

Dear Canada ! for thee our fathers wrought,
Thy good and ours unselfishly they sought.
With steadfast hand and fearless mind
They felled the forest domes,
Content at last to leave behind
A heritage of homes.
Lord God of Hosts ! we now implore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore.

Blest Canada ! the homeland that we love,
Thy freedom came a gift from God above,
Thy righteous laws, thy justice fair,
Give matchless liberty ;
We thank our God that we may share
Thy glorious destiny.
Lord God of Hosts ! we now implore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore.

167 College St., Toronto.

The foregoing national hymn was composed by Mercy E. McCulloch, who is the wife of Dr. McCulloch and the daughter of Dr. N. A. Powell. There is no need for any eulogy on the words—they speak for themselves. The composition won the prize for the best poem that could be sung to the tune of "O Canada," composed by Calixa Lavallee, a French Canadian. The judges were Professor Pelham Edgar, Dr. Broome and Mr. Hector Charlesworth. Long life and happiness to the gifted authoress !

THE ROUGH SIDE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Attending college is no guarantee of gentlemanly conduct. It is painfully true that a student may be learned in many subjects and lack the finer touches that do so much to make life pleasant. On the other hand a young man, "remote, alone," may be in every way the embodiment of all that is refined. These traits of character are likely to go through life, and may do much to make or mar the man.

If being an undergraduate means anything that *anything* is not merely the acquiring of a certain amount of knowledge on history, the mathematics, the sciences, or "the proper study of mankind is man." The