

both young and old, in his unassuming, conversational style. The limited time at his disposal only permitted him to speak of a part of his journeyings. We should be pleased to hear him again.

"Oh solitude where are thy charms that sages have seen in thy face?"

The College sick room has had an occupant for the last four weeks. Mr. Seager put in his term of three weeks with the mumps. Now your correspondent has been thrust into the same inner prison, after having been pronounced by the college physician to be too cheeky to remain with the other boys. A notice on the door signed "Faculty," reads: "Mumps! students are requested *not* to enter this room." One might as well be in jail were it not for the kindly visits of the good matron of the College, Mrs. Peters. Her kindness and faithfulness has now become a proverb. The last occupant speaks highly of her kindness, and now the writer of this would like to do honor to whom honor is due. If all the honor lies in acting well our part, then Mrs. Peters is twice crowned with honor, for truly, a mother could not be more attentive and considerate.

Mr. Robertson has not been well for some weeks past, though he courageously hung out to attend his classes. He is now at last compelled to go away for a few days' rest. We trust he will soon be able to resume his work with his old time vigor and vim.

Our College orchestra now numbers seventeen. They have already won for themselves glory at entertainments in the town and surrounding country. Of course they are a noisy crew, as every musical body generally is. We do not object, however, when their noise is tuned to the sweet strains of music, but when, in the silent watches of the night, our spirits are enjoying the sweet dream lands of nod, they come tramping in with the deep bassed echoing tread of their number elevens, like a charge of the Heavy Brigade—well, their music hath not charms "to calm the savage breast."

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OUR PRINCIPAL'S DEATH.—Our hearts are sad: the worst has come. While life lasted we hoped on, but the fatal fever has done its work, and now our faithful principal is no more with us. Truly, he gave his life for our school. How surely he was undertaking more work than his body could long endure is now quite evident. Often did we students remark, "How can he perform so much?" But there is a limit to all human capacity, and it is ours now to learn the lesson. Still, it remains a law of the kingdom in which we labor, that we must die to live. No fruit shall grow "to guerdon in after days," but to those who have planted their life to moulder and die in the soil of God's great vineyard.

All that medical skill could do was done for Principal Huston, but of no avail, the Lord declared that all His divine will through his life on earth was now accomplished, and that our Principal's work was finished, and students humbly bowed in submission, saying, "Thou knowest best, Thy will be done."