

But then the Eclectic was only ten days old, and the other club had been at the bat several seasons. There may be another match this month.

A SENIOR surprised his "purp" the other night by pausing in the second stanza of a protracted snore, and exclaiming "Yes, sir, there are things in the science of etymology which would make the sternest hearts tremble." But when his purp had whooped in his ear, patted him "kindly but firmly" on the back, and bumped his head thoughtfully against the head board he decided to "let 'em tremble," and completed the stanza.

As predicted in our last, President Dart, of King's College, delivered his lecture upon "The Times of Johnson" on the 13th ult. Carrying us back in imagination a hundred years, to the reign of good, old, simple-hearted "Farmer George," he sketched for us in turn the educational, social and religious condition of England at that period. The President, in concluding his interesting lecture, compared the days of Johnson with our own, and showed what an immense advance has been made all along the line of intellectual, social and moral improvement, during the past century. After singing "God save the Queen," the audience retired.

MAYING was very popular during April. The delicate hued flowers which "blossoms amid the snows" early raised its sweet lips to the caress of the warm spring wind; and every afternoon, as regularly as the old bell struck the hour of four, young men and maidens might be seen wandering off over the hills in different directions in search of this one flower that awakens universal interest. The hair-bell and the violet, the white stars that shine amid the wood-moss in June, the plant that lifts its golden petals beside the salt sea wave, just beyond the reach of the waters, and the creamy lilies of the lakes have their respective admirers, who love to seek them in their own peculiar haunts; but the hearts of all, who have any touch of "beauty in their soul," gather kindly around this little stranger of the May. What we are coming to is this; why cannot we have a Maying party, if the season is not too far advanced? Receptions are A. I. as far as they go, but when the warm weather comes, and the voice of the graybird is heard on the hills, we long for something more romantic and picturesque. Such a proceeding would not be without precedent in College history. Seniors, as they occasionally suffer the hard lines of study to fade away from their thoughtful brows, while they sit at the evening window at this retrospective time of their course, love to hand down the tradition of such a gay and festive occasion in the long, long ago; and an unwonted

tremor steals into their voice, and an unwonted dampness gathers in their eye as they live over these golden hours of the pleasant past. And as we "sit at their feet" and listen to their suggestive accents, our hearts grow warm within us, till we arise and murmur, "we'll all go off together." All who are in favor of this motion will indicate it by the usual sign.

What's in our Exchanges.

THE following parody, from the "College Clippings" of the *Packer Quarterly*, will be appreciated by us as the days of trouble draw nigh:

"Cram, cram, cram,
Psychology, Ethics, and Greek,
And I would that my head could hold
What my tongue must be able to speak.

"Oh, well for the Honor man,
That he studied from day to day!
Oh, well for the plodding chap,
That he never 'cheeked' his way!

"And the midnight oil burns on,
My body is longing for bed,
But, oh, for the lectures I never heard
And the books I never read.

"Cram, cram, cram
Psychology, Ethics, and Greek
But I would I could sink into dreamless sleep,
To awake in the midst of next week."

THE *Neoterian*, of Lawrence University, Wisconsin, is before us. We like the general tone and get-up of the paper. Prominent among the articles of the present issue, is a communication on the scarcity of pure air at Lawrence, in the lecture rooms, etc. Two columns are devoted to a lamentation over the impure state of the atmosphere concluded by a plaintive appeal to the authorities for a little variety in the form of fresh air, "just one breath." As the writer appears sincere in this matter we would humbly offer a suggestion. If you want air, take it, don't ask for it. Air is common property, in both senses of the phrase. Every man and every woman has a right to all that he or she can breathe, and there is plenty for all. Stand up, suffering brothers and sisters, stretch forth your hands and fling wide open the idle windows and the sweet, fresh air, laden with all the pleasant perfumes of the spring, rich in the life-preserving, health-giving, mind-quickenning oxygen, will pour in. Try it on, and see. If the windows are stuck from long disuse, take an afternoon, a hammer, and a chisel and make them move, or else pass a hat round the class and then put your foot through five or six