

possess. Moreover in a city a person is very apt to neglect his studies for the prosecution of these social and other pursuits; here in Wolfville we are more removed from this last probability. The small size of the town, then, satisfies this fourth requirement.

But though small in size and population, Wolfville is unexcelled in the *quality* of its society. As the denominational centre of a sect to which nearly its whole population is adherent, Wolfville does not fail to imbibe something of the benefit thus made hers; and we who come here for a few years as students are soon made aware of the consequent excellence of its social tone. We do not hesitate to say that any student must be benefited by four year relation to this society and that in this respect at least Wolfville reaches the standard of an ideal College town.

To the moral standard we need hardly make reference. Wolfville is a town which one of our celebrated temperance lecturers did not hesitate to call "The whitest town of the whitest province in Canada." We need nothing further to convince us that it is surely fitted for the site of a college in this respect.

Having thus favourably finished the catalogue of requisites, it may be asked, Are there no drawbacks to Wolfville as a college town? Well, there may be; but if so they have not come under our immediate observation. Moreover it will be noticed that we have not made it equal to the ideal except in one instance, so that we can not be said to have exaggerated the excellence of this locality as a college site, for nothing short of idealism could be exaggeration.

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The Poets on Christmas

Around the word Christmas the poets have placed a golden circle of beautiful ideas and expressions. In verse, has been portrayed almost every phase of human life, and among all the beautiful productions which have come from the pen of poetic genius, some of the choicest jewels have been given to us in commemoration of the day which celebrates the advent of our blessed Saviour to the world. How sweetly and how clearly the Divine purpose of Christ's coming has been portrayed in the words of England's greatest epic poet in his poem, "On the morning of Christ's Nativity," where he says,

"This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace."