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The Sanctum.

Students hardly feel as if they have entered fully upon the life of New Year, until that serious and trying period of experience, examination time is safely over. Then we begin the new year in earnest, and start in our course toward the grand crisis in June. Shall he not then be the happiest who is conscious of having done every day the duties which laid nearest to him?

Nevertheless the New Year is fairly upon us, in fact very much upon us, and we in turn launch out on the beginning of the flood, hoping that favorable tides and following winds may bear us smoothly and swiftly along. No doubt many of us have drawn from the rubbish of neglect and oblivion broken and decrepit resolutions, which we have revived, patched up and made as presentable as their condition would permit. Perhaps some of us have, in our zeal and striving after a close approximation to our high ideal, added new resolves, freshly coined and entirely undefaced by the rude assaults of temptation. Have not the Sophomores registered an iron-bound oath never again to disturb the slumbers of the faculty or arouse their ire? Yea, verily, we believe so, for they have discovered that the way of the transgressor is hard. Hath not the impassioned musician resolved that he will not again pour forth his dulcet strains beneath the casements of the building across the way, exposing himself to colds and rheumatism, and the chances of a fractured skull as a result of contact with some missile thrown from the awakened windows? Hath not the heavy and steady masher vowed that he will mash no more, lest the whole fabric of society be crushed and himself involved in the common ruin? Will he longer persist in his