

the April number of the *Tabor College Monthly*. A short article accompanies the engraving telling of his life history. He has been very successful in scientific research and has won many admirers on this ground alone, but those of us who knew him esteem him for his sunny disposition and generous friendship even more than for his brilliant attainments.

In the April number of *Bishop College Monthly*, we have a plain straightforward statement of the bare facts of the outrage perpetrated at Wascom, upon Rev. D. Reddick. One's indignation rises to boiling point when he observes how our American cousins administer justice. That a Christian gentleman engaged in the work of uplifting his fellow man may be attacked and half murdered by ignorant, unfeeling ruffians without any other means of redress than the slow verdict of "public opinion," makes one glad he lives in Canada, where British fair-play obtains instead of mob-law.

The number opens with an article by M. McVicar, L.L.D., the first Chancellor of McMaster, upon "The Mission Schools of Texas" (colored). There is also an extensive report of the admirable new brick building 49x96 ft., four stories high, heated throughout by steam, lighted by electricity and provided with every convenience. There are 38 rooms including chapel room, laboratory, class rooms, library, offices, etc. The cost of the whole is over \$38,000 and is largely due to the self-denying energy of Rev. N. Wolverton, B.A., for some years Principal of Woodstock College. The Negroes of the South are fortunate indeed in having three men of such ability, experience and devotion as M. McVicar, Newton Wolverton and D. Reddick to serve them.

THE following sonnet was written for, and read upon the occasion of our first celebration of Founder's Day, December 22, 1891 :

The toiling Syrian strewed his acres, rilled
By artful streams, with generous seed ; anon
Their golden-glimmering vestments gleamed upon
His watch-worn sight—a pledge of garner's filled.
A Hebrew youth, made prince, the garnered stores
From seven years' plenty yielded to the needs
Of Canaan destitute. Lean famine pleads,
He heaps their sacks from Egypt's threshing floors.

Our Founder, husbandman and prince in one,
Gift with large foresight and divine intent,
Wrought "ever in his great Taskmaster's eye :"
And when our day of famine had begun,
With open hand his princely treasures spent
That Learning's Halls might have BREAD FROM THE SKY.