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✻ Notes. ✻

WORK once more! The long and eagerly expected holiday is over. The days have passed all but too quickly, "hardly leaving time to arrange the annual spring suits," as one maiden regretfully remarks. Such trifles it should be remembered are only of secondary consideration in these classic halls. Education cannot afford to be neglected for them. Easter has come and gone, leaving in the thoughts of many, bright and happy hopes for the future, which our glorious Christianity overshadows with a golden cloud of blessings. The expectant looks of two weeks ago have given place to those of sober earnestness, as it is realized that in a very few short weeks the school year will have passed. With some this is the final year; some

are only tasting the first part of a long course, what will June with its examinations and excitements have to show for the work of the year so quickly passing? Has it been honest work faithfully done, or has the time, so precious, been trifled away? Will there be merited rewards or secret regrets in June. Let it be the former. There is yet time to retrieve lost moments and all may yet be *success*. Is it not worth a trial?

IT is approaching, winding in and out in an undulating manner; now it appears to move quickly, now more slowly, like some huge creature of the antedeluvian ages, whose size forbids rapid motion. Nearer it draws and nearer, now almost halting as though reluctant to proceed. Soon a rumbling sound is heard like distant thunder, and increases as the moving object approaches. What can it be? Only the College division. Now it makes one think of an invalid corps out for a constitutional. Two by two they go, with spaces between varying from two to ten feet in length. At a command from the leaders to "keep up," comes a counter command echoing up from the foot "walk more slowly." Now that spring has come and the air is balmy and invigorating, it is time that the division assumed a brighter and more lively appearance and proceeded with a more buoyant step. For some the ground seems to have a special attraction, the head is bent forward and the shoulders are inclined to follow; some trip along daintily on their toes, others come down most ungracefully on their heels. Of course it is not considered inelegant to turn and speak to one's neighbor behind, else it would not be done; laughing and talking, and so attracting attention, appears also to be quite proper. Is it? The weather invites to longer walks than during the winter. Some have even ventured out in the early hours of the