

Christmas—announcement of the religion of peace and love—gather the children of a family under the paternal roof, that rallying-place of affections where, we grow young again amid the endearing mementos of childhood. Christmas in fine throws open every door unlocks every heart, brings master and man together, blends all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. "Even the poorest cottage welcomes the festive season with decorations of holly and evergreen—the cheeful fire glancing through the lattice, inviting the passenger to raise the latch and join the knot huddled around the hearth beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told christmas tales."

To College, Students; "Merry Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."



Be Careful.

Professor Stockley M. A. in his lecture, "Utopia," refers to medical reports stating how, despite the utmost precautions, those engaged in the manufacture of white lead are in the course of a few weeks seized with debility, convulsions and death; that in certain alkali works the gas is so deadly, clothing must be wool, as cotton rots in forty-eight hours. Some of our young people, it is our conviction, are daily exposed to worse influences in another sphere: their moral health and life is entirely destroyed by a corrupt theatre. Among people, who are really concerned about the social good, there can be only one opinion about plays of the "Sappho" and "modern Magdala" variety. The clever reporter in the Free Press who writes under the nom de plume of "Marchioness" tells us these plays were in Ottawa last week. These are not the only exhibitions that talk and suggest corruption. They are no longer coarse as Shakspeare in many places is coarse, but they do more harm than if they were coarse but honest. In the words of the poet Shelley.

They cast on all things surest, brightest, best,
Doubt insecurity, astonishment.