

Years roll on, the camp fire is kindled and the pipe of peace is handed around the sparkling blaze; with the slowly dying embers of the camp fire, chief after chief passes to the "happy hunting grounds," leaving his wigwam and birch canoe to the "pale face" the legends of the tribe dying with the last member.

For others long botanical expeditions examining the many forms of plant life found in the forest of our native land, from the fern to the tiny wild forget-me-not, growing by some sparkling stream.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,

God hath written in these stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us

Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;

Making evident our own creation

In these stars of earth these golden flowers.

In all places then and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,

How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like credulous affection

We behold their under buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection

Emblems of the bright and better land."

Excursions and picnics, camping and boating, ramblings by sea, forest and stream, have been exchanged for the coming of Latin grammars and the general routine of College life. The last book has been extricated from the surrounding papers and debris, recalling hazy remembrances of Examination time and one by one we join the group around the blazing autumn fire with the resolve to pursue our studies with all the greater zest for having spent a pleasant vacation knowing that the motive power usually guages the success in life.

One in speaking of high attainment says, "Great motives have great lives."

✦ Editorials. ✦

WE call upon the many friends of the Portfolio to sympathize with us in our sad bereavment of having lost our Business Manager and Corresponding Secretary. These capital young ladies having left us, their work falls on the hands of the already over-worked editors. These poor damsels ask their friends and patrons to be lenient, as they think of the editors who from morning till night "write, write, write, with fingers weary and worn." It is with much fear and trembling that we for the first time attempt this, to us gigantic task, of editing the Portfolio, and our only prayer is that we may prove equal to the occasion.

College again! Once more we are back within the old college walls where so many hours of sadness and of gladness have been spent. Our first emotions are those of sadness that so many of our old and loved associates are absent; but in place of the old familiar faces are new ones, which we hope will soon reconcile us to our loss. It is with great pleasure too, we return to our loved Alma Mater, which has been a good home to many of us for several years, and it is with the best resolutions that we settle down for another year's hard work. True, we have made the same firm resolutions each year on our arrival, and alas! all too soon they were broken and forgotten, but this year is to be a glorious exception, we are to persevere, work on, till we reach a higher state of perfection than ever before. If during the year, we grow weary and are tempted to fall behind, one thought of the cherished projects planned at the beginning of the year, will make us take fresh courage to push on to fully realize those designs.

To the new comers in our midst, the "Old Girls" extend a warm and hearty greeting. Our sympathies are with you, for by past and sad experience we fully realize the trials and tribulations of the "New Girl." Not one of us in our first