

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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