

More dimetric pinacoidal — O m.
12 o'clock bell.—More ditto.
12:05 bell.—Ditto continued.

Prof.—Any student who has another class this hour *may* leave.

12:10.—I'll have to stop here to-day. If that fellow had only kept his feet quiet I would have finished this subject to-day.

Miss B.—“Dear professor, please may I come through your room—those naughty medicals *might* sing ‘Hop along,’ if I came in the back entrance.”

Prof. G. (appearing suddenly to student, who has just placed five shovels on his desk)—“Thank you, Mr. D., you may have this. I don't use them.”

Y. W. C. A.

The members of the Y.W.C.A. have obtained permission from the “City Ys” to conduct the services formerly held by them in the General Hospital every Sunday morning from 11-12. This arrangement is for the winter months only.

College life is much more enjoyable since the arrival of the piano. We are very grateful to Mr. Pense for his kindness in sending it.

A letter has been received from Dr. Agnes M. Turnbull, dated Nov. 5th, mailed at Marseilles. She expected to arrive at Bombay about the 16th of November.

IN MEMORY OF DONALD CAMERON,

A BELOVED STUDENT OF QUEEN'S, WHO DIED
IN THE SPRING OF 1892.

Farewell, Donald; thou art sleeping out beneath the wintry blast,
Thou hast gained the golden portals of thy Father's home at last,
Thou hast joined the mighty concourse, whose eternal anthems roll,
Thro' the glittering domes of glory, music to thy new-born soul.

Thou art sleeping, gentle sleeper, where no mortal woe can come,
Where the sound of strife or anger are forever hushed and dumb;
Earthly pain and earthly sorrow ne'er can stamp thy pallid brow,
In thy home amongst the angels, thou art safe with Jesus now.

Farewell, Donald; thou art sleeping in the changeless gloom of earth,
Cold as marble are thy features, silent is thy voice of mirth,
Thou hast vanished like a sunbeam underneath a cloud of gloom,
And thy noble form sleeps calmly in the dark and rayless tomb.

Death can never more assail thee, for thy soul has passed away,
Leaving nothing for the victor but a piece of senseless clay;
Tuneful is thy song of triumph, sung by myriads of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, where the weary are at rest.

Farewell, Donald; tho' our bosoms quiver as we say farewell;
Still we know thy spirit liveth where no evil thing can dwell;
Where the voices of the angels join in one melodious chime,
Singing of the mighty conquests won in every land and clime.

Still we know that thou shalt never smile within our halls again,
Sad the tho't, for quick it causes pearly tears to fall like rain;
But we know thy pure, sweet spirit has in gladness reached the goal,
There to gaze on scenes of rapture, while eternal ages roll.

Farewell, Donald; we will meet thee when life's pangs and pains are past,
When our Father's voice shall call us to His sinless home at last,
There, with all that's high and holy, we shall see thy face again,
Radiant with a heavenly glory, free from every ache and pain.

Thou hast fought the fight and triumph'd, and a crown all golden won,
Fairer than the gems of nature, brighter than the noonday sun;
Thou art dead, thy form has vanished; thou hast trod the unknown track;
Farewell, Donald; tears have fallen, but they cannot bring thee back.

ED. HONEYWELL,

Member of Class '94.

EAST SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA, Nov. 29th, 1892.

CONCURSUS INIQUITATIS ET VIRTUTIS.

After all there seems to be a concursus in Queen's, since the names of the officers have just been handed in. We were going to say there must be some business on hand, or that they were about to get their pictures taken; but we saw a notice posted up calling a meet-