

The noble fellow, who was sadly in need of rest, spent his vacation at the college, and now enters upon his second year with renewed devotion to the arduous duties of sleeping and eating. He is also pursuing an elective course at McMaster Hall, thus committing himself to the interests of co-education.

Moulton opens with a larger attendance than usual—ninety-eight pupils have registered, fifty-four of whom are boarders. Teachers and pupils are taking hold of their work with enthusiasm, and everything promises a most successful year. Especially is this true of the spiritual life of the college. The weekly prayer-meetings have never been so well attended, and the interest in Bible study is increasing.

A few of our musical girls attended the Juch-Scharwenka concert the other evening, but although an enjoyable evening was spent, we found that we had raised our expectations too high. Scharwenka, although a thorough musician, and a conscientious performer, is *not* a Paderewski or a Kubenstein. His playing and interpretation of his own compositions was the most enjoyable feature. Miss Juch was not in good voice. A friend who heard her several years ago, tells us her voice now cannot compare with what it was at that time. She has a charming manner, and was welcomed as an old friend. Sig. Pelasco contributed much to our pleasure by his fine deep basso. He sings with much feeling.

What words can fitly express the depth of my emotions as I viewed from the street that colossal structure towering high and stately before me! Ah, it was well enough from the outside, but my first impression on attempting to enter, was one of intensest *blueness*—when I thought of how I should lose strength all winter in trying to open that second door. But arriving at the chapel the terrible sensation of redness experienced on being so enthusiastically welcomed was worse than the other. Alas! I knew not what awaited me—when I entered the classroom and understood how vast a quantity of knowledge was expected of me, my emotions gradually assumed a verdant hue which grew positively painful. And when the august professor pointed his index finger straight at my unsuspecting self, I became so white and frightened that I have never fully recovered from the effect. But they were only first impressions, and the hope yet remained to me that those startling colors would fade into the dull gray of monotony, for I found such variegated sensations not altogether agreeable.

Our Mission Circle held its first regular meeting for this term, September 16th. The principal feature of the evening was a very instructive map-talk on our own Canadian Telugu Mission. As the various fields were pointed out, mention was made of the missionaries in charge, and slight sketches given of the work which was being accomplished. This is what we had felt was needed, and this short and concise summary of the work was very much appreciated. The latter part of the