

Mr. J. Mundell, of the Royal Medical College, whose eyes were so seriously injured last session by an explosion while he was engaged in an experiment in chemistry, has been under the treatment of a Toronto specialist. We are very glad to hear that he has returned with eyesight partially restored and with the prospect of further recovery in course of time.

George Bell, '78, barrister, Toronto, was married at Prince Albert, N. W. T., on the evening of 9th September, to Marion E., daughter of Alex. Sproat, '53, registrar of Prince Albert. The marriage took place in St. Paul's Church, the Rev. W. McWilliams, M.A., LL.B., officiating. A brilliant reception thereafter took place at the hospitable home of Col. Sproat, where the festivities were kept up to an early hour.

Professor Goodwin, of Queen's College, was married at Canning, Nova Scotia, to Miss Chrissie Murray, on Sept. 2nd, 1885. We wish the Professor and his wife every happiness. May their voyage through life be a *goodwin*; it certainly will be a *murray* one.

N.B.—We have as yet received no cake. Of course express charges are high from Prince Albert to Kingston; Lindsay is a good way off, too; but the Professor can have no excuse.

We are glad to welcome back to Queen's Mr. Perry Chamberlain, an old student in arts. Mr. Chamberlain is going into medicine. He had a rather narrow escape from drowning this summer while camping down the St. Lawrence. It is a common practice for people to rush out in small boats to ride the swells from the large steamers, and one day as the "Corinthian" was passing down through the islands of the St. Lawrence a skiff, in which were Messrs. Chamberlain and Brady and Miss Merkley, darted out from Doran's Island to enjoy the tossing. Suddenly the little craft capsized, its occupants were thrown into the water, and Mr. Brady and Miss Merkley at once sank. On reappearing both gentlemen seized the lady, and, by a tremendous exertion, reached and clung to the boat till assistance arrived and Miss Merkley and Mr. Brady were drawn into another boat. Mr. Chamberlain, however, clung to the capsized skiff and floated down the river for a considerable distance, until rescued by Mr. John Miller near Dry Island. He collected what remained of his goods and chattels and rowed back to the camp.

IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE F. CAMERON.

WE have to record with regret the sudden death of Mr. George F. Cameron, which took place at the residence of his father, in Millhaven, on the 17th September last. He was born at New Glasgow, N. S., and at his death was about thirty years of age. He was of a literary turn of mind; had fine poetic fancy; and contributed to the *JOURNAL* and *British Whig* several pathetic gems. Mr. Cameron attended the Latin and

English Literature classes at Queen's; was an apt pupil and a prizeman. For nearly two years he filled the position of editor of the *Kingston News*. He was a man of a genial disposition, and had a kind heart. A brother poet thus sings of the departed:

A sea whose width can not be tried,
A smooth and heartless sea, beside,
We, weary, stretch our painful gaze, mile after mile.
Upon its level shore we stand,
Beneath our feet the faithless sand
Runs out with silent stealth and sudden sweep the while.

Along the never-ending line,
We seek and search for slightest sign
Of sail, that growing greater tells its welcome tale,
And carries with its coming strength
And hope, for longing lives at length.
Alas! that keenest sight and highest hope should fail.

For, ever from the lonely shore
Blows out the breeze, increasing more,
As further from the land it flies; while night and day,
When crawling like a serpent black,
Or flashing in the sunbeam's track,
With steady fated force the tide runs aye one way.

And, ah! my heart, the ships that go,
They crowd the cheerless offing so
That many a hieroglyph is traced upon the sky
With netting rope and crossing spar,
That seems a message from afar,
Or, maybe, but the writing weird of last good-bye.

The ships that bear our friends away,
Away, away, sail every day,
And pass beyond into the hollow mist of years.
And what is hope? For, like a dove,
It cannot leave the land. Then love
Sends faith, a strong sea-bird; it, too, comes back in tears.

Through all the days that ever fled,
Of all the ships that ever sped
From out this stricken harbor of a barren world,
This one has left a deeper trace
Than touch of time can e'er efface—
This one with drooping flags and blackened sail unfurled.

Long shall the shadow lie that fell,
When slowly struck the passing bell,
And, swinging from the verge, she bore away to sea.
For ah! my friend of tender heart
Did with her sliding keel depart,
And never more shall sound his golden lyre for me.

At last, at last, when time is past,
Shall shining shore be reached at last?
And ever shall the endless fleet at anchor ride.
Yes, yes, at end of stormy stress,
They, joyful, yet the strand shall press,
And in the promised city of our God abide.

Sept. 19th, 1885.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.