

Political Science and to Sociology, and have excellent courses on all manner of social questions. Opinions of every shade are freely expressed, from the Roman Catholic University in the rue de Vangirard, to the Socialist School in the rue Danton.

The students and professors in the university are for the most part republicans, but of moderate tone. The clericals study chiefly in the Jesuit colleges throughout the country, the extreme radicals and socialists in the *écoles libres*, though the university contains a sprinkling of both, and in most lecture rooms at least one abbé will be found, known by his round hat and parti-coloured bands. Walking near the university, the students are easily recognizable. They dress almost as much below the ordinary level as the typical Oxford man does above it. But the old days of *la vie de Bohème*, as described by Murger, are passing. The Boulevard St. Michel (le Boul' Mich') has lost some of its gaiety and much of its naughtiness. Yet many picturesque figures are still to be found, would-be poets and budding artists, with shaggy hair, flowing tie, and velveteen trousers, narrow at the ankles, but swelling to enormous proportions at the knees. All wear beards, if it be only a fluffy down, and to go clean shaven is to run the risk of being mistaken for either a priest or an actor.

The reproach has been levelled at the University of Paris that it produces chiefly pedants and journalists. Perhaps the French student of the present day tends a little to the "intellectual" type; a word which, be it remembered, does not mean an "intellectual" man, still less an "educated" one. It

implies rather that type which can see so much truth and so much error in all systems that it can attach itself to none; which has developed its critical faculties at the expense of character and of physique; and which at last takes refuge in an universal skepticism, gay or mournful, according to temperament. An enemy might compare them to the philosophers whom Gulliver saw on his voyage to Laputa, or in the Academy of Lagado, so brilliant, so fickle, so unstable are their judgments. As a result French journalism is the most literary, and with few exceptions, the most untrustworthy in the world; untrustworthy also because of another trait of the "intellectual" as portrayed by Swift, which finds ample justification in the present state of French politics, in which both journalists and pedants bulk so largely. "I made him a small Present," says Gulliver, "for my Lord had furnished me with Money on Purpose, because he knows their Practice of begging from all who go to see them." They know so much, and criticise so mercilessly, and laugh so universally, at vice and at virtue, at Catholic and at skeptic, at patriot and at socialist, that one sometimes sighs for a little honest credulity. Of their power of study and of their intellectual acuteness there can be no doubt.

"I began to read Brunetière very late," said one to me; "I must have been at least fourteen." How many Canadian or English boys would think fourteen an advanced age at which to begin the study of Matthew Arnold or of Goldwin Smith?

In another article I hope to give a more detailed account of the most