

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The Christmas-tide draws near. In a day or so the term will end. Then the boys will stow away the Greek and Latin worthies, whose dusty secrets they have struggled hard to fathom; will forget to conjugate in their dreams *βουλεύω, βουλεύεις, βουλεύει*; and cease at last, their chase after that teasing vixen, co-ordinate geometry. Schiller will be forsaken, and even the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare forgotten. With a last frantic plunge they will cross the boundary into the fairer land that lies beyond the jungle of Biology. Then down will come the grip; into them will go—what? Many a Christmas gift, I warrant. That day they will be on many a train, hither and thither they will go; to the north and the south, to the east and the west. May bright eyes smile upon them in greeting; may sleigh bells jingle merrily; and may their vacation be the "maddest, merriest time of all the glad old years," while yet it is the sweetest, tenderest and best; and for those who remain, may the heart of the dear old Hall throb warm with Christmas cheer.

Our cheery friend, Mr. R. Trotter, has gone to Chicago. The big Western metropolis will be in all the bustle of the Christmas time, and there will be loads of things to see. And we know of no one who can use his time better in this respect than Mr. Trotter. No doubt he will ramble through the grounds of the World's Fair, and note with careful eye the preparations for the great exhibition of '93. And when he returns, we shall, doubtless, hear a recital of his adventures, in that bright, racy, story-telling style, in which he has few equals. Meantime, may good fortune speed him.

THE Ladies' Modern Language Club met at the house of one of the members, on a recent Saturday for the purpose of reading aloud "Twelfth Night." As the characters of the play had been previously studied by those who were to sustain them, the reading was marked by much spirit and interest. Lively comments on the various characters, and earnest discussions were a feature of the meeting. It was decided that a meeting of the Club to carry out a prepared programme be held on the second Saturday afternoon of every month, and a committee was appointed to arrange for the next meeting. After partaking of *light (?)* refreshments, and discussing the advisability of taking lessons in elocution, the members dispersed.

Tuesday was the day for French conversation among the ladies, and the warm interest they take in each other's health and the weather, was plainly manifest in the frequent "Comment vous portez vous?" and "Il fait froid," etc., that were heard on every side. These two subjects of conversation, having been exhausted, are to be strictly tabooed hereafter, on French day.

We were pleased on the night of our Christmas dinner, to see Mr.