

affairs to lament and shed tears over the loss of a college associate of over a quarter of a century past, with whom, in the meantime, but very limited intercourse has occurred, can we not set a higher estimate on college life and associations?

Can we not imagine ourselves thirty-five years from now, stepping down from our place of business for a day's enjoyment with an old college friend? And then, in the same connection, can we not think how much more pleasant that greeting will be, how much kinder the regenerated vision of old days will appear, if we have avoided all those little variances, harsh words, and unkind jeers?

Irving said, "Absence, like death, sets a seal on the images of those we have loved; we cannot realize the intervening changes which time may have effected."

And we shall not wish to comprehend the revolution which age may have wrought. We are prone to wish that however far time may have elapsed or whatever inroads she may have made on her slaves, mankind, the old men in years to come may meet the boys of long years ago with the grip and friendship of the youth of college days.

"Yes, we're boys; always playing with tongue and with pen;
Sometimes have asked shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be smiling and laughing and gay?
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?
Then here's to our boyhood its gold and its gray,
The stars of its winter and dews of its May.
And when we are done with these life-lasting toys,
Dear Father take care of thy children—the boys."
Q. E. D.

FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

He was a tall, learned looking fellow at the time our story opens and just entering upon his senior year at college. His whole appearance was that of a decided man of the world. A lithe graceful figure supporting a head that would have become a Webster, so broad the forehead and so artistic the dark flowing curls, a dark cutaway coat, checkered trousers, a red tie and a pair of eyeglasses which gave him a decidedly *distinguish* air and you have a picture of our hero.

An oracle of wisdom and a walking copy of

Puck for wit, was it a wonder that Frederick N. Chester was the most irresistible man in college, the admired of all the ladies around and even one three miles away. His marvelous knowledge of the English language, coupled with a power of using a great variety of expressions, made him a conversationalist of the most brilliant type. Freshmen flocked around him with admiring eyes to catch the pearls that fell from his lips; sophomores considered it an honor to be seen walking in his company; juniors loved him; seniors adored him. Was it a wonder then that, on that bright day in September when our tale opens, he strolled across the campus with a self-satisfied air? The very birds seemed to sing louder as he approached while the leaves of the maples that lined the avenue drooped in his honor.

As he approached the office he began to quicken his steps. Was it strange? No. For in his box there lay waiting for him a letter in a small angular hand which caused his pulse to beat quicker every time he saw it. It was just four months since he had met Maggie Murphy and in that time he had completely lost his heart. Other girls no longer had any attraction for him. He could be polite to them and amuse them with his wit, but love them—never. With a trembling hand he opened his box, drew forth a small envelope and tore off the seal. The next instant he feebly clutched the writing desk and loudly gasped for breath. He who a moment before had been a cold suave man of the world now became as other men, afflicted with sorrow.

Over and over he read the few lines written by a hand so dear to him. They ran thus:

"My dearest Joe:—(It was her pet name for him)
My mother has forbidden me ever to
write or speak to you again for un-
known reasons. We sail for Europe
to-morrow. Farewell,
MAGGIE MURPHY."

He shed one tear of the size of an oyster cracker and then straightened up and became himself once more

"'Tis very, very hard," he muttered, "but I'll