

students, than whom there are no more loyal sons of Queen's. But the solicitude is uncalled for. These men will let us know when their religion has been insulted or the tenets of their church misrepresented. But they are not looking out as is the *Owl*—from its watch-tower—for fancied insults, and being reasonable men, they do not object to the statement of a plain historical fact nearly three centuries old, nor do they take it as a reflection upon the church which they love and revere as devotedly as do their brethren of Ottawa College. The 'many such instances' are, no doubt, of a piece with the one that has called forth this hooting of our nocturnal friend. As for the attack upon our Principal, no comment is necessary. It must be merely the moulting season with this *rara avis*, which is, after all, one of our most valued exchanges."

AN old Varsity boy writes a most interesting letter regarding Stanford University. It is so racy we cannot forbear clipping a paragraph or two:—"Here we are, in the middle of February. I suppose you are all, by this time, getting slightly tired of frost and snow, and longing occasionally for the bursting buds, the robins, and the young grass of triumphant spring. How odd it is to think of you trudging to and fro between library and lecture rooms, muffled to the ears and 'hustling' along to keep circulation up. With the exception of a couple of weeks' rain, we have been enjoying the most splendid weather ever since I reached here on Sept. 9th. I wish you all could have a peep at the green fields, the leafy trees, the cloudless skies, the flowers, fruits, and birds of the Santa Clara Valley. Only twice since last March have I seen snow: first, as I came through the Rocky Mountains over the C.P.R.; and again when a light mantle of 'the beautiful' wrapped for a day or two the rugged sides of Mount Hamilton, on which stands the Lick Observatory, plainly visible, though some forty miles to the eastward of Palo Alto.

"When this reaches you, the *Conversazione* will be a thing of the past, and only the election contests in the various societies and the swift approaching 'exams.' will remain to cheer the uneventful way. It seems hard to realize that I shall have no long-drawn agony in May this year. Here, there are no finals; every Stanford student already has the majority of his examinations over and done with. It is marvellous that the old system should still exist in Toronto and other Canadian universities. The fact that it does, proves the conservatism and long-suffering of our people, for it has long ago been condemned root and branch by the most advanced educationists; and truly it has many evils. Another thing hard for me to realize is that I shall see nothing this year corresponding in the smallest degree to the great annual election contest of Toronto. If our beloved old university has one institution peculiarly and entirely its own, it is the Literary Society election. Whenever I describe that feature of our life to the fellows here, they listen in open-mouthed wonderment; but afterwards, upon mature reflection, invariably set me down as a would-be rival of Baron Munchausen. They cannot understand it at all. They want to know what our parties fight about. But I, like Peterkin's grandfather, can only shake my head and say: 'It was a famous victory.'"