

tion obtained during a college course are or ought to be two different things, and while from our present system of examinations there is an opportunity for them to be the same, we think there ought to be legislation to lessen the chances. Injustice perhaps might occasionally be done, but it would be very rare, and nothing compared to the injustice of sending out graduates of seventeen or eighteen impaired in health and with the fearfully mistaken notion that they have had a college education. Very little harm has been done in Queen's so far from this cause, but there has been a certain amount of it, and every year increases the chance and probability of repeating it. We have said but little of what might have been said on the subject and will probably again recur to it. Meantime we leave it to the cogitation of those in whose power the making of the change lies.

WHILE the words of Prof. Harris, giving warning against wells, were still ringing in our ears we came across the following which is so apropos to the subject that we cannot help giving it a prominent place. It is clipped from the columns of the *Sanitarian*:

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malarious farm, the wet fungus-grown wild-wood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck-pond, the pig-sty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell;
The damp-shaded dwelling, the foul barn-yard nigh it,
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! *moss* on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the water of wells by analysis find.
The rotting-wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water—impure as the verses of Byron—
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—
I considered that water uncommonly clear;
And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.

How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell;
Then soon with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs, and destroyed them
With potassic permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or perchance I'd have boiled it, and afterwards strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science I shudder to think,
And now far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket,—
In fact, the slop-bucket—that hung in the well.

J. C. BAYLES.

MEETINGS.

A PUBLIC debate under the auspices of the Alma Mater Society was held in Convocation Hall, on Monday, that being a public holiday. The hall was not crowded; the audience consisting principally of students. The subject was the advisability of Canadian Independence, which at the present time was not inappropriate. Messrs. O'Reilly, McCallum, Hay, McTavish, Newlands and McLaren, were the speakers and acquitted themselves very creditably. Though the arguments on either side were not put very forcibly, the advantage was rather in favour of a continuance of British Connection, and in this way the audience decided. In addition to the speaking, Mr. Grant read an original comic story in broad Scotch, which kept the audience in roars, and showed the gentleman to have a keen sense of humour. This debate clearly showed the necessity of having these public meetings in connection with the society more frequently and this must be done if the members expect to become proficient in the art of public speaking. It is a hard thing at first for a man to collect his thoughts and say exactly what he means, when a crowd of strangers are staring at him. Often it is