

have faded and left them disappointed and unhappy. They envy those whom they have been taught to consider above them, and learn to count their own lives a failure. Imagine for a moment the influence of such a motto as "Nothing is impossible to him who wills," written over a school-house door. This abominable falsehood is placed before a room-full of youths of widely varying capacities and great diversity of circumstances. They are called upon to look at it and believe in it. Suppose a girl of humble mental ability and humble circumstances looks at this motto and says; "I *will* be a lady," "I *will* be independent," "I *will* be subject to no one's bidding." She has been made notably unfit for the place she will in all probability fill. Her comfort and happiness have been spoiled by those influences. This theory, supposed to rouse the ambition of more sluggish pupils, only unfits them for their proper place in the world, and renders their lives tame and tasteless. It is not necessary that we be taught any less than now. One cannot know too much, but the sentiments imbibed with the knowledge of the present day make life, in the majority of cases, both uncomfortable to ourselves and others whom we serve.

The true object in education is to fit men and women in the best way for the humble positions that the great mass of them must necessarily occupy in life, to inculcate the idea that the majority of the offices of life are humble, that the powers of the majority have relation to these offices, that no one is respectable when out of his place, and that one-half of the unhappiness of the world grows out of the fact that each one thinks honour, fame and high position his particular birthright.

Whispers have come to us lately of another very pleasant evening to be given by the indefatigable Alumnae; not the Varsity boys this time, though they promise us that treat again in the future, but an "At Home," to be given at the residence of Mrs. Howell, for which great preparations are being made.

## College Notes.

Vagrants.

Happy New Year!

Many new faces to greet.

Many new names to repeat.

Oh! what did you get for Christmas?

We are pleased to see such a large number of new students this term. We give them all a hearty welcome.

Mrs. W. E. Sanford entertained several of the students at her beautiful home on Jackson Street during the holidays. It is needless to say they spent a most enjoyable time.

Rumor says we are to have a fine skating rink before the season closes. May the report soon be verified.

A snapping turtle we find is quite an addition to our collection of curiosities.

How did the maidens fair enjoy their chickens? We hope they found them tender as —. We refrain from *fool* puns.

We understand the Varsity colors are now yellow and black.

Why is a certain young lady always singing "The day is done?" We cannot say, Frank (ly).

S.—"Why was the lecture so short?"  
M.—Because Prof. B. had interjection of the lungs."

Where is the young man with the frozen heart?

Query! Which is the most interesting profession, Music or Law?

"No rest for the weary" is the plaintive cry of a Junior as she plods through her Latin prose.

"To be, or not to be," that was the question, and the institution whose existence thus trembled in the balance was "gowns." Several years ago the students of the College petitioned the authorities for permission to assume the cap and gown, as worn in other Colleges and Universities. The boon was granted, and since that time has been utilized to a greater or less extent. In the last two or three years the irregular-