

College Note-Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

The session of 94-95 is drawing to a close. The end is even now in sight. The next issue of the "Journal" will probably not be in the reader's hands until some forty-five or more theologues are enabled to answer the prevalent query, "Where are you going for the summer?" We are living just now beneath the shadow of coming events. For the most of us there is the sober confession, "We have left undone things which we ought to have done, and done what we ought not to have done, and the prospect for spring exams is not encouraging." Strange how one's sins of omission and commission rise before him at such time. Each day adds its fresh burden of lectures to the load, and the ordeal is every day a little nearer.

We are pleased to have Mr. Dseronian with us again after his recent illness. The severity of this northern climate affected our fellow-student's health, and for some time he was an inmate of the Victoria Hospital. In his enforced rest Mr. Dseronian had the sympathy of his many friends, who join with him in the hope that he may be able to complete his course here, and afterwards do missionary work in his native Persia.

We acknowledge the invitation of the students of the University of New Brunswick to be represented at their recent conversazione. At the same time expressing our regrets that circumstances rendered its acceptance impossible.

It was said that the movements of

one of the tall men belonging to the tribe of the Macs, were getting mysterious. His room-mate's admonitions and advice were being alike disregarded, his evening walks always took the same direction. It was in vain that the dust-covered volumes between whose covers knowledge was supposed to lie, silently protested their neglect. It remained to the professor whose department embraces the more practical duties of the ministry, to clear away the mystery. The teacher and student accidentally met one evening in a certain parlor, and the salutation was in this wise. "Are you making pastoral calls this evening, Mr. MacG.?"

The stair that leads to the West Wing is narrow and winding, and the light in that part of the building quite dull. Invading forces usually find the passage through the straits difficult of access. And it happened that on the special occasion of which I write that the belligerent spirit of Th-p-n was roused. Posted in the narrow passage and armed with a broom, he defied all-comers, while his allies were making the atmosphere decidedly damp. When suddenly all woke up to the fact that they were holding at bay a representative of the powers that be. There was a complete surrender on the part of the defenders when they were requested "to stop their playing."

The thanks of the "Journal" staff are due to Mr. Drysdale for his generous gift of stationery stamped with the college coat of arms.