

have been heard, on every hand regarding the splendid conduct of the students. But one very noticeable thing was the fact, that though, out of respect for our guests, some restraint was exercised, there was no lack of genuine enthusiasm. This was a feature so marked that Earl Grey turned the edge of the jeering howl which greeted his attempted compliment to the beauty and intelligence of the audience into a joyous laugh by complimenting their enthusiasm. Queensmen are enthusiastic and they like men who see it and appreciate it. Beyond that they don't want much said about it.

We feel then that we are quite within the bounds of the truth, when we say that the Medical Convocation this year was easily the best in several respects that has been held this century at "Good Old Queen's." May many such gatherings make her famous in the future and gather into the circle of her Alumni great numbers of the distinguished men throughout the whole British Empire.

Ladies.

HOW to do justice to the devotees of the Goddess Levana? I sat me down with pencil and a blank sheet of paper and waited patiently for inspiration to come. But like the wail of the Lady of Shalott came the mournful answer to my consciousness, she cometh not, she cometh not! Since inspiration would not come I must even do as the poor French student with her essays, proceed without the inspiration, then as Mephistopheles so wisely counsels the young scholar to trust all to words. I started to write words—but how to write a

history? I thought of Carlyle and De-Tocqueville, both of whom we have been assured by different professors first taught the world what history really is—I even stared hard at Carlyle's portrait, but he looked as doleful as tho' he too had to write a Levana history, so I turned away in despair. I thought of the conventional opening—"In the second year of the reign of King Daniel under the guardianship of good Queen Mary," but then like a thunder-clap came the entreaty of a poor post-mortem, "Oh please don't say that, it has been said so many times, be original!" but as the only way to be original, they say, is to be born so, and therefore this advice had come a good many years too late, I had to find some other method. As I could not write in the style of scriptural history I bethought me that perhaps I should get help from profane history; therefore in spite of my desire to avoid all profanity, whether historical or otherwise, in the depths of désperation I betook me to my Green, and there on the title page I read what I so long ago had written when I thought that Green's Short History of the English People was really a large book—before I had ever thought of volumes so weighty as the *Revue des deux Mondes*, or Ferguson's History of the Middle Ages—in the innocence of my heart I had thought to write satire when I penned with a then legible hand, "Brevity is the soul of wit." Good! Methought here is a word in season, so lest my history should prove like the poor pollywog, all head and no tail, I set me down to work once more.

As the humble worshippers at the shrine of Levana assembled within