

I find to-night that I must write
Methinks, until I lose my sight,
Till lack of thought near crack my pate.

Oh! from the many cares you cause
Methinks it meet you give us pause,
And ceases thus to fatigue us so,
Oh Lecture Notes!

If student loafs then student goes
Beyond the bourn to other woes.
Neither born nor bred loafer stays
Within your limits many days—
You of so many, sundry foes,
Oh Lecture Notes!

A SILHOUETTE.

It was New Year's Eve. The moon "serenely mellow" shone full into the faces of the pair of lovers as they sat on the cosy window-seat and gazed adown the two avenues which opened their broad expanses before the oblongish window in the pretty, little tower of the Dalrymple mansion. Osculation was the theme of the evening, or, at least, that particular moment—"there is a time to every purpose," you know, and "love is blind and lovers cannot see"—so they did not know that it was then thirty seconds of twelve as he spoke up and said: "Sarah"—he always called her that when he felt real sentimental—"aren't you going to turn over a new leaf—you're not going to keep on telling me kissin's folly—are you? "Oh, Ned"—crack! crack! crack! boom! boom!—the merry, festive "rounders" were announcing the arrival of the New Year in their own novel manner—but he—why—during the momentary excitement—he leaned over and planted one sweet kiss on her cheery lips—the much coveted goal, one page, then again a leaf had been turned, a leaf which was never to be turned backward.

LEAVES FROM A STUDENT'S NOTE BOOK.

DEC. 22, 189—. Spent this, the shortest day of the year, in preparations for our journey to-morrow. It has been a warm, sunny day with a cloud in the south. It will snow to-morrow, the farmers say, but to-night the full moon has a clear sky and as it floods the snow covered fields, glassy from the recent thaw, its