

The forwards appear to lack organization, and do not seem to have a leader. Sharp, decisive work is what is wanted. We hope the record of last year is not going to be disgraced.

It is proposed to start a baseball club next year in connection with the College. W. O. Galloway, of the Toronto Club, and Pte Wood, of the Clippers, are available, and the club expects to demonstrate the game to the Torontos and the Clippers early next spring.

#### REVIEWS.

Though Mr. G. H. Lewes' "Study of Psychology" (Boston: Houghton & Co.) has little value in itself as a contribution to psychology, it is interesting as denoting the progress of the author's mind, and, perhaps, also as denoting a somewhat unnoticed tendency in the physico-psychological speculations of the present day. Mr. Lewes was a pronounced advocate of the Positivist school, did not believe in metaphysics, and even wrote his extended Biographical History of Philosophy to prove that there was no such thing as philosophy possible: but in the present book, when he wrote it he revered Darwin, still he thought Herbert Spencer a great thinker, and still kept the kink he got from Comte; he seems to have had glimpses of truth he never saw before, which, if he had seen it in its fulness, would have recalled him from all its vagaries, and set his feet in a straight path to a sure goal. Though a brilliant *litterateur*, rather than a profound scientist, he has yet done original work in biology and physiology sufficient to make his utterances worthy of respect even in the scientific eye, and it is therefore noteworthy when we find him warning his readers "not to place reliance on the immature knowledge of the structure and the functions of the nervous system which has hitherto been reached." "For any one," he says, "to propose an explanation of mental processes by adducing imaginary connections between neutral elements having imaginary proportions is to explain the imperfectly known by the unknown." Though he had not fully divested himself of the notion that mind is in some way the product of the organism where it is found, a notion which the facts of physiology contradict, he had yet become able to see that there is something more in perception than sensation can account for, and that the subjective elements in human experience no methods of the physical can explore, and no movement of molecules or transmutations of cells and fibers can explain.

#### NOTICES.

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The name of the writer must accompany all communications for publication.

#### BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Hon. Simeon Borax (*stumping the Pumpkinsville Deestrick*): "Let me ask of the intellect and intelligence I see before me to look at Ohio! Where is she—" Drowsy Intellect and Intelligence on front seat: "She went off—last—week—with—the—hired man."

"These beautiful \$5 poets only \$3," says a sign in a down-town bookseller's window. Think of going through whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox, and the other perils that intervene between the cradle and maturity, to become a beautiful \$5 poet, and be sold at forty per cent. discount!

The Russian, General Skobelev, used to tell an excellent story about one of his soldiers who once saved his life. "Which will you have in return, my good fellow," he asked, "the Cross of St. George or one hundred roubles?" After hesitating a moment the man inquired the money value of the Cross of St. George. "Oh," replied the General, "it is very little—five roubles, perhaps; but it is a great honour to possess it." "Then," said the soldier, "if that is so, give me ninety-five roubles and the Cross of St. George."

The Lime Kiln Club last week listened to a lecture on the "Mistakes of Nature," by Hon. Edward Leavy, a venerable coloured statesman. There was but one portion of the subject worthy of preservation in the archives of the club, and that was the orator's views on the oyster. Said he: "Did natur' make a mistake when she constructed de oyster? Some folks complain kase he has no wish bone, and kase dar am no wings and legs to sarve up on de table. Natur' intended de oyster fur people who can't chaw deir meat. Instead of runnin' aroun' de kentry he settles down whar' he can be found when wanted. It am de same way wid de clam. If he had de rovin' disposition of de fox it would take six months to get up a clam bake."—*Detroit Free Press*.