

Riccio's blood and gulled a confiding public for many generations, is no longer to be seen. Remorse has seized the conscience of the waggish Scot and he has had it removed. The bed in which Charles I. slept is also on exhibition. It is large enough for a whole family. Perhaps the chief object of interest is the bed of Mary Queen of Scots—the same bed under which Mary no doubt used to look every night to see if there was a man there. The appearance of the bed now does not reflect much credit on Mary's house-keeping accomplishments.

We expect to start from Edinburgh for London about the 20th March, Friday. All classes close on the following Wednesday. We hope to take a short trip on the continent before returning.

Walker is sitting opposite me reading the life of Knox. Did you ever hear the name? I have great difficulty in keeping him from singing "Here's to good old Queens." No doubt E. G. was thinking of the stirring lectures we heard on the same subject last session from our lecturer on Church History.

The letter goes on to say: Last Friday we had a skate on Duddingston Loch, just behind Arthur's seat. There were upwards of a thousand people on the ice.

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## COLLEGE NEWS.

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### CLASS OF '92.

THE members of the notable class of '92, desiring to add not only to their importance but also to their mutual acquaintance, have been holding monthly reunions, at which even the venerable seniors might get some points. The last meeting was held on Wednesday afternoon, January 21st., for which an excellent programme was provided. The first piece was a new and startling college chorus entitled "Solomon Levi." The historian then read a page or two of the preface to the history of the class, after which followed a trio in which Messrs. Hugo, Argue and Easton exceeded our highest expectations. Then came the debate on the question: "Is Mathematics or English the most important factor in mind training?" Messrs. H. H. Hunter, Byers and Norris were chosen to uphold the affirmative, and Messrs. D. McIntosh, R. F. Hunter and Menzies to support the negative. Owing to lack of time, and fear of darkness and John, Messrs. Norris and Menzies had not an opportunity for displaying their oratorical powers. Mr. H. H. Hunter opened the debate, and his strongest argument seemed to be that no student could expect to pass physics without first having twisted his brain with mathematical problems. Mr. McIntosh, on behalf of English, held that an honor course in mathematics tended to make a student one-sided, whereas English developed all the faculties. He expressed himself thus: "The study of English literature enlarges one's sympathies and develops one's emotions, whereas the study of mathematics tends to make a man, a hard, dry lump of intellectuality." Mr. Byers, in replying for mathematics, made the sage remark that every animal had emotions, and that it was not feeling, but thinking, that made the man. He vigorously upheld mathematics as a study which could exer-

cise to the utmost one's thinking powers. In his excitement this startling sentence burst from his lips: "Mr. Gladstone, the grandest Englishman now living, owes his great renown to his deep and thorough study of mathematics." To this Mr. R. F. Hunter then replied that it was not at all likely that Mr. Gladstone swayed the minds of his audience by propounding to them knotty mathematical problems, and that his power was probably due rather to a thorough knowledge of the English language. Many other arguments, old and new, were brought forward, but space forbids their repetition. As a result of the debate English was declared victorious. The next piece on the programme was a most edifying Gaelic chorus by Messrs. McRae, S. Ross, H. H. Hunter, R. F. Hunter and J. Stewart, after which an original poem on the class of '92 was read by one of the members. Then, after the hearty singing of another glee, the class adjourned to meet again some time in February.

The following is the poem read at the reunion of the third year:

Should you ask me whence these students,  
Whence these sages and musicians;  
With the foreheads of the learned,  
With the wear and tear of lectures,  
With the wooden clubs of hockey,  
With the sliding skates of magic,  
With their frequent intermissions,  
And their stamping repetitions?  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
From the cities and the countries,  
From the Provinces, Dominion,  
From the land of Sam their uncle.

Out of childhood into manhood,  
Now have grown up all the students,  
Skilled in all the arts of logic,  
Learned in all the lore of juniors,  
In all the boyish games and pleasures,  
In all manly kinds of labour.  
Swift of pen are all the students;  
They can scribble lectures faster  
Than our smoothest-tongued professor  
Can fling the phrases from him,  
Fling the wisdom to the students,  
State the knotty points for exam.  
And this class of two and ninety,  
Little know we of their workings,  
Simply come to swell their numbers:  
Never heeded introductions,  
Never hearkened to their thunders  
Listened while our brothers argued,  
Listened while the chairman answered,  
But not once our lips we opened,  
Not a single word we uttered.  
Yes! as in a dream we listened  
To the words of all our classmates.

Now the jolly class of juniors  
Think within themselves and ponder,  
Much perplexed by strange forebodings,  
Toiling, striving, hoping, fearing,  
Dreading the examinations,  
In the spring of one and ninety,