

L. Dicklow, Ph. M., Principal; and the Arts and Theological department, of which the Chancellor is Principal *ex-officio*. The literary standards of McMaster are high, and her graduates who go for post-graduate work to the great American Universities find themselves at no disadvantage alongside of the graduates of the best American institutions. John Harvard Castle, D. D., was Principal of Toronto Baptist College from 1881 to 1880. The Rev. Daniel A. McGregor succeeded him in 1889, but died not long after his appointment.

"The Rev. Malcolm MacVicar, Ph. D., LL. D., was the first Chancellor of the University. He did strong service during the formative days from 1887 to 1890. From 1890 to 1892 there was no Chancellor, each faculty having a Chairman, Calvin Goodspeed, D. D., serving the theological faculty, and Theodore H. Rand, D. C. L., the arts faculty. Dr. Rand was appointed Chancellor in 1892, and from that time until his resignation of the office last spring, he worked untiringly, devotedly, and with boundless enthusiasm for the institution. His experience in educational matters, as superintendent of education in Nova Scotia and later in New Brunswick, and his intimate relations to McMaster University from its beginning, gave him rare qualifications to bear the responsibilities of these early days. Though Dr. Rand is relieved from the burdens of the chancellorship, he is still connected with the University, being professor emeritus and lecturer in English and the philosophy of education, subjects for which he has an ardent love and in which he is master."

Thanksgiving in Canada.

BY CHANCELLOR O. C. S. WALLACE, D. D., LL. D.

Thanksgiving day in Canada differs from Thanksgiving day in New England, being less a holiday, and, perhaps, more a holy day. Christmas, rather than Thanksgiving, is the great family gathering day in Canada. Then the sons and daughters return to the "old home" to spend a bright day with the "old folks"; and all, rejoicing in the blessings of a happy, holy reunion, gather about the heavily-laden table, on which smokes the toothsome turkey with its fragrant accompaniments, and the luscious mince pie

with all its aulers and abettors to indigestion.

Thanksgiving day, though less a day of reunions, is a glad and welcome festival. Its religious character is recognized by many, the worshippers assembling in the churches in larger numbers than our New England cousins are accustomed to do in these degenerate days. Hearty thanks are given to God for plentiful harvests and gracious immunity from war and plague. The spirit of the people is devout; the recognition of God's mercies is heartfelt; the songs of praise are sincere. Our religious service on Thanksgiving day lives in the present. There may be recollections of pioneer days and deliverances; thanksgiving for the noble stock that peopled our fruitful land generations ago; joy and fidelity in the heroism of our fathers in establishing Christian homes and churches in the former dark days which tried men's souls. But there is a yet larger outlook upon present resources, fruitfulness, faithfulness. Thought dwells upon our great wheat-producing prairies, our vast mining areas, immense forests, extensive fisheries; upon our happy and God-fearing population; upon the evangelic heroism and zeal which now seek to possess this whole land for Christ, and to evangelize the strangers from other lands as fast as they establish communities on Canadian soil.

After thanksgiving in the house of God, the feast in the home. Abundance on the generously spread tables tells of plentiful harvests, and sufficient supplies in the granary and cellar. Out doors the keen frosty winds of approaching winter whisper of hard summer toils ended and harvests fully gathered. Then after dinner, if an early fall of snow has made sleighing possible, happy groups, wrapped in winter furs, fill the gliding sleighs which dash merrily past the skaters skimming over the frozen lake, or the coasters flashing down the hillside on their sleds, or the pines and spruces heavy and beautiful with their burden of snows. The sleigh ride at an end, the blazing fires and glowing lights within beam their radiant welcome, and the evening brightens as the hours pass with happy conversation, merry games and glad singing.

The poor are not forgotten. Sought out by the more prosperous, and enriched in basket and in store, they find occasions of joy and gratitude. Thus destitute and affluent rejoice together; and unfeigned thanks are rendered to God, Who has given to Canadians a rich and favored land, prevented them from dangerous civil dissensions and devastating foreign attack, and secured to them religious privileges and blessings such as few nations have ever possessed.

Toronto, Ontario.

Thanksgiving.

BY SOPHIE BRONSON TITTERINGTON.

Oh, rare is the glory of Autumn,
With its splendor of waning days:
Its richness of garnered harvest,
And a shimmering, golden haze.
The bright leaves are softly dropping,
All yellow, and crimson, and brown:
While out from the opened cluster
The nuts come pattering down.

How sweet is the olden-time tribute
Of praise to the Giver of all;
Who grants us the well-filled garner,
And the blessings that richly fall.
Our hearts would join the chorus,
And our voices joyfully sing,
Thanksgiving, and land, and honor
To our most holy King!

We thank Him for bright days of sunshine,
And we thank Him for days of rain;
For it needs the sun and shower
To full ripen the golden grain.
So into our lives must enter
Bright hours, and hours of tears;
That we may grow, and be fitted
For the glad, eternal years.

With our eyes all joyful and shining,
Or with eyes down-dropped and dim,
We offer a true Thanksgiving,
Trusting everything else to Him.
The chorus our voices joining,
The major or minor sing;
For gladness or pain we bless Thee,
Our Master, Lord and King!

Virden, Ill.

He Knoweth Us Altogether.

(Written for the Union.)

Jesus knows us altogether;
Knows just how we're tossed about,
Knows just how we're tried and tempted,
Filled with sorrow, sin and doubt.

Not a tear-drop falls unnoticed;
Not a sigh escapes His ear;
Hear Him softly, sweetly saying,
"I am for thee, do not fear."

"Child, I know the way is rugged;
Give to Me thy trembling hand;
When in danger I'll defend thee,
Lead thee to the promised land."

JULIA FOSTER.

Aylesford, N. S.

Bill Johnson's Opinions.

I've allus notissed, fellers,
Hit's a risky thing to do
'To kalkulate accordin'
To how things look to you.

The man 'at talks the nicest
Don't help you up the hill;
The one 'at prays the loudest
Don't allus pay his bill.

Sometimes the biggest fishes
Bites the smalles' kinds o' baits;
An' mighty ugly wimmin
Can make the best o' mates.

The smartest lookin' feller
May be a reg'lar fool;
You're allus kiked the highest
By the meekest lookin' mule.

—Atlanta Constitution.