

stepping stone to a more studious future; for even after a lifetime of toil and study, hopes deferred and difficulties overcome, and we are called to leave this "fretful stir unprofitable," it is the sigh of many that they have only reached the portals of knowledge and have only at the best caught a glimpse of the world of wonders that stretches before their weary eyes.

We wish you Seniors and our fellow-students earnestly in these parting hours, a life full of usefulness, and may it be as successful as your College days have been. Do not fear our criticism, we will endeavor to be just, the good will appear, the bad will not be forgotten, for no man is perfect, or woman either.

Miss Lenah Sutchffe, the only resident Senior, employs her few spare moments in Editing the Portfolio. From every quarter we hear its praises sounded, speaking well for the present Editress. Lenah is a girl whom all fear who do not know and love, who have the great pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with her. No one can be homesick when she is around, throwing aside whatever sombre feelings she may have she makes it bright for the lonely ones. None are ever refused help in whatever way she is capable of giving it, she has numerous friends because of her kind and generous heart.

Lenah is a clever girl, but not a student: science, metaphysics, literature or history, all are less work but little trouble, but that little she is not often willing to give, and so we cannot measure what might be the result if she would use more method in her studies. In argument her side is always the safest, she spares nothing to gain a point and would often, though unconsciously, wound a friend, in her candid opinions expressed for what she thinks must be all right.

To describe her is impossible, sometimes cheerful and bright, often thoughtful and almost sad, a girl of many sides, but this does not change her character towards her friends, whatever her mood she is always true as steel to them, and never forgets a kindness.

As her fine, delicate, but not pretty features designate, she is a regular little

aristocrat, and woe to anyone who attacks the aristocracy in her presence.

Miss May Shaw, our non-resident Senior, comes last in the list, but first in merit as a student, she is not well-known in the College because of her student-like habits, which will not permit her to loiter her time in the halls and in making acquaintances. May's chief characteristic is thoroughness, and this shines out pre-eminently in her classes, whatever she does is well done. She is persevering and determined. Her memory is wonderfully trained, she has the happy faculty of being able to recall anything she has once learned at exactly the right moment.

In nature she is gentle and earnest, and of a retiring disposition. She plods on in the even tenor of her way, quietly, sincerely, conscientiously and thoughtfully, and is appalled by no obstacles. May, more than any of her class, is in danger of becoming a "bas bleu," she has a tendency towards literary work, and has frequently employed her pen in excellent articles for the Portfolio.

Now after all what do we know about each other, only transiently do our real selves shine out and we seldom, even the most open and candid of us, reveal to the world the "edge."

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are,
How less what we may be.
The eternal surge of time and tide rolls on
And bears afar our bubbles."

ELEANOR TAYLOR.

CLASS PROPHECY.

HOW forcibly are we reminded, now and then, of the swiftness of time's flight. The dear objects of our hope and ambition, so long wrapped in the mists of futurity, grow gradually clearer, until in the full light of the present they become our own.

What a mystic majesty hovers around the word Senior, and in what glowing colors is the school-girls' fancy wont to paint that blissful state. I doubt not that the maidens around whom the interest at present so strongly centres, have often in the years just past, longed