

wholly and unawares not into "the days that are to be" but "backward still backward" to the days of crinoline and befrizzled hair, when Nicholas Nickleby having failed to learn the act of love from Fanny Squeers, turned his head to more youthful maidens. No greater interest was taken by the Juniors and Sophmores during the term than on the afternoon of the twentieth of December, when the subjects of our mother land, never more loyal to Levana than now when about to embark for kingdoms yet unexplored, provided for us such wholesome entertainment. Truly in this case it would be untrue to say that "Anticipation was better than realization."

But Levana not wishing to bring us up on lighter entertainment only, provided for us whole fountains of information, deep wells of stored-up culture, springs of intellectual enjoyment, giving us time to digest assimilate and make it all our own. That is why Levana prevailed upon one of our guides in the path of knowledge, to speak to us. Logically and convincingly he set before us the great need there is, especially in our own day of cultivating the art of good conversation, once so highly developed by the ancients and now so sadly neglected by the great majority.

Then, it was that one of the Seniors realm took us with her to the blissful retreats of sublime melodies where Schumann guided by the divine hand interpreted life for us, through the medium of tone.

Dante's interpretation of the secrets of the hereafter both for the happy and unhappy was clearly given to us by her, whose intellectual attainments graciousness of manner, and painstaking efforts to benefit our society,

have won the admiration and respect of us all.

There has too been strife among the different kingdoms in the line of debate. Each sent up its valiant braves, some to return *crestfallen* but not *convinced*, while the two well-trying warriors of the junior realm have once more carried off the trophy."

We regret that space will not permit us to give in full Miss MacFarlane's interesting history. In the prophecy, Miss MacFarlane, taking as her motto, "The best of prophets of the future is the past" outlined the careers of the members of '06, but—Levana hath her secrets.

Andrew D. White tells this story of Robert Browning: The poet one morning hearing a noise in the street before his house, went to the window and saw a great crowd gazing at some Chinamen in gorgeous costumes, who were just leaving their carriages to mount his steps. Presently they were announced as the Chinese minister at the court of St. James and his suite. A solemn presentation having taken place, Browning said to the interpreter:

"May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of His Excellency's visit?"

The interpreter replied: "His Excellency is a poet in his own country."

Thereupon the two poets shook hands heartily.

Browning then said: "May I ask to what branch of poetry His Excellency devotes himself?"

To which the interpreter replied: "His Excellency devotes himself to poetical enigmas."

At this Browning recognizing fully