

our books may have bleached our cheeks a little, but it will be our own fault now if we are not pictures of health. We would suggest a little less profanity on the part of two or three of the students, who evidently "have'n't enough sense to last them over Sunday."

THE past month has been a melancholy one for some of the students. The measles have been sojourning among us for a season, and proving too sociable even for our social dispositions. Quinsy, and other species of sore throat, inflamed eyes, colds, etc., added gloom to the occasion. Mumps were suggested, chicken-pox darkly hinted at, and the influenza was said to be on the war path. "Did you ever have the mumps, and, if so, how many?" was the momentous question. These rumors, however, proved fictitious. All hands are now either recovered or convalescent, and with flying colors we step into the spring months.

PRESIDENT DART, of Kings College was to be our lecturer for March. The evening of the 23rd was the appointed time, "The Days of Dr. Johnson" the appointed subject. When the day came a great storm of rain came with it. The mud was unutterable, and it was half-decided to postpone the lecture. But the "nays had it" and we wired on to Pres. Dart to come. At the usual hour, 7.30, a number began to gather in the Hall, but while all were wondering why the train didn't put in an appearance, word came along the line that the road was impossible on account of a feshet. Then slowly and sadly we sought the wet winds and muddy roads. But let all be on hand for a good time on Friday, the 13th inst., when the President will be at the desk. Friends at a distance, take notice.

THE album fever has not raged so fearfully this year as last, yet a moderate number of autographeries have been noticed floating around. Now such an album should be, in some sense, sacred, and not a repository of all kinds of tomfoolery. We have no right to put anything in one over our own name which we think will displease the owner, whether that owner belong to the College, Seminary, or what not. Much less have we any right to write any such thing or any different thing over any one else's name. Suppose, for example, that a young lady, say of the Sem., sends her album by some friend for the names of her gentleman acquaintances in the College. The gentlemen insert their names, either with an appropriate line or without, and unsuspectingly pass it on. Then somebody with plenty of idle time—and back work, perhaps—on his hands, gets hold of it and amuses himself

with writing whatever seems right in his own eyes over these names, copying the handwriting in each case as nearly as possible. It is a very fine joke, no doubt but isn't it a kind of forgery in a *small* way, and neither gentlemanly in regard to the victim of the little pleasantry, or the owner of the album.

SIMILAR to the enormity above mentioned is that of writing letters, filled with all kinds of nonsense probably, say, for example, into the Sem., and attaching others' names to them. It is to be hoped that the practice doesn't exist, but it has been hinted at. If there is any sin too black for pardon, we bet a cent this is the one. We would like to see the perpetrator of such a crime gently placed in juxtaposition with the pump for a few hours. Hard-shell or not we would rise and cheerfully cast in our vote for this species of effusion. We would step up and take our turn at the handle with our prettiest smile. "For the blood of this miscreant," tenfold more than for the blood of him whom "Graduate" mentions, goes up one long, unsatisfied, unearthly whoop.

INTERESTING to the participant, if not to the general public are those incidents of student life, examinations. Toward them point the energies of the terms. They are the gates which lead from one path of progress to another. The March examination of the Academy took place the other day and gave general satisfaction. A large number of College students and other friends were present, and watched the proceedings with much interest. Several creditable essays varied the exercises. At the close of the examination Rev. E. M. Saunders addressed the students on the endowment question. Other gentlemen present also offered remarks, commending the progress which the Academy had made.

THE latest thing out is the catalogue of the Library. The need of something of the kind has been long felt. "Where's the Catalogue?" has been the anxious query of many a student as he has paused in a half-hour search through the shelves for some particular tome; and in melancholy accents has come back from the librarian the mournful echo, "where!" But now the memory of such woes will be gnawed away by the tooth of time. A few moments over the Catalogue will suffice to let any one know whether the book he seeks is in the library, and if so, just where to lay his hand on it. We find that the usable part of the library consists of 3,000 volumes, and it is said that arrangements will soon be made for the appropriation of \$200 or \$300 a year to increase the number.