

stepped into the ranks of extra-mural literature, it will be succeeded by a model College Journal.

In the December number of the Monthly we notice an apology for capital punishment, written by the Rev. J. McD. Duncan, of Tottenham. In treating the subject he asks two questions: Firstly—Is the life of the murderer justly forfeited? Secondly—Is the state authorized to take away the forfeited life? His article is brief and to the point, and he sums up his well-ordered arguments as follows:

1. The teachings of the Bible and the opinions of mankind make clear the intention of God that the murderer should be punished by death.

2. The state is the divinely appointed agent for carrying on this clearly indicated intention of God.

In the same number we read with pleasure, "A Day in Pompeii," by J. J. Elliott. The writer has not visited the ruins of that ancient city for naught. He paints in glowing colours the customs and manners of those old Romans whose life of toil and pleasure was so rudely interrupted on the fatal day eighteen centuries ago.

Again, "The Editor's Book Shelf" has a deep interest for us. The able review of "The New Apologetic," by Dr. Watts, of Belfast, will be read with pleasure by every fair-minded man, interested in the "New Apologetic" movement. The reviewer, while not undertaking to defend the new Scottish School "against such eminent and honoured men as Dr. Watts and Mr. Spurgeon," yet casts himself on the side of that school because of the Christlike spirit it displays in marked contrast to its opponents. He points out the design of the movement, namely, "to redeem Theology from the abuses of the church and to emphasize the spirituality of religion." In their attempt to do this they have merely done what other epoch-making men have done before them—presented an exaggeration of the truth they desired to inculcate. The Monthly is becoming a popular magazine.

We welcome *Our Bulletin* (a bi-monthly journal published in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N.J.,) to a place on our table. This magazine is in its first volume, of which three numbers have already been issued. Its appearance and tone bespeak for it a wide circulation among those interested in the college. "The object of the paper," says the Editor, "is to keep the alumni and friends of Drew Seminary informed of the work and success of the institution and its graduates." This is the object of every college journal worthy of the name. There surely are newspapers and magazines enough outside college walls to discuss at length the various scientific, philosophic and religious questions of the day, and it is our conviction that such discussion should not be conspicuous in a college paper. College news is read with avidity by every student and graduate, and nine-tenths of the subscribers read little more. We welcome *Our Bulletin*, and all the more heartily because it comes from a college where two of our graduates have decided to pursue the study of Theology.

There are over 200 students attending Dalhousie. That is of course counting both Law and Arts students.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

A JUNIOR became so enthusiastic on election day that he was quite sure he could drive a conveyance containing some ladies to the polling booth. The contract included the difficult task of turning corners. Shortly afterwards he was heard to murmur: "The blamed rig got all twisted up, and we—we got upsot."

Prof. in Senior Philosophy—Mr. B., read your essay on Comte's development of knowledge.

Mr. B. starts in an undertone—The subject whose philosophy we shall discuss was born in the year 1798. His parents were of Roman Catholic extraction, and reared their son on buckwheat pan-cakes and the Roman Catholic faith, and—

Prof.—That will do.

Mr. B. resumes his seat amid showers of bouquets.

Professor of Senior History—During the Feudal System the Gallican Clergy possessed many secular privileges, one of which was exemption from paying tribute for the support of civil government.

Mr. R—n.—Professor, is that the reason why Clergymen and Professors are not obliged to do road work?

D—s.—I don't think Mill proves his point, and I doubt if even I could.

Prof.—I doubt it, too.

Apologetics Classroom (student who has just been asked a question by the Prof.)—We are paralyzed—

Prof.—Terrible confession, Mr. McLenn.

THE WAIL OF THE SENIOR PHILOSOPHY CLASS.

A humming and fuming all day we go round,
And a blinking and thinking at night we are found,
Divide your ideas into parts, they declare,
Until you must stop—I am sure I got there.

CHORUS.

Space, space, space,
Till my head is nearly cracked,
Space, space, space,
Till my brains are totally racked,
Space, space, space,
What it means I can't make out,
Space, SPACE, SPACE,
What is it he's talking about?

There! Get your corpuscles and lay them out straight,
Be sure that not one of them comes in too late,
Then let your eye quickly from end to end flee,
And the Prof's everlasting red desk you will see.

CHORUS.

Now they say of atoms that desk is composed,
And each poor little atom with color is closed,
Does the man think to stuff us with such crazy tales,
When we know the desk's made of boards and of nails.

CHORUS.