

fulfilled than it was in my case. I thanked the Lord therefore, for having shown His love to me so clearly. I spent the next day (Sunday) at the station-master's house, and was surprised and grieved to see how little the Sabbath was observed by the inhabitants, most of whom are employed by the C. P. R. Co. Having always been accustomed to see the Lord's Day kept in a Christian manner, I naturally found it strange to see business transactions carried on just the same as on other days. They have no resident clergyman of their own, but a native clergyman occasionally visits the place.

I hope a time will come when these people will have a resident minister, who will be the means of making them think more of their spiritual welfare. I was up early the next morning, waiting for the 5.15 a.m. train. In due time it came puffing up to the station, when I stepped on board, and after a long and tedious journey over a rough country, I arrived in Montreal the next morning at 8 a.m. I may add that I was extremely glad to reach the end of my journey, for I was perfectly tired of it. After going over 18 portages and through 100 rapids, one may well rejoice when he has come to the end of his travels.

R. FARIES.

A FRESHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS.

MR. FRANK SMITH :

DEAR FRIEND,—According to promise, I take much pleasure in sending you an account of my first impressions of college life.

My first conceptions may be misleading, as the beginner is likely to be carried away by minor matters, disregarding the higher aims and truer nature of a college course.

You will kindly overlook the many imperfections of my letter.

My journey hither was quite uneventful; being unacquainted with the French language, I was left to my own reflections. The incessant chatter of tongues made me think of a certain line in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and liken my fellow travellers unto "The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

Arriving at Bonaventure Station in the evening, I found myself alone in the busy city of Montreal. It was quite unnecessary to hunt for a cab; in fact, it would be very difficult not to find one in this "city of cabs."

Choosing a certain conveyance, I was quickly whirled over the stone pavement to the 'Diocesan.'

The Principal received me, and gave me a warm shake of the hand, which made me feel as though I was not altogether friendless.