

held the closest attention of the audience to the finish. After music by the class double-quartette came the "Class Prophecy," by Miss Alberta Parker. This paper was certainly a brilliant one,—always overflowing with wit, humorous imagination, poetry, and good sense, Miss Parker here fairly excelled herself. The paper, well worthy of preservation, is printed in the current issue. Mr. Ferguson gave a short address to undergraduates, which contained a number of good points, and, if followed, would do away with a good many inter-class quarrels. Then came the awarding of prizes, according to the merit or the success attained in the peculiarities which were the leading characteristics of the prize-winners. The awarding was done by Mr. Dunlop in a remarkably clever and characteristic manner. After this was read "The Class Poem," and "Valedictory," by E. Blackadder, which appears in this issue. Lastly was sung the "Class Song," written for the occasion.

CLASS HISTORY '94.

FOUR years ago, on a bright September day, a modest, unassuming, but nevertheless talented class of young men and maidens entered these halls of lore. No extraordinary demonstration was made at the time. Indeed each autumn for many years had seen gather Freshman classes to outward appearances similar to this. When the trees put forth their buds in spring little can we surmise the harvest. The intervening years have done their work. To-day the class of '94, though modest and unassuming as ever, yet feeling it useless to attempt to conceal longer facts so palpable, invite your closest attention to a narration of the events of these years. If at times the adventures and intellectual feats may seem to be portrayed in colors too mild, it must be remembered that no little allowance should be made for the fact that characteristic modesty forbids of course the disclosing of all.

A Freshman class is ever characterized by more or less trepidation. Not so that of '94. Strolling into the chapel with sedate and dignified tread, unabashed by the presence of those who professedly knew more than we, with coolness and self-possession on that first day of our college life we took our seats. The Sophomores eyed us curiously, as if wondering whether we would carry the burdens of the first year as successfully as they had done before us. The Juniors cast furtive glances towards us, and as the President began to read the usual passage for the first day, beginning, "The way of the transgressor is hard," seemed to wonder whether the path to be trodden by us would be as hard as it had been for them, and as the chapter was con-