

We have at length reached our last number for the present session. We have endeavoured to fulfil our promises and carry out our aims to the best of our ability. How far we have succeeded remains for our readers to judge. We take this opportunity of thanking all graduates and others who have assisted the staff by contributions to our columns. While we are grateful to the few graduates who responded to our request for articles, we regret that their number was not greater. To all our subscribers who by word and by deed have given us encouragement we express our sincerest gratitude. In laying down our pen we are cheered by the fact that in the new staff appointed to edit the JOURNAL for next session, we have worthy successors who are capable of making it more interesting and valuable than ever. With the hearty support of students, graduates and friends of Queen's, the JOURNAL is bound to hold its place as one of the best college papers published.

---

## LITERATURE.

### COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

Ah, well do I remember when I came within these halls,  
 What a flood of recollections my memory recalls,  
 How often on that stairway with its bannisters of pine,  
 Have I trodden with my fellows in days of "Auld Lang Syne ;"  
 Each hallway bears a souvenance of some long departed day,  
 When at the shrine of Wisdom we our homage used to pay,  
 And every cedar doorway of the class-rooms where we met  
 Brings back some fond remembrance with its shadows of regret ;  
 The classic gowns familiar seem, old friends with faces new,  
 As the jerseys with our colors, the yellow, red and blue.  
 The Hall of Convocation, with its portrait covered walls  
 And solemn air of stillness, to my memory recalls  
 Examinations dreaded during which the gown-robbed John  
 From the gallery's deep shadows with eagle eye looked on,  
 Lest some unsuspecting student, too eager for degree,  
 Should on a fatal moment with his ample ribs make free.  
 'Twas yonder in the Science room our A. M. S. was held,  
 And many a fierce discussion within that room was quelled ;  
 'Twas there our would-be orators of language did dispose,  
 And Cameron invincible to points of order rose.  
 That room brings back to mind again one memorable night,  
 Our Alma Mater meeting almost ended in a fight ;  
 The dancing question was discussed from every point of view,  
 And consciences revealed themselves of every shade and hue,  
 The fierce dispute was so prolonged that John turned out the gas,

And business was completed on the campus frozen grass.  
 Within the quiet Reading Room my footsteps tread  
 once more ;  
 At every footstep some well known form flits by me as of yore,  
 The air seems full of phantom sounds of voices silent now,  
 Of those of old associate with every college row.  
 The photos on its walls recall the features of old friends,  
 And every carved initial some new recollection lends.  
 Yonder lies the green old Campus with upright goal posts placed,  
 Where we conquered or were vanquished but never were disgraced ;  
 Upon its level surface the marks of many a game  
 Record some by-gone glory, where we fought for Queen's and fame.  
 Our vacant places others fill, and strangers now do meet  
 In corridor and hallway and in every old retreat ;  
 And tho' the proud old building in its solemn grandeur rears  
 Its lofty turrets heedless of the ebb and flow of years,  
 Yet the old associations have forever passed away.  
 I feel as might an exile, who, returning some sad day,  
 Finds within the hands of strangers the home once loved so well,  
 And turns in sorrow from the spot where naught but memories dwell.

---

### FOR CANADIAN READERS.

That excellent journal, the *Dominion Illustrated*, is steadily improving under its present energetic management, and is as steadily growing in public favor. The enlargement to 24 pages weekly afforded opportunity for great improvement in its literary contents, the contributors to which now include many well-known writers. Historic sketches, healthy fiction, crisp editorials on current topics, bright correspondence from London, New York, Toronto and other cities, sports and pastimes, humorous sketches, etc., make up with the numerous illustrations, dealing chiefly with Canadian scenes, events and personages, a charming journal for Canadian readers and a welcome weekly visitor in every home. The prize competition which the publishers have so successfully inaugurated is not an effort to work off some bogus silverware but a straightforward agreement made in good faith with their subscribers. The result, from the nature of the competition, must be beneficial to the readers, and the publishers' only hope of adequate return is in an enlarged and permanent circulation, which was their object at the outset. On receipt of 12 cents in stamps they (the Sabiston Litho. and Pub. Co., Montreal) will forward to any address a sample copy of the journal with full particulars of the competition.

---

### NOTE.

We regret that space does not permit us to do more than mention the instructive lectures by Dr. Kilborn and Prof. Goodwin on Monday evening, and the successful Missionary meeting held on Tuesday evening.