

The absence of an Exchange List has been noticed in many of the College Journals, and we think that it would be a great improvement, if the Editors of those papers would follow the example of others that adhere to it, for what are Exchange for but to pass kindly criticisms on each other's work, and so lend a helping hand.

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Our attention is drawn to some very interesting Items in the "Phoenixian." We may be sure on pursuing its pages, not only to be interested, but to gather a little knowledge as well.

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A new College Journal "The Helios," was issued last month, and we hope as time goes on it will be deserving of its name in brightness. The Portfolio wishes it much success in its work.

CROSSING THE BAR.

TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving seems asleep,
'Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
'Turns again home.

'Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

THE EAGLE.

He clasped the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Break, Break, Break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.

The splendor falls on castle halls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataraet leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear:
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the
glad New Year:
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest
merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen O' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen O' the May.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life without the brain.
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.