

uncertain light the dim outline of what is called a college is seen. The scenes are shifted rapidly. Students come and go. Professors are installed, lecture, die and are buried. What's that? A stone building? Yes, a real university pile! And there are live professors and hundreds of students! And they are all singing in hideous discord about "Old Queen's"! Why, the motion to found the proposed university was made not an hour ago.

At this point in our reverie there came a tremendous crash. We started up and asked what was the matter. A man wearing a dog-collar and a preacher coat tried to calm us by saying that they were applauding the joke. What joke? Sir John's. Who is Sir John? Then there came some more of what he called applause and we began to rub our eyes and pinch the leg of the man next us to be quite sure about our personal identity. Why, of course! That's Sir John Macdonald. There's Dr. Reid, and old Mr. Rose, and Principal Grant and professors, and governors, and Lord Stanley himself with his new LL D., and ladies everywhere, and the students howling in the gallery, and—Why, of course! This is not Wednesday, Dec. 18th, 1849. That was fifty years ago, and this is Queen's Jubilee. Yes, let's cheer for Queen's, We never saw the place before but—Hip! Hip! Hooray! A tiger—Hooray!!

It took us full two hours to recover from that exertion. But we did pull ourselves together and at eight o'clock looked round on the noble guests, the sturdy yeomanry, the grave professionals and the festive undergrads who seemed grateful for a competent portion of the good things of this life. You may be sure the tables groaned—at first. But the ladies have arrived. Speeches are being made, and "dry toasts" offered. Healths are proposed, from the Queen of England to the queen of every man's fireside. Replies are made and every one wishes Queen's prosperity. Chancellor MacVicar says "you need men as well as money"; Sir John, *sotto voce*, "you can't get men without money." But cold type gives post-prandial pleasantries a chill. You must catch it on the fly. So we leave the speeches to live only in the memory of those who heard them—or to die. They were all good, and many worse are recorded in history. Some of these may make a brief snatch at immortality. But the last strains of "Good Night Ladies" are being sung, and with that pensive melody ringing in our ears, in the "wee sma hours" we make our way in the drizzling rain, through the dark streets to the railway station, mentally noting that, much as we love our *Alma Mater*—and there is nothing like her on the American continent—there are other colleges and universities deserving of a few square yards of space above ground, and resolving if this Department is anywhere in this part of the universe when Queen's celebrates her hundredth anniversary—well, send us an invitation.