

Divinity Hall.

THE majority of the sage and sober men of our General Assembly are showing their soundness of heart and head by preparing to visit "the old folks at home." The Divinity has learned that staying in the city for the holidays is a dismal failure. To begin with, it is depressing to see the other fellows packing their grips and departing as if they had not a care in the wide world. Added to this is the horror of Christmas Day, which is nearly always a hopeless failure when spent away from home. Then who has the will to study when the classes are not going on and the examinations are still "a great way off"? So the wise divinity girds up his loins, taking good care to leave behind all books that suggest Calvinism or Armenianism, or predestination or regeneration, or Sateriology or Biblical Criticism, or any one of the dozen or so of the controversies which have haunted his dreams for the past months. For a couple of weeks he will be a boy again, and if there is any fun to be had amid old associations, or anything good in the family larder, he will claim his share and return to his work rested in mind and body and ready to tackle anything that the powers that be may have in store.

But the quiet rest and recreation that come with Christmas are not the only advantages that come with the mid-session vacation. Perhaps a greater advantage is that which comes from learning that student life is only one phase of the great, stirring, joyous world life. College life has opportunities so great and varied that one need not be surprised if an earnest student comes to think that student life is the only, if not the most real life. In fact, the student who regards "the plain man" in a somewhat patronizing way, has not yet been gathered to his fathers. The student, however, who will listen carefully to the Yule-tide music will not make any such mistake. The spirit of liberality inducing one to give till his last cent is gone, and yet leaves one feeling rich; the fact that everyone, rich or poor, throws dull care aside and goes in for one day's joyous living, suggest in the most powerful way that all are sharers in a common life. A man may isolate himself from the world and say contemptuous things about "the masses," but he will find that the sun will still rise and set, that there will be marriage and giving in marriage whether he gives his consent or not, while he will soon find himself left behind and referred to as "that queer so-and-so."

So we put our books on the shelf and mingle gladly with those whom we have almost forgot-

ten for a while, so busy have we been with those who sought to show us the significance of the life of Him without whom there is no Christmas and very little worth living for.

Verse and Rhyme.

TO J. B.

Thanks, old man, you're awfully kind.
In the race for a medal were you left behind
By a pale-faced girl whose pies were a fake,
Who couldn't watch turkeys, or puddings bake,
Who dished up cinders and called it cake?
Yours surely then is a pitiful case
To be beat (and well beat) in this hard-fought-for race
By a girl with a lean, and withered face.
We tender our sympathy, "nice old man,
Who has heard, and seen, and felt, and thought,
And knows in a general way what's what."

Alas, my friend, you're behind the times,
In bygone ages, in other climes,
Such heroes as you would flourish, no doubt.
It's a long while since such a "dreamer" got out,
To regale our readers with his harmless "spout."
We thought the pie-business was long since dead,
Gone to the garret with the "mother-in-law bread,"
And the "new wife's buns," always heavy as lead.
We've heard it all before, old friend,
The arguments brilliant, and without end,
And all your eloquence doth to them lend
No whit of originality, "Nice old man,
Who has heard, and seen, and felt, and thought,
And knows in a general way what's what,"

Your "physical wants" to you are supreme,
'Tis a pity—but, selfish one, do not dream
That a girl with a mind like a broadening stream,
Will stand at ebb, will stay at home,
Will leave her "higher wants" alone,
While you to learning's fount may roam;
Will bake you pies, and cook you fowl,
Not so, "nice old man,
Who has heard, and felt, and seen, and thought,
And knows in a general way what's what."

The College girl has come to stay,
Alas for you—all must give way
To her keener wit, you've had your day,
"The home realm's unqueened since she went to College."
Then king it yourself—she seeks higher knowledge.
Besides, old man,—this is point three—
Did you ever consider that this graceless "she"
Can, and has, and will make pies;
She learned it long since, ere her "tear-dimmed" eyes
Drove you to your pen, ah! luckless day!
She can cook a dinner fit for a queen,
And the lamplight as tenderly sheds its gleam
As though she knew aught of philosophy.
And withal she serves up, in judicious measure.