

The Juniors illustrate interesting Geological truths by poetical quotations. Thus art and science flourish side by side.

When you see the fair members of the Freshman class passing through the halls, avoid their path. Be admonished and *scud*.

The oblivious theologian who forgot his hat after the last reception, is another example of the national tendency of *ministerial* devotion.

Intelligent Soph. at Astronomy Lecture,—What becomes of meteors after they have fallen to the earth? Prof.—They are sold by speculators.

Miss Flora Harding, vocal teacher, has been added to the Seminary staff. And now sweet notes are heard to swell on every breeze.

Sentiments of Geology Class.—There are more hard words in Dana's Text Book than were ever dreamed of in our Dictionaries.

And now the countenance of the Junior grows even more intellectual; and we know that, in the silent midnight watches, he invokes the Muse.

The Freshman who says he has a relative in the Sem., proves it by the axiom, "Cousins that are cousins to the same cousin, are cousins to each other."

A Glimpse—Scene—Seminary music room. Thermometer 212. Piano in pieces. A perspiring tunist using instruments and exclamations. Girls at the door and key-hole playing bo-peep.

The Freshmen are gifted—there's not the least doubt about it. Only the other day we heard one of them murmuring

"An inquisition was set on foot
To see where the tongue of that bell was put."

Some Cads had a game of "Hen, Rooster, Pullet" the other night. Our mathematical room was the objective point. They ought to know better than to pollute that sacred spot. Unless they are cautious they may get *roostercated*.

A fine new Webster's Unabridged Dictionary now has a place upon the table in the President's Hall beside the ancient and revered Worcester. It is the latest edition, as may be inferred from the title-page, which tells us that it was published in 1882.

One of the Cads has an improved method of playing foot-ball. Whenever the ball comes near him, he chooses a safe position, and watches a fellow from the other side run up and kick it. Then he remarks, 'Well now, I wonder how I missed that.' It's great fun.

The Pierian Society again moves on in the even tenor of its way, with a College Student as President. We have been informed that a much-travelled member of the class of '80, addressed this society previous to his departure for New York. His subject, we hear, was "The Funny Man in Europe."

The officers of the Football club this term are:

President.....	March
Vice President.....	Saunders
1st Captain.....	Welton
2nd Captain.....	A. L. Calhoun
Sec-Treasurer.....	Cummings
Executive Committee.....	{ Cook
	{ Rogers
	{ Calkin.

It requires much skill and energy to seat Academy Hall, so that it will accommodate three hundred so successfully as it did on the occasion of our last lecture. Yet, our illustrious Lecture Committee accomplished the feat, with magnificent dexterity. Ye with whom—even amid the rosy dreams of youth—it has become a burning passion to expound Politico-Economic truths, was it a *productive* labor? We thought that perhaps,—but we are agitated. At what shrine shall we seek inspiration?

The first meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society for the year was held Wednesday evening, October 19th. The routine business was transacted, and several names were added to the list of membership. The following officers were elected for the current term:

President.....	E. A. Corey
Vice President.....	O. C. S. Wallace
Secretary.....	J. W. Tingley
Treasurer.....	I. W. Corey
Executive Committee.....	{ A. L. Calhoun
	{ F. M. Kelly
	{ A. L. Powell.

"Blow, ye gentle breezes, blow," repeated a Junior as, in cap and gown, he descended the hill. The breezes blew, and fanned to a flame the poetic ardor of the youth, as he continued, "what bear ye on your balmy wings?" And then, after he had run halfway to the carriage road, and found his cap floating across a beautiful little lake, he concluded to ask for no further information upon the subject, and said that he never *could* see the use of tornadoes, in *this* climate *anyway*, and if we didn't have some decent weather soon, nobody would have anything left—fit to wear.