

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves are falling  
 Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day  
 long;  
 In the dim starlight the katydid's calling,  
 Hush into slumber the brook and its song  
 Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping,  
 Gone are the gleaners and finished the  
 reaping,  
 Blossom and bee with the song bird are sleep-  
 ing—  
 Harvest is ended and summer is gone.

—Robert J. Burdette.

### ✧ Vocals. ✧

Who's the box for?

Priney is dead!

Priney was our dog—

Every one within the house

Loves to talk about thee;

What an altered place it is

Oh Priney dear, without thee.

We would like to know which of our young vocalists is learning to sing of "Stewart dearest," "Heaven will bless our vows," etc. Probably it is better for the aspiring damsel that she is not known.

Prof. Martin takes out his first class in painting from nature on the 24th of May this year.

Weddings seem to be the rage. No less than five of the students have gone home to receive their new relations.

We are anxiously looking forward to the Geology expedition as Hamilton affords some interesting geological explorations. No doubt we will chisel out rocks and hew down mountains.

We wish to contradict the statement that college girls are hard to entertain. People do not speak from experience.

Keep back that jealous feeling girls. We cannot all be decked in floral wreaths. It does not sound well to hear you use such epithets as "walking coffin-lids," to your loving companions.

The Harmony Class under Professor Lucas, of Toronto, is progressing very favorably.

If you blow your neighbor's fire Em, don't complain if the sparks fly in your face.

In the absence of Dr. Burns we feel like sheep without a shepherd and are always glad to see his bright face appear on the scene—yes, even the Seniors.

The future 'Riding Class' is one of the most interesting topics at present. We suggest a wheel-barrow to bring home the remains.

The Calisthenic Class this year is said to be more graceful than ever before.

The only place *mails* are allowed here—The Reading Room.

Any one finding the gold thimble that was recently lost would confer a favor by announcing the fact so that the young lady can do her mending.

Brilliant Senior—"Please ring for a knife to adjust the cake."

Public sentiment says, "business is dull," but the Juniors think it quite brisk in the store adjoining the Professor's class-room.

Easter holidays are coming—Freshman: "I'm going home to see Ma" Sophomore: "I'll be brave and improve my time in the College" Junior: "Those logarithms must be solved." Senior, representing dignity: "I'm going to get something to eat."

Several of the young ladies spent a very enjoyable evening at the Methodist Parsonage not long ago.

The young lady artist who has so admirably reflected on canvas her own picture, deserves credit.

It is the request of the young ladies on the French Hall that the pianos above have time to gather dust on Sunday afternoons.

We leave, like those volcanic stones,  
 Our precious Alma Mater  
 But will keep dropping in again  
 To see the dear old crater.

Our literary societies are in a very progressive stage. An open meeting is being talked of.

Why the pale faces at the French table?—too much sauce.