

We are glad to welcome so many new members to our Association, and trust that some others may yet join us.

It is the earnest endeavor of the leaders to make the subjects as helpful and practical as possible.

On Friday the 19th October we had a most interesting address from Miss Doull, Arts '97.

The essay, though covering a wide range, was treated in a practical and able manner, the subject being "Daniel."

On Friday, the 26th October, Miss Ross, also of the class of '97, was the leader. The subject was "Entire Consecration," and the earnest words spoken will, we hope, not be soon forgotten by those present.

## GLASS REPORTS.

### LEGAL BRIEFS.

(Ye Classe Reporter of the Lawe Fellowes turneth out earlie in the morninge to aire himself withal, and meeteth with divers adventures.)

Ye Classe Reporter rose betimes,  
And put his waterproof on,  
And off through the rain and drizzle,  
To aire himself is gone.

Ye Classe Reporter rose betimes,  
Sayeth he—" 'tis goode to walke,"  
And out through the mist and rain he went—  
'Twas eight-thirty by the clock.

(He hoveth in sight of the Fraser Institute, and doeth greate walkinge.)

He passeth up St. Catherine  
And through the Phillips Square,  
Quoth he—" where's long-boot Creighton now—  
Push on olde boye — git there."

(He standeth in the doorway of the Fraser Institute to reste.)

He standeth in the doorway  
And leaneth on his cane,  
Sayeth he: "i' faith when I'm rested  
I'll att it harde againe."

(He heareth a strange voice behinde him.)

He standeth in the doorway  
And leaneth on his cane,  
When lo! a voice behinde him said—  
"Come in out of the raine."

(He meeteth a handsome and worthie clerke who treateth him right scurvillie.)

Anon a handsome clerke came up—  
A clerke with lovelie eyne  
And haire all fret with crispie curl—  
His nose was aquiline—  
Like sweete Dan Chausser's lady-knight  
That "curfed" so very fine.

This handsome clerke anon he spied  
A' cominge up the walke—  
Pusheth ye Reporter by, sayeth—  
"I have no tyme to talke."

(He meeteth a bolde Baron.)

A bolde baron came marching down  
Each stride a'yarde or two  
Reporter quak-ed when he sawe  
Him fierce his moustache chewe—  
"By Cujas' ghost make waye," quoth he,  
"My lecture will be through."

(He meeteth a Captaine of Her Majesty's troopes, who demandeth the password.)

Reporter next did see approach  
(His knees 'gan bend and shake)  
A warlike Captaine of the troopes  
Right in the baron's wake;  
He was ne greate, ne tall, but straight  
For legal scribe did make.  
  
He glar-ed through his *pince-nez* specs,  
Nay, Reader, 'tis no fib!  
"Password," cried he, "or by my big busbie  
I'll leave thee scarce a rib.  
Fainting scribe cried "Mercy Cap!"  
"Ah well! 'tis Legal Bib."

(He meeteth a grave Professor who putteth him to rout.)

A grave Professor next came up,—  
A kindlie man looked he;  
He pointed to an inward room  
And eyed Reporter curioslie.  
"Haste, sir," quoth he, "or you'll miss  
Your BIBLIOGRAPHIE."  
  
That hideous, uncouth name ye-crept  
Into Reporter's braine—  
His haire stood up in ghaistlie fright—  
And out he dashed againe,  
And off he sped with all his might  
Homeward through the raine.

(Ye Classe Reporter reacheth home in a colde perspiration. He indulgeth freele in "kiltie," and taketh to his bed, where for the remainder of that day he hath "a very healthfulle tyme.")

He giveth a warning well to be had in mind by all who may loiter about the entrance to the Fraser Institute when the students are pressinge in to the morninge lectures.)

In clammy colde sweate Scribe reached home  
Upstairs he nimble sped  
Straight he made for the "kiltie" flask—  
Then betook himself to bed  
Where chills and horrid ague start,  
All day him torment-ed.

Twixt copious draughts his nerves to still  
For which he oft did about [walkes  
"Dear Friends," sayeth he, "when you take your  
Look out what you'r about;  
Keep away from the Institute  
When the Legal Limbs are out."

We are pleased to hear from Mr. R. M. Harper, gold medallist Arts 1894. Mr. H. is studying law in Quebec, and, we hear, is very enthusiastic over it. We wish our "brither" every success, and regret that he is not with us in the Law Faculty of McGill.