

Weir, who cleverly directed them in their different movements. The rendition of the chorus "We're champions again" was the cause of much favorable comment. The bar-bell exercise was admitted by everyone to be one of the very best, if not the best feature of the evening's entertainment. McNamara gave, last year, an idea of what a variety of tricks might be performed with this simple looking article. This year he again appeared along with H. Gibbons and E. Gleeson, two of the Junior Department students. Their performance "brought down the house." The manner in which they caught the bar when it was sent twirling from one to the other, was something really marvellous. The club-swinging of Eddie Gleeson was, of course, the occasion for general applause. Each appearance of this young athlete shows an improvement on the previous one, and it is not without good reason that so much is hoped of him in the near future.

This year the Juniors took a bold step, and on St. Patrick's Day held a grand banquet. They seem determined to imitate their older companions in everything that they do. Though everything was necessarily on a smaller scale than at the other banquet, this lack was more than made up for by the universal joyousness and the novelty of the affair. Every little fellow who was present—and no one was absent—will long remember the first St. Patrick's Day's Banquet in the Junior Department.

EXCHANGES.

With pleasure we welcome to our table *The Mount* published by the pupils of Mount De Chantal Convent near Wheeling, W. Va. The quantity and quality of the matter contained in *The Mount* is of a nature which easily excels more pretentious journals. Its columns can satisfy the most fastidious tastes. Do you fancy literary criticism, you have "Aurora Leigh" and "The Immortals." In the former is truthfully pointed out the emptiness of Mrs. E. B. Browning's theory of morality established upon art culture. Had, as the author states, Mrs. Browning employed the aid which the Catholic church alone, in such matters, can afford, her theory would be tenable, as it is, it belongs to the region of fancies and dreams. Marion

Crawford has been subjected to more adverse criticism, and, we might add, at the hands of less capable critics, than has been meted out to him by the reviewer of "With the Immortals." For descriptive and historical excellence "Hedwige, Queen of Poland" and "The Power of Music," rank high, being above what is ordinarily met with. The Editorial department is not extensive, but it is conducted in a manner which indicates much ability and good judgement on the part of the Staff. As yet *The Mount* lacks the "indispensable" exchange column.

The first number of *The Dial*, one of the latest additions to College journalism, has reached us. It hails from St. Mary's College, Kansas, and with becoming modesty it makes its bow to its co-laborers. *The Dial* already gives promise of being not only "a nursery" for the writers of later days, but a worthy and creditable representative of the institution from which it comes.

North Carolina University has in the *Magazine*—which is before us for the first time—a journal in every way worthy of the name. It is a fifty page publication, under the direction of the University Societies. The current number is interesting in its eulogy of Jefferson Davis, sketches of the confederate dead, and also a biographical sketch of the life of Dr. W. P. Mallet, a tried supporter of the institution. The "Work and influence of Paracelsus" betrays the sentiment which is uppermost among the editors, and which, though its presence in a sectarian community is not surprising, can be productive only of injurious consequences.

For taste, orderly arrangement, and judicious selection of material, *The Williams College Monthly* from Williamstown, Mass., is not behind our leading exchanges. We think, however, that the value of its literary department would be enhanced by the introduction of an occasional article of greater seriousness and depth, than marks the contents of the February number. "At Hampton" in the last number is a vivid description of life and manners, at a favored summer resort. Much attention is devoted to the reviewing of the leading magazines and periodicals, which, to those who are denied a more lengthy perusal, should be of the deepest interest.

Evidently *The Hesperian* is anything