

doing. Besides this, the statement and discussion of their investigations and difficulties by students cannot be as free in the class-room as when by themselves. For this reason, too, the annual conference does not meet our case and is, moreover, too short to work itself into student life.

The most serious objection in the mind of the writer is the undoubted tardiness and unwillingness of the students to give, with any degree of enthusiasm, even a small portion of their time to such work. The need is apparent. Few students outline and carry out rigidly a good course of private reading. They get carried away with a narrow view of college work as a *cram* for examination or prize and leave college mere machines and not intelligent, well-read and cultured men. It should not be said of us, who are entering the ministry, that we can but gaze vacantly at the title pages of the best products of the times and say that we have not read them. Should we not rather, by some such plan as has been roughly indicated in this article, keep abreast of the times and help each other for the few years we are together to get a deeper grasp of those subjects that are moving the theological world.

The formation of such a society would be impracticable this session, but we invite further discussion on the subject and believe that if this plan commends itself to those concerned it would not be too premature to make some movement towards organization in the spring that next session might lead to some valuable results.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Dear Mr. Editor:

NOW that Maria has, happily for herself, broken the icy fetters that bound her to that cold-blooded and calculating philosopher; now that the good little boys of the football team have been duly ticketed and bangled; and the Illuminati have taken their light from our midst, perhaps you may have time to tell us what it is that worries Quasi-Modo. The poor soul appears unable to rest and, like proverbial misery, seeks to stir up companions. Or perhaps we should rather say, like Adam, of old, he seeks an Eve on whom to throw blame. We always thought it shabby of Adam, but—history will repeat itself. However, this time, although our Quasi-Adam has conclusively proved his descent; he has shown himself less knowing than his great forefather, who certainly recognized Eve when he saw her; whereas our Quasi-Adam mistakes masculine gush for "female authorship." Poor Quasi-Adam! And, Mr. Editor, will you break it gently to him, that no girl at Queen's would be guilty of discussing the "latest fashion in flounces," because, you see, there is no such thing to discuss. Flounces

have been out of fashion for ages and ages, while sewing circles are the exclusive use of the mothers of the Church.

But Quasi-Adam seems to fear the ladies expect "special attention,"—whatever he may mean by that. The only special attention the ladies look for is simply such courteous treatment as one *gentleman* naturally accords another, and we have never understood that accusations of deliberate falsifying came under that head. For example, when the relations of the lady students to the A.M.S. were being discussed two years ago—to which discussion your correspondent refers, I think—a lady student representing the Levana Society, and at its special request sent to the JOURNAL, over her own initials, a statement of what she then believed and still believes to be the true state of the case. The exceedingly discourteous reply of Quasi-Modo—who designated several portions of it as deliberately false, without taking the trouble to show them to be so—effectually prevented any further discussion on the part of the ladies. If this is what Quasi-Modo means by "special attention," thanks, no; the lady students desire it as little as they do sewing circles, or polemics on fashions. And as for the relations of the ladies to the A.M.S., it certainly seems to trouble Quasi-Modo much more than it does them. For they know they are always sure of courteous treatment when they choose to attend, provided Quasi-Modo does not read his latest effusion, or try to force the flounces of their grandmother's times on their unwilling notice.

LEVANAITE.

POETRY.

THE THYROID GLAND.

IN response to the earnest request of many Meds., we transcribe the following from the Glasgow Magazine:—

"We hear thee speak of the thyroid gland,
But what thou say'st we don't understand;
Professor, where does that acinus dwell?
We hashed our dissection, and can't quite tell.
Is it where the mascula luter flows,
And the suprachoroidal tissue grows?"
—"Not there, not there, my class!"

"Is it far away where the bronchi part,
And the pneumogastric controls the heart?
Where endothelium endocardium lines,
And a supercardial nerve intertwines?
Where the subpleural plexus of lymphatics expand?
Is it there, Professor, that gruesome gland?"
—"Not there, not there, my class!"

"I have not seen it, my gentle youths,
But myxœdema, I'm told, it soothes.
Landois says stolidly, 'functions unknown';
Foster adopts an enquiring tone.
Duct does not lead to its strange recess,
Far below the vertex, above the pes,
It is there, I am told, my class!"