

were as nearly equal in mental capacity as they are in civil rights. We assume that the existing differences among men are differences of degree in mental development, and not in kind of mental endowment. Yet, after all, what is development at any stage but endowment for further progress? Whether we consider the time of one's birth, or any subsequent time, one has a certain equipment in mental faculty. And just as an individual person, by chance or choice, develops during his life certain of his faculties to the neglect of others, so do families and races, during the progress of centuries, develop certain faculties while the germs of others remain latent. And in addition to differences that may be said to be due to accidents of development, there are also characteristic individual differences which we can not easily account for. But modern civilization, although at first sight it may seem to be differentiating us more and more by specializing our pursuits, really tends to bring the mass of men to a common intellectual level. No sooner does an eminent biologist announce a new theory of disease, or a new remedy, than the world eagerly devours every scrap of information that can be gained concerning it, and soon has a fairly intelligent understanding of the new theory. A particularly interesting criminal case is studied by the people of a continent, and judge, jury, lawyers and detectives are criticized by men and women of all conditions. Everybody, in these days, is somewhat of a theologian; everybody has his theory of education, and, above all things, everybody is a politician. There never was a time since history began when every person in the civilized world had as active and intelligent an interest in the sayings and doings of everybody else as now. And the natural result of this is a tendency to equality of mental capacity the world over.

This community of interest that goes along with diversity of special work in the present age has its influence on all departments of activity, and its influence is not least felt in the domain of literature. The number of readers of poetry to-day is much larger than it used to be, and every reader has become critical. He has acquired a liking for certain forms, and to some extent has lost his instinctive recognition of truth and naturalness in art. Consequently an accustomed form is insisted on as if it were the essential substance, and an innovator who perhaps gets nearer to nature finds himself neglected. It oftener happens that a constituency of readers creates its poet than that a poet creates his constituency. If it is true that he who sings a nation's songs has more to do with moulding its destiny than he who makes its laws, it is also true that those very songs are inspired by the people and must be sung by the people. Generally the character of poetry at any time will depend on the critical taste of those who read. If they are highly susceptible to what is artistic in forms of verse, but little interested in the spirit and purpose of the poet, their influence will tend to develop faultless execution more than depth of thought or feeling. At such a time there may be an abundance of shallow writers perfect in style and diction, "faultily faultless . . . splendidly null"; but true felicity of expression depends so much on its infinite suggestiveness that it is hard to imagine any person—least of all a poet—expressing anything perfectly unless he occasionally rises to the third heaven and gets glimpses of unspeakable things. A man without inspiration, yet perfect in execution, is probably as rare in literature as in art.

T. W. STANDING.

LIEUT. GEORGE A. BADGEROW.

The melancholy duty devolves upon us this week of recording the death of one of our most prominent and popular fellow-students. Death laid his icy hands upon him without a moment's warning; and a single trivial occurrence—the bolting or shying of his horse—carried with it results as terrible and decisive for him as they were shocking for us.

The prominent place which George Badgerow has taken in college life during the three years of his undergraduate course has made him a well-known figure about the college and his face familiar to us all. He matriculated from Upper Canada College, where he passed about six years of his school days, and the cheerfulness and manliness which always characterized him at once made him a prominent figure in the class of '92. During his first year he took an active part in all the sports of the college and was a valuable acquisition to the Rugby team. At the end of the year he was elected to the office of Third Vice-President of the Literary Society, which he filled during his second year. Early in that year he took his commission as Second Lieutenant of "K" Co., and was until his death a most energetic and efficient officer. Last summer he qualified at the Infantry School by taking the prescribed course of three months, and became a universal favorite among his brother officers, who, on his leaving, made him an honorary member of their mess. He creditably filled the office of Secretary of the games last fall, and their success was largely due to his skilful management. Ever since he became an officer in the Queen's Own, he has shown a marked ability in military matters, and has often expressed a wish to go into the army. Throughout his college course he always showed a cheerful, manly and generous disposition, which was most attractive to those who knew him well. He was in short a man whom it was a pleasure to know and an honor to know intimately.

The circumstances of his death are the saddest, perhaps, of which it is possible to conceive. At one moment—and only a week after attaining his majority and less than a month after his parents had taken their departure for Bermuda—he is safely seated in his saddle riding alone in the moonlight, and, in the next, unseen by anyone, without a cry and probably without a murmur, he falls lifeless upon the snow-covered ground, and the work of death is done.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And drove his youthful soul away.

Examinations in Arts begin *nine* weeks from next Friday, in Medicine, *five* weeks from to-morrow, and in Law, *nine* weeks from yesterday. Undergraduates, please take notice.

The last meeting of the Philosophical Seminary for the present term was held at the residence of Prof. Baldwin on Tuesday last. Mr. Mann closed the series of essays by a paper on "The Psychological Foundation of the Practical Reason." At these meetings the works of Kant, the great German philosopher, have been pretty thoroughly discussed, and much benefit has resulted to the members therefrom.

There are twenty-seven fraternities at Cornell.

Lectures in Volapuk are now delivered at Yale, which is the first American college to add the language to its curriculum.

Prof. White, of Cornell, has edited the German poet Heine's works. A useful feature is an appendix, setting forth the linguistic, syntactical and metrical characteristics of the poet's writings.