then, that physiologists are inclined to favor what has been found of such practical utility. In the next place it is a law of the mind that not even the most abstract thoughts can take place except by the help of the imagination, and nothing can be imagined by us which has not been the subject of sense-perception. But this is by no means all. The imagination is most easily affected by objects which can be distinctly seen and definitely felt, as shown by the terms we spontaneously employ to describe various bodily and mental affections. Thus people speak of 'a sharp pain,' 'like a knife,' a 'light character,' a 'hard heart,' a 'bright disposition,' and say that ill tidings have given them a 'heavy blow.' Therefore, a mechanical conception of nature, which imagines natural processes in terms of motion, must naturally and readily find acceptance among men, whether or not it be approved by reason on mature reflection." . . . But, our author goes on also to affirm that "beyond the domains of merely physical science (which, though much, is not everything), reason does demand a non-mechanical conception, namely, the conception of an immanent, active principle or soul in everything which lives." Third-year students who attended to my remarks on Philosophy in the lecture on Coleridge, will find something in this to think about; and it throws light on what some are pleased to call the mysticism of Wordworth's poetry.

Let me solemnly and affectionately exhort all young readers of THE TECH to spend days and nights in acquiring a good hand-writing, lest, when they grow older, and their chirography is past mending, and they chance to write something for the press of which they do not see the proofs, they should find that they have been made to talk of a traveler in Arabia with the extraordinary name of Palyzadi, and of an entirely new dynasty of English kings, namely the Burgeois kings! The bewildered readers, if any, of the article in the last number, will please read Palgrave and Angevin. The last misprint reminds the present writer of a story told him by a learned friend who wrote a shocking bad hand. "Please, Mr. ——," said the printer to him one day, covering a line of manuscript with his thumbs all but one word, "is that word Jerusalem or Nebuchadnezzar?" and my learned friend confessed he could not tell.

Kittlewill, too, should have been Kettlewell.

W. P. A.