

Certain young men do not take advantage of their opportunities to acquire knowledge, or at least do not put themselves in the circumstances requisite to receive such, as is forcibly exemplified by the oldest parson in the Institution, at the mention of the much quoted gourd of Jonah, innocently inquiring "And what is that?"

A certain Freshman, feigning to be somewhat atheistical, simperingly mutters:—

"Prof., I would not believe anything except what I know."

Prof's. mild reply:—"In that case your belief would not oppress you."

A bewildered Soph., in a storm of loose poetry, as he becomes more and more agitated by following the perspective, at length bursts forth: "A pilot! A pilot!"

And the English student read boldly on: "Ye are green wood, see ye warp not." ^{mis'g'd}

Prof's. inquiry:—"To what does that refer?"

Student's ready reply:—"To Freshmen."

Prof.—"What made that gas turn green?"

Practical Soph.—"It was only the reflection of a Freshman passing the window."

JUNIOR, with a woe-begone look on his face at an early stage of the reception, "Say, B——, aren't the Sems. coming to-night?"

FIRST STUDENT.—"Say J——, how many Sems. have you met?"
J——. "Wait till I count my tally."—Hereupon he hauls out a handful of broken matches and finds, to his consternation, that he only has met seven.

The question sometimes arises: "Is co-education a good thing." Perhaps the following may throw some light on the subject: One of our Juniors has become so enamoured that the objects of his affections is ever uppermost in his mind. When the Prof. calls the roll he answers to her name.

A miller there came to our College fair,
On his upper lip was a straggling hair.
"It grew, it grew," like the peach in the rhyme.
Till it came to view in the course of time.

Not being content with its ruddy hue,
He started two sidelights; they grew and grew,
Till his ears were hid in their shaggy growth,
And the wind sighed mournfully through them both.

With careful thought he decided to grow
A full-fledged whisker, above and below.
The college and town in wonder were soon,
As they saw his beard, a full golden moon.

Many days and weeks in triumph he passed.
One morning he came and we all stood aghast,
His chin and lip were as bare as a ball,
And his classmates bounced him clean to the wall.

But the final stage put the rest to shame.
One morning bright to the class room he came,
With his face as bare as a badger grey,
And a twinkling eye, as much as to say—
It is finished.