

each amusing incident, which would, at another time, cause only a passing smile. Then follow the dancing, the skating, the drives in the nipping winter air to the music of the sleigh-bells, over the sparkling snow twinkling in the moonlight. Some favoured few have coasting-parties and nothing is more exhilarating than to fly over the snow—down—down—only half seeing as you coast along under the shadows of the trees but the seeming peril is only trifling. Perhaps there is an upset and for a moment you are buried in the flying snow, but you quickly rise and help your partner to her feet—laugh merrily over the incident, and ascend for another flying journey. The New Year grants a moment, in the hours of gaiety, for some sober thought—when one may look back and see what has been effected. Each act bears fruit according to its purpose—if its object were nothing it has accomplished nothing, and yet each act, one of many with a steady purpose, goes to form the action which will bring success. So we would advise our readers to take no half measures in making their holiday plans, and we wish each and all of them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

#### ARIES VERBERANS.

With terriers behind, and terriers before,  
 And terriers all 'round, and terriers galore,  
 Arrayed in mountain suit, one Sunday morn  
 A gentleman stepped forth to brave the storm;  
 But such a storm as this he did not think to find,  
 While out in Poplar Plains, attack him from behind.

With whiskers on his chin, and whiskers on his sides,  
 And whiskers on his back, and bravery besides,  
 And armed with crooked horns and head of iron—that day  
 A venerable goat set out the self-same way.  
 The man he saw before—the dogs he saw them too—  
 And straightway down the road on a wild charge he flew.

The charge was true as any knight's, and in the rear  
 It caught the trousers of the mountain suit, in full career.  
 Then in the road a struggling heap was seen;  
 A man, a goat—and terriers in between,  
 While tugging at the legs and tugging at the foot  
 Of that poor goat, gave time to gain secure retreat.

Secure it was—not long—as at the sholt'ring gate  
 The ram, enraged, charged down with overpowering hate;  
 It then gave way, and round the neighb'ring trees

The dogs pursued the goat, the goat the man, who  
 flow;  
 Until, at shouts for help, a roaring youth appears,  
 Who scarcely can assist for laughter and for tears.

At length by feats of skill and careful management,  
 The beast is got away, nor all his anger spent;  
 And p'rhaps it has been learned though one may Latin  
 know,  
 'To read of battering rams, and run them, thus, and so,  
 Are very different things; and when they're on a hunt  
 It's not always quite safe, of them to get in front.

#### THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

As we feel that the majority of the boys do not understand the object of the present system of managing the games, we purpose giving, as concisely as possible, the reason for the present condition of affairs.

A minority seem to be in favour of playing several games during any given season of the year, and as it is but right, that as far as possible, everyone should enjoy himself after his own fashion, it appears, at first sight, to be only just that these should be able to gratify their wish. Opposed to this, however, is the great principle of patriotism. We have ventured to use this term in reference to a boy's love for his College, and who will presume to deny that every sincere and manly boy does not love "his College" with his whole soul! And so, on account of their patriotism, the boys are asked to forego their natural inclination. Suppose for a moment that we were to support more than one game a term, a case might arise such as this: The best "Rugby" player might be a great lover of "Association." True, he excels at "Rugby," but he does not care so much for it as for the other game, and in consequence the football team and the College loses its best representative. It might be even worse. Suppose, two, three, or even four of our Rugby team were disposed to play "Association," our fifteen would be ruined and the firm reputation of U. C. C., won on many a hard-fought field, would be sacrificed to the pleasure of a few. Hence we conclude that we can have only *one game each term* to make one game a success. That the game each term is the particular game it is, arises from public opinion outside the College and over which we have no control. We can only show that U. C. C. can, and will, excel in any manly sport which may be popular. The