

HERE AND THERE.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE ANNUAL MISSIONARY MEETING.—The annual missionary meeting of Wycliffe College was an excellent one this year. The program contained the names of Canon DuMoulin and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Algoma. A good practical paper was also read by the President, Mr. J. O. Stringer, B. A.

A PARABLE. —“Now, Chickie,” said old mother Hen, “you must scratch for yourself: you are too old for me to do it for you. Worms are fine diet, but, Chickie, the worm won’t crawl on to your plate, you must hunt him up. I have taught you the grades in quality, and worm gathering is a noble vocation. Now, don’t be like many of your trifling relatives, content with the poor worms found near the surface of the earth. You were given claws to scratch with, so use them. In action alone there is life, and persistent scratching always finds the worm. What if you don’t get the coveted worm at once? The hen whose scratching is soon rewarded, becomes fat and lazy, and therefore unfit for hard work. The scratching will do your muscles good, and for a big fat worm, you will need the appetite which action alone can give. By *search*, not by possession, your faculties will become enlarged, and the worm living deep down in the soil, always has the most delicate flavor. *Scratch*, don’t simply cackle. *Scratch*, or you will never have an egg of your own to cackle over. *Scratch*, don’t fight: and if ever you are *forced* to fight, you will do it the better for having scratched. Moral —*Scratch*.

TORONTO 'VARSITY.—The second of May draweth nigh, and with it the dread hour when all superfluous mirth and gaiety is swallowed up in the horrible gloom of examinations. *Dies Irae! Dies Irae!* Meanwhile the work of “cramming” and “plugging” goes merrily on, as the poor student with a determination inspired, as it were, by Jove, tries, during the last six weeks, to soak into his bewildered brain the work that should have been absorbed during the hours when he was beguiling the fleeting moments in “taking a hurl” at football, as Daniel Webster was wont to say in days of yore. And yet, in spite of the near approach of that dread hour, the thought that seems uppermost in the minds of the average student at the present moment is not examinations but elections. *Elections!* What a world of meaning is conveyed in that one word to those who are fortunate enough to be initiated into the mysteries of that occasion. What a picture of torn coats, of rough and tumble fights, of scrambling, and pushing, and shoving, and yelling, of ice cream, cocoa, coffee, etc., etc., comes up before the imagination when the sound of that electric word falls upon the enchanted ear; but words fail to express the full meaning of the term, and only those who have literally “been through the mill” can appreciate the feelings that actuate the undergraduate body at this eventful period of the year. The ambitious students who are seeking honor as officers of the Literary Society for 1892-3, do so under the auspices not of the “Federal” or