

leges of the Protestant educational institutions were not to be interfered with by Confederation, but were to remain the same as before 1867. Although the Legislature has not curtailed them directly, yet it has done so indirectly, by giving to Boards—the members of which are for the most part Roman Catholics—authority to prescribe the professional course of study necessary to entrance into their ranks, and the course of general study leading up to the study of the professions. In this way the Roman Catholics have usurped the control as to the matter of the education of Protestants for the learned professions. This condition of affairs is rendered more intolerable by the fact that subjects, upon which Protestants place little value, however important they may appear to Roman Catholics, are foisted upon Protestant students.

Sir William complained that a McGill B. A. degree was not considered a sufficient guarantee of a liberal education for a man entering on the study of Law, but that an examination prescribed by the profession, the majority of whose members are Roman Catholics, had to be passed. "In many parts of the world," Sir William remarked, "the possession of such a degree is required as a necessary preliminary qualification, and everywhere, except in the Province of Quebec, it is acknowledged to be sufficient."

In the same way he spoke of the restrictions placed upon students of other professions, and protested strongly against the usurpation of the rights of the Protestant minority in the Province in regard to educational matters. He appealed to the public, the alumni, the students, to rally round those who are fighting on behalf of Protestant education, and, in conclusion, remarked: "I have no fear, however, for the future. I believe that the good work which has been done will live, and that those who endeavour to thwart it might as well set themselves in opposition to the great forces of nature itself. They may endeavour to dam up our great river and to prevent it from pursuing its course to the sea, and from carrying to us on its bosom the wealth of the world, but the stream will overflow and undermine their frail barriers, and the temporary restraint will end in an overflowing flood."

We sincerely endorse the position taken by Sir William Dawson, and shall do all in our power to further the objects of Protestant education.

Did this infringement of its rights continue and grow, as it certainly will do, unless strong action be taken, it would be disastrous to professional life in the Province. When our educational institutions become incompetent, and fail adequately to perform their functions, it will be time for the majority to step

in and interfere. But so long as they are efficient, we claim the right of Protestants to govern them and prescribe their curricula.

Poetry.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly, flitting from flower to flower,
Wandering sunbeam escaped from the sky—
Where do you hide, little one, from the shower?
Where do you go when the winter draws nigh?

What are you made for, and what do you do?
Nothing, methinks, only idle through life,
Now in the clover, now high in the blue,
Gay king of joy with a sunny, sweet wife.

What funny thoughts you must have in your mind!
What wondrous sights must your bright eyes behold;
What nectar draughts in the rose you must find,
Restless, wee bit of all-animate gold.

You never hoped, and found hope was in vain,
Tears never stood in your bright, beady eyes,
You flit through life, unlike me, without pain,
You drink the sweet, and the bitter despise.

Change, will you chance lives with me, little one?
Yours may be brief, yet I'd rather by far
Live but a day, than survive my life's sun
Into a night never pierced by a star.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIHIL V. ERIUS.

CHAPTER III.

"The wanderer's heart, at Christmas time,
Turns fondly homeward; and he strays,
With joyous feet, from every clime,
To where he dwelt in boyhood's days."

Christmastide, with its holly and mistletoe, mingling their Druidical rites with those of Christianity, had come, and Peter's heart turned fondly homeward, as all hearts do at this glad time. For some days he stuck to his resolution to remain in town during vacation, and study, but love proved too strong for him, and two days before Christmas he boarded the cars for Prankville without notifying his people of his intention, in order to surprise them. He took with him a little present for Lizzie, among others for his own family, and with a delicacy that must have been inherited from his ancestors, he also took her a large box of roses, which he was more anxious to keep warm during the journey than to keep the cold from himself. There would be one girl, he said to himself, who would wear flowers in the little church on Christmas morning.

Fast as went the train, still faster flew his thoughts. He found himself standing in fancy at Lizzie's elbow, while she prepared the mince-meat—or, rather, the