

The Acadia Missionary Society held its last meeting on Feb. 16th. The programme was as follows:—Music, Double Quartette; Essay, "What has the last eighty years done for the Bible," H. Y. Corey. Essay, "The Future of Central Africa," W. M. Smallman. Music, Double Quartette; Address, Dr. Sawyer. Music, Double Quartette.

The doctor and the parson had a quarrel. The former called the latter little fresh. The parson didn't reply but dusted.

For many months he figured among "the great unwashed." Everybody rejoiced when it was known what he had resolved to do. His friends, especially, were happy in the prospect of a desired change, but freely admitted that the boy was too ambitious. "Few," they remarked, "would have attempted such a feat." He is not amphibious, and out of the wash-tub he would come, even if no chair was near on which he might climb. Thus, in the attempt, the room was flooded, and another William of the royal Norman line narrowly escaped a watery grave. 'Twas good that he survived, or of Buonaparte, it might also have been said, "He never smiled again."

SCENE.—English Class. 1st Junior, (reading from Oph. in Hamlet):—

He took me by the wrist, etc. . . . At last . . .
He raised a cry so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being, etc. . . .

2nd Junior, (positively).—That is not the orthodox way of making love, is it, professor?

The practical joker yet lives. Nevertheless, many of his victims declare the *points* of his joke to be *fell* rather than *seen*.

The wood is long, the knight is bold.
The buck saw? That is dull and old.
Repeated visits day by day
Looked sometimes as he worked for pay,
As Jacob did in days of yore.
But seven long years are now made four.
The saw, his all absorbing joy,
Is daily wielded by that boy,
Till kindlings are made nice and fine,
Which in his arms he doth entwine
And bring them to the kitchen stove.
And that's not all, you know, by Jove.

Choir practice affecteth the heart; it doth *make clouds* to cover the blooming countenance of the sturdy Soph.; it depriveth him of his mind, so that he complaineth much that his room is lost; hence he often wandereth into the rooms of his neighbors.

One of the pleasant things of college life appeared on the evening of Feb. 22nd. The ladies of the Seminary held a reception in College Hall.

1ST STUDENT.—"Hullo, what do you call that?" pointing to a collection of weather-beaten lumber, a frayed twine string, a piece of linen thread, a rusty piece of broom wire, that had seen some weather, and a knotted piece of cat-gut.

2ND STUDENT (archly).—"Why, that's *my violin*."

1ST STUDENT.—"Well, I'm glad, I'm very glad."

2ND STUDENT.—"Why are you so glad?"

1ST STUDENT.—"I'm glad that you were not in at the naming of things on the sixth day of creation, it prevented so much mysticism."

The latest athletic exhibition, for the benefit of the public, was given by one of a small pedestrian party. The fence was high, so were the aspirations of the performer, and though weighted with snow-shoes, it did not seem necessary that she take them off. It did not indeed.

JUNIOR.—"Can the astronomer see as fast as light can travel?—I mean, a-ah, doesn't it take time for him to see?"

PROF.—"Yes, and generally it takes longer for *some people* to see than others."

Junior blushes, and the professor explains.

Many are the means employed to rid a room of unwelcome callers. None is more effectual than that lately adopted in one of the upper rooms. A few sympathizing friends understanding the case, came to the rescue and sang a short metre doxology, after which the meeting promptly adjourned. It worked like a charm. Friends who are afflicted, try it.

An illustrious elocutionist defines larynx as "the hole that is there."

'TIS BETTER SO.—Class in Political Economy discussing increase of population.

MR. H. (Superciliously) "Then, professor, there's no use in preserv'ing all these useless lives."

Professor, (Sarcastically) "Why, certainly not! If you had an accident on the ball ground, and fell and put out one of your eyes, for instance, it would be best in the interest of humanity and civilization to put an end to you!"

MR. H. (In dazed, hollow accents)—"Best for the world, perhaps!"

Class, (Enthusiastically)—"Yes! Yes!!"

MR. H. Subsides,

Convincing style of debate.—I don't know anything about this subject, and my arguments don't amount to much *anyway*, but of course you'll vote for my side.

Prof.—"Farmers and gardeners are always fearful of frost during the moonlight nights in June. Why is that?"

MR. K.—(With air of having made an important scientific discovery).—"Certainly not, because the moon gives off heat!"

Prof.—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Mr. K. than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy."