

classes. It was before the days of the trophies, so we have nothing to shew for our victory, but the fact remains that in her second year the Class of '98 cleared out every other class foot-ball team on the campus.

These were a few of the events which came to break the monotony of our second year. But what of that monotony itself? We are accustomed to look carefully for the outstanding events and overlook the details. As a rule, at the end of a day, a person cannot point to a single markedly important thing which he has learned during its hours, and yet it is the days which make years, and it is the acts and thoughts of days which make up character and life.

In that monotony, then, perhaps the most influential feature was the introduction, through psychology, to the mental sciences. Every child is a philosopher, and perhaps for his years, the child is a greater philosopher than the average man, but were it not for such studies, in the great majority of cases, the infantile yearnings would wither and die under the blows and buffetings of an unfriendly world. Whether or not this may be true in our members, it was at least our opportunity to catch from the every day duties of our second year some glimpses of the one increasing purpose that runs through all things.

We will not speak of the examinations. Of course they came in due time, and once more we were free. We had started a class-letter the previous summer, but it proved a very tardy voyageur indeed. But our letter of the second summer was swift and busy as a little bee. It flew from the crowded city to the green countryside, it shared with the lonely tea agent some of the pleasures of the gay camping-ground, it dispensed sweet memories and fresh courage wherever it went, and yet its precious cargo did not lessen in the least. Thus we were kept in sight of each other through the swift passing summer, and when October came, we felt more attached to the old class than if we had never been separated. And great was the need of unity, for eight of the faithful were missing, and only two newcomers, W. P. Reekie and S. R. Stephens, of '97, joined us to offset the loss. Thus we entered the junior year over-shadowed on both sides by classes almost double our number.