

Rev. Dr. Buchanan, B.A., '85, who has been home on furlough, and who addressed the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W. C.A. at the time of the Alumni Conference last fall, left last month to resume his work as medical missionary among the Bhils, a tribe of natives who live in Central India.

Rev. Dr. Milligan, who is known everywhere as one of the most influential and most loyal of the sons of Queen's, recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his induction into Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto. All our Alumni will be glad to know that despite advancing years and hard work, the Doctor is still hale and hearty. The Theological students here are looking forward with pleasure to a course of lectures on Pastoral Theology which Dr. Milligan will deliver to them this month. He is expected also to address the Y.M.C.A. on Feb. 16th.

Dr. H. J. Williamson, B.A., one of last year's graduates in medicine, left lately for Port Arthur.

#### NOUGHTY-SEVEN YEAR POEM.

How I wish the Muse would favor,  
Every effort such as mine,  
To immortalize Nought-Seven  
Through the agency of rhyme!

But, they say the Fates are cautious,  
And withhold some gifts from men;  
Yet Nought-Seven shows its genius,  
Every way within our ken.

And, they say, the Fates determine  
To what men the lots should fall,  
That is why our Celtic chieftain  
Is the keenest of us all.

Nor less keen is his right hand-man,  
Martial-like at every call,  
But he loves cathedral music  
As he loves this classic Hall.

Of the other noble clansmen  
Equal to our chief in grit,  
There is one—our Stubbs, historian—  
Sparkling in his hair and wit.

Close behind—grand in oration,  
As in philosophic lore,  
Comes another—need we mention  
Of his prowess any more?

Yet parading, 'tis our marshall's  
All his lines with men to fill—  
He who bravely bore our colors  
In the games at old McGill.

Now, we honor those professors,  
Who our fleeting hours beguile.  
One we question, "What is knowl-  
edge?"—

How we loved to see him smile.

When he saw we knew naught of it!  
And another's help we sought,  
He who teaching Mathematics,  
Taught it as it should be taught.

Yet one more. He showed in Shake-  
spere

How we live this little life,  
And from Wordsworth, that through  
Nature  
We could soar above its strife.

Is it strange that midst such training,  
—Passing all—we're not afraid  
To march on to highest honors?  
Did we show it on parade?

Ah! one night we heard the slogan  
Seeking of our deeds to tell;  
And right well did Noughty-Seven  
Bravely shout the grand "Cha  
gheill!"