

EXCHANGES.

THE spirit of the times is upon me, and I am incapable now of taking up the critic's function. When every one is wearing his best smile and his best clothes, when there is stirring more or less strongly in every heart a feeling of brotherly kindness, when, too, we are all moved to be a little blind to one another's faults, and a little kind to one another's failings, it would be ill-timed in me to draw forth the critic's spectacles, and hunt for worm-holes in my neighbor's furniture. I will not, then, try to criticize any articles, nor will I praise them. If it will not be esteemed an unpardonable liberty, however, I would like to say a few words about college papers in general and the exchange column of college papers in particular. In this connection it is strictly necessary to be just. If I seem to say anything too severe, be pleased to overlook it, yet, if it is in you to be unkind, you will probably attribute it to chronic bile.

I think of college pressmen as of a fifth estate. Well some of the members of the fifth estate have done honor to the season, through which we have been passing, by issuing special numbers of their paper. We note with pleasure the creditable efforts of the *Adelphion*, *Acta Columbiana*, *The King's College Record* and the *Hamilton College Monthly*. Almost all the rest, some in larger and some in smaller type, wished their friends and patrons, or their subscribers a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. It is a very easy matter to fill up a half a column with 'Now that the festive season has again come round, etc., etc.,' a story which is never complete without quoting Shakspeare or Dickens, or 'ring out the old, ring in the new.' The public press has led the way in the matter and the college press has followed in its wake. But this has been slightly overdone; so much so that, when I see in an article the faintest sign of any well-wishing, etc., I shout in dismay 'My soul turn from it' and my soul at once turns. I am glad for this reason that the Editor of the *JOURNAL* in his wisdom withheld, or in his forgetfulness overlooked the threadbare song. But lest our silence might be taken for contempt of the season or a lack of interest in our subscribers we would now wish them one and all a MERRY ELEVEN MONTHS AND A HALF, which though not very harmonious has at least the merit of being fresh.

With this preamble, which no one will accuse of being out of the way, I forthwith become bilious: The objects of my spleen are, in two words, Yankee Exchanges. If I am rash there will be found a method in my rashness. I may be overbold in daring to tread on the lion's tail, but all my Canadian brothers will agree with me that the lion ought to be made squeal. For my own part the lion, which we so much dread, which lords it is so over poor Canada, is after all only like the big animal proclaimed by the circus man, 'a live lion stuffed with straw' or like the dog whose bark is worse than his bite. We perhaps, then, show our foolishness in making any mention of the way in which we are treated by the American Exchanges, but we justify ourselves with the plea that it is not simply to relieve our feelings that we do it, but to benefit them. But the truth is they treat us scandalously, as if we were not worth a moment's thought. I can imagine one of the exchange editors of across the border glancing over the mail he has received, and talking thus with himself, 'Ha, the Canadian Mail! The *'Varsity* Pooh! *Queen's College Journal* Pooh! Pooh!!' and with his disdainful puffs he blows us into the waste-basket. I cannot help smiling in the midst of my righteous indignation when I find brothers *Acta*, *Argosy*, *Astrum*, *University Monthly*, *Record*, *Gazette*, etc., in the same position, and I console myself with the reflection that, just as all we know of a

peasant-woman was that she once boxed the ears of a King, so we will say of the poor unknown one, of whom we have been speaking, 'He threw a Canadian college paper into the waste-basket.'

And now let me say a word about the exchange column. As a rule this column is miserably conducted, while it is possible to make it one of the most interesting portions of the paper. Of course it requires work; and it is just because the editor in charge has not worked, but has relied upon his innate energy (which is generally a broken reed) that the exchange column has fallen into disrepute. He has trusted that by a sort of inspiration he would at the cry for copy rise to the emergency, when alas! he found that his wings had been left behind in the sanctum or else that they had been clipped. He is contented, therefore, with giving birth, at the cost of excruciating mental agony, to one or two sickly puns, or else travels the already well-beaten path to his meagre stock of worn-out and time-honored jokes. By cheerfully doing my little best and diligently sticking to my task, I have been trying to clean out and purify the Augean stable. But the muck has increased instead of diminishing. Now I try the other end of my pitchfork and see what I can accomplish by uttering with all the prophetic awe that I can summon up 'Woe unto you, ye scribes!'

But I want to be a little more explicit. Every college paper should have an exchange column; for, first, it is a mark of courtesy towards your exchanges, while, again, it gives room for much which appearing elsewhere is out of place. It is the portion of the paper in which friendly greetings can be exchanged, friendly advice given and taken and friendly criticisms made and returned. We, therefore extend our congratulations to the *Astrum Alberti* for the step it has taken. It has likewise shown its understanding of the kind of work required by appointing a B. A. to the exchange Editorship. We would also in the spirit of friendship counsel *'Varsity* to do likewise. We have tried both plans with the *JOURNAL* and we have learned by experience that an exchange column gives and begets an interest impossible by any other means. As for the papers over the line, many of them are like the adders which sting but cannot hear. Advice is wasted upon them. But if they would lend an ear for a moment I would make a last call before striking the hammer on the table and bid them take a broader view of college matters, and strive to treat the *JOURNAL* as the *JOURNAL* has at all times treated them.

PERSONALS.

REV. ROBERT NEIL, D.D., '72, has resigned the pastorship of St. Andrew's Church, Seymour, which he had held so long and filled so faithfully.

WILLIAM SPANKIE, B.A., '82, Principal of the Kingston Academy, was presented by his boys at the closing of the school for the Christmas vacation, with a handsome and valuable present, showing the regard and esteem in which his pupils held him. Mr. J. C. Macleod, '82, has been Mr. Spankie's able assistant during the past term, and has resumed his duties with the new year.

REV. JOHN ALLAN SNODGRASS, an Alumnus of the class of '72, who has been for some time past a missionary at Lossiemouth, was admitted at a recent meeting of the Presbytery of Langholm, (Scotland), as a preacher within the bounds. Mr. Snodgrass is the son of the Rev. William Snodgrass, D.D., of Canonbie, Scotland, Principal Grant's predecessor.