

swooped around a time or two, and then, with a hoot of triumph, alighted at the bedside of a youngster, who was gently folded in the arms of Morpheus. The eager herald then whispered something softly in the ear of the dormant youth, but no answer came to break the dormitory silence. Evidently the sleeper was a great lover of College rules. The herald, now just a little impatient, flies softly to where the youth's pedal extremities should be, and there espies two toe-decked objects just peeping from under the heavy woollen coverlet. The feathered bearer of important tidings thereupon indulges in gentle titillations, until the heavy-eyed dreamer opens the corner of one eye and grins.

"Wake up, you leaden-pate, and hear your irreprievable sentence," the young herald hooted.

Terrified at this unexpected call, and imagining all sorts of uncanny things, such as fire, ghosts, prefects, and so forth, the youth leaps excitedly from his cosy cot.

"Be calm my young friend," exclaims the little herald's reassuring voice; "and now listen to my command. In the name of the great Wise Bird, who now reigns kingdomless on yonder elm, I officially appoint thee Editor of THE REVIEW's Junior Department. I do, moreover, command thee to resume business at the old stand. Now, mind thee, leave not one iota of said command unfulfilled; otherwise thou diest."

Poor short-panted youth; he was so terrified at the thought of future snowballs many and great, and at the prospect of other perhaps more formidable dangers, that he could barely restrain his weeping. He had no confidence in his journalistic abilities; nevertheless, since nobody else was near at hand to knock the threatening pistol from the herald's grasp, he summoned up a sufficient amount of courage to accept the new position. And now, dear reader, here is the new Junior Editor. Shake hands with him, he is going to speak for himself.

Behold me, dear reader, dressed in my best literary apparel. With this, my appearance, the curtain rises to lay open a new vista on the active stage of Junior reminiscences. In my own unworthiness, I make my first gracious bow, and hope that the part I shall play in my new sphere may prove satisfactory to all. Understanding only too well that I shall be able to but partially