

Many careless ones have been awakened, and slothful ones revived. On March 5th, ten of the students were baptized by the pastor. This, however, represents only a small part of the work done here this winter, as many are held back by the untoward influences brought to bear upon them from their homes. The leaven is still quietly working, and almost daily we see some signs of its presence.

OUR yearly Alumni Society meeting held last month was quite a success. This meeting is here looked upon as one of the important events of the year. A large number of former students were present, and some important business was transacted. What pleased the students most was the fact that the Society voted fifty dollars toward putting a much-needed floor in our gymnasium. The evening entertainment was instructive and delightful to all.

"Wherever in this world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

A rare treat was enjoyed by our school not long since, in the shape of one of our poet laureate Frechette's most beautiful poems recited in the musical French language by our English professor, Mr. E. Norman. A breathless silence pervaded the room during the entire recital and at its close the applause was almost deafening, while bouquets were thrown at his feet and strewn in his pathway to his seat. Calls were then heard for a French speech and, without hesitation or a momentary consultation of the Lexicon, Mr. Norman rose to his feet with glowing countenance and voice eloquent with emotion and suppressed feeling, said simply and unaffectedly, "Je vous remercie."

OUR hitherto quiet, decorous school seems to have been struck with a "craze" quite unlike that which swept over McMaster, as related in the last MONTHLY. This was indeed a *growth*. Some of the largest and handsomest fellows, anxious to distinguish themselves in some way, and not particular how, came down to breakfast one Sunday morning with their faces looking as if they had been plentifully sprinkled with pepper. We pitied them for having forgotten so important a part of their toilet. But as the days lengthened into weeks, and these into months, our pity turned to disgust, as we slowly began to comprehend that these valiant youths must have entered into a solemn compact never again to shave. Soft entreaties, threats, bribes and sarcasm were alike resisted with heroic obstinacy, until long after, when, as by chance, the vulnerable point in *one's* armor was found—an appeal that the school should wear it's most pleasing aspect on the day of the Alumni Meeting. Presto! the charmed circle is broken, and as one sheep follows another e'en into the jaws of death, so one after another, e'en though bouncing was the penalty, followed suit, until all had resumed their former simplicity of countenance, of beauty unadorned. Such was the "rise and fall off" of the whiskers, or perhaps we had better say of the downs, at Grande Ligne.