

told of the general affection of many friends. A large and graceful lyre, the gift of the boys, was among the tender expressions. The students all love Mr. Wolverton and deeply sympathise with him in his sorrow. He has the secret of true consolation—trust in God—is able to say, “Thy will be done,” and is willing to follow in the footsteps of Him who was made “perfect through suffering.”

#### THE WOES OF THE READING ROOM CURATOR.

Now listen to these mournful lines

Of my daily, hourly woes:

You'll wonder not my heart repines,

And longs to seek repose.

There is a college reading-room,

And a reading-room curator:

The latter has to meet his doom

Within his Alma Mater.

His doom is this, to go with sighs

Full oft, and often full

Of dread at what shall meet his eyes,

And cause him then to pull

His hair with anguish and with grief,

For a chaos meets his gaze;

“The Globe” is torn and many a leaf

Is scattered 'mongst the maze.

“The Freeman” changes place with “Grip,”

The “Mail” with “The Advertiser”;

“St. Nicholas,” as a carpet strip,

Seems lonely as a miser.

It is “ever thus,” and such is life

That we can't be happy ever.

But oh! not long will be the strife,

Unless the boys endeavor

To keep “The Freeman” on its hook,

And “The Globe” upon its file,

Then it might be our friends would look

Less astonished at our style.