write for these. As Leslie Stephen remarks, it is very bad taste to say what one knows to be objectionable to a man in a drawing room, for he can't escape from us, but one may *write* what one pleases, because nobody is bound to read what one writes. We give the duffers fair warning that, although we are in undress, we are going to write things that, if they read them, will make them twist and strain "what they are pleased to call their minds." If they don't read what we write—and they needn't, you know—they may preserve their stoic calm. We don't much care, so long as they pay their subscription to the JOURNAL (which they seldom do).

We hope we of Queen's are not all duffers, at least that there are degrees in our dufferdom. And so, to return once more to our sheep, we are going to do a little philosophising in a quiet way. We, the editors of this department, ask and beseech questions and contributions of all kinds bearing on philosophy, and in our united wisdom we shall do our best to answer what is asked, and to understand what is understandable. Take off your coats, boys, and go in for a good philosophical wrestlingmatch; it will do you good, and it can at the worst only waste our time, and perhaps fray our temper (not being full-fledged philosophers, we have a temper.)

Having declared the festivities open, in imitation of our urbane and able Governor-General at the Montreal Ice Carnival, we might retire for this occasion. But we wish to say something, and so we proceed. We like to see the young men coming to the front. It knocks the theory of the old fogies on the head, that nobody knows anything but themselves. In philosophy the young men are coming to the front in fine style. Perhaps they are a trifle bumptious, but they will mellow, boys, they will mellow! Our editorial "mind's eye" is at this moment fixed on two American young men, who, if we have any "gumption"-and we modestly but confidently think we have-will make a name for themselves yet. As it happens they are both Assistant Professors-if we are right in supposing that "adjunct" is Quaker for "assistant"the one in the University of Pennsylvania, and the other in the University of Michigan. Both have written in the philosophical journals, and each has just published a book. ("Psychology," by John Dewey, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Michigan University. New York : Harper & Brothers, 1887. "The Conception of the Infinite and the Solution of the Mathematical Autonomies; A Study in Psychological Analysis," by George S. Fullerton, A.M., B.D., Adjunct Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company, 1887.) The young man from Philadelphia-we rather think he was educated in Yale, though-is George S. Fullerton, and his work is "The Conception of the Infinite;" the other is John Dewey, author of a text book on "Psychology," which a competent critic has called "the best text-book on Psychology in the English language." Well done, John ! You are a product of American soil, but you do credit to your

English forefathers. There is a swing and a dash about this young man's work that is quite refreshing. Nor is he afraid to "tackle" a doughty antagonist. Shadworth Hodgson, who unfortunately has written books that nobody seems to read, but who is yet a veteran in philosophy and a very able man, writes a criticism on two articles of our young friend, which appeared in Mind, Nos. 41 and 42, and David-we mean John-is by no means daunted by this Goliath-Shadworth, we should say. Here are two pebbles from his sling, flung with good aim and true : "What seems to Mr. Hodgson a lack of logic on my part seems to me a misunderstanding of logical bearing on his part." A next throw, John, a very next throw ! "It was open to Mr. Hodgson to reply that I misinterpreted the standpoint of British philosophy. But objections like those of Mr. Hodgson, with all due deference, seem to me a huge ignoratio elenchi." Well hit again ! We hope to return to these articles. Meantime we may say that, while the conclusion they seek to establish is doubtful, they are written with great ability. Mr. Dewey, we believe, got part of his education in Johns Hopkins.

The other young man is of more placid temper, but he has equally the courage of his opinions, as will be understood when we say that his quarry is Sir William Hamilton, Immanuel Kant, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer. He delivers his strokes with a neatness and dexterity that one cannot but admire. His main contention is that those big men have confused the Infinite of Quantity with the Infinite of Quality. But we shall not say any more at present, lest we prove all too soon that philosophy cannot be in "undress." In a future number we shall perhaps seek to allay the "divine thirst" of our budding philosophers by telling them what exactly Mr. Fullerton's solution of this knotty point is.

Questions and contributions may be addressed "Editors, Philosophical Department."

MISCELLANY.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.

I T is a long time since the students of Queen's, as a body, have manifested so much interest in anything as they did in the Inter-Collegiate debate, which took place in Convocation Hall on Saturday evening, February 12th. The debate was to have been held on Friday evening, but a terrible snow storm delayed the train by which the Toronto men were coming, and also blocked up every avenue of approach to the University buildings, so that it was considered wiser to postpone the debate until Saturday evening. Many were the regrets heard from those students who had to leave town on Saturday. But the Fates had so decreed, and at 8 o'clock Saturday evening found Convocation Hall filled to its utmost capacity, the body of the Hall with the most intelligent of Kingston's citizens, the gallery with students,