

visions and magic crystals and electric telescopes and other exceedingly convenient devices for peering into the future and all over the world at once, have been so used again and again by those whose mantle I have inherited, that I had not the heart to reinflct any of them upon this long-suffering faculty and student-body and assembly of friends that meet here year after year and kindly try to be interested as we play our last little farce on the stage of this institution. And again, it did not seem fitting that this class, like unto which none other has studied and loafed, and chummed and squabbled and found pleasure and pain within this classic walls, should be ushered into the "to-be" by any commonplace method. And so, as I said, I died. I had no other course.

As this to-me-important event happened not so very long ago, I still have a very distinct recollection of the circumstances, which, at the risk of boring you, I will briefly relate.

I was walking aimlessly along the crowded street of a great city in one of the upper provinces, when suddenly there was a dizzy, choking sensation, then a numbness and the next I knew I was somewhere watching an excited crowd surrounding something still on the sidewalk. I say *somewhere*, because I had then and have yet no distinct sense of locality. Indeed, I have not yet settled to my satisfaction whether what I now call *me* is a definite organism which can travel at will through space, or whether I have no relation to space and am simply conscious wherever my thought or attention happens to be fixed. Be that as it may, the fact remains that at whatever place I happen to be thinking of, there I actually am and am conscious in some inexplicable way of what is going on there.

At the time of which I have spoken I was conscious of being near a crowd of people who were discussing in quite an animated manner whether that on the sidewalk which was formerly me, was dead or in a fit or simply—overcome. Opinion seemed about equally divided with a slight preponderance in favor of the last view. Their conversation was interrupted by the advent of a burly and important looking individual who, shouldering his way through them and loudly announcing himself as a doctor, made a brief examination and pronounced me to be undoubtedly defunct. This done, and finding that no one in the crowd could identify the body, he rang for an ambulance to take it to the hospital near by of which he was the chief surgeon. While waiting for this, he was hurriedly approached by a diminutive figure who excitedly addressed him :—

"Say, Webster, is he dead?"

"Hullo! Pidgeon, is who dead?"

"Why Crandall there."

"That's Crandall is it? I'd never have known him. Oh yes, he's dead enough. Why?"

"There!—isn't that my luck! He's owed me a dollar and a half for over a week now. He was down to my office last week and tried to get me to admit him to the asylum but the patients there