

thoroughly competent and satisfactory treatment. Evidently then a critical study of these two volumes may be regarded as a philosophic education in itself. It is a great work and a boon to the race, but unless we realize it for ourselves, that is, make it our own by a thorough study; unless we see the development that takes place in our own thought, it will not do us any immediate good.

Why should not all of our readers be up with the best thought of the day, when it can be found presented in such an intelligible form in this new book?

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The conversazione, the event of the session—excepting, of course, the Jubilee—is past and was pronounced by all a success. The old custom of holding it at the close of the session has been set aside and a new departure made. Since nearly all the Medical students and a large number of the Arts do not wait for the close, it was decided to make the experiment of holding it this year in February, just before the thoughts of the students became absorbed wholly in the dread prospect of approaching “exams.” The result has amply justified the change, and has proved that this is the right time for the conversazione. A larger number of Arts students were present than there would have been otherwise. We hope hereafter that the Meds., a goodly number of whom were present, will have no longer reason to feel that it is exclusively an Arts affair. The halls and corridors, though not so crowded as in former years, were yet well filled with guests. The heavy rain no doubt prevented a few from coming. The programme was good, and shows that the musical talent of Kingston is second to none. The Glee Club upheld its well-earned reputation and rendered several glees in good style. The whole event passed off harmoniously, and the various committees are to be congratulated on the perfection of their arrangements. The devotees of Terpsichore courted the light-footed muse to their hearts’ content, and every one went away satisfied that it was the best yet. A full account will be found in another column.

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While rejoicing in the success of our own conversazione we cannot but deplore the disaster which occurred on the eve of a similar event to be held in Toronto Varsity. When the news of the destruction of the magnificent Varsity building reached us, we could not but concur in the feeling of sorrow expressed on every hand. While our heartiest sympathies are extended to the students and friends of Toronto, we feel that it is a calamity which affects not only them, but the whole country. The true student loves the halls of his Alma Mater and reveres the spot where his mental powers received their first impulse toward a higher development. We can form but a faint conception of the feelings of the students and graduates of the Varsity as they beheld their beautiful building enveloped in the terrible grandeur of the flames and doomed to ruin. The destruction of the building, whose magnificent pile outlived in architectural beauty every university in America, is in itself a great loss. What is most to be lamented, however, is the loss of the extensive library, containing many rare and costly volumes which it will be impossible to replace. Notwithstanding the severe shock which the venerable President, Sir Daniel

Wilson, received, his unabated energy in not allowing a single day to be lost in the work of the session, is to be admired, and the continuance of the work without a break has the salutary effect of showing that a university does not consist entirely of bricks and mortar. We understand that the work of reconstruction will be taken in hand at once. Here is a call upon the friends of Toronto to give substantial proof of their friendship, a call to which some have already responded nobly. With the help of her numerous friends and the aid of an indulgent Government, we feel sure that the Varsity will speedily recover from this severe shock.

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When a student enters college he is not long in finding that he is one of what outsiders regard and treat as a separate and often privileged body. He discovers that he can get railway tickets at reduced rates, that he can get “student’s tickets” for lectures and concerts, that he is often allowed a discount in the shops; and he is seldom averse to accepting these kindnesses. But he does not always stop to wonder why he is thus favored; if he were to pursue the question he would find that it is because outsiders recognize students as a distinct body, possessing certain peculiar features, enjoying certain privileges and owing certain duties. The first two facts students never question; they are quite willing to be regarded as members of one body where privileges or benefits are to be got; but unfortunately there are men who seem very slow to recognize the third fact—that they are liable to certain obligations. These obligations are mainly social; sister Universities must be recognized, outside friends must be entertained, and for these purposes money must be raised. One would think that men who as students have enjoyed the advantages of their position would be ready to face the liabilities also of that position; but the luckless youths who for their sins are condemned to collect college levies can tell a different story. Only too often have they been called beggars, or have had the required amount almost thrown at them, or have received a flat refusal. This should not be. If a man has accepted the benefits of his position he cannot consistently—nay, honestly—shirk its responsibilities. A student who accepts the benefits of college life is not merely an individual who chances to be taking lectures at the college, but is a member of an organization, and is in honor bound to meet his duties as such.

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THE GREAT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH. By Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A. (1866), Owen Sound. Toronto: Hart & Company.

These notes on the great Hymns of the Church constitute a charming volume. When we think of the Wesleys writing seven thousand hymns, or even of the eight hundred of Isaac Watts, it may seem strange that Mr. Morrison can find only twenty-eight great hymns, these, too, ranging from the “Te Deum” and the old Greek hymn, “Art Thou Weary?” down to “Jerusalem the Golden,” and the “Dies Irae” of the Middle ages, and on to Luther’s “Ein Feste Burg,” and the best known hymns of our own day—Lyte’s, Newman’s, Keble’s, Rae Palmer’s and Bonar’s. But the author is right. Few men have written more than one good hymn. King David and