

have said so much for the opening up of the subject under discussion. The minds of the present day are being caught with the phantom which has been presented before them for acceptance and belief. It is a very simple means of getting over difficulties which have been hitherto, and in spite of what our *savants* can say, are yet buried in mystery, and there is not much likelihood of their being unravelled before we are ushered into that land from whose bourne no traveller returns. The English school of materialists and German idealists, together with the French positivists, may battle in vain against the old canons of thought and philosophy, but they will find that they have been futile in their attempts when they endeavour to erase the old landmarks, which have their foundations laid down deep in the darkness of mystery; and, as the person mentioned in Addison's Vision of Mirza could not pierce the thick cloud that shut out his vision at the end of the bridge which extended its arches far over across the great ocean of eternity, so it will be as useless for these men to penetrate the arcana of the mind by any puerile attempt at explanation by giving us the effect, and endeavouring to palm it off as the cause of what they are entirely ignorant. This is called a sceptical generation, but we are inclined to think that we are the most credulous people that ever existed, for there is nothing which any great man teaches too absurd to prevent him getting multitudes of followers.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

[This column is open to those students who have questions to ask, or grievances to air. The Editors, however, disclaim all responsibility.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MCGILL GAZETTE:

GENTLEMEN,—The following notice is taken from a Montreal paper which was published some seventy years ago:

"Mrs. Forest and her sister, Miss Grant, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they intend removing into town in the course of the present month to the commodious and well-situated house lately the residence of Andre McGill, Esq., which will be in readiness for the reception of young ladies, on the usual plan and terms, the first of the ensuing month."

MONTREAL, 5th April, 1806.

The above old advertisement of that day refers to the residence of Andrew McGill, who

was the brother of James McGill, founder of McGill College. Can any of your readers inform us where the residence was situated?

Yours truly,
J. H.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE MCGILL GAZETTE:—

GENTLEMEN,—By resolution of the Graduates Society passed in 1876 it was decided:

"That the members and graduates be invited to subscribe to a fund for the endowment of the libraries of the University; said fund to be invested and the proceeds applied under the supervision of the council of the Society in annual additions to the libraries, an *equitable division* to be made by the council between the University library and those of the professional faculties."

In compliance with this resolution a large number of prominent graduates subscribed to this fund, and I find to my astonishment that something over \$1,200 was subscribed by graduates in Law. I say, to my astonishment; not that I am surprised at the generosity of the Law graduates, but I learn that the council of the Society have after a great deal of labour made an *equitable division* of a portion of the interest on this fund, by which the magnificent sum of \$5.00 has been apportioned off for the Law library. Why is this thus? \$5.00 will not buy many law books. I also notice that many of the books purchased, relate exclusively to the subject of Anglo-Saxon literature; good enough in its way, but hardly of general interest. I will be told that all are interested in the University library. True enough; but what about the "equitable division"?

I would suggest that the munificent sum allotted to the Law library be expended in purchasing some work on equity which will teach the council the leading rules on which such divisions should be made. A commonsense division differs considerably from that of the council. Let us have light!

Yours truly
B. C. L.

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Prof.—"Mr. H., what are you eating?"

Mr. H.—(after feeling in his pocket): "Very sorry, Professor, but that's all I've got."—*Student Life.*