

THERE is one point upon which Associates appear to be rather sceptical, viz., that they have or can have any real influence in the promotion of the interests of Trinity. In fact, we rather fear they sometimes say to themselves:—"This Associate membership is a neat little dodge for roping us in to the extent of five dollars per annum. We admire the ingenuity to which its invention is due, and pay our fee as a tribute of our admiration, but as for being duped into supposing it means anything—well, no—we are not so green as that." Now it is perfectly evident that if an Associate does not care to take an interest, nor want to have a voice in the affairs of Trinity, no amount of privileges granted will be of avail. The allegorical horse may be led to the parabolical water, but you cannot force him to metaphorically imbibe. But suppose the case of an Associate who does really desire to be of service to Trinity, who values highly, as he ought to value it, the privilege of being able to put his shoulder to Trinity's wheels, now so rapidly moving up the hill of public esteem—what can he do? Well, in the first place he can attend meetings of the Local Association. In that Local Association he has perfect liberty to publish his views, or to suggest new lines of action, or he may move resolutions, which if passed, will be forwarded to the Executive Committee at Toronto. But more—he may elect a representative of the Local Branch on the Executive Committee—he may indeed be that representative himself. At the Annual General Meeting he is cordially invited and may speak to any resolution. The annual dinner is open to him; to all the meetings of interest, he is invited; he receives a copy of the REVIEW free of cost. It is even possible for him to be some day a member of the Corporation, the bishops having power to nominate two laymen to seats on that august body. This Associate membership is therefore no mere ingenious scheme, but a genuine privilege, requiring on the part of the Associate but the will to make use of it.

ST. HILDA'S.

THE regular meeting of the Literary Society of St. Hilda's College was held on Tuesday evening, April 2nd, all the members being present. Shakespeare's Comedy, "Twelfth Night, or What You Will," was read and discussed, each of the members assuming the role of one or more of the characters.

As this was the last meeting of the Society for the present season, officers were appointed for the ensuing year, as follows:—President, Miss Patteson; Vice-President, Miss Middleton; Secretary, Miss Stewart; Curator, Miss Cartwright; Librarian, Miss L. Shanly.

Among the authors proposed for reading were Tennyson, Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Ruskin, Calderon and Charles Lamb.

Other business matters having been satisfactorily arranged, the members dispersed, all expressing the hope that these evenings, which had proved so pleasant and instructive, would be resumed in the autumn.

SUCH items as the following are hardly worthy of the dignity which ought to characterize a journal published in an influential University like Cornell:—

"A prominent Junior called Wednesday evening at the home of a young lady to whom he was engaged—for the Junior ball, only. Little Ethel, the ten year old angel of the house, entertained him during the few minutes of waiting for the elder sister, in which time Ethel told all about the new dress and extra millinery ordered for the coming event. She finished her account with this flourish—'But, oh, Mr.——, you ought to see the perfectly lovely bronze slippers and the be-yu-tiful brown silk stockings Maud ordered from New York!' And then she added, naively: 'Oh, I spose I oughtn't to have told you so much—but of course you will know all about them anyway.'"

Exchange.

THE *Lantern*, of Ohio State University contains three ghost stories which it says are really true. We select an interesting example:—

At the country house of an English gentleman, it happened that among other guests there was a certain Bishop of the Church of England, who tells the following story:

The guests had all assembled, and we had sat down to dinner, when I noticed a strange figure sitting by my host's side. As he wore the dress of a clergyman, I asked my entertainer who he was. He replied that he would tell me about it after dinner was over. Upon arising from the table, I repeated my question.

"He is the ghost of one of the former chaplains of the house," replied Mr. A——, "and is seen only by clergymen. No one else has ever seen him, nor do I know what he wants."

"Is there any room in the house supposed to be his special haunt?" I asked.

"Yes, there is. It is called the chaplain's room."

"May I occupy it to-night?" I asked, intending if possible to get at the bottom of the mystery.

Receiving an affirmative answer, I went to the room and sat down at the table, busying myself with writing. After a while I looked up and saw sitting opposite me, the strange figure which had attracted my attention at dinner.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" was my not unnatural inquiry.

"Thank God," answered the figure, "you are the first man who has not run at the sight of me. I was the chaplain of this house. Just before my death a confession was made to me, which I took down in writing. Soon after I was killed, before I could destroy the writing, which would have done great harm had its contents become known. You will find the writing in a certain volume [naming it] in the library. I beg of you, for the peace of my soul, destroy it!"

So saying the ghost vanished.

Next morning I looked through the library, found the volume, and destroyed the confession. The vision has never since been seen.

"Do I get my dinner in the stable to-day?" said the herdic horse, bracing his hind feet for a big kick.

"Naw," said the driver, unfeelingly, as he buckled on the nose-bag; "you'll take it *a la carte*, as usual."