

LABOUR NOT IN VAIN:—Last Saturday a small party with our botany teacher started out in search of wild flowers to analyse. Our enthusiasm led us through meadows, railroad gorges and over rocky steeps, where sometimes we were compelled to cling to the little saplings to keep from losing our balance. Oh, what delight it was to be one day among the woods and meadows! Our labour was not in vain, for afterwards we enjoyed our careful study of the little flowers which we so eagerly plucked from their dwellings. And while we admire the wonderful construction of the lily, may we not forget the beautiful truth taught by it: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow!"

ON the evening of April 28th, an "At Home" was given by the "Posts," to which a number of the girls were invited. The guests in their fanciful costumes seemed to have come from various quarters of the known and unknown world, and all joined with the "Posts" in rejoicing that exams. (at the Hall) were now over. Promenading occupied the first part of the evening, after which an interesting and original programme was presented. Refreshments were served later, and when the bell assured us that it was 9.30 by the Yorkville clock, we wished our dignified friends a pleasant vacation and betook ourselves home, having enjoyed a most delightful evening.

MOULTON is more than ever proud of the University and her connection with it. We are proud of the distinguished success of our own "Posts" in the recent examinations; proud of the first graduating class in arts, which has the honour of counting a Moulton teacher among its members; proud that the first time McMaster conferred the degree of M.A., it conferred it not only upon women, but upon women who are members of the Moulton Faculty. Not many of us had the privilege of attending the collation, but we were proud of having such a graduating class as our own to represent us there. On the whole we feel our enthusiasm for McMaster University, and our sense of being a part of it, much strengthened by the success of the first Commencement of the Arts College.

THE beginning of the end has come and in our farewells to the university girls who have been with us we see a foreshadowing of that eventful day in June when we too shall bid Moulton "adieu." The "Posts" have been with us long and have, we fear, suffered from the proximity. Be that as it may, we have not failed to notice their cheerfulness and industry. Were you suffering from an attack of that mysterious disease "the blues," a visit to No. 11, Harmony Hall was sure to soothe your ruffled temper, for the spirited and witty conversation of the "freshies" and the wiles of that "soph." were irresistible. No. 11 is empty, the table in the farthest corner of the dining room is empty, but we are glad in their gladness, we rejoice in their well-earned honours, we miss them greatly, but after all it is only "Auf Wiedersehen."

THIS is the weather which tempts us all out of doors to the fullest