

cisms, astonished at his knowledge of history, and instructed by his suggestions about things in general. What he *kant* tell you about philosophy is not worth knowing. Considering his age one would be inclined to believe in innate ideas. In matters mathematical, and vegetable, and mineral he is the very pattern of—excuse us that's slightly castaneous. He is not an athlete himself but you must know what he thinks of athletics if you would be *in touch* with the times. Unlike some whom we know, he never forgets his old friends, and before leaving always sings, with variations, his jolly old song *ululatus*.

He is an ordinary mortal baby, however, as far as his food is concerned, very particular as to what he eats, it takes many to cater for him. Many a time has his

father walked the corridors with him soothingly telling him that there was some one coming with a choice morsel and the hungry little tyrant would cry whoo! 'whooh!

Now however his internal wants are amply satisfied. So in the best of good humor he sends his best wishes and Christmas greeting to all. Ah yes, Christmas—with all his precocity, he has never penetrated the mystery of *Santa Claus*. You all know who *he* is however. THE OWL expects a Christmas box. So *Santa* must call around.

"We ring the bells, and we raise the strain,  
We hang up garlands everywhere  
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,  
And feast and frolic—and then we go  
Back to the same old lives again."

### CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS.



ND was there ever joy on earth? Is there joy? The Spirit carries me backward, far backward, and I see as it were in golden letters graven on every tree and flower—"Paradise"! and again I see—"Paradise Lost." Yes, on one dreary day joy fled from the world. The justice of the Maker asserted itself and divine wrath blotted out Paradise, and His beloved creatures, those with whom it had been his delight to dwell, were driven into exile, and they went, carrying with them that gnawing home sickness which we their children carry with us from the cradle to the grave. Yes, the saints and the poets, whose exile is spiritual only, have all sung the song of exile, the *Super Flumina*, and the echoes of the plaint resound throughout the universe. To the saints and poets however, the world is always Eden, just as it is to the angels grouped about the throne of God; though a film has grown over the sight of man so that he sees no longer, "save through a glass darkly," the absolute beauty that was once to them but the transparent veil that shrouded the grandeur of the Almighty. The angel at the gate of the closed Eden tells me how

he shared in the sorrow of the outcasts but how he also rejoiced when he saw the gleam of Hope in their eyes wet with tears. The Redeemer would come and wipe these tears away, and "their joy no one would take from them." "Mine it is to tell," said the angel, "how in those dreary years of waiting God still talked with man, how he kept alive in his memory the merciful promise." The fatal act that had transformed the life of man would come to be proclaimed the *Felix Culpa* on the day of Triumph when the Messiah of Jew and Gentile shall have risen from the grave, and "death be swallowed up in victory." Yes, joy was given back to the world and Bethlehem is the "Paradise Regained." That wonderful star that shone over that lowly grotto, was the sign of God in the Heavens. "In the fulness of time" it shone, and its lambent beams called on the children of men to "hasten to adore Him"—"the new born King"—for verily He is the Saviour. Throughout the vast Empire, the great Pagan world, the margin of life was bordered by sorrow. Even though in the luxurious forgetfulness of the exile, men deemed themselves happy in the gratification that clay can give—gilded clay—in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, in the