

MacLennan and Mrs. MacLennan left for their home in Ottawa.

Mr. Justice MacLennan is one of the staunchest and most loyal of Queen's graduates, for some years President of the Toronto Alumni Society, and at present Chairman of Queen's Board of Trustees. All the friends of Queen's unite in extending to Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacLennan their sincere good wishes for long-life and happiness.

### Exchanges.

THE *Lantern*, the weekly sheet of Ohio State University, represents well the live interests of that institution. The front page of a recent issue was devoted to an account of a football match against Wooster, the work of reorganization of their debating system, and the meeting of the Modern Language Association of Ohio. This is as it should be. No one phase of college life should absorb the interests of a great university. The stand that the *Lantern* takes is supporting all the various means for the turning out of leaders of men reflects something of the spirit we are led to believe, of the student life in O.S.U.

#### PHILOSOPHY II.

Tell me not, in idle numbers  
Realism's all a dream,  
That the man's awake who slumbers  
And things are not, but they seem.

Things are real, and not deceptions;  
All exist without the mind;  
Our ideas are deceptions  
When the substance's left behind.

—*The Notre Dame Scholastic.*

We are pleased to add to our exchange list this week *The Prince of Wales College Observer* of Charlottetown, P.E.I., and the *Marquette College Journal*.

UNORTHODOX, PERHAPS, BUT—

(From the Divinity Class-Room.)

Q. "What is effectual calling?"

A. "Oh, whistle, and I'll come tae ye, ma lad."

—*University of Edinburgh Student.*

HOPE—A RESPONSE.

We cannot know

Aught of that far off realm by us  
named heaven,

Where in our fancy, lilies pure as  
snow,

Fleck all the emerald meadows which  
are riven

By wondrous singing streams. We  
cannot know

Until we go.

We may not tell

If our freed spirit, searching, shall  
discover

The kindred souls of those we love so  
well,

Who, when they passed death's mid-  
night river over,

Passed speechless and alone. We  
may not tell

Nor yet rebel.

Have we not left

That grand impulse to every great  
endeavor

Which swathes the broken heart by  
parting cleft!

Hope, skyward, burns its beacon-  
light forever

Beckoning us toward the truth: this  
we have left

Who are bereft.

—*The Argosy.*