

himself. On one of these occasions, having found quite a large congregation, and having been moved to much eloquence in his sermon, he felt a little not unnatural desire to know if he had made any impression on the unusually unimpressible yokels, and put some leading questions to an old clerk, who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry. "Well, I hope they were pleased with yer," said the old man patronizingly, "and I'm sure we puts it very kind of your worship to come down and preach to us; but yer know, a worser would ha' done, if so be one could ha' been found."—Ex.

In the following the bashful Third Year men might learn a lesson, for undoubtedly one is taught:

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed. And then she didn't do a thing but hasten to the piano and softly began singing: "I wish I were a bird."

They are looking for a nest now.

We were pleased to note the princely generosity of Lord Stratheona to McGill University, in his endowment of one million dollars to the Royal Victoria College; also the magnificent offer of Sir W. C. MacDonald, to endow a History Chair in the Arts Department; and, again, the combined offer of Lady Smith and Mrs. Howard, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, to be devoted to the Medical Faculty.

What's the matter with McGill? She seems to be all right in this line anyway.

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not, he is a Freshman. Shun him. He who knows not and knows he knows not, he is a Sophomore. Honor him. He who knows and knows not he knows, he is a Junior. Pity him. He who knows, and knows he knows, he is a Senior. Reverence him.—Ex.

Tete-a-tete, on McTavish Street.—Lady (earnestly)—"You must say yes or no, now, to my question."

J. B. (hesitatingly)—"Well, give me a holiday to consider."