

the perfect purity of Wheaton College with regard to intemperance, secret societies, sectarianism, orthography and attractive literary talent, we cannot regard the tone of its Chit Chat with indifference. We are advocates of ce-education, but will abandon our position if its effect at Wheaton, as shown by the *Record's* Chit Chat, is one that must everywhere necessarily follow. But now ta-ta—your sideachars have put us in sufficiently good humor to read the *Niagara Index*. That good humor we almost repented of when we found that it had persuaded us to read the long articles which the *Index* calls Eds. The public school system can now be considered as dead, for has not the *Index*-man sat upon it? He has fully convinced us that the mastering of the three R's, is all the education that the children of the poorer classes ought to get, and that higher education should be open only to the wealthy. To be sure, being published in the States, and being a college paper, the *Index* can only give utterance to such a sentiment by nearly drowning it in words. This, however, seems quite easy to it, and one would imagine it had long practice in the art. Barring these long Eds, the *Index* is an attractive paper, and one which we welcome to our table. The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for November contains two or three good literary articles. Had the first article been knocked into pie just before the *Lit.* was published, the number would have been a better one, however, to be sure it makes one appreciate the others all the more. In the Editor's Table the article on journalism in Hamilton College is well written and interesting. We can join in congratulating it on its "Alumniana," in which department it truly says it surpasses all its contemporaries. The *Student Life* is a new face which we hope will become pleasantly familiar. Our Managing Editor, we see, has written on its cover, "pass in a crowd." Well, we are glad he thinks so, for in spite of our connection with him we have still a small modicum of respect left for his opinion. We must add, however, that we think the crowd would have to be a pretty large one. We would like to review some more of our exchanges, notably, the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, which we have read for the first time with a great deal of pleasure; but the hands of our five hundred dollar chronometer informs us that the hour is approaching when, according to a very high authority, the churchyards set very good examples to mortals. And now a feeling of quietness and sweet peace steals over us, a peace which not even the concert of *Acta Columbiana* can disturb, when we think that we are exchanging courtesies with our fellow ink-slingers for the last time this term, and that for a month, the voice of the printer with its never ceasing cry for copy will be silenced. Already in prospective we are enjoying our (of course) well earned vacation, and our Christmas festivities are undisturbed by the narcotic influences of the *Knox Student*, and uninfluenced by the sporting tendencies of the *Columbia Spectator*. But thinking of these things has caused sleep to take a temporary departure, and therefore it is a welcome sight as we lay down our pen, to see before us the *Cornell Era*, for well we know that be we so sleepless as to defy all the powers of morphine, let us but read two pages of the *Era*, and, lo! its most characteristic quality is transferred to our minds, they become a blank, and we sleep the sleep of youth and innocence.

CLIPPINGS.

The prattling child in frolic cries,
 "Oh Mother, give me some molasses."
 The chilly student fondly sighs,
 "For my part, give me summer lasses."

AN IDLE.

He sat on the shore as the sun went down,
 Went down in the depths of the wide, wide west.

Perhaps he was searching for coral reefs;
 Perhaps he was trying to keep him cool;
 Perhaps the breezes from over the sea,
 As they toyed with his tresses, said, "come to me!"
 The field of conjecture is wide, you see;
 Perhaps he was only a fool,
 Or a clam. —*Yale Record*.

Who was the first curve pitcher? Noah; for he pitched the arc (*k*) within and without. The game was called on account of the rain, and the players went inside.—*Reveille*.

SERENADE.

I fain would woo thee, love, to-night,
 (By Jove! how these mosquitoes bite.)
 When sleeping nature by the moon's pale ray
 (Confound those frogs! she can't hear what I say.)

I softened, and the little elves in fairy ring—
 (Thunder! there goes another string.)
 Gleeful, chant praises on thy beauty rare—
 (A bug or something's got into my hair.)

At last she comes, and opens wide her lattice,
 What's that? She wonders where that cat is?
 She can't mean me; it's just her fun;
 And yet—do I behold the old man with his gun?
 Farewell, dear little heart, I think I'll run.
 —*Columbia Spectator*.

I've found it true in my case,
 Though it may not be the rule,
 That one can be a poet
 And likewise be a fool.

But I have also noticed
 That eight men out of nine
 Can manage to be foolish,
 And never write a line!—

Full many a roll of pony leaves serene,
 The dark unfathomed sleeves and text-books bear;
 Full many a crib is born to blush unseen,
 Yet shed assistance, hidden by a chair.

DONATIONS.

TO THE LIBRARY.

Rev. Dean Lyster, Kingston—The Diocese of Killaloe, from the Reformation to the close of the 18th century, by P. Dwyer.

Rev. J. H. Brooks, Chicago—May Christians dance? by the donor.

Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, Hamilton, Ont.—Our Religion, as it was and as it is, by the donor.

W. Cassels, Esq., Lyn, Ont.—Illustrations of paper manufacture, folio; Illustrations of Shakespeare, 2 vols., folio.

U. S. War Office, Engineer's Department—Charts of the Lakes and River St. Lawrence, from Chicago to Cornwall.

TO THE MUSEUM.

James Shannon, Esq., Kingston—A parchment deed of conveyance of the reign of George III.; a copy of the warrant to execute Mary Queen of Scots; a copy of the warrant to execute Charles I.