

# IMPRESSIONS OF THE CLASS OF '95.

BY A MEMBER OF '94.

PISTOL—"Discuss unto me; art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common and popular?"

With sadness and disappointment written upon our brow, we behold the "manufactured article" about to go from amongst us. In the glow and freshness—especially the latter—of youth, the class of '95 promised much but they have performed little. Some students, noticing the large number of this year who are already in Divinity Hall, attribute this case of arrested development to early piety. This, perhaps, may be the cause, but we are not prepared to commit ourselves on the question. As a year, they lack color and individuality and are "neither cold nor hot." In athletics they never won so much as a team race, not even by "cutting across the grass." In the councils of the Alma Mater their voice is seldom heard, and though there may be sages in the year yet, for the most part they have acted on the old maxim that "silence is golden." In some of their actions they have shown a great lack of determination and unity of purpose, and so fell an easy prey to the wiles of politicians and the sophistries of orators.

So much for destructive criticism, and now let us turn to the more pleasant duty of pointing out merits, for of old time we loved '95 and got into our famous "row" with the Court by interfering on their behalf. Among the members of this year are numbered many who rank easily with the best men in the College, and who will, we are sure, hereafter prove themselves an honour to their Alma Mater. The Court this year has attained great success along the old lines and has in addition opened up new spheres of usefulness which promise to be invaluable in the regulation of college affairs. The Arts Society, too, has scored a financial triumph under the able direction of members of the Senior Year. On the whole, however, we would say to the year: Be up and doing; throw aside your drowsiness and show the world even yet what you can do; with which sage advice we bid you a last "good-bye," not because we think of you as going, but because we intend to go ourselves this spring.

BY A MEMBER OF '95.

"We clamb the hill together,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither,"

even if John did turn out the gas once or twice when our meetings went beyond 6 P.M. But we have reached the end of our tether and it behoves us to look back over our past course and set down in order the thoughts that come into our fact-crammed noddles. As a class we had great ideas as to what a class should be, and as usual have

succeeded in actualizing some, while others have been allowed to remain mere potentialities until it is now too late to do anything with them. We have been essentially a studying year, and for that reason perhaps more than for any other, have devoted a large part of our class spirit and energy to the larger field of college work, in which '95 never will be reproached. It is therefore difficult to separate class success from college success.

Our year meetings have been, as a rule, good, as regards business, programmes and attendance. Here and there a failure crops up, but they are few and far between, and they are due to that cry of "no time," for which '95 is responsible more, perhaps, than any other senior year. It has been our greatest fault, and whether it can be excused or not will be seen on the afternoon of May 1st. We have worked on gradually, "advancing in study a step every day," and at least, as Confucius said, "have not lost our time nor our years."

BY A MEMBER OF '96.

In the month of October in the year of Grace, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety One, a fresh "gang" was incarcerated within these walls to serve for various terms, most of them for four years, those guilty of more heinous crimes to serve a further term of three years before returning to their native woods. They were a motley crew, a rare collection of oddities, and their subsequent development aptly illustrates the principle of identity through change. They are not all here now. Some were set at liberty at the end of the third year as a reward for good conduct, and several of the more hardened have sought more congenial quarters elsewhere. But since entering, the class has been reinforced by many others, some of whom had served short terms in other institutions. They have not yet recovered from the shock of their entrance. A stronger gang had arrived before them, and they were followed by a still more impetuous crew, and the juxtaposition has made them somewhat shy and timid, so much so, indeed, that once upon a time, they retired from their place of meeting at the command of their juniors. But on one memorable occasion they broke through this diffidence. When "in the circle of revolving years" their turn came to choose candidates for the Alma Mater Society, a radical member produced a new scheme; with child-like faith they accepted it and chose their candidates; then hearing that the new scheme was intended for an entirely different purpose, they declared it null and void and made another start. A convincing proof of their shyness is that out of a membership of sixty they have only one married and one engaged, though several others are doing their best. A few bold, bad boys, however, answer "adsum"