

Our Universities and Colleges

V.—COLUMBIAN METHODIST COLLEGE.

ABOUT seven years ago the Methodists of British Columbia feeling the need of an educational institution, purchased a large mansion in the vicinity of New Westminster for college purposes. The structure does not present the usual appearance of a hall of learning, but the building is a good one, and the grounds are very attractive. There is an air of retirement and quiet about the place that ought to be conducive to study.

After carrying on the college for a few years it was found that a very heavy burden had been assumed, considering

only Protestant college affording a home to students in the Province.

The Principal, Rev. W. J. Sipprell, B.A., has shown great earnestness in pushing the work. One of his students informs us that "He is working with the energy and enthusiasm of half a dozen good men." He is assisted by Miss S. E. Springer, the lady principal, and by Professor R. W. Sutor, B.A. The Church outside of British Columbia should help this young and struggling enterprise.

THE GENERAL SAVED HIM.

IN the canteen at Camp Wikoff, a regular told a reporter how General Chaffee saved a young soldier from being disgraced for cowardice, one of the unpardonable offences. The anecdote, published in Waterson's History of the Spanish American War, is as follows:

Talk about your generals!" said the regular, "Chaffee's the old boy for my

the general. Then he looked at the boyish face of the lad, and his face kind of softened. "I suppose you can't help it," he said. "It ain't so much your fault, I'd like to get hold of the fellow that took you into the army."

"I suppose any other general would have sent the boy to the rear in disgrace, and that would have been the end of it; but Chaffee stood there, with the bullets ki-yiying around him, beside the boy, who had crouched down again, and thought, with his chin in his hand. By and by he put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"There isn't as much danger as you think for," said he. "Now, get up and take your gun and fight, and I'll stand here by you."

"The boy got up, shaking like a leaf, and fired his first shot pretty near straight in the air.

"That's pretty high," says the general. "Keep cool and try again."

"Well, in three minutes that 'scart' kid was fighting like a veteran and cool as a cucumber, and when he saw it the general started on.

"You're all right now, my boy," he said. "You'll make a good soldier."

"God bless you, sir!" said the youngster. "You saved me from worse than death," and he was pretty close to crying when he said it. After a while the order came to retire from the trench, and we just had to collar that young fellow and haul him away by the neck to get him to retreat with the company. In the rest of the fights there was not a better soldier in the company, and not only that, but we never heard a grumble nor a kick from him from that day."

THE LORD'S DAY.

SUNDAY is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Church-going, the keeping of the Sabbath, are not religion, but religion hardly lives without them.—*F. W. Robertson.*

If I am to decide on a man's character, I desire to know nothing more than this: How are his evenings and his Sundays passed?—*Amos.*

The institution of Sunday, if it is to be maintained at all, will be maintained for the nobler purposes of the higher life.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

To spend such a day in formal attendance at church, in yawning idleness that has not energy enough to think that God can possibly prefer that to honest, hard work; to spend it in gossiping levity, in a vacant weariness that hails dinner as the great event and real relish of the day—is a scandal to our common humanity.—*Marcus Dods.*

The following propositions I hold to be absolutely true: 1. You cannot have a Christian civilization with Christ and His precepts left out. 2. You cannot have Christ in our civilization without the Christian Church. 3. You cannot maintain the Christian Church without the Christian Sunday. There is precisely the same reason for maintaining the Christian observance of the Sabbath on patriotic grounds that there is for the preaching of the Gospel itself.—*James Broad.*



COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

the comparatively small number of Methodists who contributed to it. It has been a hard struggle to maintain the institution, but the people, both ministers and laymen, have stood by it nobly, and their contributions have been exceedingly generous. At the last Conference a small number of persons, in response to the Principal's appeal, contributed \$2,250 toward current expenses, several ministers giving \$50 and \$100 out of salaries of \$500 and \$600. This year a congregation of Indians are giving \$200 to the college on the Twentieth Century Fund.

There is a debt of \$10,000, and a floating liability of \$4,000. The most urgent need at present is the liquidation of the floating debt, and about \$2,000 to be expended in repairs, etc. The college aims at providing a ladies' course, a commercial course, collegiate training, music and art, mining assaying, probationers' course, arts course to the end of second year, teachers' certificates. A pleasant home is provided, under careful supervision and religious influences. It is the

money. I found out what he was at El Caney. My company was at work digging trenches, and while we were finishing up one, the Spaniards began to fire, and the bullets sang their little tunes pretty nigh to our heads.

"Well there was a kid in the company that couldn't been over eighteen. Never ought to have let him enlist at all. He was always complaining and kicking, and at the first fire down he went on his face, and lay there. One of the men kicked him, but he didn't stir. Then along came Chaffee, cool and easy, and sees the kid.

"Hello, there!" says Chaffee. "What's the matter, you fellow down there? Get up and fight with your company."

"No! I can't!" whines the kid.

"Can't? says Chaffee, jumping down into the trench and hauling the boy up.

"What's the matter with you that you can't? Are you hurt?"

"No, sir," says he. "I'm scart. I'm afraid of getting hit."

"Well, you're a fine soldier!" says