

entering a special car and the students monopolizing another. But owing to the lateness of the train going east the start for home was delayed an hour, and all sorts of devices were employed to while away the time. Our worthy president of the Alma Mater visited an old settler, and procuring from him a pair of buckskin mits, returned in great glee to the train. These having been tried on all round were returned to their owner and pronounced O.K. Then our old friend Rev. Alex. McAuley, who was along, very gracefully presented our Managing Editor a mysterious-looking little parcel, "on behalf of the ladies of Sharbot Lake." This parcel on being opened was found to consist of a diminutive doll. A speech was demanded in return, but somehow before the bashful editor got well returned he got mixed up with a lasso, and descended rather abruptly from the back of the seat on which he had been perched. In the middle of this confusion Dr. Smith entered the car accompanied by the Principal, who, on being discovered, was received with great applause.

Silence having been obtained, the Principal thanked the students for their reception, which was all the more gratifying to him since it was entirely unexpected, for he had supposed that most of them had gone home for the holidays. He, however, thought it best to delay any formal address till after classes had opened in January, when he would be able to meet all the students. He was glad to say that his health was entirely restored, and that he had enjoyed his trip exceedingly. But wherever he was the most welcome news was about Queen's and Kingston. It was in the Antipodes—some perhaps would call that the "lower world," and in truth it *was* rather hot, though he felt quite comfortable there—that the news of convocation and the inauguration of the new professors had reached him. He was very gratified indeed at the three additions to the teaching staff of Queen's during his departure. Messrs. Cappon, McGillivray and Shortt were decided acquisitions, and the University could not but feel their influence. He was also greatly pleased at the news of the victories of the football team in Montreal, for he had learned from experience that athletics if not pushed to extremes were, instead of being a detriment to study, rather an assistant. While in Japan he had met both Beall and Dunlop, the latter of whom had come hundreds of miles to see him. He was glad to get home, however, and was fortunate enough to be able to do as he had prophesied and reach Kingston on his birthday. Again thanking the students for their welcome the Principal retired to his car amid enthusiastic cheers.

By this time the train was whirling toward the Limestone City, and darkness was fast settling on the surrounding country, so that all attention was turned from the windows to the interior of the car. One of the class of '88, home for the holidays, had joined the excursion, and for the entertainment of the rest now produced an interesting machine, which, when worked aright, resem-

bled two freshies fighting, much to the edification of their scholarly audience. Tired of this, and having exhausted all the songs ever heard of in this region, Jimmie Cochrane was called on for a recitation. Accordingly, supported on either side by an enthusiastic admirer, he launched forth in that magnificent oration, "*Friends, Romans and countrymen!*" He received wild applause at the end of each sentence, and worked on the feelings of his hearers to a tremendous extent, especially when, with trembling pathos, he called upon them to prepare to shed tears if they had any on hand. This ovation ended abruptly by the speaker forgetting his position and suddenly exclaiming, "Give me back my stick there, McCammon! You fellows won't let me retrieve myself." Then some more songs were sung, each man choosing his own melody, and altogether the effect was very grand. It was nearly six o'clock when the train rolled into the city, and being reinforced here by more students and citizens, a rush was made for the City Hall, where the Mayor, on behalf of the city of Kingston and in presence of a very large audience, read the following address of welcome to Principal Grant:—

*To the Very Reverend George Monroe Grant, D.D., Principal of Queen's University.*

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—As Chief Magistrate of the city of Kingston, I desire on behalf of the municipal corporation, and also on behalf of the citizens at large, to extend to you a hearty welcome home after your prolonged absence in a distant quarter of the globe. The cause of your absence was one which every person in the community deplored; but we doubt not that while spending an enforced vacation at the Antipodes you saw with delighted vision the far removed extremities of Britain's world-encircling empire, and that warmth of your patriotic sentiment was increased, as your personal acquaintance with our fellow-subjects under the southern cross widened.

When you first came among us, eleven years ago, you brought with you a high reputation for ability and public spirit, and, confiding in the accuracy of common report, we took your good qualities at the time upon trust. During the intervening period, a more familiar observation of your character has served only to deepen and confirm our previous impressions, and we now know you as a public man of rare judgment and capacity, untiring energy, thorough independence, outspoken honesty of conviction, and ardent patriotism. These qualities have not alone won for you the admiration and esteem of your fellow-citizens of Kingston, but they have made your name familiar in the mouths of the Canadian people in every part of the Dominion as a synonym for whatever is virtuous and distinguished in our national public life. The institution with which you are more immediately connected, Queen's University, owes its present flourishing condition principally to your arduous labors. In reviving its languishing vigor, in enlarging the staff, in completing its equipment, and in placing it upon a sound