

to teach Hebrew free to all, it appears but common sense to him and Presbyterians generally that their students should take advantage of the generosity of the State. The State teaches metaphysics and classics and the sciences free, and Knox College has long been aware of the fact. Why, indeed, it may be asked, should Knox College, or any other theological college, pay the salary of a lecturer in metaphysics when they can get a better lecturer for nothing? Why should they pay the salary of a professor of classics when the State has provided one for them gratis?

The utilitarian policy of Knox College has now been followed by the Baptists and the adherents of the "Protestant Episcopal" party of the English Church. The former body have erected McMaster Hall, and the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School is now in process of building a short distance from University College. The Provincial University is becoming more and more what it should be—a centre of secular culture for all denominations, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Catholics, Episcopalians and Atheists. It is manifest folly for any of these denominations not to reap all the advantages it can from Provincial liberality. There are many of them, however, which still stand aloof and refuse the proffered advantages.

Take the University of Trinity College. Were the authorities there less exclusive in their views, they would sell out the ancient domains of Trinity bag and baggage, and throw their consolidated funds into the establishment of a purely theological school in the neighborhood of University College. How much better its students would be trained in arts by the latter! And how much more efficient would the former be in preparing divines for the Anglican Church! But Trinity is essentially English, and is slow to fall in with New World ideas.

However, Trinity has some reason for continuing to exercise its degree-conferring powers. Institutions, as well as men, look with horror on death and annihilation. The Western University, however, occupies a different position. In the face of modern advancement in liberality and intelligence, its promoters demanded the creation of a new institution by which they might become all-sufficient and exclusive in the matter of theological and secular education. Compare the facilities which a Knox College student has in Toronto with those available to the exclusive young man who is trapped into finishing his education at the Western University!

Then there is the Methodist University at Cobourg. This denomination still persists in spending money uselessly in the support of Victoria University. We would like to hear the supporters of Victoria tabulate their reasons for its utility, or say why a young man who is a Methodist should get his secular education at a Methodist College, supported by Methodists, when there is open to him a better college, and one that is a burden to no particular denomination. Is there really any pecuniary or moral advantage in a student's living at Cobourg? Victoria, too, should sell out, consolidate its funds, and with them establish a Methodist theological college near University College, the students of the former taking advantage of the literary education offered gratuitously by the latter. University College and the Methodist denomination would both be benefited by such a course.

We might refer to other colleges and invite them also to strike out boldly, and help to put down these sectarian and clannish feelings which retard the growth of higher education in Ontario, and prevent the Province from taking the very high stand in university culture which it might if we were all united. Enough, however, has been said to open up the question, which we propose to pursue on another occasion.

In the meantime, Principal Caven's idea of limiting Knox College to theology only will be heartily approved of by all liberal-minded men, as will also the policy of the Baptist College and the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School.

The medical students of this city have laid a complaint before the Police Commissioners, charging policemen with unnecessarily assaulting a body of students in the streets on two or three occasions. The last instance was on the night of the recent medical dinner, when a number of the students were returning home up Yonge Street. Four doctors were among the crowd, taken for the very purpose of being witnesses of an expected demonstration. As usual, the police interfered, and clubbed the students; but on one of the doctors mentioning who he was, the attacking officials slunk away. At a former time the head of one of the students, a very small man, was split open, and other feats of barbarity on the part of the police are mentioned. All this the students allege was done without cause, and they demand an investigation, which it is to be hoped will soon be made. Supposing students do sing on their way home from the theatre, have they not as good a right to do that as a Yankee minstrel band has to parade the town, and fill the air with the fearful noise of its brass trombones and horns? It is time these guardians of the peace were restrained in their zealous officiousness, and we hope the case of the medicals will be sustained.

AN ÆSCULAPIAN NARRATION.

Prepare your sympathetic eyes the kindly tears to drop:
Unfurl your pocket-handkerchiefs the briny flood to mop:
The founts of we should freely flow in agony, unstinted,
Whilst I relate this moving tale, the saddest ever printed.

Such charms as Mary Smith possessed no artist ever painted—
Of course, I mean no artist chap with whom I am acquainted;
No flower that blows, no damask rose, surpassed her fair complexion,
Which bid a straight defiance to the most minute inspection.

Although it sounds ridiculous, her eyes were navy-blue,
That type of hearty loyalty and all that's good and true:
Her lovely hair was—let me see—a Day and Martin's black,
And streamed in long luxuriance down her finely moulded back.

Sweet Mary Smith was closely wooed by Dr. Felix Browne,
A qualified practitioner residing in the town;
Within his study four "degrees," engrossed on parchment, hung,
They didn't cost so much, you know, when Felix Browne was young.

The Doctor was a solemn man, who wore a stove-pipe hat,
A highly polished article, and second-hand at that;
His nose was red and rubicund—in fact, a lobster's toe
Resembled it more faithfully than anything I know.

No doctor whom I ever met (and that's a lot to say)
Could utter, "Please, protrude your tongue," in such a learned way:
No doctor whom I ever knew more gracefully than he
Could sign a death certificate, or dun you for his fee.

His learning was prodigious, and his boots were number ten;
His very foes would swear by him, he was the best of men;
With startling assiduity he quaffed the flowing bowl,
While Mary Smith most cheerfully supplied the flow of soul.

He told her—oh! so lovingly, without a spark of pride,
The nature of the dire complaint of which King Herod died;
And hinted—oh! so gently, that some aneurismal state
Was probably the moving cause of poor Sapphira's fate.

He taught her how to diagnose the Rubeolous Rash,
Bemoaning in her shell-like ear the scarcity of cash;
He also showed her how to know, without the slightest doubt,
The symptoms of Pyæmia, of Colic and the Gout.