

demand, but, strange to say, Queen's is more sparing than ever in awarding the honour. In spite of all that has been done, Canada is not up to the United States mark. Only a small minority of our ministers are D.D.'s, though it may be a comfort to know that the number is increasing more rapidly than scholarship or original thinking. In Kingston Presbytery there is not one D.D. outside the staff. Why not begin by decorating the Presbytery as a whole? That would put us ahead of our neighbors, and would show "hustle" worthy of them. They assume that "when a minister has assumed a certain age, he ought to be a doctor, and he is so addressed accordingly." Our proposal is to give the title to all ministers, and lest a "cut" should be tried, to all students for the ministry. We would then lead—according to the American student—all the churches in Christendom, and would never be overtaken.

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The Xmas holidays are at hand, and the JOURNAL's advice to the students is to make the most of them. Those who have fallen behind in their work through mis-spent time do not deserve a holiday. But to the honest worker we would say, forget as far as possible all about classes and exams., and give your mind a complete relaxation. But remember that rest does not mean idleness, and if the time hangs heavily on your hands, and you cannot find profitable amusement otherwise, we will not censure you if you review—say your notes on Philosophy. By all means get a rest, and you will do better work when you come back. If our good wishes could be realized by expressing them, the coming vacation would be happy indeed for all.

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The Senate outlined in the Calendar two years ago various excellent courses of study for the degree of Ph.D., and we understand that some Masters of Arts in different parts of the country are perusing these, aided by correspondence with the Professors. This session lectures are given on the courses in Classics. Professor Fletcher lectures on Latin, Professor McNaughton on Greek, and Mr. Nicholson on Philology, and as candidates are required to offer Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics and Politics, and must show acquaintance with the best modern critics of those authors, Mr. Short has agreed to give weekly lectures on the Politics of Aristotle, and on alternate years Professor Watson on the Republic. We would like to be informed if any other Canadian University is doing work of this kind, and in what form. It is a distinct step in advance here, and we are glad that Canadian students who wish to take a post graduate course in Classics are not obliged to go to John Hopkins or Europe.

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To every lover of social order recent events in England are very cheering. But a few years ago the offence which is driving S. C. Parnell from public life would have been passed over with complete indifference. When Mr. Parnell, and those who still support him, bring forward the old argument that if he has the ability to perform his political duties, his moral life is something with

which the public has nothing to do; the answer virtually given is that a good stream cannot come from a polluted fountain. That society, and especially the political members of it, should give such an answer, is, we think, particularly hopeful and promising.

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## LITERATURE.

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### THEKLA'S SONG.

FROM "WALDENSTEIN," BY SCHILLER, PART II, ACT III, SEC. VII.

The clouds march onward, thy oakwoods moan,  
Wanders the maid by the shore alone,  
While the great waves break with might, with might,  
And she sings out her song to the dreary night,  
As the tears from her dark eyes move.

My heart is dying, and life is vain.  
O Holy One, call back thy child again;  
For nothing,—no, nothing more bright can be mine,  
For now have I gathered off life's best vine,  
I have felt what true life is—I love

A. E. L.

### ON THE TALKING OF NONSENSE.

THERE is no greater mistake in the world than the looking upon every sort of nonsense as want of sense. Nonsense, in the bad sense of the word, like certain suspicious ladies, is very fond of bestowing its own appellation, particularly upon what renders other persons agreeable. But nonsense, in the good sense of the word, is a very sensible thing in its season; and is only confounded with the other by people of a shallow gravity, who cannot afford to joke.

These gentlemen live upon credit, and would not have it inquired into. They are perpetual beggars of the question. They are grave, not because they think, or feel the contrast of mirth, for then they would feel the mirth itself, but because gravity is their safest mode of behaviour. They must keep their minds sitting still, because they are incapable of a motion that is not awkward. They are waxen images among the living; the deception is undone if the others stir; or hollow vessels covered up, which may be taken for full ones; the collision of wit jars against them, and strikes but their hollowness.

In fact, the difference between nonsense not worth talking, and nonsense worth it, is simply this:—the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them. This is remarkably exemplified by Swift's "Polite Conversation," in which the dialogue, though intended to be a tissue of the greatest nonsense in request with shallow merriment, is in reality full of ideas, and many of them very humorous; but then they are all commonplace, and have been said so often, that the thing uttermost in your mind is the inability of the speakers to utter a sentence of their own;—they have no ideas at all. Many of the jokes and similies in that treatise are still the current coin of the shallow; though they are now pretty much confined to gossips of an inferior order, and the upper part of the lower classes.

On the other hand, the wildest rattling, as it is called,