

sermon. The clergyman was at his best, and his parishioners congratulated each other at the doors upon dismissal that the old fire had returned in their beloved shepherd. Mr. Beecher came out of his pulpit, shook hands with the actor and actress heartily, introduced them to several pillars of the church, told them how much pleasure they had afforded him on the previous day, and came to the point by saying that his folks in Connecticut had sent him a big goose, which he would share with them.

Mr. Irving made a little informal speech in reply and accepted the invitation in behalf of Miss Terry and himself. The party then paired off—Mr. Beecher taking charge of Miss Terry and requesting Major Pond to take Mr. Irving's arm and go on ahead. In this order the party reached the house, at Hicks and Clark streets. Mrs. Beecher, from an upper window, saw them coming and watched them until they reached the door. She then rushed down stairs to turn over the goose while her husband opened the door with his night-key. The party rested in the parlor until the dinner was ready. The conversation was of an everyday nature and did not enter deeply either into theatricals or religion. Mr. Beecher said that he was almost ignorant as regards Mr. Irving's profession. The play that he remembered best was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which a live bloodhound took his part very naturally by biting Legree.

On the other hand Mr. Irving expressed sorrow at being forced to say so, but he has not read the revised edition of the New Testament through yet. Mr. Beecher put the actor at ease by confessing that he had not either. A good-natured laugh followed and the conversation became general. Miss Terry described a love of a bonnet that she saw last week, and Mrs. Beecher, who had joined the party, dilated upon the medicinal merits of boneset tea. The smell of onion-stuffing permeated the atmosphere and put a keen edge on already sharp appetites. Just as the great actor was about to feign a dead faint from hunger, a sharp voice from the kitchen called:

"Mrs. Beecher!"

The summoned lady ran down stairs two steps at a time and soon reached the side of the dismayed cook:

"What is the matter, Polly?"

"We've forgot the sage!"

"Oh, Polly! Polly!"

Nothing could be done but to say nothing and send the goose up stairs in the hope that the missing link would not be noticed. "Dinner's all ready," announced Mrs. Beecher with an assumed smile.

The party filed into the dining-room, Mr. Beecher behind, turning his cuffs end-for-end as he walked. In this room was a palatable show. A big fat goose intrenched in gravy and flanked by all kinds of vegetables slept the final sleep in the centre of the table. Everything necessary accompanied the star of the feast.

"Dark meat, Miss Terry?" asked the reverend gentleman, as he grasped the carver.

"If you please, with plenty of stuffing," returned the little lady.

All were helped from the generous goose, and Mr. Beecher sat down to enjoy his reward. He is very fond of onion-stuffing, and had taken care that it was not all gone before his turn came. "This goose," began Mr. Beecher, the bird's biographer, "has a history. She is the seventh goose of a seventh!"

Just what the reverend gentleman was going to attribute to the goose will not be known, as just then he tasted the stuffing. A stern look came over his face and he was on the point of saying something when he caught the warning glance from his wife's eye and kept quiet. Nothing was heard for ten minutes besides the tuncful play of knives, forks and dishes. The dinner was topped off with mince and pumpkin pies, in whose favour the guests could not say too much.

After dinner a quiet, enjoyable talk was indulged in. Mr. Beecher neglected his Sunday-school to entertain the English artists. He highly complimented Mr. Irving by telling him that he was a born preacher.

"If I was not pastor of Plymouth Church, I would be Henry Irving," said Mr. Beecher.

"You are a born actor," said Mr. Irving. "As for myself, there is no one I feel more inclined to envy than the pastor of Plymouth Church."

Miss Terry was not slighted in Mr. Beecher's meed of praise. The topics of the discussion momentarily changed from America to England and back again, both of the leading gentlemen having well-stored minds that released them from "talking shop." At 4 o'clock the visitors departed, carrying and talking delightful impressions.—*New York Herald, 19th November.*

"I'd be a medical, gay body-smasher,
Digging up graves, the world all abed,
And invent a little pill
That would never fail to kill,"

Thus to himself the gay Theolog said.

"I'd be a Theolog, gay devil-dodger,
With a prayer on my lips I'd be flirting with sin;
With parson and rector," thus said the dissector,
"Tis money they're after, the motive's too thin."

I'd be a Science man," the Law student murmured,
"Building up bridges and laying down rails;

The scheme may be trumpetry,

Then form a company,

The Scientist prospers, the company fails."

"I'd be a lawyer," thus shouted an Arts man,

"I'm for the Law, it suiteth me well;

Hence pills, Science, and cloister,

I'll take the oyster

And hand to the clients the beautiful shell."

"But who'd be an Arts man?"

Theology, Medicine,

Science and Law in unison say,

"Dudes, mashers and daisies,

In different phases,

They demolish the cake while

Their governors pay."

Personals.

McCulloch, '84 Med., is laid up with typhoid fever at the hospital.

Warnford, '86 Med. is slowly becoming convalescent at the hospital, after a severe attack of diphtheria.

Mr. Geo. Rogers, fourth year Arts, we are glad to see, is able to be about again. He has just recovered from an attack of typhoid fever.

T. D. Green, B. Ap. Sc., '82, was in town last week. He has just returned from the North-West where he has been engaged on the staff of a surveying party. Roughing it must agree with him, if we are to judge from his hearty looks and tanned face.

MOVEMENTS OF PRINCIPAL DAWSON IN ENGLAND.—As our readers are aware Dr. Dawson reached England in time for the meeting of the British Association at Southport. He took part in the discussions in general committee on the meeting in Canada in 1884, and in the public proceedings at the close, and also read in the Geological section a paper in further illustration of *Eozoon Canadense*. At the close of the meeting he visited Chester, Manchester, Leeds and Bradford, informing himself as to the new scientific and technical schools in these cities. At Leeds he lectured before the Philosophical Society, and at Manchester before the Students' Natural History Society. He took part in the public exercises at the opening of the new medical laboratories of Owens College, and in the annual convocation of the Chester Society of Natural History. In pursuit of information as to the methods now employed in England in the higher education of women, he visited the Colleges of Giron and Newnham at Cambridge, and also the Ladies' College at Cheltenham; and has collected reports and other evidence respecting the Ladies' Colleges at Oxford, Bristol and London, some of which he hopes to visit at a later date. While in London, Dr. Dawson has been renewing acquaintances with scientific friends, attending the meetings of the Royal and Geological Societies, and discussing points of geological interest, as well as collecting material for the University Museum. Before this time he has, no doubt, left London for Paris, Rome, Naples and Egypt.