

asked, as yet, for the resignations of the latter.

A short biography of each will be furnished on application.

Lives of theologs remind us

That vigils, we should ne'er give o'er.

And, departing, leave behind us

Double fasteners on our door.

—Dedicated to W. B. C.

The Literary Society has begun the Spring term with the following officers:

Hon. President—Dr. Laird.

President—H. J. Kinley.

Vice-President—Miss W. Beall.

Leader of Glee Club—C. W. St. John.

Secretary—J. E. Lane.

Treasurer—T. D. Brown.

Councillors—Miss A. Jamieson and S. P. Riddell.

With such an able executive, the success of the Society for the present term is assured. There is nothing in College life that is more helpful to a student than participation in the exercises of the Literary Society. We hope to see many new faces, as well as old ones, on the Friday evenings yet to come.

On the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 15, the members of the Previous Class betook themselves in a body to the home of Professor Cochrane. The Professor, emerging from his study, was somewhat taken aback at first, but soon recovered, and, with the aid of Mrs. Cochrane, gave the boys and girls of the class a hearty reception.

When all were seated, Miss Jamieson presented the Professor with a gold-headed cane, inscribed "R. R. C., Previous, '97-'98." The Professor's reply was in a most apt and happy vein. He thanked the class for their appreciation of his services, and assured them of his interest in their progress.

Refreshments were then served by the hostess, which, as usual, put the boys in great good humor, bursting out in college songs, one of the musicians of the class at the piano. Amusing anectodes by the Professor "filled each pause these night-

ingales had made," and so the evening wore on. The programme closed with "He's a jolly good fellow," and the class took their leave.

Then the boys lined up on the street, spelled W-E-S-L-E-Y, gave the Professor the college yell in regular Wesley style, and all returned happy, resolved never in future to neglect Mathematics.

When one of the boys, who rooms in the College, returned after his Christmas holidays, he found that an enterprising theological student had entered the room, put all the portable property outside and moved in his own. A "somebody's been in my bed and ruffled it" feeling took possession of the proprietor, and the interloper received a sudden call to sojourn elsewhere. We believe he is now preparing a discourse on the uncertainties of an itinerant life and the mutability of all human affairs. Truly,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor has that little long."

On the evening of December 15th Professor Stewart received a visit from the Theological class. The Professor evidently wondered what was about to transpire, as one after another they filed into the parlor of his home. However, the mystery was soon solved in the presentation of an address and a large comfortable study chair as an expression of the high esteem in which the Professor is held, not only as a man of deep learning, but one who manifests great interest in the welfare of every student under his charge.

In a few well-chosen remarks the Professor thanked the Class for their kindly words in the address and for the gift of the chair, and trusted that not only while in College, but as they went out for the battle of life, each student would consider him as their most interested and earnest friend.

Junior—"May I have the pleasure?"

Miss P—"Oui."

Junior—"What does 'oui' mean?"

Miss P—"O. U. and I."—Ex.