

You glance at Scotland—what a change! Instead of the short varied mass with candles, choir, and many colored garments and shifting acts of devotion, here is the long monotony of the bare and unadorned kirk. Long service, dealing with abstract doctrines, occupy the time which the Romish Church fills with brightness and variety. All pleasure and natural light-heartedness is crushed on the Lord's Day in cold Scotland, and with long faces and desponding mien the people betake themselves to their joyless services. While the French amuse themselves the Scotch virtually do penance by dullness, which they confound with godliness.

We find the English Sunday without the levity of the French or the dullness of the Scotch; the people are not always at church, nor yet at the Fair—they do not indulge in dancing, yet approve of walking. They are sober not sad, grave but not austere. In the country it is a day of rest but not of gloom, while in towns the stores are closed but people go about, and can escape from the stifling courts of the city to the bright green fields and lanes of the country.

We do not envy the extravagant gaiety of the French, nor the sour discipline of the Scotch. We prefer our golden mean—more dignity than the one, more rationality than the other.

+Socials.+

Merry Christmas,
and
Happy New Year!

"Coffee Pot."

"Sweet Pet."

Great was the drop there from.

"Who composed Hiller's Studies?"

Is waterproof a non-conductor?

Maudie you remind me of a valentine
(one cent).

Why is a certain *Harmony Class* so interesting this term?

Professor—"Who wrote Rip Van Winkle?"

Senior—"Wilkie Collins."

A junior says:—Sir Isaac Newton invented the law of gravitation.

M.—"Did you ever eat a prairie chicken?"

H.—"Oh! you mean a clam."

Who stole the cheese, that lay on the table, that stood in the room, where the girls paint?

Junior—"What is 'speak' in German?"

Senior—"Parle."

Girls! on your next *reception day* complete your toilet before appearing.

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

So say the *Advanced Latin Students* when Latin prose is the order of the day.

In the division recently the "Fairie Queene" was heard relating "her dream" to her companion. "Why!" she remarked, "did you ever hear of such an indecorous tale, I must have been in the 'Seventh Heaven.'"

"Do you know where Helen is?"

"Yes: she is in the library making *chaos* out of *confusion*."

Junior (speaking of intelligence being so deeply imprinted on faces)—"You see it in the pictures of Wellington and all those old Greeks."

One of the students speaking to a German scholar,—said she thought the girls were too familiar, calling Made-moiselle by her first name, Fraulein.

1st young lady (holding her side)—Oh! dear!

2nd Y. L.—"What the matter?"

3rd Y. L.—"She's got the plenrisky."

2nd Y. L.—"In her throat?"

Prof. in Zoology Class—"Classify the end-chewing animals."

Bright student—"Cows."

Quite a sensation was created one afternoon recently, when an ex-graduate was noticed looking on a *book* with a gentleman. (Latin).

In an argument concerning the "lovable ability" of a certain "*young gentleman*," one of the students remarked that he