

year 1887, and that our subscriptions be paid to the Treasurer as soon as possible, and be placed by him in the Bank to the credit of this Association.

"That having ascertained the amount that can be raised among the students, we do then appeal to all former members of this Association, and to other graduates and friends of the University, asking them to state what they are willing to contribute annually for the support of Mr. Smith in China.

"That all subscribers be asked to remit their subscriptions to the Treasurer of this Association, on or before the first day of April in each year, beginning with the year 1887.

"That we as members of Queen's University Missionary Association will not fail to present the claims of the Association in both its Home and Foreign Work to congregations and mission stations, and in this way do all in our power to increase the revenue of the Association."

The most interesting feature of this scheme to those who watch with joy the development of Christ's Kingdom in our own day, is the fact, that it springs spontaneously from the College life of to-day. It gives the outside world a glimpse of the thoughts and purposes that fill the minds and sway the lives of the young men assembled in our College halls. Additional evidence of the spirit that permeates the Colleges to-day, is given in the fact that a similar scheme has originated among the students in Knox College.

Truly, old things are passing away, all things are becoming new, when the Missionary Associations of two Colleges that are sometimes supposed to be rival institutions, propose to co-operate in sending out Missionaries to preach the Gospel of Christ in China. The students in the different Theological Halls have learned that the cause of Christ demands not competition, but co-operation.

By the time that the next number of the JOURNAL is issued, it will be known how the students of Queen's have responded to the Missionary scheme that has originated among themselves, and then the appeal will be made to the Alumni.

The claim upon the funds of the Association for Home Mission work is greater this year than ever. To make its Foreign Mission project a success at least \$1,200 must be raised annually. In addition \$2,000, or more, will be needed this first year for outfit, travelling and other expenses, necessarily connected with the opening of a new mission.

These sums in addition to the amount required by the Association to prosecute its Home Mission work seem large, but the members have faith that every cent of it is coming. For the past seven years the retiring President has exhorted the members of the Association to go forward. They have done so, and have never yet been put to shame, and so in this Foreign Mission effort, having put their hands to the plow, they purpose not to look back.

MEDICAL.

FUNNY SIDE OF MICROBES.

EVERYTHING is running to microbes in these degenerate days. Our bread, butter, potatoes and beer are one wriggling mass of worms, and all the diseases that once amused a free people are now attributed to bugs.

A man cannot have a violent attack of good, old-fashioned cholera morbus, but what some physician with a microscope finds that he has become an incubator for little beasts, and the dear old pains in the stomach that afforded us so much pleasure and spiced our happiness in boyhood are said to be a national convention of *bicilli*.

The commonest form of diarrhoea is directly attributable to a picnic of animated commas, and even true love is so mixed up with worms that a fellow is afraid to kiss his best girl, lest she should crawl off and die.

From the cradle to the grave we are portable battlefields for unregenerate bugs, and all the efforts of psychology and thingmajigology are being bent to the task of proving that civilization only adds to our wormy condition.

Before this awful discovery was made a young man could kiss his beloved at the garden gate and go home and sleep sweetly and enjoy pleasant dreams of rosy lips and bright eyes and other intoxicating hereditaments thereunto belonging and to them appertaining; but now, in this age of progress, he presses his worm-eaten lips to the bug-infested cheek of his darling, and at the moment when he should feel the wavelets of bliss surging up his spinal column, he hears the voice of conscience crying "rats!" and he wilts and seeks his couch to dream of loathsome worms.

For my part, I do not thank science for revealing all the zoological phases of life to me. It has gradually impaired my digestion to sit down to the table convinced that the formerly palatable dishes that I prized so much are but insects and crawling things served up in a variety of styles. It makes me ill to think that I was a fool when I referred in a sarcastic tone to the favorite grub of the plain, onostentatious Digger Indian. I sowed the bug in so doing, and now I am reaping the humbug in broadcloth and blushes. I have seen my appetite pine away and die in contemplation of its own baseness, and as water has been scientifically discovered to be the bug-juice of the age, I have sworn off drinking it.

Science has carried its great bug theory too far. It has made our lives one great gob of sadness and soured the wine in our cellar of existence. It has robbed us of our stomachs and turned our lives over in sorrow. It has revolutionized life and made death terrible, and it has made it necessary to again revise the Holy Book, for that old expression, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," will not work. It should read, "Germ to germ, bug to bug, and worm to microbe."