

mously, and that just over the page at the end of the editorials was an acknowledgment of its receipt, and the hitherto unpublished statement that we could not notice any such contributions, but that we made an exception of this case, owing to our own oversight in not before making known our rule in that respect.

THE last week or so of rainy weather has been a source of great grief to our students, in that it has hindered the flooding of our rink; so that we cannot reasonably expect to have any enjoyment in the way of skating before the Christmas breaking-up. Several weather prophets had emphatically stated the December month would be a very cold one, and we believed them; but here we are, far on in the month, and not a square inch of ice on the rink to gladden our hearts with the hope of "more to follow." Setting aside the attendant disappointments, such a quantity of rain as has recently descended, at least in the vicinity of the College, and in this dreary season, would be enough to discourage the most sanguine of temperaments.

Since writing the above, snow has fallen, and though during the holidays we may not be able to skate, we can make up the lost pleasure in sleighing, and can hope to find on returning after Christmas the long-looked for and much-desired ice.

It would seem that the statement made in our last paper concerning anonymous contributions, has either not been seen or not been regarded; for we have since received an unsigned article, which we would gladly print, did we but know the author's name. However, if the contributor would send us her name before the sixth of next month, we would with pleasure publish her effort in our next number.

MONEY is scarce—our Society treasurer is not slow to fine defaulters.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

OWING to a mistake, which we much regret, we are not able to publish an abstract of the lecture delivered by the Rev. Dr. Peck, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the Central Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., under the auspices of our own Alumnæ. However, the following short notice of it taken from the *Times* will give our readers, and the many who were unable to be present, some idea of what they missed "in one of the richest treats that our people have enjoyed for many a day:"—

"The lecturer began by admitting that '*J. Homme Qui Rit*,' of Victor Hugo, had furnished him the title of his lecture, but nothing more. Hardly knowing what to expect, song or sermon, the audience soon betrayed both in feature and in cheer that it was under the spell of the song, and we venture the guess that long before the lecture closed few in that audience would deny that their hearts were completely carried by the address; that, but for its apocryphal title, might well be called a sermon. Dr. Peck is a very pleasing speaker, and carries his audience grandly with him. The subject might be expected to lead to the laugh for the laugh's sake, but it has rarely been our fortune to listen to so much of what might well be called the essence of common sense, presented in so charming a manner. Good nature at home, in society, in business, in the church, was really the subject of the lecture. The absence of it in the various relations of life furnished most laughable incidents; and some illustrations were of so pointed and practical a character that Toronto, and not Hamilton, must furnish them. The cultivation of good nature, imperative on all lacking in that most desirable quality, was urged in a masterly style, to the unbounded delight of his audience." We guarantee to Dr. Peck a crowded house the next time he visits Hamilton, and hope his return may be soon.

At a recent examination in history the question, "Who were the Lollards?" was asked, and at once came the bright response, "They were father and son, the followers of John Balliol."