

umn, so we turn to the last one of the black coats, who is none other than the distinguished Rannie Phalen, the curly-headed boy of '92. Who is not familiar with that character in Dickens' Great Expectations, Pip's father? He and our present worthy have both these distinguishing characteristics. Rannie is a most eloquent preacher, lecturer and singer, and has made for himself a continental reputation by his famous lecture, "An evening with Burns, illustrated with songs by the lecturer." He will be missed in the College and the city, and already can we almost hear the doleful strains of that sad song:—

"We turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
And the heart that is with us no more."

But scenes must change, and Rannie leaves well equipped to take his place in the world.

Thus have we tried to present to our readers short rapid sketches of the men of '92, who are to leave the grateful shadow of their Alma Mater to take their part in building up a nation, and in shaping the destinies of individuals. In numbers they represent the largest class that has ever gone forth from Queen's Theological Hall. In quality we trust they will prove themselves as good as any of their predecessors. If scholarship and earnestness count for anything the class of '92 will occupy no secondary position in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. We know it must be hard to say farewell to College days, especially College days in Queen's. In seven years a student learns to think of Kingston as his home, of the people as his friends. Kingston makes the life of a student a happy one. But the parting time must come, the happy days must end, and the stern realities of life must be faced. Upon one and all the JOURNAL pronounces a blessing.

"Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear,
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke—oh, how severe."

'92.

Norris is an Honour Mathematician, and is marked by the painful silence which all that class seem to have. While he by right belongs to '93, he intends graduating this year, provided the Senate will permit him. Next to John he is the most important man in the college, being Sheriff of the Court, the daily

labours pertaining to which office he has performed in a most enervating manner. His chief beauty is his moustache, which he always wears of the same colour as his overcoat.

A. D. Menzies intended on entering to take honours in some five departments, but has since narrowed down to Philosophy, his M.A. in which he intends to take at the same time as his brother the freshman. He is then going into Divinity Hall, in anticipation of which joyous event he pays a good deal of attention to the ladies, though here his brother is distinctly superior. We predict for him "a long life, a handsome wife, and bairnies three times three."

A. Graham—congratulations mingled with regrets will be the order of the day when it is fully realized that Archie will in a few brief weeks graduate in Arts, in Theology, in Gymnastics and in Hymnology, and bid farewell to Kingston. Possessed of no little determination and ability he has already won for himself quite a reputation as a preacher; and as a further evidence of his laudable stick-to-itiveness he has recently cultivated a superb whisker, the envy of all who cannot do better.

Dan. MacIntosh has a bad habit of smiling—in a strictly literal sense, of course. In addition to this he has taken honours in the study of Latin, English and human nature, especially the feminine side of it. He wears a black moustache and long, silky hair, and altogether looks strictly poetical, though we fear that any one who, on the strength of his appearance, thought him visionary would be grievously disappointed. His sojourning among us has not been uninterrupted, but in spite of this his heart has ever been faithful "to good old Queen's."

James Stewart pays a great deal of attention to—no, no, not the ladies, but something much more interesting, foot-ball and mathematics. For two seasons he has been on the first team in the former, and intends this year to carry off the medal in the latter, unless the Sheriff of the Court stops him. He is strictly harmless if let alone, but when much aggravated has been known to say: "By George."

Eleazar Calvin Gallup hails from Ottawa, and if the forecasts of our seer be reliable he