

same rights, but they have not the same knowledge. A freshman is not more equal to a senior in his knowledge of College life than in his knowledge of Latin and Philosophy, and it does him no good to tell him that he is. College life is a reality, and College customs are realities. If freshmen are not to be initiated into these by students who are their seniors, how are they going to become acquainted with them at all? Hazing has never been employed at Queen's, and perhaps this is to be regretted. Hazing, properly managed, has many good points. But we employ a different system here. Instead of pounding appreciation of College life into a man, we try to lead him gently to that appreciation by example, strengthening that example when necessary by public admonition or reproof in the *Concursus*. That this method may be successful—as successful as hazing—our example, the example set by all senior classes, must be uniformly good, and the *Concursus* must have the unanimous moral support of the students. The sooner, then, we quiet these individualists, the better for all concerned. If the court has “no organic connection with University life,” by all means let us give it such connection at once.

But, aside from all this, is it not rather absurd to make such a fuss about Mr. McRae's case (if I mention his name I only follow the example of his three friends who wrote to the city press). There is not much use in saying “he felt that he was innocent,” when, except six, every student in Arts and Divinity considered the action of the court to be quite proper. Mr. McRae's “personal rights” are not of more importance than the personal rights of other students and of professors. To talk of bringing “humiliation and disgrace” upon a person who would take refuge behind ladies, one of them an old woman almost in hysterics, and then fling insults at fellow students, is rather too much to stand in silence. No, Mr. Editor, though my sympathy is always with the weaker, *caet par*, I cannot bring myself to shed tears over Mr. McRae's departure.

But may he soon find a University where “the golden rule is observed” and where “man is free.” And when he has found it, may he send for those of his friends who so nobly stood by him. For I must add,

paradoxical as it may seem, that in my opinion, if we had fewer *sturdy advocates* of peace and good will, we would have much less jealousy and discord. Yours, etc.,

OU DANOR.

LITERATURE.

ICH BIN DEIN.

In tempus old a hero lived,
 Qui loved puellas deux;
 He no pouvait pas quite to say,
 Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il-lui-meme un beau matin,
 “Non possum both avoir,
 Sed si address Amanda Ann,
 Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,
 Sed Kate has aureas curls;
 Et both sunt very agathæ
 Et quite formosæ girls.”

Enfin the youthful anthropolos,
 Philoun the dua maids,
 Resolved proponere ad Kate,
 Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
 Il trouve Amanda there,
 Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
 Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis,
 Between puellas twain,
 Cœpit to tell his love a Kate
 Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
 At fair Amanda's eyes,
 Illæ non possunt dicere
 Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow,
 With cheeks as rouge as wine,
 And off'ring each a milk-white hand
 Both whispered, “Ich bin dein.”

EXCHANGE.

IN *The Educational Monthly* for November we are given the last part of an article on “Drawing in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of Ontario,” by Colin Scott, B.A. It is not bad, but written far too much in the *ipse dixit* style. The Magazine also contains an exquisite “Ballad of the Trees and the Master,” by Sidney Lanier, the inspired young southern poet who died lately.

The Nassau Literary Magazine is, as usual, filled with bright and instructive reading.