

itself too good to mingle in the actual issues of the day, and which considers ignorance of even the "hog-wash" of politics a virtue. The strength of mind and liberality of view which a University education gives, should certainly make men independent; but we believe in the independence which shows itself, not in withdrawal and simple contemplation on possible ideals, but in fair and honourable effort to remove present evils by the best means at hand. To purify the "hog-wash" it is necessary to know the nature of even the filth to be purged out, and the clean hands of true culture and virtue can never be sullied by the contact which purging necessitates.

* * *

But we were amazed to see by the *Whig* that one of the organizers testified in the police court on Monday that the reason why the students carried sticks was that they "anticipated trouble and went prepared to defend themselves." Without hesitation we pronounce such conduct disgraceful. Students should not only be advocates of fair play, but also respecters of law and order. Nor is it any excuse to plead that the sticks were carried in self-defence, for if they "anticipated trouble" of a violent kind, the policy of respectable students would have been to stay away, or at least avoid a fight. It goes without saying that no political or moral good could in such a case be accomplished by violence, and that University students should be ashamed to be considered ready to participate in a Donnybrook fight. Nor was there need for students to do such work, for the undignified manner in which the arrest was made that evening showed that Kingston has policemen capable of doing such rough work.

But in justice to the students as a body we must say that from investigations made since Monday it appears that quite a number of the students who occupied the centre seats that evening went quite unconscious that a row was anticipated. They deny that it was understood by them that all should be armed with sticks. Many of the sticks were carried it seems out of obedience to the well-known cane-carrying custom among students. The only pity is that by the indiscreet conduct of the others these were put in an unfavorable light before the public.

EXCHANGES.

THE second number of *McMaster University* monthly is excellent, the editorials being especially interesting. "French Evangelization" is well written, but we are afraid we cannot join in the belief that in one hundred years there will not be one Roman Catholic in Quebec at the rate the Protestants are now increasing. This is too much like Mark Twain's calculation that since in so many years cut-offs had shortened the Mississippi so many miles, in about one hundred and fifty years there would be no Mississippi at all. Zerola of Nazareth is an entertaining story, but either the writer or printer has made some curious mistakes. In one place Zerola is bending over a dying martyr, and the writer says: "Who can tell whether revenge or grief would have been her master if she had known that the martyr before her was her lover. Not quite a year had passed since Zerola's betrothal to Thaeon." Why did she not recognize him. He was in no way disfigured or unrecognizable from any other cause.

Glasgow University Magazine is a new comer. Unlike many of our exchanges *Glasgow* cares for the outside as well as the in, and has the prettiest cover we have seen, the picture of the College buildings being an exquisite piece of work. While filled with college news, there is nothing in it of *De Nobis*, or anything of that sort; the university is so big that any personal skit, except on the professors, would be unrecognizable. Unlike ourselves, they are so flush of poetry that they do not even carry on the correspondence in prose. They have no distinctive Literature department, but all through are scattered poems, short stories, anecdotes, all of a high order and most of them having to do with college life—college life in general, that is, and not merely *Glasgow*.

The Varsity for January 19 and 26, and Feb. 2, is on hand. "Of English Blank Verse" is a gorgeous piece of rhetoric, probably written by an admirer of Macaulay's Essay on Milton, but perpetually sacrifices truth to point, as when it says that no blank verse since Milton's can have any interest for us. P. McArthur, an ex-student, now on the staff of one of the