

ment of speech, the third, highest and most scientific measurement) was oblivious to the flight of time. But the speaker modestly fearing lest in his enthusiasm he should encroach upon the society's valuable time, kept referring to his watch. Mr. Hinch was ultimately nominated for secretary in a final outburst of oratory. It remains to be seen whether he will again be "turned down." Messrs. A. W. Smith, that conversat. man of the sorrowful accents, G. F. Smith and W. M. Martin (once president of the "Lit.") were some of the nominees to this office.

Mr. Langford rose to frequent points of order, but alas, so long has he exercised his faculty of saying funny things that the Society, like Uncle Remus' little listener, is convulsed with laughter even though the old man speak with the greatest earnestness of purpose.

Grim reports of election corruption were stalking about, Mr. Martin thought, and to clear himself and his able scrutineers, he wished to say that no crooked work was done. Some one would have liked to ask a question, and some one wanted to know if Mr. Martin was throwing mud at him. Mr. Martin answered the question, said that he was throwing no mud and begged Section 9 No. 3's pardon for calling him Section 12 No. 5, (it is not so personal to refer to the members in this way). And once more "silence was pleased."

It was now four o'clock and the secretary's fountain pen having run dry the Society consented to be adjourned without allowing the critic to give his six page criticism. After adjournment The Joker led in the National Anthem. Then "silence settled wide and still."

FESTINALENTE.



A large, lazy boy recently wound up a short composition on the subject of a runaway accident, with "The horse ran away and threw him out and broke his neck and cut his face."

An Essay on the Power of Thought.

Some time last term Mr. W. M. Bradley read a paper on the Power of Thought which was much enjoyed by the Literary and Scientific Society. Necessarily in a ten minute essay only a few aspects of so broad a subject could be touched upon. Mr. Bradley dwelt chiefly on the bearing of the intellect upon morality. While not, like Plato, going so far as to make knowledge the sole basis of ethics, he showed in a really brilliant manner the important part played by pure thought in the moral growth of the Spirit. Virtue is not the outcome of inconsiderate sentiment. The "clear, cold, logic engine" must raise to consciousness the vague impulses of our being. Doing right involves a process of keen discrimination, which is the function of the intellect. Mr. Bradley showed also the effect of various kinds of thoughts upon both the character and the health. "The mind that is filled with frivolous thoughts is like a garden overrun with weeds," he said—which recalls Hamlet's "unweeded garden gone to seed." An evil thought harms not only him in whom it is engendered, but those who come into contact with him. "Pure thoughts go out on missions of love and mercy, strengthening the weak and acting as a tonic for all humanity." Mr. Bradley's Spiritualistic tendencies crop out here and there: "If you would be surrounded by pure influences think pure thoughts. Crush out evil thoughts. Do not imagine for one moment that thoughts will remain unseen. Many clairvoyants have their spiritual sight so quickened that they can readily perceive the *aura* that surrounds each person, and by the color of it determine the nature of his thoughts." In a brief summary much interesting detail must be omitted, but the clearness of Mr. Bradley's exposition has doubtless left the main outline of his ideas in the minds of those who heard him, without the help of this synopsis.