

napkins, was it anything to *dissolve* over! And even if beneath a low-hung moon, ye were escorted home by timorous little "candy-pullers," was there any need of so much stutter and flutter at the door-step? No wonder, my boy, you're troubled with the neuralgia, and you of the "sweet voice," how can you expect to warble!

And how passed ye the Sabbath, how much of quiet and meditation was there?

Poor hearts, how did they shiver and thump as you tried to eat your tea! Of course you enjoyed the sermon, though you don't remember the text or anything at all about it—yea, enjoyed it as ye homeward did meander. Yes, "impressionable" for you that warning voice,—"*Leapum Annum Cave*," has been tried in vain for Feb'r's ink is hardly dry and yet here are ye irrecoverably "gone." Your follies be upon your own heads, for you did each *embrace* the *danger*, nor thought twice before you were consumed.

THE March meeting of Acadia Missionary Society, was held on Sunday afternoon, 18th inst., in Assembly Hall. The change from evening to afternoon was only *pro tempore*. The following was the programme carried out:—

Essay, "Richard E. Burpee," by G. P. Raymond, '90. Vocal solo, "Kyrie," by Miss Vaughan; Essay, "Getting power for the sake of giving it to others," by C. H. McIntyre, '89; Vocal duet, "Calvary," by Misses Vaughan and Wallace; Address, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, pastor of Windsor Baptist Church.

Mr. Foshay's address was full of strength and earnestness. The conquest of the world for Christ, was shown to be the true and grand mission of the individual christian and the church. His practical counsels at the close were full of solid wisdom that *went home* as each point was brought out so clear and strong. He also preached at the Village church in the evening, and went home next morning, with a large number added to the list of those who remember him with kind feelings and esteem.

The Society has always been greatly indebted to the ladies of the Seminary for their cheerful co-operation in sustaining the interest of its meetings. The March meeting was no exception to this rule. The solo and duet were very appropriate selections and both were most pleasingly rendered. The essays enunciated, the one the facts and lessons of its subject's life, the other the doctrine of its proposition, with clearness and force. Both showed careful thought, and were listened to attentively throughout.

HOUSE CLEANING HINTS.—Take up the parlor carpet and thoroughly scrub it, using Vaseline and "Welcome" soap. Place the chairs rectangularly, and 2½ inches further apart, taking care to kick off the varnish. Shift piano to corner, and buy another funeral covering for it.—Drive out the young rats before locking it up. Dust the family Bible, in case the minister calls. Remove everything from the whatnot and replace as before. Dusting you know. Carefully draw the curtains, drop the blinds, pull too the shutters, and doubly lock the room, be very particular to exclude every breath of air and sun-

beam. It adds so much to the comfort and cosiness of things and preserves the carpet besides. How sweet smelling it will be when you open it. Next tackle the bed-rooms; carry the bed-clothes down stairs, pitch the crockeryware out of the window, scrape every available inch, and retire under cover of night before the boarder comes home. Don't neglect the pantry—you scrubbed it out last Saturday, but *business* is business in house cleaning time; it needs it just as much as anything. Whitewash the kitchen floor and dab a little on the ceiling. Turn out all the water in the door-yard, so it will run in a nice little diphtheria breeding pool. It is well to prepare for summer. Don't comb your hair for at least a fortnight, neither tie up your boots, nor darn your stockings, nor cook anything. Keep cool and never waste yo... breath. Slam the doors, talk loudly, swoop freely, fume wildly, jaw your husband if you have one, spank the children, rage round, get up at four, broomstick the hired man, get a good spring cold, if possible, and try and finish twenty-four hours ahead of Mrs. Jenks across the way.

RECEPTION.—The night was fine, and the stars blinked every one, when at 8.29 p. m., "our fifty," clothed in corkscrew and fine linen approached your "sacred portals." No word escape, their lips, for 'tis no time for speech, and doubtless, each is anxious to preserve his soon-to-be needed store. A little courage then opens wide the door, and in they go from chill and darkness to the warmth and dazzle of an "At Home."

Over (coats and shoes) being duly cared for, with what intense zeal is the business of the evening entered upon, the introductions acknowledged, the ice broken.

Everywhere fall off the shackles of constraint what though hands and feet will keep in the way, though the tongue is thick, the breath short, the boots new, and the collar high, is not this our long-wished chance, and are we not Freshmen?

The air grows thick with hum, broken ever and anon by phrases such as these:—"Fine evening," "—promenade," "Is this your first?" "My sakes!" "Yeth sir."

Here the laugh purly and sweet, there the repartee sharp and swift, while, like the sound of summer sea, comes soft the blended murmur. To and fro, and round about moves on the endless chain of happy mortals. The over-tripping carpet is forgotten or spurned away unheeded. All the past, and whatever is hoped of the future yield speedy conquest to the big, bright "now."

Oh, quickly run the golden sands, richly freighted with sigh of swain and look of maiden. Creatures of an evening, how soon shall the bubble burst!

Still the "doing and undoing" never flag and,—"bright the lamps shine o'er fair 'lamurles' and Fresh-men, and all goes merry as"—but hush-sh—"Gd save the Queen." Then comes the waking, and each shoulders again his load of life and tries to sing with heart and voice, "Long may she reign." A saddening-silence falls, the very lights grow dim and little tear-soaked words scarce fall upon the ear. The finger-tips are wrung and wrung in twain, and the "Overs" are once more wriggled into. The outside door clangs loud a last good-night, the retreating echoes die away, and one more Reception is gathered to its "Fathers."