

around one in flakes of frozen wit. Only such as were laden with the fire of a more devoted spirit have broken the silence of the Halls. One is a murmured sob of "sore-heads and sore hearts," joined with the word "*conversazione*," and another is a fragment of a broken dialogue. "Our ther —." Then the voice died away. Again, "Arthur's very low to-day." "Very sad." "Very."

Despite the efforts of the college authorities the temperature of the rooms has been exceedingly low for the last week or two. In fact, were it not for the warmth of our hearts and tempers—we mean *that* tempers the severity of the weather, we would fare badly indeed. Some have complained that on rising in the morning they have sometimes been so stiff as to necessitate being laid out on the window sill in the sun till they thawed out, and one even went so far as to assert that his gas jet had frozen solid.

In apology for the seeming want of connection between the heading of this department and the first item under it, in reference to the Presbytery meeting, it may not be out of place to mention that although the meeting there referred to may not have done much towards making up the life of the students, yet some of the students contributed greatly towards making it lively for some members of the Presbytery. A band of devotees of the nicotine god, having retired to the room of one of the students to perform their mid-day devotions, some mischievously inclined students took it into their heads to lock up the jury, as it were, and fastened the door of the room in which the gentlemen were seated. Their devotions finished, they essayed to leave the room, but found to their chagrin that it was impossible. Unheeding the voice that would cry with the old man, "Try not the pass!" they breathed "Excelsior" and tugged amain until the door yielded sufficiently to pass a knife through and cut the gordian knot, and soon "unwounded from the dreadful *close*, but perfumed all," they made a tardy appearance at the afternoon session.

## HOW MANY GO TO CHURCH IN THE CITY OF CHURCHES?

THE STUDENTS MAKE A COUNT.

A FEW weeks ago the editorial staff of this JOURNAL decided to take a census of the average church attendance of the Protestant population of Montreal. The fifteenth ultimo was selected, a day which proved satisfactory in every way, inasmuch as the weather neither offered special induce-