

(2.) Evolution has brought to light the fact of an unconscious progress to an unseen end, and a striking array of modern writers—Matthew Arnold, Tolstoi, Von Hartman and Herbert Spencer—are quoted, expressing essentially the same idea of man's destiny being determined by the unconscious and the unknowable. Development, at an indirect hint from Mr. Spencer, suggests a new meaning for consciousness which unites the connected processes of thought (logical reason) with the impulses of the unknowable (feeling, imagination, etc.) This consciousness is directed to the whole embodiment of present life, "institutions, science, art, buildings, customs and religion." Its watchword is, "Now is the time."

(3.) Embryology has shown that the human body is the epitome of all animals. So the mind of man in its different faculties—sensation, imagination and reason—corresponds to the order of development of nature. This would imply that the later stages would abolish the earlier ones, and Hegel having once got to reason, consistently with this, has nothing good to say of feeling and imagination. To him the perfect life seems to be altogether a rational one, in which emotion has no place. Here, again, development asserts the claims of these so-called lower sides of man's nature, and maintains, that in the true consciousness, sense, imagination and reason are bound in a perfect unity. And so art and religion are justified.

It is needless to say that the article is an able and suggestive one. Perhaps what first strikes the reader is a characteristic well known to all his students, the unflinching candour of the writer—a candour which flashes light from all sides, often to the utter bewilderment of the student who cannot blend the scattered rays. Indeed, we have several times been compelled to reconnoitre and to see which way the thought is pointing, and even after several readings many of the ideas noted seem to stand unrelated to the context. But the problem is fairly faced, and no matter how confusing or contradictory the evidence, it is given its weight. This essay can hardly be said to propound any theory, but it does what is, perhaps, better—it arranges a mass of evidence which must be included in any theory when it comes.

The soul is like a harp of gold
And Thought the music lying cold
Within its veins of gleaming silver,
Till life, with hand of strength and fire,
Sweeps the strings of the silent lyre;
Then unborn Thought into being leaps,
And breathes, and sings, and laughs and weeps.—*Ex.*

* * *
"If the whole is ever to gladden thee,
That whole is the smallest thing thou must see."
—*Goethe.*

POETRY.

IN JUNIOR YEAR.

IN Junior year, oh, fancies light,
The soul unfettered, spirits bright!
Dwells aught of doubt or fear or night
In Junior year?

The storms of boyhood's age are past,
Youth's doubts and fears away are cast,
And budding manhood blooms at last,
In Junior year.

Desiring but ourselves to please,
On every impulse light we seize;
We smoke and take the world with ease,
In Junior year.

But 'mid the smoke-wreaths as they rise,
With light as soft as evening skies,
There often smiles a pair of eyes,
In Junior year.

And as at dawn the brightness breaks,
With quickening glow o'er summer lakes,
So love within the heart awakes,
In Junior year.

W. G. B.

In a recent number we suggested that those poetically inclined should do something towards providing material for the proposed University Song-Book. Hoping that it will inspire at least the poet of '98 to sing of either love or war, we give below the first production received, entitled

THE FOOTBALLER'S SONG.

We can't have football all year 'round,
It is my only woe;
For autumn's day soon fades away,
And earth is clad in snow.

CHORUS.

Exams may come,
Exams may go!
We'll football all the same.
In spring or fall,
We're lovers all,
Of the royal good old game.

For when the snow lies on the ground,
To classes we must go,
And rack our brains and knowledge gain
Of sundry things—but oh!
Exams may come, etc.

And what if heads and bones are broke?
We give—we take a blow;
'Tis doctors' cheer, they soon draw near
To give advice—but oh!
Exams may come, etc.

Then out of nature's book we take
A page or two; and so,
When April's gone we hie us home,
And rest a while—but oh!
Exams may come, etc.

H.