

AND now the end is near. Notices of intention as to ensuing exams. are required not later than Monday, the 29th inst. We advise the inexperienced to go in for everything. Who knows but you may pass. On Friday, April 2nd, class work in Arts closes. Exams. begin on the 8th. On the 9th class work in Theology, and the divine exams night and day until the 16th, when he will be required to tell what he knows. Convocation on the 28th.

BENGOUGH on the 22nd April!

It was announced at the A.M.S. that the JOURNAL committee would tender their Report on the 3rd of April. As we have found it impossible to do so at that early date, we beg to announce that we shall render up an account of our doings on the 17th April, when we expect to see every student who is interested in his Alma Mater present, as by that time the heaviest part of the exams. will be over.

THE coincidence referred to by our exchange editor, viz.: that of the *Canadian Spectator* and the *Richmond Coll. Messenger*, having struck the same ideas, to say nothing of words, reminds us of the following incident related by Joseph Cooke in a recent lecture, which we give in order to shield the *Spectator* from a charge of plagiarism. Perhaps a more wonderful power than the following has been discovered, the interchange of ideas many miles; though we would be better satisfied with this explanation had the papers been of the same date:

"Here is a desk in Andover Theological Seminary. One student sits in front of it, resting his head upon his right hand; another sits behind, resting his head upon his left hand. A prayer meeting is in progress. I knew both of the students. One of them is now an author of excellent repute, although he is yet a young man; the other is a revered minister of this State, and from him I have a letter:

UNINTENTIONAL MIND-READING.

In answer to your request, permit me to say that I had a strange experience one evening at Andover. While attending my class prayer meeting, separated from me by a desk sat a classmate, now somewhat noted in the line of authorship. His right arm leaned on the desk. My left arm was placed on the same desk. Our heads almost touched. The topic of the evening was one upon which I had thought but little, but while the leader was speaking, thoughts arranged in an orderly manner, and embodied in choice language, rushed into my mind. I was greatly surprised at a few peculiar expressions, and at one or two fine illustrations which occurred to me, because I did not remember having ever read or heard them before. Grati-fied as well as amazed at the sudden illumination of my mind, and fearful that the departure of thought, expression, and illustration might be as hasty as their coming, I rose to my feet as soon as the leader had thrown the meeting open. Noticing that my gifted neighbor had also risen, I yielded to him. Judge of my astonishment when, even to the use of the peculiar expressions and illustrations, he gave the speech which I was about to make.

I found afterward that he had been studying the subject announced and discussed by the leader, and I had promised to support him at the meeting. Undoubtedly, by some means which I will not attempt to explain, I had read or obtained my classmate's thoughts. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I was prevented from exposing my stolen goods. Certainly, I absorbed a speech which had not been written or spoken. I was guilty of a new kind of plagiarism. The experience related is not a fact of the imagination, but such as was read to me."

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

AMONG THE POETS.—Mr. Tennyson still devotes himself to domestic subjects. His latest effort reads:

Put the arm chair in the attic—
It has earned a needed rest;
For the pair it oft supported
Now are married and gone west.

EVERYBODY remembers the beautiful poem entitled "Only," which created such a sensation a few years ago. Mr. Longfellow has shaped it up to suit the times as follows:

Only a maid at the window
Waiting her lover's call;
Only an old spring bonnet
Made over for use this Fall.

Only a blue-eyed bull-dog
Pacing the garden path;
Only a pair of coat tails
Bear witness to his wrath.

Only a maiden's fellow
Sitting within his room—
Only some seatless trousers
To tell of the bull-dog's boom.

SOPHOMORE:—"Can you tell me in what particular you resemble the hill that leads up to our college?" Freshman, (after deep thought,) "Is—is it because I am gradually rising higher?" Sophomore, (in disgust,) "No!" Freshman, (after more thought,) "B-b because I am dangerous to walk on?" Sophomore, (threateningly,) "No!" Freshman, "Well, give it up." Sophomore, (triumphantly,) "Because you are an as-cent to college."

SCENE between professor and freshman on Blake Field: "How dare you swear before me, sir?" Fresh. (triumphantly): "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

THE Czar escaped being blown up by being late to dinner. Most married men meet with a different fate.

PROFESSOR.—Now Mr. B.—, will you give me an illustration of Real Estate?"

Mr. B.— "Yes Sir," (holding up a lead pencil).

Professor (in great astonishment) "Upon what theory do you term that Real Estate?"

Mr. B.—, "Upon the theory that it is stationery."

PROFESSOR: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Senior: "The sense of touch." Professor: "Give an example." Senior: "My chum can feel his moustache, but no one else can see it."

FRESHIES, read, commit to memory and practice: Scene at the church door: Soph: "Will you please condescend to sacrifice your own convenience, for the sake of my extreme felicity, by inserting your five digitals, with a part of your contiguous arm, into the regular aperture made by bending my elbow against the perpendicular side of my animal frame?" Girl—"With the most extreme pleasure."

A SCOTCH schoolmaster crossly asked his pupils, "Who signed Magna Charta?" A little girl tremblingly replied: "Please, sir, it was na me."

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

AN aged lady on her death-bed, in a penitential mood, said, "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her, exclaimed, "Lors, misses, I knowed it all the time."