

The Prophet of '95.—To sleep,—perchance to dream.

John Millar.—To forgive Farrell sincerely and nobly.

Harry Farrell.—To faithfully perform my duties as President of the A.M.S., and to love everybody—including Millar—except the Athletic committee.

The De Nobis Men.—To haul everybody impartially over the coals, and tell no more lies than is incident to our profession.

The Divinities.—To read the Bible only on weekdays, and avoid studying on Sunday, by reading nothing but dictionaries and "Mark Twain."

Everybody.—To pay our dollar to the JOURNAL.

CLIPPINGS.

An exchange has the following:—"The Scottish papers are mentioning the name of Prof. John Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston, in connection with the chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, left vacant by the selection of Prof. Edward Caird to be master of Balliol College, Oxford. Should Prof. Watson be appointed Canada will lose the deepest man in philosophy on this continent. Prof. Watson was offered the chair of Christian Ethics in Cornell University some years ago, but he declined it, and it is now filled by Prof. Schurman, who is also President of the institution. It is interesting in this connection to observe that President Schurman is a native of Prince Edward Island, Principal Rand of McMaster University, is from New Brunswick, and Principal Grant and Sir William Dawson are Nova Scotians. Fish seems to be good brain food.

TWO STROKES OF THE CLOCK.

A youth and maid in twilight sat

And softly talked on subjects that

In youth and twilight, never seen

Amiss.

For him, 'twas love's young dream ;

For her, 'twas—well, she could not say ;

She could not determine her heart that day.

And his heart grew heavy as lees of wine ;

For the clock in the hallway had just struck

"Nein !"

Some hours had pass'd,

And still the youth

Would not abandon hope, in truth,

He pleaded on with tireless zeal

And all the strength of love's appeal,

'Til, faintly dawning in her eyes,

The light of pity he descries ;

For he knew full well that his labor was done

For the clock in the hallway had just struck

"Won !"

THE THREE BOHEMIANS.

The International Dictionary gives three different meanings of the word "Bohemian." *First*, a native of Bohemia ; *second*, an idle stroller or gypsy ; and,

thirdly, an adventurer in art or literature, of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes, or free morals. The origin of this strange confusion of terms must be sought in history. It is interesting to note that music played an important part in this philological process. The genuine Bohemians have contributed their full share to the world's civilization. They have given us a Huss, a Comenius, a Brozik, a Dvorak. They are essentially a musical people. The gypsies are a nomadic people, who have wandered from Northwestern India into Europe. They, too, are a musical people. To the French, Bohemia was a *terra incognita*. It was a familiar name, but the French conception of it was limited to the view that its people were dark-skinned heretics, who had fought against the Pope, and were particularly fond of song and dance. The gypsies corresponded with the description, and were christened accordingly. The third (meaning a literary adventurer) is but the second (a gypsy) used metaphorically.—*Josef J. Kral, in Music, Chicago.*

THE MOHAMMEDAN PARADISE.

The Mohammedan paradise is a fairy land. To enter it, the believer must cross seven bridges, at each of which he must answer questions relating to his past life. Having crossed the bridges he is at the entrance. There are thirteen doors. The first act is to take a bath, which gives to the body great brilliancy. This abode of delight is built of bricks of gold and of silver held together by a mortar of musk. Four oceans soothe the senses—one of water, one of milk, one of honey, one of wine. Waves of perfume envelop them, so powerful as to be noticeable five hundred days' march away. Lastly, come the castles of the hours—seventy castles with seventy rooms, containing seventy state beds and seventy tables ready set, and in this castle 1,680,700,000 hours. This to each of the elect. He himself has seventy robes of green brocade embroidered with rubies and topazes. Great Prophet ! Let us all be Turks !—*The Critic, Halifax.*

PUDD'N'HEAD WILSON'S WISDOM.

There is no character, however good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, however poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance : his character is about perfect ; he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.

Tell the truth, or trump—but get the trick.

Adam was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake ; he wanted it only because it was forbidden. The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent ; then he would have eaten the serpent.