

It is not often that the students are able to so completely overwhelm the members of the Faculty as to turn them out of the chapel. But this is what was done about a week ago on the occasion of the receipt of one of those very welcome letters from Mrs. W. McMaster. It was asked if the teachers might remain to hear it, but our brave correspondent replied that it was intended for the girls only. Mrs. McMaster's calls have always been a great pleasure to us, so that the news of her departure was received with regret. Her letters, however, partly compensate for her absence. They are so full of sympathy and love as to make us sure that she does not forget us although so far away. We hope with her that we will again be favored with her visits by the last of April.

WE are glad to speak in terms of the highest satisfaction of the intelligent and faithful services of Mr. R. G. Hill to the College. Mr. Hill has been with us nearly three months, and his efficient management of the furnaces, mails, and numerous other matters connected with our daily life, has added materially to our comfort and helped to revive our declining faith in man. That these sentiments of appreciation and esteem are mutual, we have a living witness in our little namesake, Ralph Moulton Hill. Long may he live and greatly may he prosper!

If inanimate objects could only speak, what tales of woe we would hear, what wonderful romances and incredible adventures would be poured into our ears. We would stand aghast and panic-stricken at the truths brought home to us. If anyone should wander through our lower corridor and see our bulletin board with its agonized countenance, striving amid the medley of notices to attract the attention of passers-by, his very heart would be touched. He would wonder which of the many advertisements was most troubling the mind of our black friend, for the "Lost," "Found," "Wanted," "Prayer-meeting," "Second year English please bring paper and pencil to class," seem, to an outside observer, to be holding places of equal importance. Again the face is changed; new notices appear: "Laundry wanted," "Stamps found," "Girls in calisthenic gowns lost," are depicted in wild confusion on his looks. Is there no law by which sympathy toward dumb objects may be enforced?

SPRING SIGNS.—On Tuesday, March 1st, a crow was seen flying over Rosedale. Wednesday, some of us sat in the swing on the lawn to make up our hour's exercise. Thursday, the class-room windows stood open all day. Friday, the first set of tennis was made up. Saturday, we ate dinner by light that was not gas, nor yet sun, but a twi-light, that made even the mashed turnip seem poetical. Sunday, we went to church without rubbers—and got our feet wet. Hail, gentle Spring!

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

OUR foot-ball grounds will soon be in good trim for action. The first team has been organized with Mr. Stillwell as *President*, J. B. Paterson, *Secretary*, W. Goble, *Captain*, and T. A. P. Frost, *Custodian*.