

alizing practice, which has been carried to a baneful extreme, so as to damage the interests and reputation of the university, and the resolutions, after declaring for abolition, say that the freshman class will be expected to observe established college customs, and provide for a committee of five persons, composed of the Vice-Presidents of the two upper classes, the editor-in-chief of the *Princetonian*, and the manager and assistant manager of the baseball team, to enforce the resolutions.—*New York Post*.

"You will observe," said the Professor, "that the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes." "But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the foot of the class, whose father was in the hardware line. "Certainly not," replied the Professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?" "I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youngster.—*Household Words*.

A CERTAIN layman in the diocese brought a complaint against the clergyman of the parish for various ritualistic practices. In making his indictment, he reserved the worst till last—"And would you believe it, my lord? Mr. — kisses his stole." Whether the Bishop approved of the piece of ritual or not, history does not relate, but his sense of humor came to his rescue at the moment. "Well, Mr. —, you will be the first to admit that that's a good deal better than if he stole a kiss."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ACTA VICTORIANA has published an excellent Christmas number both as to form and matter. It is representative of the best names in Canadian literature, among the contributors being such writers as, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Charles C. D. Roberts, Jean Blewett and others. We notice a pretty little poem by our own Dr. Rand, which we reproduce elsewhere in this column. There are portraits of most of the writers as well as other illustrations. Altogether the number reflects great credit upon the energy of the editors.

THE Bishop of—never mind where—being a new comer, and somewhat troubled with a neglected diocese, thought to inspire his clergy to take occasional services during the week by periodically visiting out-of-the-way parishes and taking one himself.

On one of these occasions, having formed quite a good congregation, and having been moved to much eloquence in his sermon, he felt a little not unnatural desire to know if he had made any impression on the usually unimpressionable yokels, and put some leading questions to the old clerk, who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry. "Well, I hope they've been pleased with yer," said the old man, patronizingly, "and I'm sure we tuk it werry kind o' yer worship to come down and preach to us; but, yer knaw, a worsen one would ha' done for the likes o' we, if so be," he added with becoming humility, "one could have bin found."—*Living Church*.