

classes to the devoted teachers and professors: the latter, in testimony of the good wishes they entertain towards their pupils, dispense them from the customary recitations, and both instructors and instructed issue forth from the class-room, happy in the thought of having done something extra towards rendering each others' Christmas a truly merry one.

But whither are so many of the boys hurrying? Has there a conflagration broken out in the main corridor, which attracts the attention of such a mob of inquisitive fellows, or has the Recreation Hall tumbled down and are its tenants endeavouring to make their escape through the front entrance?

At any other period of the year one of such accidents as the above could account for the present stampede. But this is the eve of Christmas—this is the day on which fond parents most forcibly impress upon the minds of their children the wholesome truth that boys away from home are seldom forgotten by those they have left behind. For behold, what a pile of boxes are heaped up, one above the other, in the Porter's room! There is one from Norwood, nicely labelled "Handle with Care"; another from Kingston, and another from Toronto, both securely fastened by ten-penny nails. Here is a huge box fastened with screws—ah! it hails from St. Johns, and surely contains a turkey—alive, perhaps, for the word *perishable* is marked in large characters upon the cover. Still others there are from Prescott, Fallowfield, Renfrew and Alexandria, which seem to be extremely heavy, from the extraordinary efforts made to carry them away. Ha! there is another line of boxes: these come from the United States. There is one from Lowell, from Lawrence, from Springfield, and from Marlboro'; here are two from New York city, and one from Philadelphia, and a countless number of others. But there are two fancy ones at the very top of the pile—these must have arrived last—yes! yes! for one comes from British Columbia; the other from the Lone Star state.

Oh! What a pleasure to have kind parents—at least when Christmas comes around!—so think the students on Christmas eve, and express the thought in their faces, as each one shoulders his Christmas

box and bears it away rejoicingly to his wardrobe in the dormitory.

But let us see what is contained in that monster box, carried by a Freshman and his kindly assisting brother Soph. Off flies the cover; but alas! reveals nothing to the exultant pair, save an old boot, thread-bare pants and a hat, ancient enough to have been worn by the captain of the Mayflower. This is only a joke—one of the many perpetrated, at this season, upon an unsophisticated Freshman.

But now the scene changes. The last harmonious strains of the students' songs have scarcely died away in the cloudy atmosphere of the Smoking Room, when he is fast asleep, revelling in the sunny land of dreams. Quick as thought, he passes from scene to scene, spread out before him on the extensive canvass of his phantasy, till at last, he finds himself at home, ensconced in his favorite rocker, with his feet on the fender, listening to the happy voices of his best and dearest kindred, and recounting to his half-astonished sisters joyful incidents of college life, when lo! he hears the old time-piece on the mantel strike twelve, and the sweet reverberations of the Christmas chimes stealing softly through the mid-night air. He awakes with a sudden start, and recognizes in the dying vibrations of those dream-land chimes, the familiar peal of the class-bell, calling the students to chapel, there to assist at the solemn Mid-night Mass.

The deep tones of the organ, the joyful notes of the "Adeste Fideles," the Crib of Bethlehem arrayed with heavenly splendour, the high altar gorgeously decorated with flowers and illuminated with brilliant lamps and glittering jets of various colors, all tend to inspire the student with deep sentiments of true devotion towards the new-born Babe, who in this glorious night, became the source of all our real and lasting happiness.

The Mass over, and spiritual cravings satisfied, the students repair to the refectory, where the amply fitted tables themselves seem to smile, over-joyed at being able to contribute to the general mirth and gayety.

Warm hand-shaking, merry Christmas greetings, sugar sprinkled doughnuts and crab-apple jam are the order of the hour. No one seems satisfied that he has done