

character of us mortals," we share in the longing of the boy who sees the lights of London gleaming in the distance "and his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then, underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

Men, my brothers; men, the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

The force of enthusiasm acts in the direction of the practical. There is a second and stronger force that comes to its aid. The bread and butter question must be solved before Idealism of any kind is possible in any degree. And above and beyond these, is the third great force of the spirit of the age, of this hard-fisted, buying and selling nineteenth century, which demands something that is of market value, that can be turned into dollars and cents.

The only counteracting force is that dose of idealism our student life has given us. Which is to prove the stronger, motor impulse, plus necessity, plus the spirit of the age, or the mustard seed of faith in ideals? How far are we to be one of the "Men, my brothers, men, the workers"? How far to espouse the life of contemplation, and hug to us Wordsworth's lines:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Says Olive Schremer: "It is a question whether it were not better to be the shabbiest of fools and know the way up the stair of imagination to the land of dreams, than the wisest of men who see nothing that the eyes do not show, and feel nothing that the hands do not touch." We answered that question long ago. Our problem is not whether the student is not happier to have the back stair, but how much time ought he to spend in climbing it, when there is dinner to get in the kitchen, or kindling waiting for the splitting out in the woodshed.

M. Taine sneers at the practical Englishman "who wants the newspaper to suggest a resolution." I take refuge in the implication contained in the sneer, and infer that M. Taine who is a great critic, and whose judgment may therefore be relied upon in such matters, would not consider it necessary, for an article in the *O. N. C. Christmas Magazine* to suggest a resolution—wherefore mine does not.



The December Men.

BY A. C. BERNATH.

A RATHER unique feature of the O. N. C. class of 97-98, and one which according to recently adopted regulations will not be repeated, is the presence of a body of students known as "The December Men," who, on account of previous attendance at The Normal School, are eligible for the final examination at the end of the present session. They number in all about twenty, and by the time this appears from the press will have made their attempt "to go up and possess the land." Those of them who are impressed with the shortness of life, and delight in the motto—"veni vidi vici"—will hail success with open arms; those who appreciate the value of intellectual training and culture, and despise the utilitarian maxim which says that "time is money to the poor," may solace themselves in the day of adversity, and if unable to greet defeat with a smile of welcome, at least do so without bitterness. And no doubt all, whether victors or vanquished, will retain pleasant memories of their intercourse with the people of Hamilton, and from their college work carry away much that is inspiring and beneficial.

Added to these considerations which have aided in making the stay of these students enjoyable to them, it is fitting to refer to a kindred