

The enforcement of this infamous law is a weekly occurrence in Russia. By a system of ruinous fines, arbitrary imprisonments and banishments, "they are beggering the only thrifty and prosperous peasantry in the empire." Not only this, but their prison and exile system is an open door for unmentionable crimes upon the innocent and helpless, and the cause of many an untimely death. Yet a venerable bishop bitterly complains that "the civil authorities, dazzled by the glamour of 'all-forgiving love,' are sadly lacking in wholesome severity."

C. W. KING.

WOODSTOCK REMINISCENCES.

To the great majority of the McMaster boys, "Woodstock" is the sweetest name on earth. How many pleasant memories of chivalrous deeds are recalled, as we look back over two, three, or perhaps four years spent in its halls. As we think of the dormitory, the class-room, the dining-room, and the football field, fond recollections crowd upon us. What a motley crowd gathered there for instruction. They came from rural home and city palace. There were representatives of many different nationalities. There the beardless boy and the bald-headed man strove for honors in Kirkland and Scott.

A visitor to the college to-day will find it heated with steam, lighted with gas, and the woodwork vastly improved. He will find that "Quality Avenue" and "Ghost Alley" have been removed, and a hall now extends the full length of the main building. He will find the chapel room beautified, a reading room that is replete with the best magazines, quarterlies, etc., of the day, a library that is patronized by the boys more than ever before, and he will take a meal in one of the finest looking dining rooms in the Dominion of Canada. But our remarks henceforth will have reference to the time when the college was not so finely fitted as it is at present.

As space will not allow us to ramble, let us come to something definite. Let us see what there was about old "Woodstock" that endears her to us so much. In the first place it was