

now just before stepping out from a life so distinctly separated from the busy seething vortex of business life, he casts a retrospective glance over his college years and feels sad. The true, whole-souled friendship of some student companion will be lost. The jolly, careless moments of field sports or recreation hours crowd vividly upon his memory. Perhaps some stronger tie or fonder dream will end, and she who has given color and brightness to so many of his past hours will live only in pleasant but saddened memory. Thick and fast comes crowding upon his memory the impromptu feasts and the jollity connected with these unpremeditated banquets, the jokes upon some luckless favorite, the harmless rushes and class scraps, the quiet initiation ceremonies upon the verdant Freshmen, and perhaps a vivid recollection of when he was a Freshman himself. And thus the Senior muses and tinctures with a pleasant sadness his triumphant present.

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"Throw *Physics* to the dogs" quoth the philosophic junior, and let us hie ourselves to the highway and by-way in quest of pleasure and enjoyment. And who would blame one for doing otherwise? It is such an evening when study seems a sin and idleness a virtue. To stay in the hot close room on such an evening and grind would be murdering good health, and committing an unpardonable offence against nature. It is the hour when all nature seems reluctant to part with the king of day; and as if to charm his slanting rays to halt the while she concentrates in one short hour the enchantments of the day.

The long deep shadows of the stately maples or the scimeter shaped outline of the evergreens cast themselves across path and campus. Couples, threes and fours stroll slowly through the falling shadows, or lounging lazily around over the campus may be seen the shirt sleeved or blazered group of student resting and chatting after the just finished game of tennis or base-ball.

The long shady avenues begin to dim in the distance. Here and there a bright speck of light

obtrudes its unwelcome glare upon the soft fading twilight, and slowly and reluctantly from the different points of the compass maid and student wend their way towards a common centre. Clang! Clang! Clang! and with a startled oh! and an affrighted little shriek, the student swain hears some muttering about the door being locked at 7:30 and finds himself alone watching the skurrying maid as she just reaches the cottage door in the nick of time. He regretfully turns himself about and directly—"goes to his room and begins grinding," some one might say—but no! hies himself down to the bakery and indulges his grief in a Vanilla and Orange Water Ice.

We were both looking over the late papers and magazines the other day in one of the Literary Society's reading rooms. He was an Alumnus and an old member of one of the societies, and was with us for a few day's visit.

"Do you know" he remarked, throwing down his paper, "there is something sadly lacking in your society now that is painfully apparent to an old member coming back here and attending the usual Friday evening meeting?"

"I have not noticed anything in particular. In fact, if anything the societies are doing better work now than I have ever known them to do," I remarked.

"Well, I will acknowledge their performances are very creditable, and the energy that has been put forth in fitting up such fine halls is highly commendable. But it is not in these things that I notice any thing wrong."

"What is it then? In the social part?"

That is just it. There seems to be a lack of the old time cordiality and deference that used to characterize the Societies. It used to be no member of a Society would remain seated one moment if a stranger or a visitor was in the Hall standing. And then at recess; the cordial handshake and pleasant attempt to make you feel welcome was never neglected with any one.

To me, much of this old custom has disappear-