

found in connection with all the more active pursuits of life, but our experience has led us to observe them more particularly in connection with that little typical world, which is comprised within the four walls of a literary institution, and our observation thus far justifies us in the conclusion that among the most miserable of all slaves stands the intellectual drudge. The Grub-streeters aforementioned are working with all their poor wits for a living. The hard student, consumed with a burning thirst for knowledge, is perhaps allowing himself to be led to that fatal precipice where he meets with a fatal fall, or escapes alone with impaired health and a shattered constitution. But the position of such is creditable and praiseworthy compared with that of the one who lies supinely at the open gates of knowledge, and refuses to enter. "Much study is a weariness to the flesh" saith the Preacher, but the very thought of labor, seems to have been sufficient to scare these creatures into a pitiable state of chronic laziness. Sometimes aroused by an impulse that comes floating to them on the passing breeze, perchance, by a view of the hours and privileges squandered, or by the stirring example of one who with a genius for plodding, has far outstripped them in the race, they arouse to a spell of transitory action. But their efforts are as uncertain as those of a rudderless ship in a gale, and about as effectual, and shortly wearying of this extra expenditure of power, they push back into the landlocked harbors of indolence, and there in the stagnant waters, useless rotting hulks. And they are drudges, most despicable drudges, despising themselves for their inertness, but without the moral strength to arouse to study and continued effort, unfitted for present duty, and becoming more and more unfitted for a life of true nobility and usefulness in the future. Back in the earlier days of preparation and foundation laying, they allowed the spirit of sloth to overcome them, and now there is ever present with them, the sense of the great mass of haggled, imperfect and unfinished work, hanging about their necks like a millstone, causing them to stumble and to sink deeper and still deeper at every stumble, in the quicksands of moral and intellectual debility. Finally, they become discouraged, despairing, or apathetic slaves to their work, instead of its proud conqueror; in fine drudges. When we remember that the presumption is that the habits of thought and work formed by the student in his college days will follow him through life, these facts assume an observable significance and magnitude. Every imaginable motive, the duty of the present, the voice of the oncoming future seems to be calling upon

us to act, steadily, persistently, "to fight it out all summer on the line" if need be, ever to be doing something. Sincerely then and with all heartiness let us respond to the worthy sentiment.

From laziness, and all manner of slothfulness, Good Lord deliver us.

EXCHANGES.

It affords us great pleasure to welcome to our exchange list the *University Monthly*, published by the Undergraduates of the University of East Tennessee. Altho' not got up in such a tasty style as many of our exchanges, we have no hesitation in saying that except in this one particular it approaches nearer to our ideal of what a college paper should be than any other similar periodical with which we are acquainted. The columns of the December number are for the most part filled with matter of sterling value, not excepting the criticism on "Queen Mary," which though ably written, heaps more encomiums upon that drama than our taste would warrant us in doing.

Two excellent periodicals, the *College Journal* and *Oberlin Review*, have made their appearance in our reading room for the first time and make a valuable addition to that institution. The former is published by the students of the Western University of Pennsylvania, the latter by those of Oberlin College. Both of these but especially the *College Journal* present a very fine appearance. We have found by experience that each will repay a careful perusal.

We had intended to notice the *Dalhousie Gazette* some issues back, but our Exchange Column was crowded out then. The *Gazette* has been enlarged this year and considerably improved in appearance. The contents are good, but do not we think present a sufficient variety. The December number contains two long historical articles which are to be continued. We have no doubt but that those who read them all through will be well repaid for their pains, but we fear that their number will be small.

We also welcome to our exchange list and reading room the *McGill Gazette*, organ of the students of McGill College. We were not very favorably impressed with the copy we received. The article on the "Worthlessness of General Musical Criticism" is good and well written.

The *Tyro* for December, 1875, is on our table. We deem it a valuable exchange. It is a neat pamphlet of forty pages and well filled with readable matter.

PARODY.

One morning in his unshook quills,
A Soph. was dreaming of the hour
When youths, uncreathed by college ills,
Were free from x's power.
In dreams through ancient scenes he roamed,
In dreams an ancient maiden wooed,
In dreams his happy fate he heard,
Then knew the joys that Poet's sing.—
Nor felt the pain that fetters bring,
Wild were his thoughts, but short of wing,
As Shanghai's long-legged bird.
An hour passed on, the Soph. awoke;
That bright dream gone at last.
He woke to hear his classmate's shriek,
"There goes the bell,—the Greek—the Greek!"—
He woke to curse the Grecian lore,
And swear that classics were a bore,
And shower "sacres" thick and fast,
As rain-drops from the mountain cloud,
And wild in accents fierce and loud,
He raging eased his mind.
"Work till the morn succeeds the night;
Work till your senses wing their flight;
Work but never get things right,
But always go it blind."

Then his frightened room-mate saw
The fearful look that then he wore,
And then and there he loudly swore,
"You might have waked me up before,
Its no use now, I'll be too late,
Just tell the prof. he needn't wait;
Tell him I'm sick, my head's confused,
Tell him I'd like to be excused."
His room mate said it should be done,
Then saw in sleep his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Personals.

SILAS McVane, A. B. '65, who studied afterwards at Harvard and also in Germany, has lately been appointed Instructor in Political Economy and Governmental Science at Harvard University. We are pleased to congratulate him on his success.

REV. J. W. Bancroft, A. B. '71, we are informed, has resigned his charge of the Baptist Church at Windsor.

ALBERT Coldwell, A. M. '67, Instructor in Mathematics in Horton Collegiate Academy, will please accept our thanks for placing "Harper's Weekly" in the Reading Room during the present term.

E. M. CHESLEY, A. B., has our thanks for the January number of the "Phrenological Journal."

HOWARD BARRS, A. B., of Liverpool, G. B., also has our thanks for a copy of the "London Illustrated News," which he has been forwarding to the Reading Room during the present collegiate year.

MR. E. A. FREEMAN of the present Freshman Class, we are very sorry to learn on account of ill health, will not be back to finish up his year.