

persuaded that there was just as much candy and much more room in the second one. Then they started—as the neighbourhood will testify, “and all went merry as a marriage bell”—until “Major,” the pet and pup of the college became weary and could run no longer. He had serious objections to getting into the van, as all proper people should, and had to be hauled up over the side by his ears. He wore a melancholy expression during the rest of the evening, and probably would have wished he had stayed at home, had he not found a box of chocolates under the seat.

The small boys evidently enjoyed themselves as much as we did; and threw snowballs at the opposite building to their heart's content. One boy, not quite so *small*, in his endeavor to pitch a curved ball, suddenly sat down and picked up his hat instead.

Of course, we all know that the second van had finer horses, even if they were not so fast as the others. When we arrived at 34 Bloor East again we all came to the conclusion that the drive had been a great success. And it is to be hoped that the young ladies will recover their voices in time for the next recital.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FORGETTING.—Allow us to place before your mind's eye a Moulton College girl, who was never known to forget anything. Her mind may be likened to a house, stored and furnished with the contents of every book studied in her life.

The house is now open for inspection. The foundations are all the different strata and fossils of various ages, arranged in chronological order, with fossil names and classifications embedded firmly in them. As you enter the house you at once detect a strong odor of musty books. In the hall you are greeted by a whole dictionary of polite French phrases; as you pass to the reception room you will notice the walls are hung with Latin declensions and selections from John Richard Green's “Short History of the English People”—in fact the French Revolutionary war has a frame all to itself. In one corner of the room may be seen, in a glass case, twelve hundred and fifty lines of “Paradise Lost,” which have been committed to memory; in another, all the arguments brought forward in the trial of Warren Hastings, learned and remembered by our young lady.

Passing on to the dining-room, we notice the table loaded with dates and the contents of books on Hygiene, Physiology, etc.

In the kitchen may be seen various tested experiments, the milk of her wisdom and the salt of her knowledge. Descending to the cellar, we find, lying around in careless confusion, a number of Greek roots and Latin stems.

In the bedrooms the atmosphere is heavy with Philology, Psychology, Ethics, Metaphysics, Natural and Moral Philosophy—in fact, all those delightful sciences which are calculated to induce slumber. Ascending to the attic, we find certain much-loved studies in Mathematics, and Seath's Grammar. Climbing to the roof we find it *steeped* with the science of Astronomy.

There is a railing around the roof, but tell me, dear friend, would you not rather, out of sheer despair, jump from it down to the deep abyss of forgetfulness below than be tortured by living in such a house as this!