

with all standing. Then we proceed with the *menu*. We open with oysters in a variety of forms, proceed with turkey and ham with a tit-bit from *Bacon*, till we are brought up at pastry, with a remark under the head of puffs, from Capt. Cuttle: "Wall, I'll be blowed!" We recover our wind and start afresh on cake, chocolate and cocoanut, "for he's going to marry *Yum Yum*" (Ko Ko). We pass the kisses, for they are only "such stuff as dreams are made of," slip outside the jellies, crack a few nuts and jokes and *nunc est bibendum*, and the word is *ὅμως τερπόμεθα πάντες*. We do *τερπω* in speeches, and toasts and choruses and lemonade.

Our dignified and worthy President of Tables, old John L., rises amid enthusiastic cheering and proposes the toast "Knox College," and does it well. We respond with Tibb leading in "Upidee," the nearest thing to a yell we know. Farquharson proposes the good health of "Our Professors," and speaks of all they have done and are doing for us, of their kindly sympathy in our work, of their valuable help in class, to which we all give enthusiastic approval. Then comes McKay, presenting the "Grads." He speaks of the high position held by the grads of Knox in this country and in other lands, represented in London, England, by such men as Dr. Donald Fraser and Dr. J. Munro Gibson; in India, in Formosa, in Trinidad, in Central America, in Africa, and in our own North-West, by men doing noble work. We are proud of them he says, we hope to follow them. Then look at '86—what shall we not hope from these? True, for six months they are to be partially hidden, but then think of the brilliant bursting forth afterwards. We all agree, as does Mr. McNair of '85, in a witty speech—we do not retail the jokes—but our hearts go out to you all, dear grads, and we are proud to think of you and honor you for your noble work and your noble selves from Edmonton to India. The president calls for the next, and Gordon rises to propose the toast of the evening, "The Class of '86." Calling for support he strikes out with the emphatic declaration, "they are jolly good fellows," and then proceeds to prove it. But steady all! we sober up as he goes on, for he is talking of the boys going to leave us—we forgot that—no more coming back for them. He goes from the President of the Dining Hall, Mr. J. L. Campbell, to the President of the Missionary Society, Mr. Farquharson. then a word of remembrance for Mr.