

The Portfolio.

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We invite contributions and correspondence from the Alumni and
former students.

IN the description of the calisthenic review, given in our last number, the disappointment experienced by our students at the non-appearance of the longed-for prize was touched upon. At that time, however, disappointment had not given place to despair, for the gallant Major undertook to remind the should-have-been prize-giver of his promise, and his reply was eagerly waited for. It came—yes, he would give a box of pins to the best runner, and a box of hair-pins to the most graceful swinger of the clubs. Wonderful generosity! Marvellous adaptability! Yet, such is the perversity and inconsistency of human nature that none offered to compete for either. What can be the reason? Surely so rare and unusual a reward should not be treated lightly, much less contemptuously; surely the spirit of emulation cannot have become completely crushed since those good old days of the Olympian games, when, to obtain a fading laurel wreath, no effort was considered too great; surely we do not possess less of the emulatory disposition than do the sterner sex! Yet, all this conjecturing but brings us back to the question, "Why is it?" We offer no solution of the mystery, but leave our readers to solve it for themselves.

THE College year is rapidly drawing to a close, and students, one and all, are looking forward with mingled hope and fear to the coming of the end. Before we can reach the longed-for vacation, reviews and examinations have to be undergone. With some of our students the happiness beyond penetrates the shadow overhanging the days between this and then, engendering a sort of reckless indifference, and making them oblivious to intermediate trials and tribulations. Others, again, a faith in themselves and the memory of a good years' work inspires with hope and confidence, and they allow themselves now and then to indulge in brief dreams of the future—very brief, for their spare moments are not numerous. The Seniors, having additional cares, are proportionately solemn; care is written upon their brows and solemnity lurks in the corners of their mouths; and well it may, for in June (that is, provided they are not plucked, which disagreeable and improbable exigency we will not contemplate,) they leave their Alma Mater for the last time, and though these halls have been the scene of many a mental warfare, many an arduous struggle, it has rather bound them more closely to the spot. The memory of work, however, is not the only one which, in departing, they will carry away with them; many a pleasant hour, unmistakably pleasant, has been spent within these walls. And as for us, editors, why, we feel happy in the sense of duty done; our position has cost us dearly in labor and worry, and we cannot repress a sigh of relief at the thought that our services will only be required for one more number; but, it consoles us to think that, at some future time, when hard toil and petty vexations are no longer fresh in our minds, we will probably look back with pleasure and think kindly of the year during which we occupied an editorial chair.

Only a few weeks of the session now remain to us, and we sincerely hope that they