

Things around Home.

THE sports of the field are, for the most part, among the things of the past. No longer do our crack bats swing the willow on the College cricket ground. No longer does the base-ball fly to and fro on the brow of the hill beside the College grove. Foot-ball, too, which won our hearts for a few brief weeks during the cool, crisp evenings of the fall, had to kick the bucket. Sore shins have healed up; sprained ankles have regained their wonted elasticity. The days of drizzle and sleet and mud and general unpleasantness gathered around us. No more was it pleasing to roam the breezy hills and wander in the little paradise of Gaspereaux. Chill breezes and mist and dreary fall scenery are not sufficient to tempt the ordinary student from his cell. Thus our opportunities for exercise were very limited. Nor have the tutting winds and piled-up snows of winter brought much improvement in this respect. True, it is glorious to face the nor-easter, keen and cold, and plough a weary way across the snows, and every student should indulge in such enjoyment; but it soon grows monotonous unless varied by some other pastime. And so it happens that during the greater part of our collegiate year, the majority of our students do not have physical exertion enough for their own good, either corporeal, mental, or moral. It is with feelings of pleasure, therefore, that we hear that the matter of a gymnasium is being discussed. We think such an institution would be an invaluable addition to our College, and hope to be able soon to say that the foundations of the building have been laid. A few hours on the horizontal bar or with the dumb-bells would work a surprising change in some of our languid and by no means too robust constitutions. We *must not* neglect our man physical for our man mental.

We think we ought to say a word about that bridge across which we daily step from College Lane to Church Street, on our way to the village. We do not know that we are naturally timid, but we cannot think of that bridge with feelings of total indifference. There is nothing at either side of the bridge to prevent one from innocently

walking off it, some dark night to his or her own destruction. A fall of six or eight feet upon unfriendly rocks is no joke to an ordinary man; and knowing this, and feeling that it would be no matter of surprise for a couple of students or strangers to step over-edge some of these dark, windy, slippery evenings, we call upon the authorities, the overseers of roads, or whomsoever bears responsibility in this affair, to look well to it, and meanwhile we warn our students to be careful how they steer on cloudy, gusty nights.

We believe that an attempt has been made to start a rink near the east end of the village. We hope that the enterprising starter, Mr. Brown, may meet with success, and the patronage of all lovers of that right royal and healthful amusement, skating.

During the recent terrible storm of wind and snow two slender firs, standing on the western skirts of the College grove, were brought low. They are the first to fall. Most of the trees on the hill are so sturdy that it takes a hurricane to fell them. And then we are putting out new trees, year by year. The old grove is in no danger of annihilation.

The hearts of the Academicians were rejoiced the other day by an invitation to spend the evening hours in the Seminary. The banquet hall took on a new brightness at tea that night. As we entered the door and stepped quietly across the hall to our wonted seat beside the sauce-dish, we saw joy lighting up a hundred eyes with her glad fires. A hundred young cheeks flung back the gleam of crockery and glass, a hundred hands joined in gratulation. We saw, we sat, we sighed, to think such joy was not for us. For a moment we almost wished we were an Academy boy, but we resolutely sat down and drowned the voice of envy with the clatter of knife and spoon. We know there was a gay, good time in the Seminary parlours that evening, and although the storm was "all blowing wild" among the College trees, although the thermometer was low almost beyond recovery, and the snows were drifting high without, yet within were quiet breezes of happiness, fanning the summer of the heart. We feel like ejaculating "me too."