

always welcome. "Alpine Sketches," a strange comingling of strength and weakness, reminding us forcibly of the mixture of iron and clay. Such subjects should be treated generously. They demand, compel this, or else should not be attempted at all. The remainder of the paper is very well written, "Life" especially so.

We have received several numbers of *The Amateur Athlete*, published in New York. We hail with much satisfaction this exchange, all the more because it supplies a want that has long been felt. A paper devoted solely to the interests of amateur athletics. All the numbers are good, well written, and full of matter of interest to the athlete. We would, however, like to see more space devoted to Foreign Notes, not alone because of the interest which we naturally take in all such matters for their own sake, but also, that by this means we may be able to form some idea of the position occupied by athletics in different countries, be put in possession of sufficient data to compare records, and thus know with something of certainty the relative capabilities of the various men. We notice in the Editorial list the names of several of the most energetic patrons of Athletics in America. This argues well for the permanent success and usefulness which we heartily wish for *The Amateur Athlete*.

The Wheelman.—It is impossible to take up this volume without being struck by its great, its unusual merits. It is to our mind about the best of those papers written in the interests of this particular sport—bicycling. When we read its sparkling pages we think that we can almost hear the rumble of the wheel, the merry tinkle of the bell, or the tra, la, la of the bugle. Yes, a briskness, a freshness, a very "Cyclic" spirit seems to pervade them. We again wheel it over hill, down valley, by the lake, the sluggish canal, across the moor with the heather, gorse and rushes all around us, or through the country village with its quaint old church, its inn, its gaping group of loiterers. We mount the steep incline, hard work it may be, ride quietly along the shady country road or throwing our feet gracefully across the handle, start on our free, fearful-looking down-hill rush, straight as an arrow, swifter almost than the locomotive, on and on. What wild excitement, what hilarious pleasure, the wind kissing our cheek, tagging manfully at our tunic, then left far behind. The book is indeed well written throughout, leaves us nothing further to desire. Each number generally contains an account of one or two tours, visits to different places of interest; "Paris to Geneva," "Amongst the Black Mountains," with very good descriptions of the country passed through. The number contains a couple of very passable stories, a miscellaneous collection of poems, contributions, jottings, all thoroughly readable, and several good editorials, and is rendered doubly attractive by the variety and excellence of the engravings with which it is interspersed.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

The Medical Convocation was held on Thursday, the 26th ult., and a number of degrees conferred.

We all thought that the organist had played a new tune. But what a sell! It was only an old one transposed.

There goes the man who's now forlorn,
For he used to toot on a hunter's horn,
Which Dons from out of his grasp have torn
For stirring the echoes—not in the morn.

"Did you ever find a quarter?" "No; but were you ever fined a quarter?" Alas! Yes, his name is on this week's list, last, and the one before.

Several wan, haggard faces have been haunting our corridors all term with a far-away, distant look in their eyes, and, very often, a watery mouth. They are not spirits—indeed they detest spirits. They are only blue ribbon men.

Perhaps, in our next issue, if the Institute Council continue their strenuous exertions, we shall be able to make public who are the winners of the prizes for debating, essays and reading, annually awarded by the Literary Institute.

The Hamilton Memorial Prize (\$30), the examination for which came off at the beginning of the Easter vacation, was won by G. E. Haslam, B. A. We can now record, too, the winners of the Reading Prizes (open only to Divinities), the list of whom have lately been posted: 1st (\$12), T. B. Angell; 2nd (\$8), C. B. Kenrick, B. A.; 3rd (\$4), R. N. Hudspeth, B. A. The prizes, we believe, are awarded in books.

The old fighting editor of our paper may be seen after the mid-day gorge daily with painful walk, toiling along the tennis lawn, and dragging a roller behind him. 'Tis sad to see men of note fall as he is fallen, from game cock of ROUGE ET NOIR to a common laborer. He reminds one forcibly of the worn-out war horse, whose weak knees and bleary eyes condemn him to farm work.

The latest Paris fashions say that collegiate gowns should be worn well about the neck. The former mode, generally adopted throughout Canada, was to let them gracefully drape after the Grecian models, (which certainly afforded sufficient orthodoxy,) over the shoulders or even well down the arm. Oh! Fashion, thou dire hater of conservatism, and banisher of classic customs, where and when will thy ravages cease?

He triel and was "ploughed."
In submission he bowed,
But was bound that he wouldn't be beat.
So he tried him once more,
And was passed—thro' the door,
Still the dose he was made to repeat.

His grammar he phied
And o'er Fontaine sighed
And growled that he'd never be passed.
But just through pure love
With a kick and a shove
They squeezed the poor chap through at last.