

the perils of travel in order to seek communion each with some kindred soul, and to enjoy even for a few short days and a few very long evenings the bliss that is not to be found among a horde of jibing persecuting students.

Yet think not, gentle reader, that life was at all burdensome to the few who remained behind. True the long halls appeared desolate and lonely, and the foot-fall of the solitary wanderer sounded weird and strange as he passed through the re-echoing corridors, but the student, grown accustomed to keep company with himself and his books, is not oppressed by solitude, and consequently rather enjoyed the extreme quietness that reigned within the college walls. If there may have been any tendency at all to wearisome monotony, it was more than counterbalanced by the kindly attentions of our steward and his household who did all in their power to

make life as pleasant as possible for the students who remained in college.

Nor should the kindness of the friends in the city be passed by unnoticed. The people of Montreal are indeed hospitable, and no inconsiderable portion of the pleasure enjoyed by the students throughout the festive season was due to the kindness of our city friends. The holiday time afforded the students an opportunity of cultivating the social side of their nature. Students as a rule, although generally able to be alone even in a crowd, are not, after all, such unsociable beings as many suppose them to be, and when the pressure of work was for a time relaxed, they turned their attention to social enjoyment, and many a happy hour they spent in the homes of their friends in the city. There they felt that the extended welcome was hearty and sincere, and they were made to feel indeed at home.

W. M. T.

---

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Only working Christians and working churches can keep themselves unspotted from the world.—*Peloubet.*

You want to be true and you are trying to be. Learn two things,—never to be discouraged because good things get on

slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into that sublime patience of the Lord.

•—*George MacDonald.*

He that falls into sin is a man; he that boasts of sin is a devil; and he that grieves at sin is a saint.

—*Selected.*