

Cæsar's vocabulary he is rushed into Cicero, whose language—that of the rhetor—is about as different from Cæsar's as the placid smile of a sophomore from the grin of a Zulu. But by degrees the boy comes to acquire a pretty fair vocabulary of Ciceronic words and phrases. By this time, however, he has forgotten a good part of the Cæsar-ean vocabulary which he had before. At this interesting period he is introduced to Vergil, whose language is, of course, poetical; and by the time that he has finished Vergil he is in an excellent condition to write Latin prose. If a piece of English is given him, he starts off with the historical Latin of Cæsar, he continues with the oratorical of Cicero, and polishes the piece off with a choice selection of poetical words and phrases borrowed from Vergil.

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If we add to this exquisite mixture the work prescribed in Latin prose, the idea will be complete. We are not surprised at Prof. Fletcher characterizing the thing as an absurdity. The only wonder about it is that the classical masters of the province should have been held responsible at all for the defective character of their pupils' prose at matriculation. The changes proposed by Mr. Fletcher are that a single (prose) author be prescribed in Latin, and that a similar course be followed in Greek. The advantages of such a change are so obvious as not to require mention, and the only pity is that it was not made long ago.

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We understand that there is quite a fluttering among the feathers of the mathematical fledglings over our way of estimating their pet subject. We are rejoiced to hear it. This falls out according to expectation. Truth never shuns the light. We court discussion. Too long has this department of University study remained

“Fixt beyond all change, or chance of change,”

while other subjects of equal or greater importance have suffered modification to such an extent as to be scarcely recognizable by their best friends.

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For mathematics as a science we have the greatest possible respect—we were going to say veneration. Yet, while perfectly willing to grant that, like Dickens' friend, the mathematician is “only an odd boy, but he's got his feelin's,” we may be permitted, we hope, without any slur upon the said “feelin's,” and with the sublime calm of a mollusc, to say that until someone explains the present abnormality of the B.A. course in making Greek optional and mathematics compulsory, we propose to continue this discussion. And if any of the young Hotspurs of the College are dying to break a lance in behalf of the other side, it only remains for us to add, *inter angures*, that “Barkis is willin'.”

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We beg leave to remind the said fledglings, however, that it might not be indiscreet to look the matter up a little before rushing into print. Webster once said to

Clay, “The gentleman may find that in a contest of this character there are blows to take as well as blows to give.” And we beg leave to submit, with all deference, that the result of the discussion justified Mr. Webster's remark. It is Pope, we think, who says, “And philosophers rush in where angels fear to tread,” or something of this kind. Probably if we were mathematical we should know the exact subject of the verb “rush” in the above quotation; and it is equally probable that we would quote it.

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Mathematics is, *par excellence*, the exact science. We hate exactness. It is also the science of system; and if there is one thing on earth more than another which excites our pity, it is system. As to seeking mathematics for its own sake, the idea is simply atrocious. We confess frankly that we have always had a very great respect for Shakespere since we first read the following little passage from him:

Moth.—How many is *one thrice told*?

Armado—I am ill at reckoning; it *fitteth the spirit of a tapster*.

Moth.—You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Armado—I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

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The third number of the present volume will, wind and tide favoring, appear on Dec. 30th. It is proposed to make it worthy of the occasion. Meanwhile, we thank our subscribers for the enthusiastic support and encouragement which they have given us; and, while assuring them that we shall do our utmost to deserve a continuation of their favor, wish them, one and all, a very merry Xmas and a happy New Year!

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Principal Grant has arrived in Vancouver, and has sent a telegram saying that he started from there on Sabbath, so that he may be in Kingston on Friday, and will surely be here by Saturday evening.

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We do not belong to that class of men who are ready at all times, and under the slightest provocation, to play the flunkey to a great name. But here is a gentleman whose name is known and honored wherever the English language is spoken; who has done as much to raise Canada and Canadians in the eyes of the world as any man of his generation. His abilities as a preacher made him in his youth a marked man in the church, and his sound judgment, literary powers, and broad Christianity have left an ineffaceable impress on all classes of our citizens. Kingston, in giving him a public reception, is honoring herself; and we hope that every student in the University will stay over to show him that those who have been so favored as to have the closest communion with him are his most enthusiastic admirers. Let every Queen's man be at the depot to give him a three times three that will show him and the city the estimation in which we hold him.