

of the different subjects through which the educational development has taken place, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to select a subject for debate having sides equally acceptable to both. Besides such a course would tend in even a greater degree to widen the breach we already deplore—an increased sectional interest. From this it would seem that, granting the necessity for debates, we must conclude either that the A. M. S. executive should arrange for them between private members—something that seems impossible—or that we should have some College Society organized solely for the development of the literary and debating powers of its members.

Another partial solution of the difficulty would be the arrangement of a series of inter-collegiate debates. These, instead of creating divisions among us, would have a contrary tendency. In such contests the past record of Queen's has been brilliant, and with the talent we now possess we should be able to acquit ourselves with credit.

NEMO.

"BLUES."

I sat me down in pensive mood,
My head upon my hands,
And wished some brood-winged spirit would
Me bear, to distant lands,
Where, freed from all the toils and cares
That here upon me press,
I'd rest, and never fear a snare
To mar my gladness.

A white-winged vision I beheld
While silent there I mused,
And tears of pity that up-welled
Were in her eyes diffused.
She gazing full upon me, spake—
With sadness in her tone—
"Think'st thou thus thy leave to take
Of cares? To rest alone?
Poor weary soul, while earth's thy home,
Thou'lt find no blessed spot,
Where cares and interests never come,
Where weariness is not."

—K. G. Tucker.

✦ Exchanges. ✦

TO judge by some of our exchanges either the freshman of this year is unusually enterprising, or the senior years are unusually careless in the supervision of the guileless men of '96. Our anxiety on this subject was first awakened by an article on "The Supernatural

in Macbeth," which appeared in 'Varsity over the signature of a freshman, but as it was tolerably good we presumed that it was not original and allowed our wrath to subside. What shall we say, however, of the accompanying poem, signed '96, which was printed by the *Columbia Spectator* in its last issue?

HER EYES.

So deep and so expressive,
So tender and so true,
So quiet yet not passive,
They sparkle like the dew.

So changing with emotion,
So meaning in their looks,
So showing their devotion,
They teach me more than books.

Ye gods! "So showing their devotion"!!!
Has Columbia no Concursum?

Otherwise the *Spectator* is a good journal, and we are always glad to see it. We have nothing on our table better than the *Stroller's Column*, and the rest of the paper, with the illustrations to add spice, is quite up to the mark.

The *Abbey Student* is to hand from St. Benedict's College, Kansas, adding one more to our list of Catholic exchanges. It is not at all equal to such papers as the *Ottawa College Owl* or *Notre Dame Scholesitic*, but it contains some good things, and is one of the neatest journals on our table. While we do not blame the *Abbey Student* for sticking up for its faith, we scarcely like to see so much theology, especially when it is of a polemic nature, introduced into a college publication. The long article in the Exchange Column defending Orthodox Catholicism against Savonarola, beside being much paternal in tone and flowery in language, is quite out of place, and would be much more suitable for a pulpit or a Church weekly. We say this in a friendly spirit, not as Protestants but as students.

We heartily welcome *Acta Victoriana* from Vic's new home in the "Queen City." We cannot help feeling glad that the Presbyterian Church had neither inclination nor power to move Queen's to Toronto as the Methodists did Victoria, but now that the deed is done we are glad to see students and professors making the best of the situation. We wish old Vic. all prosperity under the sheltering wing of our big Provincial sister. Although *Acta*