

modern school excursions for the study of geology and botany, if the teacher does not drill the scholars well before they start, in all that they are going to find out, they see nothing new in what is around them, except a change of scenery. All the rest they have to learn from books beforehand. Travel as much as you please, but study about the countries before you start. Better spend your time on books of travel than on trashy, sentimental novels.

#### "SIFTINGS AND HUM."

A word of explanation as to the reasons for publishing this paper may be desirable. We thoroughly believe that no one can obtain a good knowledge of Rhetoric merely from a textbook, therefore it has been a custom to require class compositions, illustrating the work gone over. It was found difficult, however, to arouse interest in this work, the pupils looking on it as a necessary drudgery. This term a change was made, a paper being started in each Rhetoric Class, to which the members were invited to contribute. Two editors were appointed for each number. Their work was to arrange it in regular newspaper form, and read it the following Friday to the class. We found that this plan encouraged the embryo rhetoricians to express their thoughts freely, either by essay, letter, or criticism, and even in one or two cases by poetry. The news both in town and abroad was collected, a question department was conducted, and in the last numbers a musical column was added. Everything handed in must be strictly original. We preferred to have poorer matter in our paper than not to have the pupil's own composition. A little work was done towards the close of the term in what might be called pen and ink sketches. Just as an artist might study nature for the subject of his painting, so we have required a pupil to put into words the pictures she has seen from her window, or during her afternoon walk. This is perhaps the most difficult, because the most artistic of essay writing. We have published one of these attempts, "A Sackville Sunset," in the HUM OF THE COLLEGE, not so much for its finish as its truthness to nature. It is the writer's first attempt, but she will have more practice in this work next term. By publishing the Christmas numbers of these papers, we do not claim that we have at all reached the high standard to which we aim. It has been done merely as an encouragement to the writers and as some memento of the term's work. It is but due to the editorial staff and contributors to the papers to state that with the exception of this note, the work has been all their own.

#### THE PRESENT RHETORIC CLASS IN 1904.

*Dear Editors.*—It is the thirteenth day of October, 1904, the anniversary of the day on which we started the "Hum of the College" at Mt. Allison ten years ago. I don't know how I happened to remember that, but when I got up this morning it flashed across my mind, and nearly all day I have been thinking about the Rhetoric class.

Since leaving the Ladies' College, I have seen some of the members of the class and have heard of others. I read in the papers a few days ago that the young lady who, in class, was always pointing out the ambiguous sentences, was writing a book on that subject. It will be of great interest to all her class-mates. In the same paper an advertisement informed me that the member of the class, who thought of revising the Methodist Hymn Book, had done so, and had improved it by marking all the hymns Iambic Trimeter, Trochaic Tetrameter, and so on, according to their meter. While visiting in Boston lately, I saw four of my class-mates; two of them were what we used to call "villagers." One of these, I remember, generally ambled in about half-an-hour after class

had begun, without pen and ink, on the Fridays that we wrote for the "Hum." Another of the young ladies whom I saw, but did not recognize until she addressed me, was the one who used to stand in the *hall* in the fourth flat just before closing and call "N——! N——! Are you ready?" The last of the quartette, not at all changed, was the student who was always so fond of *pickles*. I regretted extremely that I had to leave Boston shortly after seeing the girls, but I hope to meet them again before long.

On my way back from Boston, strange to say, I met a fifth member of the class, "the traveller" we named her, because she described a trip to South America in one of our papers. She told me that she had been travelling a great deal since she left school, and that she enjoyed it as much as ever.

About four years ago I was visiting in the country, and one day, while crossing a field, I saw something quite comical. In the field was a cow that had a particular aversion to red. Standing as though paralyzed before the animal was a young lady in a red dress. When I saw this, and also that she was cornered in one end of the field, I was brave for once, and picking up a stick I ran towards the cow. At my fierce appearance, the cow turned and fled, leaving me monarch of all I surveyed. Once more I looked at the young lady, and to my surprise, found her to be one of the members of the '94 Rhetoric Class.

While on a trip through Nova Scotia, I met several of this class; at Truro, the unsteady student lived, who, when she was not quite sure of her lesson, would ask, after an imperfect answer, "I think that is it, Miss ——, isn't it?"

At Yarmouth I visited the young lady who was so fond of *canned goods*, and who found such difficulty, one day, in spelling Constantinople at the dinner table. Then at Hantsport, I met the talker of the class. She was *fuller* of conversation than ever.

At a concert the other evening, I was surprised and pleased to see on the programme the name of one of my fellow students in Rhetoric. She played the piano beautifully, and although her touch was much admired when I heard her last, yet it had improved since then. I must not forget to mention that she wore *rose-hairs* as usual.

The member of the class living in the same town with myself, I see daily. She does not like chocolates any better than formerly. Two members I have yet to tell about. One is a teacher in the town where I reside. She is said to be very competent, especially in teaching her pupils the *art* of writing compositions. Her training on the staff of the HUM has probably made her efficient in that branch. The other young lady is also teaching, but in a different capacity, as she has a large class in vocal culture.

This completes the number in our illustrious Rhetoric Class of '94. Hoping this will be interesting to your readers, and wishing you and them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

I remain

Yours sincerely,

NOWHERE, 1904.

ALLISON.

#### CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

BY MAY.

Winter has come again, bringing its many messages—of sorrow to some, of joy to others.

To a poor little boot black as, shivering with cold, he sat on a door step waiting for someone to stop for "a shine," its message was all of sorrow. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, but he thought was a far from happy one to him. The holiday season, when the streets were thronged with busy buyers, only made his trade the less flourishing. The people had no time to think of him, and rudely pushed him aside as though he were of no account.