

IN most colleges of high standing "Annuals" are published by the junior classes. They are generally directories of the organizations existing in their respective institutions, along with class histories and descriptions of pleasant and humorous events. These "Annuals" are highly valued by the alumni and undergraduates. They show that the students have a pride in their institution, and also prove to outsiders that the student has reason to be proud. For these reasons, together with the benefits ultimately derived, P. S. C. should have her "Annual." Our juniors of the past have neglected to publish one, but the present juniors, we are pleased to hear, are contemplating issuing one. We trust they will overcome all obstacles and give us an annual worthy of their class. Let the students do their part when the subscription list comes around, and lend a helping hand whenever needed.

LIFE IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY I. P. M'CREARY.

Time spares us not but in his onward flight
He bears us 'gainst our will from youth to age;
We'd linger by the way, he drives us on,
And rapidly we pass from stage to stage.

No privilege he grants, no respite gives,
'Tis vain for us to try to stay his power.
He will not brook restraint, his will is law.
We've nothing else to do but use the hour.

It matters not to him if we are faint,
And long to halt a little rest to gain:
He hurries us along with swifter foot,
We at no point one moment can remain.

And like a sphere, that starting from the top,
Adown an inclined plane, has motion mild;
But as it downward moves, augments its speed,
'Till, at the foot, it moves with motion wild.

'Tis well for us that such in man is life,
That youth to us is long and free from care,
For when we've once by us our life-time work
Enough of weary toil will be our share.

In thinking what our life the most seems like,
A thousand similies come in our mind.
So many things present a different phase
We're oft in doubt how something new to find.

That one who never finds some little charm
In books that have been writ for us to read,
Knows not at all how life to most enjoy.
'Mongst those whose lots are sad, is he indeed.

In looking at our lives we can but think,
That we, just what life is, can plainly see,
It is a work composed by God and man,
'Tis poetry and prose in volumes three.

The first we read is one of easy rhyme,
We soon commit the words the book contains.
We hang with joy on each and every page
And ne'er our interest in the story wanes.

No page in all that volume bears a word
Of aught that signifies the dark or cold.
The rhyme is easy, joyous, full of life,
To us those fairy tales are never told.

It seems of such a book we'd never tire.
At times we think we'll never read it through,
We learn to lip those songs in it we've read
And none need tell us that they are not true.

Time rolls along, of that we make no note,
We think of naught save that on which we look.
Alas! The end must come, we've read it through,
And childhood days are gone, we close the book.

Now as we turn our thoughts toward volume two,
And at its title page we cast a glance
Forgotten now's the tome we had but read,
For what's before us now is real romance.

Love is the central thought on every page,
'Tis told in honeyed words and lyric verse;
And even the chapters of somberest prose
Are only used love's merits to rehearse.

The hero of the tale, need it be told,
Is some Adonis fair—some handsome youth,
Whose heart is in the keeping of some maid,
Who is the type of beauty, virtue, truth.

The story also tells of other things than love:
It tells how brightly burns ambitions flame;
How strong is man's desire to gold possess,
What sacrifice he'll make to bring him fame.

This book is not a large one but is filled
With all the sentiment there is in life.
We read it quickly through, it throw aside,
And ope' the last, the book of prosy life.

A ponderous tome it is and yet we chafe
Impatient for a chance to it explore.
It seems the one great object of mankind,
Is through this volume great to slowly pore.

When one has once begun this book to read,
To childhood and to youth he is as lost;
Love, joy and sentiment he quite forgets.
He estimates all things by what they cost.