

quaintance. We expect to criticise and be criticised, and hope to improve in and under the operation. No editor has ever reached that blissful state of infallibility, (although it is said the Pope has), much less the editor of a College paper. And now for a chit-chat with our Exchanges.

The *Wittenberger* lies before us, pleasing in appearance and excellent in contents—one of the very best of our Exchanges. It bows with great deference to the Professors of Wittenberg. Judging from the first part of the published Baccalaureate Sermon, we think it has good reasons for so doing. Nor does it forget to pay itself a compliment.

The *Tufts Collegian* appears under a new name—*The Truflonian*. We like the name, but not the make-up very well. Its literary character does not receive much attention. It actually “goes for” the Freshmen.

The *Argosy* has again borne its burden of precious mind-productions to our shores. We gladly hail thee, sister in our mother Province. However, would it not be well to leave the baptism question alone?

The *Canada School Journal* for September and October contains valuable articles and information. It is a live school journal, and should be in the hands of every teacher throughout the Dominion. The October number contains a flattering sketch of the life and labors of J. A. McCabe, A.M., Principal of Ottawa Normal School, and formerly of Nova Scotia. The criticism passed on Mr. McCabe's Grammar is too favorable. It is not generally considered “the best;” indeed, it is considered a *very* poor Grammar by teachers.

The *Beacon* has been much improved. It contains two well-written articles of a historical and critical nature, on DeQuincey and Charlotte Bronte. But its local columns are the best; they are spicy, and reflect credit upon the local editor. The article “My Acquaintance” is life-like, especially when Mr. Putty is disposed of. “I presume the Rev. Mr. Putty is still preaching. I saw him not long since. Indeed, as there is no institution except the church which has charity enough to employ such a man, I do not know what else he could do to earn his bread.”

The *Colby Echo* was the first to reach our table. 'Tis a live journal, and its matter readable, except the article “A Submarine Adventure.”

The *Canadian Spectator* has a hard warfare to wage, if it means to conquer Sir John and the Orangemen. We welcome her among our Exchanges.

In 1870, about 74 per cent. of the teachers in the United States were women.—*New England Journal Education*.

Things Around Home.

Water! Water!!

Dr. Sawyer instructs in Mental Philosophy.

A Sophomore quoting Cicero—“O times! O mores!”

Seniors have Classics on Wednesday and Saturday, two hours each day.

Long live the A. C. Cricket Club! We are glad to see it revived in full force.

After three weeks of thirst, the students can again enjoy a draught of good pure water.

Receptions now take place fortnightly. Calls are not allowed, except by relatives or *cousins*.

A new chandelier has been placed in the Academy Hall by the students, to dissipate the gloom.

It is reported that a Senior while out *Hunting*, has been caught in the snare of the Fowler.

Mr. Curry, who fell from the top of the new Ladies' Seminary, is recovering from his severe injuries.

The Theological Course has been inaugurated. Dr. Welton gives lectures every day. About twenty are studying Homiletics.

The Sophomores surpass all other classes in linguistical studies. Thus you may hear one of them at table: “Nihil lactis est mihi,” etc., etc.

Prof. in Classics—“Mr. C., will you please desynonymize *dux* and *imperator*?” Mr C., a Freshman—“What kind of a thing is desynonymize?”

Porter's Human Intellect has superseded Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy. The Seniors are groaning “Oh! for a *light* in some vast wilderness.”

One of the Theologues, who was out preaching in an outlying section of the county, says that they sang the same tunes that *Adam* sang in the Ark.