

students, bade our class good-bye at the end of the last Sophomore term. H. A. Payzant, H. M. Shaw, and Carl Shaw, all good students, also left us with the Sophomore year, to study medicine. Enlivened by social gatherings, geological and other excursions, the year passed rapidly. Good work was done. As the last term came to an end, preparations began for the Junior Geological Expedition. In good time were the examinations over. Ready to start were we at any time. But alas for fond hopes! the boat forgot to come. However an expedition was held, which proved enjoyable, at least so say those that went. The last week in May passed pleasantly.

Last fall we came back Seniors. Two joined us in the autumn,—Murray and Parker—making the class number twenty-three in all. The year has gone by quickly, and yet much of interest has occurred. Tho' not invited to usher at recitals as were the Senior classes before us, we have at last come to look upon it resignedly, and to keep back the tears. We have overcome all hard feelings, and as the closing days are hurrying away we would forgive, although perhaps we can't forget. With all your faults we love you still, that is of course the institution in an abstract way.

Time does not permit of narrating half of what suggests itself in writing the history of a college class. Many things no doubt have been referred to unimportant, and many matters of importance omitted. In the years that are to come, the memory of these college days will not easily be erased. Long will the events which here occurred echo in the memory of '94.

The last year of our course has come to an end. While conscious of many moments wasted in these years, of many opportunities for improvement lost, yet we can look back upon our course with much satisfaction, feeling that these years have not been wasted, but that for the training here received we shall be better able to perform life's duties, better fitted to do life's work.

CLASS PROPHECY.

"MUCH study is a weariness of the flesh." One bright May-day during the busy week of College examinations, I wandered heedlessly from the toilsome drudgery of books, and soon with a sigh of relief seated myself beside the rock dear to Acadia students.

Blue was the sky above me,
And green the earth at my feet,
The hemlocks sighed me a lullaby,
And the song of the water was sweet.

As I mused upon the names carved before me a shadowy form approached and said, "Maiden, I am the spirit of College Rock. I bid thee prophesy for the class of '94." But I replied in decisive and sur-