

and so too we have our college dinners, not often at Queen's—for in this, as in all things, we are temperate—but we have the senior year and the medical dinners; once the divinities celebrated, but some unmentioned catastrophe so overawed the theological mind that such dissipation has never since been suggested.

It has recently been our good fortune to be present at two of these academic symposiums, and thereby hangs, no, not a tale, but a moral. One was a gathering of two score genial, hearty young men. The repast was quite simple; the chief article of diet excited conversation by showing the sad fate of the proverbially dumb. But there was real fellowship, the impromptu speech and sparkling repartee, the jovial song, the keen but generous wit, the hearty laugh and general flow of spirits; all these in happy variety carried us into the small hours and we loathed to rise. We can never again meet any of that jolly company without a glow of brotherly feeling.

The other was a grand event, elaborate in all its details. The menu card still decorates our table, both because of its artistic beauty and as documentary evidence to all comers that kind Providence has furnished us with one good meal. There were jovial spirits too, and good speeches and singing, but it was *too much*. To treat ten courses with impartiality is a heavy task for any man, and the feast of reason coming in eleventh is liable to a perfunctory discharge. Then what is more natural than to call in spirits of another order to revive the fancy and feelings? Heavy eating is disgusting, but heavy drinking is abominable. To a man of refined feelings (and may we not expect all students to be such?) nothing is more dispiriting than to sit at the table with a drunken man, or to see him helped out by his friends. A century ago this might be tolerated, to-day it is an offence to every pure-minded man. We are not laying down total abstinence, but simply maintaining that if good fellowship be the end of an academic dinner, this use of wine is fatal. If men do not know how to use it, keep it off the table. This would certainly increase the pleasure of all.

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The students' organ has three grievances to voice:

*First*.—"When she went there the cupboard was bare." Perhaps she, herself, had removed the bone. At any rate it is avowed that more students than one have enquired of the librarian for some book recommended in class, only to learn of its opportunity (?) removal by the professor. *Ora pro nobis*.

*Second*.—Plato tells us that if a man is released from the underground cavern, "the dazzling splendor renders him incapable of discerning those objects of which he used formerly to see the shadows."

Thus the junior philosophy class find it difficult to take notes and to decipher the hand-writing on the blackboard, owing to the lack of window-blinds. All that is needed is to call the attention of the senate and perhaps remedies are already in process.

*Third*.—Some students, consulting in the senior philosophy class room, seem to forget the presence of others similarly engaged. You have heard of philosophic calm. How can one study if others, within hearing, are reading aloud? "Silence is golden."

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The tradition that there is nothing new under the sun has been seriously shaken by recent events in Canadian politics. For the past month men have looked for news from Ottawa with something of that uncertainty which marked the rule of Napoleon, when "False as a bulletin" became a proverb. Now, however, cosmos seems stable enough for a snap shot, and what do we see? Certainly the survey is not inspiring, and a stern patriot would welcome any agency, even cruel war, that would purge such humours from the body politic. It is a time, not for partizanship, but for national honor; indeed neither of the present parties inspires the fullest confidence.

A political party can appeal for support on either of two grounds. First, it can enunciate a policy and stand or fall as the country judges it true or false; or second, it can appeal on the ground of confidence in the personal ability and character of its leaders, and say, "If you deem us worthy we shall deal with the question as best we can." The Conservatives have had for many years a more clearly defined policy, and also a stronger leadership than their opponents. Hence their solid organization and their firm seat in office. But they have no longer a single leader of marked prominence holding the confidence of all, and their policy was never before so freely criticized as to-day. Add to this the disgusting personal intrigue (or so at least it looks to outsiders) and fickleness recently shown, and it seems as if fortune has taken a turn and the Liberals' time is come. Will they stand the test? The best men in Canada are earnestly asking the question, but the future alone can give the answer. One thing may be said, the Liberal leaders do seem too careful about taking the country into their confidence. Where there is a quite marked superiority of men, a party can afford to go to the country on the question of personal confidence, but it is doubtful if the superiority in this case justifies such a course. Sir Richard's refusal to prescribe till "called in" looks worldly wise; but he ought to remember that Canada has too much of that wisdom. After all it may be better to run on our own merits than to win by the faults of others, even if those faults are notorious.