

If you must make puns, 'Lhousie, don't italicise them : please.

This column in the *Gazette* is an improvement on that of last session. The only editorial finishes with the following sentence, which shows that co-education has reached an advanced state in Dalhousie : "From the public generally we will look for support, commensurate with the interest felt in Dalhousie, promising that for our literary department we will endeavor to secure none save first-class articles, and with our editorial staff increased, and our sanctum brightened by a young lady associate, we trust to sustain the reputation of the *Gazette* as being the best college journal in the Dominion." The last sentence is a little bit of vanity expressed for the benefit of the uninitiated.

SOME colleges don't seem capable of publishing a respectable college paper, that is to say a paper of any interest to people outside, and whose editorials and items are not so feeble and inferior generally, as to be unworthy perusal. But when such an institution as Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., undertakes to let two papers loose on the field of journalism, the thing becomes a serious absurdity.

The *Knox Student* and *Coup d'Etat* welded into one, would not equal in interest paper published by some colleges one-half the size of Knox.

"May as well leave out debates in a debating society, saw the spurs off from the legs of a fighting cock, or take away the sickle from a mower and attempt to cut grass, as to edit a college journal without literary articles."—*Wheaton College Record*.

There is a difference of opinion on this subject. Some college editors are only happy when they have inserted in their paper a number of feeble essays on abstruse subjects—probably prize essays or orations disguised. This class of editors also opens their columns to young writers, who fearlessly wrestle with such themes as "The antiquity of man," "Despotism," "Shakespeare's Plays," "Liberty," "The prehistoric age," &c., and who succeed admirably in boring and nauseating their readers. But most of the good college papers seem content to leave this sort of thing alone. When people want to know about such things they read for themselves; and when the magazine literature of the day is so good, it is not probable that many will go to college journalism for edification.

THE *Varsity* yearns after the infinite and unattainable; it carefully guards against having anything like other people. Its hoary headed editor is grieved because his type, the *Crimson*, has that boyish feature of a college journal—the exchange column.

### ✻CLIPPINGS.✻

A PRINCETONIAN theological student's glib reply to the question, "What is prayer?" "Prayer is a saving grace, whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein justification, adoption and sanctification do rest in their graves until the resurrection." Verily, the Shorter Catechism, if a "stumbling-block" to the small boy, is to the "theologue" foolishness.—*The Princetonian*.

#### THE PARSON'S REMONSTRANCE.

HUSH up dat noise, you low-down nigger;  
Dat "Glory!" an' "Glory!" an' "Amen!" too.  
T'ings mus' been down to right small figger,  
Ef dis yer rackets gwine ter pull you froo.

De man on Lord's day shouts so loud  
Gwine t' fizzle out 'fore de week's gone by.

Bumble-bees make a desp'ate noise in a crowd,  
But dey don't make honey no more dan a fly.

Ef we hear you's a-wukkin' in de craps an' de hayin',  
An' 'lievin' de 'stress of de widder an' de poo',  
When de folks flops 'em down at de meetin' a-prayin'  
"Bress dat generous brudder!"—an' we knows dat's you—

Den we'll ask you, brudder, fur ter raise dat hime chune,  
An' set dat note jees high's you kin;  
An' when your spe'ience you starts reviewin',  
You'll find 'ligion 'mounts to somet'n' mo' dan a din.  
—*University Quarterly*.

THE Boston young lady of culture does not call it the Irish Land Bill. She designates it as the Celtic Real Estate William.—*Yale News*.

#### NOT WORLDLY-MINDED.

"FAIR maid, than all others more artless,  
Thou lov'st not the world's empty show,  
Thou lovest the beauties of nature,  
The flowers and the soft, fleecy snow."

"Oh, yes; truly spoke," quoth the maiden,  
"I love not the world; but of old  
I so loved the flowers, that I chose one  
For my motto in life,—marigold."

—*Crimson*.

WHILE an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily and murmured "tighter" and it broke the bear all up; and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.—*Er*.

THE lane was lined with leafy trees,  
The moon was shining brightly over,  
The gently-whispering evening breeze  
Brought odors sweet from fields of clover.

BEHIND them lay the glare of light  
Whence came the sound of waltzes, sighing  
Upon the silent air of night,  
And o'er the meadows slowly dying.

Along the way that stretched ahead,  
He strolled, the maid beside him tripping,  
"These lanes are awful rough,"  
"And I can't move without my slipping."

He hesitated for a while,  
But growing soon, a little bolder,  
Encouraged by the winning smile  
That lit the face so near his shoulder,

He twined his arm around her waist  
He gently said: "Miss May, I'm ready,—  
If such support is to your taste,—  
To lend my aid, your steps to steady."

No matter where the path-way led,  
Tho' rough the lane that lined the clover,  
No more about the roads was said  
Until the moon-light walk was over;

Then, peeping at him thro' the maze  
Of curls that twined about her forehead,  
She smiling said: "Those country ways  
Aren't all so very, very horrid."

—*Spectator*.