

complexion?" Prof.: "All owing to how it is applied; but say, who shampooed the butter out of your hair?"

One of our exchanges makes mention of the boys resenting invitations to kid-parties. Our "kid-parties," we think, prove very pleasant affairs to those concerned (1)

Are the spoons at the "Oraculum" alive? While a certain individual was Star (ing) at them during dinner hour, they were seen to suddenly hop from the holder to the floor.

The editor who received the valentine representing "Sunday morning, 9.30," extends his heartfelt thanks to the sender. That, with a few others, now adorns the walls of his sanctum.

One of the ministerial students is changing his religious views, and is encouraged by the Deacon and his family. The young gentleman in this case Keir (in) stead of the young ladies.

Scene on Commercial street: Near-sighted young lady to friend—"Isn't that a beautiful carriage? Oh! how I would like to be in it." Upon closer inspection it proves to be a hearse! She changes her mind.

One of our professors received a valentine in the shape of a small box, containing a strange looking little lump of something, partly composed of (gum), though not tutti-frutti." It proved a very "toothsome morsel."

We are glad to announce that one of the prominent members of the editorial staff had so far recovered from his attack of la grippe that he was able to attend the concert at Upham. He got no cold, and (Es-stelle) convalescent

Notwithstanding the brightness of Sunday evening, one of the gentleman students got caught in a severe hail storm. Though he Tri (tes) ed to escape on seeing the "cloud," before reaching a place of safety the hail stones came Tingley-ing about his ears.

One day in class little Frankie Atkinson declares himself but a child in Physiology. Now, Physiology, as every one knows, treats of growth and development. Frank is only six feet two inches now, but as he is still a child he, of course, will grow; and it is probable that when fully developed his proportions will be fair, to say the least.

Some of our young men, not satisfied with the timorous fuzzy growth upon their upper lips, have discarded that gently-nurtured member which they call moustache, in the hope of coaxing forth a more vigorous

and extensive line of brush. One of our professors took the lead, and though scarcely two weeks have passed since then, we already note some slight indications of returning animation. Though started they will not amount to much before spring: but then 'tis likely "March" will bring another, much more luxuriant than the other.

#### PLANT WORSHIP.

The plant worship, which holds so prominent a place in the history of the primitive races of mankind, would appear to have sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees. Survivals of this still linger on in many parts of Europe. The peasants in Bohemia will sally forth into their gardens before sunrise on Good Friday and, falling upon their knees before a tree, will exclaim, "I pray, O green tree, that God may make thee good." At night time they will run to and fro about their gardens crying: "Bud, O trees, bud, or I will flog you."

In our own country the Devonshire farmers and their men will to this day go out into their orchards after supper on the evening of Twelfth day, carrying with them a large milk pail of cider, with roasted apples pressed into it. All present hold in their hands an earthenware cup filled with liquor, and taking up their stand beneath those apple trees which have borne the most fruit, address them in these words:

"Health to thee, good apple tree,  
Well to bear pocket fulls, hat fulls,  
Peck fulls, bushel bag fulls!"

simultaneously dashing the contents of their cups over the trees. The observance of this ceremony, which is locally known as "wassailing," is enjoined by Thomas Tusser in his work entitled "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," wherein he bids the husbandman:

Wassail the trees that they may bear  
You many a plum and many a pear;  
For more or less fruit they will bring,  
As you do them wassailing.

—Gentlemen's Magazine. (London).

The tomb supposed to be that of Cleopatra, lately discovered in Egypt, was found at a depth of 25 feet from the surface in a chamber 10 feet long, 2½ feet wide and lofty in proportion. The sarcophagus was built in the form of a pyramid, and covered with exquisite carvings, among them being five female figures, five crowns of laurel, and four figures of children. Some of the latter are entirely nude, while others are draped. In the centre of each of the crowns a bunch of grapes is carved. At last accounts the discoverers were awaiting the arrival of an Egyptian official to formally open the tomb.