

to make, are things that the Concursus can very well dispense with.

Another superiority of the Medical Concursus is its more popular character. In Arts, the officials are with one or two unimportant exceptions chosen from and elected exclusively by the senior year. In Medicine, each year is given special offices, for which it nominates candidates who are voted upon by the whole body of students. Such a plan is far better and insures the hearty co-operation of all four years in maintaining this most necessary of college institutions. The Arts Court bears too much resemblance to an arbitrary institution of the senior year. This fact it is which gives excuse though not justification to the valiant freshie whom we heard the other day exclaiming, "I would not come though fifty constables were sent for me; I would order them to remove their hands from my person." We are afraid that this gentleman's belief in his own sacro-sanctity may be rudely violated in the immediate future; nevertheless the reprehensible spirit which his words show is by no means confined to the freshmen, and is in great part given rise to by the oligarchical character of the present Arts Court.

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If the signs of the times can be read without the aid of any very startling evidences, the prospects of the Alma Mater Society are very bright this session. The interested countenances of the goodly number who attend cannot be wholly accounted for by election seeking and football enthusiasm. A deeper current tells of the need felt for something which the great foster society should supply. Man is man only in society; a student is a college man only in so far as he is identified with college institutions, contributing of his vitality to feed them and being nourished and drawn out by them in return. The A.M. is no mere supernumerary, no mere Legion of Honor, neither is it a school of oratory for the silver-tongued few. It is our House of Commons in which each voter is a constituency and a representative at the same time. The shades of Rousseau could desire little better representation. So the freshmen—and who is not in some sense a freshman?—the men who wish for fresh force and fresh thought and new lines of influence look up instinctively and pleadingly to the mother society of all of us. And what can Alma Mater do for her children? We can claim for her no rights unless we do our duty in her behalf; she can claim no support from us unless she fulfils her function of securing us the opportunity of growth. How can the latent acumen and repartee, the sleeping logic and the reminiscent thought, the happy expression and the aspiring eloquence be flashed forth electric? How can occult business and governmental capabilities be brought to light? How can the genial influences of college fellowship be diffused and the

congealed man-fearing spirit—as they describe it in country testimony meetings—how can that shivering, restraining emotion be melted into showers, blessed to "him that gives and him that takes?" Hereabouts is to be found the problem of the A. M. Society. How can it be solved? Only by the strong stretching forth a hand of sympathy to the weak and by each one helping himself; by a fair and square election of tried men; by the executive putting into execution the plans already mooted, of inter-year debate and mock parliament, by an occasional strain of college melody and a frequent try at *Essays* and by universal loyalty, willingness to help and be helped, recognition of the principle that action and reaction are equal in force. Let the same hearty spirit as is manifested in sport and in study be brought to bear upon the welfare of the Society, not only by the few, but by all, and none will find A.M. meetings unprofitable or dull. The present augurs well. Alfie hovers near, the ex-champion athlete makes a speech fragrant with buds of promise. May the "umbrageous shadow of our shady oak" never decline!

LITERATURE.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA.

PERHAPS no other book published this year has occasioned quite so much talk as "The Prince of India." The descriptive and narrative power which the author had already manifested in "Ben Hur" and "The Fair God" had rendered the name of Lew Wallace familiar to every lover of a good story, and there was no difficulty in at once securing a wide circle of readers for a new historical novel from the same hand. Now that the book has been out for some months, we may safely say that expectations have not been fulfilled. "The Prince of India" is not at all equal to either "Ben Hur" or "The Fair God," and in fact, to quote the Scotch sage, "as weighed against the hard money which the Booksellers demand for giving it you, is (in our judgment) very greatly the lighter." In the first place, it is issued in two volumes,—a grave defect in a novel under almost any circumstances. We do not forget that some of our most famous works of fiction, such as "The Wandering Jew," "Les Misérables," and several of Bulwer Lytton's, are usually issued in two volumes, but we question if any one will maintain that our assertion is therefore false. In the second place, the author introduces into a historical novel that is supposed to be realistic, a dead myth on the one hand, and an essentially modern theology on the other, the two combined giving to the book an element of unreality that even the extraordinary vividness of much of the description cannot overcome. The introduction of the