

## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

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After a delightful ocean trip our good ship, having passed Cuxhaven, steams slowly up the Elbe, bringing to our view first the broad green, fertile plains traversed with slender irrigating ditches and protected by massive walls against the encroachments of the waters, then meadows and pastures, with their flocks of cattle; then again palatial residences and beautiful villas, with admirably kept grounds, nestling amongst the wooded slopes of the river banks, while in the distance loom up the spires of Hamburg's numerous and interesting churches, followed shortly by the immense forest of masts and funnels, which attest the great importance of the town as a commercial centre.

With a throb of delight we realize that, after an absence of ten years, we are again at the threshold of the land where so many pleasurable and never-to-be-forgotten days have been spent. How shall we find it again, we wonder. Has time wrought many changes?

Wandering through those parts of the city whose streets are canals, we find the same dingy and old, yet quaint and picturesque, buildings and narrow passageways, with connecting bridges in all directions, an exceedingly busy and far from decadent Venice. Other parts of the town again in the massiveness and modern character of their structures remind one of such cities as New York and Chicago. The pride of Hamburg, the Alster basin, is still as of yore the centre of attraction. The old horse-cars, however, have disappeared. In their place we find the finest and most complete system of electric street railway in all Europe, or, for that matter, in America itself.

Changed! Yes, but still the same, is the conviction forced upon one after a rambling tour of over twelve hundred miles through the country, during which familiar faces were looked up and old scenes re-visited, especially those more directly

connected with earlier student life. This reminds me, by the way, that it is "Student Life in Germany," about which I have been asked to write a few notes.

In the first place, then, I would have it noticed that student life, or university life proper, is by no means to be confounded with college life as we know it here. Our colleges are in a measure advanced high schools, similar in many respects to the Gymnasiums or Real-Schulen, which in Germany serve as the feeders of the university.

In the gymnasium, as with us, definite lessons in authorized texts are required daily. For the most part there is no choice of subject allowed to the student, nor is there choice of teacher. A regular course of training is outlined for him, and he must live up to it before he is accounted intellectually of age and capable of intelligently choosing the university work best suited to his requirements and abilities.

In the university all is different. Here there is complete freedom on the part of the student. He may attend what lectures he wishes, in whatever department he may desire and from any teacher he may prefer, be he ordinarius, extraordinarius, or privatdocent. Outside the lecture halls, also, he is free to come and go as he pleases, providing he does not come into conflict with the authority of the land, and even here his student's Erkennungs-karte is likely to stand him in good stead on all minor matters, saving, it may be, his being reported to the university authorities, in which case a few days' "carcer" may perhaps fall to his lot.

At one university I noticed that the place formerly occupied by this relic of mediaeval times, is now much more profitably filled by a magnificently equipped chemical laboratory.

A noticeable feature of the German student is the great respect, bordering on veneration, which he displays towards his