

SONNET.

O Truth, unto thine ominous behest
 Our conscious being shall be wholly bent,
 E'en though it leadeth not to calm or rest,
 E'en though a little human life-time spent
 In vain endeavor to fulfil thy will
 Leave it imperfect, unfulfilled, still;
 E'en though on thine impassive face, there seem
 For us, no light, no recognition sweet;
 And with our eyes on thine, dream after dream,
 Unwept, depart—yet kneeling at thy feet,
 As at the burning stake of old, men stood
 Content, and shrank not from the fire's breath,
 So we shall learn to welcome pain or death,
 Or ought thou shalt decree, as our best good.

EVELYN DURAND.

TWO WEEKS AT NORTHFIELD.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

The name of Northfield is becoming yearly more familiar to college men all the world over. There annually for the last five years or so conventions of students have been held with great success. The object of these conventions has been and is to give an impetus to the work of the Y. M. C. A. in colleges, and the men who go there are, as a consequence, principally Y. M. C. A. men.

Northfield itself is a beautiful little village of Massachusetts, situated on the river Connecticut, which is still quite narrow at this point. One street runs right through the place, and on this one street all the houses are situated; elms line either side of the road, which runs parallel to the river, and meeting in the centre high over head form a regular colonnade; if you add to this that the houses, which stand back from the road, are mostly summer residences, and many of them extremely tasteful, you have a short and imperfect idea of one of the most beautiful places I have ever been in. At the north end of the village is situated the seminary where the conventions are held. The buildings are five in number; two of them being stone structures of very tasteful design. Three hundred and eighty students took possession of this spot, for the greater part of the year sacred to the fair sex, and for two weeks alternately studied and took recreation, at the end of which an extremely unanimous decision was arrived at that a glorious time, in every sense of the word, had been spent.

The Toronto contingent this year numbered five, one of whom came from Trinity Medical School, and became six by the addition of a gentleman from the Ontario Agricultural College. We found at Northfield, as we had expected, men from all over the world. One hundred and twenty-one educational institutions were represented. All the great American Universities sent large delegations; Yale, for instance, sent 26 men; Amherst, 19; Cornell, 15; Dartmouth, 15, and Harvard, 11, while the smaller institutions were represented by smaller contingents. A very noticeable feature was the large number of Japanese, over twenty of whom were present, and some of whom had come there all the way from Japan. Oxford was represented by several men, Cambridge also, as well as Edinburgh and Aberdeen; nor did Dublin come out far behind, for she sent one of her stalwart and witty sons to grace the occasion. Sweden was represented by a student from Upsala University, Germany by a student from Berlin and France by one from Paris. My list would not be complete were I to stop here; I should have made a lamentable omission had I neglected to state that Vassar and Smith Colleges sent representatives also. A large part of the interest connected with Northfield comes from the fact that there one meets so many university men of such different countries and ideas; and in this way gets broader views of student life and, indeed, of things in general.

Not all of our time was devoted to the serious business of the Convention; anyone who is possessed of any such idea is evidently not acquainted with Mr. Moody, in response to whose invitation we assembled. The whole of the afternoon of every day was set aside for sports, while morning and evening we discussed ways and means of work, and listened to rousing and heart-stirring addresses from well-known men. Mr. Moody, of course, was one of the principal speakers, and was, I think, the most popular man on the grounds. Besides him, we had Dr. Pierson, Professor Weidner, Bishop Thoburn, of India, Dr. Pentecost, Dr. Munhall, Mr. Mowell, of London, Eng., and many others to whose addresses we listened with much interest, and from whom we got many new ideas and useful hints. Beyond this I cannot say much more, for lack of space, about the addresses. Mr. Moody was intensely practical; Dr. Pierson confined himself almost wholly to missions; Drs. Pentecost and Munhall were strong at exposition; Mr. Mowell was earnest on the subject of the Second Coming of Christ, and Professor Moore moved us all to our innermost depths with the pathos and earnestness of his words.

As I have just said, the afternoons were devoted to recreation of various sorts. Prominent among the sports was, of course, baseball, under the presidency of Mr. Stagg, of Yale. Games were played daily in front of "Marquand Hall" and always attracted a crowd. Mr. Stagg pitched on one occasion only, and then not in a game, but for any who chose to try and bat him; he has wonderful speed, a good curve and splendid control of the ball, so that the strikes made off his pitching were few and far between. He received a great ovation and deserved it, though I do not know but that the catcher, who had never caught Stagg before, deserved one even more than the recipient.

Lawn tennis was played a great deal, some twenty courts or more being marked off in various parts of the grounds. Those who did not care to spend the afternoons in either of these ways could take a stroll or else go to the river and have a swim.

Words fail me and I become powerless indeed when I come to the description of the "glorious Fourth." The celebration started at one a.m., and kept up till twelve p.m. We were roused out of the sweetest of slumbers by a racket best described as unearthly and infernal, which resolved itself as we became wide awake into the blowing of tin horns, hooting and the ringing of a big bell. "What ever is this confounded racket about?" meekly asked one of our number. "Don't know," was all the response he got, until the fact that this was the anniversary of the Independence of the States struck one of our number who then exclaimed, "I'll tell you what it is, boys! it's the Fourth of July." That explained it, and these hoodlums who were making night hideous with their noise and bringing down upon their devoted heads more imprecations and threats than ever boot-jacks assailed the feline soloist were "Yanks," and, as we afterwards discovered, Yale men. Sleep was altogether out of the question, and all we could do was to groan in anguish sore and mutter threats against the invaders of our peace; for what had we to do with George Washington or the fourth of July? One thought alone comforted us, and it also was doomed to fail us—that having begun so early they surely would not keep it up late. At last the noise stopped or we slept in spite of it; but I am inclined to think it was the latter.

The enthusiasm displayed after the orderly ones on the campus had risen and breakfasted was huge and infectious; we all felt more or less proud of our cousins, and no false modesty prevented them from telling us why they should be proud of themselves.

In the afternoon athletic contests were indulged in and prodigies performed. Williams, of Yale, was on all hands acknowledged to bear away the palm. He threw the baseball 365 feet 4 inches, jumped 21 feet 9½ inches and ate a banana, with both hands tied behind him, in 74.5 seconds. The evening entertainment was held in Stone