

# THE HUM OF THE COLLEGE.

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## CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

### RHETORIC CLASS OF '94.

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### CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

As the Christmas season draws near the mind naturally turns to its festivities. In modern times the Christmas tree, laden with its numerous presents, is eagerly looked forward to. The old Saxons used to burn the yule log, which was always brought in with great ceremony on Christmas eve, the Teutons used to roast their large boar, and other nations also had their various customs.

But probably when preparing for their holidays few persons give much thought to the preparations that took place before the first Christmas, and the various events that attended it. Think of the difficulties the three Wise Men of the East overcame in order to go to Bethlehem to worship the Saviour of the World. And remember the results in consequence of that Christmas. First, the terrible persecutions and wars, and then the final acceptance of Christianity, till now it is the prevailing religion. And it is asserted that those nations which have accepted this religion have advanced the most in civilization and culture. It was by the softening influence of Christianity that woman was elevated to her true sphere and was enabled to take the position which she has in the world to-day. People may not think that Christianity has had much to do with the progress of society, but look at the other religions and compare what they have done. Many men have sprung up and tried to influence the people by calling themselves Christs, but they did not accomplish much and their birthdays are not even remembered.

•Christmas is always made pleasant to children by the visit of St. Nicholas, and they look forward to Christmas as the time at which he comes, but we think they should be reminded, too, of the reason for which the holiday is kept.

We do not intend to convey the thought that we think the Christmas season should be only a solemn one, for we think it should be the brightest and most joyous of the whole year, and as it only comes once a year, we should try to make it as pleasant as we can for every one. Of course the girls don't have much chance to do this while at school, but when they go home for their Christmas holidays they can surely find some poor person or family to whom they can carry good cheer. There seems, too, to be a peaceful, happy feeling in the air which makes every one wish well to all men, and echo the song of the angels on that memorable night, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

The outside of the Art Building is finished excepting the terra-cotta trimmings, which are to come later. The inside of the building, however, is not so nearly completed. The walls have only received their first coat of plaster. Some of the heavy staging is still standing, and there are no doors. We hope the building will soon be finished and the staging cleared away so we can admire it inside as well as outside.

We hear that there is talk of building a new Post Office in Sackville. Although we are not allowed to cross the threshold of the present one, we always take an interest in what will benefit Sackville; and a new Post Office certainly will. Surely the present structure has served its day and generation. By the look of it, it must have been built in the day of log cabins. If they are to keep as well up to date as some of Sackville's new stores, they will have to make it very large.

When word came that the Mt. Allison foot-ball team had been defeated, and Mr. Butler hurt, every one was indignant. Of course we like to see our team come out ahead, but we do not like to see our players mangled as if they had just come off a battle field. Foot-ball may once have been a harmless game and we hope it will be made so again if our boys are to play it. Meanwhile we offer our heartiest sympathies to Mr. Butler and hope his ankle will soon be better.

The question has often come up among the members of the Rhetoric Class as to whether reading or travelling is the better means of education. In one number of "The Hum of the College," a debate was written on this. We, in our capacity of editor, might be allowed to advise on this subject. If we went to Rome to learn about the Colosseum, we might find out what the ruins look like, but we would not know much about its history. Even to go to the Lanl of Evangeline, we would not see very much, except a tract of rich meadow land, if we did not know the story of Evangeline. In these

modern school excursions for the study of geology and botany, if the teacher does not drill the scholars well before they start, in all that they are going to find out, they see nothing new in what is around them, except a change of scenery. All the rest they have to learn from books beforehand. Travel as much as you please, but study about the countries before you start. Better spend your time on books of travel than on trashy, sentimental novels.

#### "SIFTINGS AND HUM."

A word of explanation as to the reasons for publishing this paper may be desirable. We thoroughly believe that no one can obtain a good knowledge of Rhetoric merely from a textbook, therefore it has been a custom to require class compositions, illustrating the work gone over. It was found difficult, however, to arouse interest in this work, the pupils looking on it as a necessary drudgery. This term a change was made, a paper being started in each Rhetoric Class, to which the members were invited to contribute. Two editors were appointed for each number. Their work was to arrange it in regular newspaper form, and read it the following Friday to the class. We found that this plan encouraged the embryo rhetoricians to express their thoughts freely, either by essay, letter, or criticism, and even in one or two cases by poetry. The news both in town and abroad was collected, a question department was conducted, and in the last numbers a musical column was added. Everything handed in must be strictly original. We preferred to have poorer matter in our paper than not to have the pupil's own composition. A little work was done towards the close of the term in what might be called pen and ink sketches. Just as an artist might study nature for the subject of his painting, so we have required a pupil to put into words the pictures she has seen from her window, or during her afternoon walk. This is perhaps the most difficult, because the most artistic of essay writing. We have published one of these attempts, "A Sackville Sunset," in the HUM OF THE COLLEGE, not so much for its finish as its truthness to nature. It is the writer's first attempt, but she will have more practice in this work next term. By publishing the Christmas numbers of these papers, we do not claim that we have at all reached the high standard to which we aim. It has been done merely as an encouragement to the writers and as some memento of the term's work. It is but due to the editorial staff and contributors to the papers to state that with the exception of this note, the work has been all their own.

#### THE PRESENT RHETORIC CLASS IN 1904.

*Dear Editors.*—It is the thirteenth day of October, 1904, the anniversary of the day on which we started the "Hum of the College" at Mt. Allison ten years ago. I don't know how I happened to remember that, but when I got up this morning it flashed across my mind, and nearly all day I have been thinking about the Rhetoric class.

Since leaving the Ladies' College, I have seen some of the members of the class and have heard of others. I read in the papers a few days ago that the young lady who, in class, was always pointing out the ambiguous sentences, was writing a book on that subject. It will be of great interest to all her class-mates. In the same paper an advertisement informed me that the member of the class, who thought of revising the Methodist Hymn Book, had done so, and had improved it by marking all the hymns Iambic Trimeter, Trochaic Tetrameter, and so on, according to their meter. While visiting in Boston lately, I saw four of my class-mates; two of them were what we used to call "villagers." One of these, I remember, generally ambled in about half-an-hour after class

had begun, without pen and ink, on the Fridays that we wrote for the "Hum." Another of the young ladies whom I saw, but did not recognize until she addressed me, was the one who used to stand in the *hall* in the fourth flat just before closing and call "N——! N——! Are you ready?" The last of the quartette, not at all changed, was the student who was always so fond of *pickles*. I regretted extremely that I had to leave Boston shortly after seeing the girls, but I hope to meet them again before long.

On my way back from Boston, strange to say, I met a fifth member of the class, "the traveller" we named her, because she described a trip to South America in one of our papers. She told me that she had been travelling a great deal since she left school, and that she enjoyed it as much as ever.

About four years ago I was visiting in the country, and one day, while crossing a field, I saw something quite comical. In the field was a cow that had a particular aversion to red. Standing as though paralyzed before the animal was a young lady in a red dress. When I saw this, and also that she was cornered in one end of the field, I was brave for once, and picking up a stick I ran towards the cow. At my fierce appearance, the cow turned and fled, leaving me monarch of all I surveyed. Once more I looked at the young lady, and to my surprise, found her to be one of the members of the '94 Rhetoric Class.

While on a trip through Nova Scotia, I met several of this class; at Truro, the unsteady student lived, who, when she was not quite sure of her lesson, would ask, after an imperfect answer, "I think that is it, Miss ——, isn't it?"

At Yarmouth I visited the young lady who was so fond of *canned goods*, and who found such difficulty, one day, in spelling Constantinople at the dinner table. Then at Hantsport, I met the talker of the class. She was *fuller* of conversation than ever.

At a concert the other evening, I was surprised and pleased to see on the programme the name of one of my fellow students in Rhetoric. She played the piano beautifully, and although her touch was much admired when I heard her last, yet it had improved since then. I must not forget to mention that she wore *rose-hairs* as usual.

The member of the class living in the same town with myself, I see daily. She does not like chocolates any better than formerly. Two members I have yet to tell about. One is a teacher in the town where I reside. She is said to be very competent, especially in teaching her pupils the *art* of writing compositions. Her training on the staff of the HUM has probably made her efficient in that branch. The other young lady is also teaching, but in a different capacity, as she has a large class in vocal culture.

This completes the number in our illustrious Rhetoric Class of '94. Hoping this will be interesting to your readers, and wishing you and them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

I remain

Yours sincerely,

NOWHERE, 1904.

ALLISON.

#### CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

BY MAY.

Winter has come again, bringing its many messages—of sorrow to some, of joy to others.

To a poor little boot black as, shivering with cold, he sat on a door step waiting for someone to stop for "a shine," its message was all of sorrow. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, but he thought was a far from happy one to him. The holiday season, when the streets were thronged with busy buyers, only made his trade the less flourishing. The people had no time to think of him, and rudely pushed him aside as though he were of no account.

He would not have cared so much if it had been summer, for then little money would have been sufficient and any out-of-the-way place have served for a sleeping place, but the cold winter days were different: a night's lodging must be had and money must be procured in some way.

The hours passed by and night came on, but still the boy sat there shivering. He had tried again and again to make someone listen to his pleadings, but in vain—no one had heeded him.

At last the great town clock struck twelve; the busy way-farers had gradually dwindled away and only a few stragglers remained.

Poor boy! his last chance had gone, so weary and numb with the cold he painfully gathered up his brush and boxes of blacking and wandered off where, he knew not, or cared, and was soon lost to sight amidst the numerous windings and lanes of the great city—A very common winter picture to one acquainted with city life.

The Christmas eve which had been such a hard one to the poor little hoot black, and also to many other poverty stricken people, was by no means a sad one to everybody, and many hearts were brim full of joy and gladness that night.

In a beautiful home in the suburbs of the city a group of merry young people were busily engaged in trimming a Christmas tree, which was large enough to occupy one whole corner of the room and reach to the top of the ceiling. All around, the walls were decorated with holly and mistletoe, and the old fashioned fire place, piled with logs, its ruddy glow seeming to add the finishing touch to an already charming scene. The great trees outside struck by the sudden gusts of wind, crackled sharply against the glass, and every now and then as an unusually loud crack would come against the pane, the younger children would run to the window and gaze out on the wintry scene below, laughing and talking gaily the while.

At last, to the evident delight of the impatient little ones, all was finished, and the older members of the family were called in. The tree, all ablaze with the many coloured candles, was magnificent, and the young people were fully repaid for their work by the exclamations of surprise and delight which greeted them.

Then fruit, confectionery, etc., were distributed, games were played, and everything that could make the evening more enjoyable was indulged in. Not until the mystic hour of twelve arrived did the merry party break up, full of delightful anticipations for the morrow.

Another very common winter picture, and a more pleasant one by far than the former.

Christmas day had dawned and away off in an old country farmhouse a group of rosy, happy children were already emptying the contents of well filled stockings, and uttering exclamations of delight over the homely little presents which "Santa Claus" had brought them.

Not the richest child in the land, with all her beautiful gifts, was happier or more contented that Christmas morning, than were those little country children.

As the morning wore on, the jingle of bells was heard, and soon a large sleigh filled with uncles, aunts, and cousins flew up to the farm-house door, then followed huggings and greetings. Wraps were taken off, and the merry party adjourned to the sitting room, through which an old-fashioned fire-place, filled with blazing logs, sent a pleasing warmth, making a delightful contrast to the wintry scene without. At last a savoury smell filled the house, and dinner was announced. The poorest appetite would have revived at sight of that bountifully filled table. As it was, there were no poor appetites present, and, by the time all had finished, one whole hour had been spent at table. The afternoon was spent pleasantly by the younger people in coasting and skating, and then, after a good tea, the party again adjourned to the

sitting-room, where the older ones played games, told stories, &c., while the children enjoyed themselves by roasting apples and chestnuts.

At a late hour the party broke up, and the good-byes over, the merry sleighful started for home, and the pleasant Christmas day was at an end.

Thus we have viewed winter with poverty, wealth, and with simple country life, and have found that, while its message to the two last was one of joy and gladness, it brings to the former all that can be expressed by the two words hardship and sorrow.

## A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY ELSIE.

Being obliged, a few years ago, to pass through London, England, I decided to spend a few days in that place. Arriving at London I found to my dismay that I would only be able to enjoy one day of sight-seeing. Always being anxious to go through the British Museum, I decided to spend a part of the day in that building and afterward go to other famous places, which I was very anxious to see. I will try and give a brief sketch of the Museum, but as my memory is very poor I will not be able to give any particulars.

Having passed through the gates leading to a spacious court-yard, in which the British Museum is built, I beheld the building I had been so anxious to see. From the gate of the court-yard the museum looks like three separate buildings. These buildings are not separate, however, but joined in the rear. The building in the centre is the largest and contains perhaps the principal collections. All the buildings look very much like Lingley Hall, Sackville, especially the centre one. The style of architecture is Grecian Ionic.

Entering we first come to the ground floor. By-the-way each floor is divided into a number of rooms, which are devoted to some special variety of certain objects. Turning to the right on entering we find the "Greville" and "King" Libraries. Between these rooms is an apartment called the "Manuscript Saloon." To the left of the main entrance are the Sculpture Galleries. Space will not permit me to describe fully each apartment, so I will only mention what I noticed in particular.

The "Greville" Library consists of twenty thousand volumes. This collection was added to the Museum in 1847.

The "Manuscript Saloon" contains a great number of objects which are highly interesting. Some of these are Royal Charters and Royal Seals. Letters which were written by Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, and Lady Jane Grey are also to be seen. In a small case is a Prayer Book which, it is said, was used by Lady Jane Grey on the way to the scaffold. Besides these, there were many letters written by noted men, such as Nelson and Wellington.

There are three ways to reach the upper part of the Museum, but the Great Stairway is the grand one. On both sides the most beautiful sculpture is to be seen.

On the upper flat are the Central Saloon, the Anglo-Saxon and Egyptian Rooms, and the Bronze, Vase, Jewel and Glass Rooms. In the Anglo-Saxon room are many Anglo-Saxon antiquities and Irish relics. I had a strange feeling when I listened to the jingle of some small bells used by some Irish saints. The Jewel Room interested me very much. I spent much time in looking at the watches of Queen Elizabeth and a snuff-box belonging to Napoleon. In the Vase Room are some of the vases which were given as prizes at the games at Athens. The other rooms also contained many objects of interest.

Finding that my time for sight-seeing was nearly spent, I went quickly through the other rooms. I then decided that, if ever I went to London again, I would arrange matters so

that I would be able to have sufficient time to spend in seeing the objects of great interest which are in the London Museum.

#### A SACKVILLE SUNSET.

BY ALLISON.

We had gone for our walk one afternoon down the main street towards the railway track, and up the little hill on its other side. As we walked to our usual destination, the bridge, we noticed that the sky had only the faintest tinge of colour, but on coming back, at the top of the hill, there met our gaze the full beauty of the glorious sunset. Not far off was a slight rising with a round of spruce trees, above which rose a church steeple. Scattered about were houses made beautiful with a coating of snow. These things we glanced at hurriedly as our attention was attracted by the sky. At the horizon there was a delicate, velvety shade of grey, soft and pretty, then a broad band of deep orange, the rays of which went far up into the sky until they became a beautiful canary yellow, shading, to pale pink, while the glow was reflected on the opposite side of the sky in delicate pink and yellow shades. In fact, the whole landscape with its snowy covering had a rosy hue. Then slowly the lovely colours began to die away, the deep orange faded into yellow, the glowing pink grew fainter and fainter, there was again but a slight tinge to the sky, then even that faded, and everything looked cold and bleak.

#### A LEGEND OF GRAND PRÉ.

WRITTEN FOR "THE HUM OF THE COLLEGE" BY MONA.

Many years ago the French lived in Grand Pré, and Parrsboro' was occupied by the Indians. These Indians worshipped a god called Glooscap, who lived on Cape Blomidon. When Glooscap was pleased, he sent forth light and sunshine; but when he was angry, he breathed out mist and fog over the land. Glooscap had an immense iron kettle in which he stirred the materials for everything in the world. One day he was very angry, and, while striding up and down his camp, his foot, by accident, touched this kettle. Over the Cape it went down, down, far into the depths of the Basin of Minas. It landed upside down, and now forms a resting place for Spencer's Island. While the kettle was falling, out of it came the birds and fishes, which now occupy the air and water.

The French and Indians lived in peace with one another. Leone, the daughter of the French Governor, had a little canoe which the Indians had given her; and in this, with her brother to row for her, often went over to see the Indian Chieftain's daughter, Oweene. In fact, Leone had such a regard for the Indians that her father never would report to her anything unfavorable about them.

One day the news came to Leone's father that a French settlement near the Indians had been burned by them. The Indians gave as their reason for doing this that the French had interfered with their rights. Leone's father called a council of the chief men of the village, and they all met at his house.

Leone had been spending the day at a friend's, and her father thought that she would not be home until quite late, but he was mistaken. When Leone heard about the council, she determined to hear their plans; so, hurrying to the house, she quietly stood outside the window and listened.

"To-morrow before dawn we will start," was what she heard, "we cannot go by boats, because the Indians will see us; but, if we take the shortest land route, we will reach the Indians by sundown, and attack them in the night. We will burn their village, and not one shall escape alive."

Leone had heard enough. She had made her plans also; hurrying to the shore, she unloosed her canoe and was soon paddling with all her strength for Parrsboro'. The night was pitch dark but for a few stars, but these few sufficed to show Leone how to direct her course.

By the time she had paddled as far as Cape Blomidon, Leone was so nearly exhausted that she thought she would never reach her destination. But no, she would not give up. Suddenly a great light broke out around her, and looking to the top of the cliff, she thought she saw Glooscap smiling down on her. Her courage and strength were renewed. Continuing her course she soon reached Parrsboro', and had told the plans of the French to the Indian Chief. Oweene wanted Leone to stay the remainder of the night with her. Leone, however, refused, and after taking some food she was rowed home by one of the Indians. Her father was still in the council room when Leone returned, so she easily reached her own room without being seen.

The next evening, when the French arrived at Parrsboro', what was their surprise to see the village in ashes and not a sign of the Indians left. The rage of the French knew no bounds, but they could do nothing but return to Grand Pré. The Indians were never seen again; but several years afterwards, Leone was to be married, and on the morning of her wedding day she found at her door a large canoe filled with beautiful bead work, including fancy articles, slippers, caps and other things; there was also a large supply of rich and costly furs.

#### THE SCHOOLS OF TRURO.

At the head of Cobequid Bay is situated the town of Truro, which is one of the prettiest places in Nova Scotia. The streets are wide and are lined with trees which in many places meet overhead almost hiding the sky from view.

A principal feature of Truro is its schools. A group of these buildings occupy a whole block. Let us look first at the Normal school which is the pride of Truro. It is a large brick building four stories high. The main entrance faces the principal street of the town. There are two other doors on this side of the building which open into the main hall. At the back are two entrances which are used principally by the children who attend the model school. This school is in reality a part of the normal. The grounds all around the building are very pretty. On either side are hedges extending through the whole block. In the front two walks from the street meet directly before the main entrance, and inclose a large part of the grounds. In the centre of this inclosure stands the monument erected in honour of Mr. Forrester, the founder of the Normal School. Here and there are immense trees, which must be hundreds of years older than the school itself. Flower beds are to be found in all parts of the grounds, containing flowers of all descriptions. At the back of the building is the play-ground, which belongs to the Model School.

A little to one side of the Normal stands the public school building. It is a wooden structure of a dark brown colour, four stories high. The building contains nine large rooms, one of these is used for a library, the others are classrooms. Besides these are the cloak-rooms, one adjoining each classroom. The halls extend through the front, side to side. The grounds are divided on either side of the building by walks, which are lined with trees.

In the same block we find the Academy. It is a comparatively new building, and has all the modern conveniences. Directly opposite this is a building which was once the Model School, but is now a public one.

The buildings I have mentioned are situated in the centre of the town, but at the north end we find another school which is attended largely by those who come in from out-

side. At the south end there is another building, which goes by the name of Willow Street School, and is principally attended by the coloured children. Nothing has been said in this article about the other parts of Truro, but at another time, perhaps, they may be described.

A TRURO VISITOR.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

BY GRANDFATHER.

It was Christmas evening and all the world was covered with snow, while the moon, in all her splendor, "filled the earth with a silver sheen." In a large old-fashioned farmhouse a merry group of young people was gathered to celebrate the day on which the Saviour of men made his appearance in the world.

Apart from this group sat an old man who seemed to be lost in thought. The merry crowd, seeing him alone, began to gather around him and demanded a story. His little grandson, the pet and pride of the old man, climbed upon his knee, and, putting his arms about his grandfather's neck, said, "Grandpa dear, please tell us about a Christmas that you spent in your old home in the old country." This suggestion was, warmly seconded by all, and the old man began:—

When I was a young man I lived in old England. We did not spend our Christmas the way the people do out here. My father, being a country squire, had many men working under him, and these he invited to the house on Christmas. The party was not composed of these only, but some of the neighbouring squires with their families were invited.

For days before the house was in a perpetual uproar. Men were sent out into my father's woods to gather mistletoe with which to trim the house. As many of you have never seen the mistletoe, I will try and give you a description of it. The mistletoe is found growing around other trees and has long green leaves, with clusters of shining red berries at the stem of the leaves. Then the men, taking bugles and trumpets, would go into the woods, and after gathering as much mistletoe as they could carry, they would return home, very often bearing the yule-log. The green was put on the old-fashioned mantle, around the windows, and on the large hanging lamp. After these decorations the goose had to be caught and the boar killed; the boar's head being one of the special features of the Christmas feast.

At last the great day came and my father, mother, and elder sister awaited the arrival of the guests. At the moment when the bells, which it is customary to have rung at Christmas, began to ring, the sound of merry voices was heard. Arriving at the door, we found a happy group, headed by men carrying bugles and drums. This music may not seem as nice to you as that of the piano, but it suited us. The people were conducted to the large hall at the back of the house, where they talked for a while.

At the end of this hall a curtain had been hung, and a stage fitted up for the company who were going to give an example of the ancient mystery play. To make the scene more realistic some of the party were dressed in the masques and dresses of the times portrayed. I well remember some young ladies who were dressed in rich brocades, with ruffles and ermine around the neck. They also wore high peaked hats with veils hanging to the ground, and carried fans in the shape of hearts.

By-and-by the dinner was served. First came the boar's head on a large platter decorated with holly, then the goose and ham, and last, but not least, the big plum pudding. Then the wassail, in large, brown bowls decorated with ribbons was passed around.

The afternoon was spent quietly and after tea they went to the hall and danced. The distinction between classes was

not kept. Once when the dancing was at its height, my little sister who was only three, tried to join in the dance. At this show of childish eagerness, every person stopped dancing to watch her trials:—But I see that this little boy is sleepy so I will not say any more now, and when the New Year comes with its joy and gladness I will tell you more."

### A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

Dear Editor,—This Christmas day is almost closed, and it has been very pleasant to me. But much was so different from our northern Christmas that I can hardly realize the time of the year. What would you think to look out Christmas morning on fields decked in flowers, and orchards in full bloom? But our fairest Canadian landscape was never so lovely as this land. We sat under orange trees in full blossom part of the day, and wherever I looked something beautiful met my gaze. For a long time I watched the birds that flitted among the trees. Of these there was a great variety, and in their brightness of coloring, as well as their gift of song, they are certainly one of the delights of this sunny land. This afternoon we drove beyond the villa till we had a good view of a snow-capped mountain peak, that at first sight seemed quite near. How strange it looked to me to see the snow gleaming from the mountain in summer time. It carried my thoughts to home, and I wondered how you spent the day. Maybe you enjoyed yourself skating or sleigh-driving. The seeming short distance to the highlands proved a long drive, and when we came to our journey's end we were quite ready to do justice to the lunch we had brought with us. We lingered till the fading light began to cast purple shadows over the mountain, and then we started for home. I will probably spend some time near the mountains, as the friends whom I am visiting live there during the hot season.

Arrived at home, we found a pleasant surprise awaiting us. The house was brilliantly lighted and adorned for a festive occasion. Entering the drawing room, I found it almost a bower of vines, and twined among these were geraniums, Jamaica roses, and flowers of every shape and color. Nothing could have adorned the room as did these flowers and vines gathered wild from the woods and fields near the villa, and I thought our hostess very kind to take this means of pleasing her northern visitors. Maybe you would like to know something of these we met at the gathering this evening. The greater part were young people living in the villa, some like ourselves had come to Jamaica for sight-seeing, and among this number was a gentleman lately returned from travels in Europe and Asia.

There was one beautiful Spanish lady, who sang songs of Spain, and played for us during part of the evening. The young people were very merry, and they made bouquets from some of the flowers, playing games by means of these. There was a prize given to the one who was most successful at the games, but I will tell you more about this some other time, for, as it is late, I must hurry on.

A number of us strolled to the verandah for a few moments' enjoyment of the moonlight, and while waiting there a flock of tired-looking birds alighted near us. A gentleman in our group said he thought they were avocets, probably the last of the birds that would come from the north this season. As I saw them the memory of our swallows' flight and return came with new wonder to me. Surely there are many lessons to learn from these things. When we returned to the drawing-room, conversation was mostly about Christmas itself and Christmas pleasures and stories, each had a share of attention. After a little, the gentleman lately returned from foreign travels, entertained us with the story of his travels in Palestine, the home of Him for whom Christmas is kept.—It is needless to say this perfected our evening's enjoyment,

and to me a voice spoke more plainly than before, "I gave my life for thee."

I shall go to the States from here, and if I enjoy all my travels as I am enjoying myself here, I shall not be sorry that I have visited the southern lands of our own America. Hoping that you have had a Merry Christmas, I will close.

Yours truly,

AN OLD FRIEND.

KINGSTON V. I. A.,

Jamaica, Dec. 25, 1894.

### CHRISTMAS LEGENDS.

BY KRISS KRINGLE.

The observance of Christmas, dates back to very early times. Its institution is attributed to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138. This festival was, at first, moveable, but, in the fourth century, Saint Cyril of Jerusalem obtained from Pope Julian I. an order for an inquiry as to the day of Christ's nativity: as the result of this investigation, the theologians of east and west fixed on the twenty-fifth of December.

Our custom of decorating with green at Christmas is derived from old Druid practices. The ancient belief was that sylvan spirits flocked to the evergreens and remained untouched by frost till a milder season. Around the holly and mistletoe, celebrated, in every story of Christmas, cluster numberless legends. The mistletoe was venerated by the ancient Britons and its collection by the Druids was accompanied by great solemnity. As the plant is very rarely found on the oak, any discovered on that tree was regarded with peculiar honor, it was cut on the sixth day after the first new moon of each year, the priest using a golden sickle. The plant was received on a white cloth and distributed among the people, who kept it as a charm to protect them from disease and every other evil. A legend of the holly asserts that the plant did not always bear its bright scarlet berries, but that one Christmas eve long ago, as a laborer was returning from his toil, he heard a moan and found beneath a holly hedge a wayfarer crowned with thorns and with a heavy cross of wood by his side. The laborer took the crown of thorns and placed it on his own brow, then, lifting the cross, he turned to the stranger, but where the weary traveller had lain there appeared a vision, on which the laborer gazed with rapture until it vanished, as also did the cross and crown. Next morning, when the sun rose in golden splendour, it shone upon the holly hedge, and where the blood from the Saviour's wounded head had fallen there glowed a cluster of the scarlet berries which the holly has ever since borne.

In the history of Olaus, archbishop of Upsal, there is preserved an old Swedish tradition. It was believed that at Christmas, the men living in the cold northern regions, were suddenly changed into wolves, and that a huge multitude of them met together during the night and raged so fiercely against mankind and other creatures not fierce by nature that the inhabitants of that country suffered more from them than from the attacks of the natural wolves. It is stated that on the night of the Saviour's birth the animals in the stable knelt down, and from this is probably derived the legend that on Christmas eve the beasts of the forest kneel down and pray for man; also that animals receive the gift of speech and prophecy.

There is a legend believed in the time of Shakespeare, and mentioned in his play of Hamlet, that the cocks crow all night on Christmas eve, and

\* No spirit dares to walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

### ONE CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY LUNA.

Christmas Day in Sackville was spent very quietly. In the morning we went skating on the lake, and met there several of the boys and girls; but as it soon commenced to snow, we had to go home. Some of the boys proposed a sleigh-drive, and we all agreed. So, at two o'clock, a big sleigh, shaped like a boat, and drawn by four horses, capable of seating sixteen boys and girls, stopped at our gate for me. We had plenty of fur robes, and the falling snow did not in the least stop us from having fun. After driving awhile, some of the girls proposed going to the races, but the proposition was rejected, as there would not be room to drive around. Another proposed that we should drive the first person we met to any place that he or she wished to go. It happened that the first person was a queer old man. When we asked him if he would like a drive, he seemed very much surprised, and thought that we were not in earnest, but seeing that we were, he got in. He told us that his home was in England, that his son was living here, and that he had come to spend his Christmas with him. While we drove to his son's house, who lived several miles farther on, he told us many stories of his boyhood, and of Christmas Days spent in the old country; how the great kitchen, trimmed with holly, and shining with bunches of mistletoe, was made the ball-room; how the yule log burned in the great fire-place; how the roast beef and the plum pudding loaded the tables; and his eyes moistened as his thoughts went back to the old house at home. We were so interested that we were sorry when the old man parted from us at his son's house; but we all promised to see him again.

On our way back we met a little old woman, a Norwegian who seemed very tired, and eagerly accepted our proffered drive. She was going to her grand daughter's, whom we all knew well. While driving there she told us many tales about Norway. "When a boy wants to show his affection for a girl," she said, "he takes a bag of chaff or straw in which is a ring or a pin, wraps it up in paper, and this 'needle' of a present must be hunted for." She told us of the feast of the birds to which everybody gives a handful of corn. The food is placed on the gates or barns, and the birds come in millions to eat.

We arrived all too soon at the old woman's destination, but she promised to tell us more about Norway, if we would come to see her. As it was growing dark, we drove home wondering if any person had spent a more pleasant Christmas day.

### A SNOW SCENE.

BY VIOLA.

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,

And busily all the night

Had been heaping field and highway

With a silence deep and white."

All night before Thanksgiving Day the snow had been falling thick and fast, and now the ground was one great white sheet. From early morning I had been wishing for it to stop, and now at noon my wishes seemed likely to be realized, for as I gazed entreatingly at the sky the sun after a violent struggle broke forth—the few remaining snowflakes fell—and there lay before me as beautiful a picture as I had ever seen.

It was far too lovely a day to stay in-doors, so wrapping myself up warmly I started for a long walk, in order to take in the full beauty of the wintry scene. The great trees were loaded with snow which sparkled in the sun, and every now and then a host of snowbirds whisked by me like brown leaves.

When I reached the old school-house a merry sight met my gaze. A snow-ball fight was in progress, and right merrily the balls were flying in all directions. As I watched the children playing I could not but wish that I was a child again, and could join in the game with all the zest of my youthful days. While meditating thus a stinging rap on my cheek brought me to my senses, and as the snow ran down my neck I began to think that even snow-balling had its drawbacks. Looking around to see who had caused my discomfort, I found the offender to be a great red-faced, grinning school boy, who, no doubt, noticing my dreamy expression, had thought me a good target, and as I learned afterward found his surmise had been but too true. However, I walked on and came to the old mill pond. There was one place without snow, for the thin sheet of ice had not been able to sustain the load, and the stream was running as merrily as ever.

As I looked up over the hills I could see here and there hosts of children, who, in all the eagerness of the first snow storm, had come out to coast, and were vainly struggling to make their sleds go through the thick snow.

At last I came to the grave-yard, and although the day was waning wandered in. The setting sun lit up the western windows of the old church, and as I looked at the surrounding graves, so pure and clear in their white coverings, I could not but wonder how soon their purity would be stained from its contact with our earth. Thinking thus, I wended my way homeward, intending to take another walk on the morrow.

#### A CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

It was Christmas eve.

A merry group was seated around the cheerful grate, cracking nuts, and listening to Christmas stories told by each in turn. After the children had each told a tale they asked Uncle Jack to tell them one of his adventures on the sea; for Uncle Jack was a sailor and it was not often that he spent a Christmas at home.

Well children, he began, I was just thinking what a different Christmas this is in contrast to the one I spent last year. We were on our way from Liverpool to Cape Colony and the night before Christmas we sat on deck the greater part of the evening watching the stars glittering overhead and, perhaps, at times busy with our own thoughts of the morrow, for we all remembered some such time spent with friends who perhaps, if not dead, are far away in distant lands. The wind was fair and the ship speeding along at the rate of ten knots an hour.

We stayed on deck until every sound had ceased, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the measured tread of the sentinel as he passed up and down the quarter deck.

Christmas morning we were up early enjoying the freshness of the air. The ship looked very neat and clean and the sailors had put on their best suits in honor of the day. After breakfast, the crew assembled forward where reading and prayer were offered by the captain.

Everything passed in order until ten o'clock, when the man at the wheel called out "A sail ahead on the starboard side." We could just discern her in the distance, but by the aid of the glasses we could tell she was a sailing vessel and coming towards us. We noticed as we drew nearer to her that she did not seem to be heading for any particular place and her bow was turned first one way and then another.

About half-past eleven we were within hail of her and we ran up our signals but we did not get any reply, and furthermore could not see any one on deck, even the man at the wheel was missing. Thinking this very strange we changed the course of our vessel and approached a little closer.

After a close inspection we arrived at the conclusion that she had been abandoned, but for what reason we could

not determine, so resolved to go on board. Accordingly we lowered our largest boat and the captain, and mate, with four of the sailors started for the vessel. When they got quite near they called but receiving no answer they went on board. She was a ship of about twelve hundred tons and loaded with lumber. They investigated and found that reports had been made in the log book only the day before, and with no account of bad weather. One of the boats was gone but for what reason no one knew. After a careful investigation they came on board again, and as nothing could be done, we proceeded on our way.

The Christmas dinner was kept waiting for us but for once a Christmas dinner was left untasted; and our thoughts were busy trying to fathom the reason of this uncanny scene we had witnessed. About four o'clock we were out of sight of the seeming phantom of the morning.

When we arrived at Cape Colony we reported our adventure but to no avail, for no one knew of a vessel by the name and tonnage. We once heard a report that a dismasted bark had been passed with no signs of life on board, but whether it was the same one is hard to tell.

As time passed on I ceased to dwell on the matter, but still, at times, I often wonder what became of our ocean phantom.

## Musical Column.

### SHORT SKETCH OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC ITS COMPOSERS.

BY EUTERPE.

The piano-forte was derived from the harpsichord and the clarichord. The first piano of which we have any knowledge was made in Florence, Italy, about the year 1700.

The instrument was the result of efforts to improve the harpsichord. The need of something of the kind was felt everywhere. The harpsichord and the clarichord had one thing in common with the piano-forte, i. e., metallic strings stretched horizontally in a frame over a sounding board, and were played by means of keys. The strings of the harpsichord were snapped with crows' quills, and those of the clarichord were set in motion by means of a push from a small brass wedge set in the end of the keys. The clarichord required great delicacy of touch, and was, in the hands of an artist, a very expressive instrument.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the clarichord and harpsichord had reached the limit of their development. The great musicians at first condemned the piano-forte. Bach spoke of it as being heavy in touch and weak in the treble. Mozart, to the end of his life, was a harpsichord player rather than a pianist. Toward the end of the century great improvements were made in the construction of the piano-forte, and by the beginning of the present century the harpsichord and clarichord were driven forever out of use.

Music may be divided into periods. In the first, known as the classical period, we have polyphonic music, which was written for the harpsichord and clarichord. The greatest composer of this style were J. S. Bach, Haendel and Scarlatti. The first classical period closed during the year of Bach's death, 1750.

During the second classical period the sonata form was developed by C. P. E. Bach, Haydn and Mozart, but Beethoven raised it to the highest significance as a work of art. Beethoven's two greatest contemporaries were Von Weber and Franz Schubert.

Next we have the Romantic period. The most important writers of this time being Mendelssohn, sometimes known as the kid-gloved composer, Chopin and Schumann

Among the more modern composers may be mentioned Liszt, Strauss, and Wagner, the most brilliant of Liszt's pupils, Hummel, considered a rival of Beethoven's, but his works are rapidly passing into oblivion, Czerny, Cramer, Field, inventor of the Nocturne, Moschelis, Heuselt, Heller, Raff, Rubinstein, who has recently died, Beethoven, Tollschatz, Brahms, Moszkowski, Josephy, and Rosenthal, considered by many to be the best living pianist, i. e., as far as technical concerns.

Is there a class of music called polonaise, and if so what it like? The name polonaise was given to a particular kind of composition. One can tell from the word that it differs something Polish. It is really a Polish dance. Chopin's polonaise in A flat would be an example of this.

What is considered to be Beethoven's best composition? This is an exceedingly hard question to answer. However, his Sonata Appassionata is thought by some to be his best piano forte composition, and is considered one of the noblest human utterances. The Eroica symphony and the ninth symphony are among the finest of his orchestral compositions.

What caused Beethoven's blindness? We have yet to know that Beethoven ever was blind. Twelve years prior to his death he was unable to hear even the loudest notes of the orchestra, and all communication with him had to be in writing.

Who are the principal Oratorio writers? Give works of each. Haendel is supposed to be the greatest. His works are The Messiah, Samson, Saul, Judas, Maccabucus and Belshazzar in Egypt. Mendelssohn wrote two great oratorios, St. Paul and Elijah. Beethoven wrote one known as the Mount of Olives, and Haydn two, The Creation and the Seasons.

Who is considered to be the best musical composer? Beethoven is the greatest composer.  
In violin music who does the term Consordini mean? The term means playing with unites.  
What is the meaning of the Italian word Slossando? In a sliding or gliding motion.

#### LOCAL EVENTS.

Miss Janie Harris was made glad by a short visit from her mother and sister, November 5th.

Miss Georgie Cole is enjoying a visit from her aunt, Miss E. Ewen.

Rev. J. J. Teasdale paid a flying visit to Sackville during the fair.

We regret to record the death of a former graduate of Mt. Allison, Miss Ethel Smith, who died early Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness of about thirteen weeks. She will be sadly missed by many of her friends.

The final pupil's concert for the term will be held on Friday evening 6th inst., in Bethoven Hall.

During the Christmas vacation, Miss Carrie L. Jordan, and librarian of the Portland Library, will be married to Mr. Stewart of Mt. Allison University.

We are very sorry to hear of the sickness of one of our own, Miss Ethel Fuller. We hope that she will soon be well again.

A Grand Fair was held by the Alumnae of Mt. Allison on November 5th and 6th, in the Museum of Fine Arts. The different booths arranged in very attractive colours presented a pretty appearance. In an inner department, two fair ladies prettily attired, were disposing of a choice assortment of home-made candy. A high supper was served

from five to eight, and ice-cream and oysters were to be had in abundance during the evening. Prof. Hammond had an elegant picture for sale in his own studio. As far as we know, the success financially was great.

An interesting and instructive meeting of the Eclectic Society was held in Beethoven Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 7th. It was an unusually good meeting. The programme was as follows:—Violin solo, Miss Phoebe Lage; piano solo, Miss Nellie Weldon; debate, Perseverance *versus* Genius—Miss Bessie McLeod, Miss May Jost, Miss Kate Weldon, Miss Lena Rowe. Decided in favour of "Genius." Reading, Miss Eames. Three minute speeches. Critic's remarks. Election of officers for next term, which were as follows:—Miss Bessie McLeod, President; Miss Kate Weldon, Vice President; Miss Nellie Weldon, Secretary; Miss Alice Burbank, Pianist; Miss Annie Maxwell, Miss Laura Mitchener, Librarians. "MUSIC."

#### FOREIGN EVENTS.

London, Nov. 25.—The fact is regretfully admitted by those close to the Queen that Her Majesty must remain almost a cripple the rest of her days. It was hoped for weeks that she would recover the use of her limbs, after her severe attack of rheumatism in August, but her disability became chronic, and it is believed that she never again will be able to walk more than a few steps at a time. It is impossible for her to step up and down, even in and out of her carriage, and an inclined gangway is now provided for the latter purpose. A specially designed chair has been provided for carrying Her Majesty up and down stairs.

Commandant Booth, chief of the Salvation Army forces in the United States, is critically ill at Chicago, with a combination of nervous prostration and typhoid fever.

Miss Florence Nightingale, at the age of 74, is enjoying excellent health. She is a rich woman, having, besides some private means, the \$250,000 publicly subscribed for her by the English people at the close of the Crimean war. Quite recently she confided to a friend her intention to settle the money as a trust and the interest to be devoted to nursing wounded soldiers, should her country ever again be engaged in a war with a European power.

Auguste Andre, the well-known ship broker of Antwerp, died at that place on the 18th of November, aged 70 years.

A Kakala Kanaka uprising is reported in progress in the islands in the vicinity of New Guinea. Scores of Europeans are said to have been murdered, and most of the trading posts are said to have been burned. A steamship brings news that the captain found fresh traces of cannibalism. He believes every white person in New Ireland has been killed.

New York. A despatch from Guadalajara, Mexico, November 30th, says, another terrific eruption of Colima volcano occurred on Wednesday night. No definite reports have been received from the immediate sections surrounding the volcano, but it is feared there was severe loss of property, and probably life.

Buda, Pesth.—News was received here to-day of the almost total annihilation by wolves of a party of wedding guests who were returning to their homes from the village of Hidas. The route of the party lay through a dense forest. The party was soon overtaken by wolves and thirteen of their number were dragged down and devoured. Few of those who succeeded in escaping were not without injuries of a more or less serious nature. The survivors made their way to the nearest village, and a relief party was at once organized, which proceeded immediately to the scene of slaughter where they found scattered about fragments of flesh, bone, and clothing.

"The Realm," of which Lady Colin Campbell is the editress, appeared November 16th, in London, and was favourably received.

## Question Department.

BY ??

What is considered to be Dickens' best work?

There could be different answers to this question, as there are so many different opinions. Some people might like one the best and some another. David Copperfield is considered by a good many to be his best work.

Can the editor tell me how to preserve sea weed?

Sea weed can be preserved by dipping it in a solution of gum and being left to dry.

What did Sir Walter Scott refer to in the Lady of the Lake when speaking of the "Guardian Naiad of the Strand?"

Sir Walter Scott referred to those inferior heathen deities. They were supposed to preside over fountains, wells and rivers. They are represented as beautiful young girls, and the name by which they are distinguished is Naiad, and often occurs in poetry.

What is Psychology?

Psychology is the science of the mind. It is the doctrine of the mind or soul, as distinct from the body. The knowledge of the mind and its faculties which is derived from examinations of the fact of consciousness.

Who invented the clock?

The clock was first invented by an Archdeacon of Verona called Pacificus. It was not at all like it is now but was more like a machine.

Who is the most popular author of the day?

The most popular American author is a man called Marion Crawford. He has travelled a great deal and has written good descriptions of Italy and other countries of Europe.

Please give the derivation of the name Nova Scotia.

Nova Scotia is derived from the words "New Scotland." Nova from New and Scotia from Scotland.

Among the questions this week was one which we considered too personal to print, as we have decided not to mention any names connected with our school in our paper.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

*Found.*—A cold, somewhere between the Ladies' College and bridge. Owner will procure his property by applying to K., care of "Hum of the College."

*Wanted.*—A mouse trap. Anyone presenting the afore said to M— H—n will confer a favor to the inmates of the Ladies' College.

*Wanted.*—A bushel of commas, semicolons and periods to distribute among the essays of the Rhetoric Class.

*Wanted.*—Brains for the coming examinations. Any person having an over supply would be doing a kind act by dividing them equally among her friends.

*Wanted.*—A big snow storm, so we can have sleighing for Christmas day.

*Wanted.*—A rink for the College students. If no other place could be found, perhaps it would be convenient to use the potato patch.

*Lost.*—A hook and eye, finder will be rewarded by sewing it on. For any information apply to Room 84, third flat.

*Wanted.*—Some person to suggest a subject to be debated, for the next Eclectic meeting.