

Soph. Marry, he trots hard with a new student between the *matric* and the day the results are declared : if the interim be but a se'n-night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Fresh. Who ambles Time withal ?

Soph. With a "Literary" man—who lacks Latin—and an Arts man that hath not a *sup*, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain ; tne one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious cramming ; these Time ambles withal.

Fresh. Who doth he gallop withal ?

Soph. With a student to his examination, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Fresh. Who stays it still withal ?

Soph. With *Theologs* in the session, for they sleep through term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Mr. Armstrong has left the building and taken rooms in the city.

An anonymous correspondent to the *Halifax Witness*, who lately paid a visit to our College, makes there the statement that we have only one wash-room. It doesn't say much for a gentleman's habits, if he expects the rooms of a building all to turn out and form a procession. It's not likely that he waited upstairs for the dining-room. If our contemporary could inform him that we have six wash-rooms, with an average of four basins in each, and an equal number of cakes of soap, it might be a satisfaction to him in case he is meditating another visit.

We were very pleased to see Mr. Hastings show such a patriotic spirit in his after-dinner speech. After all, it seems very natural that he should, when we remember the connection of the family name with William, the Conqueror.

VOICES FROM THE HALLS.

Tell them to send up my gruel !

Is this forenoon or afternoon—to-day or to-morrow ?

You have better not go hopstair : de measle har ver' numerous.

D. What do you think of my new picture ? It is chaste—is it not ?

M. Yes !—chased out of some place else.

D. I hope the Muses will sit on your brow to-night.

R. S. It deserves to be sat on for emanating such doggerel.

The Pres. My dear young friend, would you kindly go back for your rubbers and bring mine.