

viction that such games are more brutalizing than bull-fights has done much toward restraining and even stopping such exhibitions. It is not too much to say that the best Christian public sentiment is utterly and forever opposed to them, and that they are only less harmful educationally than they are morally.

It is, of course, an added objection that the various athletic games, as soon as they are drawn into the professional maelstrom, become agencies for the development of the spirit of gambling that threatens to pervert and debase and ruin every means of recreation and enjoyment.

The following editorial from *The Speaker* (London), will indicate the feeling on this subject in Rugby—where the great Arnold once led the students in brain-athletics:

"Rugby football may be said to have en-

tered upon a new phase in its history. At the meeting of the Rugby Union on Thursday, a very stringent code of rules against professionalism in any shape or form was unanimously passed. The members of the newly-formed Northern Union were declared professionals, and all clubs forming the Rugby Union were forbidden to play with or against them. Mr. Rowland Hill, in a few impassioned remarks, mentioned the intense satisfaction he had felt when, some seasons ago, he found the game taking a firm hold on the affections of the working classes of the country. Originally started by the public schools, he had watched its development with the greatest interest, and deep and bitter had been his disappointment when he found that a movement—initiated by men who ought to have known better—was on foot to pay men for playing the game. The so-called payment for 'broken time' would not last very long, and he warned those who were tempted to neglect their legitimate occupation to play football that, when their playing days were over, work would not be found for them by those who now lured them away from their employment. Of course, the movement is at present only in its infancy, and it is impossible even to guess what developments may be in store for the game; but it is earnestly to be hoped that the amateur element will very largely prevail, and thus prevent one of the finest of our national games from being degenerated into a mere professional pursuit. The fate of professional sculling and prize-fighting should be a sufficient warning of what might be expected were this to be the case."

BLUE MONDAY.

Native Wit.

THE war had been over a number of years. One day, in a certain city, a former master and former slave met. The master was glad to meet his old servant, and after exchanging greetings he asked: "How much of a family have you?" The answer came: "I hab de ole 'oman, tree boy, and tree gal." "A nice family, indeed—a wife and six children," said the former master. "Well I am glad to see you again; and I must do something for you. Come with me into the store and get what you want, and I will pay for it." They went into the store, and approaching the merchant, Mr. T. said: "This is my old servant; I haven't seen him for a good many years, and I must do something for him. Let him have whatever he calls for and I'll foot the bill."

The store-keeper turned to Uncle Ike and said, "Well, what will you have?" He replied: "One pair shoe fur de ole'oman an' de tree gal." "What else?" "One pair shoe fur me an' de tree boy." "Anything else?" "A dress fur de ole 'oman an' de tree gal." "What next?" "Suit ob jeans fur me an' de tree boy." And thus he gave his orders until he had filled his large crocus sack with articles for his humble home. Then his friend said: "Well, if you have got all you want, let us go next door and take a drink together, in remembrance of old times."

Here Uncle Ike was again introduced, and drink was ordered. After the beverage had been poured out, the "master" said: "Now, Uncle Ike, you must give me a toast."

"Massa, I can't say no toas'."

"But you must, Ike."

"Massa, I don't know no toas'; I can't say no toas'."

Finally the facetious Mr. T. said, "Well then, I'll say one, and you must say one after me." He raised his glass and exclaimed: "Here's to your wife and all your children, may you live long, and when you die may you go straight to the 'Old Boy.'"

Uncle Ike bowed low and said, "Tank ye, Massa; dat's berry good." Then raising his glass and without hesitation he responded: "De same to ye, Massa, yer wife, an' all yer chilluns!"

It was a case of toasting the "toaster!"

CHARLESTON, S. C.

G. C. R.

French English.

The difficulties of the English language are well illustrated in a story recently told of three French boys who were doing Shakespeare into English from their French versions. When they came to the line from "Hamlet," "To be, or not to be," the three translations came out as follows: "To was or not to am;" "To were or is to not;" "To should or not to will."