

asked he, and waxed eloquent in answering. Education, he thought, was more than knowledge; it was such training as would enable one to make the best use of himself. Woodstock College does this; here are Christian environments, helpful, not harmful, associations; true, keen sympathy. He eulogized the Woodstock campus and gymnasium. There are those who perceive and appreciate these advantages,—and yet grumble at the expense. Such narrowness he deprecated, urging and emphasizing the imperative necessity of favouring conditions in the working out of our educational problem. He *warned*, "take care lest your boy be stolen!" Then he *advised*, carefully, practically, earnestly. He exhausted all meanings of "*monéo*." The truth, said he, is in itself sufficiently attractive to supersede error; hold it up faithfully, therefore!

The Principal and the Chancellor announced encouraging prospects for the ensuing year; the Glee Club sang the "Hunting Chorus" right lustily; and the proceedings terminated with the benediction by the Rev. W. T. Tapscott.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

W. R. TELFORD claims England as the land of his nativity, and when we observe his calm determination to win we do not dispute the claim. W. R. has had a good deal of experience as a public school teacher. His work has been mainly in the classics, as his teacher's certificate secures him admission to the University in all other branches. In his quiet genial way he has, in the one year of his student life at Woodstock, endeared himself to a large circle of friends, and few will be more missed than he. The purpose of his life cannot be better indicated than by repeating a remark heard a short time ago: "Mention missions, and Telford is on hand at once."

ARTHUR M. OVERHOLT'S home is the beautiful old village of Fonthill, in the heart of the Niagara district. In this slender, beardless boy, not yet out of his teens, we have a most satisfactory student, and if we may judge from his three years at Woodstock, McMaster University will yet be proud of him. The College orchestra under his leadership has frequently delighted us with their sweet strains, and that their services should often be in demand is not a matter of much surprise. Students and masters wish him the success which his faithful, earnest work merits.

J. I. MANTHORNE, a stalwart Nova Scotian, towers head and shoulders above most of his fellow-collegians. Strict attention to business, loyalty to college, country and —, are prominent characteristics of Manthorne. He has lived in several parts of the continent, but none suits him so well, we fancy, as Nova Scotia. Good, faithful work always tells: "We count our lives by deeds not years."

WALTER J. PADY is in every respect one of the College standbys. "A man he is to all the College dear," and we are loath to part with him. If any man's student life will bear the test of "square and plumb-line," his will. We are glad to have had three years of his active life spent among us. He is a typical Englishman, and will make his way or die in the attempt. In every College work or sport he is a leader,