

Professor in botony class, holding up a leaf, asked one of the young ladies to discribe it. He was not prepared for the scientific answer and consequently was much taken back when the young lady said, "Why, its a maple leaf, of course."

Tiberius is a dreadful place, isn't it? People are banished there when any crime has been committed by them in their own country." She meant Siberia.

"Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?"
"Why, Gulliver, of course."

EXTRACTS FROM ESSAY.

"Tell me what the fragrance of a rose is, and I'll tell you what poetry is."

"Spencer drove the quill of poetry."

"Next to the Bible, we pin our faith on Will Shakespeare,"

The imaginative turn of mind of this lady leads her to soar into untried realms. We hope that her remarks about Will Shakespeare, will not be taken literary, and that future essayists will be able to turn these extracts to good account.

Whose heart did you say was as hard as Calcelareous rocks? In what strata do you find those kind of rocks, I wonder?

What is the height of bless to one of our resident seniors? Something good to eat.

Two of the seniors were talking very intellectually together when a frivolous junior joined them with the remark, "Its enough to make a dead man resurrect from his grave to hear you talk."

Prof.—"What book follows the Book of Jeremiah?"

1st bright student, promptly,—"The prophet Hezekiah."

Prof.—"What is the date of the book?"
2nd bright student, thoughtfully—
"There is very little date given."

The third student spoiled the proceeding answers by saying, "There is no such book in the Bible."

✦ Clippings. ✦

FROM LONGFELLOW.

Let not the allusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong! be good! be pure!
The Golden Legend.

Oh, there is something sublime in calm
endurance. *Hyperion.*

Oh, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.
The Golden Legend.

She made the heroic sacrifice of self,
leaving her sorrow to the great physician.
Time—the nurse of care, the healer of all
smarts, the soother and consoler of all
sorrows. *Kavanagh.*

Nothing that is, can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain—
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day. *Keramos.*

The country is lyric, the town dramatic.
When mingled, they make the most
perfect musical drama. *Kavanagh.*

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous
tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain
issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!
Flowers.

Music is the universal language of man-
kind; poetry their universal pastime and
delight. *Outre-Mer.*

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.
Santa Filomena.