

QUITE a large party from Moulton availed themselves of the opportunity for hearing Bishop Vincent, of Chautauqua, on the evening of the 29th. *Those girls* were much interested in "That Boy," his joys and sorrows, trials and successes. It was a very pleasant surprise to us the next morning when the Bishop, coming to call upon a friend in our Faculty, consented to speak to us all for a few minutes in the chapel. The genial, earnest, inspiring words of this friend of all young people came home to every heart, making the best that is in us respond, and stimulating anew our purest aims. We believe that we shall be better and happier girls for this visit of Bishop Vincent.

THE annual Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed among us in the usual way. In the morning a deeply interesting prayer-meeting was held in the chapel. Very helpful words were spoken by Miss Fitch and by Mrs. Holman, one of our former teachers. An hour was filled with prayer and praise. A thought present in all minds was the new and solemn remembrance that Moulton has now one more of her number praying for her in the presence of the King. In the afternoon the union meeting with McMaster took place, and was largely appreciated. The helpful influence of the many prayers which ascended for Moulton is widely felt among the students.

OUR rink has been in an extremely delicate condition for the last few weeks. The latest diagnosis has located water in the upper story, every possible remedy has been tried, but so far in vain. It is sad to see our old firm friend in such a broken-up condition and growing so thin. In order to prevent unnecessary agitation, and at the same time with a faint hope of salutary effects, a spray treatment with the garden sprinkler has been tried. So far, however, the strength of the patient has not improved, and a despairing friend addresses it as follows:—

Rink of the Present, sadly we hail thee,
Navigable as a lake or a sea,
Skaters' ambitions of exercise joyous,
Melting, dissolving, vanish like thee.

Rink of the Future, gladly we hail thee,
Hid in thy bosom visions of fun,
But haste thee! oh! haste thee! or sad is the story,
Winter and skaters alike will be "done."

THERE is one class in the week where we have a chance to see and hear what Moulton students can do in a body. This is Miss Smart's mammoth Wednesday chorus class. For forty-five minutes the echoes of the college are awakened in a startling manner. Early in the year there is generally a great deal of fun caused by the arrangement of the singers according to the parts sung. Everybody is expected to come along and lend a voice, no matter what the quality of said voice may be; and it seems to be a matter of indifference to many whether first soprano or alto parts fall to their lot. The first trial of a chorus is always an exciting time, but the difficulties are soon conquered, and