

Class Prophecy.

I sat in my chamber window dreaming—dreaming of the past; and my thoughts went back—far back to my Normal College days.

Through the vista of years memories rushed, and a longing came o'er me to know in what ken or sphere I could find the Normalites of Naughty-nine.

Thus I sat and dreamed.

Suddenly I was startled by a small voice whispering,—and looking around I beheld the daintiest little fairy imaginable.

"I am the fairy who grants all good wishes," she said, "and I have come to grant yours."

Producing a pair of winged sandals, which she said were invisible to all but myself, she bade me put them on and never remove them during my journey; then bidding me close my eyes and not to open them until she gave me permission to do so, she took me by the hand.

I felt myself lifted up, up,—then down, down until the soft rustle of leafy branches told me I must be nearing Mother Earth again.

The fairy's voice whispered, "Open your eyes." I did so and looked around—my attention was arrested by a lady standing in a

doorway; she was speaking to a person, whom I could not see. I heard her say, "The Reverend— will be in, in half an hour."

The voice certainly sounded familiar. I looked closer. It was my old classmate, Avis Reynolds.

The magic of the fairy had already begun to have its effect. As I looked at her, I thought of the number of times this maiden had said, "Whatever you do, don't tell anybody about that little minister," and I shook my head and smiled. I could not stay long, my sandals wanted to try their speed, and from New Brunswick,

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