

is growing weaker, truly, but is getting wiser. O very much! There is great consolation in this thought; it is cheering under oft times adverse circumstances, when one thinks he is not so wise as he might be. He is so, of course, perhaps more so; it sometimes happens thus. It is to be hoped though, by all right-minded people, that the world will not keep on growing weaker and wiser for too long a period. We would suggest a middle course—the happy medium—say two tons of weakness to an oz. of wisdom. The present average is a grain of the latter to five tons of the former, but we think this rather small for all going round purposes. We are conservative people, and take no stock in radicalism.

### EXCHANGES.

THE *Oberlin Review* is an American College paper representing some 1500 students. Thanks to its contributors, the January number contains considerable matter worth reading. The contributions look dull and uninteresting, but have some suggestions exceedingly pertinent to all interested in College work and success. A theological disciple of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn strenuously defends these gentlemen from the attacks of Mr. Chauncy Depew. He claims that these men, so far from having any tinge of anarchism, have shown the Holy Ghost to be with them, that Government is considered by them as a "Divine institution," etc., etc. There are many ways of looking at a question, and this is one of them. If, however, the logic this champion uses in his arguments is a type of what he intends to wield in his contemplated spiritual work, his future audiences have our sincere sympathies. Whatever, though, may be his faults in this direction, we must credit him with a power of mental penetration simply wonderful. Any man who can see the Holy Ghost in Henry George and his theories, possesses a keenness of discrimination or vigour of imagination which would guarantee his shining anywhere—say a lunatic asylum. The *Review's* horse poetry is not exclusively æsthetic.

THE *University Gazette* for January contains an article or two which show that papers entire fearlessness, if nothing else. The Faculty is warned that the Medical Department is degenerating into theory and speculation. To use their own expressive phrase, McGill will one day wake up and find itself vanishing into the thin air of unreality. This is confidence and perhaps truth; it shows that the students either know a good lot or the faculty too much. It may be, a little of both. At any rate there is a large grain of plausibility in the writers argument. "Professor and Student" is another matter of fact editorial. After reading a piece entitled "Between the lectures,"

we concluded that Dr. G. is not one of that class which either inspires a strong vein of fear in, or who "commands the highest respect" of the students. On the contrary it suggests to us the thought, that the Dr. is either pitifully unable to exercise control, or the students very fair representatives of lynch-law and high-toned barbarism. "Daniel Defoe" is well written. The serial, "A Country Boy," rather too much on the spread out principle; it calls to mind a bushel of grain to ten acres of ground. "Gleanings" are well gleaned.

THE last issue of the *Colby Echo* is a clean, fresh looking paper, and quite creditable as a literary work. Its editorials show a lack of something to write about, common to most College Journals. We don't altogether see why they should be confined exclusively to matters of merely university and local interest, but such is the custom. The scientific article is too abstruse for common people. "The Compus" is interesting, and Clippings show good taste. Their "waste basket" is good enough to preserve.

### REVIEW.

Some one lent us "Jess" a short time ago, and we read it. We have since come to the conclusion that if Rider Haggard depends for immortality upon the merits he has exhibited as a novelist in this particular work, any of us might feel perfectly justified in carving our name on the barn door, and then burn the barn. (Perhaps it would be just as well to insure it.) Mr. Haggard's claim will rot off very shortly, and we prefer cremation to the more tedious, but less disgusting action of the elements.

There are in the book two Englishmen whom we are to consider as heroes; a Dutch ranter, concerning whose claims opinion would likely be divided, some, probably, classing him as an inferior knave, and others as a sentimental poltroon. Jess herself, her sister Bessie, and a wretched Hottentot. The latter is, perhaps, a fair specimen of that class of groundlings which is rapidly becoming extinct; we can't imagine anything worse in the shape of a man, and can only hope, if the writer has portrayed them truly, that their annihilation will not be long deferred. Jess, who is represented as a masterpiece or mistress-piece of love, purity, fidelity, and innocence, commits a murder with a common howie-knife, after a vain endeavour to induce the Hottentot to do the deed, and the justification is that she is thus saving her sister from marrying a man whom she does not like. She is a born genius, with no opportunity for the display of her talents. This is rather sad. The only instance of her power given is the poem which she wrote, impromptu, under exceedingly disadvantageous circumstances, and which, by the way, is a slightly