

perhaps always mingled with other elements. At the age of seven or eight, my greatest ambition was to become a choir boy, and in order to attain my purpose, I wished to learn how to read, because, as I was made to understand, such was the condition *sine qua non*. Later, when I had passed the reading and writing stage, college life seemed very much like happiness to me. Apart from the desire to increase my knowledge, which I owed chiefly to a few books which fell into my hands, I had a fancy for the collegian's blue uniforms, their sports and public parades. However, this strong desire to enter college, which my parents, living at a considerable distance from the city, were unable to satisfy, because they could not afford to pay my board, gradually died out, so that later when my father inquired if I still wished to go to college, I intimated that the way was too long, without taking the trouble of finding out if it was his intention to make it any shorter. It subsequently happened, that being at my uncle's place and thinking no longer of college, I found a file of Trevoux newspapers. It will be remembered, that these newspapers contained a critical analysis as well as extracts of the various works published at that time. I eagerly read with pleasure almost indescribable, in that file, everything I could, or thought I could, understand. In devouring another file of the same papers I experienced the same sensations. It was then that my taste for study revived, this time without any ulterior

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