

now followed. After referring eulogistically to the wisdom and munificence of the late Senator McMaster, he proceeded with his subject. First, he treated of educational expectations as viewed from the professors' standpoint, and upheld as their reasonable expectations: (1) that the denomination will cherish its educational institutions, and (2) that it will patronize its own institutions. Then considering the subject from the standpoint of the denomination, he deemed two expectations justifiable and important: (1) that our colleges will afford a continual supply of well-trained men for our pulpits; (2) that, furthermore, there will come an ever-increasing number of intellectual men and women, fitted for all the departments of our Canadian life.

After a recess of thirty minutes, spent in delightful social intercourse, the Literary and Theological Society assumed control of the proceedings, President Cameron in the chair. The Misses Millichamp and Holmes, of Moulton College, gave a vocal duet; B. W. N. Grigg, '94, delivered two recitations from "The Merchant of Venice"; the quartette followed with "The Land o' the Leal"; W. J. Thorold, '95, rendered the speech of "Rienzi to the Romans." The Glee Club ended the programme with a Christmas carol, after which the Chancellor dismissed the gathering. Founder's Day—"another and the same!"

OUR Chancellor contributes a very interesting sketch of psychological import and value to *The Canadian Magazine* this month. We are pleased to note also the recent appearance of three poems: one on "Love and Music," in the *Toronto Saturday Night*, by B. W. N. Grigg, '94; and two others from the pen of G. H. Clarke, '95: "Gifts," in *The Baptist Reporter*; and "Skater and Wolves" (rondeau), in *The Canadian Magazine*. That our own MONTHLY is highly appreciated from a literary standpoint, is evident from the abundance of congratulatory notes constantly arriving from readers and subscribers. From the North-West and the South-West of our continent we hear the spoken delight of McDonald, a Woodstock graduate; and Seldon, late of '95. Coming nearer home, the valiant Bert Merrill sends us cheer and greetings, while from two of the continents of the Western Hemisphere, words of goodwill speed to the well-loved MONTHLY. But the MONTHLY is modest; it files the missives contentedly, and is happy in its friends' appreciation. Thanks! Encouragement is substantial help.

TIME for another reverie! Room for a reverie, room! So droop, O head; and close, O eyes, in placid drowsiness. What see we far adown the dimly-shining vista of long ago? *The Tempest*:—A night—one night—as black as pitch or Tarr the junior. 'Tis the more remarkable, since the feline element seems also of a gloomy hue. Dead silence reigns, except for the raining. Furthermore, the cat is blind. Yes, indeed, it is quite dark. *Twelfth Night, or what you won't*:—Eleven nights have passed. This is the legal successor. Low and plaintive moanings begin; sorrowful, sighing, heart-broken wailings, like the ghost of an Irish Banshee reading the *Empire's* editorials on Home Rule. Oh, so sad! Presently, as the noble poet feelingly expresses it, "On the roof the wailing died away," only to be followed by the