

As we want our little lads; as well as our older friends, to take advantage of this feature of our journal, the third prize will be open only to those under fifteen years of age, and will be awarded to the boy under that age who obtains the highest number of marks during the six months.

In deciding the respective merits of the papers sent to us, consideration will be given, not only to the knowledge of the subject displayed, but to legibility of the writing, accuracy of spelling and intelligibility of expression.

The following instructions must be adhered to:

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks do so on separate paper.

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at a rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. The envelope should be endorsed "MS. only," and addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

Do not send two months' papers together.

The papers on the topic selected for April must be posted not later than 20th March; those on the topic for May not later than April 20th, and so on each month.

A paper or essay must not contain more than 500 words. It need not necessarily reach this limit but it must not exceed it.

We will publish each month one or two, or more, of the papers received. We shall also be pleased to receive and publish short contributions from our friends on subjects other than those included in our syllabus; but these, of course, will not be included in the work for which the prizes are given.

Remembering our determination not to attempt too much at once, we will select topics for April and May upon which we think most of our friends can write intelligently and interestingly without much previous preparation. We give a choice of two subjects for each month.

TOPICS.

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| For
April. | { "What I remember of my Native
Land,"
OR
"What I have Seen and Done in
Canada." |
| | |
| For
May. | { "The Kind of Books I like to Read;
and Why."
OR
"The Part of my Work I like Best;
and Why." |
| | |

The information necessary for the intelligent treatment of any one of the above topics lies, for the main part, in a boy's own knowledge of himself. The more he has been accustomed to exercise his powers of observation the more easily will he be able to enlist the interest of others.

He will have a number of thoughts ready to be communicated to others; and it is in the communication of thoughts or information that the art of composition plays such a prominent part.

"Clear thinking must precede correct writing," is a maxim which should be laid well to heart. It is impossible to convey to others thoughts which have not assumed a finished and definite form in our own minds.

This being so it follows as a matter of course that the merit of a sentence, as the conveyer of information, depends upon two things—the choice of words and the arrangement of words.

Both in the choice and arrangement of words, the aim should be to ensure three things, *clearness, force, and grace*. A very important aid to clearness of expression is punctuation. The simple rules governing the use of the comma, period, colon and semi-colon, which were learned at school should be kept fresh in the memory. Many fine sentences are often marred and their real meaning rendered obscure, except after diligent study by the reader, owing to the misuse or lack of one or two commas. A short sentence of two or three lines, composed of carefully selected words and properly punctuated will frequently convey more information, and make a more durable impression, than a paragraph of six or seven sentences thrown together without much regard for anything other than the writer's desire to use many words of many syllables.

We will not now deal in detail with the numerous other points which arise when glancing, however cursorily, at the requirements of the art of composition, and which must be always borne in mind if really satisfactory results are to be obtained. We will take up these from time to time in subsequent issues, but we would add to what we have already said, a reminder of the necessity of avoiding needless repetition either of ideas or words. A sentence in which this occurs at once becomes heavy and clumsy like the gait of a man trying to walk on stilts instead of being content with the legs nature provided.

The terrible massacres which are taking place in Armenia, and the refusal of England and other European powers to interfere by force of arms, which we have alluded to on another page, are the theme of some of the most powerful verses which have been written in the English language in recent years. They are from the pen of William Watson, one of the leading poets of the day, and who, it was expected by many, would be appointed Poet Laureate of England, a position which has recently been bestowed upon Alfred Austin. Upon the average Englishman the effect of reading William Watson's poem, which is entitled "The Purple East," will be an unpleasant sensation, largely one of regret and shame that the need for such a scathing denunciation and such stirring pleading ever existed.

THE PURPLE EAST.

Never, O craven England, nevermore
Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
Betrayed of a People, know thy shame!
Summer hath passed, and Autumn's threshing-floor
Been winnowed; Winter at Armenia's door
Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and flame
Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same
Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
And the red stream thou might'st have stanch'd yet
runs;
And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
Abdul the Damned on his infernal throne.

You in high places; you that drive the steeds
Of empire; you that say unto our hosts
"Go thither," and they go; and from our coasts
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
Shaking the world: lo! from the land that pleads
For mercy—here no mercy is, the ghosts
Look in upon you faltering at your posts—
Upbraid you parleying while a People bleeds
To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
Only on faith foresworn securely stand?

On faith foresworn that murders babes and men?
Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!
Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
For burial; and the butchers keep high state
In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
The panther of the desert, matched with these,
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,
Fire and plague-wind are compassionate,

And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas,
How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown, that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

England's prowess and greatness have at all times proved a prolific theme around which poets have woven verses as stirring and forceful as those of Watson, without the lashing which the latter administers. These patriotic poems possess an added force of attraction in these days of war rumours, and when nation after nation exercises all its ingenuity to demonstrate that the power of England is on the wane—the wish being father of the thought—and goes as far as it dare in seeking to lower the prestige and weaken the influence of the "little isolated island." Foremost among the names of England's patriotic verse writers is that of Eliza Cook, who received a pension from the English Government in 1864. Of all the many patriotic poems the muse of Eliza Cook gave to her country, none has moved her countrymen more deeply, or will do through ages to come, than her three verses "The Red Cross of England."

THE RED CROSS OF ENGLAND.

Old England! thy name shall yet warrant thy fame,
If the brow of the foeman should scowl;
Let the Lion be stirred by too daring a word,
And beware of his echoing growl!
We have still the same breed of the man and the steed
That wore nobly our Waterloo wreath;
We have more of the blood that formed Inkerman's
flood,
When it poured in the whirlpool of Death;
And the foeman will find neither coward nor slave
'Neath the Red Cross of England—the flag of the
brave.

We have jackets of blue, still as dauntless and true
As the tars that our Nelson led on;
Give them room on the main and they'll show us again
How the Nile and Trafalgar were won.
Let a ball show its teeth, led a blade leave its sheath,
To defy the proud strength of our might,
We have iron mouthed guns, we have steel-hearted
sons,
That will prove how the Britons can fight.
Our ships and our sailors are kings of the wave,
'Neath the Red Cross of England—the flag of the
brave.

Though a tear might arise in our women's bright eyes,
And a sob choke the fearful "Good-bye,"
Yet those women would send lover, brother, or friend,
To the war-field, to conquer or die!
Let the challenge be flung from the braggart's bold
tongue,
And that challenge will fiercely be met;
And our banner unfurled shall proclaim to the world
That "there's life in the old dog yet."
Hurrah! for our men on the land or the wave,
'Neath the Red Cross of England—the flag of the
brave.

WAITING FOR MORE.

Our query of last month, "Where are the nine?" has been answered by some of the missing ones who have sent in their dollars to be forwarded to Dr. Barnardo to help forward his work in England, and subjoined is a list of the donations which have been received during the month. We cannot say that our expectations have been realized, but we are not without hope that next month we shall be called upon to publish a larger list. We would just remind those from whom we have not yet heard of an old Latin tag, which, translated, says, "He gives twice who gives quickly." George Careis, \$3.00; Samuel T. Deanes, \$1.00; Walter Dickason, \$1.00; Charles W. A. Fulbrook, \$1.00; William Hull, \$1.00; Walter Hailstone, 75c.; John B. King, \$1.00; Hy. W. Lednor, \$1.00; A. D. Powrie, \$1.00; Charles H. Phillips, \$1.00; Arthur Ranson, \$1.00; Jos. W. Scott, \$1.00; William Sage, \$1.00; William G. Smlth, \$1.00; William. T. Woollard, \$1.00; Henry White, \$1.00.