

which represented the Free Church hall at the late students' missionary convention in Liverpool is any criterion.

In the U.P. hall there is a very interesting and profitable course in practical drawing given by Prof. Hyslop. Besides a course in regular homiletics, lectures are given on the teaching of Jesus, the organization of the Christian church and such subjects. Once a week there is a practical talk with the class on subjects such as visiting the sick, administering the sacraments, managing church sessions, election of elders and managers, church discipline, etc. The students are encouraged to bring up difficulties they have had in their church work, and these are discussed before the class.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I hope this letter may be helpful to those who are contemplating a winter in Edinburgh, and may suggest to others the advisability of a similar course. If a personal testimony is in place I would say that, apart from college work altogether, it is well worth a student's while to spend a few months here.

A. C. BRYAN.

COMMUNICATIONS.

'97 AT HOME.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR,—Attracted by gay lights and an open door, though all unbidden, I entered your college walls one Friday evening recently—the seventh day of February, if my memory holds—and quite unnoticed I was the spectator of a delightful entertainment. Pretty toilets and charming faces were flitting about among the graver forms of young men, with bright laughter and music. It was a re-union or at home of one of your college classes, from what I overheard; the class which next year say good-bye to the halls that were then echoing with their merriment. From the universal jollity, from the sweet regrets when a fair companion had to be relinquished, from stolen tete-a-tetes and the other pretty everythings, I deem that evening will not be the least pleasant remembrance carried off, when the halls are forever empty of these roisterers. I picked up a programme somebody had let fall, and for your curiosity I insert it word for word:

Selection En route *Rosenstein.*
14TH BATT. ORCHESTRA.

Solo Selected.....
MISS GRIFFITH.

Address. MR. W. A. ALEXANDER, President of '97....

Pianoforte solo....Troisieme Ballade.....*Chopin.*
MISS HARRIS.

Recitation ... The Attack on Batoche.....
MR. J. FERGUSON.

Solo.....Afterward.....*Mullen.*

MR. W. A. McILROY.

AddressMR. C. G. YOUNG, B.A.....

Quartette Fairy Moonlight.....

MISS GRIFFITH, MISS SMITH,

MR. MEIKLEJOHN, MR. EDMISON.

Pianoforte soloSonata XI.....*Beethoven.*

MISS STEWART.

A pleasant programme enough; apparently furnished by the young men and women themselves, informally. No sweeping bows as each came forward to take his part, and no tedious speeches from a chairman who did not know his place. I liked the stirring ode on the victory of our soldiers at Batoche; it was done in fine, spirited style by a gentleman who might have been one of the heroes himself. The songs were all pretty too and the speeches eminently sensible. I think either the committee of affairs or the lady herself must have struck out the ballad from Chopin. I am sure it was something else. I always listen most attentively to piano music, because the rest of mankind take it as a signal for talk. The difficult sonata from Beethoven was played so well that the composer himself would have been pleased had he been there with me to hear it. Alas, could he have heard it all! Thus the programme, which was no sooner over than elsewhere in the building I heard more music yet, and soon all again was a delicious confusion. A supper room was thrown open and the dainty luncheon tempted the guests thither in groups of twos and threes. And so the enjoyment went forward till not much later than eleven, when the anthem with which Britons separate—I wish the musicians had played it all—sent everybody homeward, myself with the rest, sorry that I had been only a spectator of this youthful pastime.

L.

POETRY.

PROLOGUE UP TO DATE. (Continued.)

NEIGH him ther was his frend a Sophomore,
Who cam to Queene's just the yeer byfore,
In hoop that ther right wel he cowde scoley—
I feer fro bookes anon he turnede away.
Upon a seet he boldli set him down
With a ladye student com fro Whitby toun;
Hire eyen bleue, hire lippes softe and reede,
Ful quykli turnede the Queene's clerkes heed;
No mo of alle his compers he thought,
Al els bisides the ladye he forgot;
So hoot the passioun within his brest
To look on hire was set ful moche his lest.
But yit, so wel i-taught was sche withalle,
Sche let no oother from his lippes falle;
But trewely whan sche sawe him smoot so smarte,
She was pitous and of a tendre herte.
But his compers ne hadde not such sentence,