

→PERSONALS.←

REV JOHN MORDY, M.A., '75, has resigned the pastorate of St. Paul's Church, Walkerton.

PETER M. POLLOCK, B.A., '81, occupied the pulpit of the Congregational Church in Brockville, Sunday the 30th ult.

DR. JAMES D. DUNLOP, Napanee, who attended the Royal last session, has secured the practice of the late Dr. McGurn, at Alpena, Mich., and has already taken up his abode there.

REV. H. LAMONT, D.D., an Alumnus of '64, formerly of Dalhousie Mills, Glengarry, was inducted on the 27th of February, to the pastoral charge of Florence and Dawn in the Presbytery of Chatham.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, LL.D., '63, Premier of the Dominion is, we are sorry to say, suffering from so severe a cold as to be incapacitated for the performance of his sessional duties for the present.

CHAS. T. EMPEY, M.D., '80, entered into "a world-without-end bargain" with a young heiress, Miss Edith Nelson, at Cross Hills, Yorkshire, Eng., on the 12th ult. We "wish them all sorts of prosperity."

PRINCIPAL GRANT and the Rev. Dr. Jardine, M.A., B.D., '63, opened the new church in the village of Renfrew on Sabbath, March 9th, with appropriate and impressive dedicatory services. This church, costing between \$13,000 and \$14,000, is entirely free from debt.

REV. JOHN JENKINS, D.D., LL.D., Montreal, one of the Trustees of our University, is at present supplying with much acceptance, the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, during the absence of its pastor in Scotland. The doctor is preaching a series of five discourses on "Natural and Revealed Theology."

Rev. John Ferguson, M.A., B.D., '79, of Chesley, Ont., has just closed a most successful series of evangelistic meetings in connection with his congregation. The congregation has nearly quadrupled since his ordination there four years ago, and a fine new church is in course of erection.

REV. THOS. WARDROPE, D.D., '80, Guelph, Rev. Kenneth MacLennan, M.A., '49, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Rev. Prof. McLaren, D.D., '83, Knox College, Toronto, and Principal McKnight, Halifax, are the nominees of the different Presbyteries so far for the Moderatorship of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, which meets June 4th, in St. James' Square Church, Toronto.

This is not a joke, therefore don't laugh. It is written for whom it may concern, therefore hold an inquiry meeting in your mind. But especially for Divinity students, therefore ye guilty ones give heed unto my words. It is not meet that an unordained man should conduct divine worship in a gown, the insignia of that office. It is not meet that while in the pulpit, bandana or silk handkerchiefs should be used. Such gaudy apparel is an insult to the feelings and a grievous abomination to a cultured audience and not to be countenanced even in the backwoods. Let a word from the wise be sufficient.

→DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.←

THE Prof. of Physics the other day, speaking of the number of syllables a person could articulate in a second, said that the average number was set at 5 or 6. But he added, though he had made numerous attempts he had not been able to pronounce more than 3 per second; he had, therefore come to the conclusion that this statistician must have been experimenting on women. We leave it to the ladies to decide whether this is a compliment or not, though Shakespeare says "to be slow in words is woman's only virtue."

Johnny Morgan with acoustical variations:

Professor Marshall plays the organ,
While Dennis kicks the drum,
The boys, they bang their tambourines,
And they all have so much fun.

Some of the members of the class called for a song to accompany the Prof's instrumental, but he couldn't see it in that light.

Conundrum.—Why is a certain student boarding on William street always in twilight?

Because he lives between *Knight* and *Day*.

In answer to the Professor of Hebrew, Mr. G——n insisted that the derivation of Virgin is *vir*—a man and *gin*—a trap.

Excited Soph—(after lecture in logic). No sir! Prof. Watson can't prove me to be a fool by *that* method.

Mr. M.—Well he can by another very easily.

Soph.—What is it?

Mr. M.—By *Immediate Inference*.

Our Staff, as of course it is needless to inform our admiring readers is the *creme a la creme* of the University, and that such loveliness as ours might be perpetuated, as the sparkling brilliancy of our thoughts have been in these eleven numbers, it was decided after much anxious thought to have our 'pictur took,' that it might stand as a beacon light to guide in the choice of future JOURNALS, staffs, in short, that it might become the imperial standard. For we ourselves fully realize that through us the JOURNAL has reached the Augustan period of its history. We felt that the eyes of the literary world were upon us, and that duty called us to sacrifice ourselves for the good of posterity, notwithstanding our proverbial innate modesty and our unnatural shrinking from being brought in the remotest manner into public notice. The fatal day and hour therefore were named when we should meet at the place of torture. We need not tell of the hours it took to induce our heroic members to toe the scratch. Nor how the fighting Ed. was forced to fix his eyes on a pretty girl's photo, but was not allowed to wink at her on pain of instant ejection. Nor how it took a whistling animal of unknown species, two abbreviated humming birds and a mutilated rabbit to keep the Divinity men in focus. Nor how the Man. Ed. and the Sec.-Treas. tried to look learned and business-like over an interesting treatise on such momentous questions as, "Is it an ox?" and another book dedicated to the Lost tribes of Israel. Nor how our Medico was allowed to look right into the camera without injury to himself or it, while our dude tried to gaze successfully on vacuo. All these and many other things happened to us, but at last after having stood fire for four rounds with as much steadiness as could be expected under such trying circumstances, we were allowed to go.