

or no bodily exercise, except for the 'lock-step' walks, up and down the boards, or on the cinder paths.

To undergo the strain of prolonged mental labor, we must make the body fit to cope with the conditions in which it is found. Students as a class work prodigiously with their brains, and utterly neglect all bodily exercises, and they expect to escape the consequences of this neglect. It is by reason of this principle that men who do no physical work have poor appetites. In contrast to these are those who take much physical exercise, they eat largely (no personal allusions) and are benefited by their food, because there is previous need manifested by sharp appetite. Energy comes from food only when it has been assimilated. To get energy we must give out energy. Therefore, when the time comes for Physical Culture Class, go at it with a vim; don't fool or play at it; but work and work hard; and the natural vigor of the system, much augmented by the hard regular exercise, easily forms more than enough energy to meet the next expenditure, and increases the blood's nutrition power.

As to the amount of work necessary on exercising days, that will depend entirely upon the strength and endurance of the subject. A safe rule is to discontinue for a few moments any exercise as soon as the muscles become too tired to perform it vigorously.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Every week we feel more and more indebted to the "Catholic Record" and the "Catholic Register" for giving us such gems of the world's best thought and such interesting notes on current literary events as are contained in "The Reader's Corner," "The Bookworm," "On Sun-crowned Heights," and "Chats by the Fireside." They are elevating and inspiring. Would that they replaced the comic? supplements of the secular journals!

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February 10th was the eleventh anniversary of the death of Archibald Lampman, perhaps Canada's sweetest poet. Incomplete indeed would be the Anthology of Canadian Poetry which did not accord him a position of honour. Since much of his choicest verse appeared originally in "The Owl," and its successor, "The Review," we take the liberty of re-printing one of his beautiful poems.