

DIVINITIES.

This gentleman will introduce himself.

"My name is 'Denis Great Scott Connery ;
On the Belfast hills my father feeds his—."

(I'd let you know this is not a corruption of the original "Dennis Conroy.")

I'm a B.A. from Manitoba College and the famous Irish School of Elocution.

We take the gentleman's word for it and proceed with his biography. He came to this country in the interest of Home Rule, and has travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, like a modern prophet, unburdening his soul in these fateful words :

"Bells ! bells ! bells !
Bells of all kinds, high and low,
Bells by Edgar Allan Poe :
Bells all cracked and bells unbroken,
Marriage bells by the same token."

It is said he has had many offers, "which he did thrice refuse"—and "over went another sand bag" every time.

This gentleman, with 40 H.P. lungs, has a wind supply greater than any other in the class. He is destined to climb high ; "yea to chimney tops," and let us hope even higher still—"for we are his countrymen."

Next comes our only successful candidate for imperial favour, the only man in the class who needs no padding, nor pocket weights, nor high heeled boots, to bring him up to the standard.

Great Cæsar's ghost chuckled :

"Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights,"

and turning to James Madill he exclaimed :—"Thou art the man."

(Yet this is the man who puts a dinner at the Frontenac on a par with chicken stealing.)

James is a thorough believer in immediate inspiration as the great source of all good sermons, and quotes his favourite poet with great feeling :

"What's a' the jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and spoons ?
Gie me a spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learnin' I desire."

Having fulfilled the apostolic injunction regarding 'one wife,' he believes himself justified in assuming the office of a bishop, and accordingly is now in charge of Classic Oxford.

Needless to say, James is not a fossil ; he believes in keeping abreast of the times, and has even been known to take notes in anticipation of the Principal's next remark. These extra

notes are never likely to be brought up in court against him, however, as they are all covered up by a cabalistic ETC.

A square set man and honest : and his eyes
An outdoor sign of all the warmth within.

One day in November, 1890, a little lad with sunny locks, and a winning smile, walked into Divinity Hall with an ink bottle and a note book.

The patriarch looked at him, and, as he thought of his own little boy at home, led him to a seat.

The grave professor asked him if he wanted anything, and the boy said, "Yes'm, I want to be a minister." Such was the initiation of Charles H. Daly, B.A., into the mysteries of "The Saints' Rest."

The Doctor of Divinity said very quietly :

"So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran."

After Charlie had given him a few posers, however, the Doctor changed his opinion of "the boy," and exclaimed aloud :

"How much more older art thou
Than thy looks !"

"The boy makes the man." Mr. Daly is now a grave and reverend divine. Despite the trials and worries of these three years, Mr. Daly has retained the old time heartiness of voice and manner. When you meet him you are not surprised at the impression that has been recorded in the log-book of the Levana Society :

"A man he is, to all the ladies dear,
For whom we'd work art slippers all the year."

He has always been a good worker in the College, and even when engaged in mortal struggle with "Physics, the Gorgon," he never shirked duty on the plea of "no time."

Who does not wish him well ? And who is not confident that the wish is likely to be realized ?

It is generally quite easy to distinguish professor and student. One wears an *I am* look, while the other can only muster up a sort of *maybe*. This rigid rule finds its exception in Neil McPherson, M.A. He has frequently been mistaken for the other man.

Neil is a living example of the transfixing power of ideas and ideals.

Somebody has said "the Scotch have the knack of combining religion and whisky." Neil has not dishonoured his ancestors in the