

surrounded by wild flowers, all of which we should analyze. Among the benefits thus gained would be extra impetus to study, and a far better acquaintance with plant life. Of course the weather would sometimes interfere with the excursions of our class, but the whole of the spring, summer, and autumn seasons being devoted to it, delays would not visibly affect our progress, and in the end we would have obtained a thorough knowledge of the rudiments of botany to enable us to continue the study by ourselves all through life.

CLIPPINGS.

A CLASSICAL man in Venice, Ill., has christened his cat "Othello, the mower of Venice."

PROBABLY the happiest combination in all this wide world during these merry spring days is a rhubarb-pie with a boy around it.

THE sick lady refused the steward's invitation for dinner, and called for the chambermaid instead. A case of basin gratitude.

KINDNESS is the music of good-will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

"OH!" sighed a music student, "if I could only play well! to attain that 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' I would stop at nothing—except—practice."

THE other day a junior happening to notice "The Autocrat at the Breakfast-table," on a friend's shelves, inquired "Whatever can you want here with a book on cookery?"

A LADY told her little son who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "Mama, I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother!"

A GENTLEMAN talking of his travels boasted that he had seen all the great in Europe, and had been caressed everywhere. "Have you seen the Dardanelles?" inquired one of the company, "Yes," he replied, "I dined with them at Gibraltar, and found them excellent company."

NOT long since one of our students was talking with a University man in the third year of his course, and casually inquired in the course of conversation, "Have you read any of Nathaniel Hawthorne?" He replied "No, ah, let me see, who is it by?"

COULD conjugal affection be more strictly displayed than it is in the subjoined? "And so, Doctor, you think my wife will get well." "I am sure of it, if you can persuade her to take this dose." "Doctor, take it she shall, if I have to break every bone in her body."

IN connection with men and things French, one may be allowed to recall the old story of two distinguished Britons in the good city of Paris. The name of the one was Thackeray, that of the other Tennyson. They put up at the same hotel and were on terms of personal friendship. One day Thackeray went out, leaving Tennyson in his sitting-room. Anxious for the latter's comfort, for it was winter, "*ne laissez pas sortir le feu*," quoth Thackeray in his own detestable French, to the servant in attendance. After two hours' stroll he returned to find the whole hotel in commotion. The landlord, looking peremptory notices to quit, informed Thackeray that "the madman" was growing dangerous, and insisted on being let out. He must send to the Commissary of Police without further delay. Thackeray asked for an explanation. "*Ne laissez pas sortir le fou*" was the impression his language had conveyed to the servant!—*London Truth*.

THE following we clip from the *Quarterly* of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. We think it expresses with an admirable nicety the feelings of some of our own Society:

"To spout, or not to spout, that is the question?
Whether 'tis better for a shame-faced fellow
(With voice unmusical and gesture awkward),
To stand a mere spectator in this business,
Or have a touch at rhetoric! To speak, to spout,
No more; and by this effort to say we end
That bashfulness, that nervous trepidation
Displayed in maiden speeches; 'twere a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To read, to specify
Before folks, perhaps to fail; ay, there's the rub;
For from that ill success what sneers may rise,
Ere we have scrambled through the sad oration,
Must give us pause: 'tis the reason
That makes a novice stand in hesitation,
And gladly hide his own diminished head
Beneath some half-fledged orator's importance,
When he himself might his quietus make
By a mere recitation. Who could speeches hear,
Responded to by hearty acclamation,
And yet restrain himself from holding forth—
But for the dread of some unlucky failure—
Some unforeseen mistake, some frightful blunder,
Some vile pronunciation or inflection,
Improper emphasis, or wry-necked period,
Which carping critics note and raise the laugh,
Not to our credit, nor so soon forgot?
We muse on this! Then starts the pithy question:
Had we not best be mute and hide our faults,
Than spout to publish them?"