The present writer need hardly say that, so far as there is a real difference, he is all on the side of Kant, and the advocates of free-will and human responsibility. Doubtless it is true that men will never cease to "Reason high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate"

because, the problems being infinite, can never be wholly solved by finite minds. But is it equally true that the disputants are always "in wandering mazes lost"? With all deference to Milton, it is not so. Philosophy is a progressive science as much as any other; indeed, the science of sciences, because the foundation of all others. What is needed is not the abolition of metaphysics, but a deeper metaphysics. "A wider metaphysic would not harm our physic, is an abundantly true warning. Equally true is it that a wider physic would not harm our metaphysic." Nothing is more striking than the higher plane on which such controversies are now carried. No one would confound such writers as Huxley and Spencer with the crude and gross materialists of the French Revolution. And, after all, is it not with many of the combatants the story over again of the knights of the gold and silver shield?

I trust that this abstruse subject will have a real interest for some of the readers of the Tech.

W. P. A.

P. S.—I have no one to blame but myself and my own bad hand-writing for what the printer in the last and some preceding articles has occasionally made me say; but really I did not write of Swinburne that "since Byron, there has not been such a mixture of mind and force." I cannot now recollect what I did write; perhaps it was mud, to express the mixture of vulgar licentiousness and impudent defiance of all right feeling with real genius in both those poets.

'87's Greeting to 1887.

The society of '87 met at Parker's New Year's eve, to see out the Old Year and to give '87 a hearty welcome. Over fifty members, including many who have left the Institute, were present, and were determined to enjoy the evening without thought of cares and studies. To say that all enjoyed the evening, is not expressive enough of the pleasure of the occasion. After a short business meeting lunch was served, and the punch-bowls set forth. When due justice had been done to the repast, President Sears announced as toastmaster Mr. T. D. Brainerd, who most happily filled that position. The first toast, "'87, the New Year," was responded to very aptly by Mr. Draper. "The future" was brightly outlined by Mr. A. L. Cushing. The Tech received good treatment from Quintard Peters, and "Athletics" were responded to by Mr. Loewenthal, who handled his "points" well. Mr. Spaulding answered for his departed glory, "whiskers"; and to the last toast, "Punch," Mr. Sears gave a spirited reply. The President read a congratulatory telegram from ex-President Archer Corns, and a letter from F. C. Todd. Ex-President Frank Shepard made a brief address. Mr. Brace read a well-written history, and Quintard Peters read a prophecy of the fates of the members one year hence, which contained many telling hits. Timothy Sprague brought down the house with the comical song, "An Awful Little Scrub"; and Mr. Sears read a poem upon the death of the Old Year. At twelve o'clock, to the second, hearty cheers rang out for 1887, and toasts were drunk to the New Year, mingled with songs. When quiet was resumed, Mr. Spaulding told a weird story of the Technology ghost. An impromptu minstrel performance was then most successfully carried out, with Mr. Spaulding as interlocutor, and Messrs. Cobb and W. R. Thomas as end-men; the features of which were Mr. Taintor's original song, written for the occasion, and his amusing story of the man and his wife from down in Maine.

The music during the evening was well rendered by a double quartette, under the leadership of Fred. Thompson. At an early hour in the morning the eventful meeting came to an end, and all reluctantly left the hotel for their homes, singing, "Here's to '87, drink her down."