

has a pleasant disposition. She does not take much interest in life and feels her dignity of being a senior to absolve her from sociable relations with the girls. She would rather sit in her room and make some little piece of fancywork than take part in the games on the college green. Any one with Fanny for a friend, could say with the poet

"I have a loved, yet silent friend,  
Not many words she speaks to me,  
And yet my steps she will attend  
With mild and wonderous sympathy."

MISS MINNIE VANZANDT.

### + Class Prophecy +

WITH rather sad hearts we chronicle the closing scene in the college life of class '88. The time has come for the seniors to leave their Alma Mater and step out into the great world.

Alas! The juniors that remain,  
What comfort can they find, but this?  
The ones that go are happier far  
Than those they leave behind.

We will endeavor to raise for them the curtain which separates the present from the future, and tell what it envelopes in its winding sheet. Is it storm or is it sunshine?

The future achievements of this class will far surpass anything the world has ever seen. Hearts will bow in submission at their feet; hen-pecked husbands will writhe under their power; domestic squabbles will be settled by the broom stick &c., &c. In a great variety of ways will they swell the sum of human happiness and misery.

Now, never let this thought enter your mind that this prediction will not be realized, and if your prophesess fails to give the exact future of each pupil it is because her genius is incapable of soaring to the ethereal heights.

We prophecy for Miss Nettie Burkholder, (the first of this illustrious class) a life of distinguished self-sacrifice, namely, a mathematical teacher in a Ladies' College. We need hardly mention the discouraging circumstances with which you will have to contend, the incessant labor, the ceaseless torture incumbent upon such a position; but remember, Nettie, tribulation worketh patience. Thus you will wander on over the shards and thorns of existence till some years have passed and our fancy turns to a certain class-room, our gaze falls upon a teacher who is sitting with head bowed down, apparently gazing into the dark future, altogether an impressive symbol of resignation, with a class of juniors before her whose mental capacities are of a very limited nature.

Do we really recognize Nettie in this mere shadow of her former self. The brow furrowed, but not with years; the eye dimmed with secret tears. Streaked with white is the raven hair; these are the signs of conflict there.

Alas, Nettie! Fair and young wert thou when in hope began this sad career. Faded wilt thou be and old, when in disappointment it endeth. However, earth is not all a house of decayed hopes and blasted anticipations. You will end the dull routine of school life by marrying a widower, with eight grown-up sons, and die as you lived—a heroine.

Miss Louise Lister, of poetic fame, comes next. To look upon thee we would deem thee too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses; but such, Louise, must be thy destiny. The only one you will ever love will not ask you to marry and so you are to be numbered among that uncrowned host of martyrs—old maids. All your most cherished castles in the air, will fall to the ground. Deprived of the natural objects of interest your sentiments will fix themselves on parrots, poodles or cats. After some years have passed, you habited in severe strong-minded simplicity, will traverse the world lecturing on the "Total Depravity of Mankind," and selling poems. Your old age will be spent in peace—the peace of surrendered, not of fulfilled hopes.

Then comes Miss Georgie Martin, in whom we behold a dove with folded wings. Kind-hearted, good-natured, sweet-tempered, ready to place her little hand into a husband's strong one—just the girl to marry, Not a leader, but a follower in whatever community she is placed. However, notwithstanding, nevertheless, we all know Georgie has a "Will" of her own. Hers is the old, old story since the days of Jacob and Rachel—two souls united—two hearts exchanged—two lives forever entangled. The old "Rule of Three" will soon be forgotten for the simpler Home "Rule of Two." But the truth of the old saying will soon be realized, "Comforts there are in a married life; but there are crosses too." She will live in poverty the most of her life and be tortured to distraction by a cross mother-in-law.

Fannie Merrill's voyage thro' life will be crowned with success, because she will start out with a quiet conscience and a steady resolve to face her duties whatever they may be. She will spend her early life teaching a country school, where she will be respected by all and imitated by not a few. The sentiments of Goldsmith are applicable to her.

"Words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the wood-be thinkers ranged around,  
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all she knew."

(To be continued in June Number.)