

do even the admirers of Milton ignore the sublime words of the chorus in *Samson Agonistes*!

"Therefore God's Universal law,
Gave to the man despotic power.
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that night to part an hour,
Smile she or lour;
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not swayed
By female usurpation or dismay'd.

Nothing can blind anyone to the truth of this, excepting the weakness of unthinking passion, or the obstinacy of feminine prejudice. Certainly the opposition of the female portion of the community to any investigation of love is quite intelligible; rational love would, I fearlessly admit, inevitably alter the relative position of men and women. But something more than this will need to be adduced in order to demonstrate the falsity of the position I have taken.

I am utterly confounded. The universe is upside down. The basis of my logic and the bulwarks of my faith have dissolved into thin air. Reason has become foolishness, and all things are chaotic. In short,—incredible dictu!—it is useless to hide it,—*I am in love!* It was all done in one evening, and—woe is me!—at the very moment when I found myself going I had to listen to her express her plain opinion of the Philosophic Student, and *admit all she said*. May all the anathemas of deepest Gehenna light on the head of anyone who tells her that I am the guilty man!

But enough! I am not exactly well, and don't feel as much like talking about love as I once did. Just to show my penitence, however, I have asked the Editor to append to this some lines addressed to me (as I was) and handed to him by a lady for publication:

What are the bounds of love!
Ask rather
What are the limits of infinite space?
Where started Eternity? Where will it cease?
When will the Father
Without whom love is not,—die, and the peace
Of infinite nothingness reign?
Stir, philosopher, stir thy brain;
Space, Eternity, Life explain;
Fix *their* limits,—nor strive in vain
To fathom love.
Love is not logic, philosopher mine,
Prove all you please, explain, define,
And when all is ended,—Love is divine,
And comes from above.

THE COURT.

We wish, with this number, to give our readers a brief history of one of our time-honoured institutions—the Concursus Iniquitatis et Virtutis. While there is every indication that it existed in the consciousness of man from the beginning, though omitted through an oversight by Kant, it did not take definite shape until early in the sixties. Men who to-day occupy leading public positions stood round

her cradle, and, doubtless, prepared themselves for other, not higher, spheres, by the training they then received. At the beginning of its history, the Ancient and Venerable was convened in the private room of one of the students; and the officers for the individual session were chosen on the spot. When all was ready, the victim was inveigled to the scene by some kind friend. The offences were much the same as those of to-day. It seems, indeed, to have been bound up in the consciousness of the race that Freshmen ought to lay aside all articles of adornment, and to avoid assiduously the society of the opposite sex, as not having yet learned to place these in their true relationship to life. The unpardonable sin, however, was the refusal to "cut" on the part of single members of a class. For this offence there was no mercy. The hopeless culprit was tried, condemned, punished; while amidst deathlike silence the crier's "sic semper tyrannus," brought the impressive scene to a close. All students were alike under the jurisdiction of the Court. Seniors and Freshmen were equally amenable to the stern hand of justice.

Some ten years after its organization, feeling that a fixed abode is necessary for continuance, and in compliance with the urgent request of the Board of Directors, the Court made her home within the College walls, and has ever since been classed among the regular College institutions.

The session '84-5 saw stirring times for the Court. In that year, the Freshmen, believing that they were being treated too severely by the students, rebelled. A scrimmage ensued, one of the Profs. kindly performing the difficult function of referee. As the decisions were not satisfactory, another College functionary was called in, and the officers of the Court were invited to the next (special) meeting of the Senate with a view to forming a coalition of the two bodies. The Court, however, felt that a great work still lay before it, and therefore courteously but positively declined. For the first and last time in its history the Senate wept audibly.

Brethren and fathers, the Court still lives and reigns. In two distinct branches she holds sway over the student-world of Queen's. Her influence is felt, rather than seen—it is "in the air." She is the medium for the expression of public judgment upon the conduct of every student in our Alma Mater. Her decision is the last fiat of the entire body of students. Her power is unlimited.

A word to coming students—most earnestly do we commend the Court to your care. We regard it as sacred with the hallowed memories of the past. We know that it has been, and is, a great power for good. You must say whether or not it will continue to be so. Keep it free from the influence of "cliques." Do not degrade it into a mere burlesque. Remember the object the Court has in view, and let it lose none of its dignity in your hands. "Vivat et florescat Concursus Iniquitatis et Virtutis."