

On the whole, as a school, we are growing. Our growth, however, is not of that premature and rapid kind, which so often produces a body so liable to attack, disease and decay, but of a slower and more substantial sort that always precedes old age. Our outlook then is propitious, and not a cloud is seen in the horizon, while we only desire sunshine in order to carry on our work successfully.

#### OUR DEVIL'S SONG.

Our devil, though afflicted with a mournful hypochondriac, sometimes breaks out in song. During one of his happy states we had the pleasure of taking down the following little ditty, though we do not fully comprehend its import.

We are coming Alma Mater, Ma,  
Two blessed dollars more,  
Though 'hop-ered thin, and hard we're up,  
And sweetened be our store,  
We're willing still to sacrifice,  
And meet thy just demand,  
To sound the horn for brave recruits,  
And to thy colors stand.

We are coming, Alma Mater, Ma,  
Two brilliant dollars more,  
How quick would our response have been,  
Had you but called before,  
We'll make the breast swell happily,  
As now the roll we fill,  
Nor be subsistent on 'P' row,  
For more are coming still.

We are coming, Alma Mater, Ma,  
Two ready dollars more,  
Though eager hands do still extort  
The thousand-o'er and o'er,  
We'll in thee replete the generous lap,  
With cash hard earned and pure,  
While still we pray the gods to grant  
That fame thou wouldst secure.

We are coming, Alma Mater, Ma,  
Two longed for dollars more,  
From North to South, from East to West,  
The voice that we adore  
We answer quick, and haste to meet  
The just demand it makes,  
We'll pony up, we'll shell 'er out,  
Though every nick' it takes.

We are coming, Alma Mater, Ma,  
Two grateful dollars more,  
Ye gods! what else is there to do?  
Can ye not make it four?  
'Tis really che p. O. Mather dear,  
This boon, 'tis worth a score,  
And yet we purchase it for thanks—  
And just two dollars more.

#### OUR COLLEGE NEWS.

—Subscribe for the *STUDENT*.

—Please overlook any errors that may appear in this issue. Through mistake, some of the matter was taken to press without correction.

—Since Wellie Rhodes has gone away, there has been no music in chapel. This will never do. We must have music if we make it ourselves.

—On account of the want of funds the Senior year of the High School has been cast off. Consequently, a large delegation from the school entered the University this term.

—The students should give a sociable in connection with the societies. There are many students with whom we are not acquainted, and from all appearances it will take five or six sociables to get acquainted. Who will commence first?

—Ye local observed one of the students with his arm lovingly twined around one young lady's waist the other day. They may be used to that sort of thing, but such proceedings are not to be tolerated by a free and independent people.

—Much credit is due Mr. Joyce for the energy and untiring zeal he has displayed in working up the financial affairs of the *STUDENT*. Mr. Joyce has the paper on a better foundation than it ever was before. But still we are not rich. Hand in your subscriptions.

—Some of the Preps perpetrated a joke on one of the Seniors the other night. As he returned from—well, when he came home, on opening the door a bucket of water was precipitated upon his head. He says he fails to see the joke, but thinks it was a dirty trick.

A College Society has been formed, from which all Preparatory students are excluded. This is a good movement and all the students in the University proper should unite, and exert their power to make the new society a success. Each