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“WHERE IS THY GUEST CHAMBER?”

No one knows better than the student in college how rapidly time flies. When the first days of the present year were ours, we all planned many things that we meant to do ere its close. 1890 will soon be gone forever with the record of how we have spent it. Are any of us satisfied with our work this year? Do we not realize that much which we intended to accomplish has been crowded out for want of time? We can but echo the poet's cry:

“Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.”

With the new year before us the question comes, how can we make the best of our time? Each day has its limited number of hours, and no person gains much in the end by turning night into day. Rest is absolutely necessary for all brain-workers. Nature keeps long accounts, and neglecting our health in youth is a sure way of laying up trouble for future years. We must each decide the things easiest to leave out from the programme. We are mentally arranging for 1891. Exercise we must provide for. The mind must rest while the body receives its proper share of attention. Fresh air and sunshine are tonics no student can afford to dispense with. Worry and anxious thought over things that perplex must be left behind us for a little while (if indeed there is ever a proper place in any programme for worry). “Of making many books there is no end” is more true to-day than when spoken by the preacher nearly three thousand years ago. We must make a choice between the books one would like to read and