

# IN MEMORIAM

JOHANNES C. MACLEOD,

SOCIETATIS AD PILAE PEDALIS STUDENDUM REGINAE UNIVERSITATE, DUX

APUD PICKERING OBIT XI KAL. FEB.,

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCLXXXIV.

## VERSES.

### I.

ON many a heart a shadow falls,  
Where lay a line of light of yore,  
For here, within the College walls,  
And there, beyond the College door,  
A friend—that time shall not restore,—  
Is missing—leaving not a trace—  
Is missing, and forever more  
Is missing from his wonted place!

### II.

And as the sad word onward slips  
From hall to hall, from room to room,  
The laughter freezes on our lips,  
And lo!—we speak of death and doom!  
And grief comes in to us and gloom,—  
With swift suggestions of a soul  
That waves at length a perfect plume.  
Or waits—a winner—at the goal!

### III.

And though he only seemed to dwell  
An instant with us, ere the Foe  
Laid hand upon him, and he fell  
Down-smitten by a bitter blow:—  
We knew him; we were glad to know;  
And these shall miss him in the class,  
And those shall miss him as they go  
To meet their rivals on the grass.

### IV.

And long his memory shall remain,  
And be amongst us and abide—  
Though he shall not return again  
With any time, or any tide;  
For dark, Death's river is, and wide;  
And long our eyes shall seek our friend  
Who wanders on that other side,—  
Where we shall find him in the end!

GEO. F. CAMERON.

TUESDAY afternoon, Jan. 22nd, a large number of students might have been seen rushing from the lecture rooms to attend a meeting of the "Concursus Iniquitatis," called for session on that date. Round the bulletin board are gathered a group of silent ones whose subdued manner soon communicates itself to all. From mouth to mouth the word passes "J. C. McLeod is gone."

Just before Christmas Mr. McLeod, with good health and the best of spirits, left for Pickering to visit friends there. Though all knew that illness had overtaken him, few suspected the fatal ending. To most it was but a question of a few weeks till he would be in our midst again. Upon the news of his death heart-felt sorrow was general—sorrow such as young men can feel when they realize that one of their best has been called. Our brother belonged to the class of '86, but though only a short time with us many had learned to love him, all to respect. Very few realized till his death the place which J. C. McLeod filled in their hearts. Vice-President of the Central Association Foot-Ball Club of Ontario and Captain of the University Team, he was one of the best and most enthusiastic players in Ontario, and perhaps the most vivid picture of our captain which will remain on our memories will be his magnificent play in the championship match against Knox. To his boundless ambition, energy and ability we owe the position which our club holds to-day. All the feelings which the following resolutions convey are ours; all that they say we could say, and much more. Truly J. C. McLeod is gone but not forgotten.

Immediately on receipt of the telegram a mass meeting was called and a committee consisting of Messrs. McTavish, McLachlan, Perrin, Wright Whiteman and Ryan, were appointed to draft a resolution of condolence.

The following is the resolution prepared by the committee:

"Resolved, that we, the students of Queen's University, Kingston, having heard with profound regret of the death of our beloved fellow student, Mr. John C. McLeod, here-