

WE regret to state that Miss Elise Duval, who came to our school a few years ago as a day scholar, died on Sunday, Jan. 15th, aged 20 years. Two or three months ago she left her home and went to the United States, but came back on account of illness. She died a few weeks after her arrival. We are glad to be able to say that she was a child of the King. She is much regretted by all her family and those who knew her. Her brother, Mr. J. Duval, who is at present one of our students, has the sympathy of us all.

VACATION is generally supposed to be a time when everybody goes home and college halls are deserted. Such was not the case at Grande Ligne. Upwards of thirty-five students, with several of the teachers, remained here. Of course no one pretended to work. Games, taffy parties and impromptu concerts were the order of the day. Nobody was lonesome, for each seemed to feel it his duty to make the others happy. The extreme cold kept us indoors most of the time, though for a day or two the Richelieu river provided the boys with most excellent skating. School re-opened on Jan. 3rd, when we welcomed back our friends and our books for another term's hard work.

We were pleased during the past month to welcome as visitors Messrs. Ayer, Tester and Richards of Montreal; Mr. Busfield, of Bangor, Me., and Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Chicago. Coming, as they did, all together and in the midst of examinations, their visit was a pleasing diversion. They seemed to realize the burden that was upon our shoulders, and at once set to work to lighten it. At noon they assembled us in the chapel to see what a good looking lot of boys and girls we were, and to give us some kindly counsel. The supper hour again they turned into one of ceaseless jollity. Each seemed to vie with the other in telling stories or proposing conundrums. We could have enjoyed it for hours, but we were brought back to earth with a thud, and cold chills seized us as we thought of unprepared work and the morrow's examinations.

THE ICE HARVEST.—On Saturday morning, Jan. 7th, just before leaving the breakfast table, Professor Massé selected some of the old students for this work. No time was lost in gathering up the tools and hurrying down to the Richelieu river, where this great harvest was to be made. We were not there long before we had quite a few pieces of ice cut ready to draw out of the water, and when the men who were appointed for this purpose began their work, one of them fell in, as soon as they had a hole cleared large enough for him, and consequently was obliged to leave us. A short time afterwards another, while helping to load a team, let a piece of ice fall on his foot and bruised it quite badly, so that he also was obliged to leave. We still tarried at the work until it was finished. Then we gathered up the tools and started for Feller Institute, which seems to have been the most severe part of the day's work, for nearly all wore the marks of a frozen ear or chin for several days afterwards.