

April Impressions

SEA SHELL '99.

While we lie prone beside the sea
 It seems to me a mystery
 That life transforms so mightily.
 Husks strew the ground,—
 Lo, these will grow,
 Though all around
 Damp mists abound.
 The ear may hear a rippling sound
 As here and there the melting snow
 Seeks by-ways to the plains below
 Flows, finding rest in hollows low.

Why does warm moisture swell the seed
 Until from husky bondage freed
 The gloomy plumule seeks the light,
 Becomes a stem with colours bright.
 Then bursts out into glorious bloom?
 For former tomb
 Now feeds each weed;
 Life lends the might
 That scatters night.
 What is that life, and whence, and why?
 Can living essence ever die?
 Alas,—it rests a mystery.

College Types.

AS the years roll by, carrying with them from the portals of the College, its weight of human destiny and aspirations, the similarity of human aims, and feelings becomes more and more apparent. The students as individuals are gone forever; their type however remains, and varies year by year only in the number of individuals therein comprised.

A familiar type, according to its wont, thrusts itself on our attention. Watch the assured air of this individual as he jauntily steps down upon the station of the College town and deposits his trunk in a van, all aboard for Chipman Hall. There is nothing for him to learn. Oh, no! Not at all. He knows it all now. But then a B. A., as an adjunct to a name, looks well and bestows an added dignity upon the owner—hence this trouble of going through a mere form. He begins by giving the Professor of Mathematics a few points but finds