

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

It is valuable to know a girl's view of a kiss. The girls of Harvard College take this one:—

'What is a kiss?
A touch of the lip,
A union of souls—
A time to skip,
For the old man is coming.'

Mrs. Stone distributed \$170,000 among ten unheard of colleges and universities in various parts of the United States, in January.

The chief article of fun in a good many college papers (as, too, in others) is the sharp answer of a conceited blue-stocking to a fellow who wants to be polite.

'Gymnasium' is an almost universal cry in exchanges. Glee Clubs are being numerously organized also.

The natural consequence of colleges being founded on a religious sectarian basis is the confusion of Ethics and Theology. Not only so, but even at Harvard the course in 'Ethics' includes Plutarch on the 'Delay of the Divinity in Punishing the Wicked.'

We have seen the feminine way of looking at a kiss. As might be expected, it is completely practical; yet it differs not essentially from the masculine. 'Kissing,' says the *Brutonian*, 'is very similar to seven up. He begs, and if she thinks she can make a point, she gives him one.'

The *Volante* remarks that every year appears a book setting forth somebody's 'secret of success in life.' If you have a cold you will get a recipe an hour. There have been whole editions of magazines, notably the *Princeton Review*, with a dozen articles and as many different views of the 'great want of the age,' and offers to supply it.

In Harvard a 'religious canvas' has been made with the following results: Episcopalians, 28.8 per cent.; Unitarians, 22.5; Orthodox Congregationalists, 17.6; Baptists, 4.3; Roman Catholics, 3.4; Presbyterians, 3; Swedenborgians, 2; Methodists, 1.6; Agnostics, Atheists, and Non-sectarians together, 13. Out of 1,009 seen, there were 27 Agnostics and 12 Atheists who had the boldness to say so. It would not be hard to believe that there were more who hadn't. At all events, that would be the way here.

The Annual Meeting of the University College Glee Club took place on Thursday, March 31st, and the following officers were elected: Honorary President, M. E. Pernet; President, Mr. Wishart; Secretary, Mr. W. H. Blake; Treasurer, Mr. J. C. Elliot; Leader, Mr. H. B. Wright; Committee: Messrs. Wade, L. J. Clarke and Glass.

At a quarterly supper of the American students in Edinburgh, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our esteemed friend, Frederick W. Jarvis; therefore,

Resolved, that we, the American students in Edinburgh, express our deep regret at his untimely death, which so prematurely cut off a life that gave great promise of usefulness.

Resolved, that we extend our sincere sympathy to his family and relatives in their sore affliction.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, and that a copy be also forwarded to the Canadian newspapers.

JOHN WADDELL,
Chairman,

In behalf of the Canadian and United States students.

WATERLOO HOTEL, EDINBURGH, March 18, 1881.

A FRAGMENT.

Some gentle spirit must beget
The dew-bead on the gossamer-net,
The perfume of the violet.

Oh! hear ye not the nimble tread
Of sea-nymphs when the green waves spread
The crisp foam on the shingle-bed?

Well may we mourn the reverent dream
That made the velvet wind to teem
With gods, that breathed in Academe;

Heard voices in the rustling pine,
Saw heavenly light in sparkling wine
And felt in love a fire divine!

W. A. S.

PRIZE ESSAY ON POLICEMEN.

BY OUR OWN PRINTER'S DEVIL.

POLICEMEN is a superior class of mortals who walks slow and looks large. They generally comes from the country, and is chosen 'cos they is eddicated up to the knocker. When they comes from the country they is very poor, but in town they soon becomes rich, and gets gold watches and chains, and rings, and things; and when a policeman he walks out on a Sunday with his young 'ooman he is up to Dick, an' no mistake.

Policemen takes care of folks who is drunk, particklar they takes care of drunk folks' money and things, so as nobody can't steal 'em, which the folks who was drunk has no more trouble about 'em, seeing as how they never sees their money nor things no more. Not likely; not if the policemen knows it.

Policemen is called Bobbies, 'cos they bobs their heads when a harf brick it is thrown at 'em, and 'cos they never will receive bobs from anybody. No, never? Well, hardly ever. In course not. What do you think?

Policemen is also called Peelers, 'cos they soon peels the skin off your face with their trunchings, more 'specially if you happens not to be a-doin' of nothink; which what is a-actin' fair between man and man, and makes everybody alike. Quite so. *Et sketeru.*

Policemen comes into the Police Court in the mornin', fit and well, and looks as if they would win a race some day—not a human race, which some policemen is most inhuman monstrosities in human shape. And can't they swear dreadful? 'Your wussup, the defendant he were a-blazin' drunk, and intoxicated, and speechless, and a-using o' obscene language; which he were also sound asleep and insensible, and knocked me down twice, and danced an Irish jig on my prostrate and lifeless body.'

Then his wussup he says to the policeman, says he, 'I doesn't recognise any marks 'o violence on your person.' Which the policeman he answers and says, 'Ah, your wussupful lordship's rivrence, I'm Oirish, and my skin heals like greased litening. My brother Pat he had his leg knocked off at Donnybrook, and it grew on again in less nor a week.' And then his wussup he says, 'You swear all you says is true?' And the Bobby he says, 'I'll swear any mortal thing.' Then little Louis Lewis he comes forrard and he says, 'You say you will swear as all you 'ave said are true; now, will you bet that it are?' 'No, bedad,' says the Peeler. Then he stands down, and the defendant he are found forty bob and costs; which it serves him right for bein' out o' his own virtuous bed as late as nine o'clock at night. Father, dear father, come home, or you'll a-ketch of it hot, I tell you. But which father he can't come home, 'cos he's been run in and locked up by a policeman.

A policeman, when he is very tired doing nothink, which it is his duty to do so, he sees a child a-setting at his mother's door; and he seizes that child, and he carries it to the police-station, and he calls it a stray child. Then the mother she comes a-weepin' and a sobbin', and she thanks that good, kind, tender-hearted, feelin', fatherly Bobby for a-kidnappin' of her kid; which, she says, he will be rewarded hereafter. Let us hope so. Next day the child's father he steals harf-a-crown, and he offers it to that kind Christian Peeler; which he refuses to take it; and Sir Frederick Leighton he is sent for and ordered to paint a historical picter, entitled, 'Bobby refusin' the harf crown,' to be placed across the roadway in front of the *Sportin' Times* Office to regerlate the traffic. And the good Christian Bobby he are made a commissioner, and lives 'appy all his days.

Policemen likes cooks and cooks likes policemen, 'cos policemen protects cooks from burglars and noosepaper comps goin' home in the mornin' before daylight does appear; which it hasn't appeared for several days. Cooks give policemen cold mutton, which they tells their missuses the cat stole it; which the missuses believe the cooks—I don't think.

Policemen likes strong drinks, but they never gets any, seein' as how it are agin the regerlations to give a Bobby anythink when he are on dooty. Which the Peeler would't take it if a publican offered it to him—over the left.

It is beautiful to see a policeman artistically a-scannin' of the graceful proportions of the Temple Bar griffin, while a boy is a breakin' off the base reliefs on the griffin's pedestal. It were ever thus in childhood's days. Policemen 'as heyes like 'awks, and aren't they nuts on street 'awkers?

In conclusion, if you was to ask me, I would say, Allus keep sweet wi' the Press and the Police. Amen. *Sporting Times.*