

preparation of any work, to say that it is crude, is to acknowledge at once that there is pleasure neither for the student, who should be searching for truth, nor for those who are unfortunate enough to be obliged to peruse the result of his superficial investigations. There can be but small satisfaction to any student, when any subject is brought up for discussion, in having to acknowledge, to himself at least, that his ideas are so hazy that it would be dangerous to give them utterance.

From a physical standpoint, cramming, likewise, has its objections. A prolonged mental effort often results in an undue strain to our bodies and a strong, and often, harmful, reaction follows.

Having thus briefly viewed the process of cramming, in its objectionable forms, we shall now suggest a proper place for it, whether as a preparation for the actual examination of the student, or as a necessary training to enable him, when college days, all too soon, are over, to face manfully and at once, the emergencies of after-life. Undoubtedly, in the early stages of the process of mastering any subject, of interpreting the author's thought, cramming should play a very small, if indeed any, part. It may be that the student, during the year, has mastered the various parts of a subject, but if asked to pass a fairly difficult examination on it, with no opportunity of reviewing the subject, and thus marshalling the army of related facts to the front, he would be found to fail sadly. If then, to that hasty but thorough review, which follows the careful and reflective investigation of any subject, the name of cramming is given, we see that this process may become highly educational. But even for this somewhat new application of the term, the highest educational advantages cannot be claimed, since literary culture, the end of all education, consisting of the

thorough assimilation of various branches of knowledge, the conscious possession of them, and the contemplative delight arising from them, cannot possibly be attained by any system of cramming.

For Freedom's Cause.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MONTHLY).

Sad the news and deep the wail,
Dark and gloomy is the sky;
They tell of Britain's bravest sons,
Who dead, on Afric's soil now lie.

Deep the wound that tears the heart
Of Britain, while the nations threat;
O, Land of Freedom, will you die,
Or will you stand for freedom yet?

Rouse, ye bards, through all the land;
Rouse, ye songsters, great and free;
Rouse, ye patriots, of our isles;
Britons' Britain yet must be.

Rouse, ye Britons, for the fray!
Calm and steady to your post.
Ye shall triumph, ye shall win
'Gainst the wild barbarian host.

Hear that faint and distant roar!
Hear that long suppressed roll!
Lo! it spreads o'er all the land
And stirs the depth of Britain's soul.

See, the look of grim resolve
Fastens on each Briton's face!
See the fire in the eye!
See the strength in every pace!

"We have set ourselves a task,"
Comes a voice from East and West.
"Shall we pause for Europe's hate
And lay us in eternal rest?"

"We, who hold a thousand years
Of glory, blood-bought in the past,
Shall we extinguish from our souls
The fires of freedom now, at last?"

"Shall we falter in the work?
Shall we let the burden fall,
Which our God has given to us?
Shall we, in danger, scorn the call?"

"Shall we falter in our duty?
We, who wear His glorious yoke!
Never, never and yet never,
Till our hearts are lifeless oak."

DEC. 19th, 1899.