

three hundred is far too large to properly classify as to individual characteristics in so short a time. It is quite too patent to even call forth the remark that a part of but one evening is all too brief in which to sound our praises, depict our glories, or catalogue our possibilities. The road is too long to pursue it to the end, bordered tho' it be by sweet-scented flowers of memory, mile-stoned by our many proud, enduring monuments. No political party can claim for its own the exclusive right to an unshared ability to 'point with pride.'

Words can not add one leaf to the chaplet that crowns us. Speech can never pull us from the lofty pedestal upon which the Pennsylvania State College made it possible for us to be placed—

"O! could I speak our matchless worth,
O! could I sound our glories forth—"

The Pennsylvania State College Alumni.

Our brows fanned by the breezes that stir the leaves of every continent; our intellects engaged in the physical, mental and moral betterment of our fellow man; our hearts blended into one harmonious whole, having no loftier purpose than the holding sweet and free of stain the fair name of our Alma Mater.

Let us so live that when the summons comes, we may, sustained and soothed by a sweet belief of our whole duty to our Alma Mater wholly done, we may approach the grave like one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

I. P. MCCREARY, '82.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

WHAT are we thankful for? That is the question
That sometimes puzzles e'en a dinner guest.
The rich are thankful for a good digestion,
The poor if they have something to digest.

—*Exchange.*

PERCHANCE.

When sparkling eyes are tempting you
Above pouting lips, what could you do
But take a kiss?

Then with brain set all awhirl,
You swear you love that trusting girl,
Is it amiss?

—*Exchange.*