

Sapphire sweet violet
Tender and true,
Tell me your origin
Where you first grew ;
Was it the children
In heaven at play
Scattered the seed
Was wafted this way ?
Was it the blue
Of their innocent eyes
Glorified you
In paradise !
Hail johnny-jump-up,
First of the year,
How my heart leaps
Beholding you here !

—M. H. S. in *Jeffersonian*.

With this issue we bid farewell, not only to the various colleges whose publications have been welcome visitors to our desk, but also to our many readers who perused our clippings of news and wit and verse from the numerous *exchanges* with which the Colleges, Great Britain, United States and Canada favored us.

De Nobis.

DIVINITY FACULTY SONG, '95

Tune—"Litoria."

(These songs were sung on Students' Day.)

From blue nose coast McQuarrie came
To win for himself a lasting fame;
At Queen's he never learned to dance
But now he's fitting up a manse.

CHORUS.

Divinity, Divinity,
Swee de la wee to hir a sal.
Divinity, Divinity,
Swee de la wee dum bum.

The biggest task we have had on
Was training down old Campbell
Strachan.
From Western wilds he tumbled in
Chuck full of pure original sin.

O Billy he has won great fame
Squeezing coppers is his game
His whisker is the girl's delight
And truly he enjoys a fight.

McConachie now gets his B.D.
His forte is at the curling tee.
The JOURNAL is his special shine
And won't he make a hot divine.

Now here's a man you cannot touch,
He's known to one and all as Hutch
And when he preaches for a "call"
He uses legs and arms and all.

The happiest man in all the hall,
In whist he has quite vanquished all.
Johnny Miller is his name,
And we are sure he'll rise to fame.

O Charlie Whiting came to Queen's
To find out just what Watty means.
To wed a wife he did not want,
He only wished to study Kant.

O Logie, he is known to all,
The biggest kicker in the hall.
But soon he'll be a happy man,
So let us holler all we can.

ARTS FACULTY SONG, '05.

Tune—"On the road to Mandalay."

To the halls of old Queen's college,
like a swarm to a beehive,
Came the noble bunch of members of
the year of naughty-five
And the sayings and the doings of
this now notorious class
Must be set forth and related, for the
time has come to pass.

CHORUS.

From the halls of Queen's, away; oh
the sadness of this day,
When we have to chuck our college
life with all its work and play;
Oh the halls of Queen's for me, where
we live a life so free