

THE preacher does not always take it as a sign of approval when he sees members of the congregation nodding.—*Til Bits.*

STUDENT (after preaching a forty-five minute sermon)—It took me just fifteen minutes to prepare that sermon. Deacon—I thought so.—*Ex.*

They were playing they said at a practice game,
That they oft had played before,
And curious friends stood by and smiled,
And wondered which one would score.
And Cupid as umpire, called the game,
With a clear and cloudless sky,
And the minister smiled as he hung out the score,
For the game had come out a "tie."—*Ex.*

THAT was a rather pointed story that the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst told in his pulpit to illustrate the fact that no man could come into close contact with the universe without having the idea of the Maker come into his mind. The late Robert Ingersoll, while in Mr. Beecher's study, at one time, saw a large globe standing on his table—a globe that showed, in elegant outlines, the contour of the earth's continents and seas. "That is a fine globe you have there, Mr. Beecher? Who made it?" was Mr. Ingersoll's inquiry. "Oh, nobody," answered Mr. Beecher.—*Boston Transcript.*

WE take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following exchanges:—The Acadia Athenaeum, Acta Victoriana, The Varsity, The Trinity College Review, The University of Ottawa Review, Vox Wesleyana, The Montreal Diocesan Theological College Magazine, The University of New Brunswick Magazine, The Queen's University College Review, The McGill Outlook, The Presbyterian College Journal, The Manitoba College Journal, The Albert College Nines, The O. A. C. Review, The University of Virginia Magazine, The College Index, The Kenyon Collegian, The Ottawa Campus, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Shurtleff College Review, The Athenaeum, The Young Women's Gazette, The Mitre, The Advance, The Sybyl, The Bowdoin Quill, and others.

SHE LOVED BOOKS. — The danger of pretending to have read books that one has never seen is pleasantly illustrated in the following story which appears in an American paper:—

He was a grave, thoughtful man of marked intellectuality and fine literary tastes. She was a featherbrain of a soubrette. Most vivacious and winsome in her petite blonde loveliness, but in no sense a book-worm.

"Are you fond of literature?" he inquired, with accustomed carelessness, but he was watching her attentively.

"Passionately," she replied, "but I get so little time to read anything except the chronicles of my profession. Ours is a most exciting art, but I love books dearly."