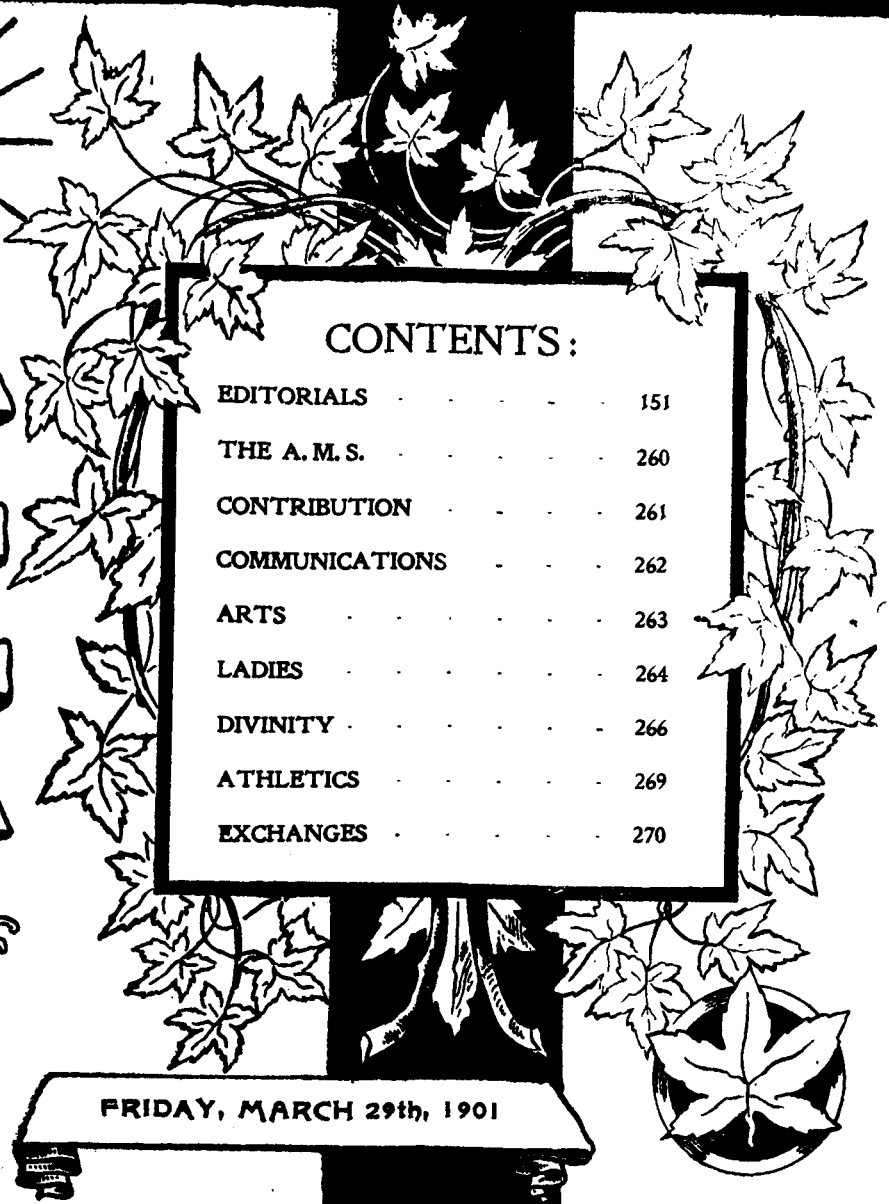


# Queen's University Journal



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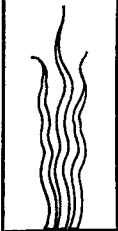
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# Queen's University Journal.

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KINGSTON, CANADA, MARCH 29, 1901.

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## Queen's University Journal.

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### THE PROSPECTS OF GREEK.

IN one of the late afternoon addresses, it was predicted by one who is a shrewd reader of the signs of the times, that in a very few years the study of Greek was destined to shrink to very small proportions in the province of Ontario. If that is so, so much the worse for Ontario! But there is room for a less despairing outlook. Although Prof. Dupuis' opinion is widely prevalent, there are good reasons for doubting its correctness—even as regards Ontario. Present appearances may indicate rather the darkest hour before the dawn than the twilight which heralds midnight.

Greek is one of those studies which impose themselves, by their inherent value as well as by their historic influence, ever anew on the attention of educated men. Changing fashions in educational theory and practice may for awhile seem to thrust such studies aside. Competing subjects arise in the ever-increasing complexity of men's intellectual and commercial interests, clamouring for recognition often with good right, and seeking to displace them without right. But after a time the world finds it cannot dispense with them, and so returns to them with fresh zest, finding that "the old wine is better."

It is true that our present educational arrangements relegate Greek decidedly to the shade. The system of options which stringently controls our high schools and collegiate institutes, emanating as it does from that centre of light, the Senate of Toronto University, tends in the most direct and inevitable way to handicap and even to extinguish it. With what result? The President of Toronto University itself lately characterized, in no doubtful terms, this system, one main feature of which is to eliminate Greek. In his opinion it has not worked well. No wonder. The fact is, until our high-school teachers of English, French and German have some tincture of Greek letters, they are not likely to be strikingly successful in teaching their own subjects.

The reason is not hard to find. The Greeks were the first in the field of letters; they remain in many ways the world's great masters of literary expression; and every single great literature which has arisen, since the sceptre

of culture passed out of their hands, was kindled directly, or indirectly, or both, from the Greek fire. They have so worked themselves into the texture of universal literature, that no one is likely to make the most of the study or exposition of any particular literature, who knows nothing about them.

It is a commonplace among scholars, that no one can know Latin well who does not know Greek. How is it possible really to enter into, and unlock the full resonance of Virgil, for instance, without any acquaintance with Theocritus, Sophocles and Homer? His very syntax is often dark to the student who has no Greek. French, too, is plainly not to be got at fully, without both Latin and Greek. The influence of Latin models here is notorious, and these refer us in their turn to Hellas. But apart from that, what are we to make of classical French tragedy for instance, of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, if the traditions of the Attic stage are a sealed book to us, or a mere matter of notes and hand-books? The same is true perhaps in a still greater degree of classical German literature. It was in part his first-hand knowledge of the Greek models which enabled Lessing to break the tyranny of French pseudo-classicism in Germany, and so pave the way for Goethe and Schiller, who in their turn were steeped in Hellenic literature and art. The great modern Renaissance, permanently associated with these names, and with that of Hegel, who rejuvenated philosophy by fructifying the critical method of Kant with the Aristotelian conception of organic life—this modern Renaissance which gave us among other things Carlyle, like the older Renaissance, the birth of our modern world, derived its impulse largely from Greece, and can never be understood or fully appropriated except by those who can go back to the fountain-head. English literature is in the same case. What sort of a teacher of English literature would the man be who could not teach Milton? And who can catch the allusions of Milton, or taste the full flavour of his ripe, melodious learning, or even understand his idioms, unravel the exquisite mazes of his syntax, and follow the complex continuity

of his music, that has not drunk at the sources where he drank?

The obvious fact is that unless we are to be contented with a commercial and newspaper knowledge of modern languages, such a knowledge as a smart sailor picks up no inconsiderable amount of, by hanging around a foreign port for an occasional week or two, at odd times; if we are to insist on such a knowledge of these languages as is alone relevant to the purposes of a university, namely, a thorough grasp of their literatures, we cannot dispense with Greek. Its flowers are no exotics, they bloom in our gardens. "From Helicon's harmonious springs, a thousand rills"—of all subsequent literature—"their mazy progress take." There is just one good annotated edition in English, so far as I know, of a German classic—the edition of the first part of Goethe's *Faust*, by Morehead, the translator of Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, and of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*. Who are the great modern literary critics—the only ones indeed? Lessing, Sainte Beuve, and Matthew Arnold, everyone of them first-rate Greek scholars. Do you expect to turn out any such from Canadian universities? It is not a hopeful way to set about it, if you excise Greek from your school courses.

There is no fear for the future of Greek. That is inextricably bound up with the future of literary study in general. And not with that alone. Greek has encisted itself inexpugnably also in the spirit and language of science. The Greeks were the first scientific, as they were the first literary people, and science still does homage to them, and speaks their tongue. It would save the student of botany and physiology, for instance, a great deal of time, and would give him a living command, scarcely to be attained otherwise, of the terminology of his science, if in his school days he had become familiar with the Greek vocabulary. As for philosophy which is surely a science, and the queen of sciences, or nothing, it is notorious that in any university where it is seriously pursued, as here among ourselves, Aristotle and Plato are to this day indispensable textbooks, and they manifestly cannot be under-

stood without some vital insight into the whole civilization which is summed up in them. Political science, too, as it is again hardly necessary to point out to students of Queen's, must still begin, and does, with the speeches of Thucydides, the Republic of Plato, the Ethics and Politics of Aristotle. For the whole range of the theological sciences Greek is a necessary organon, in every single field—even in that of Old Testament Interpretation, which requires a knowledge of the Greek Septuagint, hardly less than of the Hebrew original. And there is another science which has hardly yet received a name, or been separately and systematically pursued, but which is daily receiving more and more the attention of thinking men, the evolution of civilization, the study of the origin and growth of those ideas which are the great spiritual inheritance and the standing problem of our race, "the mighty thoughts which make us men." This science must remain in great part a sealed book to those who know no Greek. For there is not one single element, in the whole vast complex of what we call human culture, which can be traced to its root without a knowledge of Greek. Thus Curtius was quite right in speaking of a people, among whom this study was, as he thought, inadequately represented, as an "unscientific people."

Thus on every side we see there is no fear for Greek. But there is considerable fear for Canada. A certain crass, ignorant, short-sighted Utilitarianism, a wide-spread disbelief in the value of all studies which are not immediately convertible into material power and money, a craving for impossible short-cuts, and an amazing respect for our own comfort are rampant in our educational system. This spirit will not stop short with Greek. All liberal studies are threatened by it. What is the good of philosophy, or the higher mathematics (except for a few engineers), or history, or literature, on such a theory? "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Universities exist to oppose this materialism, and to guide the whole education of the country in the direction diametrically opposed to it.

#### "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE production of the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice," and the earlier presentation of "Die Herrschaft." by the honour students of modern languages, are both worthy of hearty commendation from an educational point of view. The time spent in preparation is well spent. A student who has been forced to weigh carefully, and to commit to memory, considerable passages from the masterpieces of literature, English or foreign, has done what it is well worth doing, not to speak of the missionary work he accomplishes in educating the public taste. It is therefore to be hoped that the moderate production of dramatic scenes or plays will be a permanent feature in Queen's; and it may even be asked why some part at least of a Greek play (with an English rendering for the public), should not be produced.

Convocation hall was almost uncomfortably filled on Saturday the 16th, to witness the performance. The whole affair was guided by the best taste; the beautiful Shakespearean songs, with their delicate old-world fragrance, were delightfully rendered by Miss Grace Clark, Mrs. Farrell and Mr. Watts. The excellence of the dramatic part of the programme was a surprise even to those who were aware how much conscientious labour had gone to the training of the actors. At least three of these—Miss Vaux, Mr. McSporran and Mr. A. G. Mackinnon—displayed a decided faculty for dramatic representation, while the others were distinctly above the level of the "stick," (that is believed to be the technical term). The writer had the pleasure, a good many years ago, of seeing Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), as Portia. Of course it would be absurd to say that Miss Vaux equalled that distinguished actress in the part; but it may be said, that she was free from what seemed a defect in Miss Faucit's rendering of the celebrated lines beginning "The quality of mercy is not strained," which were enunciated by Miss Faucit with a degree of slowness and elaboration that struck one as excessive. No doubt the Canadian amateur might have learned one thing from this great actress, namely, to sustain,

throughout, the character of Portia, who, though not incapable of a woman's wilfulness, was distinguished by a grave dignity. Miss Vaux's enunciation of Shakespeare's beautiful lines—and even the most vitiated taste must have felt the power of the Great Wizard—was delightful, and true to the sense and feeling. Mr. Mackinnon's Shylock was a distinct success. Real faculty for dramatic acting was shown as much in his by-play (a great test of dramatic faculty), as in his conception and rendering of the articulate part. One cannot say quite as much for his rendering of Antony's speech, which was not altogether a success. Not the least delightful thing on the programme was Mr. McSporran's "Launcelot," which, if not exactly the "Launcelot," of Shakespeare—it was a little too modern and self-consciously witty for that, Shakespeare's character having a strong spice of simplicity and stupidity in his make-up—was almost as good. At any rate, Mr. McSporran managed to convey with liveliness and force what his conception of the character was.

The first performance of the "Merchant of Venice" was so good that it seems a pity not to give the public another chance of seeing what a real play is. No more delightful, or more profitable evening could be spent than that which the students and friends of Queen's were privileged to pass on Saturday last. The "gods" in the gallery were good humoured, though there seemed to be a section of them who preferred discordant noises to concerted singing. The more sensible part of the audience have a liking for the singing. There was a certain excuse for the elevated spectators in the unconscionable slowness of the actors to begin their performance; but no doubt that is one of the defects, incidental to a "first night," which would disappear if the piece were repeated.

#### J. J. WRIGHT, B. A. (1885), IN THE YUKON.

THE church has been most fortunate in the men selected to go to the Yukon as its agents in the war against sin, corruption, and the other forces of evil. Sinclair, Pringle, Grant and Wright followed Dickey. Wright

was sent at first to Dawson, and he is now at Whitehorse. We give a few extracts from a private letter. Speaking of his work in Dawson, he says:—"For a time the balance of public opinion was openly against religion and all its organized working. There, to do business, men told me they had to assume vices which they had not (??). Now the presence of children is compelling and creating a more wholesome public sense of what is good and fitting. Thrown into that whirlpool from a rural charge, I stood amazed at the power of organized evil. Saloons, gambling, scarlet women were everywhere. Everything was open and it seemed as though the officials (with some exceptions), loved to have it so. I spoke against these things, perhaps not always in love, and used a sword untried and untempered, that struck forth not fire but mocking and ridicule. Besides from temperament or training I could not at once develop the *hustle* which is needed here. Do not think I am discouraged. No, I am just getting "next to myself," as they say here. Talk as we may of christian thought, fitting one for east, west, north or south, there are conditions here to which one cannot accommodate himself in a day. The general ideas of worship, marriage and the sabbath are fundamentally different from my old time training. In the west, these things are results of civilization, not causes of it, to be changed as the majority or, may be, as the individual decides. There is no "Thus saith the Lord," as the root of acceptance. For me I may change methods but not principles. White Horse is the present terminus of the White Pass R.R., and if expectations are realized, will be a great town soon. There is an Anglican and Roman Catholic mission as well as ours.

During the week our church building is open as a reading and recreation room, where sometimes the men smoke. Last night, though travel is not fairly begun, twelve or fifteen men sat till long into the night reading or writing letters. We fly a flag over the room which I desire may come known to be known throughout the Yukon as associated with such work, as closely as the red cross is identified with hospital work. It is flying at Bennett



the gateway, and Mr. Pringle promises to raise it at Atlin, and I hope that men coming to know what it means at these posts, will find it at Dawson and Bonanza. In the evening we have a large globe lamp flaming outside, so there is literally a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night to guide strangers. There is no school here yet. Children are running wild. There is no municipal organization and we look to the Yukon council to arrange for schools. At Dawson the same condition existed. The question dragged miserably until one morning we woke to find that Father Gendraw had opened a school at St. Mary's to which all were welcome to come. Many children of Protestants went. We passed a resolution about the necessity of public schools but the father has his school running and received a grant of \$225 per month from the council. He was wiser than we. Now in White Horse it is my turn. We sent for a supply of books as used in the Ontario and N.W.T. schools. These came in a few days ago and on Monday I open classes for some hours daily, and try and get the youngsters off the streets. This will only be for a short time as surely we will have a public school soon.

The winter weather since the phenomenal cold snap (between 60° and 70° below zero), is now delightful. But the change is sudden. As I write this letter, the earth trembles with slight quake. You would enjoy a trip from Vancouver to Dawson. Come next summer."

J. J. WRIGHT.

**ANOTHER OUTLOOK.**

THE year '01 has, so far, been the year of reviews and forecasts. Art, science, philosophy, religion, politics, in a word, nearly every phase of human activity has been passed under review. Mr. Punch, with his keen interest in all affairs mundane, and otherwise, has evidently been taking note of all this, and as he made a mental blue mark beside each topic discussed, signified his pleasure with a nod of approval. But what was the sage critic's dismay on discovering that one of the most interesting, not to say by all odds the most important, activities of the human breast

was being overlooked. Not a single reviewer has said a single word, beyond a dark hint or two, about wooing, and the soul of Mr. Punch was troubled. The daring deeds of our fathers in this direction were recorded, he knew, by such writers as Dickens and Scott and Thackeray, to say nothing of the adventures of Isaac and a score or two of Greek and Roman heroes. But where was the prophet who was to forecast the methods of this tender and necessary, and, in some instances, profitable art for the twentieth and succeeding centuries? Feeling that "something ought to be done" in the matter of prognostication, and in view of certain scientific and political facts that are being thrust under the noses of chivalrous young gentlemen, he thus delivered himself. If the poetry lacks some of the qualities of high art, Mr. Punch is to be forgiven on the plea of the perturbations that forced their disturbing influences upon his muse:

Tell me, Mary, ere I woo thee,  
Ere to ask your hand and kneel,  
What ancestral faults pursue thee—  
Every hidden taint reveal.

In their old traditions ferret  
For the crimes to which they're prone,  
Lest their ills which you inherit  
In their turn your children own.

Does your doctor's diagnosis  
Show of lunacy a trace?  
Or has dread tuberculosis  
Been inherent in your race?

Might their bygone misbehavings  
Make you less from vice to shrink?  
Did your forefathers have cravings  
After opium or drink?

But if you your stock can warrant  
As from immemorial time,  
Not inclined to vice abhorrent,  
Free from tendency to crime;

Yes, when to your lover wary  
All this you can guarantee,  
'Twill be time enough, sweet Mary,  
Then to think of wooing thee.

—*The London Charivari.*

## BROAD HINTS.

THE authorities of Toronto University are leaving no stone unturned in seeking to convince the legislature of the propriety of increasing its endowment or the annual grant in aid. Mr. S. Russell, M.P.P. for East Hastings, in an able and comprehensive speech on the motion to go into supply, alluded to a move on their part, that shows that they have not lived in proximity to the House of Assembly in vain. Here is an extract from his speech, taken from *The Daily Ontario*, of Belleville:—

"Coming to the estimates for Educational purposes, he said the university question was probably the most important to be considered by the legislature at this session. He had that morning, like other members, received a copy of the *Toronto University Monthly*. He had turned over its pages and found a blue pencil mark pointing out the fact that there were forty-three graduates of the University of Toronto in Hastings. He thought, well, he thought it was a hint (laughter), that he should be careful how he voted on the university question. Forty-three votes mean something at election times. Fortunately, however, this did not affect him, as he was already on record. When addressing the house in previous sessions he had advocated very generous treatment of Toronto University."

Is it not time for Queen's to be "counting noses," too? We hope not, even though "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

Mr. Russell proceeded in his speech to urge the claims of Queen's, and especially that further assistance should be given to the School of Mining and Agriculture; more particularly, that a department of "Forestry" should be added to the School at Kingston:—

"There was such a department at Cornell University, New York, with a state forest reservation in the Adirondacks. Prof. Fernow, its director, had visited Deseronto to observe what had been done there in the utilization of waste forest products. He had been much impressed by what he saw, East Hastings being the pioneer district in turning to good service what might be called the waste products of forest and mine."

## FORESTRY IN CANADA.

DR. GOODWIN, the Director of the School of Mining, did a good thing when he secured the presence of B. E. Fernow, director of the New York State College of Forestry, Cornell University, at the conference on the subject of Forestry which was held at Queen's recently. Dr. Fernow is an enthusiast on the rational treatment of forests, and as both the Dominion and the Provincial Governments are now moving in the direction of educating the people regarding the proper use of trees, the avoidance of waste in lumbering, and scientific re-forestry, the conference was timely. Dr. Fletcher, the Dominion Entomologist, Mr. Campbell, the Assistant Secretary of the Forestry Association of Canada, and others, took part in the discussions, which were held in the senate room; and the Hon. Mr. Harcourt, Minister of Education, who spoke to a motion in favour of a vote of thanks to Dr. Fernow for his charming illustrated lecture in convocation hall, expressed delight that the important question of forestry was receiving attention at a Canadian university. "Queen's," he said, "had the reputation of undertaking successfully new projects, and it would be a grand thing for the country were a School of Forestry established at Kingston." Dr. Fletcher raised the practical questions, "is the time ripe," and "is the Government likely to give the money needed for establishing such a school and a large forest for experimental purposes not far distant from the school?" Dr. Goodwin pointed out that the Governments of Canada and of Ontario had already set aside large forests, which could be used educationally, and at no cost to the public. Dr. Fernow was making his reserve of 30,000 acres in the Adirondacks pay. But, where, he asked, would the graduates of the school obtain employment? To which Dr. Fernow answered that "they had found that, when the time came for obtaining positions for graduates, the demand had exceeded the supply." It may be noted that the same question was put by sceptics when the School of Mining was started here, and that there were twelve situations seeking the four graduates of last year!

**BETTER ENTERTAINMENT FACILITIES.**

THE success of the dramatic club's entertainment, to which reference is made in another column, opens the way for the suggestion that the University, in constructing its new buildings, should provide stage accommodation that will reduce to a minimum the difficulties in the way of furnishing similar productions in the future.

As matters stand, many who cannot patronize the theatre, gladly patronize an entertainment given under the auspices of the University. The universities of our country have a work to do in this particular, and a little forethought during the construction of our new hall, may do much to lighten the labours of those who try to interpret, for their own and the public's benefit, the conceptions of the world's greatest dramatists. No one will deny the educational value of work of this kind. Indeed it would not be amiss if arrangements were made among the universities for an exchange of programmes. The interests of the universities have been promoted by inter-collegiate athletics and debates. Why not press the principle a step farther in the line of entertainment?

**HONG LEE SUBSCRIBES.**

HONG LEE deserves to be put on the list of the friends of Queen's. All along he has industriously given the students their money's worth by doing his work in a way that bordered on perfection. He has advertised in the JOURNAL, and now he has subscribed fifty dollars to the '01 fellowship. What more could he do? Already he has made the kindest inquiries as to his patrons' welfare, though it is whispered that he is not always satisfied with the answer returned to some of his favourite interrogations. However, his life is too busy to hold spite, and Queen's is grateful to him.

Last Friday evening Prof. Watson lectured on the outlook in philosophy before Queen's alumni in Toronto. On Saturday evening he was tendered a banquet and spoke on some educational problems. Profs. Shortt, McComb and Principal Caven also made addresses.

**UNIVERSITY SERMON.**

By DR. WATSON.  
(Delivered before the Y.W.C.A.)

**THE SADNESS AND JOY OF KNOWLEDGE.**

"In much wisdom is much grief: and  
He that increaseth knowledge  
Increaseth sorrow."—*Eccles.* 1, 18.

(Concluded from last number).

As I have already indicated, the epochs in which the melancholy of knowledge is most prominent are those in which the beliefs that have hitherto satisfied man have been found wanting. Such an age was that of Durer. It was a time when man was shaking off the intolerable weight of dead tradition and eternal authority; but it was also the time when the new world was beginning to shine through the haze of the future, and in a certain degree to reveal its noble lineaments. But man cannot say farewell to beliefs that have come to him with all the authority of heaven without cold fits of doubt and depression. He would fain persuade himself that what has nourished and strengthened the past must be fitted to nourish and strengthen the present; and so he is apt to cling with despairing tenacity to a creed outworn. In truth, however, the attempt is hopeless: the faith of the past cannot be preserved by any artificial device: its vitality is gone, and, whether men admit it or not, its place must be supplied by a new and living faith. Hence the wisdom of Goethe's advice: "Build it up in thy soul again." But this rebuilding is a painful and laborious process, and when a man foresees what a tremendous task is before him, it is not wonderful that he should at times shrink from it. Nevertheless, there is no other way. Nor, looking at the past, have we any need to despair, but rather to go forward in full confidence that we are working in the spirit of God, the source of all truth.

Some people will tell you that this is an age of scepticism. This does not seem to me its characteristic feature. Certainly, the nineteenth century has witnessed the overthrow of many cherished beliefs of the past. In the political sphere men have been forced to abandon the comfortable belief that all wisdom is the monopoly of the higher classes; they have seen the destruction of the brutal prejudice that

the great mass of their fellows were appointed by providence to act as "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" the absolute line of demarcation supposed to separate man in his origin from lower forms of being has been obliterated; the conception of the Divine Being as an *Etre Supreme*, standing beyond the world and in no way involved in its process, has become incredible. But all these negatives are but the obverse side of higher affirmatives. Imperfectly as the truth is as yet realized, it is a great advance to have the principle recognized that the state is, or should be, the expression of the rational will of every citizen; that the men and women who spend their lives in turning up the soil or working in factories have inalienable rights as men and brothers; that the world is not split up into separate kingdoms, but that all living beings come from the hand of God, and are linked together by a chain of descent; and that God is not far from any one of us, but is veritably in our mouths and in our hearts, the source of all our being and the inspirer of all that is noble and true and beautiful. And perhaps the greatest advance the century just ended has made is in enabling us to enter with sympathy into the labours and the thoughts of the past. The sadness which an earlier age could not but feel, when it seemed called upon to abandon all that had been held sacred in the past, as if it were but a tissue of lies, is no longer felt in the same degree, when we see that in truth, as the most rigid scrutiny of the past more and more reveals,

*One accent of the Holy Ghost*

*A heedless world hath never lost.*

The past is not really dead: it lives in newer and higher forms. No single pulse in the vast heart-beat of humanity has been in vain. As man has trod with blood-stained feet and lagging spirit the stony path of his pilgrimage, he has come ever nearer to his goal. Our fathers have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. At each new epoch, there were those who prophesied that now at last all faith and hope were dead; but their prophecies have never come true; and at the beginning of this new century, as it seems to me, the world is

invested in men's minds with a sanctity it never had before.

This Association is by its title a union of those who seek to promote all that makes for the Christian life. Let it be clearly understood that it is not a society for the utterance of conventional phrases, or an organ for proclaiming one's superior piety. The strength of Christianity consists in the infinite fertility of its fundamental principle, "Die to live." As time has gone on, this principle has gradually disclosed its all-comprehensive character. In the Middle Ages the first half of the precept was so over-accentuated that it almost swallowed up the second half. Hence the asceticism, the other-worldliness, the separation of the church and the world, which haunted the medieval mind, and has left its trace in the conviction which still survives, that all enjoyment which has not the sanction of a narrow ecclesiasticism is, if not sinful, at least better avoided by the Christian. Such a conception of Christianity must be abandoned. Whatever tends to promote kindly feeling, whatever helps to develop a sound and healthy body, whatever reveals to us the beauty of the world, whatever discloses the deeper truth of things;—all these are included in the Christian ideal. I should think that your association might be made, by a study of the interpretation of life found in the masters of literature, the instrument of growth in genuine knowledge, and in the cultivation of a more refined taste in art and especially in music. It is one of the defects of those of us whose work is predominantly intellectual to become dead or indifferent to the gracious forms of nature and art. Such a society as this might well be the medium for restoring the balance. It seems to me that all the women attending the University should be united in the common aim of aiding each other in developing a full-formed Christian character, and to accomplish this end, it is essential that your association should omit none of the means by which the higher life may be promoted. Anything less than this is sure to alienate some who otherwise would gladly join your ranks.

I think you will all agree with me that the one virtue in a truth seeker is what Carlyle calls "veracity." There must be no haze in your minds as to what you believe. The idea that there is something specially pleasing to God in obscure thinking is a strange survival of the medieval doctrine of "implicit faith." We dare not have faith in anything but the truth, and if we are asked to believe what is shocking to our reason or our conscience, we must firmly decline. What we can verify in our experience we must believe: what has no meaning for us we must refuse to admit. But I would not have you think I am insisting upon freedom to think anything that happens to occur to us. Truth is not a happy guess: it comes only to those who are willing to seek for it, and to seek for it with much expenditure of toil and in the face of many discouragements. Nor, again, does the discovery of truth mean that we are to begin *de novo*, as if no one had ever thought before. On the contrary, I would have all young truth-seekers cultivate a spirit of reverence for the beliefs which have sustained our forefathers, beliefs which were the result of the sweat and tears of humanity. When they have risen to the level of these, by honest toil, they may then hope to see beyond them. And even then, let them remember that the possession of fuller light does not mean that the past had no light. At the best, all the advance in truth any of us can make will only differ in degree from the truth of the past; and therefore we should rather in all cases seek to enter sympathetically into the ideas of others, than be forward to emphasize our real or supposed originality of thought; indeed, it is only by a catholic sympathy with all and every belief, even that most divergent from our own, that we can get a fully-rounded system. In the region of knowledge, as in all other regions, we must "die to live"; we must exercise that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

But, while we must always be willing to do full justice to the ideas by which others seek to rationalize life, we must be resolute in holding fast that which is good. We must, indeed,

be sure that what we hold fast is truth, and not mere prejudices or half-truths; but what we see clearly and feel intensely we must be prepared to fight and if need be to die for. The utmost liberality of thought is not incompatible with the most tenacious conviction; on the contrary, the basis of all liberalism in things of the mind is the belief that truth is so strong in itself that no assaults can overcome it. And this means that the love of truth is so deeply-seated in our nature that we have only to see it, unobscured by the mists of ignorance and prejudice, to yield ourselves joyfully to its persuasive influence. Hence I should advise you, when you are asked to accept any doctrine which is based upon the supposed unknowability of the true nature of things, to ask yourselves rather what element of truth gives it plausibility, than to believe for a moment that it is a final view of our nature. All knowledge ultimately rests upon faith in the rationality of the real, and any theory which exaggerates the imperfection of our knowledge into an absolute limit is self-condemned. Durer, in the picture to which I have referred, seems to suggest that the only science which was beyond the reach of doubt was mathematics. In his day, when chemistry was as yet unliberated from the perverted industry of the alchemists, and the physical sciences were still in their infancy, it was natural to take a gloomy view of the future of knowledge. For us there is not the same excuse. The dreams of the alchemists have vanished like smoke, but in their place we have the science of chemistry, which has at least been able to formulate some of the special laws of the combination of elements; physics has developed into a vast body of systematized truth; the new science of biology has been able to detect the process by which all forms of life have developed; and the great historical process of evolution has shown us how thought in all its changes is the differentiation and integration of a single rational principle. None of these sciences could have made a single step in advance, had they not, consciously or unconsciously been ruled by faith in the intelligibility of the universe, or, in other words, by

the conviction that the principle which lies at the heart of knowledge is spiritual. Thus the progress of knowledge has only revealed more and more clearly the truth of that great saying, that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." In God we "live and move and have our being;" we are spirits capable of communion with the Spirit of all things; the meanest as well as the highest object within our reach witnesses of this universal spirit; and, living in it, we may become worthy members of the family, the community, the state, the race. To realize this spirit in all its forms is our true life work. Uplifted by this faith, the 'sorrow' that goes with 'increase of knowledge' is a divine sorrow, not to be repented of; it is no faint-hearted lament over the little that has been achieved; for, in the consciousness that we are "fellow workers with God," it turns to the joy which accompanies every effort to expand the reign of clear insight, to penetrate to the beauty that pervades all things, to help in promoting the "kingdom of heaven" within us and around us. Under the banner of the Holy Spirit,—free and yet reverent, strong in a faith rooted in reason—we may go forward confident of victory. Individually we are poor and weak; encompassed and upheld by the eternal living spirit of God, we are strong. If the battle seems long, and at times the shout of victory sounds faint in our ears, let us again review the triumphs that our Christian faith has already achieved; let us remind ourselves that the education of the whole race, as of the individual, must needs be a slow and labourious process in a being like man, so eager for the good and yet so blind, so resolute to have his desire for self-satisfaction gratified and so wilful in seeking for self-satisfaction where it cannot be found;—and, remembering these things, let us turn to our daily task with renewed confidence and energy. Our special task, as I have insisted, is illuminative, the clear comprehension of what life means. Let us be no weak and dispirited stragglers from the host of the Lord, but valiant soldiers of the truth, willing to labour and to wait. If we are filled with this faith we shall no longer lament

that 'he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow;' but rather rejoice exultantly that in knowing the truth we are comprehending Him Who is the Truth, and giving the willing obedience of those who know they are sons of God, not hirelings and strangers in his household.

#### THE A. M. S.

The approach of examinations has visibly decreased the attendance at A.M.S. meetings. The interest of the few faithful, however, has not diminished, and nothing has been allowed to pass without due consideration. It is to be regretted that the transaction of so much important business, arising from the reports of different committees, should devolve upon a few members of the society, but there seems to be no remedy except what lies with the students themselves.

At the meeting held on March 23rd, communications were read from Glasgow University, asking for a delegate to the Students' Council, to be held on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, of June, and from the Literary Society of McMaster University, desiring to arrange debates with Queen's. Both communications were referred to the executive.

The business manager of the JOURNAL presented his financial statement. The JOURNAL will come out clear this year, and have a small balance to hand over to the new staff. The revenue derived from advertisements has just about doubled that of last year amount, being \$715, as compared with \$338 of last year, and \$116 of the year before. The number of subscribers, too, has greatly increased, the total number for the present year being about 550.

Credit is due to the business manager for the way he has controlled his department. Through his efforts the staff has been able to present to its subscribers a much better journal, larger and more attractive, than it otherwise would have been able to do. The whole staff have worked harmoniously and conscientiously, and have tried to make the JOURNAL the fitting organ of the student body of Queen's. It is with the most sincere wishes for the increased prosperity of the college paper

that the staff hands over to its successors in office the duties and responsibilities of attending to this most important feature in college life.

The staff, chosen by the society, for the ensuing year, are:—Editor-in-chief, N. M. Leckie; managing editor, J. Matheson; business manager, J. J. Harpell; editor for divinity, J. Ferguson, B.A.; arts, W. H. McInnes; medicine, L. W. Jones; science, P. W. Wilgar; sports, G. F. Weatherhead, B.A.; ladies, Miss H. Smirle and Miss L. Vaux. The following business committee was also appointed: Miss M. Redden, W. C. Brown, A. Redmond and F. W. Mahaffy.

It was decided that a remuneration of 33½ per cent. of all revenues derived from advertisements over the sum of \$500 should be granted to the business manager for the ensuing year. This step appears to be a well-advised one. A business manager who shows much zeal in his office must necessarily be considerably out of pocket in the conduct of the JOURNAL work. He devotes considerable time during the summer to his duties, when, as far as he himself is concerned, he might be more profitably engaged. Moreover, the prosecution of his work often brings personal expense with it. The granting of such a remuneration, too, will be a stimulus to the business manager. The interests of the JOURNAL are more than ever his own interests, and he will be able to devote more time to his work than he otherwise could conscientiously do.

The matter of arranging proceedings for the Students' Convocation was left to the executive. We understand that the '01 Fellowship will be presented to the University at this meeting. The Senate, too, it is said, are mooting several matters which promise to make the occasion one of special interest. There will be no lack of programme.

Prof. Glover has been invited by the council of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was formerly a fellow, to come back as fellow and classical lecturer. He leaves for England shortly after convocation.

## Contribution.

THE JOURNAL has unalloyed pleasure in printing the following contribution. University men find it only too easy to believe that their little academic world is the end-all and be-all of existence. We, therefore, thank our contributor for reminding us that there have been, and that there are, men with great hearts and great minds, who acted well a brother's and a citizen's part, yet who have never had the priceless advantages we enjoy. If our friends will furnish our columns with bits of biography such as our contributors have given, they will help to keep us free from "many a blunder and foolish notion."—Ed. JOURNAL.

SPURGEON.

"In a recent issue of THE JOURNAL appeared some interesting reminiscences of great preachers of England and Scotland. Of the others mentioned I cannot speak, but I may be forgiven a few words if I try to supplement the account there given of Mr. Spurgeon.

I heard him twice—once when I was a child and he preached in the open air at a village on the Clyde, but my remembrances cluster chiefly round the platform, on which he and his host sat, and some biscuits which attracted less public notice,—once again when I was a boy and heard him in his own Tabernacle. It was shortly after the appearance of some articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which had greatly upset him and many serious people with him, and he preached on ii Timothy 2, 19,—an appropriate text, and it was a sensible sermon with an impression of pain about it—not perhaps a great sermon or one to show him at his best.

I met him at least twice, and remember his kindness to me and the sense he gave me of having seen a great, genial and simple-minded man.

It is clear that he was more than these limited opportunities allowed me to see, and I know him better from his friends and his students. Your contributor must, I think, be wrong when he says, "as a rule you went away disappointed." No doubt he was at times disappointing, but his popularity when alive and his lasting influence seem to suggest

that if you were disappointed "as a rule" it was not all his fault. Where was his strength?

He was not a man of what we would call a fine mind. He was not speculative or subtle and he did not originate anything in theology—he neither wished nor professed to do this. As a result he naturally failed to understand deeper thinkers and was apt to be painfully intolerant of them. But his power lay, I think, in an intense apprehension of certain truths which experience and observation made with time continuously more real and living to him, in a sympathetic knowledge of men and women and their difficulties, of their weaknesses which he could help, and of their strength which he could direct in works of usefulness and service, and in a great, broad affection and love for anybody and everybody who came his way in need of anything he could give. He read enormously and wrote prolifically, he created a theological college, and he founded an orphanage. His college had its defects, grave defects which I do not minimize, but I know of no instance of any teacher wielding such an absorbing influence over his students, or winning such real, deep, genuine love as all his men have for "the governor." His orphanage was and is a large one, and doubtless did not involve less work and anxiety, but it was not a barracks and had not a uniform. The children grew up in cottages and wore clothes which implied individuality, and there are those who say Spurgeon was never so happy as when among them. These were only a part of his activities, and over and above all this he preached incessantly to vast crowds whom he held. At first, like other village boys, he committed faults of taste, which need not be denied or magnified. If his message was not new and if his theology did not widen with time, the truth he had he drove home to the hearts of his hearers with all his powers of humour, passion and tenderness, re-inforcing, strengthening and intensifying the impression with illustrations from his reading, epigrams of his own minting and above all with his own living personality. Here was his real strength. His heart, as was said by some one from whom he differed and differed vigorously, was like

the New Jerusalem with twelve gates, which opened every way.

He was a child of English nonconformity, and he shared some, but not all, of its weaknesses, while though he had much of its strength there were points in which he fell short of men less famous. He may not have appealed as much to a Scotch as to an English audience, just as Scotchmen too sometimes do best at home, but to all who have eyes to look through the surface to the real manhood, here was a real man.

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### Communications.

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T. L. WALKER (M.A. 1890), IN THE JUNGLES OF INDIA.

WALKER, now Assistant-Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India, though engaged mapping out parts of the great continent finds time to let his old friends in Queen's know a little of what he sees and does. Writing to the Principal from E. Long. 83° and N. Lat. 20°, he says:—"You may be interested in hearing what I can tell you of the famine, for though it was comparatively light here, its work is still very visible. Skeletons in the groves and by the wayside are frequent, whole villages deserted, the inhabitants having been carried away by famine, and its companions, cholera and smallpox, while nearly all the villages have many fallow fields, the cultivators having either died, or, if living, were not able to get seed grain. The remnants of broken families, principally children, wander around asking alms, which, from the numbers of famine wanderers and the limited means of the cultivators who have reaped good crops this year, is hardly enough to keep them alive. The quiet charity of the ordinary villager does a great deal for these poor wanderers, but it is limited. Any one who would try to give a day's food to every passing wanderer would be eaten out inside a month.

There are three easily distinguished classes of beggars here. The religious beggar or fakir is usually a good man and is well cared for by the villagers who look upon him as a man of self-denial and devotion to holy living.



This estimate is probably a fairly just one. There are here too people who make begging a profession and are not expected to work or be particularly devout. They are usually well looked after by the villagers, though it may often be that they give in order to get rid of those who ask. These two classes are always with us in India, and as they have no particular claim on us Europeans I seldom give them alms if I know it. It may be unchristian, but I think it would be good for the race if we were to allow beggars of the latter class slave if they will not work. It is Pauline teaching and in the direction of the survival of the fittest.

But the class of beggars which one sees everywhere here is the large one caused by the famine. That there are many such cannot be written down as the fault of any one in particular. Charity has probably never surpassed that shown during this famine. Britishers outside of India have given large amounts while here in India, apart from very large public subscriptions, the ordinary villager has often given till his own supply reached a minimum. I suppose large numbers have died, but nothing like what had perished but for the relief work of the government and the charities both Indian and foreign.

This year's crops are fairly good in most parts but it will take a year or two for people to settle down and be in a position to work their lands in the same way as before the passing of the dark shadow of 1900.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM REV. JOHN MILLER, M.A. (1891).

PHOENIX, B. C., February 25th.—“This city is scarcely two years old, but promises to be a large mining centre in the very near future. The population is variously estimated at from one thousand to fifteen hundred souls, and we are gradually taking on the social customs and habits of older districts. We rest on vast bodies of ore (copper ore), and already acres of it have been blocked out in the Knob Hill and Old Ironsides mines. It is low grade but pays for treatment, and the whole district is being opened up, disclosing almost incredible quantities of ore.

The other day the Dominion Copper Co. gave a contract for machinery to cost \$20,000. When I came in, in the fall, these properties were shut down. Now 130 men are employed. The pay roll of all the camps in and about Phoenix last month was almost \$50,000. And the industry is in its infancy yet. Days of very great activity are ahead of the boundary country. A smelter at Greenwood, five miles from here, was blown in last week, and another at Boundary Falls will be blown in in less than a month.

When I came into the camp, the only place of worship was a cold log school-house. Now we have been in our new St. Andrew's church over six weeks, and are getting things in shape. Attendance in the morning is small, but last evening for example the congregation went up to almost a hundred. This will grow as the mines close work on Sunday—I am quite hopeful this will be done in the near future. So far, too, few homes have been established, and we are in a confessedly crude state. But the church is here at the start, and I have done my best to obtain the good-will of the community generally. I have had no time to study, as I had to bear a good deal of the responsibility in connection with the building of the new church. We were singularly fortunate in having a site granted to us by the mining company, and now I believe we are sure of another lot on which to build a manse.

Of course there is a good deal in work of this kind which is not pleasant, but even if my stay here should for any reason prove very short, it will always make me glad to think that I have taken some part in laying the foundations of a city and congregation which will some day be widely known.”

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### Arts.

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THE closing weeks of '01's career as an undergraduate body are slowly passing into eternity. But though the members of '01 will no more be numbered among the undergraduate classes, they will nevertheless be a force in making much of Queen's history in time to come. Those who have been proud to call

themselves 'o'rs have, as a year, been second to none in the lines of sport, literary attainments, or university spirit. The following extracts from the remarks of the senior year historian, Mr. J. F. Bryant, at a recent meeting, are interesting. He said:—

“That air of simplicity and innocence which characterized some of us during the earlier stages of our academic career has given place to the calm and dignified stateliness of self-conscious appreciation. Or, as the poet has so fittingly expressed it,—

When I first came to college,  
They used to call me green ;  
And they now and then enquired  
If the cars I'd ever seen.

They would ask all sorts of questions,  
And I used to answer, “How?”  
But they haven't,—haven't,—haven't  
For a long time now.

Upon my chair they used to put  
A crooked pin or tack ;  
They would send me down to Princess St.  
With “Please kick me,” on my back.

They would ask me if I ever  
Was a mile off from a cow ;  
But they haven't,—haven't,—haven't  
For a long time now.”

Referring to the ladies of '01, Mr. Bryant broke out into the following:—“They are indelibly written on the tablets of our hearts, and there shall live long after the ink has faded on the printed page. Suffice it to pay our tribute to the '01 girl in the words of the immortal Milton:—

‘O fairest of creation, last and best of all  
God's works,

Creature in whom excelled whatever can  
To the mind or thought be formed,  
Holy, divine, pure, amiable, and sweet.’”

The worthy historian closed his remarks with the following peroration:—“Were it the duty of the historian to draw aside the curtain which hides the distant future from mortal ken, and to gaze afar, down the onward-flowing stream of time, I would say that you would see the members of '01 occupy the foremost positions throughout the length and

breadth of this fair land; you would see them stand shoulder to shoulder, hand-in-hand; and at stated periods gather round the festive board to recall the happy memories of bygone days, and to drink to '01 a toast of perennial sweetness, effervescent with the dews of youth.”

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### Ladies.

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FUNNY how nasty girls can be, unintentionally—which means that something unpleasant is coming. We know it is meant to lecture at the end of the year when everyone has troubles of her own, so to speak—it's just a proof of the theory enunciated above, how nasty a girl can be without going much out of her way. Somehow towards the end of the term one's politeness falls from one like a garment. Besides, lady editors are never pleasant; it's commonplace to be pleasant, and unpardonable to be commonplace. So as it has always been our privilege to be disagreeable (unkind readers say our *forte*) we are going to exercise our prerogative to the bitter end.

But it would be unfair to take credit to ourselves for the inspiration of this lay. If there is any glory going, please transfer it to a well-meaning senior who stopped us with the leading question: “Well, what have you got to complain about this week?” At first we thought of being insulted at having our literary efforts reduced to the level of a mere wrangle, but there was a dreadful truth underlying the remark, and we were hungering for human sympathy (and “material” incidentally). So in a burst of confidence we said, “nothing, positively nothing.” We've got all our grievances aired and all our crooked paths made straight. Do tell us something that is that oughtn't to be, or something that ought to be that isn't, or something that is, and isn't nice?” And then said the senior (one who knows): “Why haven't you noticed, &c.!” Yes we *had* noticed—hence our pleasant little opening remark.

It's about the Levana. Why doesn't every girl belong to the girl's society? It could easily be shown that it is the duty of every

girl in college to be a member, for, aside from the intellectual benefit derived from the meetings, and the delightful social intercourse, it is the girl's special society, representative of them and their interests. You give a little time, and a little money, and you get back ten times your investment in intellectual improvement and real enjoyment. It isn't a branch of any outside society, there are no horrifying initiation ceremonies, like one reads about in the Greek letter fraternities. It is distinctive of Queen's, and of Queen's girls; everyone may join. However, the society does not beg your membership—it has been conducted so successfully this year from every standpoint, that it does not need to plead for patronage. The point is this: Half the girls (possibly more) are members. Why should their fees procure magazines and papers for the other half to read? Why should they buy easy chairs, sofa pillows, and furnish a comfortable room, why should they provide excellent fortnightly programmes for those who are unwilling to pay the small society fee? The room is open to all but it is the money of the few that makes it attractive, nay, habitable. The non-Levana girl reads the magazines, and often criticizes the taste of the purchaser; she lounges about in the rockers and smothers herself up in the cushions, and doesn't see why there aren't more; she never misses a "good meeting" or an afternoon tea, and sometimes she is the most fastidious among the audience. In short she shares in every privilege but one—the privilege of paying for it all. Girls, is it quite fair? There seems to me to be something radically wrong about the tableau one sees almost daily in the sanctum,—a few non-Levana girls in possession of all the comfortable seats and good magazines, and the girl whose money helped to buy them looking excruciatingly uncomfortable in those ghastly yellow chairs, waiting patiently till the other girl drops a book. Perhaps you never thought of it in that light. It would be a perfectly harmless and healthy mental exercise to do so. The spirit of our college is eminently one of independence,—to pay for what we get, and to pay for it *ourselves*. We don't

like to be under obligations to "principalities and powers;" wouldn't it be well then for every girl to pay her own fee and not be under obligation to those who do? We feel sure that the wrong is unintentional, generally carelessness. She forgets, or puts it off, or "doesn't know the treasurer." But from a university point of view, it looks small, and from a Levana point of view smaller, and from our own point of view, (which is, after all, the one we most patronize), it—it, really, isn't nice. Next year let every girl make a little note in her memoranda,—“October 10th, pay my Levana fee.” Your conscience will be perfectly clear, and you can keep the new “Strand” half-a-day, and the trading-stamp rocker, and drink three cups of tea at the social meetings, and play the piano till dusk, without a qualm. And the Levana, enriched by your patronage and fee, will flourish like a grasshopper in the land.

A very interesting programme was provided at the Y.W.C.A. on Friday. The vocal and instrumental solos were indeed charming, but they had not the power to clear away the cloud of gloom that settled over us all, for we were with the graduating class for the last time. Mrs. Glover, whom we had hoped to have for our honorary-president, was with us, and when she spoke a few graceful and kindly words we realized how much we shall miss in not having her fill the office. Miss Potter, who has started south by this time, came to say good-bye to her old friends. We all wish her God-speed in her new sphere of life. The following of the senior girls made little farewell speeches: Misses Bennet, Best, McNab, Potter, McCallum, H. Fraser, and the retiring president, Miss Laird. They all felt sorry at leaving college, at leaving the old friends and the old life. Some spoke kindly of the influence the old seniors had on them when they were freshettes; one never knows till she is a senior just how much she owes to those who have gone before. Some good advice was given to the juniors, who will be the powers next year; but the juniors were strangely mild. In the face of the coming

separation, they had lost some of their usual dauntless and self-satisfied spirit, and they felt that the responsibilities had fallen on weak shoulders. After all it is not pure bliss to be a senior—if you are to be the lights and high ideals of the other years. We felt that college was losing some of its best and strongest characters, and we, some of our dearest comrades. But they will be remembered long after their locker has fallen into other hands, and a stranger hat occupies their bright, particular peg. And if we, in our turn, may offer you advice, old college chums, let it be this: Never forget that you are college graduates, and Queen's graduates. That means that you have delved deeper into the mysteries of Being than most people. You have had a better chance to distinguish the true from the false, the real from the transitory, what counts, from what doesn't count. Keep pure ideals, for you know:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?"

"Think, could we penetrate by any drug  
And bathe the wearied soul and worried  
flesh,  
And bring it clear and fair by three day's  
sleep!"

Does anyone know if Browning ever studied  
for a senior philosophy exam?

---

### Divinity.

THE discussions at the alumni conference have become so popular that we are now to have little sessions of our own. Some time ago Dr. Jordan asked a few of the members of the hall to prepare papers on an Old Testament subject, the papers representing different sides of the subject. Those who prepared the papers and took part in the discussion entered into it so heartily that if anyone had happened along he might have concluded he had come upon one of the real alumni conferences which Queen's alone can provide. The whole experiment, if we may so call it, was such a success that Dr. Jordan has informed us that we may expect several of them

next session. The annual alumni conference need have no fear for its future success for our professor in O.T. exegesis will have men fully equipped for such conferences before they have completed their theological course.

The divinities are beginning to look serious. Most of them are supposed to have faced the grim monster, exam., so often that it has no terrors for them, but such is not the case. The Irishman can never get used to hanging, neither can we get used to exams. We once thought divinity was a "snap." We have changed our minds. Indeed, the divinity exam. has become so formidable that we would just as soon face honour moderns. One hundred dollars reward will be offered anyone who can furnish a key for getting three thousand points in two weeks.

But the exam. is not our only bugbear. We have to attend classes a week after the classes in all other faculties have closed. True our classes do not open as early in the fall, but it must be remembered that we make this up by working so much harder; and, again, a week when all other classes have ceased is as long as a month at any other time of the year. Anyone who has ever missed a train and had to stop over till the next day can imagine the feelings of the divinities during the last week of class work. "Misery likes company."

No less than four members of the hall are going up as candidates for B.D. this spring. We do not know of so large a number from any one graduating class going up before. Whether they will all be successful or not of course is another question. That is a matter that lies on the knees of the—we were going to say *gods*, but we say, Senate.

Rev. Geo. Rose, B.A., stopped off with us for a day last week while on his road to Mono Centre, near Orangeville, where he has received a call. The induction is to take place this week. There is a manse in connection with the church property.

Rev. Thos. F. Heeney, B.A., a graduate of last year's class in theology, called on us last week. We are informed that he is likely to be called to a prosperous congregation not more than one hundred miles from here.



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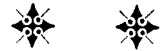
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FOR SPORTING NEWS

The first man of this year's graduating class to receive a call is Jas. Anthony, M.A. This honour is generally reserved for a member of the M.M.P.A. However Jas. informs us that he will make it all right. His Macedonia is Waterdown, where he did very efficient work last summer.

W. W. McLaren, M.A., will assist Rev. D. J. McLean, of Arnprior, for the summer months.

We notice by newspaper reports that Rev. W. M. Fee, M.A., of Merrickville, has decided to go west and has been appointed to a mission in the North West.

J. D. Byrnes, B.A., has taken a mission field in Ottawa Presbytery for one year.

## Athletics.

### FOOTBALL FORECAST.

IT is now conceded that Queen's footballers will be at work on the campus on or before the last Monday in September. The experiment was eminently successful last fall and the fact that over fifty men were in harness before the first of October was no small factor in the final product—two inter-collegiate championships. This fall's operations will be started with the vim that invariably attends success, and with a valuable experience of the minor ways and means to polish up the rough spots.

The "colts" undoubtedly will have to gallop on the lower campus this year to secure them well organized practices, and definite plans will be formulated by the men who ought to prove the most energetic executive ever at the head of university football. If necessary the ever resourceful "Dunc" Burns, who year after year has waded in to help the boys, be they "ringers or raw 'uns," will order out his divinity "goats" to oppose the frisky youngsters.

The now celebrated Indians with their Gibraltar defence will be stronger than ever and have but one task ahead of them—the development of an offence. With the elusive "Peanut" Pannell holding the key, the intermediate door seems already open.

It is the big warriors who have the bitter fight ahead of them. Every possible resource that will honorably aid in retaining the Yates Cup ought to be carefully threshed out so that even the details will be ready for action long before the initial practice.

The practical eye sees at a glance that Queen's has her most critical game of the series at the very outset,—the game with McGill at Montreal on October 19th. The McGill team will be unusually strong and it looks very much as if there might be a tie at the season's close. Winning this first game, however, would place tri-color stock at a premium, but it will certainly be a hard, stubborn opposition for the McGillites step trippingly on their own soil.

For their undoing and for the subsequent slaughter of Varsity, Capt. Etherington feels that he must have a strong centre and hopes to have two Lilliputians arrive early for the scrimmage preliminaries—strapping agile six foot two hundred pound McMillan, of '03 medicine, and Watson, of '04 arts, carrying over 190 pounds of that sturdy Glengarry brawn that has so often rendered Queen's signal service in the past. The only "Will o' the Wisp," Bunty, will appear in "positively his last season." In Carr-Harris we lose the finest centre that ever played the Canadian game. He was the head of a class so limited that perhaps Kennedy, Hazlett and Doran are the only ones who ever got within its charmed precincts. Individually his loss is irreparable but Billy Sherriff will earnestly work to be near the top of the other class if he be called upon to start the ball rollin'. Captain Etherington, Simpson, Walkem, Clarke, Devitt, Hill, Britton, Young, Williams, Shirreff and Weatherhead, of last year's "Q" men, will be available. Carr-Harris, Richardson, MacDonald and Paul will be missing. It is to be hoped that Joe Ferguson, who at any time is as good as the best, will get in early enough to fight in all the senior battles. Perhaps the most welcome news possible to the incoming student with his eager questionings about pig-skin doings would be, "Well, we have Chaucer, Bran., Jack and Tupper back, and

Bees is dreaming of the Canadian championship.

Only a spring possibility, but there are many who hope that it will ripen into a summer probability and "pulled off" a fall certainty.

Looking at the football prospect with curbed enthusiasm, it may be safely said that the outlook for Queen's was never before as promising and easing up on the curb, one feels that the "Scots" have a splendid chance to sit at the end of the season on the front college steps, with a flag and a collie dog, and when the picture is finished, have it bear the words, "What we had we held."

### Exchanges.

NONE of our exchanges are more welcome than *Notre Dame Scholastic*. It is a strictly first-class publication. We clip the following excellent little poem. The theme is an old one, but the treatment is fresh.

#### REGRET.

I knew that she was near to me,  
I heard her coming near,  
But still I read on silently,  
As if I did not hear.

I might have laid my book away,  
When gently on my knee  
Her little hand so softly lay,  
When she had come to me.

But with no thought of what I did  
I pushed her hand away,  
And lo! beneath my hand, half hid,  
A little pansy lay.

I had not thought I should regret  
So small an act, but still,  
The wounded heart will ne'er forget,  
Although the senses will.

And nought can bring so keen a pain,  
As when a kindness done,  
Finds no responsive thankful vein  
To meet the generous one.

I turned and caught the little child,  
And pressed her to my heart,  
And though she clung to me and smiled,  
I saw the tear drop start.

And then I knew that often we,  
By small things done or said,  
Uproot a flower that was to be,  
And plant a thorn instead.

The second annual meeting of the Dramatic Club was held in Prof. Dyde's house. It was felt that the present number of officers was insufficient, and it was agreed that their number should be increased. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Prof. Watson; President, Prof. Dyde; Vice-President, Miss Lillian Vaux; Critic, Prof. Cappon; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. E. J. Reid. An advisory committee, consisting of the following, was also elected: Misses Fleming, Bryson and Fenwick, and Messrs. McSparran and MacKinnon. The committee expects to have the work for next session definitely outlined before the close of the present session.

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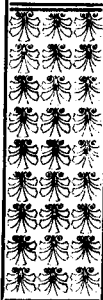
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Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the Cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

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## Education Department Calendar

FOR 1901 (IN PART).

### February :

6. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education.

### March :

1. Inspectors' Annual Reports to Department, due.
- Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department, due.
- Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations to Department, due.
- Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerk.
29. Night Schools close (session 1900-1901).

### April :

1. Returns by Clerks of Counties, cities, etc., of population to Department, due.
4. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
5. GOOD FRIDAY.
8. EASTER MONDAY.
9. Annual meeting of the Ontario Education Association at Toronto.
13. Examinations in School of Practical Science begin.
15. Reports on Night Schools due, (session 1900-1901).
- Annual examinations in Applied Science begin.
- High Schools, third term, and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.
25. Last day for receiving applications for examination of candidates not in attendance at the Ontario Normal College.
- Art School Examinations begin.

### May :

1. Toronto University Examinations in Arts, Law, Medicine, and Agriculture begin.
- Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance Examination, to Inspectors, due.
3. ARBOR DAY.
23. Notice by candidates for the Public School Leaving, Junior Leaving, Senior Leaving, University Matriculation, Commercial Specialist, Commercial Diploma, and Kindergarten Examinations, to Inspectors, due.
- Empire Day (first school day before 24th May).
24. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY (Friday).
27. Examination at Ontario Normal College, Hamilton, begins.
- Inspectors to report number of candidates for the Public School Leaving, High School Leaving, University Matriculation, Commercial Diploma, Commercial Specialists, and Kindergarten Examinations to Department.
31. Close of Session of Ontario Normal College.
- Assessors to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections

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