

Barclay and his people thoroughly understand how to make an occasion of this kind heartily enjoyable.

We are glad to see Mr. McCallum about after his recent illness. Mr. McCallum has always been popular with his fellow-students, who sympathized deeply in his enforced rest.

Some men are particularly obliging. So a prospective B.A. thought, when a junior literary man condescended to regard him as a suitable porter for his books, while he—happy man—went home with his girl from the social. We are sorry to reprove our juniors, in general they are a hopeful lot, but this is an aggravated case. Respect for seniors is a rule emphasized in College etiquette, and founded on solid common sense. Sophomores, you should be alive to the duties of your office.

It is high time to call "rats" on some practices we could mention. The King of rat land must have died lately, for there was a full convention in a certain room not long ago, and every ward was represented, as nearly as the occupant of the apartment could judge. That is why K—th is opposed to the license system, especially when his neighbor holds the license.

The poet has been around. We barred the sanctum door against him twice, but he persevered, and this is his latest effusion:—

A LAY OF THE MODERN TIME.

Sing, of water fights, the hero
Who inhabited the North Flat,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had overheard their scornful plottings
Which they plotted in the doorways,
And in corners black with darkness,
"Ha!" he said, "my friends, I guess
not!

I will teach you all a lesson
That not soon will be forgotten!"
Soon he heard the softened footfall,
Twittered laugh and whispered voices,
As unto their work of riot
Came they closing in upon him.

They perceived no danger near them,
Thought to catch the "possum sleeping,"
From his place of ambush came he,
Dashing swiftly in among them,
And so warlike was his aspect
That the bravest quailed before him,
Without mercy then he soaked them,
Right and left he flung the water,
And those wretched, half-drowned
plotters
Stood against steam pipes like scare-
crows
Perched aloft upon the heaters,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders,
To his wigwam went the victor,
Much he chuckled in the darkness.

We have received the programme of the 21st annual public meeting of the Knox College Missionary Society. Kinox seems to have a splendid missionary society, if we may judge by its works, and that is admittedly the only right way to form an estimate. We compliment our friends on their success and great usefulness in our Church's wide fields of Christian effort. We frankly admit that we have long wished that we could take a few leaves from their note book.

Prof. Scrimger is conducting our Sabbath morning services just now. He has taken as his subject the temptations of Christ, and is discussing them in a very interesting and instructive way. Those privileged to attend derive much pleasure and profit from the Doctor's expositions.

Very pertinent was the question of that 3rd year Artsman, who inquired if the Hebrew word "or" had any connection with the Auer lights of the college. It has, the charge is the same in either case. Two dollars will secure a year's rental of the one, or a supplemental in the other.

From a letter by the missionary of Kettle River, B.C., published in the December "Record," we clip the following:—"The saloon-keeper told me, 'he