

MISS LIZZIE HURDON, of class '86, has spent a most enjoyable summer in the southern part of England. She will remain there during the winter and will then visit Germany and Russia.

ONE of the most noticeable changes in the college is the absence of Miss Dyer, who spent three years with us as a student, graduating in the summer of '84, with the honor of validictorian. In the fall of the same year she accepted a situation as teacher in the college, and for two years her untiring interest in her classes has made her a general favorite, and her pleasant face and genial manner are missed by all.

SURELY all will avail themselves of the opportunity of becoming conversant with the news of the day by enrolling their names as members of the reading-room, where several of the prominent dailies and weeklies are to be found.

ALL have been spending their spare moments of this term on the balcony.

THE piano in the drawing-room is in great demand. The sweet voices of the girls may be heard every evening singing college and other songs.

DON'T forget to take the "PORT."

gleanings.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widening with the process of the suns.—*Tennyson.*

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

"One soweth and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.

There are answers which in turning away wrath, only send it to the other end of the room.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good.—*Essay on Man.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.—*Young.*

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies :—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all.
I should know what God and man is.—*Tennyson.*

The night has a thousand eyes, the day but one,
But the light of the whole world dies with the setting sun
The mind has a thousand eyes, the heart but one,
But the light of the whole world dies when the love is done.

Life painted a dream with tints of grey,
"For the world is sad," said he ;
But love looked over his shoulder—"nay,
Give up the trust to me."

Love painted the dream with colors bright,
"Tis a joyous world," said she ;
"If only thy brushes be used aright,
Nothing need dreary be."