

members of '94. Last month we met Mr. Young; he was conducting a party of students on a geological expedition in the Himalayas. His success in that work is world-renowned. He has discovered the fossilized remains of a new species of animal life belonging to the pre-Adamic period. In honor of his alma mater he has named it *Humbugus Acadiensis*. I must tell you about Lew Wallace, I had a fine visit with him. After being graduated from Rochester, you know, he became a missionary to the Patagonians. He has founded and is president of a Patagonian university with co-education. Owing to the scarcity of female help arising from co-education, he has perfected a system of co-operative living. He inherits such a hopeful patrimony of geniality that by the simple shake of the hand thousands of pagans have been civilized, and he will be renowned in history as the converter and civilizer of Patagonia."

After a few words more, I vanish. My key transports me now to a more genial clime. I hear a familiar earnest voice issuing from the open window of a handsome church. I recognize it as that of one of whom it was said, "He lifted up his trumpet voice, shouted aloud and spared not." When the service is over I join a pleasant looking person and learn that the Rev. Lindsay Slaughenwhite is the esteemed pastor of the first church in this prosperous city, and that his eloquence and faithful work are making a great impression for good upon mankind.

My surroundings again change. They are familiar and yet strange. My puzzled brain finds a resting place when I look northward upon stern enduring Blomidon. My senses emerge from their confused state. I am standing before a large stone edifice, glancing up I see in large gilt symbols "'94." Entering I find Prof. Coldwell. He knows me and readily answers my queries. "In this building, which I suppose you know is a museum, I take much pride. It was erected from the proceeds of the June concert which your class gave." I express my satisfaction with the disposal of the funds and say to myself, "Pretty well for the class that was practised on," and then proceed to examine the curios. Among them I notice a case with the label, "The ghost of the Junior Expedition laid by Dr. Sawyer." In another case I find a peculiar collection. It consists (1) A hideous and absurd petrification of a Sophomore racket, (2) the cast-off stupid looking mask of a Sophomore Special English Examination, and (3) beside this the withered and contemptible countenance of its twin brother the Sophomore Rhetorical. I next make a close examination of a collection of feathers plucked from the following orders: *Novi homines*, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. After gazing at a rare collection of University goose eggs, I press my key.

Time alone is annihilated. I wend my way from the College grounds along Professor Street, till I reach a stately residence on Extension Avenue. On the door-plate I read, "Judge Ferguson." Acting under the influence of the spell that is upon me, I pass through the closed entrance and realize that I am invisible. Seated before a sumptuous repast I see with delight a number of the class of '94. Men and women who have known each other in the golden days of youth, now gathered together in the prime of life, prosperous and yet full of hope.