

take for instance the bed chamber of a child suffering from the measles, and behold the walls covered with bright poems in honor of Sakia-Numi. Or, again, that no less characteristic feature the furious onslaught of Shoki, a guardian spirit ever busy chasing from the country all mischievous elfs, which onslaught, half serious, half comic, is always pictured in red. It is believed that color is opposed to the baneful influence of any malady. A Japanese laughs at everyone and at everything, god, friend, neighbor or stranger.

The children have a literature of their own, entirely devoted to themselves, small books beautifully illustrated, the work of first-class artists, such as Hoku-Sai. These have intended their illustrations exclusive-

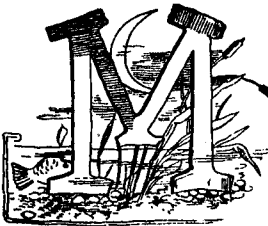
ly for the gratification of the young, have had them engraved under their personal supervision adorning them with the most delicate designs and the brightest colors.

Mothers then bid their children make copies of these with all that precision required in the transcription of Chinese characters, so complicated and so exactly harmonizing with man's interior emotions.

For centuries the Japanese people have held and revered their traditions, based on reflection, on the knightly sentiment of love, or the prevailing respect for a kindly aristocracy. And who is the soul of this wonderful method of education? The mother. Her breast, her heart, her brain, all belong to her little children.

(Translated for *The Owl*.)

### A GLIMPSE OF CHRISTMAS IN THE COLLEGE.



MERRY as is the season of Christmas when spent at home, no less glad some is it when celebrated within the walls of our Alma Mater.

There exists a prejudice, however, in favor of passing this hour of mirth and cheerfulness beside the genial family hearth—a prejudice which is gotten rid of only after its victim has tasted the sweet enjoyments of a college Christmas, and has been initiated into a full participation of the peculiar festivities and merry-makings which brighten the duller side of student life. For not in hanging up stockings, eating turkey and plum-puddings, or in indulging in frequent potations of twenty-year old Falernian, does pleasure pure and unadulterated consist; but rather in witnessing the radiant smiles that play about the lips and light up the countenances of others, and in feeling that there beats a responsive cord in the hearts of our companions, which vibrates in perfect unison with our own.

'Tis Christmas Eve! and where is there a soul so dead to the stirring influences of the dazzling visionary world that will not awaken from her drowsy lethargy at the very thought of approaching pleasures, which this day, above all others, is fitted to inspire? For, great and all-absorbing as may be the enjoyments actually experienced on Christmas day itself, far more enchanting do they appear when viewed through imagination's magnifying lens, on the eve of this beautiful festival.

This fact accounts for the lively spirit displayed by the students on Christmas Eve. Every corner is lit up with beaming faces; every hall and corridor re-echoes with bursts of merry laughter. All petty animosities that may have rankled in the bosoms of some few youths at variance with each other for a time, are now consumed by the fire of charity, lighted up by the warm sentiments that prevail at this season. All past offences are forgiven and forgotten in this moment of reconciliation and mutual well-wishing.

Addresses expressive of respect, esteem and gratitude, are read by most of the