

sit, is not a dynamite bomb indeed, merely a coal-oil stove, six pans, two dippers and a few other kindred utensils. Despise not the day of small things. From these homely articles and dispensed in our dainty china with as dainty fingers to serve have we oft received the cup that cheers but not inebriates.

And so it is over, and to-morrow are —exams. The page is turned, never to come back. Many cheerful, mirthful days have we spent, they are gone into the great past, with the anxieties and worries, the little misunderstandings and the pleasant merry-makings. All gone? No—"There shall never be one lost good," and so may all this but form a part of the many impressions which help to make up the total of the college girl's life, help her to be not merely a student but a rounded, developed character; so may we shout as is the custom of the world, "La reine est morte! Vive la reine."

Drip, drip, drip, drip, the water fell with a soft musical plash from the eaves at the gentle coaxing of the warm spring sunshine. The birds gathered in delighted groups, pouring out floods of harmonious chirpings. All was bright and glad without, and the girl with her mathematics book, struggling over sines and cosines and equations that *would* come wrong, sighed and set to work again with grim determination in her eye.

In the next room her friend sat puzzling over English. If Sir Thomas was an imbecile then Oliver was right; unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was not wrong." She read then paused, and read again, "here is this dilemma"

I should think there was a dilemma, she said. "If Oliver was not wrong, then he was right; that is, unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile Oliver was right;" But if Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was right; so we have the two statements; if Sir Thomas was an imbecile Oliver was right, and unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was right. Unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile means in every other case except the case in which Sir Thomas would be an imbecile. Now we have if Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was an imbecile, I mean, unless Oliver was an imbecile, Sir Thomas was not right; no, that's not it, I mean, —that is—why what is he driving at anyway, my head is in a muddle." "I fancy," called her mathematical friend, who had long since withdrawn her attention from tangents and equations, "that if you talk much longer in that bewildering fashion, the problem will resolve itself into the attempt to prove not the imbecility of Sir Thomas, nor yet of Oliver, but of some one much nearer home. Come and let us take a walk and forget that Sir Thomas and Oliver ever lived to cause such confusion to later generations.

Later on as the two friends were sauntering home, from their pleasant stroll together, they passed two little children in the street. One was saying to the other "Yes, I got that at Christmas, we had such a nice time at Christmas, didn't you?" "That seems like a breath from another world, doesn't it" said the student of English, "Yes," said the mathematical girl; "it is rather curious just now to find anyone dating events from Christmas.