

and modern history. Let me tell you a ghost story attached to the history of our family."

We regaled each other in this way for another hour. "Do you not remember the fate of Idas when he broke one of the pillars and desecrated the sepulchre of Apharens?" Jim was very classical.

"No," I said.  
"He was thunderstruck immediately by Jupiter."  
"It's a good thing you didn't mention it when the storm was on. I do wish our turn would come, in spite of the fate of Idas."  
"Let's get out of this musty hole, and go back to our post."  
"Bring a wheelbarrow to sit in, as the grass is lush."

Back we went, and sat in the wheelbarrow, "coupled and inseparable, like Juno's swans," as Jim suggested.  
"I don't see much fun in this adventure; do you?" asked my mate.

"Oh! the fun has to come yet. We'll never regret the wetting when we succeed."

"I vote we go to work on our own hook. What is the use of wasting time like this. I am beginning to catch cold. Here comes a sneeze."

"Smother it, quick, or we'll be caught!"  
"Do you think you can remember the grave Al pointed out?"  
"I'm afraid not."

"Well, let us fire away at any one, for a change."  
But pulling out my watch, and finding that it was half-past three, I urged him to desert just for half an hour more. To tell the truth, I felt that Al had made us play second fiddle too long, and had given the best of the adventure to the other students.

"Now, look here," ejaculated Jim, as he got off the wheelbarrow, "I won't stand this five minutes longer. Here's the water now soaking through my best congress boots. If it has taken all this time to dig one grave up there, we won't have any chance."

"Well, don't speak so loud," I urged. "We'll pack up and move down nearer to the other fellows."

"Very well," said Jim, "but we may as well ring the water out of our coats."

We took them off, and got them moderately dry, after the approved manner of laundresses before the introduction of the patent wringer.

"My breeches are sticking to my legs!"  
"So are mine."

"Whe-w! whe-w!" At last the signal! Up we jumped, feeling very stiff and miserable; and shouldering our instruments made tracks for the gate, where we found our six comrades.

"I say," said one, "I fear Al is caught. He was at our post at 11½, and said there was danger. We haven't seen him since, have you?"

"No," we answered.  
"Yes," said one, "he must be nabbed. We crept down through the wet grass—Bob and I; Bob fell in an open grave, which was half full of mud and water, and if I hadn't had this rope there would have been a corpse on hand for sure. We then came down here and whistled."

"Who was up at the far end of the cemetery?" I asked.

"We were," said Jack N— and Thos. W—.

"Well, what did you do?"  
"Didn't do anything, but lie down under a willow and let it weep upon us. We'd have been drowned if it hadn't been for that tree. We're soaking through coats, vests and shirts, and our 10s are like kitchen pumps."

"Ditto," echoed the rest.

"I feel the black burnt cork running down my neck and bosom, and I didn't change my dress shirt which I wore last night at T's party," said Dick.

"I've been sneezing down my sleeve until I'm sure I've ripped this lining," said Tom.

"I can hardly move my right leg," said Bill.

"And I've got rheumatism in my left arm and a toothache," said Bob.

"But where can Al be? Did any one see him after that 11½ visit?" I asked.

They all answered "No."

Just then it occurred to me that there was "something rotten in the State of Denmark," so to speak, and I asked Jack what Al had said to him when he last left him.

"He told us there were two subjects, and that as you and Jim were nervous he'd set you to work first; that our turn would come. He pointed to a grave; said that's where we would have to work; told us not to begin until he returned, as we might be

caught; and that when we heard the whistle we were to run to this gate."

"Did he say anything about being 'wedged together like Trojans,' &c.?"

"Yes," said Jack, "that was his last words."

"Fellow countrymen," said I, "I think this whole affair is a sell!"

We looked into each other's faces vacantly. Some of us tried to laugh, but it was a sickly kind that couldn't come out in that air.

"Let's whistle once more," said Bob, whose faith was still strong.

We whistled, but no answer, no Al.

"What's the time?"  
"Just half past four, and daylight will soon be breaking."

"I vote we go home."  
We sloped arms and went on our weary way, sadder but wiser young men.

The next morning Jim and I were limping and sneezing down King street, and as we approached a book-store there was the veritable Al, large as life, with a host of fellows who seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. As we came up a general shout arose, "How are you, Resurrectionists?"

The mystery was gradually cleared away. After posting the eight of us and visiting Jim and me at 11½, Al had gone home to bed. When we were roosting on the wheelbarrow, wet as fish, he was in the arms of Morpheus in a feather bed.

"And were there no bodies to raise?" pitiously asked Jim.

"None but your own," said Al. "The ground hasn't been used as a place of burial for fifteen years!"

I don't think any of those eight young men were ever induced to go Resurrectioning again.

MONTREAL.

W. G. B.

### Exchanges.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* contains an editorial on the various uses of the college buildings of the institution from which that periodical emanates, instancing among them a brewery, the offices of a gas company, &c. Considering the materials, the sarcasm attempted rather fails. The way in which they criticise the speakers at their debates is excessively personal; but if the same style was in vogue at other colleges the speaking in literary societies would be improved.

The *Harvard Advocate* contains a plea for an elective on the new philosophy, known inaccurately as Positivism, but which might be more correctly designated as the Evolutional Philosophy, as that term would include the Darwinian theory in science, and what the writer calls Strauss-ism in theology. Unless we are mistaken, the chronology of the writer of the article on Base Ball of Antiquity is somewhat loose, otherwise the article is clever. Its poetry is far above the average of college attempts in verse.

As an exhibition of dreary mediocrity in prose and verse, and pseudo-sentimentalism and vulgarity in idea, we have seen nothing that can equal the *Emory Banner*.

The *Central Collegian* is at hand. They say we are heavy. They do not fall on account of the opposite quality; as an example take the rhymes from which we give one stanza:—

"How far I ran I cannot tell,  
But certainly I shall remember  
The cow with the bell, over which I fell,  
As she lay chewing her provender."

Had the author's verandency been mistaken for that of the grass ("provender"), the cow should have been held perfectly blameless.

The *Queen's College Journal* is the latest Canadian venture in collegiate journalism. Query: Is its verse, as the "Mystery of the Jewels," and the "Ode to the Sun," intended as a joke?

We return our thanks for many exchanges which we are unable to notice at length. They are:—*Harvard Advocate*, "Georgetown College Journal," "Delaware College Advance," "Cornell Era," "Beloit Monthly," "Dalhousie Gazette," "College Journal," "Western Collegian," "Emory Banner," "Spectator," "Yale Record," "Queen's College Journal," and the "Galt Collegiate Times."