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Soul's Illusion.

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS, '94.

I hear the tired wind sighing
Among the hills for rest ;
I hear the deep imploring
For one brief hour of peace ;
I hear my spent soul crying,
As, on the endless quest,
It follows down the ways of night,
That magical, illusive light.
Whose beauty is a star to me
Alluring over land and sea.

—From "*The Canadian Magazine*."

The Honorable Neil McLeod.

The Honorable Neil McLeod was born at Uigg, Queens County, P. E. Island. Whether the secret is in soil, in atmosphere, or in blood, Uigg is the birthplace of many distinguished men. These men may make the same boast that Cowper made :

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies."

We must also remember that "the first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land." You need not be born in the palaces of cities to have it said of you : "These look like the workmanship of Heaven ; This is the procelain clay of human kind, and therefore cast into the noble mould." These men thro' God drew their inspiration from the blue firmament, from breezes freighted with fragrance from the ploughed fields and flowery meads; from the melody of robin and blue-bird, from all the rural sights and sounds that are so potent to mellow and refine the life Nature's plastic hand is felt before the learning of the schools.

In speaking of Uigg it is hard to pass over the name of John McDonald of blessed memory. He was a member of the class of '68.