

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
 I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
 For what avails this eager pace?
 I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
 The tidal wave unto the sea;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

The Holiday number of the *Chronicle* from Michigan University is quite creditable as to its exterior, and shows an energetic spirit on the part of the publishers.

Its editorials, if such they can be called, bear no relation to the topics deserving of attention from a college paper. We should judge that they seldom have the opportunity of hearing good musicians, as they devote two or three articles to Remenyi. We suggest that they organize a string band.

The Seminary of our body of angels greets the new year with a very fair issue of the *Niagara Index*. The editorials could be written somewhat briefer without detracting the least from their merit. We suppose the local editor of this sheet has succumbed to time, as he has not attended to his requirement. The typographical appearance of several pages would lead us to believe that the proof-reader had lost his eye-sight.

The exchange editor of the *Cornell Review* has a love-spot somewhere in the vicinity of his fifth rib, and he is now grinding out his effusion for the appreciation of the young ladies who edit the *Missouri University Magazine*. We suppose this knight of the quill was never smitten before, and no doubt it will go so hard with him that we shall be obliged to chronicle another "gone."

The *Targum*, in its last issue, compares the college expenses at Rutgers in 1828 with the expenses at the present time, and it appears that two dollars paid for both

board and lodging. If we were a port the Atlantic cable could not refrain us from writing an effusion concerning the glory of the early days of the 19th century.

Mr. Vick sent us his *Monthly* magazine. We don't know whether he intends an exchange, as he gave us no hint to such. When we commence to cultivate our garden we shall consult and buy.

Editor's Notes.

Dartmouth College is to have a Law department.

A western exchange tells of an emigrant wagon on which was painted these words: "In God we trusted, but in Kansas we busted."—*Ex.*

William and Mary College is soon to close from lack of support. It is the second oldest college in the country, having held its first commencement in 1700. Harvard was founded in 1638.—*Ex.*

The Freshman class at Michigan University has divided its class offices equally between the ladies and gentlemen of the class.

Soph. in Math.—"Professor, I think this proposition bears a striking analogy to the peace of God." Prof.—"I don't see the analogy, Mr. B." Soph.—"Why, it passeth all understanding."—*Ex.*

Examination in Astronomy. Question: "What is mean time?" Ans.—written by despairing Senior: "This is the meanest time I know anything about."—*Ex.*

"I am easily sooted," said a Prep. as he wrestled with a stove pipe.—*Ex.*

Freshman in French translates "*que aille au diable*," "what ails the devil?"

He rang the bell. Young lady appeared, of whom he very anxiously inquired: "Would you not like to have a room-mate?" He told the boys afterward that he was excited, but did not know why the door should have been shut in his face.