

his stomach, taking some twelve hours to do it. He reached a clearing where he received help and had his injuries attended to by a medical student and the little finger of his right hand amputated. This laid him up for six months and then he returned to Canada about the year 1878.

He again got a position in the old College and stayed till the following June. Just then the Steward, Mr. Wood, left and Mr. Kingdon received the position and has held it since that time. "Alfie" leaves with the best wishes of all the boys and we sincerely wish him a most successful future.

CASUALLY ENCOUNTERED.

As we labored through the great drifts of snow which must be encountered on the way south from our dearly beloved College, and pressed our freezing hands to our frozen ears, and then again blew desperately into our icy gloves that if possible the warmth of our breath might preserve our hands till we arrived at home, we had time to think of many things.

But first and foremost—at least, as far as importance for the time being was concerned—came a great longing to get on the hockey team; but there was that "crack" in goal, and that "point;" isn't he a "daisy"? As for the cover-point, he's from Morrisburg. No chance there, and we can't play forward. "Quid faciamus?"

Scarcely had this mighty quotation passed through our frozen lips when an old gentleman overtook us, and even as he caught up with us he slackened his pace and seemed to wish to keep us company. He was tall and thin, with shaggy gray hair and a slight stoop of the shoulders, so that if we had been an artist or a camera-friend we should have had him sit for the "Ancient Mariner." We happened to turn west along Bloor. He turned with us. We walked along in silence until we were opposite the "Baptist College." Then he began:—

"You're late getting home from school."

"Just getting down from *College*," we corrected indignantly. "McMaster Hall, I suppose," said he, waving his hand in the direction of the Hall. "Yes," we answered laconically, supposing that he meant to inquire the name of the build-

ing, for it never entered our innocent head that after accompanying us down Avenue Road he should ask if we came from McMaster Hall. "Preparing for the ministry, I suppose," he went on. Again we answered "Yes," thinking that he referred to the chief end which the Baptist College has in view. Our companion now grew more loquacious. "I should imagine," he said, "that a large number of your fellow-students are yearly preparing themselves for the mission-field." Suddenly the light burst on us, we saw at once that all our answers had been taken as referring to ourself, so that our interrogator now thought that we were preparing for the ministry and that our fellow students were preparing to be missionaries. "Wouldn't they be 'pets,'" thought we. But not to make the old gentleman feel uncomfortable we went on as though we had been what he thought, and answered, "Yes, indeed, a very large number." "Do you know," he said, "I think there is one point greatly neglected in your studies." "What is that?" "I think you ought all to know something about medicine. How do you feel about that yourself?" We said that we thought it would be a very great advantage particularly for those going to the mission-field. He then led on to speak of some points of doctrine of which we knew nothing. But by agreeing with whatever he said, he was quite content to talk straight ahead and leave us to our melancholy thoughts *re* the hockey team.

But this would not be a true account if we did not tell that we were almost floored before parting by the question "who took Professor So-and-So's place after his death?" Now as we were ignorant of the fact that there had ever been a Professor So-and-So at the Hall, this was difficult to answer and how we did so we may not tell, for it might destroy our reputation and injure the morals of the reader.

MORAL.

If you find suddenly that you've been innocently telling howling "crams," *don't* go on, but hasten to explain.

"The singing of the Lonelyville choir reminds me of an experience I had the other night returning from the Club." "What was it?" "It took me about half an hour to strike the right key."