

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

In our great God, who rules above,
Who smiles and answers our requests,
If we but seek His boundless love,
All goodness rests.

In the vain world, which glitters bright,
But which true warmth can never give,
If you but have fair beauty's light,
Does pleasure live.

In my fond heart, which can but burn
When two bright eyes give glances coy,
If I their mistress' love could earn,
Would be all joy.

TOD, '97.

MORAL STORIES.

[Adapted from the Second Book of Reading Lessons.]

I.—THE PROUD GIRL.

Pris-cil-la Jones worked at her writing and sums for four years. Then she was a-ward-ed a cert-i-fi-cate, and her teach-ers said she was now a *B.A.* My lit-tle read-ers will scarce-ly know what this means, but it is a great hon-our, and is writ-ten af-ter the sur-name. Pris-cil-la thought much of it, and it made her ver-y vain. When her un-cles and aunts wrote to her, and did not place it after her name she would have quite a pout. She wished that all the boys and girls in school would have a great re-spect and re-ver-ence for her, and e-ver-y morn-ing she would gaze at her-self in the look-ing-glass to see if she was not be-com-ing more state-ly in her bear-ing. She was very small, and this was a great vex-a-tion to her. Be-sides this, she was al-so quite young-look-ing, and al-though she could ov-er-come the an-oy-ance this gave her, she had a great wish to be thought dig-ni-fied.

She said one day to her-self: I must not hold a-loof from my old school. I will go to the lit-tle gath-er-ing which the chil-dren of the First Book are hav-ing this af-ter-noon. (In-deed, the proud girl on-ly wished to be ad-mired.) She put on her hood and tip-pet and hur-ried a-way. Soon she was talk-ing to a good lit-tle lad, who tried his best to a-muse her. He said: "What class are you in?" She re-plied: "I'm not an *un-der-grad-u-ate*." (This word means one who is at school.) He felt that he had made a blun-der, and thought to re-med-y it. So he smiled and said. "Oh, I suppose you have come with your eld-er sis-ter." She could not speak for a long time, and gave him such a look that he hast-ened to the oth-er end of the room. Then she called him a *crea-ture*, and you well know how bad a word that is for a lit-tle girl to use. How could Pris-cil-la Smith act so?

II.—ROBERT S HARD LES-SON.

Rob-ert Wil-son al-ways loves and re-spects his eld-ers. When he came to school he heard that his in-struct-ors were to speak to the boys and girls at the *Con-voc-a-tion*. He at once wrote to his par-ents that he would not fail to lis-ten care-ful-ly to the ad-vice which they should there give him. For Rob-ert is a lad who means to be a great man some day. (In-deed, his head is be-com-ing so al-read-y.) He went punct-u-al-ly to the *Con voc-a-tion*, and took a front seat in the gal-ler-y. He lis-tened to the words of his in-struct-ors most at-tent-ive-ly; but he found to his great as-ton-ish-ment that the oth-er lads did not heed them at all. They seemed not to know that they should at least be-have like lit-tle gen-tle-men when in the pre-sence of the wise and old. Some of them did not he-si-tate to call out to those who were speak-ing, and ev-en dared to in-ter-rupt them in the rud-est man-ner. Rob-ert blushed with shame to think his school-fel-lows should act so; and when he sud-den-ly thought that he might

be mis-tak-en for one of them, he scarce-ly knew where he should hide his head.

When the *Con-voc-a-tion* was at an end most of the lads began to loud-ly shout and run in a rab-ble to the door by which they were to leave. Rob-ert noticed that the lads who re-mained were those who, like him-self, had come to school for the first time. Though they were in the same classes as he, he had not spok-en to any of them as yet, for he felt that he knew lit-tle of their mor-al char-ac-ter, and he was well a-ware how dan-ger-ous it is to re-pose one's con-fid-ence in strang-ers. But now he turned to one of them and said af-fab-ly to him: "What is the mat-ter, my fine fel-low?" The oth-er stared rude-ly at him, and re-plied: "It's the hus-tle, you clam; get ready to scrap." How low and slang-y of him! But Rob-ert did not re-prove him. He said pol-ite-ly: "I do not quite un-der-stand you. What is a hustle?" "You go out first and see," re-spond-ed the lad. "You'll be laid out."

Then Rob-ert saw that he could give them a les-son, and he said in a loud and cheer-ful tone, so that all could hear him: "I shall be the first to leave the build-ing and show you plain-ly that if you do not mo-lest oth-ers you have no-thing to fear." The oth-ers were much a-mazed, but he con-trolled his hon-est pride, and walked calm-ly to the door. When he gazed down the stair, he be-held a great crowd of lads who seemed quite hos-tile and tur-bulent. With them were not a few coarse-look-ing youths in foot-ball clothes, which were so dirt-y that they ex-cit-ed his dis-gust and re-pul-sion. But he sup-pressed this feel-ing and re-solved to make peace a-mongst them. Ad-dress-ing them in a ben-ig-nant tone, he said: "Now, my lads, I hope you are not a-bout to quar-rel." At this they burst into an ill-bred guf-faw, and one of them cried out: "Give me air," and pre-tend-ed to be a-bout to swoon. Another even at-tempt-ed to grasp him. Yet he kept his tem-per, and said: "Now, why do you act so? You know it is not right!" But they ran at him, and began to pull him vio-lent-ly down the stair. When he saw that they were too brut-al and de-praved to care for his kind speech-es, he re-solved to de-fend him-self. So he bold-ly ex-claimed: "If you do not re-lease me at once I shall cer-tain-ly tell the teach-er up-on you." (And he meant it, too.) Yet they did not re-lease him, but threw him a-bout in an out-ra-ge-ous man-ner. When he re-cov-ered him-self he was at the bot-tom of a deep mir-y dell, which lay be-side the build-ing. As he wiped his tears a-way he said to him-self: "If I had a-void-ed evil com-pan-ions I would not have come to this. I will ne-ver a-gain speak to any of these low fel-lows." He had learned his les-son. Wise lit-tle Rob-ert!

FESTE.

VARSITY GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club are now putting on the finishing touches to their work and expect to score a greater success than ever at their concert in the Massey Music Hall on Dec 11th. Besides some splendid part songs by well-known composers, the boys will also sing some new humorous college songs, with which they expect to make a great hit. The Banjo and Guitar Club is also very strong this year, and it is expected that the Mandolin and Guitar Club will prove to be one of the most enjoyable features of the programme. The subscribers' list is now open at Nordheimer's, and the plan opens at Massey Music Hall on December 8th.

The Toronto Ideal Mandolin and Guitar Club will give a grand banjo, mandolin and guitar concert in Association Hall, December 9th. The following artists will assist:—Horace Huron, Southern banjoist-entertainer, Miss Florence Mabel Wright, Mr. Eddie Piggott, Mr. P. W. Newton, mandolinist and guitarist, Miss Zella Silver, Mr. Bert Jones, banjoist. Plan opens at Williams' Dec. 5th.