

FAITH

Once in a seaport on the coast of  
France  
I found a tranquil church, time-  
scarred and gray,  
High on a hill, a beacon to the bay;  
I saw a rough lad reverently ad-  
vance,  
Drop his small coin and, with an  
upward glance  
At the dim altar, light his candle.  
Yea,  
Amid the wild storm of the ocean  
spray  
This token had been vowed against  
mischance.  
"O Faith," I cried, "Thou art a  
wondrous thing!"  
Forthwith I lighted candles that  
were mine—  
Tapers of trust in purpose, kindness,  
youth;  
Now, when the beating waves or  
still calms bring  
Discouragement, I bend before the  
shrine  
Of the dead mighty ones who strove  
for truth."

—ELIZA BOYLE O'REILLY,  
in "*My Candles and Other Poems*."

Several exchanges have been com-  
menting favorably on the articles  
on political corruption, and on the  
Northfield Conference in the first  
number of the Journal and on Dean  
Connell's address in the second num-  
ber.

Don—"Did you hear about Billy  
Lane?"

Victim—"No"

Don—"Got his finger hurt; got it  
caught in a machine."

Victim—"What machine?"

Don—"Grit machine."—*Varsity*.

We are glad to welcome two ex-  
changes from the West, Vox Wes-  
leyana and the Manitoba College  
Journal, both from Winnipeg. Wes-  
leyana has an excellent essay on  
Edinburgh and its neighborhood.  
The Toba Journal is a commence-  
ment number and is devoted chiefly  
to biographies of the graduating  
class.

Whose name shall we substitute?

Prof.—Have you been through  
calculus?

New student—No, unless I came  
through it on the way up here; I  
came from Missouri and was asleep  
part of the time.—*Ex*,

We have received the sesquicent-  
ennial number of the Columbia  
Monthly. Columbia's 150th birth-  
day arrived on October 31st. The  
college was founded in 1754 by  
letters patent from George II. and  
was known as King's College until  
after the revolution when it received  
its present name.

A BUNCH FOR '08.

Freshie (reading over the '03-'04  
calendar)—"Why, say, this is funny.  
I can't find my name here. Guess  
I'll have to go over and see about  
it."—*McGill Outlook*.

City girl—"This is your first year,  
is'nt it?"

Freshie—"Yes, how did you know  
that?"

City girl—"I knew by the way  
your arms felt around me; the mus-  
cles are not so fully developed as a  
senior's." (Freshie blushes and  
collapses.)—*University Monthly*.