

short for such a crisis, he failed to stop the charge, and the field where our dim prospects had for a time burned bright, was turned into an utter rout.

But again our courage and our scattered forces were collected. There was still the chance of beating the men of '97. This time Marshall, with characteristic gallantry, took the place of Uriah the Hittite, in the very front of the conflict, while McLachlan, "worthy to be a hero," retired with his unhealed wounds, to defend the goal. It is an exciting moment, the wind blows stealthily over the field, the adjacent pine trees sway their high tops and whisper "wait." Cries of exultation are answered by cries of defiance, while ever and anon waves high the green flag of '98. And now the conflict has begun; backward and forward waves the attack; the night is falling on every side, the pine trees toss and shriek in the excited wind. Charters has fallen, his face bathed in blood, Marshall is nowhere to be seen; down comes the '97 reserve in a terrific charge, McLachlan falls with a foot-ball in his bosom, the attack sweeps over him, and the field is lost. Darkness closes down on the remnant of '98, defeated but not dishonored.

Such is the record of our athletic aspirations. As winter came on, however, attention was directed to the arena of the literary society. Under the able management of President Mode, a novel and exciting feature was introduced into the programme in the shape of an oratorical contest between representatives of the different classes in arts and theology. It was left to each class to select its own representative. The class of '98 appointed its President. After several postponements, the contest was brought on at the open meeting of the spring term. Considering the impetus given to each speaker by the novelty of the contest, the importance of the occasion, the humiliation of not representing his class well, it may be imagined that Rev. Charles A. Eaton had no easy task before him when he stepped upon the platform to give judgment on the contest. But the members of '98 at least thought when he finished the task, that he was just the right man in the right place, and that he was a man of very clear judgment.

This event was on the eve of the spring exams, and soon the intense hush of preparation had paralysed every other