

On March 24th we listened to Rev. J. J. Wright, B.A., of Lyn, who spoke on John xii. : 32, "The Suffering Saviour." This is one of the profoundest truths ever exemplified in human life and is a difficult one to understand, because to do so we must live it in our own lives. The spirit of Christ instead of passing away is just beginning to be understood. History shows that the universal reign and influence of Christ is being fulfilled and that all men, irrespective of local and national conditions, are being drawn to Him. This universal kingdom is to be brought about by the suffering of Christ, a suffering that breaks down opposition, that touches a common chord in all men and shews them that Christ met and overcame perplexities in life similar to their own. Many practical lessons were drawn, shewing how Christ's purpose of self-denial and love should be worked out in human life.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The "raven of dull care" had been hovering over me all week, for the near approach of exams. had reduced to a minimum my period of sleep, when I chanced to see "American Humorists" bulletined for the new Literary Society on Friday evening. At once my fancy called up the image of Oliver Wendel Holmes, with a twinkle in his eye looking slyly across the breakfast table at the Bombazine, or of Bill Nye vainly endeavoring to entice the domestic fly from its basking place on his polished pate, and methought that a jovial evening with the literary sages of the college would prove an antidote to my increasing woe. Accordingly 7.30 p.m. found me, with about twenty others, breathing the learned air of the classics room. Our genial President was already in the chair and the dry work of adopting the balance of the constitution was soon hurried through. Then, next year's programme was submitted by the executive and after due discussion was adopted, with subjects somewhat as follows: The American Civil War, Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," Agamemnon and Macbeth, Embryology, a poem of Browning's, and The Origin and Development of Religion: a solid programme that will tax the leaders to their utmost.

I had just fallen asleep when I was suddenly roused by the President calling on Mr. R. F. Hunter to read his paper. As Bob scrambled up to the desk, humour seemed to ooze out of the very toes of his boots, and the corners of his mouth quivered as he tried to suppress an ever-broadening smile. His subject was Mr. Anonymous, that omnipresent and omniverous contemporary of the ages, who, like the ubeequeetous freection of the pheelsics room, finds his way into both the Queen's *Quarterly* and Mother Seigel's Soothing Syrup Almanac. To say that Bob was in his element is to put it mildly indeed. He

revelled in fun, he grew sad with pathos, and then again he soared as he described the billionaire of many engagements, till at length we feared that Bob himself must have been numbered among her elect. He played his part well, and the general opinion was that his own humour was superior to anything he gave us second-hand.

By this time bracing laughter had dissipated care and had acted like a tonic on my nerves, and I was ready to be set a thinking by Mr. T. S. Scott's substantial comparison of American and English humorists. His text was, "American humorists, are there any or are they only jokers?" This he discussed in a masterly way, shewing how little real humour there is in the professional punster or buffoon. He concluded his paper by reading in an attractive style a poem from the Bigelow Papers, which reminded many a grinding student that there are more romantic things in life than mathematics and Anglo-Saxon roots.

Then was heard in rolling guttural tones that would make a Barclay green with envy, a sketch of the life and work of Mark Twain, from Mr. J. D. Stewart. After a well-drawn and transcendently philosophic distinction of wit and humour, Jim proceeded to shew, with the ready approval of the house, that a great deal of what Mark Twain wrote is execrable trash. Yet among it there are many golden grains,—subtle, insinuating humour, that would make the soberest man in the medical college lose control of his facial expression. Then he treated us to a comparison of "Innocents Abroad" and "Tom Sawyer," placing the latter at the head of Mark's works. Illustrative selections were given, not without examples of Twain's pulpit oratory, and when Jim took his seat every one was shedding a secret tear over the lamentable ignorance of Old Testament history shewn by Tom Sawyer, when he named David and Goliath as the foremost of the disciples.

The evening was a success, and life, even at this dread season of the year, seemed bright and rosy to all. With a croak my attendant "raven" flew off into the night, and on the homeward way I muttered to myself

And when you next do spring some fun
May I be there to hear.

VIATOR.

ARTS SOCIETY.

The Arts Society meeting on Tuesday evening, for the reception of reports of officers, was very poorly attended. The Treasurer's report was very gratifying as it showed that this year only one student had failed to pay his fee, and also showed a balance of over thirty dollars in the treasury. Numerous amendments to the constitution were proposed, but they involved such sweeping changes