

ed since we took charge in our freshman year. But the problem is solved if we remember the words of our esteemed and revered Professor in Elocution of the past year. He says "be natural," "let nature do its work." So under the head of history I find one department designated natural history which the good book says is a classification and description of objects in nature and the phenomena which they exhibit to the senses. Thus, I judge that it would be pertinent to call this the natural history of the class of '95.

It was a pleasant day in September, four years ago, when Wolfville was blessed, thrice blessed, by receiving at her dingy station the noble two and forty.

Pleasantly rose the sun that morn on the village of Wolfville,
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the flats with their muck and their marsh mud awaited the farmer.
Many a glad "Hullo-ya" and jocund laugh from the freshmen
Made the bright air brighter as up from the depot they wandered,
Thronged were the streets with people and noisy groups of the Seniors
Stood in the doorway at Rockwell's and nodded and smiled at the
Sem. girls:

For they were a simple people, who acted a good deal like children,
And needed this strong lot of freshmen to teach them a good wholesome lesson.

It was a lovely day, the sun did gleam brightly, the birds sang never so sweetly, the air was balmy and sweet with the smell of the haystack as it drifted to us in zephyr-like wavelets. But there was that ominous stillness pervading all nature that suggested to the attentive mind that some great event was about to transpire, that something wonderful was about to break upon the town. Those who thus discerned the times were not disappointed, for on this momentous day, September 23d, 1891-'95 took up its abode in Wolfville. Out of the forty-two who darkened the hemisphere at this time only fifteen remain with us till this day. We came from the east and the west, the north and the south and sat down together in the chapel on Tuesday.

To carry out the classification it might be well to say that Prince Edward Island furnished one—Lockhart, who left his porridge bowl and was henceforth to be a student. New Brunswick furnished five:—Miss Coates, whose warmth of heart has permeated the whole class from head to *Foot*; Miner—a good preacher and policeman; Stuart who has been noted in his later course for his regard for the faculty; McLeod who holds all the running records of college and country; and Todd our esteemed and revered critic and elocutionist. Nova