

loving school boys know aught of Queenston Heights or Lundy's Lane? How many text books in use in our graded and academic schools contain a dozen sentences calculated to inspire the youthful reader with patriotic love for our great Dominion? If such literature does not at present exist, a demand for it will produce the supply.

Thousands of mothers to-day bend in purest love over the forms of their tender infants, while a thousand sweet lullabies breathe forth the peaceful quiet of a sacred home life. Mother, teach your babe to say "My Country." Tell him of its greatness and that God has put him here as its *protector* not as its calumniator.

We cannot but believe that Canadians are, by nature as patriotic as any race of people on the globe. We need some great national enterprise to draw our hearts together—some common cause around which to meet upon a common ground. It is this principle which throws a gleam of light over the black horrors of national war. Canadians, as history proves—will fight desperately for Home and Liberty. The men of 1812, were patriots in the truest sense of the term.

The great and common cause, around which the bone and muscle of this country must ere long gather and do desperate battle is the Temperance question. The cloud fifty years ago, no bigger than a man's hand, is now fast darkening all the sky. The great fight will come, and on that day will be born a spirit of patriotism, such as the world has never seen. "For Liberty—for Home—for God," will be our motto, and then the free sons of free Canada, will sing with one voice:—

"At Queenston's Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave Fathers side by side,
For freedom, home, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword ever more shall be
The Maple leaf for ever."

To a gentleman, true politeness costs nothing while the silently accumulating reward is great. Duty and expediency command us to have a proper respect for ourselves and other people. College makes no demand on any of its members to be a barbarian, scamp or fool. Freedom of student life asks no one to destroy the benefits of college societies

by a constant exhibition of stale wit nor does it allow him to sink all rules of common decency and morality. Stronger feelings arise from the force of recent jokes (!) of some gentlemen (?). For among us, the descendants of a race whose virtues of chivalry and home have cast a sacredness over the rights of woman, the man who attempts to display his meanness by writing bogus letters to respected ladies in our midst, strikes too deep at the reputation of honor among his fellow students to be easily forgiven. We must regard him either as criminally thoughtless or as a poor morally-maimed specimen whose constitutional morality is far below the Anglo-Saxon type.

RHETORICAL EXHIBITION.

There are certain experiences in the history of institutions as well as men that invariably repeat themselves, but none is looked forward to with more pleasure than the Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior Class. This is due not only to the fact that it closes the college exercises of the first term, but also that it brings a representative number of the young men before the public for the first time. Thursday evening, December 19th, witnessed the repetition of this most popular and pleasing recurrence. At eight o'clock the Faculty marched up the west aisle, followed by the largest class ever brought before the public in College Hall, and took their places on the platform, the class separating into two divisions, to occupy the seats placed on either side of the platform. The march was beautifully rendered by means of four violins and a cornet, with piano accompaniment. It is needless to say that it was to the audience a happy and highly appreciated surprise, seeing the performers were all members of the class presented. A glance through the programme gives us the pleasing information that the class contains thirty-nine students in regular standing. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, after which he said that the friends who were about to speak were only a selection, as it would be impossible to hear the whole number, nor did they by any means exhaust the list of first-class papers, as they could produce a second set equally good as those to which the audience should listen. The order of the programme was as follows:—