paper reporter would probably say, in his constant effort to substitute for fact gushing, if not poetical, fancy,—those islands, I say, called in America "Hawi-a," in England "Ha-wa-i," outstripped all other foreign exhibitors by sending a delegation of three. They had been carefully reared on Brimstone and Trea-cle at a sugar plantation on the slopes of the great Volcano. We even had a delegate from China. Poor fellow! He set out by buying all his books from Ridler. But his pocket-book could not stand this drain, and he was forced to leave us. From Athens, Gilead, Delphi, and many other towns of Eastern historic fame, which, we were told, were now in the United States, the medley of different races has come. So the class of Ninety-four has some from many parts of the world.

A few preliminary courses of lectures are always given by certain members of the Faculty to the innocent strangers, before the regular work begins. The first of these was given by "the Bird," and consisted of one lecture on the enormity of offering an umbrella to be checked with the ferrule toward the lecturess. The result, in our case, was undoubtedly good, as it produced a feeling of thankfulness that the Bird was caged. The next lecture was given to the class as a whole. A man appeared before us to urge the desirability of certain sets of drawing instruments, and also to persuade the class that he did not make anything on the sale. His eagerness on this last point caused us to open our eyes, and we have ever since been suspicious.

Last of these preliminary lectures came that which was announced by,—

"The President will meet the First-Year students at ten o'clock in Huntington Hall."

It was then that we were introduced to the man to whom Technology owes so much, to whom every one looks with reverence and regard. The hush, that is felt when President Walker approaches, is proof that the uniform kindness and sympathy he extends to all who need it have touched every one with whom he comes in contact. And I venture to assert that there is no one connected with us to-day who does not realize that the institution is great which possesses such a President.

The first important event of classic history was, of course, our first class meeting. And of course the Sophomores, Ninety-three, stove to frustrate all our efforts, being especially savage after the indignities they had suffered at the hands of Ninety-two the year before. Our first class meeting was held in the gymnasium under difficulties. Business had to be trans-acted intermittently. For instance, the chair-man called for nominations for Class President. Above the crowd which surged round the chairman towered the head of J. C. Stevens, a regular Saul among the people. Quick as thought his name was proposed. But the time had been occupied by our opponents in charging down the hall upon us. We were, therefore, obliged to suspend business until we had carefully replaced Ninety-three at the other end of the hall. Then we elected our temporary president, and were ready for the next sortie.

Since we had come to study in Boston, we must needs catch the Boston fever. So we were soon hard at work playing soldiers. This is a game which several of us had not played for many years—but then, we had not lived in Boston. How it would have rejoiced our hearts in those days to have been allowed to wear the pretty things which were now thrust upon us! But in Boston it is considered a very good game for old and young alike, for they all play it there.

After we had marched about for a few weeks, proudly carrying real guns, we became so thoroughly impressed with our own prowess that it was decided to give the outside world an opportunity to appreciate it. So a hall was secured, and on the day appointed the battalion marched forth before the admiring eyes of its friends. The band exhausted themselves in their efforts to induce sympa-thetic vibrations in the hearts of those who.