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How quickly time flies. The remark is trite; but there are occasions when the fact comes to us with all the force of novelty, and it must find expression. The Springs seem to come nearer together as years accumulate, like the telegraph posts, as seen from a train moving with accelerated speed. Here we are near the end of March, and already we have had days that have been earnest of Spring. How refreshing they have been. Old Winter and young Spring will go hand in hand for a little now. Some winter days and nights yet, but the golden sunshine and verdant fields are coming to stay a while, and we'll prize them all the more if Winter is desperate towards the last. Our winters produce a pent-up Utica feeling, but it is almost worth while to have them for the freedom and exhilaration which follow in their wake.

And this is one of the best places to be in Spring time. The reports of the June anniversaries, which go abroad through the newspapers, are generally rigged out fore and aft with glowing accounts of the beauties of this classic spot. Though some of this may nauseate, we have not yet been injuriously affected by them. We value the beauty that clothes this Village and surroundings more highly now than when we first enjoyed it. Let those who dwell in dingy towns laugh at us if they will, we find that we can bear it when we have the sweetest air of heaven to breathe and Nature's richest charms to feast upon. While bidding adieu to Winter, with gratitude that it has dealt so gently with us, we extend our warmest welcome to joyous, inspiring Spring.

We were much amused by the pretty little editorial in the last *Gazette* on the Rev. D. A. Steele, of Amherst. It was so chaste and elegant, so cogent in its reasoning, so truly *Dalhousian* in its diction, that we derived exceeding pleasure from its perusal. Knowing well the Rev. gentlemen alluded to, the piece had for us a peculiar significance. The modesty of the first paragraph especially arrested our attention. We think perhaps the editors made themselves out just a very little less important than they are, placed their position in the intellectual world slightly lower than we would have done. We, however, doubt not that in point of size and ability they are at least above the average of ordinary "eels in vinegar." As to their desire to shine in print, and as to whether their ideas are new or second hand we know not. We are sorry they forgot to put their name "at the bottom," however, as they cannot now be quite "supremely happy." Their names being at the top, will, however, atone slightly for this forgetfulness. After this very modest little introduction, descriptive of their own literary capabilities, they commence their panegyric on Mr. Steele. After reading it