

tures and Mock Trials, the Academy Hall was placed at their disposal.

Speaking of mock trials—the writer has a vivid recollection of one. He himself was the criminal, charged with the serious crime of failing to produce an essay when required by the ATHENÆUM. R. V. Jones, is Judge, solemn and grave, in the robes of his office, B. H. Eaton is counsel for the defendant. Dr. Cramp is there with the college faculty, as well as students, and the elite of the town. The eloquent pleading of the defence avail nothing with the jury except a coupling to the verdict "guilty" "a recommendation to mercy." The accused is permitted to give reason why sentence should not be pronounced. He pleads, in trembling tones his innocence, and remembering how once the greatest of ancient orators procured a verdict in his favor, he also appeals to the audience to say if they do not believe him to be innocent? "Yes," "yes," is the response. Then turning to the Judge he exclaims "Hear what they say." Some are amused, the good Doctor shakes his sides; but the Judge is stern and unmoved, and saying "The case will be referred to the bench of Judges," dismisses the court.

I am writing for the time in the history of the society with which I am personally conversant. We had a goodly number of choice spirits in our midst. A few names of those who have laid down the harness and gone to their reward may be allowed in this connection.

Chas. F. Hartt, was an artist and linguist, but the natural sciences were his delight. He studied under Agassiz, at Harvard. He became a tutor and author, and died in Brazil, a martyr to his favorite pursuit.

James E. Wells was known as a profound thinker. He loved to argue, and so did R. L. Weatherbee ('58), now Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. It was but natural for them to come together in friendly encounter. He taught in Woodstock, Ontario. He became a contributor to the *Toronto Globe*, or one of the staff of Editors, and finally Editor of the Canadian Baptist, and filled all these positions with distinguished success. His death was sincerely lamented.

J. E. P. Hopper was a New Brunswicker by birth and sentiment. He labored hard in the way he believed right, to promote the cause of christian education in his own province. He was a fluent speaker, and commanded a wide influence among his brethren.

Joseph F. Kempton had not the early advantages of many others, but he could plod. He cultivated both the intellect and the heart. The story of his first struggle for an education would be almost pathetic. His was not the soft nature that gives way in the presence of difficulty. He could endure and overcome. He won an honorable place in the gospel ministry.

But the good and gifted have not all died. W. H. Porter, continues a successful, Ontario Pastor. He took the honors of his class. He shares this glory with Henry Johnstone, of '51; T. A. Higgins, of '54; and his brother Robert of the class of '57. We might ex-