

DIVINITY HALL.

THE Mormons are said to have more missionaries than the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Lectures in Divinity are now fairly under way, and most of the students have returned.

What about the six winter months in the mission field, demanded by the General Assembly from every licentiate in the future, eh, John?

Wellesley College, the Girton of the new world, has begun its winter session with 510 students and 74 professors and assistants. Twenty-five young ladies have undertaken special studies in the Greek Testament; and thirteen find peculiar joy in Hebrew alone.

The Anglican Church missionary society is organizing a set of extraordinary meetings, to be held in England in at least fifty centres, for the purpose of rousing the Church to greater energy in evangelizing of the world.

John McLeod, B. A., has returned to Queen's College. During the summer he was stationed at Seymour. His Bible class there presented him with a magnificent coon coat, and the Church tendered him a call with \$1,000 per year salary as soon as he completes his course. He will be through in the spring.

Lenders and borrowers of books may take a hint from the practice of Mr. Thoms, the eminent antiquarian. "I remember once wishing to borrow a couple of volumes of Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes*," writes one of his many friends, "but Thoms would not hear of it. 'No, my dear ———,' he said, 'you must take them all; then when you return them I shall have the work complete, and (smiling good-naturedly) if you forget to return them, you will have a complete set.'"

Last Sunday, Rev. Dr. Arthur Little of Chicago preached a sermon to the young men, in which he said that it is estimated that only 15 per cent. of the young men of the United States attend church regularly. They are prolific in excuses for this, but all their excuses can be summed up in "I don't want to" go to church. The speaker wished young men could be led to realize the waste they are suffering from this neglect. They are growing hard, covetous, sensuous, profane, reckless, proud, censorious. They are growing toward the point at which embezzlements, peculations, and disasters occur. They are losing a certain fineness of temper, sweetness of spirit. They are growing away from the privilege of being the best citizens, fathers, husbands and men.

An old couple, French Presbyterians, had been constant attendants at church. The missionary was told that

they were "really pious old people." The old lady, one Sabbath forenoon, failed to put in appearance at church. The missionary, thinking she must be sick, resolved to call. The day was fine, and so he set out in the afternoon upon his mission of love; and as he reached the pre-sustainable house of sickness, bethought himself how best to administer comfort. Imagine his surprise, when in this meditative frame of mind, he lifted his eyes and saw the old couple sitting at their cottage door, neither reading their Bible nor engaged in Christian conversation; but knee to knee, there they were absorbed in a game of checkers. The old lady had got the old man into a corner. Her face beamed with intense satisfaction; but her partner in life seemed puzzled, as if unable to better his position. The missionary looked on for a moment or two unobserved by the two players. When noticed, the old folks conducted themselves with the utmost *sans froid*, accepting the situation as a matter of course. This is an instance of the force of habit. The poor old people had been reared in the bosom of the Catholic Church, and though Presbyterians, like Luther, still clung to some of their old ways.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Communications to the "Journal."

It is unpleasant to find fault as well as to be found fault with. But there are times when it is necessary to say something. I find that that time has arrived and I hope my remarks will be regarded more as a suggestion than a criticism. To all students it must be apparent that the reading room has been neglected thus far this season. We are supposed to receive certain daily papers yet we find that they do not appear regularly in the reading room. For example, we find the issue for November 3rd, 5th, 7th, 11th of a certain paper on file. The other issues are not there nor have they been there. Where are they? A little more attention, I am sure, would make matters right. Trusting that these remarks will be kindly received.

I am yours,

READER.

EXCHANGES.

'VARSITY BOOK: PROSE AND POETRY.'

BEFORE us is a unique volume from our sister university of Toronto. It is composed of poetical and prose selections from the columns of the *Varsity*. Aside from the peculiar circumstances of its publication we think that the intrinsic merit of the book deserves more than a passing notice. It stands among the few really fine volumes of Canadian home literature, and as such has merited the high encomiums passed on it by the contemporary press. It marks an epoch in our struggle for a native literature.

The opening poem:—"The Song at evening by the