

does not ignore, but blesses life at every point, and that in Science, Philosophy or Theology the only thing to be dreaded is error, and the only thing worth seeking is truth. Such a Conference as was held may help to unify thought, remove prejudices and misconceptions, and thus establish the mind more firmly than ever in "the faith."

With all the others, the writer wishes to express the kindness shown by the professors in every way that could make the mental, spiritual and social life the most profitable and enjoyable to every member of the Alumni Conference.

J. H.

Coubourg, March 13, 1893.

ARTS CONTINUED.

The only person qualified to assign the proper place in the botanical catalogue to A. Rannie would be a specialist on the species fungus. Vegetating unobtrusively in a frock coat without a crease, and a broad-brimmed hat, he would probably bloom unnoticed, unless like the daisy of Wordsworth he were given prominence by an admirer of nature in its modesty and simplicity. After basking for four years in the sunny atmosphere of classes and the Y. M. C. A., he will be transplanted to the more wintry climate of Divinity Hall; there he will bend like the reed and not break like the oak before the storms of heresy and the breezes of higher criticism, and no doubt survive to blossom in some country parish.

Besides growing, sleeping, studying classics and keeping quiet generally, H. W. Bryan has advanced from knickerbockers to long pants since he entered college. He has never been known to go to bed without saying his prayers, or to class without learning his lessons. Once, when the professor was away, he skipped a class; but that was after he had commenced honours, and attendance was not compulsory. Sometime when mamma does not know, he is going to see what the big boys do at Alma Mater, or peek in a window at a hockey match; but just now these are forbidden pleasures. Nobody knows what he is going to do when he is a man; he is not sure yet.

J. D. McLennan, alias Sir John Thompson, hails from Port Hope, and is one of the most popular men in the class. Of a genial and whole-souled nature, enlivened by his quiet, but rich, Irish wit, he is a general favorite with the boys, and is idolized by the ladies. Such times as he can spare from his studies are devoted to the fair sex, thereby smoothing off the rough edges of his character, generated by contact with a cruel and unkind world. Being of a mathematical turn of mind he can knock the "spots" off most men in certain lines of study. Though a good student he is no plugger and may well be described in the words of the poet:

"He ne'er had a janius for work,
'Twas never the gift of the Bradies,
But he'd make a most illigant Turk,
For he's fond of tobacco and ladies."

Charles McLeod has been called "the man in the moon," not because dogs bark at him, not because of his unhinging influence on the minds of tender maids, nor yet because he is fuller at one time than at another; but he has been so called because of the distinct earthly likeness he bears to that high-born highlander. There is a point, however, where the likeness fails; Charlie is always at the full and always smiling. His home is in Prince Edward Island, but his sojournings in Boston have given him a strong liking for such Republican institutions as baked beans and popular pulpits. He is yearning for both, and, like the baby in Pears' soap, he won't be happy till he gets them. With his unique "swing of conquest" he will no doubt get there, to the delight of his many friends at Queen's.

Andrew Haydon came here with the eyes of all Pakenham and Almonte upon him, much to his own discomfort. Though an Anglican, and no believer in predestination, he was, nevertheless, predestined from his birth to make a detailed and careful study of law and the ladies of '94—his intense application to which has brought about a serious affection of the heart, to relieve which he finds it necessary to take large and frequent doses of R—, R—, (Ready Relief.) On account of his legal propensities he has already had several briefs in connection with sales of picture frames and the ruinous repetition of dried apple sauce at three meals a day, but has otherwise taken but little interest in the Alma Mater. Andy