

A.M.S., and there have a committee appointed with power to draw together the unconsciously estranged sons and daughters of a common Alma Mater?

Yours truly,  
STUDENT.

### Ladies.

"'T WAS EVER THUS."

WHEN in the leisure hours which Christmas vacation affords, we look back in retrospect at the fall term and realize how very small a portion of our time has been given to the real College work and how very large a part has been taken up developing the social side of our nature, we firmly and solemnly resolve to devote every moment from January the Seventh until the last one of those great ordeals, examinations, has been gone through to reading Moderns, Studying Carlyle, solving Mathematical problems or delving deep into Classic lore. Everything directly related to our College work shall be set aside, even the time given to our meals shall be shortened. No longer must there be any lingering in the girls' rooms after tea, just to talk over the happenings of the day—to discuss the last dance or plan something new for the Levana, before settling down to work. No—all these must be forbidden pleasures—now we shall go directly to our rooms, close and lock the doors as carefully as did King of Midas of yore in guarding his gold—for are we not to become misers also—so carefully watchful of our time. Then too we plan to burn the mid-night oil, to work away into the wee small hours of the night, and also to rise an hour earlier in the morning. It causes a moment's hesitation to add this last resolve, for suddenly we seem to realize how delightful we have found those last few moment's sleep, just smuggled in as it were, before

the rising bell. When in that sweet dreamy state, which we all have experienced, we seem to be wafted away into fruitful far-off lands, without one thought of those hundred lines of Vergil yet unread or that mathematical exercise still unprepared. And, in contrast to this, to think of rising in the grey dull dawn, when every thing outside looks so dismal and cold. But we are decided to do our utmost in the new year. So by a strong effort we resolutely put away all ideas of indulging ourselves in long morning naps, and resolve to get at least one hour's study before breakfast.

But when is our recreation to be taken? Oh, all that is necessary can be gained by our walks to the College to take our classes. We had thought of getting a ticket for the rink, had even spoken to one of the girls to share a locker with us, but new arrangements must be made, for all is to be changed now. Hereafter skating will have no attraction for us. We are to devote ourselves wholly and impartially to our work. Oh, how virtuous we feel! How proudly we disclose to the home-friends the course of study we have marked out. They in truth look somewhat dubious, but our ardour is in no way dampened. We feel a shade of pity for their incredulity, and smile as we think, what a revelation it will be for them when they realize with what strong wills we are endowed.

Almost a month of the new term has passed away and how much of the work have we accomplished, how many of our resolutions, so conscientiously made are bearing fruits. Perchance for a week, the fever enthralled us—diligently we applied ourselves, going about with a stern and resolute countenance, which forbade—nay challenged anyone to dare to try to entice us from our "books." No moments were wasted in the cloakroom, greeting the girls as of yore. Hastily we don those inspiring gowns, hoping thus to surround ourselves, out-