

[THIS week I am in the happy position of being able to present you with a perfect gem—the best verses, I think, ever written by an Aberdeen student, *George Macdonald being always excepted*. I find it in a little pamphlet entitled “Rosemary,” by W. A. Mackenzie, of which a hundred copies were printed at Christmas, 1894.]

## SHON CAMPBELL.

Shon Campbell went to College  
because he wanted to,  
he left the croft in Gairloch  
to dive in Bain and Drew ;  
Shon Campbell died at College  
when the sky of Spring was blue.

Shon Campbell went to College,  
the pulpit was his aim ;  
by day and night he ground, for he  
was Hielan, dour, and game ;  
the session was a hard one,  
Shon flickered like a flame.

Shon Campbell went to College  
and gave the ghost up there,  
attempting six men's cramming  
on a mean and scanty fare ;  
three days the Tertians mourned for him,—  
'twas all that they could spare.

Shon Campbell lies in Gairloch,  
unhooded and ungowned,  
the green Quadrangle of the hills  
to watch his sleep profound,  
and the Gaudeamus of the burns  
making a homely sound.

But, when the Last Great Roll is called  
and adsums thunder loud,  
and when the Quad is cumbered  
with an eager jostling crowd,  
the Principal, who rules us all,  
will say, “Shon Campbell ! come !  
Your Alma Mater hails you  
*Magister Artium !*”