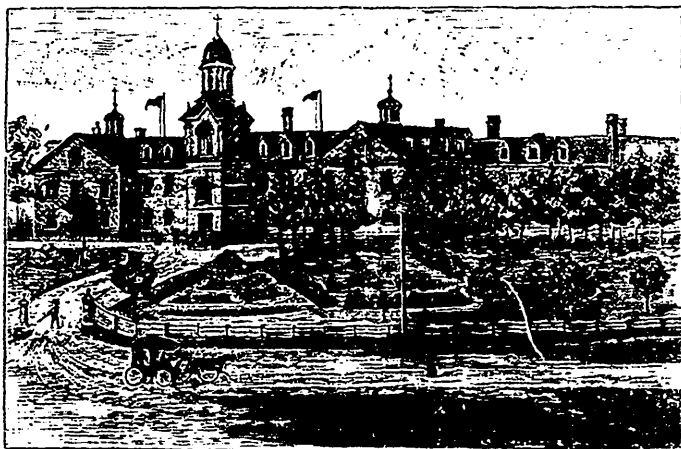


Christmas

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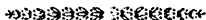
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Antigonish, N. S.

1900

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VOL. V. ANTIGONISH, N. S., CHRISTMAS, 1900. No. 3

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EDITORIAL.

“The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid ; the earth is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.”

CHRISTMAS VACATION. The day a student enters college in September, if he be home-sick or lonely he consoles himself by looking forward to the Christmas vacation and calculating how long before he can start for home. In a few days' time we shall be on our way to spend this joyful season with our families. This season of Christmas was one of joy and festivity with our forefathers, and although during many years it was considered by certain zealots as savoring too much of Catholicism, yet to-day it is growing more and more a season for genuine happiness in which everyone is animated with a feeling of kindness and goodwill towards all. No matter how homelike college life

is, no matter how friendly we are with our companions, we still long for home and are always joyful at the prospect of returning thither. To the Student wending his way towards the parental roof we would say: Enjoy yourself thoroughly and prepare for the hard work of the winter months. Recreate and rest.

**CLOSING OF
THE CENTURY.**

Many and bitter have been the disputes about the time of the closing of the 19th century and volumes have been written on this subject, but we believe the general opinion to-day is that on Jan. 1st, 1901, the twentieth century will have begun and the 19th will have run its course. No one can deny that this century has been one of great men and great deeds, and comparing it with those gone before, we cannot help giving it the name of *great*. But with all its greatness and progress it closes as it began, in war and bloodshed. When the peace delegates met at The Hague, many began to hope that the century would close in universal peace, but far different indeed is its closing. And we ask ourselves what will future generations say of us when, having perused the lengthy documents of the Hague Conference, they turn to read the history of the last three years of the 19th century. Looking ahead we can see but little chance of peace within the next few months. Africa is practically subjugated, but what of China and the Philippines? Thus there is every chance of beginning the twentieth century as its predecessor was begun—with a war in which all the nations of the earth will be involved.

**JUBILEE
YEAR.**

The general intention of the Apostleship of Prayer blessed by the Holy Father for December is "The Jubilee." On Christmas eve the *Anno Santo* will close at Rome and the Jubilee will be extended to the whole world. It were too long to treat of the origin, privileges, etc., of the Jubilee in this column, but we intend to say more

in a later issue. Nevertheless a few words may not be amiss. For a few centuries after the first Jubilee proclamation it was necessary in order to gain the indulgences to make the journey to Rome and visit her basilicas. Since the time of Alexander VI. it has been the custom of the Sovereign Pontiffs to extend the Jubilee to the whole world; and the present Holy Father, following in the footsteps of his predecessors, will on Christmas eve proclaim the indulgences to the Universal Church. The Holy Year has invariably been one of penance and prayer, and the coming year will be no exception. The Church at all times calls her children to do penance for their own sins and for the sins of others, but during the Jubilee year she exhorts them to still greater fervor. The innumerable crimes and scandals of the past century still cry to heaven for vengeance, and man has always need of penance and prayer. The members of the Apostleship of Prayer are called upon in a special manner to pray during the month of December for the success of the Jubilee, and God grant that their prayers be heard.

**CHRISTMAS
GREETING.**

Many and varied have been the Christmas strains since that first night when the Choirs of Angels sent forth their celestial *Glorias* and *Hosannas*. But none have so touched the hearts of men as that glorious cry: "Peace on earth, good will to men." When wishing the blessings of the Season to our Superiors and Professors, to our fellow-students and many friends we find none better to wish them than true peace of heart, and we join with the angels in singing: *Glory to God in the Highest and peace on earth to men of good-will.*

REMEMBER!

Before sending your Christmas presents, do not let the fact escape you that EXCELSIOR is looking for its contribution. Many of our subscribers find some difficulty in sending fifty cents. Why not double it? It would be doubly easy to send and doubly welcome to our desk. Remember that we need it.



IN MEMORIAM.

However glorious the death, however strongly in faith we hope that, through the merits of a Saviour devoutly worshipped, the soul, freed from the prison-house of the body, reposes in the bosom of Abraham, yet who but mourns the surcease of mortal life in one endeared to him? And the death of Very Rev. Dr. Quinan, which occurred at Montreal on the 3rd inst., has cast a pall of sorrow not only over the home where the remarkable talent and virtue of his youth gave promise of a grand career, not only over the diocese whose interests he had so much at heart, and for whose welfare he so assiduously labored, but, in fact over the whole of Canada where his ability and pious zeal have been recognized by Catholics and Protestants alike.

What must have been his career at Laval University where he received his education may well be inferred from the fact that, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his ordination, that institution, so careful to give honor only where honor is due, surprised his modesty, but not those who knew his ability, by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*.

And his appointment as Vicar-General of the diocese was a fitting recognition of his successful pastorate, his earnest, fruitful labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

Talis vita, finis ita; and our consolation in the loss of so eminent a churchman is the hope that he who lived without an enemy, died in the full friendship of God and was received at the Throne on High with a "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Lux perpetua luceat ei.

FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

The annual triduum in honour of St. Francis Xavier began on Friday evening November 30th. The students entered upon these services with unusual zeal and devotion.

In the College chapel the altar showed the work of deft fingers and devoted hearts. The Sisters of St. Martha set about the Tabernacle a perfect fairyland of beauty.

On the three evenings of the triduum the chapel was filled with a devoted throng of students and townspeople. The former who are directly under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier naturally look upon these devotions as some of the most important on the calendar ; the latter congregated to do homage to this great saint and obtain many special blessings.

The singing of the Coliege choir surpassed that of former years. The sweet strains of the Litany were particularly inspiring, and much credit is reflected on the reverend director, Dr. H. Macpherson. On the vigil of the feast the students approached the Sacrament of Penance and on Saint Francis Xavier's day received Holy Communion. Pontifical High Mass was sung by His Lordship Bishop Cameron, assisted by Rev. Dr. Thompson as a deacon, Rev. R. Macdonald as Sub-deacon and Rev. H. D. Barry as master of ceremonies. Rev. D. C. Gillis preached the following sermon :

My Lord, Rev. Fathers, and Friends :

To-day it is proper that we should make some reflections suggested by a study of the life of St. Francis Xavier. Such a saint as St. Francis, it is true, is beyond us. Of this a glance at his life convinces us at once. If we seek the cause, we shall find it in the manner in which he fulfilled a sublime mission. St. Thomas of Aquin teaches that the grace given us by God is in proportion to the dignity of the mission we have to accomplish in life. This principle has been adopted by theologians generally. From it it follows that St. Francis Xavier received far more than an ordinary share of grace. What use he made of it, we may learn from his life. The merit of St. Francis before God altogether depends upon the use he made of the grace given him. And what is true of

St. Francis is true of us all. We all have our mission in this life. We get a proportionate amount of grace to fulfil it, and our favour with God, the treasures we lay up for ourselves in Heaven, will depend upon the use we now make of that grace. So then, when a saint, especially a wonderful saint such as St. Francis Xavier was, is presented to our view, we may, with profit and interest, study and reflect upon his life—see, as far as may be, the causes that influenced him to make such an excellent use of the grace of God as to enable him to attain such sublime heights of sanctity, for the causes that worked so well for him would doubtless act upon ourselves in a similar manner if we would give them a fair trial.

Well, then, in order to see what those causes were, let us take up his life. We shall find him in early manhood a brilliant student of the University of Paris. He had come from Spain. Though young (he was only 18 years of age), he soon became distinguished. His vigorous intellect enabled him to compete successfully with the brightest minds that he met. He was, however, full of the world. Nobody would dream that he would become what he was in after years. The turning of his career he owed to a remarkable man who was at that time at the university—I mean St. Ignatius Loyola.

Ignatius, at that time, was revolving in his mind a great idea which afterwards assumed practical shape—the idea of forming a company to work for the interests of religion. He saw what Francis Xavier was, and resolved, if possible, to win him over to his side. Xavier had talent, he had learning, but more sanctity was needed. So, Ignatius artfully went to work, and by perseverance succeeded in getting Xavier to think and consult. Then the grace of God did its work in the soul of Xavier. The upshot of it all was that shortly after, in 1534, Francis Xavier united himself with several others, and under St. Ignatius, formed an organization which was the beginning of the Society of Jesus. The following year he performed the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, and performed them so well that his mind was day and night taken up with contemplation of heavenly things.

These meditations sunk deep into his soul, and so changed him that the humility of the cross appeared to him more amiable than all the glories of the world. During that retreat, which he finished with a general confession made with the most profound sentiments of compunction, he formed a resolution to employ his whole life for the salvation of souls. From that moment his life was one continual scene of heroic virtue and wonderful deeds until that December day of 1552, when God called him from the coast of Siam to Heaven, there to enjoy the fruits of his labours forever.

This passage in the life of St. Francis is interesting and instructive. It shows the great change the grace of God brings about in the soul of him who uses it well; and shows, too, how in fact that grace is obtained. The means used by St. Francis was prayer and meditation. My friends, that is the means we all must employ if we would be saved. It is the simple truth to say that, according to the disposition of Divine Providence, grace can be obtained by those who have attained the use of reason only by prayer and the sacraments. Without the sacraments, prayer is not sufficient, and, without prayer, we cannot worthily receive the sacraments.

You will observe that I take prayer in a general sense, that is, as a pious elevation of the soul to God. Taking prayer in that sense, we may easily see the meaning of St. Thomas where he tells us that whatever we do to the honour of God is true prayer, for without raising our minds to God, we can do nothing to His honour. Hence, then, if we strive to have the right intention and do all things for the glory of God, our life is one continual prayer, and we fulfil the command of God, always to pray. Thus we may change all our actions, capable of being so changed, into so many prayers, and our life becomes a life of constant prayer.

Prayer, then, with the sacraments, is the way to grace. True, we receive some graces from God independently of our prayers; but, as St. Augustine teaches, these graces consist in the inspiration to pray; or they are graces pertaining to faith which must precede all salutary prayer. Moreover, we cannot pray aright without divine aid. This aid or impulse

is given without the intervention of prayer. Then, we heed that impulse or we do not. If we heed it, then prayer is the result; if we heed it not, then we either reject or neglect the grace of God.

Here, then, lies the way to sanctity. By means of prayer, we worthily receive the sacraments, and advance accordingly on the road leading to perfection. St. Francis is a model for us here. He had recourse to prayer and the sacraments with the proper spirit. As a result he responded well to the grace given him for a sublime mission, and became one of the grandest figures in the Church of God. Behold, on the one hand, the proud Parisian student, and, on the other, the ardent missionary, labouring first among the poor of Venice, and afterwards in Rome while waiting patiently for the opportunity to embark for the Holy Land, to labour for the conversion of the infidel; and when his hope was not realized, embracing with joy the offer to go to India, to labour for the conversion of the infidel there. Behold him in that far-away land, from Goa to Malabar, from Malabar to Malacca, from Malacca to Japan, from Japan to China, labouring for ten and a half years for the conversion of the heathen, even quelling the winds and calming the waves, converting thousands, nay, tens of thousands, at times with language given him direct by God—behold all this and marvel at the greatness of our Saint, who thus, near our own time, rivalled the missionary labours of the Apostles themselves.

Such, then, was St. Francis. His greatness dazzles us while he presents himself to our view as a great hero of the cross, far removed from anything we could attain. Such a view certainly contains much truth, for St. Francis made excellent use of grace which was proportionate to a sublime mission. Such a mission cannot be the common lot of mortals. Still, each of us has a mission, and our sanctity will depend upon the use we make of the grace given us to fulfil it. If we would make the very best use of that grace, then we would be saints. It ought, therefore, to be helpful to bear in mind the means used by St. Francis. Whatever may be our lot in life, we ought to strive, like him, to live with a

practical conviction that we are always in the presence of God; we should consecrate to God whatever we say, do, or think, and the more we do that, the riper we become for Heaven.

It is reasonable that such a course should lead us to sanctity. It is the course prescribed by the natural law as well as revelation. The natural law bids us worship God. What does the worship of God imply? It implies that, by certain acts of our intellect and will, we acknowledge God's supreme dominion over us and our dependence on Him, acknowledge Him as our supreme Lord and sovereign benefactor. What is all this but prayer? The voice of God in revelation is equally clear. In Luke we read: "Pray lest ye enter into temptation." Mathew is still more pronounced: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you. For everyone that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

That language is clear, and can only mean that prayer has an infallible virtue. But, in order that prayer may have that efficacy, certain conditions must be verified. These conditions will appear in the sequel; at present, let us see how the promises of Christ were fulfilled in the case of St. Francis Xavier.

St. Francis, needless to say, prayed well, and his reward was great. In fact, the union of his soul with God, by holy prayer, raised him above the world. In deep meditation, he was often found, as ocular witnesses deposed, suspended in the air, with beams of glory round his countenance. Furthermore, miracles even, and many of them, attested his sanctity after death. You know that to show the sanctity of saints is one end of miracles. Well then, some time after St. Francis had died, his body, which remained incorrupt (and I believe remains so to the present day) was translated to Goa, and placed in the church of St. Paul there. On that occasion many blind persons recovered their sight, and others, who were sick with palsy and other disease, recovered their health and the use of their limbs. Moreover, many miracles, con-

fessed even by Protestants, were wrought, by his intercession, in several parts of the Indies and Europe. No wonder that Xavier was canonized by Gregory XV. in 1662 !

The other end of miracles is to convince unbelievers that a teacher of religious truth is what he professes to be, a messenger sent by God. The mission of St. Francis among the heathens was abundantly blessed with such proofs. Like the Apostles at Pentecost, he had the gift of tongues when he was in India, and afterwards in China. The miracles to prove his mission to teach were numerous and wonderful. Take, for example, the one that happened at Travancor in India. As our Saint was one day preaching there, he perceived that his discourse was almost fruitless. He at once asked the people to open the grave of a young man who had been buried the day before. He bade them observe that decomposition had already set in. Then, falling on his knees, he commanded, after a short prayer, the dead man, in the name of the living God, to arise. At these words the dead man arose not only living but in perfect health. Those present were struck with the evidence, and, falling on their knees, they asked for baptism.

The end of such miracles is manifest ; they proved that St. Francis was what he professed to be, a witness to the truth. But he wrought besides, wonderful miracles that seem to have for their direct end the demonstration of his own sanctity; at any rate, they bear only indirectly on his mission to teach. Take that extraordinary occurrence in the Straits of Ceylon, when St. Francis was on his way from Malacca to Japan. A furious storm arose. The sailors (they were Portuguese) gave themselves up as lost, when Xavier, coming out of the cabin, took the line and plummet, and, letting them down to the bottom of the water, pronounced these words : "Great God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, have mercy on us." At the same moment, the vessel stopped and the wind ceased. In the same category I would place also that wonderful miracle of bi-location that he performed on his way from Japan to China. On that occasion, too, a tempest arose. A shallop, containing 15 persons was separated from

the ship, and, of course, was given up as lost. St. Francis assured his companions in danger that the shallop would come back safe. That prediction was verified, for, after three days, the shallop appeared. All the time its passengers and mariners thought that they had Xavier with them, for they seemed to see him sitting at the helm steering.

Thus, then, was St. Francis rewarded for the good use he made of the grace of God. He is a great object lesson for us to study. All his greatness came from his fidelity to God in working out a great mission. If we imitate that fidelity, we also shall have our reward. Extraordinary graces, such as miracles, we need not look for. I do not mean, however, that such a grace would be absolutely beyond our reach; oh, no, our sanctity depends on how we use the grace of God. But it will suffice for us if we do our duty as Catholics, if we pray as we ought, and frequent the Sacraments. Then, in our care, too, the promise of Christ will be verified, and we "shall," in the words of the Psalmist, "be inebriated with the plenty of His house, and He shall make us drink of the torrent of His pleasure." God Himself, I say, promised that reward in answer to our prayers. I do not mean to say, however, that we can merit in a strict sense, the grace of final perseverance. That grace is altogether a free gift of God's mercy. God can, without any injustice, permit one who has lived a holy life, to fall through one's own fault, into grievous sin, and to die in that state. That is Catholic doctrine. Still, there is an infallible means by which we may secure it, and that means is prayer. So, St. Augustine teaches us that we can, in a looser sense, merit the grace of final perseverance, that is, obtain it by constant supplication. The pious and learned Suarez adds that he who prays will infallibly be saved. But is not all this after all contained in the promise of God Himself?

We must remember, however, as St. Thomas points out, that the promise of God relates to our own salvation. If we pray for a friend, for instance, it may happen that he puts such an obstacle in the way of his conversion that God cannot possibly hear our prayers in his behalf. Again, if we

ask for temporal blessings, the efficacy of our prayers is not certain, because it is doubtful whether the temporal blessings we ask for are conducive to our salvation. But if we do not get what we ask for, God will reward us in some other way if we have the right disposition.

Once more, it is self-evident that, in order to have that infallible efficacy promised by God, our prayers must have those qualities that make them pleasing to God. St. Thomas of Aquin lays down three such qualities chiefly, reverence, confidence, and perseverance. It is clear that an irreverent prayer would only be an insult to Almighty God. When we pray, our outward deportment should always give expression to our inward reverence towards the Divine Majesty. Our reverence is also shown by our attention and devotion. All wilful distractions must be avoided, we must fix our mind, as best we can, on the object of our prayer, and then, like the humble Publican of the Gospel, pray with a lively sense of our spiritual poverty and unworthiness. We must, finally, pray with confidence and perseverance.

Such, then, are the qualities of prayer that is pleasing to God. It is in answer to such prayers that God promised eternal salvation. If we wish, then, that our prayers have an infallible efficacy, we must pray with reverence, confidence, and perseverance. The reward of such prayers, we may be sure, shall be the grace of a happy death, crowned with everlasting bliss.

Here again let our glorious St. Francis Xavier be our model. Let us remember what he was, and what prayer made him. The memory of those beams of glory that shone round his countenance as he prayed should urge us on to pray with devotion. Wisdom dictates for us such a course. If we are wise, we will take thought as Francis Xavier did, and try to make the best use we can of the grace given us by God to fulfil our mission in this life. Then, in trials and troubles, we shall have some of the heavenly consolation that he felt. And what that consolation was we may gather from the scene of his death. Stricken with fever on the coast of Siam as he still revolved in his mind glorious projects to advance the Kingdom of Christ, though without worldly comfort, he was full of joy and peace of soul, looking forward, with a leaping heart, to the glorious vista of immortality that he was so soon to enter, and he passed away, murmuring those beautiful words of the Psalmist: *In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in aeternum.*

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas with its wealth of joys,
With the hearth-lights' ruddy glow,
With the merry, festive noise
And the laughter 'cross the snow.
Still we see the forms of yore
Lightly through our visions dance,
Acting their weird follies o'er
'Neath the glimmer of romance.

Circled 'round the noisy hearth,
By the roaring yule-fire lit,
Rev'lling in uproarious mirth,
Still our hoary fathers sit.
We can see the rafters bare,
We can taste the oak-steeped ale,
And as loud as any there,
Laugh a chorus to each tale.

We can hear the minstrel trill,
Distant sounding in our ears ;
See the aged minstrel still
Through the shadow of the years.
Stalks the singer's hero-knight,
Clad in mail, and battle-worn ;
Moves his lady-love as lithe
As the scrolled mist of morn.

O what charms are these that hide
In the peaceful Christmas hours,
Native to the Christmastide
As the fragrance to the flowers ?
Age derides his weakness now,
Avarice forgets his lust,
Constant Trade unbends his brow,
Beggars revel o'er a crust.

This the secret : long ago
 Sin had shrouded earth in night ;
 Wretched all, yet hoping on,
 Men did wait the promised Light.
 Such a time, traditions say,
 'Twixt the midnight and the morn,
 Broke o'er earth a brighter day : —
 Our Redeemer, Christ, was born !

So this season of the year
 (Hinting that great happiness)
 Brightens up the eye of care,
 Tempers sorrow and distress,
 Than o'er all the grateful earth
 Let men to the New-Born sing,
 He the Cause of all our mirth,
 Glory to the Infant King !

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae ;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae :
 The meanest lind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.—Burns

Though with the minutest care we should search and become acquainted with the traditions and folk-lore of every people, we could find no sadder, no more piteous story than the history of Mary, Queen of Scots. The record of the sufferings of some of the Roman Martyrs will, indeed, evoke our tears and rouse our indignation against the cruel heathens, but, study the life of the faithful, beautiful and heroic Mary Stuart and tell me then if you ever read a sadder story ?

History does not tell us of any royal family that suffered so many misfortunes, and yet held the throne so long, as did the Stuart Family. Excepting their illustrious predecessors, Bruce and Wallace, we know of none that fought more gallantly for the independence of their country than did the Jameses of Scotland, and fond tradition tells us that the Scottish kings were the models of chivalry when the pulse of chivalry was beating faintly in other lands. Were not the deaths of the two last Jameses indirectly due to putting their sentiments of chivalry into practice—the one being killed in battle and the other dying of a broken heart? And where was a better king than James I.? For he was good and great, considering the state of society of Scotland at the time he reigned; he too met with an unnatural death—being stabbed fifteen times in the cellar of his palace, where, one Christmas night he hid himself from the ruffians he heard coming to his bed-chamber. A very sad story is also told of James III. Wishing to personally see how justice was administered among his people, he travelled in disguise in many parts of his kingdom. One day he encountered a serious accident which compelled him to put up in a lowly dwelling by the wayside. He called for a priest to administer the Last Sacraments. A fanatic on the street, hearing the request, rushed in and left his dagger in the monarch's heart. So we may say that the sovereigns of this unhappy line were destined to have a history of which no parallel is written. And the unhappiest of them all and the most cruelly treated was a beautiful and virtuous woman.

From the earliest times England's rulers had an eye to the North Country, and were determined to subjugate it by fair means or foul. And the only fair means that ever suggested itself to England was the proposed marriage of the youthful Mary to Edward VI. and even that suggestion was shrouded with dark injustice. For should the delegation sent to Scotland for that purpose be not successful, England was ready to employ force to bring Mary over to the court of Henry VIII. But her guardians were equal to the emergency and she

was forthwith sent over to France where she was betrothed to the French Dauphin.

After the death of her husband, Francis II., Mary returned to Scotland. Of the time she spent in France it is unnecessary to say much here. When yet a maiden and young in years she became the central figure of the French court. No one who saw her but observed the beauty and grace of the girlish figure. Her virtues and accomplishments were the admiration of all, and on her marriage-day she was the cynosure of the vast throng assembled to do her homage :

“ The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry,
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's tide,
Efulgent in the light of youth is she new-made bride.”

Returning to Scotland was to Mary almost like going to a strange land. But duty induced her to return to the land of her birth, although it was not the land of her affections. And her departure from France marked the beginning of a sad and sorrowful epoch in Mary's life.

“ For there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth,
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept,—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a throne.”

No wonder then that Mary was sorry to leave her dear land of France. Her pleasures were over now. The duties, of royalty she must now assume. Well she knew what this meant, for she was aware of the state of Scotland at the time.

She knew it was torn by dissensions, and that the Reformation had created awful disturbances among her people. She knew that Scotland had abandoned the faith of her fathers, and that she could not expect religious sympathy. But she knew not that the champions and preachers of the Reformation in Scotland were not the chivalrous knights of France. Little did she expect that she would be ridiculed for practising her religion or that she would be the victim of the insulting and brazen effrontery with which Knox addressed her on more than one occasion. And even those nearest her, powerful Lords, countenanced his vile and virulent attacks by

their acquiescence and base sympathy. For the man that could hurl his invectives at an innocent woman — his own Sovereign—simply because she was a Roman Catholic, for him, man's ingenuity has not yet invented a befitting manner of death. And for those who had the power, and whose duty it was to shield her from the least show of disrespect and discourtesy as their Catholic forefathers would have delighted in doing, for them, traitorous to their kind, a thousand deaths would scarcely be condign punishment for such gross dereliction of duty. "Whenever," preaches Knox to the nobility, "ye consent that an infidel, and all Papists are infidels, shall be our head to our souverane, ye do so far as in you lieth to banish Christ Jesus from this realme; ye bring vengeance upon this country and a plague upon yourselves." Often did she weep over the cruel words addressed to her. The chivalrous Lords of the Reformation would listen and admire the gentle language and knightly sentiments addressed by the gallant leader and Reformer to their defenceless Queen!

Now that we got an idea of the kind of men that constituted the leading nobility of Scotland at this time, we may make up our minds to hear the worst and not wonder at the disgrace and suffering Mary was to endure. Space obliges us to tell the tale briefly. There are some who find fault with Mary's marriage with Bothwell, and maintain that she was guilty of an act of the rashest imprudence. Her unfortunate marriage with that bold and deceitful man is supposed to give a dark color to Mary's character. But this does not. Contemporary writers tell us how Bothwell seized her person between Edinburgh and Linlithgow, and carried her by force to his castle. Even if her consent to this marriage were not reluctantly given, reason does not bear out her enemies in their accusation. For Mary did not have perfect knowledge of what kind of man Bothwell was. She was not aware of the part he had taken in the murder of Darnley. Bothwell was a powerful Lord and had great influence in Scotland. Hence it was quite reasonable for Mary to conclude that a marriage with him would be advantageous to her position.

We will not describe at present the sisterly and lady-like reception accorded her by "that false woman, her sister and her foe." Let us peer through the darkness of the night and cast one last glance at the noblest of the Stuart race, as she is conveyed to Lockleven Castle. "She is compelled to relinquish the apparel suited to her rank, and disguise herself so as not to be recognized, and is not permitted even to carry a change of dress with her. Thus did Mary Stuart bid adieu to Holyrood, the palace of her fathers, whose halls were never again to be brightened with the lustre of her presence, though destined, in after ages, to be lit by the twilight of her memory, and visited by pilgrims from every clime, the votaries of her beauties and her sufferings."

FORT BEAUSEJOUR.

(Continued from November Number.)

De Vergor upon seeing the English preparing to attack his stronghold, issued orders that all able-bodied Acadians should, under severe penalties for refusal, assemble without delay at the fort for military service, but most of them replied that he should have treated them better when they were in his power. I will here cite what a French-Canadian says of the siege: "Although his force was insufficient for a long resistance, especially as two-thirds of it were men who had never done military duty, and what is worse, were fighting unwillingly under compulsion of the most terrible threats, nevertheless, had the chief been brave and determined, it would have still been possible to make a fine stand and save the honor of France; but the defence was most miserable; nothing that I know of in the military annals of that nation approaches, in point of stupidity and cowardice, the conduct of this siege, which the French themselves derisively nicknamed "*the velvet siege*." "With Vergor," he says elsewhere, "and his kinsman and accomplice De Vanner, the greed of gold had stifled every feeling of honour and patriotism, Their only care seems to have been to save their ill-gotten gains and their precious persons."

The fort is to-day in ruins. There may be seen the *remains* of the residence of the commander DeVergor and of his staff, built of wood which, unable to withstand the gnawing tooth of time, has long since tottered to the ground. As the train steam along at the head of the Basin, one of the first objects of interest, that meet the eager eye of the traveller, is the powder magazine, a large massive structure, arched at the top. The greater part of it is built of brick and hard white stone, about two feet thick. The magazine is now in a delapidated condition having being injured by lightning a number of years ago. The under chamber is a cause of much admiration to tourist; this can be easily entered by two passages, through which rays of light are admitted, enabling any one within to have a fine view of the interior. Upon the walls many names are carved, some of which, no doubt, were cut there at the time of laying its foundation. Within its precincts is the old well, in which, tradition tells us, was buried a treasure of gold; but owing to the neglect of years, the well is now filled with debris. Many of the large mounds, forming a part of the fort, are still discernible while some have almost wholly dissappeared. The old moat around the ramparts, is yet distinguishable and about a quarter of a mile away may be seen the trench dug by the English during the memorable bombardment.



THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

BY J. J. FRANCO.

[Translated from the French.]

. . . The purest treasure
 Mortal time affords is spotless reputation ; that away,
 Man is but gilded loam or painted clay.
 The ten-times barred-up jewel in a chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.—Shak. Richard III.

CHAPTER I.

It was five o'clock in the evening and the soldiers of the garrison were assembled in General Brum's apartment. Grand manoeuvres and a general review of the troops had taken place in the morning ; in the evening, as was the custom, the military ceremony ended in a feast. The general was an old soldier, rough enough, but good and open-minded, with a noble and generous heart. He bore himself among his officers as a father in the midst of his children. He said to one:

"Captain, your troop marches and displays itself with admirable decorum. When it discharges a volley, one sees but a momentary coil of fire."

To another :—

"Lientenant, tell your wicked boys I have seen them charge. They are types of brave soldiers."

The hour for dinner approached, and the general stepping towards a group who were standing at the chamfer of a window, threw away the remnant of a cigar, which he had been smoking, drew his watch from his pocket, and after gazing some time upon the dial, said :—

"Bertin keeps us waiting late to-day."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when a domestic, cap in hand, opened the folding-door of the saloon and greeted his master with the announcement,—

"My general is served."

The general invited his soldiers to advance before him towards the dining-room ; then, placing his hand upon the epaulets of a tall young man with a long moustache, "My friend," he whispered to him, you "will sit at my right." A

quarter of an hour later the melee was at its height, in all quarters; the forks were plied with wonderful activity; the fowls were cut up, their bones removed and the pastry was laid out. It seemed a war to the hilt with neither truce nor reprieve, with this difference: the circling wine replaced the vital blood, and the noise of the forks was occasionally interrupted with jokes and merry peals of laughter. The general, who sat at the head of the table, directing his hand to his pocket in quest of his tooth-pick, noticed that his watch was gone. He rummaged all his pockets to no effect, and then turning towards a young captain sitting at his left, said to him:—

“My watch is gone.”

“My general, you have likely left it hang upon a hook, on your bed-stead. Some days ago. . . .”

“No, I tell you. I had it a moment ago in my hand. I am not dreaming. Do you not remember that before placing ourselves at table, I looked at my watch at the window-niche in the saloon?”

“Yes, that is true.”

“And you lieutenant?”

“I remember it.”

“I know not what to think of it. There are here only persons of rank, military men, officers . . . nevertheless the fact speaks for itself; the watch was there (striking his breast) not more than ten minutes ago and it is no longer there.”

They looked at one another in utter amazement, not knowing what to think of it. The captain, who was alongside the general rose up and said with a scornful smile:—

“I do not wish to be suspected. I have sat quite close to my general but not to play such an unseasonable joke upon him.” Pronouncing those words he put his hands in his pockets and turned out the lining.

“Nor me, either,” said another.

“Nor me” . . . “nor me.”

Each of the officers after the example of the captain, searched his pockets and turned them inside out. The general rising up to examine his garments better, looked around on all sides,

and, half-smiling through his moustache, sought to palliate the unpleasant circumstance by referring to it jocosely, and began to upbraid himself for his haste in having uttered words which might be construed into an offensive accusation.

The officer whom M. Bruun had caused to sit by his side, had not yet stirred ; when his turn came to do as his comrades had done, he blushed and reddened like a live-coal ; the gaze of all was directed towards him, and amid profound silence, he contented himself with saying briefly that he knew not where the watch could have gone. The general was thunderstruck ; the officers' spirits were suddenly chilled, they scarcely uttered a word ; not a look did they exchange. The customary coffee, liquors, cigarettes were dispensed with. They were all impatient, the general more than all, to vacate the room, that they might be able to think freely upon the inexplicable event. Scarcely did they find themselves in the open air, when Sifred, the name of the unfortunate officer, was on the lips of all ; divided in groups of two or three, they asked one another, what it could all mean. They all said : —

“As to me, I believe it impossible.”

One of them added : “Perhaps he has debts to pay, and debts hatch diabolica! counsels.”

“Bah !” said another, “he would be an idiot ; it cannot be.”

(To be Continued.)

ESSAY AND VALEDICTORY.

DELIVERED BY H. Y. McDONALD, B. A. '00.

In addressing you, the inheritors of the philosophy of centuries of intelligence and enlightenment I may well postulate that man, a rational agent, capable of electing an end and the means necessary to attain it, recognizes a distinction in the morality of acts. The mind of man, of its very nature, perceives that the human acts which in the aggregate make up the life of man as a rational being fall into two great classes ; but besides this discrimination there is an inward voice com-

manding the moral agent to embrace the right, and to avoid the wrong. Our conduct is good in so far as it obeys or does not obey this mandate from within that would direct our conduct to the attainment of man's ultimate end. For conduct is action, and action is an outward movement towards some end. Let us then inquire what is the ultimate end of man, and whence comes the authority of the voice that, however little heed some may give to it, ever whispers in the universal conscience *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*

There is implanted in the human mind a desire for happiness; a desire so strong that the will of man, free in all other matters, invariably bows to the yearning, and even in so doing feels its freedom inviolate. Individuals may err as to what constitutes true happiness, and as to the way that leadeth thereto; yet the wildest savage, as well as the most subtle philosopher is ever impelled to seek happiness. The ultimate end of man, then, must be some good the possession of which will satiate his desire; when man attains his end the measure of his happiness shall be capacity for enjoyment. That nothing earthly will satisfy this desire, let the burning heartaches, the frustrated ambitions, the fickleness of fortune, in short the finiteness of all things created, bear witness. For man, whose best part is spiritual and immortal, is not to be satisfied with mere transient pleasures: man will ever exist, and man would be happy while he does exist. What will satisfy this desire for happiness, inborn in our nature, must be eternal. And it must be infinitely perfect; for the perception of any want or imperfection in the end would create a desire for the supply of the want, the remedy of the defect; and such knowledge of an imperfection, and desire for its removal are incompatible with perfect felicity.

The end of man's conduct being the Eternal Good, it follows that that action is good which tends to draw us nearer the One Perfect Being. Any scientific rule of conduct, or any science of morality properly so-called, must keep in mind that we are creatures of God who has given us life as a sacred trust whereby we may, by following the dictates of the natural law, imprinted on our conscience at our creation, and

supplemented by Divine Revelation, attain the full measure of our desire for happiness when, with a "well done, thou good and faithful servant" our Maker receives us into that abode of perfect bliss where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Thus we see that the ultimate end of morality is to so act that our conduct may bring us nearer to our Maker; for as the rain drop comes down from the cloud, performs its mission, perhaps in the freshening of a flower-bud and returns up the ladder of the sunbeam, so man that from the Uncaused Cause draws his origin should, when his mission on earth is accomplished, return to his Creator. But when there is question of putting forth an act here and now, we need a more proximate rule of conduct, and we find it in that interior voice which bids us do good and avoid evil. Here the sensual man may ask why should he forego the pleasure to which the passions of his nature prompt him, and to answer we must make a simple psychological and physiological analysis of our energies. Our capability of undergoing a certain kind of activity we call a faculty; each faculty has its own particular good, and the impulse towards activity in that faculty consists in a desire, need, or craving for its proper object. Such an object, considered with reference to that faculty is its proper good; thus the end of the faculty of hearing is the apprehension of things sonorous; but the faculty of hearing is not an independent entity, and its proper good must be subordinated to that of the whole being of which hearing is but a special form of activity.

The good of the whole nature will then be the aggregate to which contribute the good of the various faculties. But such contribution implies the existence of some unifying principle to control all the faculties, and direct them towards the common end. In man this principle is evidently the free will as directed by intelligence; and our conduct is good when it is in accord with right reason, or when the rational will subordinates the activities of the other faculties to the dictates of reason.

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND.

The beautiful sheet of water, lying between Alibarnno and Situala, is thickly studded with small islands, floating upon its bosom like emeralds chased in gold.

Among these delightful haunts was the Isle of Aipotu, in honour of which was nobly penned :

“ Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves :
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.”

In a shady nook of the island was a marble palace, the tapestry of which was wrought in blue and gold ; and from one of its windows, looking out upon the sparkling waters, a maiden could be seen with stooped head, silently and carefully plodding over her task. On a fine morn in Autumn, not many years ago, a yacht “ o’er the waters moved gloriously on.” It was freighted with a company of six souls. The captain was sitting with his hand upon the tiller, smoking his pipe in a mood of contentment, stopping, however, at short intervals to expatiate upon the various physical phenomena of the rainbow. By him sat a philosopher with countenance manly, grave and sage, quoting the Great Satirist Swift and expounding the famous Battle of the Books. Next in order was an orator speaking in words eloquent but ostentatious and ever fond of using the philosophical *cgo*. He read Horace with an eloquence becoming the occasion, but was pained to find himself interrupted, ignominiously as he thought, by one who admired not his pronunciation. Aboard there was another worthy person, well proportioned, with a stiff beard and jovial nature, who delighted his listeners with his tales about city life and travels in the luxuriant south and west. With the company was a youth, some years their junior, with blue eyes, hair parted in the middle, and thick black curls resting upon his forehead, amusing himself with climbing the mast, listening to the rippling of the waters or making fun of the philosopher and orator. Last of the noble crew was one

rather mute, with a dark complexion, delicate constitution and an eye penetrating, keen and sly.

Owing to the intense excitement which prevailed while rounding the isle to enter the haven, the yacht capsized. Three of the party, the gentle rustling zephyr wafted towards the picturesque scenes of the east. Two the cold and chilling Eurus springing up, bore o'er the dark and troubled waters, towards the hesperian climes. One alone, out of this unfortunate crew, reached the island, the austere philosopher who in tones soft and persuasive thus addressed the maid :

“ Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold ;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of ——” red.

But the maid, deaf to his flattery, cast upon him one glance of scorn, and with a majestic sweep left him to muse on the vision of beauty he had seen. The philosopher, legendary lore informs us, mourning her departure, built a habitation in a sequestered dale upon the banks of the Alicarno, where he pursued his metaphysical researches ; and even in the autumn of his life, while he walked up and down, watching the water nymphs sporting on silvery waves his imagination fondly pictured her as she sat by the window on that sad and fatal day.

XAVERIANA.

NEW VICAR GENERAL.

Since our last issue we have received the very pleasing intelligence of the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Macdonald to the position of Vicar-General of this Diocese. We have no doubt but this news will be a source of great pleasure to the former students of St. Francis Xavier where the learned Doctor has been teaching for many years. Dr. McDonald is well-known to the Catholic press of this country which has received many able and instructive articles from his facile pen. As a writer of pure English he ranks among the very

best of the day. EXCELSIOR whilst congratulating His Lordship on the choice he has made wishes the new Vicar-General *ad multos annos.*

THE BIOGRAPH.

The Biograph closed a two days engagement in the College Hall on the 4th inst. On both occasions the hall was packed and all went away thoroughly satisfied with the evening's enjoyment. The pictures were free from that great flickering which is often seen in moving pictures, and which is very tiresome to the eyes. The views of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. evoked much applause as did also those of the Canadian boys on their way to the front. A splendid view was given of Major Borden, the gallant son of the Hon. Minister of Militia as he was riding in front of his company while on parade in Halifax.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The feast of St. Andrew was duly observed by the students of the College. A committee had been appointed by the Debating Society some weeks before, for the purpose of getting up an entertainment on that night, and the excellent manner in which they did their work was fully evidenced when the end of the long programme was reached. Everybody left the hall fully satisfied. Besides the students themselves, some of the citizens of the town assisted in rendering the evening enjoyable.

One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the appearance of Mr. Angus McDonald dressed in kilts. There is something distinctly attractive about this dress particularly for the Scot. Mr. McDonald's pipe music was splendid, and when the martial strains of "Cock o' the North" broke upon the ear, those present felt that they saw the Gordons charge. Mr. D. J. McDonald on the violin was accompanied on the piano by Miss McKinnon. Their playing was delightful and greatly appreciated by the audience.

The soul-stirring voice of Mr. Hogan, our own artist, lent an additional charm to the entertainment. The sword dance was artistically executed by Messrs. Morse and McKinnon. All felt that the ancient spirit of the Highlands still lives in the hearts of Scotia's children. Mr. Boudreau's rendering of "Annie Laurie" and Mr. Rawley's "Loch Lomon" showed that elsewhere than in the Highland heart there lives a love for Bonnie Scotland.

The singing of "God Save the Queen" brought the entertainment to a close. Though during the night we dwelt on the deeds and history of our Scottish forefathers, yet we remember that we live happy and free under the shadow of the crosses of Saints Andrew, Patrick and George. While we express love for Scotland and our fathers it by no means shows that we think less of the Empire in which we live or that we are less loyal to our nation and our Queen.

On Nov. 22nd the Society of St. Cecelia was organized for for the year 1901. The following officers were elected :

President—Rev. Dr. McPherson.

Vice-President—Rev. R. R. McDonald.

Sect'y-Treas—A. A. Boudreau.

The society has a large membership and under the presidency of Dr. McPherson give promises of a successful year. Music alone is not the aim of the society, but it is the intention of the members to present a drama during the year, and we shall be glad to see them succeed.

VISITORS. His Lordship Bishop McDonald of Charlottetown celebrated Community Mass during his recent visit.

The Faculty and students are pleased to have Fr. L. McPherson back in their midst.

The Rev. Ronald L. McDonald parish priest of Arisaig was was in the College for a brief stay.

Among the other visitors were Reverend Fathers McKeough and J. W. McIsaac, and Messrs. T. M. Phalen and J. H. Jamieson barrister, Port Hood.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The letter which we publish in this issue was left on our desk by a prominent member of the School Dept. The Editors after due consideration decided that the Minimus should have a representative on EXCELSIOR Staff. We are sorry we cannot publish his name with those of the other Editors because our front page is somewhat crowded already. But we shall be glad to publish his contributions under the present heading and we hope to have a good many such from Moonshine.

Mr. Editor:—

The members of this school have often wondered why we have not a representative on your staff, and when month after month we see very little news from us, we know that you cannot easily obtain it and we have much to say. We have a first-class club called "The Hard Times Society," and our debating society is A1. It was organized in the beginning of the term and has been successful so far. From the first and last subjects chosen for debate you must not judge all, but when I tell you that after mature deliberation we decided that clam-digging was fishing not farming, you must grant we decided a perplexing question. The last subject chosen for debate was: "Should long hair be allowed after St. Francis' Day." Many of our debaters took the affirmative side, but a grand majority decided negatively. We like to visit the University Recreation Hall and corridors from time to time, but we fear the prefects and, O the jug! When this was first instituted we did not mind it, but now we have voted it a first-class nuisance since skating is good.

Did you know we had a concert? Well we had, and a grand success it was. *Rosebud* was on exhibition when the *Crisp* sound of the mouth organ disconcerted him, and he retired to his corner. Three of our debaters behaved themselves famously. Tchonu whistled until my legs were weary keeping time. Nullius and J. D. gave a short duet when Weeping Willie took the floor. Willie was in Jug; the

day before and he tried to sing. "O to think of it! but his voice failed. We had a jolly time all the same.

I have a lot more to say but I have not much time and our prefect watches us all the time. He thinks I am wasting my time and tells me to get at my lessons, so I must drop it and remain your humble friend,

MOONSHINE.

Study Hall, St. John Baptist School, Dec. 4, 1900.

EXCHANGES.

We are delighted with the outward appearance of the *Laurel* of St. Bonaventure's College, one of the best edited journals that has visited us yet. The design is very appropriate, and although the style of some of the articles may not be regarded as of a high standard in purity and force of diction, still evidence is given of a successful research after facts. The article entitled "St. Francis as a Literary Factor" contains matter of interest to every reader. The writer tells of the surprise that many got on finding that Mathew Arnold held up St. Francis as a literary model. No one can but admire the Franciscan Order of which were Blessed Jacobhone di Beneditti da Todi the author of "Sabat Mater," and Thomas of Celano the author of "Dies Irae." In "Freedom Enchained" we see how in the late war the sympathy of a number of citizens in our neighboring republic was towards the Boers whom they regarded to be fighting for their rights.

Often on going to our table we are struck by the appearance in a new garb of some of our exchanges. Although we are firm believers in the truth of the old maxim "appearances are deceptive," yet on seeing a new design or a new cover on a journal we are led to expect something new in it. Last week we received the *Acadia Atheneum* in its old garb, and bearing the same old motto. In fact we looked to see if it were not last year's issue of the same month. Nineteen pages are taken up with an account of the late Dr. Rand's life. They contain panegyrics on him by the leading men of his ac-

quaintance. We should recommend a careful reading of these pages to anyone who wishes to know all worth noting in this educationist's life. "Correspondence" is quite interesting as it denies reports that have often appeared in the press of this country about the state of hospitals in South Africa.

Some of our exchanges contain dry articles, but possess features that redeem them from a general condemnation. On looking over the pages of the *King's College Record* the reader will naturally wonder if all the writers are always serious. The "Bookman" is the only one that is in any way humorous. He finds it necessary to give us the probable cause that renders him unable to work an enthusiasm for the "Volume of the Royal Society of Canada." He imagines the defect is in himself—that there is a hollow in his cranium. But if a hollow be the mother of his wit, we wish others had it, for then the *Record* would be more welcome to every sanctum.

We learn from the *Bras D'Or Gazette* that a former student of our College, Mr. D. D. Boyd, is Business Manager of *The Normal*, a new journal edited by the students of the Provincial Normal School, Truro, N. S. We have no doubt but Mr. Boyd will prove an efficient manager of the young *Normal* during its first voyage on the journalistic sea.

The November issue of the *Argosy* comes to us in a new dress. Professor George Saintsbury, the biographer of Mathew Arnold, is held up as being incapable of writing a life sketch of the great writer.

The *Bee* hums a very instructive story in "An Echo of the Past." There is originality in the tale, a characteristic that is too often wanting in many of our exchanges. Pierre, the leading character is depicted, as one of those young men who exult too much over their early success in life, and are thus led by over-ambition and misdirected aspirations into the sombre shades of misfortune.

We also, as we go to press, acknowledge the receipt of the *Xavier*, *Weekly Bouquet*, *North-West Review*, *L'Oiseau Mouche* and *Normal*.

ON THE HOP.

One, two, three
 Who are we?
 We are the saucy
 Aristo-crazy.

Clubs are on the fly in the Senior Dormitory.

Did Marius die before *he commenced* the war? No sir; he was killed.

Arthur objected to being on the Hop. We are sorry to offend our friend and as the three weeks are up, we take it all back.

Can we have a sentence without a subject or verb?
 Pupil—Yes, when they are understood.

J. S. C.—Say friend A. are you on the Hop? No, but I am in jug.

Query—Which is right to say: "Pompey went over to Cleopatra's court" or "Pompey went over to court Cleopatra?"

At Table—These apples must be French-Canadian. Why? Because they are so tart (e).

M. A. P. felt very downcast when announcing that there would be no Greek class.

Dost remember Aesculapius when thou didst insert beneath my tongue thy thermometer that thou mightst ascertain whether mine tooth did ache?

The Minims placed a premium on mouth-organs and whistling. Whistlers were admitted free to their concert. Owners of mouth organs were represented by their instruments.

Mac's "talk" is like a stream that runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses;
 It steps from politics to puns,
 It glides from Mahomet to Moses.
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses
 And ending with some precept deep
 For skinning eels and shoeing horses.

OBITUARY.

As we go to press we are pained to hear of the death of the father of D. J. Rankin, '01. Duncan has the sincere sympathy of the professors and fellow students in his sad bereavement.

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