

"You must wake and call me early," is the cry of certain students to their room-mates and opposite neighbors, as the bell for retiring is heard; but by six o'clock next morning, their sentiments are changed, and in response to the frantic efforts to rouse them made by their obedient school-fellows, they murmur "Nay, do not wake me; let me dream again."

A NUMBER of homesick students were assembled together a few days ago, and of course their conversation was upon the subject nearest and dearest to them. After some time the question, "What constitutes home?" was asked. One said, "A mother's love," another, "To be able to do what you please," but when the answer came, "To have plenty of good things to eat," they gave up the debate, and concluded there were different kinds of homesickness.

There is a boarding-school, not far away.  
Where in a certain hall six students stay.  
Oh how those students scream,  
When others long to dream,  
How overjoyed they seem  
At nine each day!

Oft in the stilly night adventures strange had they,  
For never,—hardly ever—a teacher comes that way.  
Sometimes they're not asleep  
When the dawn begins to peep,  
But into bed they creep  
At break of day.

"Tell us who they are?" you ask, "and whence they came?"  
That I cannot, dare not do, for they seek not fame.  
This, however, all may know,  
They always together go,  
And each day fonder seem to grow  
Of their "Patsey Ironsides' name."

AN open meeting of the Senior Literary Society held on the afternoon of the 1st of March, was very well attended. The programme, not a very lengthy one, was carried through very successfully. The opening speech from the President was contrary to expectation, exceedingly short, many regretted that Miss Pearson did not dwell longer on the topic, should politics be made a subject of debate in the Society. The members and friends were agreeably surprised to hear Miss Wilson read in place of the prescribed essay an original poem. Among other satisfactory performances was a speech made by Miss Mary Moore on "Amusements," which was delivered with grace and ease, and a duet neatly executed by the Misses White and Muir.

SOME very handsome stuffed geese have recently been brought to adorn the Senior Class Room. The Seniors ought to protest against the continual presence of relatives; so distracting an influence ought to be removed from the scene of herculean mental struggles such as are said to be carried on in that vicinity. It has already been suggested that the specimens be made to execute a *dead march*.

### Clippings.

THE statue of Prince Louis Napoleon, which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is now being exhibited at the studio of the artist, Mr. Boehm.

A DINNER JOKE.—What is the prominent difference between your bill of fare and the invited guests?—These are the *men-u* asked; the other, the *menu* ordered.

FROM THE LECTURE ROOM.—PROFESSOR—"Supposing the condition of the patient to be such that you couldn't give ether, what should you give, Mr. Brown?"

BROWN (innocently)—"Neither, sir."

OWED TO ANTHON'S VIRGIL.  
Anthon has a little horse,  
Well clad in sheep-skin coats,  
Its name is Virgil, very fat,  
He keeps him stuffed with (n) oats.—Ex.

PROFESSOR.—"Can you tell me, sir, in what sign of the zodiac the moon will appear next July?"

STUDENT.—"I—ah—don't—think—I—can, sir."

PROFESSOR (thinks he has been coached).—"That's right: Cancer. You want to be prompt, though."

THE Empress Eugenie's visit to Zululand will be so arranged that she will reach the spot where her son fell on the 1st of June, at the very hour of the struggle and death. The Empress, in a recent interview with a French journalist, pointed out that the wounds on the Prince's arm attested the fierceness with which he defended himself. "This movement of covering himself with his arm," she said, "was an habitual instinctive gesture with the Prince; often in our leisure hours when I played with him in his youth, at the slightest sign of attack he covered his breast with his arm as with a shield."