

Golden Fleece in the Far Beyond. Yet still a forlorn student will linger to see a symbol of himself in the futile struggles of the blue fly caught in the spider's web in a window.

Nulla It will not be unwarranted, then, if the eye of the student, at
Vestigia this season may wander from his text, while he bethinks himself
Retrorsum of what changes have been going on in the country at large. among men and affairs since he left to company with the Muses. Soon he may go forth again, to find that while in his retirement he has gained access to a broader sphere, in even the peculiar "doctrine of the enclitic *de*," yet another change has been taking place, one affecting his interests in a most vital way—churches and school-houses and villages are being placed on many hill-sides by men that but lately have broken the virgin soil in the valley or plains beyond. There is expansion to the East and North and West. Expansion means wealth, and wealth means leisure and opportunities to know the reasons of things. Some men, graduated, turn away from College doors to find both themselves and their new interests but as aliens among the people from whence they came. But our Western country now calls into immediate requisition every acquirement which our University furnishes. So hopeful a prospect of work awaiting cannot fail to enhearten the student. To find the springs of knowledge, and then ourselves to become springs of knowledge and power to others—some have called this "immortality," and no serious student will hold it lightly. ∴

Our What a hearty response the remarks of Professor Osborne,
Library regarding the Library, evoked at the open Lit. ! We have been saying—and slandering ourselves perhaps in saying—that Wesley's students' book hunger was amply met by the current newspapers and the patriotic literature, the homilies and the other dusty tomes published along about the time of the battle of Waterloo. Yet others than Prof. Osborne seem to have faith even in "those mellow exhalations through the bindings," which wake for culture of which Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks.

Dennis : " Begobs, Oi fell off a sixty foot ladther yisterday."

McSweeney : " Och, you're the luckiest mon Oi iver saw. Phat saved ye ?"

Dennis : " Oi fell off the bottom ind."

" I know," pleaded the little bride humbly, " that I make a great many grammatical errors." " They are nothing," said the young husband, gallantly, " to those my mother used to make."

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