

THE following note, sent by a Junior to a fellow class-mate, who boards in the next house, about eleven o'clock one evening last week, will explain itself:—

DEAR JIM,—Je suisallee blokee upee; j'ai (hic) just got in, und ich wish like the dickens (hic) vous would pretez moi votre Latin Prose equus, parceque—(blot)—Dod gast (hic), this measly (hic) pen! Slide in the (hic) bicycle, old man, anyway (hic). I'm bust—(blot). You know me, (hic) dont you?

CHARLEY.

THE freshman class is in despair. This is the way they express the state of their feelings:—

"Oh, to be wafted away  
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,  
Where the Latin of prosy to-day,  
Is the prose of the Latin to-morrow!

We wish we could help them but fear there is no remedy but hard work.

PROF. in Science (commenting on the last monthly examination in Botany, in which quite a number had failed to get the requisite forty per cent). "You cannot put off study till the end of the session, for although "distance lends enchantment to the view," it is not always so when you get there. This is specially true, gentlemen, in the case of an examination. So, beware!"

HE was a freshman and as he slowly walked up and down on Princess Street, there was an uncertain look in his eye, like the expression on the facial area of a soph. about to ask his landlady for a third supply of hash. From time to time indistinct mutterings escaped from his lips, the meaning of which was very vague. "If any of those seniors should see me," hang the girls anyway," "I've got to get it somewhere," and so on, his perplexity seeming to increase each time. Now and then a student would pass, but he paid no attention to any salutation whatever. At last he muttered, "I'll have to risk the Con-cursus," and glancing hurriedly up and down the street, he buttoned his coat up tight and dashed into the seven cent store, at the pace of a badly scared mud-turtle. No less than two of the fair attendants, seeing that he was a student, at once stepped forward, and smilingly inquired his pleasure. He was evidently embarrassed, but at last managed to stammer out, blushing to the extreme ends of his capillary appendages, "weel—ur—hum— got any ink bottles?" "certainly, what kind will you have? Here's a splendid one, now," answered one of the damozels, picking up a nice cut glass bottle with a bronze stand, "only a dollar and a half." The fresh, was evidently tickled to death by something, for he actually summoned one up a faint smile, and remarked that he only wanted one to carry in his pocket, and when the girl went off to find such a one, he muttered, "wonder if they have any seven-centers." Just then in walked a Junior and Senior, and the fresh, with a groan of despair, dodged behind a rack of nick-nacks, and by the time the ink-bottle was produced, he had edged towards the open door and bolted. What a blessing it is to be bashful!

SURELY Queen's is getting more classical day by day. The following notice was posted on the students bulletin board a few days since:—

ABESTE PROFANI!

Qui in Classe chem. Sc. librum meum invenerit is velit referre

Ad. Carolum C.—n.

A METAPHYSICAL EFFUSION.

LAST summer, among the 1000 Islands of the St. Lawrence, there was a camp of students—Medicos and Arts. One day a wordy metaphysical battle took place between two representatives of the respective faculties belonging to the party, as to the immortality of the soul. The medico claims to have gained the victory, and speaking of his victim, says, "His blood waters the rocky surface of the ground. Yea, and years hence some metaphysical shoots will wave their tall and stately heads over the grave of the murdered S—, while the hooting owl will croak his melancholy lay above, and so does one dear departed friend sleep on his profound sleep." The medico shortly afterwards wrote an epitaph for the tombstone which was to be raised in memory of his defeated and departed friend. The epitaph:

Say, stranger, rest thee now I pray,  
Beside this green grave here;  
For cold the wind and dark the day,  
The clouds o'erhead are drear.

These tangled grasses, that bestrew  
This grave,—through cold neglect,  
No moisture knew, but heaven's dew,  
Nor tears of sad respect.

Wipe off wet horror from thy brow,  
And fear from thy pale face,  
The Material present think of now,  
The Etherial past efface.

For he, whose earthly remnants lie  
Beneath this heavy sod,  
Believed in Life, when Flesh should die,  
That Soul returned to God.

Believed that Soul and Thought were one,  
And from the Flesh distinct,  
And thought, when each one's race was run,  
That Soul still thought to think,

Departed shade! Illustrious one!  
Beneath these upheaved banks  
Thy body came, when Life was done.  
Thou'rt dead, old Snoozer. S—.

THE Rev. Mr. Carmichael, of King, Lecturer on Church History, delivered a lecture on "Ossian" before the Ossianic Society and some of its friends, on the evening of Monday, the — inst. We will give an account of the lecture in our next issue.

MR. EDITOR, tell me why colonel  
Is spelt in a style so infolonel?  
Cast one ray of light on a sorrowing wight,  
Who for years has subscribed for your jolonel.

THE new play of "Kick up Thunder" was performed in the front seats in the gallery in Queen's College last night. It was written by the author of "The Bloody Putty Knife."—Daily News.

REV. J. CARMICHAEL, of King, and the Rev. D. Ross, B. D., of Lachine, officiated at the afternoon services in Convocation hall on Nov. 12th and 19th respectively. On both occasions the audiences were large.

THE history class claims to have better singing of college songs in their class-room than any other class in