

It is inspiring to see the heroic efforts of professors and students to stand fast against the inevitable. But Influenza gets the underhold, and the bravest is made to bite the dust.

THIS Department has taken Charles Lamb's cure—twelve handkerchiefs a day. The result is evident—on the handkerchiefs. But—excuse me, I've "La Grippe"—but, after four days meditation, and with a pyramid of books supporting our head and our left hand grasping a new handkerchief, it is with sorrow we write, even weeping.

THE destruction around this office is worse than that of a Western cyclone. The enemy caught one of the University professors, and an article on Robert Browning, intended for this number of the MONTHLY, vanished into thin air. A sketch of the fifty years history of Queen's University, and the semi-centennial celebration was lost in a succession of sneezes. Four articles for the Missionary Department from China, India and Corea, were delayed by the storm at sea, caused, no doubt, by the sneezing on shore. And it was simply madness to expect any book-reviewing or editorial work to be done. Yes—tell it not in Gath—we have come out second best in this contest.

BUT the February number will make up what is lacking in this issue. In it Dr. Daniel Clark, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for Insane, will discuss that live question, "Faith Cure." Rev. Dr. Laidlaw offers an admirable paper on the Sabbath Question. First-class "copy" has also been received from Mrs. Margaret Caven Wilson, Central India, J. S. Gale, of Corca, and Messrs. J. Goforth and Donald McGillivray, of Honan, China.

BUT we are heartily sorry about the sketch of Queen's University. The Jubilee celebration was such a splendid success that "writing it up" would have been a pleasure. The students meetings on Tuesday evening, made a Toronto man feel at home; the songs brought back old times. Wednesday was the great day. From far and near the faithful came. At eleven o'clock Divine service was held in Convocation Hall. In the afternoon—but we cannot give particulars—the distinguished guests, and their speeches, the stories they told, the jokes they made and the good wishes they expressed. Have they not been written by the eloquent scribes of the newspaper press?

BUT as we sat there on that gray afternoon, under the spell of the memory-reading orators, a change seemed to come over the scene. The room is small. The crowd not much larger than a good committee. They are Presbyterians and mostly Scotchmen. During an occasional lull in the conversation we hear something about "liberty," "higher education" and "a new university." Some one is making a speech. There at that table sits the secretary, a Mr. Rose. Do you see that young Scotchman at the end of the seat? That is William Reid, a newly-landed preacher. He says nothing but he admires the pluck of these Canadians. Who is that dapper young man who moved a motion? He is a limb of the law, John A. Macdonald. He moved that arrangements be made for the establishment of a university in this town. Then the twilight comes on. The candles sicker, and in the