

but purify our conceptions of them. Finally let us strive to measure, and to apply to life as a standard, the exceeding love of God.

Then followed an eloquent appeal to church students, ere yet they had gone out to the world, and into temptations as yet unknown, to yield themselves to the service of things eternal, to fortify themselves so that when temptations came to use unworthy means to fill their churches, and to gain the applause of men, they might not forsake the things unseen and eternal for those which are merely seen and temporal.

SCIENCE HALL.

While deeply engaged in considering things chemical we were rudely interrupted, that the following might be sprung upon us: "They say that matches are made in Heaven. That may be true for some countries, but in Canada, at any rate, matches are made in H—, well in Hull." Of course no sensible person would for a moment suppose that such an utterance as the above could emanate from any students of the Science Hall.

Our friend Mr. Chisholm has turned up again after an absence of two weeks. He started out with the intention of having a good fever, but changed his mind and only had a bad cold. Consequently his case was not half so interesting as we thought it would be.

On stepping to the door a day or two ago to answer to a gentle tap, I was confronted by a young lady who exclaimed: "Is—oh, my!" and immediately made for the stairs, down which she quickly disappeared. I returned to my employment, sorrowful over the fact that I shall never know what that question was. A simple case of too much H₂S in the room.

For the benefit of the future honour men in this department, we would suggest that duplicate copies of such important works as Ostwald's "General Chemistry" and Von Meyer's "History of Chemistry" be placed in our library. As final papers are set on the substance of these works, it is important that each student should be enabled to obtain them for more than three weeks' time out of the

session as is the case at present. Duplicate copies of such works placed in the library would give the students a fairer chance of getting up their work.

THE LAY OF A LOST MINSTREL.

Sad was the song that the minstrel sung, by the light of the waning moon, and his voice was cracked and his knees were sprung, and his eyes far out of their sockets hung, and he howled a dirge in a foreign tongue, and his lyre was out of tune. I softly unchained the brindle dog, and loaded the old shotgun, while he scraped his lyre with a dismal ring, and sung of Exams. that come in the spring, and eternal woe to the students bring, who have left their work undone. "No Exams. for me," I quickly said. "So singer you'll change your tune; you must sing a ballad of Hockey instead, of jerseys in yellow and blue and red, of a land where Exams. were always dead—Oh! they're coming here so soon."

He tuned his harp to a dismal lay, that chilled all the blood I owned, and he sung "There's a land in the far away, where never is gleaming the light of day, where the goblins damp and the spectres stay, and the wind with their shrieks is toned. The ghost of the pallid 'stude' is there, bereft of his gilded brain, to regret the classes he fooled away, the time that he wasted at College—nay, the boarding-house bills that he didn't pay, so the 'stude' is bowed in pain. He longs to be back at Queen's again, could he live his life once more. He would certainly wield a worthier pen, he would study Philosophy harder then; but he wasted his time like the most of men, so he's gone to the stygian shore." I loosed the dog on the minstrel there, and I fired my gun in the damp; and pieces of harp flew in the air, and stoggy boots and wads of hair, and all that was left of the minstrel fair was rolled in a postage stamp.

M. C. LEAF.

In our last number a printer's error occasioned a somewhat ludicrous blunder. The inversion of a figure caused the Rev. G. M. Milligan to be represented as a graduate of '92, instead of '62, as of course it should have been. We are sure that he will pardon our unintentional mistake.