

College Reminiscences.

“A FEW lines of College reminiscences for ACTA?” Ah, yes ; reminiscences indeed ! for naught else remains to the quondam student, who has been forced by the onward march of the old man with the hour-glass and its rapidly falling sands, to step down and out, and give place to those who are so fortunate as to have a part, if not all, of their college life still before them. For the class of 1900, who, four short happy years ago, stood peering into the future with hopes—and, yes ; some fears—and who now have left the college halls, nothing remains of the realities of the years that have sped away, nothing but the memory of their varied experiences, and the fruitless longing that old Father Time might be moved by the unuttered prayer, to stay his ceaseless flight, and “turn backward,” bringing again the days of yore. Nothing remains but memory, did we say ? And what of the facts that have been stored carefully in the mind’s pigeon-holes during four years of college work ? What of the increased ability and desire to acquire vastly larger stores of knowledge, the enlarged circle of friends, and capacities for enjoyment, the broadened sympathies, the widened outlook, and the deeper, truer sense of the possibilities hovering about a human life ? Ah, surely these abide ! and were they, too, gone, how indifferent would be the pleasure to be derived from allowing the mind to wander back over familiar scenes and circumstances ? How empty and vain the recalling of what has been, did nothing more abiding than the vision of happy days remain to the one who has left college scenes behind, and has stepped over the threshold into new experiences and environment ? But, since more does remain, how sweet to let memory wander at will, dwelling

“ . . . On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last,”

to allow it to roam through well-known haunts, enabling the dreamer to live over again the happy experiences of college life ! For only *happy* memories remain—visions of anxious days and nights, when the tension seemed almost too great to be borne, and gaunt spectres foretelling coming disasters seemed lurking in every corner, have long since dimmed and faded. The jarring discords have been softened and mellowed into “sweet sounds” and “harmonies,” which gain increasing tenderness and beauty as the days go by.

The search-lights with which memory illumines the way along which