

made up of a statue here or a portico there. It was a grand symmetrical whole, perfect in every detail. I know not how it is in America, but in England, the one thing lacking in our architecture is symmetry. We have grand things in detail, and isolated, but the whole is inharmonious. The time may come when the cultivation of Greek literature may impart such symmetry to our ideas as will make us ashamed of such a street as the Strand. Here our friend Mr. Ruskin steps to our side, and we may safely leave the matter in such excellent hands.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:—*Acadia Athenaeum, Acta Victoriana, Astrum Alberti, The Blackburnian, Dalhousie Gazette, Dartmouth, The Droghedian, Hamilton (Ky.) College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, King's College Record, The Portfolio, Queen's College Journal, Richmond Literary Miscellany, Rouge et Noir, The Sunbeam, The University Cyclopædia, The Varsity, Knox College Monthly.*

Between the Lectures.

OCTOPUS.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SIN-BURN.

Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
Oh mystical monster marine?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between.
Wast thou 'born to the sound of sea trumpets?
Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess
Of the springs—thy nautilus d'rumports,
Of seaweed—thy mustard and cross?
Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,
Remote from reproof or restraint?
Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,
Sinburnian or Saint?
Little limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enfold and envelop the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace;
Cru' I beak craving forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to whelm us in waves of Cocyteus,
Indelible ink!
Oh breast, that t'wixt rapture to writhes on!
Oh arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the Python,
When she maketh her murderous meal!
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape;
Give us death that is glorious and g'dden,
Crushed all out of shape!
Ah thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
With death in their amorous kiss!
Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
With bitings of agonized bliss;
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,
And bite us again!

THE LIGHT GREEN.

"Is lager beer a tonic?" asks an invalid; and the German doctor answers: "It is a tonic—it is, in fact, a Ten-tonic!"—*Ex.*

"No, pa, I do not wish to marry yet. What I want is a man who does not drink, smoke, snuff, chew, go out at night, gamble, bet, over-eat, etc.; in short, a man of no vices, and one who is always good." "My daughter," said Mr. Duesberry, "you are but a stranger here, heaven is your home."—*Ex.*

An Irish lawyer having addressed the Court as "gentlemen" instead of "yer honors," after he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose and apologized thus: "May it please the Court, in the hate of debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake yer honors."

SCIENCE.

Sarcastic T-dor—"So that's a spherical segment, eh? Then I must confess I don't understand your diagram."
Clergy Freshman—"Don't you? Well, just come around after the hour and I'll explain it to you." (Sensation.)

LOGIC.

Professor—"What's the universal negative?"
Freshman, (taken by surprise)—"Not prepared." (Temporary suspension of hostilities.)—*Scriber.*

HAIR-DASHES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.—A well-known spirit medium, having just recovered from a trance, says that while in it he saw several ardent spirits entering a certain boarding-house attended by a banshee who had just returned from a bier with a goblin. He saw later, as one in a dream, a spirit being exorcised and a devil cast out by the landlady and an ass, the High Priest, and that one of these, a dark and forbidding harbinger of evil, has flown to a gloomy cavern, in whose awful recesses he defies pursuit. The other, a graceful sprite, fair to look upon, once more expelled from his temporary resting-place by the shrieks of the banshee, has returned to the ark, bearing not even a palm or olive branch.

A MEDLEY.

I'm a Jimmy McGill young man,
An "admire my legs" young man,
A knickery-ickery, cackery lockery
Oscar Wilde young man.

On Thursday last, sad to relate,
Down at the C. P. R.,
A medico near met his fate,
While standing on a car.

On the back platform he did stand
To cool his noble brow;
But e'er he'd time to lift his hand,
"De Bull" had tossed "De Cow."—*Talbot.*

THE proprietor of a religiously conducted paper of this city was invited to a wedding the other day. Of course, he had to present the pair, whose marriage he was to witness, (no pun intended,) with a gift. As electro-plate is too closely allied to lucre, he resolved to seek the indispensable in a crockery store. On entering he was struck with horror to see an array of wine-glasses, which, as is well-known, he never will advertise in his paper lest the weak be thereby led into error. Recovering himself with difficulty from this shock, his glance, roving about the shop, was caught by the appearance of a rich, cut-glass bowl. As he was in a great hurry to escape from the contaminating neighbourhood of the wine-glasses, he purchased this bowl, directed it to be sent to the house of the bride expectant, and quickly made his exit from the place of abomination. When the gift arrived at its destination, the bride and her friends, who, like the donor, were of the elect, speculated long and anxiously as to the purpose for which the bowl was intended. At last they resolved to seek the aid of an ungodly and, it must be confessed, wine-drinking neighbour, who was thereupon called in, examined the gift, and—gods that such a thing should exist!—pronounced it a PUNCH BOWL. Charitable and uncharitable people will draw their own inferences from this story.

IRVING AND BEECHER DINE.

The great preacher, Beecher, gave a dinner yesterday to the great actor, Irving, at which the immediate members of the Beecher family entertained Mr. Irving, Miss Terry and Major Pond. The courtesy grew out of a visit paid by the Rev. Mr. Beecher and his wife to the Star Theatre on Saturday afternoon, where they occupied a box and witnessed Shylock Irving and Portia Terry in "The Merchant of Venice." The pastor and his wife were so charmed by the fine acting that they expressed a desire to Major Pond, Mr. Beecher's lecture agent, to have the foreign artists dine with them on Sunday. The recipients of the invitation gladly consented to cross the Beecher threshold. So yesterday they attended Plymouth Church and listened with reciprocal admiration to Mr. Beecher's