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"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

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Notes.

"ALL things come to him who waits."
Sorry, indeed, should we be to throw a shadow of doubt upon a sentiment of such universal consolation. But the heart of mankind is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and sometimes impatiently refuses any such comfort, and clamors for present fulfilment of its desire and expectation. Self-praise being particularly distasteful to us we hesitate to mention the exemplary patience with which we are conscious of being endowed, and lest you should, though inadvertently, injure the characters we are striving to form, by causing one impatient thought to ruffle our tranquil breasts, we earnestly request you to remove all provocation by forwarding subscription at your earliest convenience.

THE students of the college are indebted to the energetic Alumnæ of the city for more than one pleasure which has been placed within their reach. The series of lectures, in connection with the regular course of study of that Association, has given us the opportunity of listening to several fine speakers—a privilege by no means unappreciated. While there has thus been scope for our intellectual development, an entertainment of a totally different character, also under the auspices of the Alumnæ, was no less welcome. We refer to the concert by the University of Toronto Glee Club, given in Association hall on Dec. 12th. That the occasion was regarded by the young gentlemen themselves as rather important was evinced by the large number who were present on the evening in question. Those who acted as ushers, and all who were hovering around before the proceedings commenced, strove hard to be unconscious of the admiring glances of the assembling multitudes and to overcome the bashfulness natural to boyhood. When each member of the club seemed to be satisfied with the number of trips he had made to the door and back, the concert opened. The performers appeared, as advertised, in their caps and gowns, and, arranged tier above tier on the platform, presented a very striking appearance. The hall was filled with a large and what proved to be an enthusiastic audience. Number after number was rendered under the excellent baton of Mr. Schuch, who kept his forces well up to time. We soon realized that, threadbare as we had thought college songs to be, they were capable of assuming a new character. As the familiar sentiments of "The Boots," "Way up on the Mountain Tip-Top," and others rolled forth in stentorian notes the sympathy of the audience was visibly aroused, and, I have no doubt, many went home to overhaul their college song book again to find some