

CLASS OF '98.

The next member of the "Class of '98," about whom it is now our duty to venture a few remarks is D. McP—n. We enter upon the task with a strange admixture of pleasure and fear; pleasure, because it is always pleasant to pay a tribute to merit; fear, from the inability of our pen to do justice to the subject of this sketch. The greatness of the task, however, does not arise from the magnitude of his person, for with him as with many great personages, we find a large mind lodged in a small body.

Brought up in the beautiful and stirring town of Sydney Mines, with the hum of busy machinery in his ears, and many examples of that power which a true education gives before him, D's mind early acquired a thirst for knowledge and a desire to penetrate within the inner circle, to fathom those secrets known only to the chosen few. This thirst it was which caused him to make good progress in the school of his native village; this desire it was which led him at an early age to present himself at St. F. X. College, there, to have opened before his eyes a broader field for his activity, and to have his intellect fed on the choicest pabulum which such an institution alone can furnish.

To a casual observer, there was very little in D's appearance to attract attention; but a second look at his open and ingenuous countenance, served to convince one of the gentleness and modesty of his nature. No need when thinking of him to recall those famous lines of Burns,—

"O wad some pow'r the giftee gie us.
To see oursels as others see us!"

Or, if recalled, these lines in his case would bear an interpretation opposite to what the poet intended.

Jovial and full of humor, McP. soon became a prime favorite with all classes in the College, but especially with the younger members. Often were we almost terrified, imagining some dire calamity about to happen, on beholding, what appeared to be a line of approaching soldiers, their bayonets glistening in the light; but which on a nearer approach proved to be nothing more formidable than a number of the *little boys* with D. at their head, bearing aloft poles, sticks and other equally dangerous weapons, and marching in a body to attack the stronghold of the *harpies*.

Dan's patriotism knew no bounds. Not content with bringing his single arm to his country's defence, he endeavored to