

golden age of Rome, there was a hunger and a thirst for something Olympus had not given, Parnassus could not give, but that the Judean Hills have given. The echoes of those mornclad Eastern Hills will reach to the Seven Hills and Rome will, though after long years of fiercest struggle, take up the anthem and from the Seven Hills to every rocky summit hoary with the snows of ages, will the song be lifted, and "Peace and good will on earth," "To God glory in the Highest" shall resound! No longer is there any justification for the sad refrain of old. *Vanitas Vanitatum*. That humble Galilean whose birthday was marked in the

annals of Augustus Cæsar has "changed the face of the earth." The "strange tidings of great joy" have reached the furthestmost islands, and men must needs be glad. The fair-faced and gentle voiced have made this world *Eden* again. The carpenter's son buildeth well, and unto everlasting is the Happy Christmas we must wish ourselves. To spread joy among men, because we know whereof we speak, must be our work here while waiting to take up the hymn of exultation beyond the 'Hills'—the hymn that shall end no more—"Happy Christmas now and forever."

C. A.

MEMORIES OF A WINTER IN OTTAWA.

 HE transition from fall to winter is nearly always a season of disagreeable suspense: the weather is neither fair nor fierce: the ground is either hard or uneven from frost, or muddy from the autumnal rain; neither winter nor summer sports can be indulged in, with any degree of satisfaction: However, winter comes at last: the students rise one morning, and, looking out, find the earth hidden from view, in a veil of immaculate whiteness. Many are the remarks passed: "There's Canada for you," exclaims the freshman from the dominions of Uncle Sam, who has come to Ottawa with the idea that the North Pole is somewhere in its immediate vicinity. "Five months of that" cries the doleful student, while the hopeful collegian says: "Never mind, it will be a glorious time when it goes, anyway." And then the professional punster, who has been impatiently awaiting this moment breaks in with his pointless castanaceous *bon-mot*, "There's snow use in complaining," and quickly escapes around the corner.

As the rigors of winter become more marked, one of the "studies" in the college is the "cold" student. This "cold" party has a dread of winter, and, during the greater part of that season, keeps indoors with a

vengeance. The corridors and the recreation hall are his favorite haunts. Long ago when the hall was separate from the main building, all he knew of the outside world was the path leading from the one to the other. He owns an overcoat. And O! doesn't he hang on to that overcoat! This garment has a high collar and capacious pockets; when you meet the "cold" party, his face just peers from the collar, his hands are plunged into the pockets, and he walks along in a fearfully knock-kneed fashion, as though contact with the outer atmosphere should freeze him at any moment. So constantly does he wear that coat, that it becomes, as it were, a part of his individuality, and when he "moults" it in the spring, he looks like a new being scarcely recognizable as the walking overcoat, that excited attention during the winter. It is amusing to watch the contortions of this student whenever anything happens to go amiss in the heating system of the house.

On the other hand there is also what we might call the "warm" student, animated with a contemptuous disregard for all the terrors of frost and snow. He can scarcely be kept from outside, and very often exhibits an imprudent neglect of precautions against the breath of the ice-king.

For both these classes of students there