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THE Rev. Donald Ross, A.M., B.D., was capped Doctor of Divinity by the Montreal college last week. We know of no one more deserving of the honor than our genial professor of Exegesis; and if anything more than scholarship and culture were required in a doctor of divinity, we might add that Montreal will travel far before she caps a better looking man. While extending our heartiest congratulations to Doctor Ross, we beg leave to express in our mildest way the hope that he may not imagine that *we* are all D.D.'s also, when he sets our two papers in Greek Exegesis.

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We are pleased to hear that the senior class in Arts has decided to follow the example of Harvard and have a class secretary, an annual, triennial and quinquennial report and a class fund. This is a step in the right direction. It will bind the different classes that graduate more closely to their university; it will keep alive the friendships formed in college days; and the reports of successful men in any given class will kindle in others a

spirit of generous rivalry, which cannot but have a beneficial effect upon the class as a whole. The class gatherings also, set at Convocation Day in the different years, will keep alive the old time interest in the college. So that, in every way, the action taken by the class of '89 is praiseworthy and deserving of imitation.

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We have received from the Haliburton Society of King's College a brochure of some seventy-five pages, by F. Blake Crofton, B.A., the provincial librarian of Nova Scotia, entitled "Haliburton, the man and the writer." The pamphlet is neatly gotten up and clearly and crisply written. It is composed largely of excerpts from Haliburton's writings, but not too largely. It is, in fact, just what its author claims it to be—a *study*. We do not accept all of his conclusions. No one, however, can help admiring the painstaking and thoughtful way in which the work has been done. With what Mr. Crofton says about the shameful way in which the subject of his sketch has been neglected by Canadians we are in entire sympathy. This neglect, however, brings with it its own punishment. If Haliburton were read and known a little more and better some of our statesmen would make themselves a trifle less ridiculous in their discussion of Canadian, American and Imperial affairs. With Haliburton's idea of a state of colonial dependency we sincerely and heartily agree. Colonies *are*, as he said, "ponds which produce frogs"; they have "no openings for genius and ambition." It has always seemed to us a remarkable thing that the Solons at Ottawa and elsewhere who are eternally croaking about the blessedness of being a colony of the British Empire shut their eyes to the fact that there are not two literary names in the country, from Vancouver to Cape Breton, who can see this blessedness. There are not to-day two men of letters in the Dominion worth the name who think that colonialism is anything but an unmitigated nuisance.

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As Haliburton said, there are now, just as there were then, only three courses for Canada—Imperial Federation, Independence or Annexation. His faith in Independence was small—but as Mr. Crofton has noticed—we must not forget that he wrote before confederation. Had he lived to our time, he would in all probability have changed his mind in that respect. Canada with a territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bound together by a railway and telegraph line from Halifax to Vancouver, is quite a different thing from the Canada of