

an election like this, as when he is a student, provided that is, that he had a vote. But even if students cannot have a vote, why cannot graduates who have not yet left college? Is not a graduate of two years standing in Divinity Hall or pursuing the study of medicine, as well able to give an unbiassed vote as one of the same grade who is teaching or studying law, or pursuing the studies of theology or medicine in other places? We would have thought so, but we are fallible, even though we be an editor.

IT is about this season of the year that a College Editor becomes particularly well satisfied with his position, and is therefore apt to be in a remarkably amiable state of mind. There are many causes for this. The weather has a particularly soothing effect on him as on everybody else at this season. The beautiful compound of snow, mud and water that on the warm days lies so plentifully about his pathway couldn't help but produce an effect on his understanding, an effect that is only equalled by one of the transformation scenes brought about by that unparalleled scene shifter, Jack Frost, when this aforesaid compound in the roughest state imaginable is solidified and his ways become the reverse of those "ways of pleasantness," which as a diligent follower of wisdom he thinks he has the right to expect. While comforted and chastened by this state of affairs outwardly, he sees looming before his mental vision the awful spectre of the finals, for which, owing largely to the incredible amount of time he has devoted to his editorial duties, he feels he is but very poorly prepared, and there rises within his bosom that delightful sensation known only to the truly self-denying, when he reflects that it is not because of the constitutional lassitude with which he as well as many others is afflicted that he has become a contestant for the minimum num-

ber of marks obtainable, but that it is owing to his having given up the larger part of his time to the benefit of his fellow beings. The thought also that he is perhaps the only one to give himself credit for it, is not at all calculated to lessen his enjoyment, rather the reverse. While thus revelling in this intoxication of delight felt for the first time in its fullness, he commences to debate within himself as to what course he ought to take. Whether to rest on his laurels and complete the sacrifice, or to cram with all the splendid powers in that respect with which nature has gifted him and strive to hide from all eyes but his own his general lack of preparation. His debate is brought to an abrupt termination. A well known form obtrudes itself before his vision and the awful voice of the managing editor is heard crying "Copy." For a moment he wilts, then his better nature triumphs, he rises superior to every weakness, he stifles the insane but burning desire within him to brain that Managing Editor on the spot, and proceeds to the manufacture of that indispensable article. There let us leave him. Heroic self-sacrifice is always encouraging to view, but at times it becomes overpowering. None but he can fully estimate the rest of his duty. The manufacture of copy at any time is a difficulty which few can estimate, but at this time of the year it is —. But let us draw a veil over this harrowing scene. "In words like weeds let's rap him o'er," consoling ourselves with the thought that perhaps he will find out the truth of Tennyson's words (slightly transmogrified):

"For the unquiet heart and brain
There's oft a use in writing lies
The old accustomed exercise
Like dull narcotics numbing pain."

THE number of candidates for the Royal Military College, Kingston, steadily increases and the average intellectual standard of the cadets, who joined the college in 1879, is higher than in any preceding year. The first batch of students which the college has educated will be turned out in June, 1880.