

But still the lectures are unprinted, and in my opinion will remain unprinted, until, at least, all who are now with us, except possibly the professors, will have departed with their B.A's and M.A's to return to the halls of Queen's no more. Of course, such an undertaking as the printing of a set of lectures in Philosophy has some difficulties. It would require great care, and it could not be accomplished without considerable labor. But that is nothing in this world. We all have to work, and work briskly too, for example in the Philosophy class. And such a thing has been done before. A little more than two years ago Prof. Dupuis went quietly to work and had his lectures printed, and there is no one who can deny that this not only has been a boon to all the classes in mathematics since that time but also will be to all in the future. It was a good thing and we would like more of it in other classes. Instead of occupying a great part of the time in taking down the notes, these notes are all nicely printed, ready for use, and moreover, they are correct and complete, and this is more than can be said of any notes ever taken down in class.

We all know that in order to get over the work, Prof. Watson is forced to read fast, but this does not alter the fact that when he does lecture at such a rate, it is simply absurd to expect any one to get down what he says accurately or with any degree of fulness. The class has been told repeatedly to synopsise, but that is not so simple. Philosophy is a new thing to those who enter the junior class, and it is difficult to distinguish the important from the unimportant points in a subject about which they know next to nothing. It is generally the case that desperate efforts are made to get down every syllable as it falls from the lips of the professor. This, of course, cannot be done, and minor points are often carefully noted and the important ones ignored. Hours upon hours are consumed after the class in filling in long blanks, in trying to make out what has been written, in arranging, revising, changing words, etc., etc. Now this is not Philosophy. It is downright hard disagreeable work, and when it is kept up day after day from the beginning until the end of the session it becomes simply a nuisance. It invariably tends to create a distaste for the subject. How different it would be if, on the other hand, the lectures were printed. Less time would be required for the writing exercise, and more could be devoted to Philosophy itself. I do not, however, expect such a blissful state to be realized, at least in our day. It has been talked over repeatedly and the result has been—talk.

Yours despairingly,

BERTO.

→EXCHANGES←

The *Dalhousie Gazette* for March is a very interesting number. The article on the Gilchrist Scholarship, with the names and records of the different winners since its foundation, contains a great deal of useful information.

The *Owl*, from Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., comes to us with the request "Please Exchange," modestly written in pencil on its peculiar cover. It is evidently well edited and its make-up exceedingly neat, so we willingly comply with the request.

Rouge et Noir, from Trinity College, Toronto, has again filed an appearance—No. 1 of the sixth volume. Among other interesting articles it contains a common-sense and concise review of the Federation scheme, evidently written by some one who is well acquainted with the views of the authorities of Trinity.

The *Niagara Index* is a paper which appears to be held in high estimation by the majority of our exchanges, but we really fail to see wherein the special excellence consists. The contributed articles are barely up to the average, the editorials decidedly weak. The clippings, if we judge by quantity, good, and the exchange department is apparently conducted by some freshman whose tongue runs away with his brains. Alleged wit is readable to a certain extent, but it does not take one long to become surfeited with it.

We were rather amused to notice the opinion of the *Varsity* as expressed by our friend, the *Argosy*. "The *Varsity*, we think, would be a pretty good paper, if it hadn't such a terribly good opinion of itself and its college." It might be remarked that this is the opinion entertained by nearly all our exchanges. By the way, the last number of the *Argosy* was rather above the average. The article on Milton is decidedly readable, though the style is rather too florid.

The *Bates Student* comes forward with its "creed", as regards the province of a college paper, and it must certainly be admitted that the rules therein expressed exhibit a great deal of common sense. But does our friend practice what he preaches? We have our doubts upon this point. There is one very bad habit, which someone connected with the *Student* has fallen into, and that is the habit of rolling a paper up in a wrapper so tightly that one might fell an ox with it. We always recognize the *Student* by this peculiarity, and were it almost any other paper, it would be consigned to the receptacle without being blasted open. As it is, however, the conglomeration to be found within generally succeeds in tempting us to set our fighting man to work with a crowbar to remove the outer case and reveal the curiosity.

The young ladies who manage the *Hamilton Monthly* are generally very judicious, but the March number contains one article headed "Critique," which displays lamentable puerility and ignorance. It commences thus: "The short, though beautiful poem by Oliver Goldsmith, entitled "The Village Preacher," is more than worthy of a few short remarks," and goes on in what amounts to nothing more than a weak attempt at a paraphrase, such