

appeared to be in a total ignorance of the young men respecting this *modern* game ; so it was thought best to call a general meeting in order that the advocate of cricket might be enabled to give a thorough and masterly description of the chief points in the play. After a series of questions from those present the expounder succeeded in making it clear to the boys that the ball was neither inflated nor made of wood, that the wicket should not in any case exceed sixty-six feet in height, and that disused bedsprings were not at all suitable for constructing spring bats. Before adjourning it was unanimously voted that the advocate himself be appointed as a sole committee to negotiate with the manager of the Manual Training School for the construction of the necessary apparatus, and also to interview the President of the University in regard to introducing the *modern* game. The Association is still awaiting the report of the committee.

In the class room all was quiet
Save the hum of questions asked,
When a fearful noise of riot
Made each student stand aghast ;

And a terrible explosion
Rent the air and lit the room,
Made a stern and wild commotion
Like the awful crack of doom.

Then the timid felt their hair rise,
And their knees together smite,
While the wise ones choked their laughter,
Gulped it down as best they might.

Then a search was instituted
For the cause of all the din,
For the maker of the mischief,
For the author of the sin.

But inquiry was fruitless ;
Some conjectured, knowing grown,
" 'Twas spontaneous concussion
Caused by mixtures yet unknown.'

Behold the youth, after the class hours are over, and his inner man has been partly refreshed by the requirements of life, much cramped with severe study over dry subjects for two or three long hours in succession, bemoaning his sad lot that he is compelled to see a truth as another man has written it—or see it not at all—before he can derive any benefit from thought or any sense from symbols. Behold his eye watereth, for he is weakened by severe study. It needs but a faint imagination to depict the wave of joy that immediately illumines his countenance, like the face of the harvest moon when the light cloud has passed away, when he hears the sound of the trumpet and the stentorian tones of the trumpeter thrice repeat the beloved word foot-ball ! At the sound of that endearing term, the whole being of the would-be