

scientist and yet refuses to admit the conclusions to which he is thereby brought. Yet if we take the science of the scientist and leave his metaphysics alone there is nothing in it which is unwholesome.

NOW when nature's verdure has departed for a season and all the outward landscape is bleak and cold and barren, that dry and leafless shrub, the Literary Society, which has lain dormant all through the bright summer days, gathers its forces together, puts forth its fresh green leaves in all the subtle shades of the verdant and in a surprisingly short time we have a perfect deluge of blossom. Many a waste and desert place in society's domain is thus made to blossom as the rose. And yet there are some tracts in that same domain which are so waste and so barren that even the most insignificant kind of literary plant cannot find nourishment there. Now let it not be supposed that we are about to send a withering east wind of criticism among the tender shoots of this literary growth. Far be it from us to do that. Rather would we expose our own pages to the biting blast, if by so doing we could ward off destruction from the fair field, or shelter one promising shoot. We are only too glad to see any signs of intellectual life among the people, and especially among society people. We trust, then, that our intentions will not be misunderstood if we venture to ease our mind of a few thoughts suggested by an observation of several distinct specimens of this variety of the tree of knowledge. Nothing is more natural than that the newly formed Literary Society, having as its object the study of good literature, should begin with the very highest and subtlest productions among the great masterpieces. Not unfrequently we may find one or two of these gone over and disposed of in a single evening. Now we have our doubts as to whether

much good is to be derived from an attempt at such high flights. Not more than a very few persons in an ordinary society can derive any real good from the study of the most difficult portions of literature, and those who could appreciate them would surely be the last to recommend them to beginners. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that in many cases the selection is the result of ignorance and will result in defeating the very aims of the society. The objects of the Literary Society we assume to be educational, and education must proceed from the simple to the more complex, whether it be for children or for adults. We are of opinion that more permanent good could be accomplished and more interest in literature awakened if those who direct our literary societies would accommodate their subjects to the capacities of the average member. None of the best members need suffer for lack of something original to say or some new points to discover in many a simple selection from a good author.

A SHORT time ago we had occasion to urge upon some of our students, not yet subscribers, the necessity of taking and paying for a copy of the JOURNAL. Strangely enough we were answered in the following manner: "Well there are two or three copies taken at our boarding house, and we find them quite sufficient to supply us with all the reading matter the JOURNAL usually contains." Now, let us place this answer in its true light and see what it really means. Of course we would not think of distorting these words into anything like an acknowledgement that there was a single student in our University so dependent as to desire reading matter at another's expense, or so parsimonious as to grudge giving a dollar for the JOURNAL. We have the highest opinion possible of the prevalence of College spirit among our students, and far be it from us