

The truth is, that the father of the family seldom reads the books at all. He probably characterizes them all as "trash," and shrugs his shoulders with the reflection that women like occasionally to amuse themselves with rubbish of the kind. If he would take the trouble to sit down, and quietly go through a volume here and there, he would become a wiser, if not a better man, and perhaps more stringent conditions insist upon. Time was, when certain books were regarded as being tabooed to the daughters of a household, while even the sons were not avowedly permitted to read them until they had left school. "Don Juan," "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones" how innocent they are, not even excepting "Don Juan," beside the half-concealed carnality pretending to be inevitable sentiment, which characterizes the modern novel. Yet respectable middle-aged censors still regard these books as the only volumes necessarily expurgated from the family catalogue, even though they may themselves delight in the wit, the graphic power, and even the moral purpose that the works of Fielding display, qualities not altogether absent, either from the stories of Smollett, coarse as they are. The only hope is that a large number of the readers of the books of the carnalities do not fully understand the language of depravity; but a perusal of the most modern examples, especially of those written by women, so greatly diminishes even this excuse for indifference that the only effectual remedy will be to wholly exclude them from the family.

THE OCEAN.

Tom Moore may regard with fondest emotion
The oily, green swells of the widest spreading sea.
And write the most charming of songs to the ocean
While snug in his room by a fire after tea;

But I, who have tossed on the raging Atlantic,
Eight blustering days, can affirm for my part
That the waves, although tashed into passion quite frantic,
Affected my stomach but never my heart.

ATTIE.

CLERGYMAN: "No, my dear, it is impossible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of asses." Young lady: "And that is why you call them 'Dear beloved brethren'!"

"You have fifty cents charged on my bill for a bath," he said to the hotel cashier at Long Branch. Well, isn't that correct?" "No, sare," replied the dispute: "dot is nod korrekct—none of my families ever take a bath." The amount was scratched off.

Lass-étude—Mashing.

"WHAT is the meaning of that red line above the fourth story of your house?" asked a stranger of a man near Pittsburg. "That is a water mark. That mark shows how high the water was during the great overflow about a year ago." "Impossible! If the water had been that high the whole town would have been swept away." "The water never was that high. It only came up to the first-story window, but the cursed boys rubbed it out three or four times, so I put it up there where they can't get at it. It takes a smart man to circumvent those boys."—*Texas Siftings*.

McGill News.

NOTES.—There are about 160 in the graduating classes of the University this year. This session McGill, independent of affiliated colleges, has 525 students, and 43 professors and lecturers. Three new professors are about to be added to the Arts Faculty.

THE JANITORS.—The janitor of the Redpath Museum is now compelled to guard the gas meters during lecture hours as some artful maiden has discovered where and how to check the intensity of the light in the class rooms.—The janitor of the medical building has prepared a bag of ten liters capacity for his spring collections. First sense then cents.

We are unwilling to allow the session to close without acknowledging the valuable assistance that has been rendered us by A. Weir, '86 Science, and we congratulate the shareholders in appointing him an editor for next year. It is pleasing to us who are about to withdraw our names from the college journal and our No. 10's from the college halls to think that the work will be taken up by so competent a successor.

Our Mining Engineers are in hot water. The announcement was recently made that the gold medal awarded by the members of the B. S. A. would be given this spring to the successful candidate among the mining students. The competition will be keen as the men are about equally matched. We would say to one and all "rush her up." To the one who wins we promise a merry bouncing and to those who succumb decent burial. *Tel est le sort de l'homme*.

PROGRESS.—A report, which we surmise is true, has reached the editors of the *Gazette*, to the effect that a Sabbath School has been lately organized in connection with the Arts and Science Reading Room. This new institution is said to be in a flourishing condition. The attendance on the classes is large, the teachers are most efficient, accomplished in story-telling, and well qualified by long experience to lead their youthful disciples in the way in which they should not go. Collections are in future to be taken up, and are in part to be devoted to the support of a Missionary S. S. in the Medical Reading Room.

REFORMS.—Arrangements, we understand, are being made to extend the precincts of the Arts Reading room. An ante-room is to be built in which billiard and other gaming tables, sofas, and reclining chairs for the use of patrons, are to be placed. This and the reading department will be in charge of a boxing master, whose special functions will be to light cigars, pipes, etc., quell riots, induce persons to sit on chairs rather than tables, and forcibly eject all such as shall indulge in political and other discussions. In the old room, ventilators are to be placed for the purpose of carrying off the surplus smoke, and thus prevent the frequent collisions that are now wont to occur in the gloom.