

here, and listen to the band which is not at all a bad one, and then returned to the steamer, as we were to sail for Hong Kong at 8 p. m., and once more we steamed off and after 3 more pleasant days reached Hong Kong where I was met by a friend, said au revoir to the many new friends I had made and whom I hoped to see again, as we'd all probably meet at the Hong Kong Hotel, a very good one, quite close to the Wharf. Now dear girls, as I have reached so far on my journey, I think I'll stop for to-day, as writing so much at one time in this climate tires one. Good-bye, please do not judge too harshly if my letters are not as interesting as they ought to be. I shall write again next week, with love to you all.

Your very sincere friend,

LENORA.

Autumn Reverie.

I stood in the woods one morning,
And gazed at the gorgeous trees,
Singed with the bright nuts of autumn,
And swayed to and fro in the breeze.

The sun, in her zenith of glory,
Streamed down with her rays of light,
The birds were all singing so gayly,
Inspired by the halo bright.

I picked up the leaf of a maple,
All shining, and sparkling, with dew,
Every shade from a golden yellow,
To a rich deep crimson hue.

The emblem of our fair Canada,
That fair, and princely dower,
That shines a gem in Britain's crown,
That grand old crown of power.

My heart was filled with noblest pride,
As I gazed on this woodland stage,
Could any grander scene be found
In any time or age.

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Two week have gone—in that same spot.
My feet again have strayed,
And now the trees are stripped and bare,
This change the frost has made.

But is there not a lingering charm,
To the lover of nature still,
In the trees, with their charming rusticism
On mountain, plain and hill.

And the lesson we learn, what is it?
Our lives are blooming now,
But a few short years, nay even days,
And to death's stern call, we'll bow.

Oh! ought we not to live then,
With ever this aim in view,
To serve our God, with loving zeal
In all we say and do.

ADELE.

Farewell address of a Senior

How apt we are when our Junior examinations are over, to consider all knowledge worth knowing in our possession. What are we to do? The lower branches of education are things of the past. Science to us, is no longer a stranger, while Shakespeare and Milton, Goldsmith and Byron, are old friends. We stand on this seemingly high pinnacle viewing the closing year, as the time in which to add the few rungs to the ladder upon which we are destined to mount to fame.

But how great our dismay, when in the first few weeks of our Senior career we realize what is yet to be learned in Metaphysics and Science, Language and Literature, and we awake to our ignorance.

We now stand humbly in awe of our instructors, and, as they introduce to us the abc's of life, we feel our illiteracy and the amount of application which is necessary to make us worthy of even the name of students.

We are now in an appropriate frame of mind for the study of the inmost workings of that most mysterious of all nature's productions, the human soul.

In our Study of Philosophy our trouble begins with "Mind and Matter," but all materialistic misgivings are forever laid at rest by unanswerable objections to any theory tending to resolve man's higher nature into mere matter. Being conscious of the possession of memory and knowing that each part of the body undergoes a complete change every seven years, we could not make the mind a part of the body which