D. Livingstone Parker, what shall we say of him? He was one of the busy men or so it would appear at first sight. The wonders of his intellect were a constant source of astonishment to himself and very few were found able to appreciate them. But persuasion and indignation did a perfect work, and Livingstone came off conqueror on graduation day. He spent one year at Chicago, and although little Acadia is greatly i ferior to the "Varsity," yet he could not find it in his heart to refuse a degree from her. During the past months he has been engaged in the pastorate in Victoria County, N. B., which labor proved too arduous for his constitution. He is now resting at his home in Wolfville.

M. Alberta Parker was a good student and stood high in her class. She is now at Bellevue Hospital, New York, tenderly ministering to the afflicted. She will doubtless ere long engage in teaching, in which calling we predict the same success which attended her in her work at Acadia.

L ndsay J. Slaughenwhite was one of the benedicts of '94. He did not participate very actively in College life, but once in a whi e we had the privilege of hearing his voice among us. He was of the emotional type and his vocal organs were generally at great tensin when engaged in public discours. He is now engaged as pastor of the church at Jedd re, N. S.

Vincent was the second benedict, and was also one of the bright lights of the College. His qualities were many and excellent, and his talents were of a high order. He was an orator of superior skill, an independent thinker and critic. As a student of divinity he digs deep, and when the millenium comes what shall be the feelings of such skeptical mortals as we, when we hear the triumphant exchanation, "I told you so, I told you so!" Winkie has an appointment with the millenium which he intends to keep whether the millenium does or not. He was president of the Y. M. C. A. during his senior year and discharged his duties well. He is now at Sackville, N. B., engaged in the pastorate, and we hear landable reports of him from time to time.

Whitman was good—genuinely good. He was a student of average ability, and the soul of faithfulness and honor. Everybody liked Whit, and will not soon forget him. During the summer he was resting at his home in New Albany, N. S., but is now engaged in the pastorate at Queensbury, N B. We wish him every success and long service in his chosen calling. In his senior year he was president of the Missionary society, and Assistant Librarian, in which capacity his obliging disposition and at-

tentiveness were much appreciated by all.

Lew Wallace was well liked by his class-mates and fellow-students. He took a leading and active part in college life. As president of the Athenaum society during one term, he discharged his duties in a highly creditable manner. He played on the football (am in his senior year. During the winter of his last year, la grippe made a heavy drain upon his health, from which he did not recover in time to complete his work with his class-mates, but before the summer was over the work was finished. Our president observed in a casual remark that his vacation was partially spent in "graduating Lew Wallace." Lew is taking a course in theology at Rochester, N. Y.

Fred W. Young, familiarly known as Tuck, which appellation arose in memory of some irregularities in his career as a freshman, when he had a mania for getting his pictures "tuk" at Tuck's phote car, was a man who leaves lasting impressions. His favorite studies were chemistry and geology. He spent much of his time in specimen hunting and the rest in carrying the mail and lingering around Mud Bridge. He intends to make medicine his profession, and is now engaged in preparatory work at McLean asylum, Somery Ile, Mass.

The rank and file is past. The memories of ninety-four are yet hovering around us, but the echoes of their footsteps have died away. No more is heard in Chipman Hall, the jangling of Coon's fiddle, or the rattle of Dunnic's argument. The midnight footfalls of Ferg and the lusty