

And what on earth is Number?  
Who can tell?  
It is plainly not the chalk-box, and the  
ruler, and the Bell.  
No, these are but aggregations  
Which exemplify relations  
Which arise out of sensations,  
How—I cannot tell.

Is it Rational, Empirical, or otherwise?  
Ah! well—  
I rejoice that I have never yet  
Been called upon to tell.  
It was plainly not designed  
To be innate in the mind.  
I don't know how it's defined,  
It's a sell!

Hear once again that Bell,  
Everlasting Bell!  
What a world of solemn thought  
In us it must compel,  
For it says "Exams. are near  
And you don't get out of here  
If your mind's not pretty clear  
On the Bell."

Oh it's dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!  
And I feel a clammy sweat  
When I think of all the pages  
There are in that Book yet.  
There's no use expostulating, with a deaf  
and frantic ire,  
Oh! how it would rejoice me just to  
Pitch it in the fire.  
But with resolute endeavor  
Now—now—to pass or never  
I'll my connection sever  
With the Bell.

AN OLD N. C. GRADUATE.

\*With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.

## The Oratorical and Literary Contest.

The annual Normal College oratorical and literary contest took place on the evening of May 4th, in the Assembly Hall of the Collegiate Institute. Owing to the late date on which the contest was announced, many of the students, who might otherwise have entered the lists for honor, felt that they could not spare the time from their studies. In spite of this fact, however, and the comparatively small number present, the contest was very enjoyable, and the audience expressed themselves as well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Ballard made a most genial

chairman, and opened the proceedings by calling upon Miss Stock, one of the Collegiate Institute students, for a piano solo.

The first oration was delivered by Mr. Reid, who dealt with his subject in a way well calculated to make every listener feel that with more Canadians of Mr. Reid's stamp, with more of his eloquent argument, his quiet, impressive address in this Canada of ours, we, as a nation, would rise to the dignity that our hearty well-wisher and pleader desired.

Mr. Pirie's rendering of the pretty Scotch song "Mary" called forth an applause that doubtless would have demanded an encore had such a thing not been contrary to the rules of the evening. As it was, Mr. Ramsay's oration on "The South African war" soon recalled attention to the actual business in hand. The speaker's manner was marked by energy, and his sentences by a force that at times was almost Carlylean. For example, such an expression as "until the black man has a soul" obtained a particularly tenacious hold on the memory.

A delightful variety in the programme was provided for by Miss Lick's vocal solo, after which Mr. Willis spoke on the "Psychology of Art." His speech was marked by careful thought, and was delivered in a way that left on the audience an impression of quiet reserve power and an artistic mind.

Mr. Smith's "Marching for the Dear Old Country" completed the musical part of the programme, and was followed by Mr. Wren's patriotic address on "Sir Isaac Brock." The story of our hero's life was told graphically and well. The dramatic intensity of feeling displayed in the voice, the gestures, and the very attitude of the body, was an indication of no mean oratorical ability on the part of the speaker.

Whilst the judges in oratory were reaching their decision the attention of the audience was called to the