

lean. Let no mean rivalry or ambition mar the friendship which ought to exist between the two most distinguished educational institutions in the Province of Quebec. Let them labor side by side. Let no rivalry live between them, save the chivalrous rivalry which prompts each to aim at outstripping the other, not in the streams of gold which the public pours into her treasury, but in the streams of intellectual lore which she pours into the lap of the public.

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There is a day in a student's life which he spends in fear and trembling. It is the Rubicon which lies between him and the land to which he has long been looking, and for which he has long been longing. It is the day which divides the law student from the lawyer. It is a day of disappointment for some; it is a day of hallelujahs for others. It is a day of rapid writing. It is a day of deep thinking. It is a day of lowering brows; it is examination day. It is the tenth day of January, or it may be the tenth day of July. On that eventful day an awful solemnity overhangs the Court House, and the most careless observer can see that something unusual is going on. Students are listlessly clinging to the balcony, lingering round the locked door of the *faux* First Division, or sauntering to and fro in the hall. We need not describe the sensations of those who are within. A man who is master of his subject has not a prouder moment in his life than the moments which are dancing around him while his flying fingers flash from line to line, and he dashes his ideas upon paper. He feels like a conqueror, as, with an air of triumph, he places his fat bundle of well-filled folios on the examiners' desk and takes his departure, confident that he has left behind him answers which will satisfy his examiners and establish his reputation as a scholar. One day of triumph such as this is worth a life of literary toil. How different is the mood of the man who, with contracted brows, is toiling hard to drag out of some remote corner of his mind an idea which is but an abortion when born, or a fact which was never firmly fixed in his mind, of which he is catching an occasional glimpse, like the glimpses we catch of the moon when clouds are drifting by, but which he can no more grasp than a man could hold a living eel. He labors hard, but he labors too late. Had he labored long ago, his labor when the day of trial came would not only have been less, but would have been converted into a positive pleasure. Sweet is the reward of industry, but the recompense of indolence is ruin.

Many a man imagines he knows how to read, who knows no more of what reading is than a Hottentot knows about chemistry, or an Indian elephant knows about Canada. Many a man imagines himself a model reader who, with a book before him, glances rapidly from line to line, from paragraph to paragraph, from page to page and from chapter to chapter, while his thoughts are at the last concert, or on the latest style of overcoat. His eye is on the page before him, but his mind is in Madagascar. Yet he is assiduous. He is constantly at his books. People call him industrious, and predict a high place for him in the examination lists. What is their wonder to find that when the lists are published he is plucked. The inevitable inference is, "He is not clever." The inevitable inference should have been, "He did not know how to read." Had he, when he opened his book, closed his mind against every thought save the thoughts that were born in the page he perused; had he reflected as he read, but reflected on what he was reading alone; had he, the moment his mind was approached by an irrelevant thought, given it a slap on the face and gone on his way rejoicing; had he systematized as he went along; had he done all this he would, when examinations were over, be the man whom his examiners delighted to honor. *Hoc est opus, hic labor est*, is what may well be said of this, but he who has not learned how to do this has not learned to read.

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Christmas holidays are over, and we are once more at work. Christmas was not, however, as merry as many a Christmas has been. We missed the tinkling tintinabulation of the jingling sleigh-bells, which has come to be considered as an inseparable circumstance from a Canadian Christmas. New Year's day came, and it came without the sleigh-bells. Indians shooting the Lachine Rapids in a canoe; a steamboat excursion from Montreal to Longueuil; plowmen plowing, at St. Bruno; sheep grazing behind the mountain; people blinded with dust in the streets of Montreal; carriages in the streets where sleighs were wont to be—these were the peculiarities of last New Year's day, a day not destined to be soon forgotten.

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#### NEW YEAR.

Will New Year bring me back the glee  
That made my heart with Myra stir?  
I care not what it brings to me,  
Unless it brings me back to her.