

of old Scotland which have been transplanted to this new Scotia of ours, quite a lengthy account of a trip to Philadelphia, from which we rose up with a smile, because it told not of that everlasting Centennial, and a communication from Miss Muffet praying that Dalhousie open her arms to women. Why don't some strong-minded girl ask us to open our arms?

It has been remarked by some body that a soft answer will often go farther than a smoothing-iron. So it is with a fine title. The name of a paper is often its best foot foremost. Like a white dickey or a pretty face it often introduces its owner to positions not otherwise attainable. Some names, again, are like bashfulness itself and introduce their wearers with the least pretensions. Of the latter class is the title of a college sheet which came to us last month for the first time, the *Colby Echo*. We feel morally satisfied, after looking over the first two numbers, that it is neither so empty nor so unoriginal as the name might imply. We suppose it is meant to be the echo of Colby thought and feeling. It compares favorably with our other exchanges. We are pleased to add it to our list.

The *Oberlin Review* for March 28 is on hand. Some of our exchanges excel in locals, some in literary articles, but, to our mind, where the *Review* shines, is in its editorial columns. The editors write short articles and seem to possess the happy faculty of picking up new and generally interesting topics.

The Oberlinians seem to have some grievances from which we are free. We append an extract from the last *Review* to illustrate.

"The writer refers to the *modus operandi* of some of the young ladies (?) at the Hall. * * * For instance, a young gentleman has a slight regard for a young lady, boarding at the Hall. He consequently feels a very natural and innocent satisfaction in her society, and calls to see her once a week, or perhaps oftener. He has not done this more than twice before he makes the discovery that it requires an amount of mental, moral and physical courage that would do credit to Fox's whole book of Martyrs. He is obliged to "run the gauntlet" of a double row of silly, giggling girls who entirely justify the popular classification of women with idiots. When he enters the reception room they nudge each other, indulge in sundry giggles and uncomplimentary remarks in stage whispers, such as, 'There he is again,' 'that's the second time he has called this week' * * * Puella."

N. S. girls are brought up better than that.

Things about Home.

Por go the measles.

Prof.—"How could the Turks be said to get a *footing* in the heel of Italy?"

"Spring, spring, beautiful spring."

They say that that Freshman has been wonderfully improved by the measles or else he has washed his face.

Two of the Sophs. are out of wood. The question which now agitates us is: "How do they keep warm?"

The seniors are wrinkling their brows over Baine's Moral Science. They say that it is the Ba(i)ne of their existence.

That first robin is around again. We have it on the word of a Freshman, that it gave its first lonely chirp on the 4th instant, four days later than last year. Now feel sentimental and get up poetry.

SENIOR, reading account of Bodleran Library: "400,000 volumes! just think of it; and we have't 100,000 even!"

A SOPH. lately made a bet that he would write a letter to a certain young lady, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and would get a letter back. Sure enough, the letter came back—his own we mean, unopened.

THE Freshman who heard the soprano voice chanting: "Sprig, sprig, horrible sprig," as he sauntered past the open window, dressed up in a fancy cane, a stand-up collar and a plug-hat, need not be offended. The singer was only enjoying one of the season colds.

AN Acadia Student of former days, who now swings the ferule, says that a little urchin who had stayed away from school for some time with a sore eye, came in one morning, and the following dialogue ensued:

Master.—"Well, Jimmy, how is your eye this morning? Can you use it yet?"

Urchin.—"Please, sir, mother says I can see out of it a little, sir."

WE are beginning to sprain our ankles, bruise our fingers, tear our clothes, and have a good time generally, once more. Foot-ball, baseball and cricket, are again among the enjoyments of the solemn present. As we write there comes up from the pleasant campus the click of bat and the clap of victory. The long winter over