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A HAPPY and prosperous New Year is wished to all the readers of THE REVIEW.

A small apology is owed for the present APOLOGIES. number of THE REVIEW. Many of our readers, especially the graduates who have left college, will miss the "College Chronicle," "Personal" and "Cuts" columns. Being a vacation number there is a necessary lack of material for these columns, so we have devoted our pages to other matter. We promise full columns under these headings for our next issue, when the Lent term will have begun.

THE FILE OF THE REVIEW.

The special committee appointed by the Literary Institute to finish the work of getting together the missing numbers of *Rouge et Noir* and of THE REVIEW, so well begun by Messrs. MacGill and Bradburn last year, have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the last number needed to complete the file of THE REVIEW—No. 2 of Vol. II. For this number their thanks are due to the Reverend A. J. W. McMichael of this city, a well-known graduate of the University. The intention is to proceed at once to bind THE REVIEW. The same will be done with *Rouge et Noir* as soon as the file of it is completed. No. 2 of Vol. II. is needed in this case also, and Mr. A. Lee Ireland, the secretary of the committee, will be glad to receive it from anyone who is willing to part with it. There is some doubt as to whether there was a No. 6 for Volumes IV. and V. of *Rouge et Noir*. If there was, three more numbers are needed instead of only one.

THE GOOD-NIGHT PIPE.

Longer than usual had we lingered over the glowing embers, for we saw before us visions of the vac., of empty corridors, cold and cheerless dens, pipes puffed away to ashes in homes more or less distant. Again and again were the briars refilled, and more than one piece of fuel sank amid a bed of flaming coals, sending sparks scampering upward into the chimney's darkness.

Fires and fireplaces seem inseparable adjuncts of a real, jolly, old-time Christmas.

The mysteries and superstitions of childhood are associated with stockings of many sizes; they vary from the tiny creation but two or three inches in length to the larger and more copious ones of an older Tom or Dick, which hang in an imposing row of simple trustfulness before the huge fireplaces wherein logs snap and blaze, casting a ruddy glare over the stilly room; the old clock ticks away the minutes with measured slowness, the wind howls without, sleet and snow beat against the windows, and in the wee small hours wondrous changes happen. Boyhood scepticism or dubious uncertainty are confounded, for in the morning when little bare feet stand in admiring wonder, are there not in those very stockings oracular proof of a nightly visit, and of some saintly, beneficent hand?

Perhaps we pass the stocking stage, perhaps not, to regard with a more sober and mature reflection the marvels that are wrought in the glow of the logs on Christmas Eve; nevertheless, these reflections lack that delightful mysticism attendant upon earlier years; we realize more the sacredness of the time, the sweet and divine personality of the Christ child. This deeper sentiment takes the place of those earlier dreams that merge gradually into the brighter lights of time's revelations.

Then comes the time when we have left the home fire-side, with its tender, clinging traditions and warm sentiments; the age of stockings still remains strong in our hearts, the days of boyhood scepticism become laughable in their sage philosophy, but through it all we see the home-altars ablaze, the shifting fagots with their associations and day dreams, and the fading embers so full of dormant memories.

* * *

In his "Sketch-book" Washington Irving gives some of the most graphic and beautiful descriptions of Christmas observance in "Merrie England."

The series begins with "The Stage Coach," an account of the journey homewards of two rollicking schoolboys, whose joy as the surroundings grow more familiar is so humorously depicted, with their unbounded interest in the smallest objects that breathe of their home coming.

Then follow sketches on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and the Christmas dinner. They are most interesting, rich in their vivid picturesqueness and full of Christmas spirit. Holly and mistletoe, plum puddings, the inevitable turkey, the wandering musicians, and, above all, the underlying current of "peace on earth, good will towards men," are manifest throughout, so that in reading one cannot but imbibe the sentiment of the writer.

* * *

The following lines are evidently the "Reveries of a Bachelor," though they are not by Ik Marvel:

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreaths,
Memories tender surround me;
Girls that are married and buried
Gather around me.

Schoolgirls in pantalets romping,
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.