

lation offered by the offended student only to be followed by the crushing, culminating, terrifying outcry, "Fool! if you talk back to me I'll dash your brains into a jelly on the wall!" The rapid explosion ended in a scuffle which soon put the door between the one who knew his Greek and the one who did not. The lecture is said to have proceeded calmly.

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A student, who is no longer in this neighbourhood, arrived some years ago from the rural seat in which his parents had brought him up from infancy. For the first year of his residence in college he was what is known to some people as a Freshman, though others knew him better. Ten days after his arrival in Kingston he was amongst a group of older students whose conversation happened to turn to the subject of Geology and to the long lapses of time during which the crust of the earth has been assuming its present form. Our Freshman listened with rapt attention and with a gathering wonder in his eyes until the talk passed to some other theme, when with great timidity he turned to one of his seniors with the query, "*I thought the world was made in six days; wasn't it?*"

About a fortnight later, not one day more, a somewhat similar occasion arose with the freshman of our reminiscences again an eager listener. Once more the conversation was upon some matter of scientific interest and various opinions were broached by those who had read a little of Biology and kindred subjects. Again as the conversation flagged it was the freshman's voice which made the last remark; not this time with timidity but with all the accumulated boldness of an ad-

ditional fortnight's knowledge on his lips our youth rose in his place and in clear confident tones pronounced the dictum, "*Gentlemen, I believe in the Darwinian theory.*"

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It is probably quite safe at this distance to write a calm review of the little domestic quarrel which occurred some years ago between two branches of the Alma Mater family, especially as it can still be said by an impartial eyewitness, such as of course the JOURNAL, always is, that both sides were victorious, or to be still more accurate that both sides were badly beaten. The quarrelling bodies were the Concursus of Iniquity and Virtue on the one hand and a certain year of which a few ancient representatives still survive. The purity of the course of justice had been questioned by the people of this year, especially in the conduct of a case in which their own officials had laid the charge. A demand was made for the retirement of the court officer whose methods had been questioned, together with the determination that until this charge was made the court's authority would be set at naught. A few days later it fell that a charge was laid against a member of the offended class and vigorous action was taken to enforce the jurisdiction of the court. The prisoner was apprehended early on the day set for the trial and entertained pleasantly by his captors until the time for his appearance at the bar. At four o'clock he was brought swiftly from his place of durance by a strong posse of special constables and thrust within the court room at the very moment when his champions clad in running shoes and sweaters were holding a meeting up stairs with