

The following is dedicated to those whom it may concern. The crop of poets about college this winter is a good deal in excess of the demand. We hear much and choose little. We offer our readers the following, to be taken at strictly its face value.

The Mass Meeting and the Conversat.

It was in the month of Janus,
Time of snow and frosty weather,
While the Brooklyn riots lasted
And the air was filled with rumors.
Of the coming of elections.
That 'neath shadows of Mount Royal,
In the Presbyterian College,
That the students met together.
Sat in conclave speaking, thinking,
Was it wise to have or have not
A night of gay and festive splendor.
That is known in college circles as a
Conversazione.

In the place of honor seated,
From whence oft had been corrected
All the schisms and the heresies.
Sat the President, troubled, thoughtful,
Then a hush that quelled the noisy,
Awed to silence the most boisterous.
Settled over the assembly.

Then arose "the justice," calmly,
To present with force and clearness.
And acuteness of acumen.
Thoughts, and claims, and considerations

That should influence the meeting,
For to hold the Conversazione.
Quite imposing was the Justice,
And with legal forms familiar,
To the glory of Ontario,
To the sadness of the President,
After him came a down-easter,
Very powerful in logic, very canny in
finances,

Spoke with vim against the motion.
Whereupon there was excitement and
the clamoring of voices.
And the tones of him of Gl'woc

Rose in protest 'gainst the motion,
Spoke of debts and large deficits,
Things not pleasant for to dwell on.
Rose another then, who pleaded
For the treasury of the temple,
Which this winter was depleted.
And anon there spake a sage one.
Who remembered all the misery,
And the poor of the great cities.
Scarcely was he finished speaking.
When a class-mate rose beside him,
Strong of throat, and strong in Scrip-
ture,
And deliverance made in this wise.
"Always ye the poor have with you,
But the graduates not always."
Very clever were the speeches.
Many were the reasons given.
Very frequent points of order,
Till the chairman, somewhat rattled,
Frequent cried out, "Is that right,
boys?"

Thus appealing to his adviser,
In all matters strictly legal.
Eighteen for and nineteen contra,
Stood the poll when all was ended,
And the students all departed.
So the Conversat was buried,
With the roses of last summer,
Several feet below the snow-drifts.

On the evening of Feb. 12th. Mr. and Mrs. David Morrice gave an "at home," to the members of faculty and students of this college. An enjoyable evening was spent by all who were present, and we retain grateful memories of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Morrice.

On the same evening the Rev. Dr. Smyth and wife gave a reception in the lecture room of Calvin Church, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Prof. Serlinger was among the speakers of the occasion, and the students of this college who are connected with the congregation, chose the opportunity to make a presentation to Dr. and Mrs. Smyth as a small token of the esteem in which they regard them.

The Bishop of the West Wing is pui-