

As we sit down to our weekly task of finding something for this column and note the stack of magazines before us, we are often at a loss to know just the one to particularly mention here, for so many are so good, and so few, so little worthy of adverse criticism. Each, by some artistic cover design, by some humorous cartoon, by some beauty sketch from nature's garden, by some splendid poem or story or by some strong article on current events or topics of daily interest, seems to crave mention. The one that speaks loudest this time is the O. A. C. Review.

We feel justified in saying that it holds a high place among the best of our exchanges. It is bright, newsy and in every way up-to-date. Coming from one of the leading, if not *the* leading agricultural college in Canada, we would naturally expect it to have an agricultural flavouring, and so it has, but in no undue excess. Indeed, it is hard to find better articles on the science of agriculture in all its branches, than those which the O. A. C. gives us. In its January number are to be found the following articles:—"Factors Influencing Prices of Ontario Fruits," "Good Roads,"—these are written by professors, men of authority, and surely they are more or less of general interest. It is this very fact perhaps that makes the O. A. C. a broader journal than our average exchange. Its stories and poetic contributions are also very good. Here is a sample, judge for yourselves.

"How lovely are Earth's various moods,
Her winter snows, her summer woods,
Her meadows green and broad;
But O, I find no loveliness
In mountain, sea, or sky, unless
Their changing forms to me express
The changelessness of God."

If we would criticise the O. A. C. Review in any way, it would be from the fact of its having no exchange column. Since it attains such a high standard of excellence, it would be interesting to know what it thinks of other college journals.

CONTRIBUTED.

One little Freshette, cute and sly,
One little Freshman, rather shy;
One little squeeze of her hand he makes,
One little glance from her eye he takes;
One little nook in the hall they find,
One little slope,—they don't mind!
One little talk, laughter and fun,
One little wooing,—quickly won;
One little blush o'er her face soon glides,
One little frown,—her cheeks she hides;
One little cab in the early morn,
One little sigh, to part they mourn;
One little look up the street they steal,
One little kiss their love to seal.