

OCT 7 2 1922

Excelsior



VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

CHRISTMAS.

'TIS Christmas-eve; my spirit wanders on
Led by a star, like that which ages gone,
Guided the wise men from their Eastern homes
One chill December dawn.

So following the star, it dimly shines,
Over grand cities, over holy shrines,
Where white-robed priests bring forth with reverend hand
The Sacramental wines.

And purely sweet its radiance seemed to fall,
Where from a kneeling million rose the call,
The Matin-hymn. that pierced the listening skies,
"Peace and good will to all."

Yet 'mid those scenes it lingers not, nor where
The grim old Norsemen oft times breathed their prayer
To Odin and to Thor of fabled fame—
That Star remains not there.

But leads me on, unto far Indian lands,
To arid deserts and sirocco sands;
Here shall I find the Source of that sweet tale
Our Christmas morn commands.

Ah! no, not in these wild and far
 Where the swart savage 'neath his idol's car
 Mangles his body into nothingness
 Lingers the mystic star.

Not in our Christian cities, widely named,
 Not where the jungle-lion stalks untamed.
 But in a quiet little mountain's town
 Bethl'hem of Jud'a named.

Now praise ye, shepherds! oh, ye wise men laud
 With reverent tongues, with spirits meek and awed—
 For in this blue-eyed Babe I see
 The passion of our God.'

And she, that fair-faced woman at His side,
 Bending to worship with a mother's pride,
 Yield her much honor, blessed be her name,
 She bore the Crucified.

This is the spot! behold, the star is fixed,
 And lo! with straw and brambles intermixed
 A pure white rose has crept unto its Lord
 The manger boards betwixt.

Nature's first off'ring to the Holy One,
 The little Babe—Jehovah's well-loved Son!
 Oh! Christians, bend th' knee, chant forth His praise,
 Ere Christmas-tide be done.

VIVIEN.

THE BANE OF THE AGE.

IN the *Xavier* for October appears a short but pithy article on novel reading, by Bernard Clark. Referring to the evil effects of indiscriminate novel reading he says: "So many and great are the attendant dangers in some novels that it requires all the reader's self-control to neutralize the evil impressions they would otherwise have on the mind."

The curse of the age is undoubtedly indiscriminate novel reading. Those who draw their ideas of the world, of men and of manners from the novels they read must enter upon the duties of real life at a very great disadvantage, not only on account of the false ideas thus obtained, but also on account of the dislike thus generated for honorable, if homely, every day labor. The effect of indiscriminate, excessive novel reading upon the mental faculties is not less observable. The memory, for instance, is a faculty easily cultivated. It can readily form the habit of remembering, or on the other hand, of forgetting, proportionate to the attempt made to fix the attention on what passes through the mind. In reading novels, unless read for study, the mind of the reader is passive. It is interested in what is read, but allows the ideas to pass without any very great exercise of the judgment, and without that deliberate attention which is necessary if one wishes to retain a new thought. It matters not whether the thoughts in themselves are worth retaining or not,—it is of the mental habits formed as the result of such reading that I speak here. These habits, once acquired, will ever after influence the reader, whether the book that is perused be a romance or not. What, then are the mental habits acquired by continued novel reading? First, then, I would say a habit of forgetting everything that is read; second a habit of reading without any attempt to follow or comprehend the author's observations and arguments; third, a vitiated literary taste, unless the reading be from the select few.

Not that I advocate the putting aside of all fiction. On the contrary I believe, and in this I agree with the writer in the *Xavier*, that a good novel is a boon, a gift, a godsend which may improve the reader in many ways, by opening up larger views of life, inspiring one with higher ideas of duty and by exciting noble aspirations after attainable good.

That novels exert a powerful influence on the ideas of men is self-evident. Men's ideas are modified, renewed, strengthened

and perfected—sometimes uprooted, and entirely changed—by them. It is unnecessary to quote examples. Take for instance Shakespeare's pen portrait of *McBeth*—for Shakespeare, after all, was the greatest of novelists. Here we have *McBeth* painted as a tyrant of tyrants, whereas if rightly judged in the light of true history, he was a firm, wise ruler—one of Scotland's greatest kings. This false estimate of *McBeth* we find it hard to uproot from our minds. Or take again *Oliver Twist*—a novel which effected so great a change in the poor laws of England, or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which won many a one to the abolitionist cause.

Their influence for both good and harm being admitted, it follows, therefore, that the reader should be most particular in his selection. Indiscriminate novel reading, besides incapacitating one from performing properly life's duties, is followed frequently by still graver consequences. Too often it results in weakening one's faith and in instilling into the mind false ideas of right and wrong. Who, for instance, can wade through *Marie Corelli's* literary garbage and come out unpolluted. After reading some of the books written by this lady—a lady whom the writer once heard publicly characterized by our loveable Attorney General as the leading novelist of the age—one's opinion of womankind is lowered—one sees here an exponent of the damnable doctrine of free love.

"Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman."

The *Corelli* novels are neither mental food nor mental medicine. They are venom to the blood and poison to the appetite.

Right here we are confronted with the question as to how we are to judge a novel. The writer in the *Xavier* lays down the simple test, "Let the reader consider what effect the book has made on his mind." If, then, this effect has been to make one better fitted, more willing and more courageous to perform the duties one owes to religion and to society, the time spent in the perusal of such novels is well spent.

IAN MCEWAN.

THE MUSIC, LITERATURE AND ORATORY OF IRELAND.

“**L**AND OF SONG,” is the title by which Tom Moore addresses Ireland in one of his melodies, and to it she has from the earliest times a just claim. Ireland, I believe, is the only country in the world that has a musical instrument as a national emblem, England has her lion, Scotland her thistle, France her *fleur-de-lys*, Canada her maple, and the United States the star-spangled banner, but when Ireland unfurls her flag we see the golden harp upon the field of green. Ireland’s claim to the title, “Land of Song,” extends away back to the earliest times. Long before the days of St. Patrick, in the mists of legendary lore, there pass before us grey-haired bards, singing to the accompaniment of their harps, “the battle songs of heroes, and the sweet lays of peace.” After the king who sat upon his throne, the next place of honor was given to the “Minstrel of Erin.” They proclaimed the doings of the nation in melodious song. They were the king’s companions on the field of battle, singing his glory, if triumphant; or if he fell, they enshrined his name and his deeds in the glories of national song. Hence long before the rays of Christianity brightened the land, the bards of Erin were held in the highest repute, for they “filled the air with the sound of song, and the music of the harp.”

But St. Patrick, the once exiled shepherd boy returned to the land, and brought to the people of Ireland the sweet Gospel of Christ. The bards now sang upon their harps the praises of the triune God. History tells us that about the seventh century the Irish had attained on the continent such a reputation for their skill in music, that St. Gertrude, daughter of King Pepin, and Abbess of Neville, in France, brought monks from Ireland to instruct her community in the art of psalmody.

One of the most remarkable evidences of the early proficiency of the Irish in music, we have on the authority of an English historian, known as *Geraldus Cambrensis*, who visited Ireland towards the end of the twelfth century. He is by no means partial to the Irish of that day. He seeks to represent them as a cruel and barbarous race, and his evidence with regard to their musical characteristics is remarkable in this that it flatly contradicts his misrepresentations, for a cruel and barbarous race could never have brought to the point of perfection he speaks of, an art

which appeals to man's most refined sentiments. He says, "The only thing to which I find that this people apply a commendable energy is playing upon musical instruments, in which they are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have seen. For their modulation on these instruments unlike that of the Britons, to which I am accustomed, is not slow or harsh, but lively and rapid, while the harmony is both gay and sweet. They enter into a movement, and conclude it in so delicate a manner, and play the little notes so sportingly under the blunter sounds of the bass strings, enlivening it with wanton levity, or communicating a deeper internal sensation of pleasure, so that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of it." In conclusion he tells us that Scotland and Wales owe their musical knowledge to Ireland, as the kings of these two countries sent for Irish minstrels to play at their courts.

At this period and for some time previous, Ireland was the centre of learning in Europe. Thither flocked students from the continent, and learned among other things the art of music. They returned to their native homes, and charmed their countrymen with echoes from the land of song. We have it on the authority of Galileo that Italy owes the harp to Ireland. St. Dunstan of England tells us that his hours of repose, after the toils of the day, were sweetened by the strains of the harp on which he was taught to play by the Irish monks at Glastonbury.

Alas! the Normans invaded the shores of Ireland, and as a result the thrilling notes were for a season hushed. The bards who kept alive the spirit of the people were now hunted down like wild beasts, and the songs that once re-echoed through hill and dale were now sung with subdued voice around the smouldering night-fires in darkened and lonely cabins.

"The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells."

And through the long centuries that followed, centuries during which Ireland wore the "gyves of sorrow," the unstrung harp, like the harp of old, was hung upon the willow trees. There she remained until Tom Moore, whose name will live forever in his Irish melodies, "made the pulse of the nation once again beat to the sound of the glorious harp." What Moore has done towards the revival of Irish music and poetry, how he "wedded immortal

music to immortal verse," may best be expressed in his own beautiful words :

" Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, Freedom and song."

To Moore, therefore, must be given the credit of again arousing interest in Irish music. To-day his melodies are sung everywhere. True, indeed it is that the classic productions of the master minds of France, Germany and Italy appeal more to the ear refined and attuned by education ; they are works that delight the critic of the artistic world ; but Moore's simple Irish melodies will live in the hearts and upon the lips of the people, for they are a national melody, handed down as a sort of heirloom from one generation to another, and will never die of age.

Let us hear the opinions on Irish music of men who, neither by birth nor race, can claim kinship with the Irish Celt. Arthur Parry, Doctor of Music, in Oxford, says that the Irish folk music is the grandest, most poetic, and most sensitive of any race or people in the world. Dr. Ritter, Director of Music in Vassar College, has this to say of Irish music : " Many of the folk-songs of the celtic race are undoubtedly of ancient origin. A number of them must have existed long before the introduction of Christianity. In examining these characteristic melodies, so full of peculiar charm, one cannot help wondering at the fact that this people never made a mark in the higher culture of music, and so far as history shows, never sent forth a composer in whose genius the art world has found concentrated all the poetic characteristics of this musically gifted people."

Another proof of what the world to-day thinks of Irish music is found in the fact that at a convention of German singing societies, held in the city of Philadelphia last year, the song that won the prize offered for competition was that simple and beautiful melody, " Erin the Smile and the Tear in Thy Eye."

The old songs after all are the best. Those " latest out " are ephemeral ; for a time they are " all the rage," but they soon are forgotten.

"A man may die
And still the world go on. But songs that pass
From laughing lip to lip, and make folks glad
Have more than mortal life."

What is true of the Irish melodies is also true of the "Auld Scotch Songs." "They make us smile when we are wae, and greet when we are glad."

So much for the music of Ireland. A short glance now at her literature. If Erin, on account of her music, has merited the title "Land of Song," with equal reason, on account of the learning and sanctity that marked many of her sons in days gone by, has she merited another title equally honourable, and that title is "Island of Saints and Scholars." King Cormac Mac Airt, who ruled over the land about a century before St. Patrick's time, is said to have been a great patron of letters. In times of peace he ardently devoted himself to literary pursuits. He enlarged the institution already established at Tara, and founded schools for military discipline, history and jurisprudence. From this we see that even at this early period the Irish were imbued with a love of learning; letters were fostered and encouraged long before the introduction of Christianity into the land. So when St. Patrick came to preach the Gospel, history tells us that he had to face some of the most learned philosophers of the pagan age, and consequently to preach in words that would charm the ears of his audience. He was obliged to appear before assemblies that would analyze his words and demand a proof for every assertion.

With the introduction of Christianity began one of the brightest periods in the history of Ireland. Before long the island became the monastic centre of Europe. We are told that colleges crowned every hill and sanctified every valley. The fame of these educational institutions soon spread rapidly over the continent, and to Ireland flocked students from almost every part of the then civilized world. The power of the once mighty Roman Empire was now a thing of the past. The Huns and Goths were thundering at the gates of Rome. It was then that zealous and learned monks went forth from the schools and colleges of Ireland to stem the tide of barbaric paganism that from the North threatened to flood the sunny fields of southern Europe. Ireland was at this time known as the "nursery of education and the instructress of nations."

This epoch of Ireland's glory lasted for three centuries. It was brought to an end by the invasion of the Danes, and now the energy of the Irish people was needed for the protection of their island home. The country was recovering from the effects of the Danish war when England, a more invulnerable foe, landed

armies on her green shores. In the year 1169 began the English invasion of Ireland, and with it that bitter struggle between these countries of which we have not yet seen the end.

Though the stringent laws which England enacted for the subjugation of Ireland failed to reduce the Irish people to a state of absolute ignorance, yet they were by no means conducive to the advancement of letters or fine arts. Hence it is that for several centuries Ireland produced no author of note. We have, however, about the beginning of the 18th century, Dean Swift, Lawrence Sterne and Sir Richard Steele, whose works as far as style is concerned, are admired to the present day. Though born in Ireland they were of English parentage, if indeed, we except Steele, whose mother was Irish. Later on came Oliver Goldsmith, so well known to English readers of the present day in his "Traveller," and most of all in the sweetest of his poems, "The Deserted Village." Born and reared in Ireland, the greater part of his life was spent travelling through Europe, yet his works are so characteristically Irish, that he is ranked as one of Ireland's greatest and most interesting writers. During this time, however, the nation as a whole was ignominiously handicapped. Yet its genius was by no means dead; it was only repressed for a time, and no sooner was there a "rift in the gloom," than the native genius broke through, and once more sprang into life and energy.

Thomas Moore was the first beacon that appeared at the dawn of this new day. We are all acquainted with his melodies. Their simple beauty is acknowledged in every land. In them we find a simple, pathetic and patriotic trend of ideas expressed in words of undying beauty. The celebrated German composer, Handel, once said that he would rather be the author of one of Moore's simple melodies -- *Eileen Aroon* -- than of all he composed himself. Since Moore's time there were Davis, Duffy, McCarthy, Lady Wilde, and a host of others, who have contributed much to the poetic literature of Ireland. In our own days lived and wrote Aubrey De Vere. This man, whose death occurred last year, was, indeed, a gifted poet. He possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities and requisites of the ideal man of letters.

As journalists the Irish rank high. I shall only mention one -- John Boyle O'Reilly. An exile from his "own dear Isle of the sea," he spent a part of his life in the prisons of England and Australia. Arriving on the shores of "free America," we soon find him connected with the *Boston Pilot*. He was not only a

journalist, but also a poet of more than ordinary merit. Well, indeed, does Cardinal Gibbons speak of him in the following words: "Few men have felt so powerfully the *divinus afflatus* of Poesy; few natures have been so fitted to give it worthy response. As strong as it was delicate and true, as sympathetic and tearful as it was bold, his soul was a harp of truest tone, which felt the touch of the ideal everywhere, and spontaneously breathed responsive music, joyous or mournful, vehement or soft. Such a nature needed an environment of romance, and romantic indeed was his career throughout."

In the domain of fiction, however, Ireland has not yet produced a Scott or a Dickens. True, Lover, Lever and Carleton have written many works of fiction, but their pictures of Irish life are considered by many rough and untrue to nature. Many of their characters are uncouth, and their description grotesque. The novels of John Banim and Gerald Griffin are much better. Chas. J. Kickham, though unknown to many of us, paints Irish rural life in a far truer light than do Lover, Lever or Carleton. Rosa Mulholland, sister-in-law of Lord Russel, the late Chief Justice of England, has written many fine stories. At the present day Justin McCarthy, as a writer of fiction, but more especially as an historian, and Father Sheehan, are placing before delighted readers of English, works of more than ordinary merit. The latter is the author of the universally admired books, "My New Curate," and "Luke Delmege." Many indeed after reading these books concede to Father Sheehan a place among the foremost writers of the day.

A certain writer has stated that whatever the critical world may think of the poets and novelists of Ireland, it may be safely said that it is in oratory, the rarest of all arts, that the supremacy of the sons of Erin has been most emphatically demonstrated and most universally admired. We have it on the authority of Gladstone, that the Irish are a nation of orators. The beginning of the last century saw a galaxy of Irish orators whose eloquence was heard reverberating through the British House of Commons in the cause of their native land. There were Flood, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Shiel, Sheridan—all eloquent men. Again, there was Edmund Burke. Lord McAulay said that Burke was the greatest master of eloquence, superior to every other orator, ancient or modern.

And we should not forget to make special mention of the boy

orator, "the flower of Ireland's youth, the pride of Ireland's chivalry." At the youthful age of twenty-three Robert Emmet a few hours before his execution, delivered an oration which still lingers in the hearts of his countrymen. Robert Emmet is dead, but his name will live forever in his last sad speech from the dock. While delivering his oration he was often interrupted by the judge and court. At one time the judge, Lord Norbury, remarked that his language disgraced his family, and if Dr. Emmet, his father, were living, he would not countenance such conduct on the part of his son. To this young Emmet replied: "If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your now suffering son, and see, if I have, even for a moment, deviated from the principals of morality and patriotism, which it was your care to instill into my youthful soul, and for which I am now about to offer up my life."

So perished Robert Emmet. Branded as a traitor, cut off in the hey-day of youth, his name still lives in the hearts of his countrymen as one of their greatest and most unselfish patriots. Emmet could have escaped if his own personal safety were the only thing he cared for. But he loved a being in every way worthy of him, a young lady, aimiable, gentle and true, and by her he was loved and trusted in return. Who has not heard her name? Who has not brushed aside a secret tear over the sad story of Sarah Curran? He would not leave Ireland without seeing her. He took his chances; they were fatal. He was arrested, tried, and put to death. All Ireland loves to sing over his grave the melancholy lines of his poet friend:—

"Oh! breath not his name, let it rest in the shade,
Where cold and dishonored, his relics are laid.
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew, that fall on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure, the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

But among the orators of Ireland, certainly the one most revered by Irishmen the world over, is the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. At no time, perhaps, in her national existence was

Ireland in such a sad plight as when the great Liberator appeared upon the scene to fight for her rights, The nation's heart seemed broken, and all hope destroyed. It was an enormous task O'Connell undertook to liberate his countrymen, especially his co-religionists from the yoke under which they groaned. But he devoted all his energies to the emancipation of his people. On the hill-sides of his beloved Erin, he summoned his crushed and ~~crest~~-fallen countrymen around him, cheered by his eloquence and wit their dropping spirits, and roused them to action in the cause of their native land. So great was his influence among them that in him, it has been well said, was concentrated the entire strength of the nation. He then entered the halls of the British parliament, and by his powerful and eloquent appeals succeeded in obtaining religious freedom for the depressed Catholics of Ireland.

On the 13th of April, 1829,¹ Catholic Emancipation was proclaimed; O'Connell had won the day. In one brief sentence Lacordaire reveals the secret of his power: "Eight millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell."

This great man is now dead, but the fruits of his labours still live. Past contests are forgotten, and those who once looked upon O'Connell as an agitator, now remember only the glory of the good fight which he fought, and his countrymen love to recall his memory as that of a man raised up by God to lead their forefathers on to glorious victory.

Since the days of O'Connell a number of Irish orators of note have come before the public. Among them may be mentioned Father Tom Burke, the Irish Dominican, one of the greatest pulpit orators of the last century. He was also a great wit, and from his life we may learn that good people may be "*Sankey*-monious without being *Moody*."

Again there were Sexton, Healy, O'Connor and Redmond. Whatever we British subjects may think of the loyalty of these men to the "haughty Sister Isle,"—and we are sometimes inclined to find fault with them on this score, justly or unjustly, it is not for me to say—the fact remains, and we must admit it, these men are dowered with the gift of eloquence in a marked degree.

I have now endeavoured to lay before you, brief and imperfect though my work may be, Ireland's claim to recognition in the realms of music, literature and oratory. As regards oratory and

perhaps, music, Ireland stands high in the rank of nations. In literature, however, she has not produced so many famous writers as other countries, but this should not be wondered at, when we consider the literary disabilities under which she was placed during the last seven centuries. We cannot say how many "mute inglorious" sons lie buried in Erin's mother earth, and we cannot say what their achievements would have been did not the "clouds of gloom" hang so long over the land. Hence it is that Ireland of the past can boast of only a very few famous literary men, but is it too much to say that the excellence attained during the last decade or two is sufficient ground for the statement that Ireland to-day has a literature of which any country might justly be proud, and that the intellectual standing of the Irish at this the beginning of the twentieth century is as undeniable as it was when she was honoured with the title "Island of Scholars."

J. W., '96.

THE RACE FOR RICHES.

EVER since mankind began to feel the influence of civilizing agencies, there never has been any scarcity of those ever ready to exert their power and influence to curb the ambitious designs of men. Philosophers and moralists still continue to thunder, and the facile pen of the poet is frequently employed to restrain the passions and modify the views of that feverish throng who concentrate their entire attention on procuring worldly gain. It is true that, with the general advancement of knowledge and the growth of democratic institutions, much of the glittering pomp and dazzling elegance of former centuries has passed away. Yet the most potent influence for evil that existed even in those unchristian days has survived, We find to-day the besetting sin of high and low, of young and old, has its source in an unsatisfiable thirst for wealth.

It is not at all necessary to delve deeply to discover either the countless anxieties of its pursuit or the miseries of its possession. Even to-day we are confronted with the spectacle of *one* rich man urging, as a duty incumbent on all under penalty of lasting disgrace, to so dispose of their fortunes as to best benefit mankind in general. But it is equally true—"and pity 'tis 'tis true"—that the combined council of those whose position and abilities emin-

ently fit them to be the leader in thought and action, is brushed aside without scruple when not in full accord with this baneful tenor of the age.

The mere acquisition of riches, should not, perhap, in itself be peremptorily condemned. It is unquestionably a valuable possession ; and, when large fortunes are well and wisely disposed of, much good may thereby be accomplished, much greivous suffering alleviated. It brings with it also—and this undoubtedly constitutes a noble motive to follow in its trail—"The glorious privelege of being independent." But while the benefits conferred by it may be manifold, and the motives that prompt its acquirement pure and lofty, yet, no benefit however great and no motive however commendable, can ever justify those engaged in its pursuit in deviating for one moment from the narrow paths of rectitude.

Scotland's immortal bard, though far from posing as a paragon of virtue, could, nevertheless, assume at times the mantle of a great teacher, and wear it with becoming ease and candor. No lines ever penned can be accepted with less reserve than those in which he exhorts his youthful friend, in his endeavours to win the smiles of fickle fortune, "to gather gear" *only* by such methods as are "justified by honour." In the violation of this wise and salutary advice lies the curse of modern civilization.

For the poor and lowly to rise to wealth and opulence, the struggle is long and bitter. The envy of your piers, the scorn of your superiors, meets and impedes you at every step. Genius however exalted, when chained down by the shackles of poverty is frequently called upon to yield the palm to wealth. With its concomitant ills ever concealed, its apparent advantage stand forth conspicuously. Riches then must be procured and *quickly*. Honest methods evaded, consciences scuple disregarded, and finally every sentiment of justice and honour is extinguished.


Signal proofs of this base ambition and frenzied haste are not lacking. It constitutes on the whole, the most potent stimulus which to-day instigates the actions of average humanity. That daring spirit of speculation, of gambling, of deception, so rife in our midst, eloquently attests the firm and fatal grasp it has attained in the minds of men in general. The investment of an insignificant amount may possibly yield very large returns. The prospect is alluring. All is risked, and, in a thousand and one cases all is lost. Only the chosen few are destined to escape the giddy vortex of financial ruin ; and thus the wealth of the world

became concentrated in a tyrannical coterie of trusts and monopolists. The melancholy consequences of such a condition of affairs are daily becoming more manifest. Little does it concern them that, while their fortunes are swelling to enormous proportions, the wretches from whom they exorted their wealth may be denied the simple necessaries of their lowly life. It is a characteristic of this as well as every other ill that flesh is heir to, that "increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on"; and to gratify this overmastering passion the most secret rights of men and nations are flagrantly transgressed.

It would be well then before presenting oneself within the lists as a voluntary competitor in those huge gambles where fortune, reputation, honour, and even life itself is at stake, to ask oneself with all due seriousness whether the acquisition of wealth is likely to confer sufficient compensation to justify one in seeking it through right and wrong. The consensus of opinion in all ages and with all nations rejects the whole idea. Wealth itself can never satisfy either the wants of the body or the yearnings of the mind; and serves only to increase indefinitely those various "cares that wither life, and waste its little hour." Preferable by far to the "golden sorrow" of the millionaire is that fortune,—so simple and so free—the unpurchasable blessing only of those, who "along the cool sequestered vale of life, preserve the noiseless tenor of their way."

M. A. '03.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

TODAY the great nations are fiercely contending for commercial supremacy, and every power, whether great or small, seems to fully realize that its future prosperity depends largely on the commercial training it gives its young men and women. We are all familiar with the commercial standing of the great republic to the south of us. Statistics tell us that no other country—not even England—enjoys greater commercial prosperity, and I may say right here that no other country gives more attention to commercial education. Business colleges are numerous; the universities, colleges and high schools are adding commercial departments, and calling special attention to these departments; and the young men and women are not slow to take advantage of the opportunities thus offered. France and

Germany, by their technical and commercial schools, are gaining in exports, while England is falling back; and, realizing that in order to keep pace in the race for wealth she must train her young men in commerce, is giving more attention to business education.

If lack of training in commerce is so detrimental to the progress of a nation, it must also be detrimental to the success of the individual. Let us suppose that two men are starting in business; capital, social standing, etc., being equal, but that one has a commercial training, while the other is ignorant in this respect. It is needless to say which of these men will be the more successful. Of course, there are exceptions here as in everything else. Mr. Carnegie thinks young men are better without a college education if they intend to be business men. Many first-class business men tell the boy to go to work instead of to school. An old maxim says: "Teach the boy what the man needs." Napoleon, Carnegie, Gould, Rockefeller, were trained from boyhood for work.

The chief function of education is to prepare for complete living. It is estimated that of the young men who enter college one-half go back to the farm; one-fourth go into business. These young men are not offered preparation for complete living. This is the age of the business man, and he must be educated for his work. Any young man—no matter what his future calling may be—who has an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of book-keeping, etc., and does not take advantage of that opportunity, will regret it in after years.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

Some people think that if they know the fundamental principles of book-keeping they have a commercial education—think they know it all. This is an altogether erroneous idea. On the other hand it is not nearly so technical as some people are wont to imagine. It may be defined as an education which develops and strengthens the mental faculties which are used in business, and which provides that general knowledge which is useful in business, and in some cases, the particular kind of knowledge useful in a particular business.

The studies of the course may be grouped in the following subjects:—Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Correspondence, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Banking shorthand and Typewriting. The bookkeeper should also know something about

Commercial Geography, Transportation, etc. He is called upon to choose a route of transportation for the shipping of an invoice of goods. It ought to be clear to anyone that the bookkeeper who is familiar with all the prominent routes leading from his city, and can tell at a glance which are the most direct and cheapest routes, is of more value to his employer than is a young man who hardly knows that a railroad or steamboat line reaches the city.

A subject that receives far too little attention in our public schools to-day is penmanship. True, the advent of the writing-machine has to a certain extent taken the place of the pen; nevertheless, the demand for good penmen is greater to-day than ever before. Nothing is more annoying than a slovenly, illegibly written letter. It undoubtedly is legible as far as the writer is concerned, but it may be, and often is, an untangible puzzle to the receiver.

The value of a good handwriting cannot be overestimated. Whatever your vocation may be you should be able to write a rapid legible business hand. A young man was once reprimanded for his poor penmanship—he replied that as he intended to become a soldier it did not matter about his writing. This young man, afterwards Lord Raglan, wrote an order which was so illegible it was misinterpreted, costing the lives of hundreds of brave men.

Not only should the writing be neat and legible, but the writer should be able to express his thoughts clearly and intelligently, and arrange them in such a manner as to command the respect of his correspondent.

Phonography or shorthand is a study entitled to prominent recognition; not only because of its utility, but also because of the mental discipline which it gives in cultivating the powers of attention and observation. It may be regarded as an education in itself. Every firm or corporation employs one or more stenographers and pays them good salaries too. The stenographer is the manager's right-hand-man. As all correspondence must pass through his hands he becomes familiar with every detail of the business, consequently he knows more about the business than anybody else and his chances of promotion are excellent. If you can afford the time to study shorthand, whether or not you intend to use it as a means of livelihood; you will find occasion for its use in every day life; it can be written five to ten times faster than longhand and in the same space as ordinary print.

In conclusion I would say that our young men of to-day do not seem to realize the value of a commercial course; they should regard it as an essential part of their education. Any young man who has a commercial training, coupled with a good knowledge of English and a determination to succeed, is well armed for the battle of life.

J. M. A.

A CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE GREAT WOMAN QUESTION—WOMAN'S RIGHTS—WAS IT A DREAM, OR A MESSAGE FROM BEYOND?

(By A. J. G. MacEchen, Sydney, Cape Breton.)

It happened in Blankville, Cape Breton.

It was a quiet, sober, dark-grey Christmas Eve. I had gone to enjoy it under the hospitable roof of a college friend who had asked me to collaborate with him in a magazine article. He had been invited to contribute to a leading periodical a discussion of Women's Rights, and to view the subject from the most favorable standpoint. He told me that in accordance with the vogue prevailing among writers on the subject, he proposed writing something bountifully besprinkled with capital letters. He could not write anything worth reading, neither could I; but at that age—our nonage—we both imagined we could; and a certain line of combined influences—mainly maternal—procured him the coveted invitation. He was otherwise busy at the time, and with the consent of the editor I was tempted to become an accomplice.

The full title was to be

“WOMAN'S RIGHTS—THE PROGRESS AND PRESENT STATUS OF WOMEN—WORLDS YET TO BE CONQUERRD.”

I wanted the portion of the work indicated by the latter part of the title to be left entirely to me, Had'nt I always maintained against allcomers that our

“LADY FRIENDS WERE NATURALLY OUR SUPERIORS”

in-war as well as in peace? Had I not written for the Woman's Home Day Book, a monograph showing that The Movement (with capital T and M) would not fulfill my ideals until Woman (with a capital W of course, she being the one, Heaven-

designed, and only worthy capital of the Human Empire,) became Captain, Colonel, Kaiser, Commander-in-Chief and Lady High Executioner ?

My friend and I had now come together primarily to prepare this (as we felt) epoch-making article. We discussed it enthusiastically over our Christmas Eve supper—(not an ordinary supper that, in those halcyon days of plenty of everything, plenty of appetite, plenty of digestion, and plenty of conceit as well.)

Supper over, my accessory said : “ You know I must see Smith to-night. I almost forgot how tired you are. Get over on that lounge and rest until I return. If the midnight bell fails to wake you, I will arouse you with that favorite declamation of yours from our friend, Susan Bachelor Anthony.”

He went his way to Smith’s; I mine, to the lounge; and, as I fondly hoped, to peaceful, restful slumber.

Shortly after I became conscious of a Presence, (I was even sub-conscious of the capital P) and I was presently startled by a rustle of silks or Garments of some kind (with a big G), and then fell on my marvelling ear a low, clear but somewhat sibilant voice :

“ From Hades I, yet fear me not; although you almost won my lasting wrath and scorn by your drivell of this evening on a subject that for so long was dear to me.”

I looked, and thought I saw the outline of a female form divine, in Grecian drapery swathed and shrouded. I stared : I could see her clearly against the shadowy flicker of a feeble fire. I grew sore afraid; but the words of assurance, being twice repeated, calmed me; and then I listened to the following (including a command to write it down *verbatim*, or as nearly so as I could :)

“ I am one whose wrath you might well fear, but fear me not if you hearken to my appeal and counsels.

“ Give over, then, all notion of manufacturing any more tow that would further influence with aspirations of the unattainable the too inflammable minds of my mundane sisters.

“ Write not the projected article—touch the subject not at all unless as I do. On Earth I was a Woman and a Champion of Women (with a capital C, Sir, as you would say,) and I helped stir up inert masses of humanity to some appreciation of our (then) real Wrongs, and to some recognition of our (then) unacknowledged Rights.

“ By all that you hold most dear and holy I abjure you, never help to cast obloquy upon the Great Cause by preparing or abetting any other person in preparing any such pseudo-literature as you have foreshadowed here to-night.

“ Who are you that you should prate about what woman has been wresting from (what my sisters call) wicked, hostile, perverse men? Dare not! What! Know you not in your inmost heart that

WOMAN IS TO-DAY CHAFING UNDER THE RESPONSIBILITIES

thrown upon her by the generosity with which your sex has during the two last generations conceded every demand made by even the most radically advanced of my mortal sisters? If you know it not, I am here to teach you, that you, being converted, may teach your brethren.

“ Time was—time of my mortal career—when Woman was by many men and women believed to be unfit to fill any place traditionally held by man—such time has passed away. I rejoice in the gradual emancipation of my sex, not, however, in all the recent and threatened extensions of that emancipation. Much less do I rejoice,” (and she raised her voice and fairly hissed out) “ I could not rejoice at what I despise, detest, abominate—the mischievous humors and whimsical scheming of some of your sex—authors, essayists, editors—to urge women to ruin all by further extravagant demands. I warn you not thus to cross my wishes.

“ You and many other men who would befriend women make the grand mistake of giving the sacred name of Women’s Rights to any—even the most absurd—demand or claim that some frenzied female has put forward. Remember always this: the right of the man is to be fully man; the right of the woman is to be fully woman. The prevailing and most accentuated qualities of each are not the same. Manly men are distinguished (*impium*) by courage, energy, justice, magnanimity, hardihood and initiating faculty; while among the first excellences of femininity, are modesty, gentleness, tenderness, patience, and the ‘affection that hopes and endures and is patient.’ It is not necessary for men to study, or to strive to acquire, the traits of their sex; a man mentally well-balanced unconsciously betrays these qualities; and the very same is true of our sex and our characteristics. If you cause women to ape the qualities and peculiarities of men, you do

them harm—you make them unnatural and ridiculous. We have enlarged our sphere in the World's work; but we must not usurp man's, for really there *is* a sphere for him yet within which he ought, as a rule, to be supreme. Let woman be mistress of the situation within her own proper confines by all means.

‘Let her make herself her own,
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that harms not distinctive womanhood,”

but let her not seek exclusive dominion of the whole earth and of the heavens above and the things that are under the earth. To put on man's armour, to man (or *woman*) the world's navies, to general the world's armies, to do all the slaughtering that wicked man does, would

ONLY DEGRADE AND BELITTLE WOMAN.

It would lessen, blight and harm distinctive womanhood; and whatever harms distinctive womanhood is not, cannot be, among *woman's rights*, and ought rather to be classed among *woman's wrongs*.

We once had, indeed, many grievances which happily have been removed. Every door at which any considerable number of us knock is willingly opened to us—possibly some that had better be left closed. More men are willing to concede us the franchise than there are women willing to accept the responsibility of exercising the suffrage.

Woman's Companies, Guilds, Associations and societies for a great variety of ends—educational, philanthropic, religious and commercial—are increasing and multiplying at a rate that is almost alarming. We asked of brother man for leave to work with him at this, that, and the other occupation or industry, and the right claimed was cheerfully conceded. Instead of quietly falling into step with him in a business-like way, and showing how naturally we can do it, we strain our ingenuity to demonstrate our unlikeness to him, and our superiority.

Why is it that many women, and some few men too, press our so-called Woman's Rights forward and argue them till we have many a fine *reductio ad absurdum*? We claimed to be considered equals—why are we not content with being treated as equals? Why is it, that

WHEN A WOMAN PAINTS A STRIKING PICTURE

or publishes a notable book, or sings a song uncommonly well, or successfully manages a farm or mercantile business, what she does is heralded abroad as a woman's work—is referred to as an extraordinary achievement, and is held up on all sides to extravagant admiration? Most of the great dailies have a Woman's Realm or a Woman's Column, and Woman's Magazines and Home Journals are more numerous than excellent. Why all this advertising and emphasizing of our doings as distinct from the similar doings of men if we are content to be their equals?

“WOMAN—with a capital letter—should by this time be going out of fashion. There should be no further need of ‘movements’ in her behalf considered apart from the general good of the race; although man gives us welcome to the equality we claimed, we can never be wholly man's equals, nor can men ever be wholly our equals.

MAN IS GETTING AWAY FROM US!

“I come to you to ask you to leave the Woman's Rights movement alone for another cogent reason. I ask you to think how sadly our poor brother man is in these latter days neglected and oppressed. We order Man about in all manner of ways and he goes and comes as we will. In the drawing room and on the street, to us he must doff his hat, for us he must stand aside. To us, in church, in hall, in street-car and railway coach, he has to give up his chosen seat. We do not treat him as our equal. We have made him our slave and the poor down-trodden creature seems to be content; he seems to have no spirit of resentment left. We have taken away his independence and made him our foot-stool. We make him go to war and fight our battles and his; we make him do all the horrid, nasty things that we shrink from doing ourselves; and he submits with a tameness that is to me provoking and utterly reprehensible.

“If, then, you are desirous of

CUTTING A FIGURE AS A PHILANTHROPIST,

agitate for Men's Rights: we have ours and to spare. Your championship is not wanted for our sex; write, speak, agitate and canvass for concessions to your miserable, oppressed and vilely trodden-down brother, whose very spirit and vitality our strenuous advanced women have largely sapped and soon will have

destroyed ; but I greatly love my race and I do trust the germ still survives and can be developed. To this has the movement come which started to get us the right to be of greater help to man ! Startling strophe this in the mazy dance and song of the sarcasm of Destiny !

“ Fifty years ago your Tennyson desiderated for us only equality :

“ Everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.”

and so on.

I tell you Tennyson hit the nail fairly on the head when he wrote:

“ For Woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse ; could we make her as the man
Sweet Love were slain ; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference ;
Nor equal, nor unequal ; each fulfils defect in each.”

“ And we who have knowledge, albeit still imperfect,—both of Time and of what you call Eternity,—deem THAT the fullest recognition that woman in her own interest should ever desire ; for after all, the woman that will survive is the one portrayed, as his own chosen Edith, by the same Laureate of Womankind ;

“ Edith, loyal, lovely, sweet,
Feminine to her inmost heart and feminine to her tender feet,
Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body or mind,
She that linked again the broken chain that bound me to my kind.”

“ Go forth with the New Year, and form an

‘ ASSOCIATION TO RECOVER AND PROTECT MEN’S RIGHTS.’

“ Fail not ; for it is not well that they should always be in serfdom even to my beloved advanced sisters.

“ Go now and write down my discourse for good alike of men and women ; it is not devoid of wisdom ; say, if you will, that one who was in life here foremost of the champions of her sex has taught you so.”

She vanished ; and I arose and wrote it down, with doubtless many a break and flaw which were not hers but mine ; and there it is.

In my head I had a touch of ache, and in my digesting department a twinge of pain, that I have often felt since, too, but always after Thanksgiving dinners—or some such celebrations—where baked chicken, roast turkey, hot mince, truffles, and innumerable salads and other trimmings, together with unwisely-chosen liquids, played a prominent and rememberable part.

Was it all a dream—a nightmare? Or was it really a Voice from the Great Beyond, Voice of her who in days agoⁿe made Woman's battle hers, and practically won it, at least for her own time? Which was it? Answer as you will.

And as the clock struck twelve the Christmas bells rang out, and the air vibrated with blithesomeness and faith. And my mind's eye glanced back along the ridges of the centuries, to a humble hamlet nestling amid the sheltering hills of Judea; and there, in Bethlehem, watching the first Christmas dawn, were JOSEPH and MARY, accredited trustees of the MOST HIGH for mighty and far-reaching purposes. Neither in history nor in tradition is there a suggestion of any request made by either of the two that was not conceded by the other. Each ministered unto each "in gentleness, and love and trust." There was no wrangling about "Rights," no dissension about "Equality." Methought the lesson of their life, rightly understood, should speedily solve the questions—*problems* is the term in vogue—arising out of the relationship of Woman and Man,—which indeed are not problems at all when approached in the spirit of Love and viewed in the mild but luminous light of the Christian Religion, albeit even Christianity, pure and incorrupt, has not yet done in this regard as much as one feels it is capable of doing.

And still the bells rang out, and amid the joyous clangor, I heard the cherry voice of the optimist, and the sounds that I aught were like these :

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is dying, let him go;
Ring out the false ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of petty strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

THE OLD CAPE BRETON CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN J. McCABE.

IN THE sunny days of childhood, home and holidays fill the cup of happiness to copious overflow. The music of life's bowstring comes with its recoil. Holidays of youth, childhood, and middle-age, furnish a collection of by-gones, hoarded as the most valued treasures of memory. Of all holidays, filled with the fragrance of home-coming and the music of long-absent voices, there is none like Christmas. The very name suggests a mystic haze of happy reminiscence—something restful, half-sad, half-tinted with the flush of hope.

The OLD CAPE BRETON, that antedated the days of railways and land syndicates, had a social life peculiar to itself, and its growth was from within and not from without. There pervaded every scattered community a generous spirit of hospitality, unrivalled in any country under the sun. The old fireside, the *real* fireside, with its roaring flames and glowing coals, was a shrine of social life, around which there was ever the play of genial humor, the ripple of keen repartee, and the strange, weird tales born of the mist and the mountain; the circle around the fireside, now convulsed with mirth, then silent and subdued, as the shadow of the mystic and unknown hung around them.

The folk who cross the sea to build anew their ingle-nook, far from the scenes and ties of their old home-land, suffer a marked change, especially if they are of Celtic blood. The more stolid races are transplanted with less disturbance—they roll into their new conditions like a boulder from the hillside.

Most of the pioneer settlers of Cape Breton were of Celtic origin. They came from the Western Islands of the Scottish coast. The conditions of climate and environment were antagonistic to monotony, and the old stock had all that alertness, mobility and sensitiveness belonging to a race long domiciled in the land of Mountain, Loch and Isle. It is not easy to estimate the acute pain of a soul severed at once and forever from its native haunts and habitation. To watch the land of your birth, your early home with all its deep-rooted and cherished associations fading slowly away in the mists and at last disappearing for ever beyond the dim horizon, must leave impressions deep and forever ineffaceable. Add to this the effect of new conditions, new scenes,

new methods of winning daily bread, and you are prepared to find the transplanted race considerably modified, if not essentially changed.

Here, in the great Western land, they found boundless reaches of forest, and leagues of shore, where there was neither landlord nor gamekeeper. In the old land, the pious Gael might, in theory, admit that "the earth was the Lord's, and the cattle on a thousand hills," but the intervening shadow of the landlord ever blurred his faith. Here in the new country, his feet rested on free soil, and the fiction of the King's grant troubled him but little. In the forest and on the mountain, the moose and caribou, and all things with fur or feathers, were the property of the hunter. The giant birches on the hillside made glorious winter fires, in rich and cheerful contrast with the smouldering peat. Within easy reach of the pioneer's axe and pit-saw towered the pines from which were built cabins and cottages that far outstripped the rubble-walled, clay-floored and straw-thatched dwelling.

Under such conditions, a people deeply wrought with sensations, stirred by a rudely-ruptured past and the glorious freedom of a new country, are keenly alive to every touch. And such were the conditions that made the old-time Christmas festivities something that we never know or feel.

Looking backward, we see the winter landscape muffled with snow. The rippling of the lake and the song of the stream are silent in the grip of the ice-king. Behind the smoke of the cabins rise the mountains, cold and rugged, yet half aglow with the blaze of the setting sun. Along the foothills and through wooded glens run the snow-roads, shining like polished marble. To such a landscape came Christmas. Over the snow-roads go the sleighs crowded with merry-making groups of young and old—(but on such an evening who is old?)—hurrying to join the Christmas festival. Perhaps to-night, some octogenarian sitting by the fire in fancy recalls the echoing laughter that rang through the woods; or mayhap he sees, in the glowing coals, faces that rippled with merriment in that long ago.

But the Christmas night, when the shadows crept along the valley and the forest began to crack and echo with the growing frost, then came the glory of indoor revelry. The great room, rough-raftered, full of the glory of the log fire, and full of odours suggestive of a great cookery behind, seemed a veritable Elysium of good cheer. Around the room, and in cozy corners,

gathered the elders, and tales of the old world and the new went merrily round, while the young folk cleared the floor and awaited the first strident sounds of the fiddle. Then, when the tuning was done, and the fiddler rushed his music with heel and elbow, away went the flying feet.

So the night goes on with music and dance, with song and story. There, too, are whisperings and blushes, mingled with all that makes life bright and cheerful. Glorious Christmas of the olden time. Let its happy memories live forever, cherished lovingly by sons and daughters of the hardy Gaels, who changed a wilderness to smiling fields, and, passing, handed down, with title deeds, a larger heritage of cheerful retrospect.

BRANSFIELD'S POEMS.—(*Continued.*)

ALL of Bransfield's manuscripts are now in our possession. We intend to publish them during the course of the winter in EXCELSIOR, and towards the end of the year it is our purpose to collect them and have them published in book form. "The Rose" appeared in the columns of the *Casket* some years ago. "Allen Dane" appears now for the first time. As it deals in reminiscences, it seems to be very appropriate for our Christmas issue, as Christmas is a season in which we are accustomed to look back upon the past, and sigh for the things that were.

THE ROSE.

Fair inmate of those leafy bow'rs,
 O blushing queen of all the flow'rs,
 Had earth no other proof but thee
 Of God, sufficient thou should'st be.
 Who so indifferent to behold
 The peerless structure of thy mold,—
 The order that thy growth pervades,
 Thy wondrous harmony of shades—
 And not see some Almighty mind
 Must have such matchless work designed,
 Or e'en apart thy leaves can tear
 And marvel not who glued them there?
 Or feel not that the hand must be
 Divine that wove such drapery?

Mute, red-stoled orator of heaven.
 By God to wayward mankind given
 Who from yon leafy pulpit nigh
 Harangued the throng that surges by,
 Not surer does the moon at night
 Proclaim the sun still sheds his light,
 Than thou, sweet offspring of the sod.
 Reflect'st the living power of God.

ALLEN DANE.

My eye once bright has now grown grave,
 My cheek once fair is furrowed now,
 The snowy foam of sorrow's wave
 Has sprinkled o'er my raven brow.
 O sadly o'er the darkening hill
 The evening's crimson light doth wane,
 And sadly, too, and bitter chill

Life's evening sets o'er Allen Dane.

O for the bright morn long ago,
 When on the hill I turned to gaze
 On that calm, peaceful vale below,—
 The green crib of my boyhood's days,
 The winding brook roved through the dell,
 Bidding adieu in mournful strain;
 The stately, tall grain waved farewell,—
 A last farewell to Allen Dane.

Bring me again the well-tuned string,
 And let me pour my soul away;
 I'll visit through the strains I sing
 The old-time haunts of youth's bright day.
 With breezy step I'll range the hills.
 The fields, the paths I'll tread again,
 I'll drink the charms, I'll feel the thrills,
 That once were known to Allen Dale.

PARADISE LOST.

“Three poets, in three distant ages born
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a Third, she joined the other two.”

—Dryden,

The restoration of the English monarchy in 1660 was of great benefit to English literature. It diverted the supreme genius of a poet, from the the busy turmoil and fierce controversies of public life which his position as chief spokesman and defender of the Puritan cause involved, and as a result English can boast of one of the greatest poems ever written. This man was John Milton, and his poem, *Paradise Lost*. It appears that in his youth, his desire was to write a poem that would surpass all hitherto written. The revolution in which he took a prominent part, drove for a time, such thoughts out of his mind. But with the restoration of monarchy and his fortunate fall from the exalted station which his firm advocacy of Cromwell's policy had won, he retires to write that immortal epic, which, even to this day continues to shed a halo of glory round his name.

Paradise Lost has for its theme the fall of man. True, it was a noble subject and just as nobly has the work been executed. This event, itself, was only the outcome of a series of others related in this poem. First, in the order of time it relates the rebellion of Satan and his expulsion from Heaven into Hell, together with the other rebellious angels. God, then, creates the earth out of chaos and places man on it. Satan ever eager to war against the Omnipotent, resolves to tempt man. He flies to earth, and in the form of a snake accomplishes his errand.

The distinguishing excellence of *Paradise Lost*, lies in its sublimity. The subject Milton treats of is one that requires greater imaginative power than any other. No poet has ever surpassed him in the intensity of his sentiment. It requires wonderful imaginative power to describe beings of another world, yet Milton has surpassed all poets, with the exception of Homer, in treating of subjects of this kind. In a grand epic poem as this one is, unnatural thought must be avoided. It is true, that in some passages

Milton errs in this respect, but we must in nowise censure him for it.

“Great wits sometime may gloriously offend,
And rise to fault true critics dare not mend.”

The writers of his time were greatly addicted to this manner of thinking and we must credit Milton for having so strongly guarded against that, which, even to this day prevails among writers.

An objection has been raised against *Paradise Lost*, inso-much as its hero, though for a time battling bravely against every adversity, is ultimately compelled to acknowledge his defeat. This has led some writers to regard Satan as the hero. In reading the first two books of the poem, this view would appear to be the true one. We see him there not “less than archangel ruined.” His desire to forever wage war against the Omnipotent evokes our sympathy and admiration. Were it not for the Power against whom he rages we would be inclined to think of him as a wronged person. As the poem continues, the true conception of the subtle plot is revealed and Satan becomes viler and viler, as the spirit he possesses becomes more and more evil. He, who, at one time, equalled in splendor the highest angel in Heaven, now, was forced to assume, for certain periods, that snaky form in which “he brought death into the world.” From these facts we clearly see that Satan can in nowise be taken as Milton’s hero. The real hero of the poem is God. First, he drives Satan out of Paradise together with hosts of rebellious angels. He creates man and places him in the midst of happiness. Satan, indeed, succeeds in tempting man, but the evil he thus accomplishes, recoils on himself. We find him represented as eating ashes and grovelling in the dust, while Adam is confronted by the vision of the future redemption of man, which again restored mankind to favor with God, thus defeating the ends of Satan.

Milton has treated his character in *Paradise Lost*, far differently to any other person who wrote on the same subject. In his description of Satan, for example, he gives us no exact picture by which we can judge that fiend. He gives us an idea of his wonderful size, in one instance comparing him to the serpent which the seamen mistakes for an island, yet there are no distinct delineations by which we may form a definite representation of him. Other writers, on the contrary have limited his size by comparing him to objects with which we are acquainted. All Milton’s fiends are incapable of being imagined by us as having resemblance to

any object by which we might judge them. This is a character of the poem which makes it excel all others of the same class. Milton not only surpasses other writers in this fact I have mentioned, the character with which he endows Satan is more sublime than that with which any other poet endows him. Though sunk in woe, he yields not to despair and resolves to wage eternal war against the Omnipotent. His spirit, unaided by hope itself, glories in reigning in Hell where he has so many under his control. "Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven," are his words.

This imperfect sketch shows but very few of the beauties of *Paradise Lost*. An adequate idea of its sublimity can only be obtained by studying the poem, and examining for ourselves where the genius of Milton reveals itself. The pleasure acquired by reading this greatest English epic will amply repay the time spent in its study.

M. J. McCl., '04.

CLASS OF 1902.—(Continued.)

IN the person of J. J. McK. there graduated from St. F. X., in the year 1902, a specimen of the grave, the judicious and the wise. No sooner did he appear within the college walls than he impressed all with his calm fearlessness and noble independence. The natural tendency of his mind was clearly exhibited when he entered the Sophomore. Here his unflagging zeal and eminent success in the study of mathematics was the admiration and wonder of his classmates. His time and attention were, however, by no means concentrated on mathematics alone; and as his college career advanced, it was in the science *which investigates the ultimate principles of things* that he evinced the extraordinary depth of his mind. The extensive character of his knowledge and his remarkable power of particularizing, easily accounts for the peculiar manner in which he frequently dealt even with the most trifling subjects; and, no doubt, it was this that inspired one of his contemporaries to write the famous "ode" which is already so familiar to the readers of EXCELSIOR.

In the debates J. J. figured very prominently. While in the junior year, having considerable time at his disposal, he evinced

the liveliest interest in the discussion of all questions of debate—from the merest trivialities up to the most complicated problems of science and philosophy. The skill and subtlety thus attained often stood faithfully by him in the fierce controversies in which he so frequently participated. In the Senior he had not so much time to prepare long and frequent speeches. But, when he attended, he certainly made his presence felt, for he was ever ready to pass a vote of censure on any poor delinquent who might happen to stray from the path of rectitude. In the great event of "storming the constitution" he played a prominent part and though the more sedate loudly proclaimed that his reason and temper played havoc with his judgement; yet, the skill and subtlety of his defence elicited the encomiums of all.

J. J. did not spend much time in the athletic field. It was not because he believed it would be a physical detriment to him, but rather because the wide range of his studies denied him the pleasure of indulging in such pastime. Though endowed with a fine physique, and possessing no ordinary powers of endurance, yet the constant strain rapidly told on him towards the end of the graduating year; and in consequence of this, he was compelled to forego his intention of presenting himself as an A Candidate at the Provincial exam., for which he so faithfully prepared.

J. J. was a good fellow. He was honest and frank. He made good use of his time, and accomplished much during his three years at St. F. X. He has entered the Seminary at Montreal to study for the Church, and in this—the noblest of professions—EXCELSIOR wishes him success.

The next member of the class of '02 to claim our attention is A. J. McD. The writer, not being a student of the University when this character was ushered within its walls, is unable to relate any incidents accompanying that event, but it may be conjectured from his manner during his late years, that the pranks usually played upon the newly initiated freshman were in his case found wanting.

Concerning the first years of A's college career, but little can be said. They were years well spent, and in themselves practically uneventful. They were followed by two years of teaching in country schools, an occupation which furnished material for some of the humorous yarns told by our friend during his latter years amongst us.

In the fall of '00, A. J. re-entered college to complete his studies in Arts. He then became a member of the class of '02,

in which, by his abilities to grapple with and master all difficulties, he was always one of the foremost. He appeared to have a special liking for the sciences, but Latin was clearly his fort. In English and in Philosophy he always did well. As to his depth of thought and ability as a writer, the pages of EXCELSIOR during the last two years can clearly testify.

In the field of sport, Archie was practically unknown. He seemed to have an aversion to such things, and during recreations, instead of betaking himself to the campus, would, accompanied by a companion, set out on an extended walk through the suburbs of our quiet little town. Being a member of the U. T., it was one of his prerogatives to "sport" a cane, which he invariably did.

Among the many societies of the college in which our friend took an active part, the Advanced Debating Society may be said to have claimed his greater attention. He figured conspicuously in that fatal uprising known as the "Storming of the Constitution." Being chairman, many hold him responsible for its unfortunate termination, but, in so doing, they forget the fact that he had numerous difficulties to contend with—difficulties, under which, even the greatest of statesmen could not ward off the impending result.

Another fraternity of which he was a member must also be mentioned. This was the sage assemblage known as the S. D. C. In this society he held the responsible position of Procurator. Being a zealous advocate of Concullionism, he performed his duties with great credit to himself and to that august body.

It is yet uncertain what profession he will take up, but whatever it may be EXCELSIOR sincerely wishes him a brilliant and prosperous future.

THE BOOKMAN.

A book ! O rare one !
 Be not as in our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers.

—*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

I wonder if the Poet Laureate of Britain ever read the lines of Peter Pindar :

“Laureates should boast a bushel of invention,
 Or yield up all poetical pretension.”

After all it is not so much of the quantity as of the quality of Mr. Austin's verse that we complain. Were the latter improved we could suffer diminution in the former and still survive.

The *Look Review* editor of one of Canada's brightest dailies is an Oxford graduate. His reviews are, on the whole, at all times readable, sometimes exceedingly bright and oft times humorous. But while his work betrays the fact that he has loads of learned lumber in his head, yet there is a certain something about it which jars on the reader. His criticisms, not unfrequently, smell of the midnight oil ; there is in them a striving after effect, so that they sometimes degenerate into that worst of literary vices—Pedantry—that “corn or wart bred in the skin of judgement, sense and art.” Were it not for fear of being characterized as indelicately presumptuous, yea, as the possessor of brazen effrontery and “colossal cheek” I should feel like calling this hypercritical critic's attention to a certain chapter of Thomas A. Kempis' “Imitation,” in which are found the following words:—

“If it seem to thee that thou knowest many things, and understand them well enough ; know for all that, the things thou art ignorant of are still more.”

May it not be there are things in Heaven and earth unknown even in a B. A.'s philosophy?

No student of Canadian history should fail to read Hannay's “History of the War of 1812-14.” The author is a successful newspaper man, a D. C. L., and author of several other works, the most important of which is a history of Acadie. It will be conceded by all that Canadian history as “she is writ” in the ordinary school text is very, very dry reading. In the majority of books the diction is so clumsy and obscure, that reading it is often more a task than a pleasure. I think it should be held equally true of historians as of poets, that they are born—not made. Canada has

had few births of the former class. Unfortunately, she has had no Lingard, no Cobbett and, fortunately, no Froude. It was, I think, Father Tom Burke who, in his delicately sarcastic way, once remarked of Froude that he "never seemed to grasp the meaning of inverted commas." Despite the English historian's plagiarism, his historical romancing, and his partiality for hyperbole, one could wish that some of our Canadian historians—whose labours, by the way, are not always confined strictly to historical research, and who seem equally well at home (?) in Pedagogy and Geography, had a little of Froude's clearness in arrangement, directness and ease of style.

Mr. Hannay shows clearly what is generally admitted to-day, that it was the astuteness of Napoleon that forced President Madison into a declaration of war against England. He shows, too, the erroneous impression which prevailed in the United States at that time to the effect that once the American soldiers would cross the border they would be reinforced by thousands of Canadians, who were pining to place themselves under the protecting wings of the American eagle. In fact many American statesmen were convinced they could easily take Canada without soldiers. All that would be necessary, so they said, would be to send American officers into Canada and the inhabitants would gladly flock round the star-spangled banner. The celebrated Henry Clay—a man possessed of more than an ordinary share of that country's national vice, vanity—made patriotic speeches declaring "we must take the continent from them (the British), I wish never to see peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means; we are to blame if we do not use them. We shall negotiate terms of peace at Quebec or Halifax." But the Canadians failed to respond to the American overtures. One and all were true to British connexion. The French Canadians had once before saved Canada when threatened by this same enemy. Under British rule their religion, their civil laws, their language and customs were protected. They enjoyed far greater liberty than ever they enjoyed under French rule, or could ever hope to enjoy as "free and enlightened citizens" of the United States. Of the English-speaking people the majority were Loyalists or their descendents. They well remember the broken promises and harsh treatment meted out to them by the Americans during the war of the Revolution. With scarcely an exception the people all over Canada were united in favor of maintaining British con-

nexion. Priest vied with minister in loyal utterances and patriotic labours; white-haired sires shouldered their muskets and went forth to stand in the trenches with beardless striplings; the women worked in the fields that their husbands, brothers and sons might go to the front.

Mr. Hannay quotes in full the bombastic proclamation of the American general—Hull. "We have come," wrote Hull, in his Napoleonic address to the Canadian people, "prepared to look down all opposition. We have come to tender you the invaluable blessings of civil, political and religious liberty. We have come to emancipate you from tyranny and oppression and restore you to the dignified station of freemen." Had he the prophetic sight he might well have added, we have come to inaugurate in your midst a system of speedy justice which dispenses with the slow, cumbersome and antiquated machinery of Courts and Judiciary—the peerless, priceless American boon—lynch law.

Mr. Hannay indicts the then Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America—Sir. Geo. Prevost—for wanton neglect, mismanagement and blundering stupidity, if not indeed for the graver crime of playing into the hands of the enemy. In marked contrast to Prevost's vascillating policy was the energetic one of heroic Brock. The deeds of daring of the Canadian volunteer led on by such martial spirits as McDonnell, Glegg, Jenkins, and the patriotic Allan McLean are spiritedly told.

Nor does the author fail to bestow well-merited eulogies on Brock and his gallant aide, McDonnell, two men whose names must ever be considered by Canadians as synonymous with patriotism. Had not Brock possessed the decision of character necessary to counteract the influence of the Commander-in-Chief, whose counsels all through the war were stamped with imbecility, the Canadian cause would probably have been a lost one. Gazing on all that is mortal of Brock and his aide, as they lie resting in the temporary bastion at Fort George we may well exclaim with the patriot Bishop Strachan :

" Why calls this bastion forth the patriots sigh,
And starts the tear from Beauty's eye?
Within its breach intrepid Brock is laid
A tomb according with the mighty dead,
Whose soul devoted to its country's cause
In deeds of valour sought her just applause,
Enrolled with Abercromby, Wolfe and Moore,

No lapse of time his merits shall obscure,
 Fresh shall they keep in each Canadian's heart
 And all those pure and living fires impart,
 A youthful friend rests by our hero's side,
 Their mutual love, death sought not to divide,
 The muse that gives her Brock to deathless fame
 Shall e'en the wreath entwine MacDonnell's name.

Beginning with the January issue, the *Canadian Magazine* will publish a chapter of this work, each number, which will be profusely illustrated.

In one of our brightest exchanges, the *Xavier*, for October, appears a criticism of Crossland's "Unspeakable Scot," by Eugene Clancy, in which the self-complacent English pedant is handled without gloves. We quote:

"His (Crossland's) book shows no literary purpose; its matter is nonsense; its style impertinent. Then why did he write it? To bring himself before the public? But what a prominence! To be the scorn, not to say the laughing stock of every cultivated mind! To make money? This is the most plausible reason. There are people unable to appreciate Scott (or any other first class author, for that matter) who will gladly receive Mr. Crossland's book as a justification of their ignorance."

Just so, and to our mind the trouble with Crossland is that he stands in the front rank, and at the head of the class, among these people.

"Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid interval;
 But (Crossland's) genuine night admits no rays,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

O, for a Byron! What an opportunity for a criticism on Scottish bards and English reviewers! Even Byron, with all his pretended hatred of Scotland and things Scottish, was man enough to apologise, in *Don Juan*, for his unjust and libellous satires against that country and its people—

"And though, as you remember, in a fit
 Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
 I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
 Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,
 Yet 'tis in vain, such sallies to permit,
 They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
 I "scotched," not "killed," the Scotchman in my blood,
 And love the land of, "mountain and of flood."

Yes, Byron apologised—but then Byron was, despite his faults, a gentleman, whilst Crossland is a—well, an Englishman, stuffed with surly English pride, and borne down under the weight of a “big, bloomin’ ’ead.”

Mr. Crossland had better be careful. If he keeps on writing “serious books” his fellow-countryman, addle-pated Alfred Austin, may turn his verse spigot on him, when he least expects it, and give him a worse dam’ng than ever could a Scotch mist.

“A wise man’s censure may appall
But a fool’s praise is worst of all.”

It is curious to note that Nova Scotia has given birth to the few humorists that Canada can claim. Every Nova Scotian, we take, it has read Sam Slick’s highly humorous sketches in which the Yankee character is inimitably drawn. But not so many are conversant with the delightful bits of sarcasm which were constantly brightening the speeches and prose and poetical writings of Joseph Howe. Take, for instance, his “Lord of the Bedchamber,” in which he wielded his mighty flail of satire against Lord Falkland and his irresponsible council. In the “Lord of the Bedchamber”—an allusion to the position formerly held by Governor Falkland—we have a ludicrous report of an interview supposed to have been held at a critical time, when votes were wanted, between the Governor and one of his political friends. The latter in a moment of inspiration suggests a method of overcoming the difficulty.

“Suppose,” and his voice half recovered its tone.
“You ask them to dinner,” he cried,
“And when you can get them aloof and alone
Let threats and persuasions be tried.

“If you swear you’ll dissolve, you might frighten a few,
You may wheedle and coax a few more,
If the old ones look knowing, stick close to the knew,
And we yet opposition may floor.”

To which palatable suggestion his lordship replies :

“I’ll do it, my D—dy ; I’ll do it this night ;
Party government still I eschew ;
But if a few parties will make it all right,
I’ll give them and you may come too.”

The Romans of old as to battle they pressed,
Consulted the entrails, ’tis said ;
And argument, if to the stomach address’d
May do more than when aimed at the head.”

In Howe's collection of poems is to be found verse pregnant with purest patriotism.

"Nourish the patriot flame that history dow'rs
And o'er the old men's graves go strew your choicest flow'rs."

This is his advice to the youth of Canada, and certainly no more patriotic words were ever penned. His, indeed, was "the strenuous life," a life spent in the service of his country at a time, too, when the patriot's weeding hand was most required—when in the legislative halls

" He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower."

No storied urn points to his last resting place; his good deeds, forgot as soon as done, are known but by the few. Is it not time, O, Sons of Nova Scotia, to raise the tardy bust to buried merit?

The use of the word "strenuous" in the preceding paragraph leads me to observe that there are few words in the English language so deliberately overworked just now as is this. Is it not time for students of pen-craft to give it a rest—a long, "strenuous" rest?

In the death of Sir John Bourinot, Canada has lost one of her most illustrious sons. Sir John contributed not a little to the literature of his country. His "Story of Canada," whilst written in a loose style, contains valuable information.

With the exception of two all of Gilbert Parker's novels deal with the land of the maple. His latest book—*Donovan Pasha*—takes us to Egypt—to "a country full of splendour and primitive simplicity; of mystery and quiet; of cruel indolence and beautiful industry; of tyranny and devoted slavery."

In searching through files of old papers recently I found a poem written by William Currie, M. D., in 1852. It is a dirge on the death of Bishop Fraser composed by Currie, who was a warm friend of the stout-hearted prelate. Dr. Currie, like the subject of his dirge, was born in Scotland, but came to Antigonish about 1832. The poem contains many beautiful lines, sad and pathetic though they be.

DIRGE.

On the death of the Right Rev. W. Fraser, D. D.

BY W. CURRIE, M. D.

Ye gentle winds that through the forest sigh,
 Why mourn ye so, ye wand'ring breezes, say
 Is it because, when summer claim'd the sky,
 Ye went amid the blooming groves to play,
 With the fresh flowers throughout the live long day
 And now again returning, do ye find
 Your old and lov'd companions torn away
 Or blasted by the cold and pinching wind ?
 If so, though sad your moan, 'tis pleasing to my mind.

Sweet to my pensive ear, thou mournful blast,
 Dear is thy cadence to the heart that grieves
 For friendships and for joys forever past !
 And as thou gently stirr'st the Autumn leaves,
 My soul doth listen to thy voice, and weaves
 To pass the hours a solitary lay,
 Or mourns the death of friends, almost believes
 Ye come with calm and soothing voice, to say
 "Thine is the lot of all, all earthly things decay."

Oh ! it is sad that aye the sunniest bowers,
 And fairest blossoms that I tend'rest reared,
 And friends were dear to me as summer flow'rs
 Have by the fell destroyer still been sear'd
 And thou, the last and best, so long endear'd
 By many a tie, thou, too, hast left me now.
 Thy cheerful voice will ne'er again be heard ;
 The damps of death, have settled on thy brow ;
 My friend for many years, my brother, thou art low.

Hark to the knell ! it tells no idle tale !
 Oh ! sad and cheerless are its tones of woe !
 A noble spirit mount upon the gale,
 And a free hand, the generous heart is low,
 Seal'd are those lips whence lucidly did flow
 Light to earth's pilgrims far beyond the tomb,
 And breathed a balm for every ill below,
 To scenes more glorious, scenes of fadeless bloom,
 Where thy free soul can now its eagle wings replume.

Beneath a rough exterior there did dwell
 All that was noble in a virtuous mind ;
 And thy soul's deep affections were a well
 Of loving kindness for all human kind,
 Thou to our many faults were ever blind.
 And thy pure breast, that thought and feared no ill,
 Could aye for us such consolation find,
 As dwelt in thine own bosom calm and still,
 With meek and patient grace resign'd to Heaven's high will

Oh ! Pure in heart if ever heart was pure
 In this dark world so rife with sin and woe,
 Nor Pomp or praise could ever yet allure
 Thy childhood's feelings from their first warm glow,
 And they who knew the best full well did know
 Thy kindly greeting, thy forgiving smile,
 To those who loved thee least, and tried to throw,
 By each delusive art and serpent wile,
 Their poison round thy path, that path devoid of guile.

Thine was a blameless life through lengthen'd days
 With toil and trouble in a sacred cause,
 Thy constant aim was thy Creator's praise,
 Thy chiefest pleasure to observe his laws.
 And one who loved thee dearly, and now draws
 This sad memorial, well may say with pride,
 Thine was no contest for the world's applause :
 And tho' in sorrows furnace sorely tried,
 " Thy very failings leaned to virtue's side."
 Now fare thee well, loved brother, tho' we part,
 (A parting sad for many as for me)
 I ne'er again shall find the simple heart
 And generous bosom purer than with thee.
 Sternly the world may frown and ruggedly
 Its storms may beat upon my friendless breast,
 Ungreeted by thy smile, then take from me
 A last and fond farewell, and blessings rest
 On thee amid those scenes thy heart did love the best.

Antigonish, November, 1851.

That there is need for more poetry in the practical things of life 'tis very true; but it is equally true that there is need for more of the poetical in poetry. I am led to philosophize thus from reading recently the effusion of a poet (save the mark) whose theme is football, and whose desperate attempts to successfully invoke the muse is pathetic enough to bring tears to the eyes of an early rose potato. This rhyming charletan seeks to play the *role* of a modern Campbell, or a poetical Wiggins. His verse is a happy combination of raw slang and "high-falutin.'" Out on such addle-pated asses!

For most students of pen-craft poetry is a misdirection of energy. Prose, properly employed, may express more poetry than ever could be found in the minds of ordinary mortals! Poetry like piano-playing, is pleasing only in the hands of its masters.

O, for an inventor of an automatic slipper, which would rise and fall with the force and unerring precision of the stamps in silver mills, on the particular spot of the youthful poet's anatomy—where it would do the most good.

THE BOOKMAN.

Excelsior.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER COLLEGE.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

TERMS : One dollar a year in advance ; single copies 10 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES : One inch, single-column, \$1.50 per year.
One inch, double-column, \$3.00 per year.
Other rates on application.

Address all communications to

EXCELSIOR, Box 41.

Antigonish, N. S.

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Vol. VII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas once more comes round with its message of peace and joy. As a religious celebration Christmas appeals to us with greater tenderness and force than any other Christian Festival. In its domestic and social aspects it touches our natural sympathies and invites us to peace, kindness, and practical beneficence. The Infant Saviour lying on its Mother's bosom in the stable of Bethlehem, is the most tender and touching mystery of Divine Revelation. It speaks to us not only of redemption but also of the exaltation of human nature.

The wondrous mystery—the union of the Divine and human natures in the one Divine Person of the Incarnate God—perfected forever at Bethlehem, has imparted a new dignity and spirit to our life and to our death. That stupendous event is the starting point of our Christian civilization. It is the source, in God's plan, of our restoration to the plane of our destiny. It is the beginning of all moral and social amelioration; it is the light of the world and the salt of the earth. We owe to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem all the order, law, peace, justice, truth, freedom and happiness that we possess.

A strange world, indeed, atheists and infidels would set up, if they were given their own way, and could extinguish the light of Christianity. Society would be reduced to a state similar to the reign of terror inaugurated during the French Revolution, or that hell upon earth, the brief reign of the ferocious communists in Paris, or at best, the utter darkness and desolation of heathen lands where the name and the influence of the Divine Babe are as yet unknown. Christmas, therefore, calls upon us for a religious manifestation of our faith and love, and our gratitude to God for His wonderful manifestation. The angelic proclamation of "peace on earth to men of good will" gently invites us to peace and reconciliation with our fellow-men.

In its origin this feast is essentially Christian. The first Christmas was kept at Bethlehem: In the Gospel, according to St. Luke, we find narrated the ever sweet and attractive story of the Nativity. There is nothing like it in all literature. The pen loses all its magic in the presence of the native beauty and charming simplicity of the Gospel narrative. We can easily fancy that the primitive Christians kept Christmas much after the fashion of the shepherds of Bethlehem, and the star-guided royal pilgrims from the East. The mind then passes on to the time that Christmas was kept in the Catacombs. We love to ponder upon the intense devotion with which the persecuted Christians of the first ages of the Church, kept this feast in their narrow, sombre, underground chambers. Rome, the city of the soul, still maintains its pre-eminence in the observance of this great Feast. In France the religious celebration is devoutly observed. In Germany—yes, and in many other places,—the day is sacred to Santa Claus, and the Christmas tree laden for presents for the young. In Scotland the day is consecrated to sports and games. Christmas has always been a merry day in England, but the modern char-

acter of the Feast in that country is much more material than religious.

While exhorting our readers, and especially our fellow-students to maintain the Christian character of this season of joy and of grace, and not make it, as many unfortunately do, an occasion of offending Him whose birth it is intended to commemorate, we wish them one and all a MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THANKS.

We take this opportunity to thank those who so kindly and so generously helped us in getting a trophy for our class games. The cup, which is a very handsome one has arrived, and is now in the possession of this year's winners, the brawny lads of '03. They are justly proud of being the first to capture it, and while it remains with them, it will always be their pride and pleasure to show it to those kind-hearted gentlemen who helped them to purchase it.

We also desire to thank those who sent us, in addition to a donation a bit of good advice. Good advice should always be appreciated, especially if given in the spirit of Christian Charity. We, therefore, appreciate very much the kind words of our friendly counsellors, but we would humbly ask them not to be too anxious for our sakes. Lest they should lose their needed night's rest, we hasten to assure them that it has always been our own aim, as well as that of the college authorities, who by the way, are most unyielding on this point, to make *sports* subservient to our studies.

The development of the intellect is first and foremost the aim of every true educator. Concomitant with this intellectual development should be a good moral training, and both we have in St. F. X. College. But every true educator recognizes also that there is a third element in the education of a young man, and that is the development of his physical powers. We are told that education, in its widest sense, is the development of all that pertains to man as a human being. This means, of course, the development of his intellectual, moral and physical faculties, and each must be developed in such a manner as will not retard or prevent the development of the others. We are fully aware of the fact that if we devote too much attention, too much time to

sports, something more important will be neglected. We must have, however, some means of making our recreation hours beneficial to our well being, and if we do this without interfering with our intellectual and moral advancement—as, in fact, we have been doing—nobody should find fault with us. That oft-quoted, much abused old saying: "*Meno sana in corpore sano,*" is as true to-day as it ever was.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Since the first issue of this year's EXCELSIOR, we have received many letters of encouragement and congratulations, and what of course we prize still more highly, letters containing valuable advice. We are modest, and consequently shall publish only the following from the pen of one of the leading literary men of a neighboring province. "I am very much pleased with your initial number. It has a bright appearance, the articles are catchy, and splendidly written. It is equal to the best of college periodicals I have seen."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The October number of the Journal of Education has found its way to our table and a casual review of the official notes has served to impress us with the energy of the Superintendent, as well as with his commendable enthusiasm and generally well-directed efforts to improve the educational standard in our Province.

It is interesting to note that the text-book on General Geography has been revised and "brought up to date," while Lessons on English has also received some needed attention. The first named work has now been retouched and revised rather more than once. So daintily and delicately, however, has the work been done that we almost need to be told that the book was at all touched. The reviewers have evinced an exaggerated reverence for the dry antiquity of a book which could not possibly have any other claims on their feelings. The book is an anachromism, and yet, it will doubtless continue to be used for many years to come. Like Robinson Crusoe on his lonely isle, its right there is none, to dispute. Let us therefore blessedly content ourselves with its reign of solitary supremacy and hope on that in lapse of ages it may continue to preserve its integrity against all the onslaughts of slashing emendators.

Apropos of this business of revising and doing over again, we are reminded of a story which records the evil fortunes of two young men whom fate gave into the hands of an excellent, though not too generous, boarding-mistress.

Their first dinner the story goes, consisted largely of roast beef whose india-rubber elasticity defied the very best-intentioned efforts at mastication. The boys were hungry for supper. This meal discovered sliced beef, seductively attractive with green sprigs of raddish. Then followed, during the succeeding week, a wonderful series of dishes under whose every disguise the tough roast of the initial dinner had but little difficulty in asserting its identity. There was stewed beef and broiled, beef a la fricasse and beef a la something else, (possibly hash) and beef in forms whereof no man knows. But it was uniformly tough and still those young men waited and marvelled. Finally, an Attenuated pie brought up the rear guard of a weeks horrors. The limit of frugality was only reached at the point of mere attrition—of the beef, that is, a new week dawned but the great trial was over. We must apologize, but we have utterly forgotten the moral. Out of a possible million or so, we might suggest one, *izv*: Patience, in some cases, is sometime rewarded.

The *Journal* has also something to say on the subject of Educational Conventions, and we are informed that "the whole Province has now been covered with Teachers Institutes." This sounds well and should mean much for the teaching profession. It may take time—we feel sure it will—for the teachers to gain sufficient confidence in themselves to express their opinions without timidity and awkwardness. But beyond that their is much room for hope.

Our experience of institutes is confined to one case. We cannot truthfully say that we feel enthusiastic over the result. There were, however some who did. The attendance was large and remarkably undemonstrative. One could hardly be mistaken in setting the assembly down as distinctly pedagogic. There they sat, cold, unbending and judicially impassive. Few ventured to speak. Perhaps they were too full for utterance. (We speak in all seriousness.) The great majority was presumably in favor of bettering their condition, but beyond their look and bearing, which, indeed, spoke volumes, they said nothing. A few bright particular stars were left to scintillate spasmodically. The more modest ones winked and slept. The experience, however, is helpful. Errors may be corrected and new and more beneficial methods adopted.

There is certainly need for encouragement through Institutes or otherwise, but little hope for an immediate amelioration of the teacher's condition. The problem must be fought to an issue. Just now the wonder is how so many educated young men and women can be found willing to drudge year on and off for a remuneration which, if offered to an ordinary day laborer, would be laughed to scorn. And what is the result? Can we expect to have good teachers!

The question of salaries—there is a world of pathos in the word—has been discussed to very triteness. We shake our heads and look wise and solemnly aver that 'tis altogether too bad. And then we accuse the Government of niggardliness and the trustees of the 4th power of the same. But what's the good? "'Tis better to fight for the good than rail at the ill," ever if the fight is unsuccessful. Besides, the Government is convinced of its own practical generosity; and as for the trustees they will continue to tread the paths trodden and sanctified by their predecessors, to practice a delusive economy regardless of taunts. Nor will they in all probability be at all disturbed even by the following compliment bestowed on them by the *Journal*:

"The grand and only (sic) fundamental defect in our educational system is the small salaries which the small-minded and untutored freemen of the majority of our rural school sections have got into the habit of voting."

There is much truth in this observation; and yet the "ordinary rural trustee" will placidly continue to pursue the even tenor of his way utterly refusing to see any connection between small salaries and small-mindedness.

Whether or not we agree with the Journal in its remark that "the grand and *only* fundamental defect in our educational system is the small salaries paid teachers," we are in the main in hearty accord with it as to the conduct of penurious school trustees. But while it deplores the evil it suggests no remedy.

That it is directly traceable to the fact that the masses do not realize the importance of education, will not, we think, be seriously disputed. People unfortunately are yet to be found who willingly plank down six dollars for their Christmas case of "cheer," but who grumblingly pay a school tax of a dollar or two.

The unfortunate pedagogue who, with fear and trepidation, presents himself before these high and mighty autocrats, "dressed in a little brief authority,"—the school trustees—dare not ask, at the utmost, anything exceeding \$175 a year. Where he to do so his request would be fraught to the trustees with consequences dreadful to contemplate—an epileptic fit at least.

Wherein lies the remedy for the overworked and underpaid teacher? Evidently what is needed is a public awakening. But how best bring about this result is the question. Now, we contend that the best possible way is through the aid of a "teachers' union." If the penurious trustee is too stupid or too stubborn, or both, to recognize the fact that underpaying teachers is a serious error fraught with far-reaching evil consequences, then it is high time that he should, through some lawful, if compulsory, means, be taught the lesson.

What we suggest—and in doing so we are merely repeating the suggestion of a speaker at the "Teachers' Institute"—is that a law be placed in the statutes fixing the minimum salary to be paid teachers according to the grade of diploma held, and making it illegal to engage a teacher at a figure under this minimum. "Our energetic and valuable school inspectors," to quote the Journal, "might be instructed, without any very serious risk of their being overworked, to grade the different teachers, in the respective grades, according to merit—the minimum for class A to be higher than the minimum for class B. This would give poor sections an opportunity of engaging a teacher at a figure less than that fixed for more prosperous ones.

It may be urged that our plan is open to the objection that it would have the effect of making all trustees look for the cheapest—class B.—teachers. We do not believe, however, that all school trustees are penurious. Even were they inclined to abuse the privilege a remedy is at hand. School inspectors might be instructed to grade the different sections according to valuation of property. Thus a prosperous section could not *legally* engage the cheapest, lowest-class teacher. We do not believe that this additional burden placed on the backs of "our invaluable school inspectors" can be considered as the last straw destined to snap their spinal columns.

What is needed is more doing and less saying. Learned discussions on the poverty of the teacher may read very well, but they do not fatten the pinched purse of the poor pedagogue. Surely in the ranks of the worthies composing the C. P. I. some are to be found with moral backbone sufficient to press for a

compulsory law on this subject, *regardless of the consequences which may follow politically to friends*. Political expediency should not be allowed to interfere in a question of such moment. O, that among our teachers a John Mitchell might arise to lead the long-suffering schoolmaster out of the barren wastes of chill penury into the rich pastures of comforting prosperity!

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Minims were overjoyed to get EXCESIOR. Some of them had never cast eyes on it before, and were forming curious notions respecting its shape, appearance, etc. Thus you can imagine the excitement among them when it appeared. Its contents were eagerly scanned and "School Notes" was soon devoured. Paradise was surprised to find himself the subject of comment. The others regarded the items with mingled feelings of indifference and joy. On the whole the Minims are well pleased with EXCESIOR, although I must confess they would like to have a place on the "hop."

The new Minims are now thoroughly at home, and have learned the twists and turns of life in the H. T. S. So well, indeed, have they mastered some things that they have already succeeded in forming the "Boneyard Society." The president of this institution is none other than MacK., and the secretary and general manager is McEl. The remarkable punctuality and diligence at its meetings assures its every success.

The Minims are always greatly interested in football and are well represented at each game played at the "Elm". Ga, Gill, A. F. and Lamb, have already won a reputation as clever players and are regarded by all Minims as heroes. The other Minims also take an occasional hour practising at the game and expect some day to become great players. But the games which take up most attention just now are running and jumping. The rink is generally repaired to during the afternoon recreation where famous runners give exhibitions of skill and endurance. Mr. Petrie is foremost among these, making in his own opinion the most splendid runs.

Our Debating Society was somewhat suddenly broken up by the interference of our prefect. But he yielded to our entreaties for permission to resume it. Accordingly on the evening of the 8th inst., it was again begun amid general rejoicings. Under the presidency of Mr. A. F. McDonald, it has since done well. Mr. Lyons occupies the important position of secretary. The subject under discussion on the 15th inst. was: "Which is more beneficial to man, the steamboat or the locomotive?" Mr. Henderson opened the debate by strongly supporting the steamboat, which, he said, was indispensable to man. Mr. Batterson responded favoring the locomotive. Paradise as usual distinguished himself by the force of his voice not his arguments. Guy Falkes is one of the foremost speakers. His polished diction makes him a great favorite in his own eyes. Lyons, although possessed of a fierce name, is still a good wielder of the trade of using words. Winny makes some attempts to become eloquent, but generally ends without any great fame. Bill is "all right" and so is McInty. All can shout, however, and will ere long be excellent members of the H. J. S.

MOONSHINE.

EXCHANGES.

The *Laurel* is one of our neatest and most attractive Exchanges. The November issue is deserving of special mention. It is interesting from cover to cover, and even the design of the latter is a study in happy simplicity,

The *Laurel* contains two very interesting articles. "Phases of Faith in Cuba's Capital," a continued contribution which we have read with pleasure and profit; the other to which we refer is "Leo the Statesman," which sketches briefly, yet succinctly, the leading traits of "the first statesman of the age," the great and venerable pontiff, Leo. XIII.

Reverting to the former article above mentioned we might remark that the writer has succeeded in showing plainly the injustice done to the Cuban's faith and his attitude towards religion and the clergy by the mere casual visitor. One must live among a people, must study them long and closely before forming a correct estimate of them. In Cuba, as in other countries, there are gradations in virtue, as there are in crime. Indifferentism to religion and a want of respect for the clergy, are found, after all, but among a comparatively small portion of the people, and among this class the want of respect is due to the false position in which the Cuban Clergy found themselves unfortunately placed for so long. "As a priest, they do reverence him; as a spaniard and a *quasi* official of the hated Spanish Government in Cuba, they have lost confidence in him, and often respect for him. The expenses of religion were defrayed by the government, the priest was supported by it. During the incessant strife between Cubans and their rulers he was a traitor if he side with the people, a betrayer if he took the part of the government." "Gradually he subsided into a state of inactivity. . . . As time went on many lost confidence in him and as new generations were born and raised under these sad condition, it was natural that many would lose confidence not only in him but in religion itself." Yet as has been observed the number of Cubans who are thus estranged is comparatively small. Cuba, on the whole, is a religious country and can show endless examples of the highest form of virtue and devotion to the church, as well as charity and faith, to anyone who is not content with judging a people from the casual observation the leisure moments of a few days summer vacation allow.

The *Georgetown College Journal* is well up to its old standard. In the October number there are one or two very good contributions besides a poem or two of considerable merit. But there are too many so-called poems as a rule in this journal. They are usually little more than frothy prose versified; vapid, watery things with no excuse for existence beyond their legitimate abode—the waste-basket. There is no particular difficulty in rhyming lines consecutively or otherwise. It is unnecessary to say that this does not constitute poetry or that something more is required; we must have thought, the language must be expressive, suggestive, and present ideas in an original way. These are some of the qualities of poetry and the merit of the poem depends in large measure upon the extent to which they are found in it. These remarks may appear to be mere platitudes, but that they are not uncalled for or unreasonable can be easily verified by consulting the “poems” of the ordinary college journal. The world tends to fall into rhyme with less provocation than incites to the commission of other follies; and this is doubly true of the student. No subject is too sacred or lofty, or even trifling for the muse of the aspiring college rhymster; and “Thoughts,” or “Ponderings,” or “Reflections” are the happy and never-failing shifts with which he dignifies the aimless blunderings which have no reference to any subject “in the heavens above or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth.” Poor old Nature must be unmercifully dragged in and handled in much the same way as we have seen the domestic cat treated by a healthy, vigorous child. There is no doubt the lively youngster loves the cat, but his demonstration thereof does scanty justice to the depth of his feelings, or to the cat.

By all means let rhyming be indulged in so long as it is kept within bounds and affords a relief to the pent-up soul. But, and here we must look grave, keep the matter a profound secret. Bury your “Ponderings” and “Thoughts,” and what not, in the depths of your trunk. If that receptacle in time becomes overcrowded, buy thee another, and by the time space is becoming curtailed in the second there may be a chance that you have something worth the reading.

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The *Xavier* has been a visitor to our sanctum, we believe, since some years. We have not, however, referred to the files of old exchanges and, are therefore not prepared to say whether

the *Xavier* used to hold the position it now occupies among college journals. Though well aware of the old adage that comparisons are odious, and though prepared to assent to its truth as a rule, we now beg leave to take advantage of the exception. This is a case in which superiority is so strikingly manifest that we are sure no offence can be given when we state it as our deliberate opinion that the *Xavier* stands easily alone as an ideal college journal. Nearly all of the contributions are by the students and all are exceedingly well written. The subjects chosen indicate much care and judgement and are all highly suitable. We are always glad to note progress in our College exchanges and take this opportunity to felicitate the *Xavier* on its clean, healthy tone and excellent literary standing. We may have a word to say concerning the novel later.

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The first thing that attracts our notice in the *Bee* is an article on Sir John A. McDonald. Besides showing literary merit it shows taste in the choice of such a subject. It is very fitting that matter of this kind should find space in the pages of college papers. For by keeping alive the memory of our greatest statesmen, we may materially help in keeping alive a spirit of pride in the country that gave them birth.

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The *Acadian Athenaeum* comes to hand as usual nicely covered and full of very interesting matter. "The Hazing of a Sneak" is a story of much merit and teaches a moral that is peculiarly apt in a college periodical. Our Sackville exchange *The Argosy* also maintains its old standard for tersely written articles. Our maritime colleges are bound to be, "if not the first in the very first line," in the matter of exchanges as well as in the playing of foot-ball.

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The *S. V. C. Student* comes to us from the auriferous shores of the far-away Pacific. It is published by the students of St. Vincent College, Los Angeles, California. The articles are well written and altogether it is an excellent college journal.

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The only "daily" that we find on our sanctum table is the *Sydney Daily Record*. Judging from the progress the *Record* has

made during the last year or two, we venture to say that the day is not far distant when it will rival if not surpass, any "daily" in eastern Canada,

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Port Hood Greetings is an excellent weekly. Its editorials are always breezy and well written.

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The Northwest Review comes to hand every week teeming with matter, which from the viewpoint of vigor, pith and heathfulness, stands without a peer among Canadian Catholic newspapers. In it no question is discussed, but which we may expect to be most ably and clearly set forth, and that in the choicest language.



PERSONALS.

Rev. Fathers Crumley and Campbell, of the diocese of Chatham, were guests at the College recently.

Mr. Joseph McNeil has left for the Propaganda College at Rome, where he will study for the priesthood. Joseph was a good student, and ranked among the highest in the Sophomore class of last year. EXCELSIOR wishes him success and *bon voyage*.

The following diocesan priests visited the College recently: Revs. M. A. McPherson, Ronald McDonald, C. W. McDonald, A. R. McDonald, M. Doyle, J. D. McLeod, J. Walsh, Daniel McPherson.

FOOT-BALL.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, 13—ST. F. X., 0.

Our first game of the season was played with St. Dunstan's College, of Charlottetown, Thanksgiving Day, Oct. 16th on the A. A. A. grounds. Our visitors were champions of P. E. I. last fall and have practically the same team as that of the previous year. Loose playing by both teams, but more so in the home team, was rather noticeable. St. Dunstan's had a remarkable half-line, being very fast, in fact, the fastest ever seen here, besides having excellent combination. F. McDonald was easily the star, the ball being invariably passed to him, and he always made a good gain. The scrum was rather light but they easily made up for this by their quickness in forming and skill in heeling out. Their gains from throws in were also very noticeable. Our boys didn't come up to expectations, at least during the first fifteen minutes of play, for they seemed to be dazed during this time, St. Dunstan's making three tries in rapid succession. During the remainder of the game, however, they played good football holding the visitors down and preventing further scoring. Our scrum played a fine game throughout. Our full-back, D. McNeil, played the star game for St. F. X., preventing numerous tries by his hard tackling, and also gaining much ground by his punting. It was a good, clean game, unmarred by any unnecessary roughness or ill feeling, although some of their men had a great tendency to play off-side.

The game started at 10 a. m. St. F. X. won the toss, and chose the northern goal, thus St. Dunstan's kicked off. R. McDonald received the ball and sent it into touch at St. Dunstan's 30 yd. line. From there it was rapidly worked up into St. F. X. territory, most of the gains being made by F. McDonald. Their first try was made by Donahue, who received the ball on a pass from Doyle, and by fast sprinting got around our wing and behind our goal. McPherson converted the try. After the kick-off the ball was rapidly worked back into St. F. X. territory, and from the 30 yd line, M. McDonald by a nice run made their second try, after receiving the ball from F. McDonald as he was being tackled. The kick for goal was a failure. A few minutes later, Donahue crossed the line for a third try, from which a pretty goal was kicked by McPherson. This ended the scoring, but for the remainder of the game some very good foot-ball was witnessed by the spectators. Our full-back did some grand tackling, and if he had been as well supported early in the game, as during these few minutes, undoubtedly such a large score would not have been rolled up. The whistle blew with the play still in St. F. X. territory, score St. Dunstan's, 13—St. F. X., 0.

St. F. X. kicked off in the second half, the ball being returned by McPherson into touch at St. F. X. 30 yd. line. St. F. X. scrum worked hard this half and controlled the ball well, forcing their opponents back, but whenever the ball would come out to St. Dunstan's quarters, their halves would regain lost ground. St. F. X. had the ball on St. Dunstan's 10 yd. line during the middle of this half, but it was immediately brought back to their own 20 yd. line by F. McDonald, where D. McNeil stopped the fast dribble. The whistle blew with the ball in St. Dunstan's territory, the score remaining 13-0. Mr Griffin, of town refereed to the satisfaction of all.

The line-up was as follows :—

ST DUNSTAN'S		ST. F. X.	
Blake	Full Back		D. McNeill
Donahoe	Halves	(Capt)	H. McDonald
S. Doyle			R. McDonald
F. McDona'd			McKinnon
McPherson			J. Fraser
Cameron } (Capt.)			A. Fraser
Gillis	Quarters		McSweeney
D. McIntyre			Allen
A. McIntyre			McIntyre
Carroll			McCornick
M. McDonald	Forwards		Joyce
Croken			J. H. McDonald
McInnis			McKenzie
R. McDonald			J. McNeill
A. Doyle			McCloskey

Touch Judges—A. Gillis, Hearn.

St. F. X. 5—Truro, 3.

The following day, October 17, our second game was played, our opponents being the strong Truro team. They had also played the day before at Sydney, winning by the score of 3—0. Their team was comprised mostly of old Dalhousie men, who thoroughly knew the game, and were well able to play it. Cock, Dalhousie star half-back of last year, played in his usual position and put up a fine game. Truro played the greater part of the game without her star quarter, McKenzie, whose knee had been severely wrenched at Sydney. He started in the game showing great pluck and determination, but played only a few minutes his place being filled by Dickey. Our boys played a rattling good game, controlling the ball in the scrimmage nearly the entire game. The scrim., in fact, played the game, though the half line showed marked improvement over their work of the previous day. The game was very fast and a trifle rough at times, but the referee always quickly stopped all unnecessary roughness.

Truro won the toss and chose the northern goal. McNeill kicked off for St. F. X., sending it toward McKenzie, whose injured knee prevented his securing it, but it was finally picked up by Bill, though no gain resulted, for he was immediately tackled and held, on Truro's 15 yds. line. The ball was kept in the scrim., and slowly, but surely, by the superior play of our forwards, advanced towards Truro's line. In the first fifteen minutes the ball was brought over Truro's line by our scrimmage and also by McSweeney, but each time a touchdown resulted necessitating a five yard scrim. Finally A. Fraser, by a quick dash, carried it safely across. D. McNeill kicked a beautiful goal at a very difficult angle, the ball going fairly between the goal posts at a good height. Cock kicked off for Truro, placing it between scrim and quarters, and by quickly following it up, made a good dribble, until stopped by McKinnon. The ball remained in St. F. X. territory during some minutes of very fast play. Cock finally punted it across the line, and Bill, by closely following it up, secured a try. A very poor attempt was made for goal. The first half ended shortly after, the score being St. F. X. 5—Truro, 3.

Truro kicked off in the second half; McKinnon returned into touch at Truro's 40 yd. line. The play zigzagged back and forth, many brilliant plays occurring on both sides, but St. F. X. goal was never in danger, the nearest approach being the 25 yd line. From this point our scrim gradually pushed their opponents back to their own 10-yard line. A free kick was awarded Truro, but no gain resulted. Their halves made some brilliant rushes, but the ball always would be brought back by the dribbling of our scrim. No further score resulted, although the ball was on Truro's 2-yard line when the whistle blew.

Mr. Carroll, of Pictou, refereed very satisfactorily.
The line up was as follows:

Truro.		St. F. X.
McHeffy	Full-back	D. McNeil
Cock		H. McDonald
Bruce	} Halves	R. McDonald
Bill		McKinnon
Archibald		J. Fraser
McKenzie (Dickey)		A. Fraser
Schurman	} Quarters	McSweeney
Putnam		Allen
Snook		McIntyre
McBain		McCormick
Bigelow (Capt)	Forwards	Joyce
Sedgewick		J. H. McDonald
Cummings		McKenzie
Parker		J. McNeill
McDonald		McCloskey

Touch Judges—P. McDonald, H. Hearn

St. F. X.—7 Glace Bay—0

Saturday, Nov. 8th, Glace Bay, the Champions of the Cape Breton League, played here for the Championship of Eastern Nova Scotia. The game was fast and clean, and the fine points of both teams showed up to the best advantage. Our scrim was a little too strong for the Glace Bay eight, for we controlled the ball during the entire game. Glace Bay's half-line seemed to be very fast, but they got few chances to do much ground gaining. Dryden played the best game, making some fine tackles. Begg was easily the star in the forward line, his dribbling being the feature of the day. Our entire team worked well together, setting a pace which began to tell upon our opponents in the second half. McKinnon, with his grand rushes, and D. McNeill with his kicking were easily the St. F. X. stars. J. McNeil, McCormick and Allen played a fine game in the scrim.

Glace Bay won the toss, choosing the southern goal, with the sun and wind against them. D. McNeil, kicking off, placed the ball between their half-line and scrimmage, where Hanaway secured it, but was immediately tackled and held. A series of sharp scrims took place, and in a few minutes the ball was kicked over Glace Bay's line, but a safety resulted. It was returned from the drop out to Glace Bay's 10 yd line; from this Begg dribbled well up into St. F. X. territory, but was stopped by McNeil. The St. F. X. halves, by good work, brought the ball back to Glace Bay's 10 yd line. A free kick was award-

ed Glace Bay, and A. Fraser, securing the ball on the 30 yd line, dropped for goal ; it went fairly between the posts, thus making the first score. The ball was dopped out and D. McNeil returned it into touch at Glace Bay's 5 yd line. Begg dribbled into St. F. X. territory but was stopped by McNeil, who then made the longest kick ever seen here, sending it from his own 30 yd line well over Glace Bay's goal line, but a safety resulted. From the drop out McKinnon received it, and made a gain of 30 yds, being finally run into touch by Dryden. Here the first half ended, St. F. X., 4—Glace Bay, 0.

Glace Bay kicked off, McKinnon returning it to touch at their 30 yd line. It was dribbled to St. F. X. 25 yd line, but J. McNeil soon brought it back to centre by good dribbling. R. McDonald dribbled it from here to Glace Bay's 10 yd line, but it was brought back by Begg to St. F. X. 15 yd line. Then McKinnon made a grand rush, breaking through the opposing line, but was stopped by the full-back on the 10 yd line. The scrim did good work here, carrying the ball across the line repeatedly, but it was always held. McSweeney got across safely, but the referee did not allow the try. Finally, by a pretty piece of combination along the half-line, the ball was carried across by H. McDonald. He lost it, however, but McKinnon fell on it for a try. The kick for goal was a failure. Play was entirely in Glace Bay territory during the remainder of the game, but no further score resulted. Mr. Brody of Glace Bay refereed.

The line-up was as follows :—

Glace Bay.		St. F. X.
McEachern	Full-back	D. McNeil
Dryden (Capt.)	Halves	H. McDonald
Bruce		R. McDonald
Hanaway		McKinnon
Delaney		J. Fraser
Harrison	Quarters	A. Fraser
McManus		McSweeney
Begg	Forwards	Allen
McLean		McIntyre
Piphey		McCormick
Beattie		Joyce
McMillan		J. H. McDonald
Murphy		McKenzie
McCuish		J. McNeil
Haley		McClosky

Touch-Judges, Allen, Nulty.

DALHOUSIE, 8—ST. F. X., 0.

Our next game, the most interesting and important of all, was played with Dalhousie college, in Halifax. Last fall, Dalhousie played here on our grounds, beating us, and in doing so, showed us the fine points of the game and how it really should be played. It is needless to say that our boys are apt pupils and put up a stiff fight against their more experienced opponents. The game was played on the Wanderer's grounds, Halifax, Thursday Nov. 13. There had been a heavy fall of snow and rain the day before and the ground was not in the best of condition, being slippery and wet. A good fast game was played, however, and those who predicted a large score in Dalhousie's favor were rather surprised

at the result. Our boys held them down well, for they scored only in the last five minutes of the game. It is plainly seen that we have good material here, but by lack of practice, and by the absence of a good coach, are unable to compete successfully with such an experienced team as Dalhousie. However, after playing a few games with teams of Dalhousie's class, we should be able to hold our own with them.

Dalhousie has a magnificent team, although lacking the individual stars of last year, still as they work as one man, they are much more effective. However, they play a very fine aggressive game, being very strong on the offensive, and also on the defensive, when they are called to defend. They entirely deserve the title of "Champions," which they earned this year, as they play a good, fast, clean, gentlemanly game, and are yet to be scored upon. Their scrim. is their strong point this year, their dribbling being the feature of every game they played. They have a fast, husky eight, expert at heeling out the ball and dribbling, and well acquainted with all the fine points of the game. "Cam" McDonald and Potter were easily the stars. McDonald was always on the ball, making some fine tackles, and when he got the ball he was rather hard to bring down. He made gains from the throws-in. Potter did much excellent dribbling, and played his usual good game. Captain Malcolm was unable to play on account of an injured knee, and the scrim. was considerably weakened by his absence, although his place was filled by a very good man. The quarters were both very good, Rankin especially, being always on the ball, and assisting the scrim. by fine dribbling. Their half line is fast, and passed quickly and accurately. Their full-back's first tackle in an open field was made during this game, and he brought his man sure and hard. Our men played an excellent game, holding their opponents down well, by their great strength and weight, to say nothing of their determination. They controlled the ball quite a little the first half, and did some excellent defensive playing in the second. Yet Dalhousie's scrim. had rather the better of it during this latter half. McKenzie deserves especial mention for his numerous gains, both by dribbling and carrying the ball. Our quarters played well, McSweeney especially, nearly always tackling his opponent, Dickie, before he could gain much ground, and at one time, by sharp playing, "made a twenty-five yard gain."

McKinnon was the star of the half-line, his long run at the latter part of the game being the best seen in Halifax this year. R. McDonald went on the field with an injured leg and practically could not run at all, but nevertheless, this did not prevent him making many good tackles. Our full-back played his usual game, which is always good, and won much applause from the rooters by his kicking, and stopping of dangerous dribbles.

The game started at 3.15 p. m., Dalhousie kicking off, St. F. X. defending the eastern goal, with the wind in their face. H. McDonald secured the ball and kicked it into touch at centre. The first scrim took place about centre field. St. F. X. controlled the ball, and dribbled with slight gains. The ball remained about centre for about ten minutes of play, zigzagging back and forth. From here "Cam" McDonald and Potter started a dribble and brought it to St. F. X. line, but when it was kicked over, H. McDonald fell on it for a safety. It was dropped out, but was returned into touch at St. F. X. 30-yard line. The prettiest play of the game followed from the next scrim., Rankin receiving the ball and passing to Carney. The entire Dalhousie half-line with the quarter rapidly went up the field, passing the ball from man to man, eluding our men,

but finally lost it on a fumble, and McNeill fell on it. Our scrim did great work there, bringing the ball by a straight push back to centre field, where it remained till the whistle blew for half time, with the score 0—0.

The second half started off with a rush, McNeill kicking off. The ball was held at centre field and Dalhousie commenced to force matters. They started out at a terrific pace working their famous "cork screw" time after time. Our men, however, prevented them from making any great gains. After twenty minutes of hard play, wholly in St. F. X. territory, the ball was passed from Carney to Bailie to Buckley, who eluding our full-back, crossed the line for their first try. Cheese converted it in elegant style, kicking it at a very difficult angle. The ball, after being kicked off, rapidly found its way back to St. F. X. territory, being dribbled by Potter and Rankine. These two started to dribble on St. F. X. 25 yd line, and finally kicked it to Borden, who sprinted across for the second try. No goal was kicked. "Cam" McDonald made a splendid gain after the kick-off, from St. F. X. 30 yd line to their 5 yd line. He obtained the ball from a throw-in and plowed straight ahead, with a couple of men on his back. He was finally stopped by McNeil. St. F. X. dribbled it to centre field, from where McKinnon made the longest run of the day. He obtained the ball on a pass from McSweeney, and quickly getting up speed, dashed through the Dalhousie line. He was met, however, by Church on Dalhousie's 15 yd line and was downed very neatly. McKinnon passed to R. McDonald as he was falling, but no gain resulted, as Borden tackled him. The whistle blew for time with the ball on Dalhousie's 10 yd line.

Mr. Farrel of the Wanderer's refereed to the satisfaction of all.

The line-up was as follows:—

Dalhousie		St. F. X.
Church	Full-back	D. McNeill
Borden	} Halves	H. McDonald
Buckley		R. McDonald
Carney		McKinnon
Bailie		J. Fraser
Rankine	} Quarters	A. Fraser
Dickie		McSweeney.
McDonald		Allen
Cheese		McIntyre
Potter		McCormick
Fulton	Forwards	Joyce
Corston		J. H. McDonald
Sutherland		McKenzie
Parker		J. McNeill
Young		McCloskey

Touch Judges—Murray, Hearn

PUNTS.

"Judique is it."

Big "Mac" caused more than one person of the opposing lines to wish for an iron helmet. His namesake from St. Dunstan's remarked on the hardness of his head.

We congratulate "Cam" McDonald in obtaining a place on the All-Canadian team.

John Hugh played "corkingly" in all the match games. He was always on the ball, and made some good tackling and dribbling.

We have yet to meet "Curley" McDonald's equal in the half-line. More than one member of opposing teams admitted that Joyce was one of the hardest men they ever ran up against.

Begg, of Glace Bay, was a beggar at dribbling.

McIntyre badly wrenched his knee in the first few minutes of the Dalhousie game, but he pluckily held out to the last, and though suffering, worked like a Trojan.

We extend our deepest sympathy to the Glace Bay representative of the Daily Record.

"Billy" Carroll became quite enthusiastic on the way Mabou had of stopping dribbles.

INDOOR MEET.

The first indoor meet in the history of the college was held in the rink Tuesday evening, Nov. 18. It consisted of class championship games and a three mile match race. A fine trophy was offered by the professors and friends of the college to the class winning the greatest number of points, and is to be held by that class for one year, or as long as they are winners in the annual meet. A track, sixteen laps to the mile, with raised corners, was put in the rink nearly a month ago, so the classes had plenty of time to practice and train. During the races enthusiasm waxed high, the students of each class cheering their representatives on to do their best, and they nobly responded. Class '03 easily obtained the greatest number of points, 42½, with '05 second, 17½, and '04 third, with 8 points. The team race between '03 and '05 was one of the most interesting features of the evening, the former class winning by half a lap. W. B. Gillis, '03, obtained the greatest number of individual points, winning eleven. McCormick, the champion shot-putter, beat his own record, established at Moncton last year, by putting the shot 41 feet 6 inches. He also gave an exhibition throw of 42 feet.

The star event of the meet was the three mile match race between R. J. McDonald, our worthy representative, and J. Lorden, the champion of Ireland. Both men were in the pink of condition, and admirers of the sport anticipated a good fast race and their fervent hopes were certainly realized. McDonald is running this year as he never ran before, and is well able to uphold his reputation with the foremost runners of the world in any distance. Lorden is a very plucky runner, full of surprises and determination, but the pace set for him by McDonald was too swift, for he seemed to be distressed at the finish. McDonald's time of 15 min. 38 sec. was very fast, for he clipped four seconds from his record established at Sydney last summer. At the crack of the pistol McDonald started off with a spurt and obtained a lead of a few yards. Lorden soon overtook him, however, and trailed along behind for the first ten laps, then McDonald spurted and opened up quite a gap and gradually increased his lead until he had completely lapped Lorden. At the end of two and a half miles, he again lapped him. Lorden seemed to be in distress, but put up a plucky fight. He held McDonald until the last two laps, when McDonald broke away with a magnificent spurt, and finished at a pace that would have done credit to any hundred yard dash man, winning by two and a half laps.

The following is the result of the events:

35-yd. dash—Won by A. McK. Fraser, '03; M. McCormick, '03, 2nd; D. McNeil, '05, 3rd. Time, 4 2-5 sec.

880 yd. run—Won by W. B. Gillis, '03; J. H. McDonald, '03, 2nd; J. Gillis, '05, 3rd. Time, 2 min. 17 1-5 sec.

Putting 16lb. Shot—Won by M. McCormick, '03; R. F. McDonald, '03, 2nd; D. McNeil, '05, 3rd. Distance, 41 ft 6 in.

Potato Race—Won by A. McK. Fraser, '03; G. Courtney, '05, 2nd; G. McEwen, '05, 3rd. Time, 35 sec.

Mile run—Won by W. B. Gillis, '03; M. McGarry, '04, 2nd; H. Rice, '05, 3rd. Time, 5 min. 6 2-5 sec.

High Jump—Won by J. Gillis, '05; D. McNeil, '05, and R. F. McDonald, '03, 2nd; M. McCormick, '03, 3rd. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.

440 yd. Run—Won by M. Stehlin, '04; J. Gillis, '05, 2nd; W. B. Gillis, '03, 3rd. Time, 64 3-5 sec.

Team Race—Won by 1903 (J. H. McDonald, D. Fraser, M. McCormick, W. B. Gillis); Class 1905 2nd; (D. Chisholm, G. Courtney, S. J. Nulty, J. J. McDonald).

Three Mile Run—Won by R. J. McDonald. Time, 15 min. 38 sec.

Friday night, Nov, 21st, McDonald and Lorden ran a five-mile race at Sydney, in the Rosslyn Rink, and McDonald again was the victor. It was a faster and more exciting race than that of Tuesday night. It was witnessed by a large number of spectators, McDonald's admirers being in the majority. Lorden was in better condition than on the previous night, and ran a splendid race, still he was no match for the champion. McDonald's time of 25 min. 45 sec. was very fast considering that the track had no raised corners, and he deserves great credit for his performance. Lorden won the pole, but McDonald took the lead at the half and opened up a gap. Lorden, however, overtook him, and ran at his heels step for step until the mile-and-a-half had been passed, where McDonald spurted. Lorden caught him again, and at two miles took the lead but was unable to hold it, for McDonald spurted again, and at two-and-one-half miles had half a lap lead, which he increased to a full lap at three miles. Lorden tried to regain lost ground, but McDonald held him and finished the last two laps with a fine spurt, crossing the tape a winner by one-and-a-half laps.

Lorden returned to Boston the following day, well pleased with his treatment here. He will run there Thanksgiving Day for the championship of New England. EXCELSIOR wishes him success.

XAVERIANA.

Since the last issue of EXCELSIOR another addition has been made to the teaching staff of the College in the person of Mr. J. H. McDougall, of Antigonish. Mr. McDougall is a teacher of wide experience, having successfully taught in the principal departments of Main Street School, and also in one of the schools of Halifax. He has now charge of the history classes.

Ping-Pong Tournament On November 14th the ladies of St. Ninian's Reading Circle held a Ping Pong tournament in the College Hall. Nearly eighty players took part in the games and the contestants were so evenly matched that the outcome was doubtful to the very last. The contest between Miss McKinnon and Miss Violet McDonald and that between Mr. Crear and Mr. Adolph Bernasconi were very exciting and each showed splendid skill in the game. The final game for the gentlemen's contest was played between Adolph Bernasconi and Bert Harris and both were "advantage all" when the tournament was brought to a close. The ladies' contest was won by Miss Violet McDonald. During the evening refreshments were served by the ladies, who are to be congratulated on the success of their tournament.

St. Andrew's Day falling on Sunday this year, the annual entertainment **St. Andrew's Entertainment** was held on Thursday, Dec. 4th. The committee deserve great credit for the magnificent programme they presented on this occasion. The recitation entitled "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," rendered by Mr. A. McClosky, made a deep impression on the audience and showed him to be an elocutionist of no mean order. The vocal solos by Misses Rose McLean and M. F. McDougall, the "Sailor's Hornpipe" danced by Master Aeneas McDonald, and the sword dance by Mr. W. H. McCormick were the pleasing features of the evening. The chorus by the College Glee Club and the splendid violin selections by Mr. D. C. McDonald are deserving of great praise. The dancing by Messrs McCormick, McLennan, Gillis and McGarry also deserves mention, and they were loudly applauded. Miss A. McKinnon was the piano accompanist during the evening.

The Triduum in honour of St. Francis Xavier took place during the three **St. Francis Xavier's Day** days preceding the festival. The Cathedral Choir kindly gave their service during the exercises and the College is thereby greatly indebted to them. On December 3rd, the day of the festival, ~~Pontifical~~ High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, V. G., assisted by Rev. Frs. Gillis and Barry; and a very instructive sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. McDougall, who gave a sketch of the life of our patron saint, of his virtues, and exhorted the students to imitate and take him for their model.

It was our great privilege to hear the renowned Dr. DeCosta lecturing in the **Dr. DeCosta's Lecture** College Hall on the festival of our patron saint. We had all heard of Dr. DeCosta's fame as a lecturer, and of his wonderful conversion to the Catholic Church, and it was with great interest that we looked forward to his coming. The Very Rev. Dr. McDonald occupied the chair and in introducing the lecturer he referred to the strange coincidence that this night three years ago he was received into the bosom of the Catholic fold. To attempt to give an adequate account of Dr. DeCosta's lecture would only tend to dim his brilliancy in the eyes of those who heard him, and moreover, would be an injustice to the great lecturer. However, we cannot refrain from touching on some of his remarks. In opening Dr. DeCosta made a passing reference to his visit through this part of the country thirty-one years ago. At

A little too "previous", It was Solemn High Mass

that time his visit was merely in search of the picturesque and the beautiful. On this night his visit was of a different character. On his former visit he was an Episcopalian, on this visit he stood before his audience a staunch member of the Catholic Church. After these preliminary remarks, he proceeded with the subject of his lecture "America and All That." He spoke of the various settlers in America, first the Irish, then the Scandinavians, and after them the so called discovery of the New World by Columbus. It was from the Scandinavians that we learned that the Irish were the first settlers in America. The lecturer then dwelt on the present standing of American people. He referred to the moral and social degradation through which its people were wading, especially the higher classes, and touched particularly on intemperance. He would remind us that although the United States boasted of having spent 72 million dollars annually for education, she also spent 1,600 million for liquor. Dr. DeCosta then called the attention of the audience to the awful influence of divorce on society and to the large number of divorce cases in the courts, and to the fact that the Catholic church had never granted a divorce in the case of a valid and legal marriage contract. However, he was not a pessimist, indeed he was the very opposite, but could be a true optimist only by meeting evil square in the face. The learned lecturer next took up the position of America in regard to education. He attacked President Elliot of Harvard, who would banish Christ from education. President Elliot would wish to eliminate *sacrifice*. Eliminate sacrifice, answers Dr. DeCosta, and you take away the very foundation of society.

He then touched briefly on the relations between Canada and the United States. He thought that Canada would be better without annexation, and said that Ottawa would one day be a place which Washington might take as an example. He said that there were abundant opportunities at our very feet if we would take advantage of them, and that we do not need to seek other lands for them. He would tell the men who stated that the professions were overcrowded that there was plenty room at the top, and he had every reason to believe that there the students of St. Francis Xavier College would be found.

After the lecture Rev. Dr. Barry arose, and in an eloquent and witty speech moved that a vote of thanks be tendered the lecturer. The motion was seconded by Mr. Joseph Wall, who paid a high tribute to the distinguished lecturer from New York.

During the intervals between various parts of the lecture Mr. D. C. McDonald played some fine selections on the violin, with piano accompaniment by Miss A. McKinnon.

The Class Trophy

On the afternoon of November 18th a meeting of the Athletic Association was held for the purpose of making a formal presentation of the trophy to the senior students who were the winners of the class championship at the Electric Light Sports on the 18th of November. The President, Rev. J. W. McIsaac, occupied the chair, and after stating the purpose of the meeting, highly complimented the winners of the trophy; and while they gave what they considered a proper attention to their physical development, yet he had every reason to believe that the sturdy members of the class of '03 were students in the true sense of the word, and could do honor to their year in the class-room as well as on the campus. Mr. W. B. Gillis was then called upon to receive the cup on behalf of the class, and in doing so encouraged the students who would be here next year to try to make these sports an annual event.

The cup for the class championship was purchased from Mr. R. G. LePine, Jeweller, 181 Barrington Street, Halifax. The boys wish to express publicly their gratitude to him for the promptness with which he attended to their order, as well as for the nice gifts he sent them after their return from Halifax.

The members of the Football Team all speak in the most glowing terms of the kindness they received while in Halifax from the Hon. D. McNeil. They wish to express their gratitude to him.

Advanced Debating Society

We are glad to see that the interest taken in the debates is as zealous as ever and we sincerely hope that this will be the case throughout the term. The Advanced Debating Society had some very good debates during the past month and most of the questions discussed were issues of the present day. The last subject for debate was presented in this resolution: "Resolved, that it would be for the interest of both governments concerned, that Canada be annexed to the United States." This is a question that is now attracting the attention of the public, and while there is not likely to be any immediate outcome, we deemed it a subject of interest that we might have a clearer insight into Canada's position to-day.

The debate was opened by Mr. J. N. McLeman, who strongly supported the negative side of the question, and was followed by Mr. R. K. McIntyre as respondent. Mr. McCloskey then took up the question: and in a clear and fluent speech put forth the reasons why Canada should not be annexed to the United States. He said that the United States was looking for Canada since 1812, and quoted an extract from the *New York Sun*, which, he said, only voiced the sentiments of the people of the present day. He also quoted Minister Blair's speech at a banquet in New York, at which he said that Canada did not want annexation nor would she ever want it. He then touched upon the question of trade, especially of the lumber trade and the great resources of Canada, her industries and how they should be protected. He also maintained that a large percentage of the capital invested on Wall Street was British.

He was followed by Mr. Andrew McKinnon, who regarded the question as one, not of loyalty or sentiment, but of the benefit that would arise if such a union took place, and in his opinion annexation was a very desirable thing. His principal argument was that American capital would develop our resources and as a consequence give an impetus to trade.

Mr. W. B. Gillis was the next speaker, and on this occasion showed as usual his wide knowledge of political questions. He spoke of the terrible influence of the trusts in the United States and of many other things that were burdening the masses of a nation whose boast was their liberty. He referred to the great strike which took about six months to settle, and this as an example of the little control that their government had over the large corporations. His next argument was that the United States government was not a true representative one at the present day and that the actions of her president were more or less under the control of great men like J. Pierpont Morgan. In view of these great drawbacks in the nation to the south of us, he was decidedly opposed to annexation.

But the affirmative side of the question found a strong support in Mr. W. A. McDonald. He agreed with Mr. Andrew McKinnon in saying that it was not a question of loyalty. He took up Mr. W. B. Gillis' argument about the government of the United States, and maintained that if annexation took place it would not necessarily mean that all the defects of her government would be retained. Canada has a few statesmen of no mean order, and these would have a say in the matter. He spoke of the large number of Canadians in the United States and of the large influx of people from the latter country into the North-West of Canada. The people are gradually blending together, which can only result in a union of the countries. He also took exception to a former speaker's remarks that it was only the United States that wanted reciprocity, which is but a stepping stone to annexation. As the time had now expired, a large number of members were debarred from speaking. The vote resulted in favor of the negative side.

Sophomore Debating Society The Sophomores have a good debating society this year, and have some very promising speakers. A commendable matter as regards this society is that each member makes it a point to speak, even though briefly. The subject for discussion at the last meeting was put before the meeting in this resolution: "Resolved that the Transvaal War was justifiable." The appointed opener, G. Courtney, being absent, Mr. McGillvray opened the debate in a brief and pertinent speech, upholding the justice of the war. It has been remarked that he is not unlike Macaulay in his style. However this may be, he has undoubtedly a good style and is a good debater. Mr. G. McNeil used some very convincing arguments in responding to the opener. Other speakers were Messrs. John Gillis, Geo. McSweeney, and Leo McEachern. The vote was then taken and resulted in favor of the affirmative side.

The Society elected Mr. J. H. McDougall an honorary member. In thanking them for the honor shown him he congratulated its members on the high standard to which their society attained.

Freshmen Debating Society The Freshmen Debating Society has been making good progress during the past month. Of course we must consider the fact that a large number of its members never had the opportunity of debating before. However, they have a creditable number of good speakers. Their subject for debate on the last week was the relative merits of the two great generals, Wellington and Napoleon. The speakers were Mr. Rod. F. McDonald, opener and Mr. C. McKenzie, respondent, and were followed by Mr. A. A. McKinnon in a long and well worded speech. The other speakers were Frank Fitzgerald, Tobin and Giovanuetti.

ON THE HOP.

"Watch Pottah."

"Several anysings."

What about the 25 yd. gain?

"Hoch are you calling a chrane?"

"Where shall we put the trophy?"

N l-y still plays to the grand stand.

"I had to write an indispensable letter."

Why does A-c-ie call all potatoes, Murphys?

Mac reads mostly poetry now.

Puzzle: Find how the Sophs lost the trophy.

"Ah, I have an inspiration—the Boer War."

McS appears bothered over the man with the red nose.

The crooked man's head is expanding, he wants a vacant class-room.

Why is it that Don Physique keeps muttering, "The curfew tolls the Knell of parting day."?

Latest additions to the Bone-yard gang, McS., McC-o-ky, Judique and the Trojan.

If Rice does not keep away from the eastern wing window in the morning, some Chinaman may steal him.

Pat says he won't go in the field again because he was Beaton with the ball.

The Grand Jury, consisting of the personnel of the prefects of the Senior Study, found a True Bill against Dr. S-a-s-y with six counts. But the case has been dismissed with costs.

Don—"Whose Geometry is that, Hector?"
 Hector, (innocently)—"Euclid, sir."

Jack (in Geometry class—"Is the point parralell to the straight line sir?"

"Say, did you hear the lecture?"

"No."

"Well 'twas posponded."

Reddy—"Why do I appear to be 'on the rocks'?"

Nosey—"That's a hard one."

Reddy—"Don't I sit between two Craggs?"

Do—"What's the meaning of woe?"

McG.—"It is a command."

Don—"Give example."

McG.—"Whoa, Bill."

Nosey—"Why is it dangerous to play against our team?"

Reddy—"Give it up."

Nosey—" 'Cause every man has an X you chump."

Harry got a hair-cut,
 The parting gives him pain,
 He feels rather bad, but
 'Tis sure to grow again.

Reddy—"Did you hear the problem of the chair?"

Nosey—"Nope, let's have it."

Reddy—"Well its rather easy."

There is a poet in the wing
 He writes some black-board verse
 He tries to better everything
 But always makes it worse.

"And in his paws, he holds the taws,
 Which none but he can wield."

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