

There is a good deal of grumbling in college about the time of holding the French lectures, which is in the afternoon, when the men are weary of the lecture-room and indisposed to commence any fresh exertion; the consequence being that the work is less perfectly prepared and less carefully attended to than it ought to be. If the authorities were to try and squeeze in the French hours somewhere among the other lectures in the morning, matters would be, no doubt, much improved.

The American Cyclopaedia, (Appleton & Co., New York,) has been added to the College Library, and further useful additions are soon to be made. If access to the library were facilitated it would be a great convenience to the students, many of whom are ignorant of the Librarian's mechanism. Such a valuable collection of books should not be so closely shut up, and not only should a catalogue be made out and distributed, but regular access to the library should be arranged.

This is an age of public nuisances. St. Jacob's Oil is the latest and greatest. Many a muttered swear-word will it or its advertisers have to account for, and many young lives has it hastened to a premature grave. Never read an anecdote in a paper, for you are but risking your morality—never use it, for it will surely keep you awake all night with fairy tales or funny yarns. We were offered a fortune to "do" King St. in academics with St. Jacob's Oil in letters on our back, but the risk was too great. (This is not an advt.)

- "Awake! the bell hath ceased to ring,  
The Dean hath to his matins gone."  
"Sweet sleep, it is a pleasant thing—  
Aroint, thee! I will slumber on."  
"Awake! for time is on the wing,  
The breakfast hour is past and gone."  
"Ah! sleep, it is a cursed thing—  
How could'st thou let me slumber on?"

The new regulation with regard to "late leave" and its accompanying redtapeism, viz: the passport to be obtained from the Dean, which has to be visced by the Provost, and final presentation to the porter in the wee, wee hours, after much fumbling in the cold by the sleepy student for the necessary document, savors too much of Military College or boarding school discipline, and is of far too complicated a nature to be grasped by the average undergraduate mind. The Conservatism of the authorities has been the cause of many gentle admonitions from us in the past, but this new regulation shows a liberal spirit far exceeding our most sanguine expectations.

The old library seems to be held sacred to the memory of the late Provost. The green baize tables are no longer haunted by the Hebrew-murdering Divinity student, who was wont to gaze with gloomy abstraction upon the Ancient Fathers, ranged in interminable volumes about the walls, suggesting to his mind dark vistas of future strife and controversy. The library room is perhaps the best remembered of all college localities, to the old graduate, from whose mind will never pass away that daily vision of the Provost, grimly sitting, requiring the strictest accuracy in all things, and when, as often happened, he sought a reference, making a bee-line for the book in question, fastening upon it instantly among 3000, with a clutch-like grip of the forefinger, and finding his place with a couple of turns of the pages. The place is silent now and abandoned to the all-prevailing dust, save when those miracles of wisdom and legislation, the members

of the College Council, come together there to rub noses joyfully and gloat over mighty schemes, which are ever coming, but never accomplished.

No additions or improvements have as yet been made in the Gymnasium, and the student athletic must still vault a broken bar and yearn for unseen muscle-expanders. As he struggles to climb the uncertain ladder the myriads of rats, which had scampered off at his approach, gaze hungrily at his contorted limbs, and their mouths water at the sight of so much fresh meat. The hens upon the top rung and the rafters look down upon him with twinkling eyes, and laughing softly to themselves, place their heads under their wings and sleep the sleep of innocence. The mild-eyed cow at the door heaves a sigh as she dreamily chews her cud and moralizes on the mystery of life—she had been trying all the morning too perform some double acrobatic feat (perhaps the legendary highest leap on record—"over the moon,") but only succeeded in damaging the mattress. The fragrant pigs grunt contentedly from an adjacent sty and all is peace, Suddenly the calmness is disturbed by a crash, but it is nothing—only a broken rung and a student gathering his limbs together, and vainly endeavoring to fit a leg into an arm socket, and occasionally mildly expressing the hope that he may be able to take sufficient exercise on the following day to counteract College commons.

If the favour of the public opinion were an infallible indication of mind, the concerts recently given by the Choral Club must be called unqualified successes. No less than six have already taken place, and whether in a country school-house, or in Osgoode Hall, they have been equally appreciated. Undoubtedly the energy of Mr. J. Carter contributed largely to the success of the entertainments. Under his management the glees, choruses, and part-songs were invariably well rendered, and we are at a loss to determine why the proverbial bashfulness of the undergraduates manifested itself in the "Dragoon Chorus" only. Mr. Angell impersonated the Duke in good style, and was well supported by the "Heavy Dragoons," whose marching, if not inimitable, was certainly unique. The "Bunthorne-Grosvenor" duet always proved acceptable, and Messrs Scadding and Brent, in the respective roles, have achieved a reputation worthy of disciples of Oscar Wilde. Of the selections from operas, the most popular one was perhaps the "Gobble" duet from "La Mascotte." Mr. Church, in a becoming costume as a modern belle of fashion, made a fascinating "Betina," in whom the club has found a Mascot who will never fail to bring them good luck. Mr. Scadding sang the part of Pippo creditably. The character songs and comic recitations, as given by Messrs. Murray and Brent, and the cornet duets by Messrs. Davidson and Church, were among the popular features of each programme, and were always encored. Mr. Oliver gives excellent promise as an elocutionist, and was of much assistance. There is a scheme being set on foot by which the Club is endeavoring to arrange for a series of concerts, for the benefit of Sunday Schools in various towns, during either the Easter or Summer Vacation. The idea is a good one, and we trust it will be carried out. We do not agree with the small minority, which grudges praise, that choral organizations suggest that nothing but singing is done at the college they represent, and we believe we are not far wrong in stating that ours will at least be a slight intimation to the people of Ontario that there is some talent in the University of Trinity College.