

'Cramming! What student does not appreciate the awful significance of this expressive term? How it brings before his mind's eye, pictures of wretched creatures burning the midnight oil, sitting with wet cloths wrapped round their aching heads, and hot bricks applied to their feet. And is this receiving an education, this crowding into a few weeks or even days, study which should have been distributed through the year? Knowledge, (if indeed it may be dignified by such a title), acquired in this superficial manner evaporates when examinations are over like dew before the morning sun. We hope that before many years have passed away this barbarous system will have become a relic of bygone days.

Our faculty have decided this year to determine the standing of the students, not according to the results of the final examinations alone, but also according to their general work throughout the year. No pupil who attends her classes regularly, and faithfully performs her daily task need fear defeat next June. We hope that the example of our College will have its due effect upon other educational institutions.

What season so fully reveals to us the varied beauty and solemn grandeur of nature as do these Autumn months? What season brings such ennobling thoughts, such sacred feelings of admiration to the thoughtful mind and heart?

"The joy in harvest" is full of meaning to the faithful tiller of the soil. For months he has watched with anxious eye his grain and fruit, fearing lest sudden storm or long continued drought, or insect swarm should leave their dreaded blight. But now the golden grain is gathered in. The luscious grapes hanging in rich clusters on their vine, the red-cheeked apples stored away for future use, the green and blue and purple plums, the blooming peaches and juicy pears, rejoice their owner's heart. Nature seems to

have been utterly reckless in the lavish bestowal of her gifts, and now rejoicing pours forth her soul in one harmonious song. Who does not feel his soul stirred within him as he gazes upon the rich and gorgeous landscape. The trees beautiful when arrayed in green have donned a richer robe, in which they seem to bid farewell till Spring again shall send new life into their views.

But hark! amid the gladsome song, a strain of sadness falls upon our ear, the pensive voice of falling leaves, of fading flowers, of old and withered vines. Sad thoughts and tender feelings steal over us as we think of how but yesterday the trees put forth their shoots, how yesterday the seed was sown. All things seem now to speak of decay and death, and memories of loved ones passed away to rest since winter snows last disappeared, crowd in upon our minds. But again we are cheered by the glad thought that soon the bleak and wintry days shall have fled away, and nature again shall rejoice in renewed life and vigor. So when time shall have passed into eternity, may we meet again our friends who have left us here for awhile to face the storms of life.

And so we love these Autumn days, laden so richly with abundant gifts. But on they speed, not lingering long to cheer our hearts and minds.

Music.

"And music, too, dear music that can touch,
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much,
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint music of a dream."

From the first dawn of creation down to the present time, the sweet soul stirring influence has been felt by all humanity. It is not true, that man has no music in his soul. It is felt perhaps, more by some than others, but in everyone, there his deep down in the heart a