

a vast sand-heap blown about by the winds if we had not bonds of some kind to connect us with each other.

Of course I do not mean to defend anything so plainly wrong as rowdy or dangerous forms of initiation. I would not defend these any more than I would defend hazing, of which we shall some day be sick. At Oxford we had hazing in a very mild form. But the victims there were not so often fellow-students as members of the Faculty, Dons as they were called. A common trick was to screw up the outer door, "the oak," as it was named, of a Don's room, and thus prevent his appearance at morning Chapel, a disappointment which, if he was good-natured, was calmly borne. But if those young gentlemen had practiced hazing much upon each other, we should have had serious quarrels. Hazing broke out once at my College. The victim was an unpopular student. The member of the Faculty who had to deal with the case having the culprits before him said: "Young gentlemen, if you want to play practical jokes on any body play them on me, and I hope I shall not catch you. Me you cannot insult. Insult your fellow-student you may. We are the guardians of the honour of everyone beneath this roof and we mean to fulfill that trust." We did not in that College hear of any more hazing.