

Not a bright flower-garland is faded,
 Every wine-cup with roses is drest:
 Not a face at the banquet is jaded
 The last of the feast is the best.
 Yet a shade falls across all the brightness
 From the wings of the hours flying past,
 Every heart feels a weight on its lightness,
 The thought that the best is the last.

Each rose is a vanishing-pleasure,
 Which memory plucks to enfold,
 In her many-leaved book as a treasure
 More precious than jewels or gold.
 Long after its color has perished,
 Long after its freshness has flown,
 The rose for its fragrance is cherished,
 To tell of the days that are gone.

Here's a health to the hours departed,—
 Farewell to our glad college years!
 Here's a health to the future,—light hearted,
 We greet it with hope, not with fears.
 One more,—'tis the last ere we sever,
 Each voice in the chorus rings free;
 Our college! we'll love her forever,—
 Here's a health, Alma Mater, to thee.

—Henry VanDyke.

De Nobis.

Prof. C--p-n (after reading a bundle of exam. papers late at night)—There was something I wanted to do—what on earth was it?

(After thinking about it for half an hour)—Aha! now I know. I wanted to go to bed.

Miss R---n—You've got an awful cold, M--rg--r-t-.

Miss St--rt—Yes, I guess I must have got it from one of the boys at the house.

D. C. R---y (on the way over to write an exam.)—What are you wearing a coat for this hot afternoon, M-cArth-r?

M. N. Om-nd—He wants to keep in all the hot air he is going to shoot out when he gets into Grant Hall.