

ber of the graduating class in Theology and had completed his course in Arts in the spring of 1887. His health had been failing for some time, and he was advised by his physicians to go to California. A few days before his departure his class-mates in Theology and in the University presented him with a valuable walking stick and farewell address. The prayers and best wishes of his fellow-students follow him in his forced exile. Mr. McLeod desires to thank his fellow-students for their kindness towards him during his stay amongst them and also at his departure.

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A Jesuit priest in the city recently had occasion to notice and denounce the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, and deemed it particularly advisable to refute the old charge there reiterated that Romanism purposely fosters ignorance within its fold. The Jesuit Father laid great stress on one point,—that the rolling tide of the Reformation had been met and driven back by the Jesuits by means of *education*,—and then he proceeded to speak of our worthy Principal in anything but parliamentary language. His sermon was reported in full in the Catholic daily, with a heading in big letters:—"PULVERIZED! A PRESBYTERIAN D. D. LIAR NAILED." Well, the point of the story is this: Some faithful member of the good Father's flock, no doubt anxious to demonstrate beyond a doubt that the Jesuits are *still* hard at work rolling back the tide of the Reformation by means of *education*, sent Dr. MacVicar a marked copy of the *Post* with this brilliant specimen of syntax scratched on the margin:—"Where ~~is~~ your horns, old McVicar, antichrist." Perhaps Father *Salmon* can tell us whether this is merely another instance of a fish out of water.

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All Hallowe'en was honoured this year with such a celebration as the College halls have never seen since the Tower serenade of '84. The favorite amusement of the evening was *ducking for apples*. This wasn't done in the ordinary but on an improved College plan. The apples were purchased by one flat, and the gauntlet of defiance thrown down to all others. The position of affairs was made known by a spy, the challenge accepted, and the apples secured. The aggrieved party held a consultation and concerted an attack. Water was obtained and wet towels prepared by the defenders, the stairs were laced up and all necessary preparations made. Then the assault began; charge after charge was made, water flowed like blood, the air rung with the strife of the contending forces, and the echoes were so wide awakened they have never got to sleep since: At last a division took place among the defenders and the works were carried by the besiegers. The apples were afterwards returned by a deputation who set out to the tune of "Marching through Freshmen," and returned to that of "The Apples I Left Behind Me."

R. McDougall.