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IT has been for some time a question with the members of the Senate as to how they could best aid teachers who desire to obtain a degree, but find it impossible to take the regular College course. The first practical attempt to afford this aid is to be made this summer. The Senate has decided to open a summer session in the departments of Mathematics, Philosophy and Classics, provided that at least five persons make application in one or more of the departments. This session will last for six weeks during the school vacation. The departure is not altogether a new one, as such sessions are common in the United States, and seem to give great satisfaction. While not relieving the teachers of all the disadvantages they labor under it should give them great advantages as compared with their former position. No doubt it will enable many good men in the teaching profession to obtain degrees which they could not otherwise hope to get. It remains to be seen how many will take advantage of the offer.

THE recent criticism on America and the Americans by Mathew Arnold, whose death the whole literary and artistic world must deplore, seems to have considerably excited some of the criticised. Undoubtedly, however, the resentment expressed by the newspapers is not shared in to the same extent by the great body of the people. The newspapers naturally enough cry out most loudly being the most severely criticised. Looking at his remarks from an impartial standpoint we must say that taken in a general sense as applied to the dominant characteristics of American civilization his criticism is in most cases well founded. This is not to say that the criticism applies to every American citizen or every part of the country, and to point this out is not a refutation of his statements. Again he does not set up England as an ideal of perfection as compared with America, though he does refer to several points in which it is superior; chiefly, however, through conditions of time and place. In the essentials of social and intellectual life he is as ready to criticise his own land as America. Little fault can be found with the justness of his direct criticism, the evils are only too obvious. Yet reasonable objection might be taken to the very scant acknowledgement of the many special virtues of the American people. These are quite different from most that is interesting, as he calls it, in older countries, still they are even more interesting in their own way, and especially with reference to the future of the people. Without doubt the worldly spirit is very strong in the Americans and mammon worship prevails. Still they are a new peo-

ple beginning the national life afresh, and the first phase is largely constructive and inventive. They attempt all things without much thought of criticism, and though they fail in ninety-nine directions yet they succeed in the hundredth. The failures ruin individuals, the successes elevate and add power to the whole people for all time. Aristotle says we must have *being* before we can have *well-being*. It cannot be denied that the typical American is doing what he can to establish well the conditions of being. In so doing he is making possible the future attainment of a higher well-being. In his constructive enthusiasm and success he is apt to regard criticism with impatience, and especially that to him unmeaning criticism which looks to a higher goal than mere comfortable being. While then there may be little that is interesting in Mathew Arnold's sense, in the actual attainment of the Americans there is much that is interesting in their possibilities. If they have completed little it is because they have been laying very broad foundations, often blindly it is true, and with great waste of energy, but yet surely enough. Thus they have made possible the construction of a superstructure more interesting than anything possible in the older countries.

AN effort is being made, and with considerable encouragement, to start a new educational institution or department in Kingston. Its object, so far as at present defined, will be to give practical instruction in certain branches of applied science, particularly as regards agriculture and the mechanical arts. Of course a certain amount of theoretical training will be necessary. In order to a clear understanding of the use of any scientific processes a certain knowledge of the ground-principles upon which the science proceeds must be first obtained. The theoretical instruction, however, will be given wholly with reference to practical

ends. The object in view will be information rather than education, though this will of course be incidental. With whatever success the endeavour may meet it must be acknowledged that the effort is in the right direction. Not that this is the direction in which our standard educational institutions should move. They should always be educational first and above all things. They can have no special calling or trade in view, but must prepare men and women for living, in the broadest sense. But there is also need of special instruction for special callings in life, and we require technical and agricultural schools just as we need medical, legal and theological schools. Up to the present, however, the former have been much neglected, yet their places were somewhat filled by the old guilds with the apprentice regulations which are now rapidly passing away. The enormous amount of poor slipshod work performed now-a-days has one of its chief causes in a lack of proper training. Much energy, time and material is wasted for lack of a little knowledge of elementary principles in Physics, Mechanics and Chemistry. To supply this in the most direct, simple and inexpensive way is the object of this new undertaking. It aims at assisting farmers' sons and mechanics, who have not the time and perhaps not the means of taking a complete college or even high school course. At a public meeting held a few days ago the project was enthusiastically supported and a committee appointed to give it definite shape and ascertain what support could be obtained for it.

THE immigrant season is with us once more, and with it the question of pauper immigration. The number of paupers coming to this country seems to be increasing. Now, too, various benevolent associations in Britain and elsewhere are

directing their attention to the disposal of their pauper youth by shipping them to this side of the Atlantic. It is necessary that we should ask ourselves what influence this is to have on the future of our country. Certainly adult paupers are not desirable on any grounds. If we are to accept them at all it must be out of pure generosity, and with the consciousness that we are to be responsible for their support and supervision. It seems reasonable that if we take good citizens from foreign countries we should be prepared to take a fair proportion of poor ones also. But at present we are getting more than our share of the poor ones. In our prisons and poor houses we have as many foreigners as natives, whereas in the total population the foreigners are only one in six. Under these conditions some restrictive measures are certainly called for. As regards pauper children the case is somewhat different. So long as their constitutions are not hopelessly broken, their moral natures not black at the core, and their blood not poisoned by disease, there is always a possibility of their being converted into good serviceable citizens. Even this, however, is a work of labor, for to take them out of their former poisoned life, however short, and start them safely on the road to good citizenship requires intelligent and careful attention. The work is a good one, however, and praiseworthy in every respect when well done, for it rescues whole lives from the pit of social degradation, and, so far as the rescue is perfect, does no harm to the rescuer but rather good. But we all know that very many, if not the majority, of these pauper children carry with them inherited tendencies both physical and moral which no training however careful can eradicate, and which may do more harm eventually to the community receiving them than good to the individuals received. Not a few of these imported paupers have turned out to be veritable plague spots in the physical and

moral life of the community. We have already so much of the evil element among us that we cannot afford to receive a very much larger infusion of bad blood. What makes the matter more serious is that the process is still in its infancy. Hitherto chiefly good citizens have emigrated, and well it is for the new countries that it was so. Now the poor ones are beginning to leave, and those without even that much spirit are being sent. If now we admit all men freely we shall soon be overwhelmed with paupers and criminals, especially since the United States has shut its doors against the worst ones. There is urgent need then, if we are not willing to be pauper ridden for ever, that we should adopt and enforce some restrictive measures as regards the adult off-scourings of other nations and at least selective measures as regards pauper children.

MR. Horsey, in the course of his somewhat rhetorical valedictory, touched on one or two in themselves rather important points. In urging the claims of the medical graduates to a separate convocation at the close of their university examinations, we think he took reasonable ground. The Senate, by providing such a convocation, would not only confer a benefit upon the medical graduates, but would lessen considerably the amount of work to be got through at the final convocation. There is a possibility of convocation's "linked sweetness" being too long drawn out, even with arrangements for the utmost despatch possible. With such a long programme to be carried out, even its variety fails to keep up the interest, and the gallery, having fired off at an early stage in the proceedings all the *bon mots* which it had prepared for the occasion, is reduced to the merest commonplaces. If, then, the medical part of the proceedings could be got through with at an earlier date,

the pressure would be relieved and the duration of convocation shortened.

In another part of his oration Mr. Horsey pleaded for a closer fellowship between the students of arts and medicine. He asked the arts students to freely admit the medicals to their societies and give them a share in their administration. But what more can the medical students ask for than they now have. They have free admission to the college societies. In the most important of these, the Alma Mater, they have the two chief offices. But, judging from their attendance to the duties of the offices they have held in the past, as well as those they hold at present, we are safe in saying that had they held many more of the Alma Mater offices the society would have long ago expired. Instead of the medical students having any reason to complain of being excluded from the college societies, the arts students have a grievance against them for their apathy in connection with these. Year after year they come up at election season and vote their representatives into the chief offices, but with great regularity they avoid attendance at the debates and other educational exercises of the society. Only when there is prospect of a good faction fight may the medical members be relied on to turn out. By all means let us have a closer union between arts and medicals. But let the medicals come half way at least, and we have no doubt they will find the others there to meet them.

ONCE more the College halls are all but deserted. Save for the students of the summer session those who filled them only a few weeks since are now scattered broadcast over the land. The country is no doubt doing what it can to absorb them. Some of them have gone forth to enlighten the outlying districts in matters spiritual, and without doubt many wonderful things will be

uttered in the name of religion. Others, occupying safer ground, will perhaps be engaged in planting potatoes, cherishing 'garden sass' and flowers, and enjoying the sweets of home life, while they often wonder, when engaged at some odds and ends of work for mother or sister, what the boys would think if they saw them now. Never mind about that, friends, in most cases the wonderment would be mutual. The student at home is usually a very different being from the student at college. In rural sections and villages where the returned freshman or sophomore is the sole representative of the college element he becomes a mighty man in his own eyes. Sometimes, too, he gets the community to accept him at his own estimate. In such a case we may regard with some leniency the remarkable exaggeration in which he permits himself to indulge. But in whatever sphere he may move, and however exalted and unapproachable he may seem in the altitude of his dignity, or the vastness of his attainments, yet we assure the community that he is made of flesh and blood as are other men. If they can once get within the barriers they will find him a very good fellow at heart and in most cases quite harmless. One and all preserve them well, friends, old Queen's has need of them yet. There are good and true men among them who will yet give account of themselves.

THE Principal's many friends will be glad to know that his trip has already been of great benefit to his health. When last heard from he was rapidly improving. We may, therefore, reasonably hope to find him restored to his wonted vigour on his return in the autumn. It is not expected that he will be back in time for the opening of College in October. But he expects to be here for the beginning of the Theological course in November.

✻LITERARY.✻

THE EXAMPLE OF HARVARD.

ALL haters of the great goddess Cram will find some pleasant reading in the Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College for 1886-87. Therein may be read the record of a valorous and partly successful attempt to reduce the followers of the wily deity. Cram does not count in preparation for examinations, as some people seem to suppose, but in preparation for examinations conducted on a wrong method. What the right method is may be gathered from what President Elliot says in regard to the matriculation examination in classics. He tells us that "translation at sight (with questions on the usual forms and ordinary constructions of the language) is the sole test in all the Latin and Greek examinations, except that upon composition." Now, it is not too much to say that there is no other rational method. By the present method a boy "gets up" a book of Caesar and a book of Virgil, and, if he is lucky enough to have a teacher endowed with the wisdom of the serpent—by no means with the harmlessness of the dove—he may "crum" the passages likely to be set and perhaps make quite a brilliant appearance at an examination. The same boy will be utterly helpless before the simplest passage of the very same authors. There is a wild legend that a Scotch school master had his boys carefully "coached" in the shorter catechism, so that each boy knew his own question and no more. Unfortunately, at the public examination one of the boys happened to be absent, so that the cat was let out of the bag by a little urehin explaining that "the laddie that believes in God's no' here the day." Many a boy at an examination would be similarly floored if the simplest passage that he had not learned by rote were prescribed. This stupid method of examination is in Harvard now a thing of the past. The test is not this or that book of Caesar, for example, but "the translation at sight of average passages of Caesar." The advantages are obvious. "In the schools it liberates the teachers from the killing routine of going with their classes over the same pieces of Latin and Greek year after year, and stimulates them to read widely on their own account; it exalts the practical mastery of inflected forms and the acquisition of a serviceable vocabulary, and subordinate grammar, which formerly dominated the study of the classics; it imparts interest to the study by increasing considerably the amount of reading accomplished during the school course, and giving the pupil from day to day the enjoyment which comes with a sense of progress and of increasing power; it improves the relation between teacher and pupil, because they get out the lesson together, and in the process the teacher learns to understand better the pupil's difficulties, and the pupil learns to regard the teacher as a helper, and not merely as a critic and judge; and it makes much of accurate translation into correct and forcible English."

It would be very unfair to blame the teachers of our High Schools for the present condition of things. The blame lies at the door of the Universities, and especially of the University of Toronto, which has for many years practically determined the character of the matriculation examination in classics as well as in other subjects. Indeed Queen's may be congratulated upon having reached the stage of Harvard in 1873, when "the translation at sight of some passage in prose" not prescribed was demanded. And we have faith that if only Toronto would agree to the change Queen's would be only too glad to emancipate High School masters from their present bondage and their pupils from the deadening influence of routine. Why should there not be a conference of teachers of the various Universities of Ontario in regard to such matters? Toronto University, secure in its exceptional privileges, has been too ready to assume that "whatever is right." Let her change her point of view, and ask whether she is doing the best for the education of the province. From all that we know of our own progressive institution we should venture to prophesy that no real step in advance will be opposed by the Senate.

WALT WHITMAN.

"MY book and the war are one," says Whitman, speaking of the connection of his "Leaves of Grass" with the war between the North and South; and his war-songs, or, as he has called them, "Drum-taps," are unique as pictures of America's terrific struggle. Until the time of the war the poet had sought but not found the sphere in which he could fulfil his highest aspirations. Was he to sing, he questioned bitterly with himself, or was he to "merge in the general run and wait his development?" To this question time had prepared an answer. The first flash and boom of the cannon woke Whitman to take part in and write the drama, whose stage was half a continent and whose actors were thirty-five millions of people. Mighty was the theme, and it lacked not the fitting poet.

In this way the poet describes the shock given him by the news of battle:

"Long had I walked my cities, my country roads, through farms, only half satisfied,  
One doubt, nauseous, undulating like a snake, crawled on the ground before me,  
Continually preceding my steps, turning upon me oft, ironically hissing low;  
—The cities I loved so well I abandoned and left—I sped to the certainty suitable to me,  
Hungering, hungering, hungering for primal energies, and nature's dauntlessness,  
I refreshed myself with it only, I could relish it only,  
I waited the bursting forth of the pent fire—on the water and air I waited long.  
—But now I no longer wait—I am fully satisfied—I am glutted;

I have witnessed the true lightning—I have witnessed my cities electric ;

I have lived to behold man burst forth, and warlike America rise ;

Hence I will seek no more the food of the northern solitary wilds,

No more on the mountains roam, or sail the stormy sea."

Seldom has any poet more thoroughly become one with his subject than has Whitman with this awful "red business" of the United States. He glories in the bustle of preparation for the conflict. The "round-lipped cannon" are unlimbered, and their mouths opened to "sing" their dread song. "Put in something else now besides powder and wadding," is his ecstatic shout. Especially does the enthusiasm and determination of Manhattan, his own city, evoke his admiration. "How you sprang," he says with exultation, "how you threw off the costumes off peace with indifferent hand!" "Suddenly at dead of night, at news from the South," New York, "incensed, struck with clenched hand the pavement." At once a thrill passed through the city; its men "leaped tumultuous—and lo! Manhattan arming." In one of his finest poems, "Song of the Banner at Daybreak," the poet holds an imaginary conversation with the banner and pennant, emblems of the unity of the States. High in the air the flags are saying:

"No longer let our children deem us riches and peace alone ;

We can be terror and carnage also, and are so now ;"

And the poet says to them :

"You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, standing fast, full of comfort, built with money ; May they stand fast, then ? Not an hour, unless you, above them and all, stand fast ;"

And they stood fast, though they were shaken by no puny breeze.

Throughout the whole war Whitman, whether marching with the army, caring for the sick and wounded, closing the eyes of the dying, or burying the dead, moved as though framed for the place. The poem, "Vigil on the Field," in which he describes how he passed the whole night beside a "dearest comrade," slain in the fight ; the poem, "The Wounded," which pictures a dim-lighted church full of dead and wounded, and the attendants moving about in the shifting gloom, while he himself, as he answers the command, "Fall in," receives a faint half-smile from the lips of a dying lad ; the poem, "A Sight in Camp," which gives a glimpse of three soldiers—an "elderly man," a "sweet boy," and "a face nor child nor old"—over each of whom, lying on a stretcher, is spread "the ample brownish woollen blanket" ; the poem, "The Dresser," wherein he tells how he himself—"deep in his breast a fire, a burning flame"—passed from bed to bed, "bearing the bandages, water and sponge," receiving about his neck "many a soldier's loving arms," and on his "bearded lips" "many a soldier's kiss" ;

these poems impress us by their simplicity and calm. Nor did he in the turmoil of the battle forget that every here and there over the land news was being received that a well-loved son or husband had fought his last fight. "A Letter from Camp" calls the mother to the front door and the father from the fields to tell them that Pete, their dear son, has been given a gunshot wound in the breast, and "will soon be better" ;

"Alas ! poor boy, he will never be better, (nor maybe needs to be better, that brave and simple soul) ; While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already ;

The only son is dead.

"But the mother needs to be better ; She, with thin form, presently dressed in black ; By day her meals untouched—then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,

In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing ;

O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life escape and withdraw,

To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son !"

Grand, too, is the poet's lament over the dead in the great war. Two veterans are being buried in the moonlight, and the poet's solemn dirge rises over the newly-made graves.

"The moon give you light,  
And the bugles and the drums give you music,  
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,  
My heart gives you love" ;

And again :

"Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living, sweet are the musical voices sounding ;  
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead, with their silent eyes.

"Dearest comrades ! all now is over ;  
But love is not over—and what love, O comrades !  
Perfume from battlefields rising—up from fætor arising.

"Perfume therefore my chant, O love ! immortal love !  
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers.

"Perfume all ! make all wholesome !  
O love ! O chant ! solve all with the last chemistry.

"Give me exhaustless—make me a fountain,  
That I exhale love from me wherever I go,  
For the sake of all dead soldiers."

Again, with a wider vision, he says :

"Not alone our camps of white, O soldiers,

\* \* \* \* \*

"Lo, the camps of the tents of green,  
Which the days of peace keep filling, and the days of war keep filling,

With a mystic army, (is it too ordered forward ? is it too only halting for a while,  
Till night and sleep pass over ?)

Now in those camps of greens—in their tents dotting the world,

Behold the mighty bivouac-field and waiting-camp of us and ours and all,

There without hatred we shall all meet."

"For presently, O soldiers, we too camp in our place in the bivouac-camp of green;

But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for the countersign,

Nor drummer to beat the morning drum."

**MISCELLANY.**

**EDWARD THRING.**

[Addresses by Edward Thring, Head Master of Uppingham School, 1853-1887, with portrait. London, Eisher Unwin, 26 Paternoster Square, 1887.]

MR. THRING, who died on the twenty-second of last October, and whose greatest monument is the school at Uppingham, was nothing if not a practical teacher. As he virtually created Uppingham, was its head master for thirty-four years, and had under him ever thirty assistant masters, his views on teaching come to us with the authority of a long and full experience.

To begin with, Mr. Thring accepts completely the view of education as the development of the whole nature of the pupil. This he asserts in a great variety of ways. For example he maintains that "the first law of teaching, the first article of the teacher's creed is *work from the inside outwards.*" Again of his first scholars he says: "They bred in me a supreme contempt for knowledge-lumps, and for emptying out knowledge-lumps in a heap, like stones at the road-side, and calling it teaching."

But the working teacher at once meets with a difficulty. He wishes to know how this fundamental principle of education, that the teacher must develop and not cram the pupil, is to be reduced to practice. Mr. Thring replies that, as you can manifestly develop only what the child already to some extent has, you must "make every child master of the one instrument, by which all human life moves, speech, the mother tongue." Thus "to read aloud intelligently, with ease, understanding, and feeling ought to be the first aim of sane teaching." Again to tell aloud the exact character of a familiar object is likewise a good exercise for the pupil. In this way the child learns to express his thoughts clearly and definitely. Then, too, it is not impossible for the living teacher to cause the pupil to think upon the nature of his own definition; and thus at once is obtained the rudiments of grammar. As grammar is really only "thought working into words," it is "already in the mind, waiting to be called out."

Not only the mind of the scholar should be appealed to,

but his imagination also. In other words the child may be developed not simply by making actual what has already been partially actualized by the circumstances of his birth, but also by arousing his slumbering possibilities. "Let the pupils read aloud. Give them to read poetry, the lives of good men, narratives of noble deeds, historical stories and historical novels, books of travel, and all the fascinating literature of discovery and adventure \* \* \* Geography, history and power of speech are all comprised in such books, if properly used." Further the imagination should be aided by direct appeals to eye and ear. This is of such consequence that Mr. Thring declares that "photography to the teacher is almost as great an invention as printing." Again, owing to the importance of suitable appliances for the school-room he says that "the almighty wall is the supreme and final arbiter of schools." "I mean," he continues, "no living power in the world can overcome the dead, unfeeling, everlasting pressure of the permanent structure, of the permanent condition under which work has to be done. Every now and then a man can be found to say honestly:

'Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.'

But men are not trained to freedom inside a prison. The prison will have its due. Slowly but surely the immovable, unless demolished, determines the shape of all inside it. Moreover nature at first hand should form the subject of many instructive lessons. The child should be asked to observe in Spring the first flowers and the first songs of birds.

Thus by natural methods the scholar is introduced to grammar, geography, history, biography, the character and habits of people, and the products of different countries. He is not made to worry over dry lists and catalogues. Things retain for him their original freshness. "During all the first years for high and low," writes Mr. Thring with emphasis, "no lesson book in the ordinary sense of the word should ever come into a schoolroom, if I had power, but reading books only and—teachers."

Upon one other burning point Mr. Thring gives no uncertain sound—the question of examinations and official inspection. He says: "The inspector destroys teaching, because he is bound by law and necessity to examine according to a given pattern; and the perfection of teaching is that it does not work by a given pattern"; again, "Shoving in the regulation quantity is one thing; clearing the stuff out of the bewildered brain, and strengthening the mind, is another; and these two are foes"; and again, "The dead hand of unfeeling power, that measures lives by a foot-rule, is dead indeed when thrust into living work." Of examinations he says: "Teaching and examinations are deadly enemies, as soon as examinations cramp the liberty necessary for teaching"; and once more: "Where examinations reign, every novelty in training, every original advance, every new method of dealing with mind becomes at once simply impossible. It is



outside the prescribed area, and does not pay." In short what is wanted by schools everywhere is not a rigid system, but the genuine teacher.

A pleasant feature of Mr. Thring's *Addresses* is that they are dedicated to a Canadian teacher, who is a graduate of a Canadian University, Mr. G. R. Parkin, Head Master of the Collegiate School, Fredericton, N.B. Upon Mr. Parkin has fallen much of Mr. Thring's energy and determination. He is in full sympathy with Mr. Thring's views, and has been for years and still is fighting the hard battle for liberty in teaching.

#### LETTER FROM DUNLOP, 1887.

THE Principal has much pleasure in sending to the JOURNAL a letter which he has received from Mr. Dunlop. It not only sketches with clearness and modesty, but brings before us the religious and intellectual condition of the Japanese with singular directness and force, and shows that there is a wide door open for every one who has anything of the true missionary spirit and who is prepared to be the guide of those who are the natural leaders of an eager and intelligent people.

HAMAMATSU, EUSHU, JAPAN, January 28th, 1888.

DEAR PRINCIPAL:

Just before I left home you asked me to write you shortly after landing in Japan, and tell something about my field and work. As you may have already heard I reached Yokohama on Sunday morning, Dec. 18th, and was received by Rev. Dr. Eby, of our mission here. I presented your regards to him, as requested, the same day, but not before he had inquired about you. He was much pleased to hear from you and about your interest in the work in Japan. After spending eight days very enjoyable among the Canadians in Tokyo, I set out with Dr. Eby for Hamamatsu, my journey's end, where he had a position waiting for me, and eight days later, Jan. 2nd, we reached our destination, having spent five days in Shidzuoka on the way out.

Now, as regards, first, my secular work here, I am teaching English in what is called the Koto Sho Gakko, or county high school, a large establishment with some 500 pupils in attendance. I teach two hours per day, from two to four in the afternoon, five days in the week. Have to do with only the first and second classes and also a class composed of the teachers in the school. My first impressions of a Japanese school have been most favorable. In the first place, the school accommodation is, as far as I can see, almost perfect. There are several large buildings, the rooms also are large and the playgrounds all that could be desired. On these grounds the scholars have regular drill and calisthenic exercise, the school providing the necessary instruments—wooden rifles, sticks, dumb-bells, etc. Inside, the pupils are most orderly and attentive, but there is often much interruption from noises outside. Ten minutes' recess is given out of every hour and the playground is generally occupied.

The pupils, I believe, receive a most thorough school training. Of course, they get no Latin, Greek, French or German, but they amply make up for these in their studies in Chinese and English, and at the same time do good work in geography, mathematics, chemistry and physics. Some of our Queen's students (I did it myself) would stare at the size of the boys who are well advanced in physics. The teachers are apparently a most intelligent lot of young men and women. Only one of them, a lady teacher, is a Christian, but I believe none of them are pagan worshippers; they are simply—*nothing*, though I hope soon to be able to report something different. These teachers are a fair sample of the intelligent youth of Japan, and what I have said about them can be, I think, applied to the educated men and women all over the country. In more remote parts of the country it may be that a larger percentage of the educated classes retain their old beliefs, but the percentage cannot be much larger. Japan is, I believe, opened from end to end, if not to foreigners, at least to foreign literature, and to this is due to a great extent her condition to-day—described by somebody as "a molten state, waiting for a mould."

When I say that I believe the upper, or rather the enlightened, classes of Japan have no religion, I am not merely repeating what I have read or heard, but, on the contrary, am drawing my own conclusion from what I have seen. Add to this that they are a very acquisitive people, and you have the position exactly. If they have no mould they are going to find one, and that very soon. If they are not *given* Christianity they will *take* something else. It is a terrible fact that the Church of Christ on earth is doing but little to give this people what they so much need—a true living religion, an experience of the love of Him who "was wounded for *their* transgressions and bruised for *their* iniquities" every bit as much as for ours. I don't as yet know much about the churches working in Japan, but no doubt they are all doing a grand work and having rich results considering their "capital." Certainly their "capital" with God is unlimited, but He is too wise to use that, to do for men in a miraculous manner what they can do in the regular way with a capital of another kind which he has given them in abundance, and which is largely lying unused. This regular way, God's way, is plain, "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," but how shall it be preached without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? As regards the preacher for Japan I will have more to say hereafter, in speaking about the self-supporting line of work. As I said before, the intelligent youth of Japan are without a religion. Almost all of them are study English, in most cases privately, and it is astonishing how well many of them can read quite difficult English. They dive at once right into philosophical works, which seem most common in the country. They do not even need to learn English to read the works of Darwin, Spencer and many others, as these books have been translated and spread broadcast

over the land. In a bookstore a few days ago I heard a young man bemoaning his poverty because he had not enough money to buy a rather expensive work of Spencer's lately translated. My Japanese teacher, a young man of twenty, has books of Hamilton, Mill, Darwin and Spencer in English and Japanese, and a few days ago was asking me about Sir William Dawson and his work. To-day I received for myself Prof. Drummond's "Natural Law"; he eagerly seized it and read a few pages before putting it down. This is the spirit that is in the young people. They are most inquisitive about the relations of philosophy and religion.

I had it early impressed on me that a man to be a success in Japan must be a constant student. You will see by what I told you about my school that I have a great deal of spare time, but I am not wasting one bit of it—on the contrary, doing every bit as much as my health will permit. I find that I cannot, without hurting myself, work nearly so hard as I have sometimes in College, and I believe all Americans have the same thing to say, namely, that they cannot stand as hard work here as in the home land. I spend four hours per day on Japanese; I have every advantage in my youth and in being thrown in among the people, and with God's help I am going to make a success at it. Have taken it up just like a Japanese child, beginning with the primer, and have already learned the Kana, or syllabary of 46 characters, well enough to sing from it, not using the transliterated hymn book. I have also undertaken the regular work in preparation for our Methodist ministry, and spend three hours per day in theological work. Besides all this I have a little time for general irregular reading. After my first examination I will have much more time for this reading. It is most necessary. Meanwhile I am doing but little work in connection with our cause here. We have two young evangelists in Hamamatsu and they take all the preaching. Till I can speak Japanese I will preach but little. I expect to make my first attempt at preaching in Japanese about April 1st. I will translate a short sermon with the help of my teacher and memorize it as much as possible. I will not by any means have mastered the language by that time, on the contrary, it takes years of persevering study, and a foreigner can never do without his teacher or translator. Every Sunday morning I have a bible-class composed of the teachers in the High School, speaking to them through an interpreter. Have also been engaged since coming here in improving the singing. When I came first their singing was like a death groan, everybody sitting on the floor. I first got them to stand up and have got a good deal more life into them to stand up and have got a good deal more life into the singing. We had singing practice to-night in the church and when it was over one of the active evangelists proposed, as it was a fine night, to preach in the street, if I would sing. I agreed, but on going out found there was not enough light in the street to sing Japanese so I had to take English instead. I sang Cowper's grand old hymn, "There is a fountain," and "I love to tell the

story," and soon had a much larger crowd than if I had sung Japanese. I have just left the two preachers talking to the people. The young men are most earnest, I believe, but their ideas on some points are very crude. I was surprised last Sunday during service to see a man deliberately take out his pipe and begin to smoke, and the preacher deliberately sit and watch him. I told him to quietly inform the man that he was not in a smoking-room, and gave him to understand that there must be no more smoking in God's house. It has been the custom to let unbelievers smoke as much as they liked. The willingness with which the people hear the gospel is one of the many encouraging features of the work. The weather has been so delightful that we have had street preaching nearly every day lately. Ours is the only Protestant congregation in this place of 15,000 inhabitants. There is a following of the Greek church, amounting to six members. The Roman Catholics formerly had a cause here, with a pretty little church and good grounds—they seem to get these wherever they go—but their leader became a Methodist and the members disappeared.

I have heard the statement a number of times—in fact I have used it myself—that "Buddhism and Shintooism are on their last legs." No doubt this is true as regards the mind of the people, but this mind is evidently wholly in the possession of but a small fraction of the nation. I think I read in one of Dr. Eby's lectures, long before I came to Japan, that the Japanese are divided into two classes and that the one class of two millions, the old noble class of feudal days, leads the other class of 36 or 37 millions in commerce, literature and politics—in fact leads the nation in everything. This is the class that has the sign out, "Wanted—a religion," and this is the class to which Dr. Eby believes in giving a religion, this being the object of his proposed Tokyo Lecture Hall. However, this is taking me away from Buddhism and Shintooism. I think I have had good evidences to-day that these have still a great deal of their old power with the mass of the people. Since I landed in Japan I have visited a number of temples, but they always seemed to be deserted except for one or two ignorant looking priests who might be standing around. To-day, however, has been a great religious holiday and there has been a constant stream to and from and through the temples. I visited three of the largest this morning and found a large number of people around all of them, all of the lower class, and I have no reason for believing that the thousands of the same class whom I met on the road, similarly gotten up in holiday style, had not already attended to their devotions or were not going to do so. The people would come up and first throw a coin into the large box at the entrance and then devoutly kneel before the altar, or before the door if it were closed, and mumble a short prayer. The most pitiful sight was that of the sick of every description standing before an ugly old black image rubbing first the affected part in their own bodies and then the corresponding part on the piece of wood. In

many of the temples the wire screens on the windows are completely covered with little pieces of white paper tied to them—the prayers of visitors.

Whatever is left of the spirit, much of the form of these old religions remains. From the "sanctuary" the people go out to the wrestling-grounds, just in front of most temples of any importance. From there they go to their theatres, their drinking-dens, gambling dens and dens of every description. The wickedness of the place is terrible—abominations on every side. You may have read Rev. J. W. Saunby's letter in the *Guardian* describing the state of things in Kofu, some 200 miles from here. This place I believe is as bad as Kofu, and he does not paint it one bit too black. The Japanese, in their extreme polish of manner, their superficiality, and also their immorality, are certainly the Frenchmen of the East.

Now I come to say something about the self-supporting line of work. Dr. Eby tells me he is writing you, and he can tell the facts of the matter better than any one else—I can simply tell my own experience and also what conclusions I came to considering the general appearance of things. I believe a grand and glorious work can be and *is going* to be done in Japan wholly on self-supporting lines. The people are fairly thirsting after English and openings are from time to time showing up all over the country, many of them, of course, in places hitherto untouched by the missionary. These openings vary from time to time in number, but I believe that if every member of Queen's Foreign Missionary Band were in Japan it would not be long till all would be placed. The delay caused by negotiations is naturally most trying to the patience of the people. Another point, these opportunities vary very much also in pecuniary value—for instance, my position gives me 45 yen (1 yen : 76 cents gold) per month and a house. I was the first Canadian out in this line, I believe, but I have been followed this month by two more, Messrs. McKenzie, of Ontario, and Tuttle, of Nova Scotia, both Methodists. I was given the only opening in the section of country operated by our mission. Hamamatsu is the extreme limit in the S.W. direction. Of the two gentlemen named, one takes a position on the other side of the island, which gives 200 yen (\$152) per month, and the other for the present is engaged in our Tokyo school, but will probably take a school after mid-summer with 100 yen per month. The 200 yen case is an exceptional one, but you will easily see from the sums named that there are vast possibilities for useful work in this line if the means are used to the greatest advantage. The men who have come out so far have come prepared for anything, and are still prepared for anything at all so that they may be the means of telling the old, old story to some who have never heard it. Before I left home I was spoken to by one undergraduate (not a member of our Mission Band, be it said, nor, as far as I know, a professed follower of our Lord), who said that if he could get a good position out here he would as soon teach in Japan as in Canada. Men of this class are not needed here at

all. What *is* wanted is a band of consecrated men and women prepared to work on apostolic lines, and to count all things but loss for the excellency of the calling wherewith He hath called us. The possibilities are so great that I believe a self-supporting band working in this way might before long be doing a much greater work than any single mission now working in this field. Living is cheap in this land. My salary is not large, but I could live, and am living, on much less, and I could, if necessary, save enough out of this salary to pay back my travelling expenses in very little over a year. Hamamatsu is a small place, comparatively, and can not pay a large sum, but it can support a man, and there are scores, probably hundreds, of places in Japan just like it. It is not in schools alone that teachers may make a living, but much may be done too in private work. I have had a number of applicants for private teaching, but I have told them to form a class as they could not afford to pay me enough to teach individuals. They don't seem to like this idea and have not yet formed a class. I don't expect them to now, and am just as well satisfied, as I want all my spare time for study. This, however, shows the possibilities in this direction. I would be prepared, in an emergency, to hang out my sign as "English Teacher" in any place in Japan, of H's size or larger, and not be afraid of the result.

JOURNAL No. 3 of this session has just reached me, and I have read with interest the copy of the letter you received, *re* self-supporting work, from the Presbyterian church in Tokyo. I would like to say a few words, first "about a knowledge of medicine." As the writer of the letter says, "it is not needed as a means of access to the Japanese," and I believe further that it is of very little use in any way. In H. we have one physician to every 500 of the population, and some of them are fresh from the hands of the best German professors. I am acquainted with two leading physicians (they are all Japanese) here and would have no more hesitation about consulting one of them than I would in going to any man in Kingston. To quote again from the letter, "Although it is not absolutely necessary, it is yet very desirable that the men whom you send should be married." Our Mission Band undertakes no responsibility as regards self-supporting missionaries, but if yours is to guarantee a full support, as suggested, to a number of men, it is certainly most desirable that married men should be sent. Many of the best positions are for married men. But if men are to come out without any guarantee, I believe that it is better that they should come alone, and if afterwards they should see their way clear to marriage—and it is also altogether probable that they will in a short time—*all right*; if not *all right*. Our self-supporting missionaries must come prepared to receive just what God chooses to give them, and to be just what He chooses to make them—and to trust Him for everything.

I would like to write the JOURNAL by this mail, but find I have not time. If you would pass over this letter

to the staff, or give whatever part of it you see fit, it would answer the same purpose. I shall ever owe the JOURNAL a debt of gratitude for having a hand, under God's guidance, in placing me where I now am. It was through a brief notice in the JOURNAL'S columns last winter that I was led to inquire for the first time into this work in which I am now engaged—the most soul-inspiring under the sun.

Trusting that this will find you altogether restored in health, I am,

Yours sincerely,  
J. G. DUNLOP.

**PRESENT TO MR. BEALL.**

THE following address, accompanied by a copy of the Bible, was presented to Mr. Arthur Beall by the students of Queen's prior to the closing of College. Mr. Beall leaves soon for Japan, where he intends working as a missionary. Mr. Beall is a zealous and untiring worker, and his efforts will no doubt be crowned with success.

*Mr. Arthur W. Beall, B.A. :*

The students of Queen's University desire to express their regret at your departure from their midst. For four years you have gone in and out amongst us ; our hearts have been gladdened by your presence, and now that you are about to leave us we feel that we are to part with a friend, one who has sought to preserve the honour and good name of our beloved Principal and Professors, and to promote the well-being of each individual student.

You have availed yourself of every opportunity to become acquainted with your classmates, and, while diligently seeking their temporal good, you also displayed that highest type of wisdom of which Solomon spoke when he said, "He that winneth souls is wise."

Your efforts have not been in vain ; we have, at least, seen some fruit ; and you have gained, not only the brotherly love and fellowship of those who differ from you in religious opinions, but also the respect and admiration of those who make no profession of religion whatever. Acting on the principle that "There is nothing truly valuable that is gotten without pains and labour," you have set before us an example of untiring diligence, and, as a reward, you have been graduated with first-class honours in the department of your choice.

While it grieves us to think of your separation from us we rejoice when reminded of the work to which you are called, the possibilities of helping your brother earth and of lessening human sorrow and suffering. Your calling is high and noble, and your renown will fill the world in years to come in proportion as you lack selfish aims and work for the honour and glory of God.

It was often a matter of gratitude to us that you made no pharisaical distinctions between us by way of preference for one and disregard for another, but that we were all equally the recipients of your kindly smile and fitly spoken word ; and that the expression of the debt we owe

words, allow me to present you, on behalf of the students of Queen's, with a copy of God's Word and a few other you may assume a more lasting form than that of mere books that may be of interest to you. Let me remind you that these are not alone the gifts of the Y. M. C. A., in which you so arduously laboured, nor of the Missionary Association, whose work was so dear to you, but of the boys you loved, and whose temporal and spiritual weal seemed to be your highest ambition.

It is, without doubt, very gratifying to the admirers of this University to see her students one and all in sympathy with you and your mission, gladly and cheerfully contributing in the presentation to you of a copy of that Word by which a young man can alone learn to purify his way. Surely this bespeaks a no distant hour when every student of "Good Old Queen's" will be a mighty factor in the bringing about of that day when "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

Permit us then, Mr. Beall, to assure you that you have the heartfelt wishes of the students you so nobly represent.

In behalf of the students of Queen's University, Kingston.

ALFRED FITZPATRICK.  
JOHN A. McDONALD.

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#### NOTES FROM '88.

The Y.M.C.A. has done very good work this session, having a long list of enthusiastic and energetic members.

Owing to Principal Grant's illness the usual Sunday afternoon services in Convocation Hall have not been held with any degree of regularity. They have been greatly missed by many students, especially those in Divinity Hall.

The Missionary Association has shown itself to be very much alive and has endeavored, successfully too, to stir up missionary sympathy among the students and citizens by holding several public meetings in Convocation Hall, at which papers on mission work were read, addresses delivered and musical selections rendered by the students.

In regard to athletics, readers of the JOURNAL already know of the great prowess of our foot-ball clubs last fall. Certainly Queen's has never before possessed such a strong rugby team as that which waged war on the campus this session, and though through an annoying fluke the championship cup was placed out of reach, we nevertheless are still convinced of the superiority of our team over its successful rivals. The Athletic Association and the Gymnasium have been taken charge of by the Alma Mater Society, which will in future appoint the officers of these institutions, control the funds and, in short, exercise a maternal care over them and the clubs which compose them.

The *concursum*—shake! ye evil doers—has nobly upheld the standard of justice and virtue, though, strange to say, the freshmen generally gave but little trouble. Representatives of the august sophomore class were the offenders, and these were visited with swift and terrible retribution. The new constitution which the court this session adopted removed all possibility of spite and ill-feeling and gave general satisfaction.

The Glee Club this year was richer in quality than quantity, having been subjected to an experiment which, though satisfactory in many points, still is detrimental to the development of musical talent among the students in general. Certainly better harmony can be produced by a few good voices than by a crowd of indifferent ones, but owing to the dissatisfaction now existing among those who would like an opportunity of bettering the voices they already possess, it is the intention to extend, next year, the limits of the club.

There is just one thing more to say, and we hate to have to say it, which is—that owing to various demands, particularly those of the Endowment Fund and Alma Mater debt legacy, we are all *strapped*. Yes, it is a terrible confession, but that isn't the worst of it. It isn't hard to pawn our rubbers, text-books and overcoats, or even our photographs, to get money enough to take us home, but—ah, but—fact is we'll have to slide home this session without a *conversazione*—without even a lecturette on electricity. That's what's the matter with us.

And now having looked back, seeing nothing but prosperity and enthusiasm (barrin the *strapped* part) we take our departure for other fields filled with prophetic assurances of the future success and usefulness of Queen's. Selah.

#### *The Boston Beacon.*

"Occasionally there is a strongly emotional passage or piece, as 'The Future,' whose fierce intensity of expression, as well as metre and epithet, reminds one of Swinburne's earlier verses. It is not to be wondered at that a young and impressionable poet should feel the influence of a literary power like Swinburne; it is rather remarkable that Mr. Cameron, feeling that influence, should not have betrayed it oftener. But Mr. Cameron generally writes as the representative of himself, and not of any school, and when he is writing for himself he is at his best. It is clear to the most casual reader that this young Canadian journalist was a man of lofty and noble sentiments and purposes; that he used the English language with power, purity and taste; that his mind was clean and righteous. Mr. Cameron had the true melancholy of poets, and it tinctures all his writing. But he is never morbid, except in the few instances where the Swinburne influence is traceable. He is a fine and sensitive metrist; his English is as pure and simple as that of the Carolan poets, yet perfectly modern and free from affected archaisms. He has chiselled out bits of song as dainty as Herrick and as clean cut, but not as frigid, as Gautier's cameos. *Mr. Cameron's death is a distinct loss to the literature of this century.*"

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"A working journalist who could produce such fine, such delicate and tender verse is almost a prodigy."—*The Beacon, Boston.*

"If you once begin it is almost impossible to leave off until you reach the *finis*. We recommend Canadians to study this book before repeating that ancient lie that Canada has no literature. Of all poets aspiring to our favor, Mr. Cameron indisputably carries off the palm."—*The Empire.*

"It is a great mistake to introduce this book to the public as a Canadian book. While it is that, and as such should be welcomed, it is a great deal more. It is a product of the continent, and for fire, music and imagination ranks with the best that American civilization has produced. Never was there a more thoroughly cosmopolitan poet—a true heart-poet, a born singer—his mind ready to grapple with any side of human thought, and the many verses that find an echo in every human heart tell how thoroughly he got at the soul of things."—*The Globe.*

"To all who like poetry it is certain that if they take this volume in hand they will read it through."—*The Mail.*

"His death is little short of a national calamity."—*Hamilton Spectator.*

"It is refreshing, in this verse-marking age, to turn from the trivial inanities of the songs without sense that abound in our modern magazines to a volume of genuine poetry like this."—*The Week.*

"Shall take whatever opportunity presents itself of speaking of its evident merits."—*Goldwin Smith.*

"It will be little credit to Canada if the volume you have given to its literature fails to meet with the warmest appreciation."—*G. Mercer Adams.*

"You have laid a noble gift before the Canadian public. Your brother is an illustration of the truth that true genius is not impatient for recognition, but can afford to wait."—*Agnes M. Machar.*

"I am impressed at once by their admirable force and beauty. There is no question but this is a true and strong poet. Genuine inspiration, wide and fertile imagination, spontaneity, and a splendid lyric rush, together with artistic skill, conscientious craftsmanship—all these I have found already in the volume."—*Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts.*

"Pieces which any poet, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic, might be proud to own."—*Evan MacColl.*

"The author has not only command of language, a musical ear, imaginative power and lyrical faculty, but also very remarkable maturity of thought."—*Principal Grant.*

"It must be some alleviation under so sad a bereavement to know that the poet has left a legacy to his country which is an honor to its literature and to his own name."—*John Reade.*

"Canada is not a land of songs. Rhymsters we have, but the wave of poetry has but rippled on our shores. It is, indeed, refreshing, then, to view the outpouring of one whose soul has *lured* itself in that wave of light."—*The Whig.*

*The News.*

"There is no thinking person but has had his soul stirred at times by thoughts of the future. Philosophers have tried to prove the future existence; theologians have heaped volume after volume on our shelves to make it clear, but nothing could better voice the position that seekers after truth have to take in regard to immortality than his lyric in answer to the question, 'Can it be good to die?' . . . A poet who has all the music of the most musical and all the passion of the most passionate, combined with a simplicity of expression that at once carries to the reader his meaning. . . . Many readers will be ready to say imagination and music are not all we want—we must have thoughts strongly put, truths tersely expressed. Here you will find no dearth. *No poems that Canada has yet produced contain so many.*"

*The Christian Union, New York City, May, 3rd, 1888.*

A volume which adds to the intrinsic value of its contents this also, that they are the poems of one who sang for the pure love of singing, and whose story and song are closed together. His *perfidium ingenium*, to which, in virtue of his Scottish name and descent, he had an hereditary right, seems to have been constantly at work in production at a marvellous rate. It is no matter for surprise that the inevitable drain on his vitality should have combined to wear out prematurely a somewhat fragile physique. The brief career of this young poet is outlined in the preface by the devoted younger brother, who has edited and published at his own expense his brother's poems. George Cameron was born in Nova Scotia, living, however, during a large part of his early youth in Boston, a city well calculated by its associations to foster his intense passion for political liberty. During these years were written many of the "Lyrics on Freedom"—full of passionate sympathy with each struggling nationality that he saw battling for its rights. While in Boston he was a frequent contributor to its leading periodicals—an ardent and passionate young soul, who seems to have been completely indifferent to the personal rewards of genius. These poems differ materially from the style most in favor in the modern magazine, namely, a large proportion of pretty conceits and elaborate description, with a very small one of human interest or motif. They are full of human life, expressed with simple directness, yet full also of vivid metaphor and musical sweetness. In a word, they are the poetry of humanity. . . . If this recalls Whittier in its spirit, another on the future of France recalls Swinburne in its music. No one with any true feeling for poetry can turn over these pages without recognizing a strong personality and a true poet, and without loving the sensitive and ardent soul here unveiled. As Walt Whitman says:

"Comrades, this is no book:  
Who touches this touches a man!"

In large 8vo., 16x296 pages, on antique laid paper, manufactured expressly for this volume at the Middlesex mills, Massachusetts, broad margins, decorated pages, gilt tops, heavy boards, satin finish, bevelled edges, photo-engraving of the author. A book that will adorn any library or drawing-room table. For sale by all booksellers, or may be ordered of Charles J. Cameron, 128 Union St., Kingston. Price, \$1.50.

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