

Exchanges.

The *Haverfordian*, a well conducted journal, is among the best of the exchanges which we receive from our neighbouring republic. Published as the official organ of the students of Haverford College, it gives an interesting account of their college life and a good idea of their social, mental and religious surroundings.

The results of Puritan influence in the development of American institutions are forcibly pointed out in a well written article in a late issue. The Puritans toiled to found new homes where they might put in practice the great principles of their religion. From sturdy English stock, possessing bold individuality and moral strength, they were well fitted to become the builders of a nation. We inherit the results of their moral influence and their pioneer work in education. No doubt, America to day owes a tribute to the memory of the Puritans.

The March number of *The Theologue* gives a short sketch of mission work in Labrador, carried on under the direction of the students of Pine Hill College. Some one of their number has been actively engaged on this field for the greater part of the time since 1888. The educational needs of the people have also received attention. It is pleasing to notice the success attending these labors. Thirty-one communicants in good standing are reported. And the educational privileges have been greatly appreciated by the people. All such efforts to enlighten the more isolated parts of our Dominion are well worthy of commendation and support.

Also, *The Normal Offering*, *The Normal Critic* and *The Trinity University Review*.

Locals.

Ferg. rose and he told of a terrible dream
Brought on as we think by excess of ice-cream;
Then he said he was weary and to rest would away;
His hearers were too and they left for the day.

SPECIAL ENGLISH—Freshman. Question 6: "Distinguish between *older* and *elder*." Student's Answer: "*Older* is an adjective and *elder* a deacon in the Presbyterian Church."

How can you expect to get rich when you persist in getting corned and raising cane?

Who hath o'eturned the æsthetic world,
And fogies in confusion twisted,
And through formalities keen hurled
A deathful dart,
And straightened everything that's curled?
Alas! Delsarte.

What makes the ladies to and fro
Sway graceful as the lilies do,
And languishing full sweetly bow
In perfect part,
With glaring eyes and shaded brow?
Oh, my! Delsarte.

What makes the young man as he reads
His fingers spread like garlic weeds,
Or like a hen-hawk when he feeds,
With claws apart,
And roll his eyes like spring-rigged beads?
Thou, dark Delsarte.

Who makes the skeleton to stand,
His bony foot grasped in his hand;
And grins to think how well he's planned,
Grace to impart;
And slowly swings with motion grand?
Sunbright Delsarte.

HYMENEAL. - At the Roman residence of the bride, on the Ides of March, Miss Delsarte and Mr. Greek. Rev. Mr. Pittontheamericanrevolution acted as officiating clergyman. The guests in honor of the occasion appeared in their time-honored sable togas. We understand that the happy couple have deferred their honey-moon till shortly after the Calends of June.

SENIOR: "Is Plautus the same as Plato?"

PROF.: "I don't know." Wisdom is justified of her children.

HYPNOTIZING.

Listen while I tell the deed
Of the hypnotistic creed.
First he grasps thee by the fingers,
Not a moment then he lingers,
But he glares with jaundiced eye
Winking, blinking, hideously;
Screws his face into the shape
Of an empty grinning ape.
Then he changeth it right soon
To a pillow-lipped babboon,
Twisting with malicious leer
His vast mouth behind his ear.
Still his trials do not take,
And the victim stands awake.
Then with fiercer foul abortion
He continues the contortion;
Turns him to a hungry rabbit,
Shows his teeth and makes a grab at
His poor victim's meek proboscis,
Then draws back and upward tosses
To the skies his chocolate forehead,
Rolling eyes so grim and horrid;
Next anew with mighty flare-up,
Stands his uncombed smutty hair up,
And attempt with Delsarte nose
Straight to swallow his flat rose,
Brings his ear with earthquake spasm
Till it fills that boundless chasm
Named his mouth. Then the poor victim
Of his wiles, as conscience pricked him,
Fell, all-hypnotized, stone-dead,
Laden with a hallowed dread
Lest poor creed should eat his head,
And the coroner's verdict be
Died of eating wood *per se*.

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