

LIFE.

Like mist at dawn of day, like flying cloud
Across the moon's fair face that hurtles
fast,

Like incense breath that floats o'er altar
proud,

Our life is past.

Our ivy-crowned youth, as yesterday
In morning's tender light and noonday
glare,

Has glided like a peaceful dream away
Untouched by care.

To-day the myrtle wreath of man's estate
Our brows adorns, and in our power dight
We bid defiance to the hand of Fate
In noble fight.

To-morrow, crowned with cypress foliage
dark,

In drear old age we'll drone o'er victories
won

And dire defeats and struggles dread that
mark

The life that's done.

C. M. K.

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A Letter.

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HEAR HANNAH—I have not very much to write about this week. I had to elocute before the Principal on the pedagogics of the continuous activity of consciousness. My knowledge caused quite a sensation, or my sensation created quite a knowledge, I really don't know which. I get mixed up so. Some of the boys laughed at the idea. The Principal takes a great interest in the psychology of shorthorns. A study of animal psychology would have helped pa a great deal. Tell him there is a natural interest in shorthorns, and a natural discount in the long horns. If he were only richer I could have a fine time down here. I suppose when he was a boy in Ireland, they didn't know much about raising cattle and other staples. I guess they fattened the beasts on rational allowances more than on rational principles. Still I have a pretty good time except when I am teaching or observing. We learn a lot about Hygiene. A nice boy comes to see me often in the evenings

He is a graduate. I don't believe that man was right who told me just before the election that the graduates all smoke and drink and swear. They look as healthy as the Leavings, and alcohol and tobacco would soon have ruined their constitutions. They say I am a pretty good basket-ball player. One day I fell down and got my skirt dusty, and just before a match I found that I had left my tie at home and had to go after it. That delayed the game a little, but it couldn't be helped. The brunettes look lovely in the purple and gold. Some of the blondes have dropped out of practice since the colors came in, but the dark girls all play now. Some of the girls act very badly in class. Really you can't help talking sometimes. One awful girl threw a marble across the room among the boys. They are often quite noisy. The Literary Society is dreadful now. The President can't keep those graduates in order. He often rules them out of order. They argue like lawyers about all kinds of funny things. Most of them are very retiring, however, when put up for office. I don't understand all the jokes. There is one man they call Uncle Remus or Rebus who is very hard to make out. I think I told you I voted a straight ticket. I hope we have a good conversazione. What do you think? He wants me to go to the University conversat. with him this month. I am getting ready for it now. I found out that I passed at Xmas, so I guess I can get through all right in the spring. Good-bye, from

Your loving sister,

ANNIE.

P. S.—Do coax pa to send me some more money. I must have it.

P. S. 2.—Yes, I got the skates all right. We skate well together. I can do the Jersey now.

P. S. 3.—I do love Tennyson. Don't you think Sir Launcelot was such a nice man?

A. Q.