

+Exchanges.+

THE "*Elite Journal*" though a very fine paper might still "aim at improvement," especially in the column headed "Locals." Is it that the editor is not capable of distinguishing between locals and personals. We are very much impressed by the scarcity of literature as we devour its contents.

THE "*Owl*" in the first number this year has a column entitled, "As Others See Us." It is made up of extracts from many of the different exchanges, sounding its praise. Knowing this, we might announce that the title is very suggestive of the staff. With so many testimonials how could we help but class it with the unsurpassed.

ON behalf of the "*Portfolio*" staff, we the exchange editors, express our heartiest thanks for the "gallantry" of the "*Western Maryland College Monthly*." To think that we through so honorary a medium should be criticized so partially is a fact scarcely to be realized, but "rash youth desist ere 'tis too late," or we will not hold ourselves responsible for ensuing consequences. In your nature stands pre-eminent, sycophancy as one of your qualifications, and though this invincible trait may be expelled by the "hand of time," in the meantime we ask you as a favor to bestow your "gallantry" upon those more deserving of it. Through our sisterly request we hope you do not consider we merit the deprivation of your powerful influence, for in such a misfortune would our sorrow be unconsolable.

OH pretty little "*Sunbeam*" why smilest thou through thy veil of prosperity at our witnessing thy non-appearance? There is in our existence a yawning gulf which only thou canst fill, wilt thou refuse to appease our craving? If our lack of efficiency predominate we must then claim as our portion, "blighted

and blasted hopes." The happiness of our future lies with thee.

TO us the "*Notre Dame Scholastic*" still "plods its weary way." In glancing over its pages the reader would undoubtedly criticize most favorably the essay on Julius Cæsar. Though this exchange has not been mentioned by us before this year, it has not been through neglect on our part as might be supposed, but limited space in the exchange column.

IN the "*College Message*" we find a most interesting essay entitled, "Literature and its Scope." How strongly do we uphold its opinions in regard to the injurious effect produced by the novels of the present time, which are dignified by the term "literature." To think how the rising generation, for the sake of drinking in the empty pleasures of a still more empty novel, will forget anything and everything. Not that this is applicable to all who indulge in this pastime, for in this as in everything else, good taste may be displayed—what is the result of this indulgence? Let time answer so important a question.

+Complaint and Reproof.+

I.

How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains! It sounds like stories from the land of spirits, If any man obtain that which he merits, Or any merit that which he obtains.

II.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?

Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—

Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?—

Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The good great man?—three treasures,—love, and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—

And three firm friends more sure than day and night,—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—Coleridge.