

Within the past few years the number of her students has increased threefold. Again, how unpopular Queen's is, is manifested by the large increase which has been, and is continually being made, to her endowment. Truly it is a grand thing for a college to be as unpopular as Queen's is said to be.

We are further told that students attend the colleges at which their teachers were educated, and that, judging from the few graduates of Queen's who are teaching in our High Schools, almost the whole of the university material of the Province will soon be absorbed by colleges other than Queen's, i.e., we suppose that Queen's will soon be without students. What a direful calamity for Queen's, and what a great loss the university material will thus sustain. How any sane man with the history of the various colleges for the past years before him could give expression to this statement we must confess is to us a marvel. The number of headmasters of High Schools who own Queen's as their Alma Mater has undoubtedly for years been relatively small, and yet the university material has not been absorbed by the other colleges. On the contrary, Queen's has been absorbing this material to such an extent as no doubt astonishes and alarms those colleges whose graduates hold many of the High School masterships. This increase in the number of the student's attending this university has been derived, not only from those High Schools who have the good fortune to be presided over by our own graduates, but also largely from those whose masters received their education at other colleges.

The Marquis of Lorne had a footman whose dignity was quite too awful. When their Excellencies were inspecting the Kingston Penitentiary, this sublime flunky asked a prisoner, "Aw, my man, what are you heah faw?" The prisoner, remembering a venerable story, said that he had been arrested for stealing a saw-mill. "Aw, weally, for that?" said the surprised servant. "Yes," the prisoner said, "but they didn't mind *that* much. It was because I went back to steal the dam that they went for me." The flunky said it was extraordinary, and left, an agitated and astonished man.

POETRY.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

'TIS just six years ago, on such a bright May day,
We walked together 'mid the budding flowers,
Watching the careless butterflies at play,
Nor thought of sorrow in the springtide hours.

The cherry trees had blossomed snowy white,
And strewed their milk-white patches on the ground;
The apple-trees with rosy bloom were bright,
The lilacs shed their perfume all around.

And there were myriad tulips blooming there,
Flaunting their gaudy petals in the sun;
And humming-birds were darting through the air,
With restless bill exploring every one.

All things were bright with the first tint of Spring,
That never comes again throughout the year;
And birds were flitting by on tireless wing,
Their joyous songs resounding far and near.

And we were happy as the birds that day—
To call it back brims o'er my eyes with tears—
So blythe we were, so careless and so gay,
Our hearts were burdened with no boding fears.

We lingered on till in the glowing west,
Behind the hills down sank the setting sun,
Nor thought that thou shouldst enter into rest
Before another bright day's course was run.

Thou'rt gazing on much fairer scenes to-day;
In the bright Paradise beyond the skies,
Far lovelier flowers than blossom here in May
With never fading beauty feast thine eyes.

And thou art hearing sweeter songs to-day
Than e'er the sweetest thou hadst heard below;
Thou dost not miss the butterflies at play
In our old garden where the lilacs grow.

Thou art so happy now thou dost not miss
The loved companions of thine earthly hours,
Perchance thou hast forgotten, in thy bliss,
That bright May day we wandered 'mid the flowers.

And yet methinks were I in heaven to-day,
And thou on earth, my soul would widowed be;
And I should oft be gazing far away
Down to this globe of earth in search of thee.

And oft I wonder, standing here alone,
Amid the scenes thou lovedst long ago,
Canst thou be happy while I make my moan,
Or art thou all unconscious of my woe?

Or does thy shadowy form beside me stand,
And does thy spirit hold converse with mine
When I am dreaming—in the border land
'Twixt sleep and death—do our souls intertwine?

For oft I sleep and dream of naught but thee,
And when I wake thou seemest so near—so near—
And sometimes in the night it seems to me
Old words of love come stealing on my ear.

Oh, well! It may be fancy's flight, and yet
I'd fain believe thy ransomed spirit waits;
For oh! I cannot think thou dost forget
To welcome me within the pearly gates.

—INFELICE.