

holidays, but it has been thought advisable to postpone the event till after we return from our vacation, as the young ladies are all so busy preparing for examinations and the concert. It is to be hoped that the old adage, "Delays are dangerous" will not hold in this case, but that, by reason of the delay the participants will have more time to prepare for it, and thus render a much more enjoyable programme.

Two weeks ago (Dec. 1st), the debate we have been anticipating for some time took place, and the subject presented a splendid opportunity for those taking part to make use of those subjects in the study of which they are at present engaged.

The subject,—"Resolved, That Literature has been more beneficial to Society than Science," was such a weighty one that it required that three out of the four debaters should be Seniors, the fourth place being filled very successfully by a Junior.

Some excellent points were brought forward by both sides and showed that the young ladies had spared neither time nor trouble in bringing forth every attainable thought on the subject.

At the close of the debate each of the leaders was allowed five minutes to respond and the number of witty retorts indulged in, was very entertaining.

It was a difficult thing for the referees—three Seniors—to decide to which party the victor's laurel should be given, but after some consultation, those three wise maidens decided that victory would perch more gracefully on the banner borne by the "Scientific Cohort."

(It is to be hoped that those who defended Science so nobly against the attacks of the enemy, and also who judged Science to be the conqueror, will hereafter maintain their reputation in that branch of study.)

The interest in the Choral Class is steadily increasing, and it will form one of the attractions at our meeting.

The first meeting of the Society in the New Year will be for the transaction of important business, and we make this announcement through the columns of our paper, in order that there may be a full attendance.

SILKS, SATINS and VELVETS, LARGEST STOCK—McILWRAITH & TREGENZA

Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom,
Had rolled along,
The unbroken song.
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Then from each black, accursed mouth,
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth" I said;
"For hate is strong."
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead! nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—Longfellow.

Here's Merry Christmas Come Again.

Here's merry Christmas come again,
With all it ever used to bring;
The mistletoe and carol strain,
The holly in the window-pane,
And all the bloom from hill and plain
That winter's chilly hand can fling.
It must be welcomed with a song,
Though nothing new may fill the ditty;
Old fashioned feelings may be wrong,
But prejudice is very strong,
And dear, old Christmas wooed so long,
Shall find us faithful, if not witty.
It comes with music in the hall,
That stirs the old man in his chair;
And when the midnight measures fall,