

few months. When an essential doctrine of our faith has been attacked by a man of undoubted sincerity and influence, it may be well to let our voice be heard, provided we know whereof we speak; on other occasions we will lose nothing and retain much by preserving a dignified silence. The exponent of truth should not encourage triflers nor bring himself into contempt by answering a fool according to his folly.

In our last issue we pointed out that certain well-defined omens portended an increase in the ranks of the M.M.P.A. Our assertion has been amply justified. At Greig Place, Arnprior, on the 16th, instant Mr. Colin G. Young, B.A., ('93) was married at high noon to one of our most charming graduates, Miss Jean McG. Russell, B.A., of the class of '94. The ceremony was performed by two of our graduates, Revs.* D. J. McLean and Dr. Campbell, and the young couple were assisted by Miss M. Russell and Mr. J. Wallace, undergraduates of '97. Two days later Mr. Young was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Russelltown, Que. This charge was recently vacated by Mr. D. R. Drummond, M. A., who left it to become pastor of the leading church of St. Thomas, Ont. We voice the mind of the many student friends of Mr. and Mrs. Young in wishing them every prosperity and happiness in their new home.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

BOARDER—"Seems to me that D-l-n Sr. can reach a great distance."

Lady Boarder—"Yes, Mr. D-l-n has longer arms than any gentleman I have ever met." Sensation and many blushes on the part of D-l-n.

B-nn-t—"Why would a barber rather shave two big broad-faced Dutchmen than a little skinny Irishman?"

W-nd-l—"Give it up."

B nn-t—"Because he'd be paid for two."

Scene at tea-table March 16th. J. S. W-t-n—"So to-morrow is the day of the big fight."

A. R-nn-e—"Yes; is it not a most disgraceful affair."

J. K. C-l-k—"It is. Such things should be suppressed."

J. S. W-t-n—"In fact it is no credit to us to mention the thing. It shows an interest we should not feel in it."

W. C. B-nn-t—"How do you think it will go?"

A. R-nn-e—"Fitz. will win."

J. K. C-l-k—"He will not."

A. R-nn-e—"I'll bet a dollar."

J. S. W-t-n—"I'll take you."

G. W. R-e, on leaving Convocation Hall after reading his sermon, was approached by a friend who asked him how he had succeeded. "First-rate," he replied, "the Principal seemed to be greatly impressed. I rather think I'll get a call; at anyrate he asked for a second hearing."

Friend to T. K-nn-dy—"How are you, Tommy?"

T. K-nn-dy—"I didn't steal your gloves and it was some other person that changed the stuff in the parcel."

[A letter in verse by ———, of year'—, to ———, (who dwells under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains) showing remarkable promise in one so young and reflecting no small, &c., &c.]

I've just been reading the tale of Don Juan—

Easy reading; extremely entertaining;

What wild and reckless fancies, and eschewing

Stiff rules of art, the critic's voice disdain—

Like honey, clay and buttermilk set stewing;

Suppose I now should tell you it is raining,

Or anything would come in pat and timed,

So you could not deny me that it rhymed.

Poor Byron is black balled because obscene,

Untutored child of genius and so forth,

Like bacon fried, he gives both fat and lean;

(The lean without the fat is little worth.)

The *music* of his verse is sweet and clean,

And steady as the needle to the north,

Of course you will find here there parenthesis

With sudden jerks in thought (sharp antithesis).

I've oft heard preachers quote him in the pulpit,

When warning sinners to take in a reef;

A shudder cold went through me (could I help it?)

They said my days were "in the yellow leaf."

Complacently the congregation gulped it,

As if it were a joint of stall-fed beef

Roasted at the fire, that in his bosom

Preyed. Pardon reader! I must now give you some

Word to weld the rhyme out while 'tis hot,

As Byron does. But I fear I something wander

Which in classic writing is a serious blot;

Yet Don Juan is oft inclined to maunder;

Betimes he stuffs his blind foot through the plot,

And tears the cob-web fabric all asunder,

Much like Haidee and Don were roughly parted—

A pair of lovers more than broken-hearted.

There's one thing may be said about the song,

Although I'm quite unfit to criticise,

Which in a college sprig is very wrong,

As if his red-bound gown contained ought wise—

But Don Juan is tedious and long,

Still here and there it smacks of apple pies.

Now I must close this letter unto you

With affectionate remembrance and adieu.