

Exchanges.

Among our exchanges we are pleased to acknowledge *Acta Victoriana*, *Queen's Journal*, *McGill Outlook*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Varsity*, and numerous others.

In the Evening.

When shades of night begin to fall,
And day's last murmur dies,
I love to linger by yon grove
And watch the fair moon rise,
And flood the hills and far-off vales
With soft and silvery light.
'Tis then my soul comes 'neath the spell
Of its sweet mystic might.

For while I linger in that light
My youthful past takes form;
Forgotten are the long, long years,
So full of stress and storm;
My youthful haunts I seem to see
Stretch out beneath the haze,
And, filled with joy's sweet overflow,
I dream of other days—
The days of happy childhood, spent
In dreaming splendid dreams,
While wandering o'er the homeland hills,
Or wandering by her streams.

Ah moon, how kindly dost thou smile!
Down through the evening haze,
And touch with glory all the joys
Of those sweet other days.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a boy again, just for to-night;
Give me a club, and a pocket of stones,
And the country we'll strew with white, bleaching bones.—Ex.

In an Ontario town, during the last summer, a lady and her family attended the service of a denomination other than the one with which they were connected. At the close of the sermon the preacher began a vigorous attack upon what he was pleased to term the nonsensical peculiarities of doctrine of the denomination with which, it so happened, the lady and her family were connected. Since she occupied a prominent seat in the chapel she became somewhat vexed at the length and origin of the uncalled for and unjust denunciation of the preacher. Being in doubt whether she should retire from the chapel or remain, she opened her Bible at random, often a custom of hers, and her eyes fell upon these words, uttered by Abraham: "Abide ye here with the ass." Obeying the injunction she remained.—Ex.