

land's icy mountains. (The older children had been reading of Carey to him).

Dropping from his imaginative flight and bringing with the drop a feeling such as never child had felt before of the sacredness of life, the sanguine spirit became tinctured with set resolve to cross that sea, touch those distant shores and, mayhap, the lives thronging their almost boundless limits. The idea of childhood died no natural death, but became more and more a part of the boy, having at this moment full possession of the man, and none of the pleasures and advantages of western civilizations, no, not even one of Eve's fair daughters, have power to so enthrall his senses, but that his vision of the early-born intent remains clear and undimmed.

He attended the High School of Montreal, entering into the sports and studies provided there with the usual zest of most lads. After spending a few years in the business section of the city, he entered old McGill to graduate in '07 from the Faculty of Arts. Being in no particular hurry to complete his theological training and knowing that a few years of practical experience might add measurably to wisdom already acquired, he found opportunity to learn French as a teacher in the Point-aux-Trembles school, where we learn, he played tag with the boys and made love to the girls. The good principal of the institution feeling that really if Monsieur Ross was going to become a church man he must become more sedate and serious than he here shewed inclination to be, expelled him from school and county to a good theological seminary in New Haven, Conn., but to our delight, for unknown reasons, consequently, better left unsaid, he joins a year later our '06 Honour Class.

During his two years spent with us, he has found time not only to acquit himself with honour as a student, but to give time and effort to the interests of the college at large. He has been president of the Literary Society during the past session, and carries with him as his share of the spoils of his class, the silver medal and the McCorkill Fellowship, together with the satisfaction of knowing that he escaped only by a hairsbreadth the highest honours of graduation.

A serious student, a musician of repute (for he can handle the tuning fork to perfection and undoubtedly, cultivated the art that he might fill the native with holy awe) a Christian gentleman. May he grow and prosper.