

But exquisite delights—of course, only in this life—are usually followed by intense pains. Philip of Macedon understood this so well that, on hearing joyful tidings, he used to pray to the Gods to send him some light trouble, fearing lest a far greater misfortune should be in store for him. The truth of this is placed beyond a doubt on Christmas Day, for alas! how sad and sorrowful is the face of that unfortunate smoker?

O Bittern, thy sad countenance
Is mirrored in his every glance.
Pale, dull and mute, he looks afar:
Prays vengeance on his first cigar.

But now comes a lively little prep. rushing into the Recreation Hall with the glad announcement of the arrival of a dozen busses—the boys are in for their Christmas sleigh-ride. All is hustle and bustle for a quarter of an hour, and quiet again reigns in the corridors and halls of the College. The students, enveloped in their warm fur and toboggan suits, are

flying over the snow-clad roads, gayly singing their college choruses. Before returning, however, they stop to wish their country friends a Merry Christmas, and, of course, are given a reception worthy of the occasion. Here merry-making and singing are indulged in, until evening calls the revellers home.

And so is Christmas spent in the College, amid the many other enjoyments, too sacred to be known by any, save the students themselves, and, perhaps, of little interest to those who here never participated therein. Fatigued and disgusted as the boys may be, when all is over, still few would not, without reluctance, change places with their brothers and sisters at home.

Night casts her sombre mantle over the gayeties of the day, sleep finally closes the eyelids of the wakeful, and all dream either of turkey skeletons, sleep-overs, exemption from class-work and plenty of grand congés.

