

pleasure in feeling that we have exerted all our faculties in gleaming the ripened fruitage of learning, and a keen satisfaction in scanning the harvest which we have reaped. Those who carry away the honors of their classes have, however, something dearer than all this to solace them for their hours of toilsome study. They may, at the close of the year return to their homes, and offer on the altar of filial love and devotion the success of their labors; and, as fond parents drop tears of joy on the heads low bowing for the parental blessing, the gladness which chokes their utterance becomes a priceless treasure of memory to the student. Knowing this, there should be no necessity of exhortation, in order that every one of us may throw his whole energy into the duties before him, and comfort weary nature with the thoughts of happiness in store.

What time more appropriate than the beginning of the year for reviewing the work of the past, and, having taken a retrospective view of our labors, for planning out a course for the future? Thus, viewing the coming months through the imagery of those so lately buried in the grave of the never more, and acquiring an accurate knowledge of the faults which may retard our onward progress, we arm ourselves for the battle of life. Oh! could we see the reverses sprouting up on every side, the thorns of trouble ready to pierce our wearied, struggling limbs, the gloomy abysses of shame and sorrow opening to embrace their victims, then how zealously would we labor in order that we might hoard up a useful store of knowledge to guard us from the dangers of the cold unsympathetic world! Though we do not know the perils prepared for us individually, though we cannot pierce the silent gloom in the dull echoless caverns of futurity; yet, well do we know the pitfalls of the past, and easily may we divine the possibilities of the future; and, by making a careful study of our inclinations, we can clothe ourselves in an armor impossible to be penetrated by the well-directed shafts of armed foes. College life opens out a vast field for the development of our powers, and an awakening of all the latent energies sleeping beneath the surface of our non-progressive natures. All the duties, therefore, incumbent on student life should be carefully and faithfully performed; and, though we may not at present see the advantage of many of the smaller offices falling to our lot, still may we rest assured that

the older and wiser heads who have our well-being at heart have already learned the benefits accruing therefrom, and will guide us with all proper attention to our immediate and future wants. We should then pursue our classes in an obedient and compliant spirit; and, though oftentimes we weary of our tasks, and our books have not the power to charm away our dullness, a glance at the freshening vista of our lives will lure us back to labor and to study. Judging from the past, however, there seems to be no pressing need of renewed exertions: but it is well to keep ever before our minds the great necessity of persevering in our efforts.

The literary associations, so well adapted to building up self-confidence, have, it is true, large rolls of membership; but thus far they have not accomplished labor in proportion to their members and talent. New Year's is the time to commence with new-born zeal, to write bright pages on the minute books, to place fair records on the scroll of memory. Let each one of us then constitute himself a brick in the wall of industry; and, by our honest exertions, do our utmost to elevate the societies to a standard of excellence, alike honorable to ourselves and to our *Alma Mater*. There is something else which demands a brief portion of our attention. This is the little SPECTATOR which came amongst us timid and fearful, and petitioned our protection. To those who have aided us in our efforts, we are grateful; to those whose assistance we sought and did not receive, we still cherish kindly feelings; for they have taught us how much we can rely upon our own manliness, and upon the intellectual faculties with which God has graced our beings. Hereafter, when respite is afforded in the busy whirl of our existence, we may for a few brief moments close our ears to the steady tick which tells that time is fleeting, and which serves, as it were, for a funeral march on our journey to the grave; and then, when we recall our labors for the SPECTATOR, will we not smile over each loved recollection, and more than all over this issue, wishing our friends and patrons HAPPY, JOYOUS NEW YEAR!

A wife wanted her husband to sympathise with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused saying: "I've lived long enough to know that one woman should be as good as another, if not better." "And I," replied the wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is as bad as another, if not worse."