

to dispute the claims of saints and martyrs to immortality.

The domestic life of the student, if it may be so called, is by far the more pleasurable. He has his rooms and in them he is lord and master. Generally speaking they face the town, or better look across the cool green quadrangle to another edifice more important in his eyes than the White House or Westminster Abbey. On a warm summer evening we may see our aspirant for academic honors lolling in the open window and dividing his time between strumming a banjo and courting My Lady Nicotine. Across the way a few suspicious movements of the window-blind apprise the gallant Romeo that his love 'lies not asleeping,' but is drinking in the impassioned strains of his *serenado*. His rooms are marvels of neatness and disorder. The book-case, in which reclines the stately worthies of the Past, is polished and dusted till every speck of a week's accumulation reposes safely behind the door. The table is littered with paper, notes, novels, the novels always underneath in case of an emergency, pipes and tobacco jars without end. Over the walls are scattered touch flags, tennis rackets, fishing rods, cricket bats and a thousand odds and ends picked up during the run of an ordinary college course. In every conceivable corner graceful groups of class colours and mementos of his Alma Mater give a Gothic effect and rival the cobwebs for intricacy. He is always 'at home' and dispenses lavishly a student's hospitality, except when he is expecting a visit from the 'Governor.' At morning chapel he is sometimes in evidence. On these rare occasions he appears out in a costume that was certainly not contrived by orth, though its novelty would lead one to think so. A dressing robe, a pair of slippers and an overcoat form his outfit, and suggest that the 'honey dew of slumber,' as Shakespeare has it, is sweeter to him than truth.

A student is known to his neighbors by two peculiarities, his fondness for noise and music. At almost any time of the night and at all times of the day the captivating strains of 'He was the boy with the golden hair' and *Fire la Compagnie* float out on the vibrating air. Perhaps it is true that music has charms. Undoubtedly it has, but those who are endeavouring to snatch a few minutes' repose with Morpheus require a new definition of the term. For his Alma Mater the student always has the greatest love. It was she who nourished him in his infancy and led him over the thorny and devious paths of knowledge. It was she who fanned his aspirations into flame and bid him be of good cheer. Never would he be so base as to cast any calumny upon her fair