

cratic auspices, has received in these later times its greatest extension; and that the fixity of purpose and strength of will which are necessary to this end will be supplied by that national patriotism which sustains the most strenuous efforts, and makes possible the greatest sacrifices."

A. R. M.

TOMMY.

His name is supposed to be Thomas. His name *is* Tommy; and Tommy is about eleven years old. Hardly a student you may think. Pardon me, a deep student; and moreover a careful student of human nature. His personal appearance? Droll, very droll. A comical face with keen blue eyes, surmounted by a crop of bristly brown hair, which exactly follows the contour of his head and refuses to part anywhere, each hair pointing from the pole to the circumference; a brave attempt at a collar, doubtless a cast-off one of some one of the boarders; a soiled white four-in-hand, with the strap at the back reposing on the upper edge of his collar, and the magnificent bow in front about four inches below its proper place; one or two buttons on his coat, merely to keep up a stylish appearance; a pair of grimy little hands; trousers just below the knee; legs short and stumpy; boots which must have weighed a great deal.

Tommy's History has no cover. Tommy's Geography has no map. Tommy's pen has no nib. His desk is full of books and his seat is covered with books. He makes periodical visits to the waste-basket every ten minutes. Tommy wrestles with a long word in spelling. At first he lets drive recklessly, and then when he finds himself getting into difficulty he begins to grind it out more slowly, having the appearance of savagely chewing each letter before he allows it to escape. Tommy would like to have been with Cartier. He would like to fight Indians. Tommy doesn't think much of Geography, but Tommy likes French.

On the first day of school Tommy makes a careful study of the new teacher. "Can't boss

us fellers," is the mental comment. "Guess I'll cut up like sixty." Thereupon Tommy immediately loses everything he should use. He buries his head under his desk, and in that somewhat painful position munches an apple, or manipulates a large piece of chewing-gum. Tommy visits his neighbours and catches flies for their amusement. He tumbles off his seat. He almost drowns himself in his inkwell. Needless to say many are the discredits charged to Tommy's account, many a half hour he remains after school and works multiplication for his moral well-being. Nevertheless he will not promise better fashions, for p'raps he mightn't be good after all, and then it would be a lie. "None of the other fellers tries 'ceptin' only Cecil, an' anyhow a feller can't have no fun if he's good all the time." Tommy is carefully watching the effect of this statement of his theories; but when a gentle intimation is dropped of a possible "licking" in the near future, and no look of despair meets his eye, Tommy decides to trim his sails. "That strap stings like fun. Guess I might happen to catch it. Maybe I'll go easy for a while and see if she licks any of the other fellers." Tommy is going easy.

A. R., Arts '97.

THE BRITISH JUDGED BY A BRITISHER.

The British are the finished product of assimilation of several heterogeneous elements, whereby there have resulted those eminent qualities which have assured their success in the arts of peace and war,

Success does not turn their heads, usually; in education they evince a wonderful openness of intelligence, especially in the mathematical sciences, but also in other lines, but rarely do they become infatuated; they are eminently susceptible to higher civilization, rarely falling into effeminacy; they show a spirit of enterprise, a fearlessness in financial pursuits, an administrative ability, a shrewdness, a tact, which make them winners in the lines in which they make attempts.