

can be no very serious objection. It is free from most if not all the many gross injustices and evils that cluster around the present system, in which I cannot see a redeeming feature.

O. P. Q.

One of our popular professors a few days ago in prayer at the beginning of the class thanked God that we were privileged to study His word in our own language, after which he thanked Him that we were also privileged to study it in the language in which it was first written. After the lecture was over, and the professor had retired from the class-room, one of the students, who does not seem to take so kindly to the language of the garden as the professor does, and who, as yet, finds considerable difficulty at times in extricating some of the Hebrew roots from their environment, expressed himself with a somewhat serious countenance, to the effect that he was not certain that he could endorse all that prayer, as he was not at all thankful for the privilege of studying the Bible in the original language.

Courage, old man, a better day coming.

THE SERENADE—A REMINISCENCE.

An Ode for Halloween.

I.

" Silence seize ye, senseless crowd !
 " Confusion on your trumpets wait !
 " Which, harsh as hated discord loud,
 " Mock Morpheus' idle state.
 " Nor Dean, nor this Hall's venerable pale,
 " Nor even our standing, Theos, can avail,
 " To save our sacred haunts from nightly broils,
 " The Soph's impertinence, the Freshman's toils."

Such were the words that in the Morrice towers
 Midst midnight serenaders scattered wild dismay,
 As up the winding stair the stalwart powers
 Of justly-angered Theos wound in long array,
 " Clear out," Mc——zie cried, and braced his giant form,
 Before the Sophomore, who wound the sounding horn.

Up that stair whose tortuous flight
 Reaches realms with lumber stored,
 Robed in the snowy garb of night
 To reach th' orchestra, quick th' avengers soared,
 (Pale the lamp on flowing garments there
 Streamed, like a meteor's ray, across the trembling air.)
 And, with commanding voice, and righteous fire,
 Loosed the deep flood-gates of their ire :—