

**A**N interesting editorial in one of the Toronto papers about Christmas time regarding "the race problem that may develop at Queen's," goes on to say, "Mr. Hunt, one of the African students, has addressed the Kingston "Whig" in a letter characterized by the bombast of his race, wherein he pictured the primaevial peace of his people in African forests, where they worshiped the great Spirit and described the cruel white men who tore them from happy huts, selling them into servitude. No one denies the horrors of the slave ship and slavery but one doubts the idyllic repose of the African before captivity."

However, to doubt the "idyllic repose of the African before captivity" does not diminish in the least the horrors of the slave trade, nor does it take away from the force of Mr. Hunt's letter. Perhaps Mr. Hunt's letter is characterized by the bombast of the race. We do not know. But even students, who by no means represent the broadest or most charitable spirit at Queen's, thought the letter was well written, and the question well handled. If the African race is no more bombastic than Mr. Hunt, the Anglo-Saxon has much to learn from them.

The editorial continues, "In Canada we are disposed to treat the negro as a man and a citizen." "How very kind of us! of course we treat the negro as a citizen, because as a rule he makes a very good citizen. But if a man is willing and able to make a good citizen—whatsoever his colour, race or creed—he is regarded as a citizen in any country. We need not boast that in Canada we are disposed to treat the negro as a citizen. We also treat him "as a man." How else would we treat him? The United States for a number of years did not treat the negro "as a man." Suffice it here to say that they have learned to reconstruct their ideas of manhood.

But the question that is troubling the

mind of the Toronto editor is the question of social equality. He says. "To put it mildly the prospect of dining with the African, however much he may know of Hegel's philosophy and the Greek drama, is not exhilarating; while the prospect of a white woman promenading college halls on the arm of a dusky fellow student is distinctly repulsive." We fail to see it in that light. If your comrade is not an interesting person—be he black or white—the prospect of having anything to do with him at all is not exhilarating. But a person who has more than the pedant's acquaintance with Hegel's philosophy and the Greek drama would, we think, be a most interesting person to meet. It is not a man's colour, but his conversational gifts that make him a charming conversationalist. It is not his colour but his character that makes him a person we would be pleased to meet. And the person who cannot appreciate culture—in a negro or a white man—may spend all his time otherwise if he will, but we cannot help pitying him.

But why the prospect of a white woman promenading college halls on the arm of a dusky negro fellow student should be distinctively repulsive we cannot see. That there is some ground for such a statement all will admit; for whenever we think of the negro we cannot help thinking of the black population of the Southern States of the union, the lawless, ignorant, and vicious negro who is the inheritor of all the wrongs which the slave trade has heaped upon him. The situation in the States is a very serious and difficult one to handle, but the white man has brought it upon himself and he must settle it himself, in what way it for him to decide. Now all will admit that to see a white woman leaning on the arm of an illiterate and vicious negro would be repulsive. It would also be repulsive to see her leaning on the arm of an illiterate and vicious