

Shortt, an old friend of the class, chaperoned the party. '05 was never known as a silent class, in year meeting or out of it, and the three years of separation but added zest to the talk. The "glad hand" was given all around, incidents of ancient history were recalled, members of the class were discussed, their history and prospects, and the merits and characteristics of '05 were quaintly treated in limericks composed on the spot. Miss Knight and Mr. Beggs supplied most happily the indispensable musical element, and the parody sung of the '05 Class Day, resuscitated for the occasion, was feelingly sung by Miss Knight, and gleefully heard even by the smitten. To commemorate the evening, the camera was brought into play, not in the uncomfortable "group picture" of the professional photographer, but in casual and merry "flashlights." After coffee and ices, to which the '05ers gave their attention with old-time under-graduate appetites, the party broke up with "The Old Ontario Strand" and "Auld Lang Syne." The little re-union was over, but the genial feeling of the old class *esprit de corps* remained, a feeling deep in the hearts of '05, and not to be dissipated by three years, no, nor by twenty.

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A MESSAGE FROM INDIA.

Below we publish a letter from Miss Margaret O'Hara, who graduated from Queen's in its pioneer days, when women students at the college were few in number. Miss O'Hara is a medical missionary in Central India, where she has worked untiringly for many years. Many of the girls now in college remember Miss O'Hara's visit to her Alma Mater three years ago: "Girls of '09, it was on the eve of your never-to-be-forgotten initiation into college. Very meek and timid you passed into a room where the dim light of a grinning pumpkin lantern showed you certain weird shapes, who commanded you in austere voice to pass through the hoops, swear fealty to the Bear of Queen's, and, oh, horrors! to give a handshake to the skeleton who stood gowned and capped in academic costume. You remember, I am sure, how glad you were to forget the skeleton and look upon the kindly face of Miss O'Hara, who addressed you later, saying that that very night was the anniversary of her own freshette reception in Queen's. Then she told of her work in India among the natives, which consisted mainly in giving medical aid, overcoming their superstitious customs, and educating the women and children to sanitary modes of living. How very real and vivid it all seemed when, in concluding, Miss O'Hara sang a song in the native Hindoo tongue. We are more than pleased to receive Miss O'Hara's letter, reminding us of the work being done by Queen's graduates in lands distant and far.

Dhar, Central India, Feb. 27th, 1908.

My Dear Sir,—I am so glad that the enclosed slip arrived this morning, and gives me the privilege of voting for two new trustees. It is very difficult for a Queen's woman to choose which are the best Queen's men for the position, but she does know that the best interests of Queen's will be served to the best of the ability of any of her sons.