

The average expenses of the Yale class of '91 was \$1,000 yearly.

Bishop F. J. Hurst, of the M. E. church, has been chosen chancellor of the Grant university about to be erected at Washington, D. C. This institution will be non-sectarian and wholly conducted on a European plan, will be a source of pride to our country. Valuable property has been secured and a large portion of the requisite amount (\$10,000,000), has been raised. When completed it will be a university in the true sense of the word.

BLUE EYES SO BRIGHT.

Blue eyes so bright in gliding dance
That on her partner's shoulder glance,
As through the waltz's lustrous maze
They smile to greet my lingering gaze,
So fixing deep their quivering lance.
And later, on the stairs perchance,
I fear I've made a rash advance
Till goodness-like she designs to raise
Blue eyes so bright.

'Tis over now. She rules the Manse
The curate's wife. 'Twas but a trance,
That dream of mine in those glad days
That ever over my life's ways
Might shine as then in gliding dance,
Blue eyes so bright.

Trinity Tablet.

ONLY ONCE.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train,
The light was low and dim.
It came at last, and from the car
There came a dainty dame;
And looking up and down the place;
She straight unto me came.
'O Jack!' she cried; "O dear old Jack!"
And kissed me as she spake;
And looked again and frightened cried,
"Oh, what a sad mistake!"
I said: "Forgive me, maiden fair,
That I am not your Jack;
And as regards the kiss you gave
I'll straightway give it back."
And since that night I often stood
On the platform lighted dim,
And only once in a man's whole life
Do such things come to him.

—*The Columbia Spectator.*

THE UNSURPATION OF POWER.

When first I took her out to ride
She sat contented at my side,
Admiring forest, hill, or grove
And chatting gayly while I drove.
A year went by. We were engaged,
And then it was our spooning raged.
We took to lonely drives again,
I held one hand, she held one rein.
Another year and we were wed,
Our honey-moon was quickly sped.
And now one ribbon she disdains,
And calmly drives with both the reins.

Branonian.

CHRISTMAS.

List to the wild winds that whistle and whirl
Round through the darkening streets!
Now to the heavens they rapidly hurl
Snow-flakes in flying clouds, quickly now curl
Down into eddying sheets.
Look in yon window, how huppy and bright
Blazes the Christmas fire!
Santa Claus came in the depth of the night
With footsteps so nimble and fingers so light
Those joyful hearts to inspire.

Yale Courant.

EXCHANGES.

The University *Cynic* is one of the most attractive journals upon our tables. The "Rambler" and "Why Certain Things Happen," are the subjects of two very pretty sketches.

The *Varsity* of the University of Toronto, pays a very great tribute to the journals of the various colleges of the United States. It says:

"Our American exchanges show a liberality in their choice of subjects and a breadth in their treatment undreamt of in the philosophy of Canadian collegiate journalism. Some of their poems possess a spice, and their sketches a raciness, to which our "Odes to the Moon" and "Strolls by Purling Streams" are but as lentils and pottage compared to the feshpots of Egypt."

But we think the *Varsity* very modest, indeed! For if the *Varsity* is in any way a representative Canadian journal the colleges are to be congratulated on the representatives they have.

A very commendable trait of almost all of our truly western exchanges is the promptness with