

gaining swiftly and steadily on the Long Island mud-flats. One by one the trunk of the submerged forest sank beneath the waves, till nothing could be seen but a stretch of turbid waters, and then, foot by foot, the ruthless sea stole up the clam-flats and drove the Long Island spades higher and higher up the beach. And still the wheels plash the mud and the songs fill the air, and still the startled Long Islanders throng their northern windows. At length the shore was reached and the state of things ascertained, and with a sigh for the "forest" and a "do or die" ejaculation about the clams, all hands were in the mud. The forks flashed, the mud heaved, the tide rose, step by step the Juniors retreated, while at every hoist a new stratum of clams weighed down the baskets. When a sufficient quantity of these modest molluscs had been obtained, the class fell into marching order, and after a pleasant walk of about a mile along the shore found itself face to face with the celebrated wind-drift. After feasting their eyes on this great natural curiosity for a short time, they turned their attention to feasting of a different, tho' not less pleasing kind. The clams and the grub had been brought along in the wagons, and in a few minutes a selected spot was chosen in the woods by the shore, a fire kindled and a pot of clams hung jauntily above it, Gypsy fashion, and presently every Junior was spread out on the ground with a hunk of boarding-house grub in one hand and a steaming clam in the other. The fire cracked, the clams sputtered, the bread-baskets circulated; the Jolly Junior took on a broader grin and look of still deeper content. Dinner over, the waggon were packed, the flag unfurled, and with song and jest the caravan splashed across the dykes, and soon the wheels whirled around the corner of the Sem. and drew up at the Boarding House door. Mud-besprinkled Juniors disperse.

ONE thing that we try to do is to hold no extreme views of life—College-life included. We like to see a student neither a book-worm nor a prize gymnast, a recluse nor a society butterfly. Our ideal graduate is our ideal man, a being with a well-developed physique, a cultivated intellect, a well-balanced and sensitive social and moral nature, and withal, a soul. We have no sympathy with the man who dreams mathematics, and talks classics, and makes science his meat and drink,

as if his mind were a blackboard, and his social nature a "Prize Composition-Arnold," and his soul a jar of alcohol for "specimens." No more do we extend the right hand of fellowship to the individual who makes the sports of the campus the sole subject of his meditations. But we do believe in a judicious combination of mental advancement with physical development. Now, we *have* to study—ergo, our chief concern must be in regard to the physical. We believe that a proportion, at least, of our students are too often in a state of incapacity, either for mental improvement or for enjoyment, based on a censurable neglect of times and means of recreation. The listlessness and abhorrence of work which sometimes falls like a cloud over the minds of the most faithful and diligent students, would be utterly annihilated if from some set and generous portion of the day all brain-work was rigorously excluded, and some spirited, breezy recreation substituted. If a student has an easy day's work, he may afford to pore all day over it, but if he has much to do, it is better not to stick too closely to the study table. The hour with the foot-ball may be the most productive hour of the whole day. The cricket-bat and the base-ball circuit may be as good friends to the student as Hadley's Greek grammar or Olney's Algebra. We all feel this, and with the return of Spring comes an agitation for a revival of the old Clubs. Our Cricket implements, being destroyed by the *fire*, we take this occasion of appealing to the graduates and lovers of this game for donations in behalf of the Club.

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