remember that the masses are not at all influenced by their scientific theories, whilst it cannot be denied that the idea of a personal God, to whom every one has to give an account, is one that has, as yet, an enormous influence among them in restraining evil. Destroy this idea, persuade them that instead of being the children of a personal God they are evolved from primary germs, through gradations of brute life, and who knows when the tendency to descend, acknowledged by the doctors of that school, may not bring them back to brutal deeds, the thought of which makes humanity shudder!

It is said of Voltaire, that he once ordered all of his servants out of the room, where his friends were ridiculing the idea of a personal and avenging God, giving as his reason, that he had no wish to be robbed or murdered in consequence of such theories. Infidel as he was, his powerful mind could not but work out the inevitable solution of the atheistic or agnostic problem. Analyze the work of unbelief and you will find it described in the word "destruction." It has rudely attacked Christianity in all its most cherished beliefs. It does not hide its intention to overthrow if possible that immense structure, which, after withstanding the storms of nineteen centuries, is as firm as ever. It snatches from the poor wretch floating on the stormy waves of the sea of life the plank of hope that held him up, and leaves him to drown. It ridicules all it cannot explain. Nothing is sacred to the unbeliever, neither his father's faith nor his mother's tears, neither the tombs of the martyrs nor the cross of Calvary. Unbelief has erected no hospitals, built no asylums, reformed no criminals, civilized no nation. But we can see daily around us its destructive

work. We see it in the existence of sons of Christian mothers, who deem themselves too intelligent, too wise, too far advanced to frequent churches, or even to grant that 'Unknowable' they have enthroned on Jehovah's seat the least worship, the least adoration, the least gratitude. It has taught them to make the chief end of life, riches, power or pleasure, to acknowledge no other restraints than those of civil laws and selfish regard for themselves. Unbelief has, although in a smaller degree, influenced woman, and the results, which we need not specify here, have been appreciated by unbelievers themselves, who rarely prefer the infidel to the believer when they wish for a life companion, or even for a school teacher or a governess. The most skeptical husband knows well that he has infinitely higher guarantees of faithfulness in the principles of a Christian wife than in the most beautiful theories of the agnostic.

Insufficient to build up and insure the solidity of the social edifice; modern agnosticism is still more insufficient to satisfy the wants and aspirations of the human soul. It wipes away no tear; it may float on the ocean of life during a dead calm, but sinks at the first tempest. We have, in dark days of life a thousand times felt the strength of the divine comforts of the gospel in our soul. Where shall we find the comforts of a philosophy without a personal God? Answer, great philosophers of the age! For it is not only our intellect which cries for the light; it is our heart. And what light do you give in the eclipses of life, or beyond the veil of the grave? In spite of the most beautiful sophistry the human heart, brethren, has always cried out with Philip, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us," and will always repeat that cry. Show us the Father! The Father, not only God, but more. God in His relation to man. Any ideal, less than this, although superior already to the highest conception of infidelity, would be insufficient. Therefore, so long as man is the Being that we find him, we have not the least fear that agnosticism or any other system of philosophy can destroy, or replace the theism of holy writ. Even according to the much talked of doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the gospel will survive modern attacks as it has survived the old. Human science has much to do, much to invent, before it can supply the world with a moral force equal to the one bestowed by Jesus of Nazareth, when He revealed God as the Father of humanity; much to do, before it could replace the Creator, by causes, both improbable, and in any case insufficient for known effects, before proving that humanity has groped in the dark through all its ages until those comets of the 19th century left their track on the heavens. Will it ever succeed? We think not, and as a philosopher of the modern school wrote in a recent number of the most widely circulated French review. "After having tried everything, some of us may possibly discover that there is a God who is the Father of his creatures, and a future life to which this present existence is only the preface."

Secondly. This brings us to consider the sufficiency of the Christian ideal of a Divine Father. Let us first ascertain what are the needs of humanity. They are social necessities and personal necessities. How does the gospel, that revelation of God as a Father, meet them? If God is "the Father" of all mankind, men are brethren. Both statements are explicitly made in the Gospel. God is called "the Father of all." We are directed to address Him in prayer "As our Father which art in Heaven." Jesus tells men "Ye are all brethren," and the apostles address Jews and Gentiles by the titles "men and brethren."

We cannot separate the Fatherhood of God from the brotherhood of man. Let man see His Father in God, and receive this relation with the implicit faith it merits, and the noblest virtues, the most touching sacrifices, will

grow from it as the stems of a plant from a common root. The cold selfishness of philosophy says to man, "Live for thyself, first of all." The brotherhood of the gospel tells him, "Live for God and for thy brethren," and in doing this thou art working out thy own greatest good. If these two inseparable ideas, the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, were pre-eminent everywhere, wars would be impossible, and the prosperity that follows peace would be universal. If by successful war a nation becomes rich and prosperous, we do not forget that every item of its gains is balanced by a corresponding loss to a sister nation. The gospel, universally received, is universal peace. It is the realization of the golden age. "When the Lord judgeth among the nations they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; neither shall they learn war any more."—Isaiah ii., 4.

Again, let the Fatherhood of God be received of a truth, it becomes not only possible, but highly probable, that the Father has spoken to his children, and if led by this probability, we read carefully and wisely the book which professes to be the record of his revelation to men, we find it consistent with the righteousness and equity that our own instincts tell us must be the foundations of the Divine throne. In the decalogue we find the written consciences of nations, for human laws, only repeat in a thousand forms the precepts given to Moses on Mount Sinai. The peace and security of nations, society and families are the inevitable result of obedience to the Fatherly laws of the God revealed in the gospel, and above the commands of the tables of stone, there is this summary, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thy self." Our neighbour! who is he? Jesus answered in the parable of the Good Samaritan. The robbed, wounded, almost dying traveller is taken up, clad, cared for, without hope of reward. For what motive then is this due? Simply because he is a man, and as such a brother, a child of the same Father. Apply this Divine principle, and you have the key of a thousand devotions, a thousand sacrifices, a thousand heroisms. A brother does not cut his brother's throat, does not forsake him by the wayside, does not even pass him by like the priest and the Levite, he cares for him, defends him both from his enemies, and if need be from himself. This is from his enemies, and if need be from himself. This is the sublimity of Evangelical principles. This is the ocean to which the artificial ponds of human philosophy cannot compare even from afar. It is through such principles that Christianity civilizes heathen nations, relieving the indigent poor, cares for the sick and tries to reform the fallen. It is because true missionaries of Christ have visited heathen lands, that already on shores, inhabited not long ago by cannibals, the praises of the Redeemer are heard, and the shipwrecked mariner need no longer fear if he is cast away among those who now understand the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. There is an oft refuted objection to Christianity which deserves passing mention. Christianity has been charged with all the religious wars and persecutions that have taken place in its name. We claim that true Christianity is in no degree responsible for these. Men have attached themselves to certain creeds, have put dogmas in the place of the Divine Fatherhood, and it will be easily seen that every religious persecution or war has been on account of these differences of creed and dogma, which too often led astray those who had the power, by making them forget that above all the differences of theology, the Common Fatherhood of God, should have taught them to respect even the errors of brother men.

If, in our age of the world, tolerance is the rule, and persecution the exception, may we not hope that Christians are at least moving in the right direction, attaching less importance to contested dogmas, and forms of wor-

ship, and more to the practical idea of Christianity, which was also its primitive idea. The one enumerated by Philip, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us!" In other words the Fatherhood of God, and as its unavoidable consequence the brotherhood of man, with all the duties which this brotherhood inculcates. Show us the Father! and we may then learn to do to others as we would that others should do unto us, and also "not to do to others that which we do not want them to do unto us." Where could we find social maxims of the full sufficiency of these, but of the gospel. Sufficient for our social necessities, the view of the Divine Father, is also sufficient for our personal needs.

If we accept His revelation we learn that "He careth for us." This child-like confidence in a Heavenly Father may appear exceedingly ridiculous to the unbeliever. He might be right, if man was but the living atom, part of a great whole, which some unknown and mysterious force has animated for a brief time, until he once more drops in the nothingness from which he came. But is man only the flake of foam, lifted up from the crest of a wave, by the wind of life, to be thrown back into the boundless ocean. No! Created in the image of God his life is more than it would at first appear. It has had its beginning, but God-like it will have no end! And what glorious prospects are revealed to us by the Father's message to His children! Eternal dwellings! endless joys! sure hopes! lasting re-unions! things that eye has not seen, nor ear heard, and that never came up into the heart of man! prepared by God for them that love him! Therefore, it is the thought of a Father in Heaven that upholds the courage of the poor, wipes away the tears of the mourner, and made the martyrs sing His praises even in the flames that consumed the body, but could not touch the soul. Take away God, the Father, from the faith of humanity, and from every land will rise the sobbing of despair.

You have read of that young girl, who, 250 years ago, was falsely accused of incendiaryism, and condemned to the cruelest of deaths. Her fingers were torn off with red hot pinchers, nameless tortures tore her tender flesh ere the slow fire kindled around her ended her earthly life. Year after year, as the anniversary of the fire came round, she was from the pulpit held up to the execration of mankind. Lately an author discovered the dusty manuscripts of this old trial, and by undoubted evidence, her innocence, for she had been sick in bed at the time many miles from the town she was accused of having fired. You exclaim, "What frightful injustice! Is there no redress?" None, brethren, unless there is a God, a Father, a Judge! And this is not an isolated fact. History is full of such. Ah! if above human errors and crimes there was not the eternal justice of the Father of Humanity, the thinker might well put to himself the last desperate question of modern scepticism, "Is life worth living?"

Thirdly.—No man has ever seen the Father. It is in Jesus alone that we can realize something of His perfections. The Deity is something inconceivable, unthinkable to men, if they refuse to look at God through His son Jesus Christ. Christ translates for us the language of Heaven in our vulgar tongue. Christ gives shape and form to the vague ideas of God that we might imagine for ourselves. Look at the sketch given by four evangelists of the life and love of Christ, remembering his answer to Peter, "He that has seen Me, has seen the Father."

An infinite compassion for human misery is found on every page. When John the Baptist sends his disciples to Christ with the query, "Art Thou He that should to Christ with the query, "Art Thou He that should to come, or do we wait for another? He answers; "go and tell John what you have seen; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise, and the gospel is preached to the poor. His mercy ex-

tends itself to the hungry, for he feeds them; to strangers, for he heals the daughter of the Canaanite; to the young for he blesses children; to the guilty, He forgives the fallen Magdalen, and even His murderers. This is God! He tells us, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." God who feels for human woes; God who regards all His children alike; God who saves and forgives even enemies, when they repent. Jesus gives us hope beyond the grave. God calls us to glory.

A Father who forgives, heals, comforts. A Father who renews our life by giving us another which shall be endless; who even embellisheth it by the company of those that were dearest on earth, and whom He brings again with Him out of that sleep where they slept in Jesus. A Father who relieves our sufferings, strengthens us against the temptations and ills of life, and takes away the terrors of death. A Father who redresses all wrongs and gives to every one according to His work. A Father who hears our faintest sighs and answereth our feeble prayers. This is the Father that Jesus shows to the world. And that Father sufficeth us. He has sufficed for the millions of believers who preceded us. He will suffice for the millions that will follow us. The Christian idea is not like the modern philosophical ideas, to be tried. It has been tried. It has proved itself, not only a faith worth living for, but worth dying for. It has been a thousand times sealed by the blood and tears of martyrs. It has survived the most terrible tempests, and it will survive yet. It defied the hurricanes of skepticisms now, as it has successfully defied them century after century. It has its monuments in the hearts of millions, and when this old earth will be dying, the glorious cross of Christ will yet stand above its ruins, and the Divine Fatherhood will have lost nothing of its sufficiency for the human soul!

And may God bless the preaching of His word; and to His name be praise.—AMEN!

← CONTRIBUTED. →

MACDUFF.

IN each of Shakespeare's plays there are certain characters which seem to tower above the others, and attract the attention of the reader to such an extent, that little interest is attached to the less important *dramatis personæ*. Commentators select these as the objects of their admiration, and analyze them with the closest study. The character of Hamlet is largely dwelt upon in all editions of that play. Macbeth and his lady are never neglected even by the most commonplace editor. But the large majority of the characters of each play, probably on account of their supposed inferiority, are left without remark. For this reason it may be interesting to look for a few minutes at one of the latter class.

Macduff is a character which does not attract the attention of the critic to any extent, and yet we think it possesses some interesting features. He first appears in the third scene of the second act, when he comes to the castle of Macbeth, intending to depart thence with Duncan, but finds that his royal master has been murdered. Ostensibly, he is the first to discover the crime, and shows his loyalty to the King, and his detestation of the illiary by such cries of horror as :

"Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple."

"Up, up, and see
The great doom's image."

At this point it is not evident that Macduff suspected who the real murderer was. In the fourth scene he tells Ross (who, by the way, calls him "the good Macduff") with evident sincerity that Duncan has been murdered by his grooms, at the instigation of his own sons, Malcolm and Donaldbain. At the same time, by his refusal to attend the coronation, and his parting words with Ross, it is clear that he was not quite satisfied with the accession of Macbeth.

The succession of cruelties and murders which followed the coronation of Macbeth seems to have taugnt, not only Macduff but also many others, who the regicide was. Macduff, fearing the murderous spirit of Macbeth, and filled with love and pity for his country, flees to the English court in time to save himself from the awful fate which soon after befell his wife and children.

From the dialogue with young Malcolm, which is one of the finest passages of the play, we learn some of the motives and feelings which influenced Macduff. We find no trace of selfishness in his pleading with Malcolm to wrench the sceptre from the hand of the tyrant. His anxiety is all for Scotland. When Malcolm seems to doubt his sincerity, and hints that he is but an agent of Macbeth, his noble, patriotic cry is: "Bleed, bleed, poor country. Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure!" Then, when Malcolm, in order to be assured of Macduff's truth of purpose, falsely accuses himself of various sinful passions, Macduff shows a lenience which may seem culpable; but we should remember that he was only justifying Malcolm as compared with Macbeth, for whom "the legions of horrid hell" could scarce afford a match; for when Malcolm proceeds to such an extent self-calumniation that he presents a picture more horrible than the "fiend of Scotland," Macduff despairingly cries: "O Scotland, Scotland!" and in answer to the appeal, "If such an one be fit to govern, speak," he exclaims: "Fit to govern! No, not to live."

The interview having come to a joyous end by Malcolm contradicting his self-accusations, Ross arrives from Scotland with the news of the murder of Macduff's wife and children. The scene is a most pathetic one. We again observe the unselfish patriotism of Macduff. His first question is: "Stands Scotland where it did?" His own private affairs are of secondary consideration. But when Ross, with "words that would be howled out in the desert air," makes known the bloody butchery of the tyrant, Macduff's natural affection, his love for wife and children, overcomes all else. The tears of the strong man fall like rain, and we are reminded of the poet's line: "Talk not of grief till thou has seen the tears of warlike men." For some time there is no word of the murderer, but we hear from his lips the brief, broken interrogations, expressive of a heart torn with grief: "My children,

too?" "My wife killed, too?" "All my pretty ones? did you say all?" Gradually, however, we find his soul-anguish overcome with a passionate desire for revenge. Nor must we wonder at this, even in 'the good Macduff.' Even at the present time, in spite of the civilizing and Christianizing influences of a thousand years, what revengeful feelings would such a tragedy call forth! How much more in those savage times, "when might was right," and when "blood and destruction were so in use." At first, as revenge is commingling with sorrow, we find the exclamation—"O hell-kite"—interjected between two of the mournful questions alluded to above; and when hatred against the murderer of his kindred has become all-absorbing, and he has recommended his loved ones to the mercy of heaven, he gives full expression to those feelings, which only become more and more fierce until he meets and slays the tyrant, in the almost sublimely fierce words:

"Gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him, too!"

In the final scene of the play, at the close of the battle, we find him bringing into the presence of young Malcolm, whom he loyally hails as king, Macbeth's accursed head, as a ghastly evidence that his 'great revenge' had been complete.

→ CORRESPONDENCE. ←

*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.

QUEENSMEN AS TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

SIR,—In your report of the speeches at the graduating class dinner you scarcely do justice to Mr. Knight. You say:—"Mr. J. McLeod, in proposing "Our Graduates," hinted that the sons of Queen's seemed able to find their way to all places, civilized and uncivilized. Replies were made by Messrs. Knight and Givens, the former of whom said that the graduates of Queen's won distinction in Medicine, Law and Theology, but seemed comparatively deficient as teachers." Mr. Knight was understood to say that few of the graduates of Queen's found their way into the teaching profession—either in schools or colleges. He pointed out that school trustees frequently asked for applications from graduates of Toronto University, thinking apparently the scholarship of Queen's men defective. He said also that it might be inferred that the trustees of Queen's entertained a similar opinion, inasmuch as only one graduate of their Alma Mater had been appointed on the college staff, although six vacancies had been filled on it within as many years. He found no fault with the college trustees for doing so, but accepted

it as a stinging but no doubt righteous judgment silently passed upon the deficient scholarship of all former graduates, as well as upon the professors who taught them.

Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

DIALECTIC CLUB.

ACTING upon the suggestion of Professor Watson, the members of the society are making an effort to found a library, and are meeting with encouraging success. A large number of standard works have been ordered from England, and others have been presented by friends, so that an excellent beginning has been made. The room formerly used by the Principal,—who very kindly transferred it to the society—has been furnished with book-case, table, chairs, and all necessary articles and is now used by members, as a study. It is exceedingly convenient.

At recent meetings, essays were read by Messrs A. L. Smith, P. M. Pollock B. A., and G. Y. Chown. Interesting discussions followed. The "Question Drawer" is also an excellent feature in the regular programme—one which is much appreciated.

Y. M. C. A.

THE regular monthly business meeting was held in Divinity Hall, Saturday, January 20th at 10 a. m.

The Corresponding Secretary reported that he had received the College Vacation Tickets, had supplied them to all who had asked for them before the vacation, and was ready to furnish them to any members who might still desire them. He had received a communication from Toronto University Y.M.C.A with a programme of their religious meetings.

Convener of Religious Work Committee reported that a room had been procured on Ontario Street, in a central place, and suggested that the Association should furnish it and begin the work at once in this part of the city. Accordingly the committee were authorized to furnish the room and begin the meetings at once.

The Treasurer announced the financial state of the Association, showing that if the work undertaken was to be carried out successfully a large addition must be made to the funds. It was suggested that the members of the Association ask a few of their friends in the city for subscriptions in aid of the work. Two reasons were given for adopting such a course.

1st. The Association was to some extent doing the work of a city Y. M. C. A., and thus had some claim upon the Christian citizens.

2nd. The noble manner in which a number of the prominent citizens had come forward and gladly offered to meet the expenses in connection with the evangelistic services in the Opera House, proved that they would deem it a pleasure to give a little help to the Y.M.C.A. in the other departments of its work.

It was resolved to hold a special student's prayer meeting on the day of prayer for students, which is annually observed on the last Thursday of January.

Monday, Jan. 29th.—The special service for young men on Thursday, 25th, was well attended. Prayer was offered for the students of Queen's, and for those of all other colleges. Mr. Somerville, delegate to Convention, gave a short talk about the work as represented at the Convention.

It is evident that the work of the Salvation Army will not interfere with the evangelistic services conducted by the Y.M.C.A. every Sabbath evening in the Opera House. Last night the house was crowded by those who listened with intense eagerness to the earnest words of the speakers.

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.

THE meeting of the Mathematical Society, held on Friday evening, the 19th ult., was one of unusual interest. Professor Dupuis delivered a lecture on "Continuity," especially as applied to Mathematics. The subject, though somewhat abstruse, was treated in such a way as could not fail to be interesting even to those whose tastes were not at all mathematical.

The Professor first showed that the principles of continuity applied, not to mathematics alone, but also to time, Physics, Chemistry, &c. As an example, from the operations of nature, he showed the continuous action of the sun's heat.

With regard to mathematics, it was shown that the more simple geometrical figures were the limits of more complex and general ones, as mile-stones on a road are definite points separating the distances between. A straight line is one that is *continuous* in direction; a curve is one whose change of direction is *continous*. Applied to the conic sections, the ideas were briefly as follows. The change in form from a circle to a straight line, back to a circle again, and finally to a point is continuous. Beginning with a circle of finite radius, if we imagine the centre to move away, and the radius to be thus lengthened, the arc approximates a straight line; and we assume that if the centre were at an infinite distance, the arc would actually be a straight line. Again, if we suppose the centre to approach the arc, the radius being thus lessened, and ultimately vanishing, the circle becomes a point. If we take a cone, and cut it by a plan at right angles of the arcs, at the very apex, the section is a point. As soon as the plane is moved towards the base of the cone, but still at right angles to the axis, the section is a circle, which is a special figure, since, if the plane moves in the least from this position at right angles to the axis, the section is no more a circle, but an ellipse, which is a general figure; for if the plan be moved so as to make a smaller and smaller angle with the axis, the section still remains an ellipse of varying form until the plane becomes parallel to the slant side of the cone. At this particular position, the section is a special figure, called the Parabola, which, like the circle has no variation in form, but

only in size. In all other positions of the cutting plane, not included in the foregoing, the section is an Hyperbola; (which is therefore a general figure) except when it assumes a pre-coincident with the axis of the cone, at which position the boundaries of the section are two straight lines which meet at the apex of the cone. Thus we have a constant gradation from the point through the Circle, Ellipse, Parabola, Hyperbola, to the straight lines, between any two of which there is no possible figure. The foregoing is only a very brief outline of a few of the leading points of the lecture, which occupied an hour or more.

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.

THE annual meeting of the Council of Queen's University took place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th, the only strangers present being the Rev. Messrs. Lang and McGillivray. The first business taken up was the election of a Chancellor.

Mr. James MacLennan, Q.C., of Toronto, was nominated, but a telegram from him was read which stated that he declined to be a candidate for the position. Mr. Sandford Fleming was then nominated and declared elected unanimously.

A motion was made by Mr. John McIntyre, Q.C., thanking Mr. Fleming for his generosity and munificence during the past three years. It was carried unanimously.

Mr. Fleming subscribed \$5,000 to the Endowment Fund, and his contributions amount to over \$500, besides books and valuable papers.

Prof. Williamson and Dr. Bell were appointed to draft a minute *in re* the deaths of Hon. John Hamilton and Mr. James Michie, of Toronto.

Messrs. R. V. Rogers, B.A., and A. P. Knight M.A., were appointed a committee to draw up a by-law fixing the date of the Council meeting for the nomination of future Chancellors.

The Council also appointed a committee to confer with the Alma Mater Society with regard to a banquet to be tendered to the Chancellor at the close of the present session, under the joint auspices of University Council and the Alma Mater Society.

Notices of motion were made:

1. Dr. Saunders—That no thesis be asked for medicals.
2. Rev. Mr. Lang—That alumni of two years standing have their names published in the calendar.
3. A. P. Knight—That the Matriculation Examinations consist of classics, mathematics and English, including history and geography.

The Council then adjourned.

"DID Mr. B.—call in my absence, John?" "No mum! but Mr. Thank Heavens did, leastways when I told him you were out, and asked him what name to give you he said kind of low like, 'Missed her, thank heavens!'"

It is rumoured that a gentlemen purposes erecting this summer, in the vicinity of the college, a mammoth boarding house, in which some hundred and fifty students may be accommodated.

→PERSONAL←

JOHN McLEOD, '83, has been appointed to fill the vacant pulpit of the Baptist Church for the present.

THEY all do it. Even Dr. D. P. Lynch, '78, of Almonte, is not proof against the prevailing infection, for he too has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Next.

WE noticed in the columns of the *News*, that Geo. Claxton, B.A., '76, late of the law firm of McGuire & Claxton of this city, was running for Mayor, with success, at Gladstone, Man.

HUGH N. McDONALD, M.D., '82, of Lake Ainslie, N.S., though he carried all before him when joining our athletic competitions, has at last met his equal, or rather his superior, with the result of the complete annihilation of our champion. For owing to the charms of Miss Bella, daughter of our old friend, John Cormack, Esq., Hugh is now only the smaller half of a new being, whose amalgamation is the joint production of the efforts of the Revs. Dr. Smith and James Cormack, B.A., '72, brother of the bride.

→ DE + NOBIS + NOBILIBUS.←

"IS thy servant a dog?" quoth the indignant Soph., when his landlord dished him out a huge bone for his dinner.

WHAT two freshmen were riding on an old go-sled in company with numerous barrels, boxes, dancing to the music of the mule's ears?

WHEN a dog enters the class-room, and complacently takes his seat beside a Soph., it is naughty of the boys to whisper, "co-education."

THE Glee Club warblers, along with the choir of the First Congregational Church, entertained the inmates of Rockwood Asylum a few evenings ago.

THE only sound the senior mathematicians have yet heard with which they had a previous acquaintance, is the 'equivalent of the semi-circumference of the radius.'

WHEREIN differeth the seed "that fell by the way side" from the student who fails at the spring exams. Why, the one falls and is plucked, the other transposes this order.

"I'm a snow sure," quoth he, at the conclusion of his fifth header in the bank. Queen's knows you're not a member of its S. S. Club, else that snow on your back would be melted by pressure.

FROM our University preachers have been supplied, for the past four years, the speakers at the annual meeting of the Bible Society in this city, viz: the Revs. Dr. Stephenson, Rainsford, Canon Baldwin, and Doudiet.

PHYSICED STUDENT.—Contraction by cold and expansion by heat are beautifully exemplified by the length of the days, which in winter contract and become very short, but with summer's intense heat expand to a great length.

PROF. N. (illustrating a point in Philology)—"Now, Mr. W——, you know that beautiful sentiment of Longfellow's:

'I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care——.'

Mr. W.—"No sir. I don't know her."

THE senior who described the stairway leading down to our sanctum as the *Facilis descensus Averno* has been challenged by our fighting editor. The articles have not yet been drawn up but we expect that the scene of the bloody conflict will be the *sanctum sanctorum*. The F. E. seems determined to avenge this libel on the sanctity of our abode.

THE latest developments of Mathematics as exhibited to the honour class, enable the student to solve interesting problems such as—given the locus sedendi of a Senior at three different times during the day, to calculate his situation at eleven o'clock at night—given the ages of four divinity students of uniform density, to tell when a fourth will get married.

THE Secretary of the Dialectic Society desires to return thanks to Dr. Watson, Mr. Britton, Mr. Dyde, Mr. Geo. Macdonald and others for recent donations to the Library, also to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, for a very valuable work on Ethnology. Contributions from any source, will be gratefully received and acknowledged by either Mr. E. Holton Britton, the President, or Mr. G. Y. Chown, Secretary.

SINCE our last issue two recruits have entered the ranks of college journalism, both of which, emanating from our Canadian colleges, we hail with feelings of genuine pleasure.

THE *Knox College Monthly*, published by the Metaphysical and Literary Society of Knox College, Toronto, contains over thirty pages of reading matter, of which a goodly number is devoted to the interests of religion.

THE *Astrum Alberti*, published in the interest of the students of Albert College, Belleville, is much livelier and reflects somewhat more of college life and spirit. We wish both our new contemporaries a long and useful career, and judging from the specimen copies on table we predict for them a bright future.

WE would call the attention of the students to the advertisement of Mr. H. H. Tomlinson, in another column. Mr. Tomlinson is deserving of a great deal of credit for the success attending his efforts to supply the citizens of Kingston, with that long felt want—a skating rink. His rink is in two parts, one out of doors and one in, so that anyone may take his choice. The surface of ice is by no means small in extent, and we have no hesitation whatever in recommending anyone who wishes a skate to drop in on Mr. Tomlinson. The price of admission is small.

THE item which appeared in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, relative to the curiosity on exhibition at a certain book store in the city, had a quite unexpected effect. One of our "Sweete Girle Students," it seems, received the intelligence with a perfect faith in its genuineness, and became possessed of a devouring anxiety to go and see what we alluded to. Accordingly she went down the following morning and gently upbraided the salesman for not having shown it to her before. "Really, Mr. M——, I think you ought to show it to me, you know, I do so much business here and everything." Mr. M—— blushed, but he found strength to reply after a

considerable interval: "Well—you know—it's a joke—the boys say that the *curiosity is me without my moustache*." The rapidity with which that guileless maiden placed half a dozen blocks between herself and the curiosity is said to exceed belief.

A TRUE STORY.—That a new country like the North-West has a hardening effect upon men, none will deny. Even a church student who was a sojourner in the land could not escape contamination. We have heard marvellous stories regarding various things in the Prairie Province, but a story which is the product of the stretched and original imagination of a church student eclipses all others. At a tea-meeting a few nights ago, when soaring in an eloquent strain upon the beauties of Manitoba, the speaker mentioned that mosquitoes were a dreadful pest, and stated that "a man who was travelling with a yoke of oxen, encamped at night by the side of a stream. During the night he heard 5 or 6 large mosquitoes in the distance; but as his tent was a strong one he feared not, but when he arose in the morning and looked for his team they were gone. In despair he ran to the water's edge, thinking that they might be drowning, but nowhere could they be found. At last glancing up into a large tree, he saw a large mosquito sitting upon a branch, rolling its eyes, flapping its ears, and picking its teeth with the horn of an ox." What Divinity can beat this?

THE following weird, wild, touching little thing was found in one of the corridors a few days ago. It was written by a senior who has been meditating suicide for some time:

As I sat one evening, musing,
My pencil, crib, and note-book using,
Thinking of the blessed Spring-time,
When all this cramming should be o'er,
Suddenly a thought came o'er me,
And completely did it floor me,
So dreadful was the meaning that it bore.
"Plucked in classics"—there 'tis uttered,
"Plucked in classics"—echo muttered.
Plucked in classics.
Nothing more.

I started quickly from my musing,
Began my sleepiness abusing,
My note-book in an angry rage
From end to end I tore.
Was there ever other thought
Which to man such trouble brought?
Had any one e'er such thought before?
"Tis an idle fancy," said I,
"An unpleasant, gruesome fancy,
Only this and nothing more."

But the thought would still distress me,
Of it I could dispossess me,
By no means I had in store.
If I sat me down to grind,
Very shortly I would find
Stealing slowly o'er my mind,
Like echo from distant shore,
This—"plucked in classics"—plucked, plucked, plucked,
Plucked in classics,
Nothing more.

My happy dreams of laureation
As B.A., at Convocation,
Underwent sad alteration,
They hastily fled from me,
To return, alas! no more.

From day to day, from week to week,
I saw nought but a prospect bleak,
Of being plucked—aye, plucked—in Greek.
It grieved me to the very core
To think that I'd be plucked in Greek.
Plucked in Greek,
But nothing more.

Various changes my "pluck" vision undergoes—
Greek to Latin—thence to Prose—
Adding each time new burden to my woes,
And leaving me more wretched
Than e'er I was before.
But its main aspect changes never.
Despite all possible endeavour
Naught but "pluck" can it seem ever.
Really 'tis a horrid bore.
Plucked, plucked, plucked.
Plucked in classics,
Nothing more.

"Tell me, O oracle, I pray"—
This to a grad. who, people say,
Had swept the paper in his day.
(Perchance it might have been
He swept the paper off the floor)—
"Can not my pony bring me through?
Cans't give me any method—e'en a clue?"
"No?" "Then what, O what am I to do?"
He answered not and my sad fears
Found confirmation sore.
Plucked, plucked, plucked,
Plucked in classics,
Nothing more.

Then essayed I yet another,
Trying hard my fears to smother.
"Tell me," said I, "man and brother,
Tell, O tell me, I implore,
Knows't thou any way to pass
The dread Fletcher's awful class?"
Thou knowest none, alas! alas!
Let me here my grief outpour.
I'm plucked in classics,
Skinned, flunked, plucked,
Plucked by Fletcher.
Nothing more.

AMEN.

→ITEMS.←

SONG of the Salvation Army;
"If you can't get in at the golden gate,
Get over the garden wall."

"Oh, maid with laughing, laughing eye.
For what those tears? oh! why that sigh?"
She murmurs as the blushes come,
"I swallowed a chunk of chewin' gum."

SCENE—Lecture room, "not a thousand miles from N. Y."—Prof.: "In this stove there are two pipes, C and D. The cold air goes up C, and comes down D hot." Students, "Oh!"

LECTURE upon the rhinoceros. Professor: "I must beg you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."