

other men on the mission field (and not counting the men of the Anglican Colleges who attend our Arts classes), only the following list of men now connected with the Hall, were then in residence: J. H. Buchanan, D. A. Chalmers, C. C. Inglis (at present officiating at Okanagan Landing, B. C.), J. Leslie, J. Y. McGookin, A. McIver, A. McLean, T. S. Paton, W. Taylor, and B. M. Wallace.

Though for most of these ten men that was their first year-end at the western coast of this great new Homeland:

Again at Christmas did we weave

The holly round the Christmas hearth;

And silent snow possess'd the earth,

And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.

Some may hold that the last two lines should give place to other two from another stanza of the same poem:

A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,

And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At any rate, calmly, happily, and "home-like-ly" passed our Christmas day. We had no speeches, but Mrs. Mackay presided at the piano, and appropriate songs and hymns were sung. If we thought of the "home folks"—and who did not?—we had no occasion to feel strangers in an alien land. We were "at home from home." Some folk may understand that better when it is noted that nine of these ten men are Scotsmen. The tenth man hailed from the Emerald Isle. No doubt all of them are now "United Empire Loyalists," to use the term with a modern significance.

So twines memory round the past.

A Time for Good Cheer and Reflection—Not for Speeches

Christmas dinner at the Hall in 1912 left nothing to be desired in the way of good cheer, and an extra supply of fruit, sent specially for the students by the Principal, was added to the Matron's goodly provisions for her large family of growing "Boys" with big appetites. In the temporary absence of the Dean of Residence on the football field, the president of this winter's students' council occupied the presiding chair, and called upon various men for impromptu speeches. Gordon, as a speaker he called upon at the last social remarked, has a good deal of the Irish "blarney" about him and, indeed, like "Father O'Flynn" has "a terrible way with him."

Various excuses for not making speeches were given the chairman on the spur of the moment: one man was "too full for utterance;" another (an Irishman, of course) said that "he was a man of action, not words at that season"—and forthwith resumed dining operations; while still another (a hard-working Scottish student) admitted that he was not "quite awake yet." All passed off in good humour, however, and however tired the men were—and many of them must have been tired after the examination and other work, and football and other play of that day and previous days and evenings—no one wished to cherish a grudge or knowingly hurt the feelings of any one else. It was indeed, as it should ever be, a happy Christmas dinner party; and if there was abundance and to spare to leave "a good taste in the mouth" physically, it may be believed that no man carried away any other than pleasant pictures to place in the halls of memory.

To one man, who apparently has not been attending First Presbyterian Church without benefitting, belongs the honour, on this informal occasion, of