

Around the field were dozens of seats, so that the toilers might every now and then have a chance to recover. It had been felt by the Principal that all mass-plays were too rough and likely even to produce a tendency to cultivation of brute force, so, by a wise command, no boy was allowed to touch another. In this way the game was rendered much more open and agreeable to the spectators. After a few moments the sport came to a stop, and everyone was expected to go down town and charge up as much as possible to the account of the college.

On the way out Jack accidentally broke two large panes of glass in a greenhouse near the gate. He was wondering whom to report it to and what would be done to him, when he observed a master, who was standing near, writing in his note-book. The new-boy hurried up to him and was eagerly explaining how unintentionally he had done it, but the master interrupted him, saying "I am sorry it was accidental, the school always likes the boys to have as much enjoyment as possible. If you would be so kind as to wait here, I will run up to my room and get you the fifty cents that is always paid to those who commit any damage, as it is sometimes startling to hear the broken glass falling."

At tea, two large cakes were provided at each place, and receptacles were fastened all over the room in which pieces might be shyed, this arrangement seemed to suit Jack, for he threw all his food around the room, and then grabbed the next fellow's, who was too lazy to complain.

Study came at length and Jack reluctantly got his school books out of his trunk. He had hardly commenced to work, though, when an attendant knocked at his door and said humbly: "A master told me to bring these up to you. He is very sorry that he omitted to send them sooner, but, he could find no ones which appeared suitable for some time." So saying the man disappeared leaving a pile of books on the table.

Jack was delighted. Instead of a new series of lesson books, which he had feared, all the latest novels were before him.

After looking at the pictures for some time he at last retired to bed, wondering which was the best place, Ridley or the Ideal School.

### We Are Seven.

A red hot sport.  
In Simcoe there are many,  
But none who glows with quite the heat  
That radiates from Benny.  
I met a martyr from the sixth,  
Worn out by endless toil;  
His eyes were dim from working late  
And burning midnight oil.

"Poor things, ill-treated, overworked,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven with Ben", he said,  
And wondering, looked at me.  
"With Ben?" I said, "Yes, Ben, for though  
He's now in Simcoe, yet  
His memory dear, we still revere  
And never can forget.  
Were he ten thousand miles away,  
Yea, were he twice that many,  
To us the number in the sixth,  
Would still be 'Seven with Benny.'  
Oh! who can ever take his place?  
Benny the true dead game!  
The school without his jovial face  
Will never seem the same.  
Where was the place he had not seen?  
What that he did not know?  
We never doubted anything  
That Benny said was so.  
And all the manly outdoor games  
Seemed natural to him;  
What could the football team have done  
With Benny not in scrim.  
His element was everywhere,  
So perfectly at ease,  
He made sad havoc with the fair  
And always seemed to please.  
But when he sang: how sweet the sound!  
Like music in a dream,  
Alas! no more I cannot talk  
Of such a painful theme.  
His gentle jabs and ready wit  
Would make the long hours fly,  
Instead, we languish with the heat  
And watch each hour go by.  
Now dark and gloomy is the form  
That was a seventh Heaven;  
But looking back on days gone by  
We still think we are seven.

### A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

Boys who study the methods of expressing their thoughts in French, may find their work a trifle hard; but what must be the work of the French boy in attempting English composition, who penned the following epistle to one of the sixth form boys:—

*Alex, the twenty-second March, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.*

Esq.  
I am very happy of to know than you be will good to hold one correspondance french-english.

We are begin be some letters very easy for you how me; of that way, we shall caning walk with a enough swiftness. Now, I am think than you shall want good to do know at me the fault's whan I s all doing into the letter's than I shall send to you and of I should doing for you.

At last I should say at you of do know at me how some letter's you shall might to write a month, when at me I stand to write the less two letter's a monnth.

Any be waiting your answer, I send at you my salutation's the more respectuous.

At Alex, Drome.

COURSANGE MARIUS.