

humping hill the sun shall creep amid a web of light, and all the birds shall wake that now are still, and my loved star shall be eclipsed quite."

"Cutler replied, "How jolly, let's see the sun rise."

Clooney groaned, and we all exerted our best endeavours to prevent such a foolish escapade, but in vain. Snooks acquiesced at once, and five men went tramping up McTavish street at three in the morning to see the sun rise. Remember it was midwinter, that we were in dress suits, wearing overcoats, of course, and that the night was dark, and you can imagine the scene as we floundered through several feet of snow, up to the mountain top. We got there shivering, and stood looking eastward waiting patiently for the sun to make connection or for the delegates to sober up.

They sobered up before the sun rose, and we dragged them home. The dinner had been a grand success.

It was one of those mild April days, when Nature is putting on her finery again, when Clooney graduated Of course, his mother was present, and as certainly was Miss Edith. We had all been invited to the Mayflowers' in the evening. There was no one else, and we danced, sang, and played cards to our heart's content, while Charley was, as usual, the soul of our fun.

Old Mr. Mayflower, who had appeared in my story only on the eventful night of the burglary, had not been told of Clooney's engagement to Edith, and I do not think he guessed it, as, like other fathers, the fact that his daughter had reached a marriageable age only came home to him as he paid her bill for dresses, and grumbled a little because, like the dresses, they had become longer. It was about eleven o'clock, and Charley had taken himself off. Clooney was leaning over the back of Edith's chair, watching her at her game, and I saw him whisper in her ear. She blushed, and looked up into his eyes. Mr. Mayflower was her partner. Whatever Clooney said it made her revoke, and her father looked up sharply just in time to see Clooney stoop down and kiss Edith.

The old gentleman got very red in the face, and sprang to his feet, upsetting the table and scattering the cards in every direction.

"Well, young man, what does this mean; kissing my daughter before my very eyes? How dare you, sir?" and he took off his spectacles and began polishing them with trembling hand. Clooney, who had slipped his arm around Edith's waist when the table upset, answered nothing; and his face paled.

"What do you mean, sir?" reiterated Mr. Mayflower. "Have you no more respect for her or us than that?"

Clooney started as though struck, and his head drooped a bit; but only for an instant. Then he said:

"You wrong me, sir. I do not deserve her love, but she has given it to me, and I—I want her."

I am not recording high-flown language, such as one meets in novels, only the truth. I have no doubt that had Clooney told me what he intended saying, under the circumstances, it would have been high-flown enough to suit the best novel ever written; but he did not tell me, and I had to take what he did say.

The old gentleman stood speechless. Then he turned feebly towards his wife, with an appealing glance, and rubbed his spectacles. The two ladies were smiling with an air expressive of "We knew it all the time," and poor Mr. Mayflower found himself driven in a corner.

He turned to the two central figures again, and addressed his daughter:

"Well, Edith, do you want to desert you father in his old age, for the first handsome fellow you meet?"

Edith broke down and flung herself into her father's arms, "No, no, papa. Can't I love you, too?"

"Yes," answered her father, "that is it. We come second now. Well, well, young man, its only our lot. We old folks bring up children and they desert us in the end."

There was a few moments of silence. Then he added thoughtfully: "It seems to me that I took some one's darling away also, so I suppose it's only just. Is not that so, Edith?" This was to his wife.

With this philosophic remark he put Edith back in Clooney's arms, and added: "You have ruined our game, Edith. Next time you want a husband don't let it be when I've seven trumps."

A little later Clooney and Edith were seated on the bow window, with the moonlight pouring in upon them. Clooney had his parchment with him, as he had come directly from college to the Mayflowers. They unfolded it, and while he spread it out upon his knees she leaned upon his shoulder, and laughing, read the sonorous Latin words, which even if not pronounced strictly according to quantity, were full of something that made the dead tongue seem dead no longer. Her lover's medal was in one hand, and she looked in turn upon it and the parchment, and shyly at him.

Thus I left them, reading between the dusty lines the old, old story, building castles of happiness, with the moon looking down as interestedly as though it had not seen millions of such sights, and read millions of such thoughts as theirs.

Thus I left them, hand in hand, preparing for the studies of life and for the examiner whose name is Death. And I went back to my books, a lonely man, and yet quietly happy.

—THE END.—

ABOUT WIT AND HUMOR.

"Wit is wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright, Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

—Moore.

The wit and humour that abound in college journals are, for the most part, of a commendable and genuine character. College life, it is needless to say, is fertile, in comparison with business or professional life, in the ludicrous; and many of the witticisms that appear are the reports of table-talk, or of the happy retorts of a professor to a jesting student. Not a few humorous verses, also bright and rollicking, have come from college pens. Some of the best parodies ever published have also made their first appearance in college journals, and many of them have both a literary and an historic interest.