

of all. In the olden days neither man nor woman possessed much education, and we find the old Earl of Douglass uttering thanks to St. Bothwell that only one of his sons "could pen a line." Gradually learning became fashionable for men but was not considered necessary for women, except for such as were of the most illustrious parentage. Now the old prejudices against the education of women have died out, slowly to be sure, but none the less surely.

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Our new year for College works has brought to the halls many new faces. For all we have a welcome, warm and cordial. Greetings, fellow students! and may you all one day, not far distant, be seen seated in a place of honor on the platform of our dear old assembly hall, awaiting with radiant faces the bestowal of the laurels you have so justly earned.

A REVERIE.

Does my little brown willow basket, so filled with the implements of feminine industry, suggest any thought but the song of weary women, "stitch, stitch, stitch?" Yes, indeed, many—*ranging over land and sea*, Memories of many a sad, and many a happy hour in its silent companionship.

Where, I wonder, did these willows bend over rippling waters? Was it by the side of the blue Moselle, some peasant maiden chanted the songs of Beranger, as she braided the pliant osiers, or under the grayer skies of our own Connecticut did a Yankee girl give my pretty basket its shape? It is graceful enough to do credit to French taste, and substantial enough to claim a New England origin, so it brings thoughts of both hands.

Let us examine its contents. A little box of birch bark made by Indians in far Minnesota. Where and how did these wild red men get their ideas of grace? The carving on it is very like the most graceful Grecian designs. No jewels rich and rare does it contain, but needles bright and sharp, in their little paper cases marked with the lion and the unicorn. So my fancy flies from the wilds of northern Minnesota to a dingy manufacturing town of old England, and the needles, do they not suggest the pricks and scratches of life?

Here is a small straw basket, most dainty in its fashioning. It was made near a sea-side resort in Rhode Island, by the Indians who still linger near their old hunting ground. How can one fail when hearing