

our American newspapers degenerating?" a platform is laid down which is all right theoretically, but which, we should say, would be attended with some difficulty in practice. "Vegetable Physiology," "The gods of Greece," "Classical Notes" are all well worth reading. We are glad to note the high standard of this magazine. Its managers are to be congratulated upon its uniform excellence.

The *University of Toronto Quarterly* is filled as usual with very valuable reading. Perhaps the dignity of a quarterly calls for half a dozen "heavy" articles such as we have here, still it must be admitted that to the general reader, even the average undergraduate, the majority of these articles are a sealed book.

Nevertheless we are proud as Canadians of *l'arsity's Quarterly*, for it certainly is equal to the best of its kind. The titles of the articles in the number before us are as follows:—"The Scottish Philosophy," "Astrée," "Some Phases of Altruria," "The Development of the Science of Mineralogy," "Celestial Mechanics, Ptolemy, Copernicus and Newton," "The Fall of the English Monasteries."

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

A GEOLOGICAL FIND.

First Scientist—"Eureka! What a find! Here is conclusive proof of all our theories. See this rock? It is as round as a barrel, and just about the same shape and size. It must have rolled for ages at the bed of some swift stream. Note how smooth it is."

Second Scientist—"It is unlike any rock in this vicinity. It must have been brought from a great distance, probably by some mighty iceberg in the ages that are gone."

Third Scientist—"There are mountains near here. It may have come down in a glacier."

Fourth Scientist—"It is unlike any of the rock on these mountains. In fact, it is unlike any rock to be found on earth. It must have dropped from the moon. Here comes a farm hand. I will ask him if there are any traditions concerning it. See here, my good man, do you know anything about this strange rock?"

Farm Hand—"That use ter be a barrel of cement."

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

An Absent-Minded Minister Gets Himself Into a Predicament.

A well-known Washington minister tells this story: "In a country circuit in Virginia, it was the custom to wear week-day shoes and stockings to

church, because the dust would get them soiled. Sunday footgear was carried along in the hands of the wearers, and when the church was reached a change was effected. One of the ablest ministers in the conference preached at the church, and being told of the custom, and having some distance to walk from where he was being entertained, adopted the same method. One of the leading characteristics of the minister was his absent-mindedness, and thrusting his hosiery into his pocket he mounted the pulpit. When in the middle of his discourse he drew out what he thought was his handkerchief, and after wiping his brow laid the article down on the pulpit, when, to his dismay and the amusement of the congregation, he discovered that it was the pair of extra socks that he had worn to church. He completed his sermon, but it was the last time he ever conformed to that particular custom of the country.

MIXED METAPHORS.

During an exciting debate in the house of representatives the members sometimes indulge in mixed metaphors. A member, referring to one of his colleagues, said: "The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his oar where it is not wanted." In another speech occurred this expression: "The iron heel of stern necessity darkens every hearthstone." And another member, in a very forcible and dramatic manner, asked the house this startling question: "Would you stamp out the last flickering embers of a life that is fast ebbing away?"

The following excellent illustration of Irish readiness was furnished by an engineer belonging to a large Atlantic cattle steamer.

Before sailing, the vessel is always carefully searched for stowaways. If any are discovered they are immediately, and not very gently, put ashore. Nevertheless, as soon as the vessel passes Innistrathull—the last place at which they can be landed—two or three, at least, of these uninvited guests often contrive to make their appearance. How they are able to conceal themselves is always a profound mystery; but there they are, ragged and famished.

Of course they cannot be allowed to starve. But they are not fed sumptuously—weak skilly, hard tack, and thin soup forming the staple of their diet, especially if they are numerous.

One day, as the first mate—for whom the captain had been calling for some time—passed along the deck, an Irish stowaway, who was vainly fishing in his bowl of soup for beef which was not there, looked up, and with a comical grin on his face said—

"Puzzle—find the *maic*."