

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

ON Friday, March 4, the College orchestra and quartette went to Tavistock, and there enjoyed the abundant hospitality of the good people of the German Baptist church. A tempting feast was placed before the boys after the concert, and then, two by two, they were marched off to the various homes to which they had been billeted.

THE boys of the third year spent a very happy evening at the home of Mr. McKechnie on Friday night. If he and his good lady enjoyed our presence as much as we did their company, there lingers no regrets that we were invited. Nearly all the Masters and their wives were present. It is a blessing for which we feel grateful that we have an opportunity of spending a few hours in social intercourse with such noble men and women.

OUR Classical Master, Mr. Bates, is profoundly impressed with the poetical beauties of Vergil, and it is the desire of his heart that the third year men preserve these in their translations. As a result, some highly imaginative translations are rendered. One by way of example: "Clara in luce refulsit os humerosque deo similis"—"He shines forth in the clear light, his shoulder-bones like a god's."

"IL n'est plus repos sur cette triste monde!" So exclaims De Maistre. It is the natural exclamation of a thoughtful mind after a quiet survey of the world. The mind comes out from its peaceful corner and takes a peep at men and their labors; through the world it wanders under sunny skies and under cold, but everywhere it finds the same. It returns always with the same burden—"Il n'est plus de repos sur cette triste monde."

THE old Philomathic Society is as hale and hearty as ever. How many contests have been fought and won from its platform! Nearly every subject of interest has been debated, and with parched tongues the victors are thirsting for some fresh spring to moisten their larynx. Mr. Frost, the worthy President, under the warming spring influence of Old Sol, melts into streams of eloquence, that, rippling over the pebbly part of his hearers' brain, fills the room with harmonious laughter. To W. J. Pady, V.P., we trust there shall come a pay-day some day for his untiring zeal in the interests of the Society. Mr. Keating, the Secretary, is a man of order and neatness, and well qualified to keep the books. Mr. S. Grimwood, the Marshall, is neither *grim* nor *woody*, but a heap of good nature and geniality. Yet I doubt not that he could and would be grim enough if disorder in the Society roused his righteous indignation. Our Editor, Mr. Kennedy, though young, is a boy of such distinguished originality and fertility of brain, that he possesses all the qualities necessary for that office. The Executive Committee is working faithfully, and is cheered to know that its work is appreciated.