

It is said that "green cheese" is the "Man's" chief article of food. No doubt, he often gets tired of this one thing, and wishes for a greater variety. Mother Goose tells us a story which favors the truth of this supposition. One day he became very hungry and craved something else besides "green cheese," so he concluded to come down to the abode of men for something different. Early one morning, after arranging things so that the moon could get along without him for a while, he started riding on a ray of light at his usual rate, and reaching the earth within four or five days. It was just about noon when he arrived at Norwich, where Mother Goose is supposed to have lived, and sat down with her to a dinner of cold plum porridge. The scene that follows baffles description. It is enough to say that he burnt his mouth while eating, and after this experience he returned to the moon, where he has lived ever since.

His principal occupation at present seems to consist in taking a general survey of the earth, and keeping its waters in continual agitation; but sometimes he exerts a mysterious influence over people, which produces queer effects. Frequently we hear of people being "moon struck" while taking an evening walk. This is not as instantly fatal as sun-stroke; but it is said to be more lasting.

Some old bachelors say, that the reason girls look at the moon so much is because there is a man in it, but whether this is true or not I'll leave it to the girls to decide. M.

RECREATION.

A GREAT deal is said in our paper about the work done by the students during the term. But as one who is extremely fond of the other side of the question, I think a few lines on it will not be out of place. If any of us happen to be the "dull boy," we cannot attribute it to "all work and no play." We must look elsewhere for the cause of it. It is true most of us find plenty to employ our time and keep our hands from mischief; but as often as the days come to us, so often are we allowed to throw aside "dull care" and enjoy ourselves as we please for a few hours.

The morning does not afford us this opportunity; but as soon as dinner is over we may take our recreation. The young ladies are allowed to go to the village or elsewhere outside the limits of the school grounds, until half past two, when the gentlemen are allowed the same privilege for the next hour.

Often the base-ball grounds afford more pleasure than the walk to the village, as on fine days the boys have been in the habit of playing this favourite game.

Now that its day is past for a time, we are looking forward to skating, snowshoeing, etc., for our afternoon pastime. Should any prefer remaining in the building, co-education kindly allows both sexes to mingle freely in the halls for a time, and enjoy each other's society. At 3.30 we must return to our studies for two hours. But it is a pleasure to do so. We have prepared our brain for the tax to be put upon it, by a few hours healthy exercise. After supper we have nearly an hour more in which to refresh ourselves for the evening studies. Of course none are allowed out of the building during this hour. As a consequence this hall usually presents a merry scene. In happy groups the students and teachers promenade the long hall, or gather in little knots to talk and laugh the hour away. Again in the evening, the students, in their respective departments, makes themselves both seen and heard for the half hour between the close of the days study hours, and the time for retiring.

Saturday, being a holiday, is an exception to the regular school-day routine. The gentlemen are allowed all the morning for exercise outside the grounds, and the ladies the afternoon. Students generally know how to take advantage of any privileges given them, and we are no exception to the rule. Their long hours are made the occasion of frequent visits to the village and surrounding country.

Thus between study and recreation our time passes pleasantly; and we are all looking forward eagerly to the short vacation just before us, when books will be laid aside for a few weeks and Christmas with its joys gladden all our hearts.

CURLEY'S TEMPTATION.

CURLEY knew it was Sunday. All his dog-conscience was alive to the fact, as he sat on the broad stone door-step and looked off over the mountains where the road led down into South Cornwall. Of course he knew it was Sunday. Were not the cows milked early and didn't he drive them up "Pond Hill" feeling, like many another busy worker, that it would be a long day until he brought them home at night. It was still, too; no shouting at oxen, no rattle of carts, only a soft rustle as pa, in his shiny black coat, turned the leaves of the big Bible.

Mother was sitting by with folded hands, lacking the week-day knitting. Curley looked at her sympathetically, and wondered if she felt as he did. Her temptation would not be squirrels, but it might be knitting. She was not going to have the relief of going to meeting, for "the girls" were away, so that she must stay and keep the house, and Curley feared she would yield to