

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to secure insertion.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Sunbeam* for December contains a very well-written paper on "The growth of American Literature in the Last Half-Century."

The best Canadian theological review which reaches our table is the *Presbyterian College Journal*, published in Montreal under the direction of a large board of graduate and undergraduate members of the Presbyterian College of that city. It shows an amount of enterprise which is most commendable. It has a department, "Coin des Lecteurs Francais," devoted specially to its French constituency. Professor John Campbell, M.A., an alumnus of our University, furnishes its literary reviews.

The *University Gazette* is a worthy representative of McGill University. Its special feature just at present is a continued story, "A Country Boy," which is a considerable improvement upon some previous stories which have appeared in that paper. Arthur Weir has a pretty little poem, "To a Butterfly," in December number.

The Christmas number of the late *Rouge et Noir*, now the *Gazette, University Herald*, or some other high-sounding name of that sort, has a very artistically designed cover, the work, we understand, of Mr. George Bonsfield, a student or graduate of Trinity. We are sorry *Rouge et Noir* has changed its name. The old title was somewhat unconventional, and though not quite so *bizarre* as our own, had the merit of being original and *sui generis*. But the organ of Trinity will now be buried under a double or triple jointed name, which will be indistinguishable among the great mass of papers which rejoice in such titles as *University Monthly, News, Gazette, or Clarion*, etc. But *Rouge et Noir*, we prefer to stick to the old name, is much improved in appearance and the character of its literary contents. We wish it were a more frequent visitor to our Sanctum. We congratulate Trinity upon the revival of Convocation, and shall expect to see much good accomplished by the active participation in its affairs of the graduates of Trinity University.

Mr. Alfred E. Day, of Illinois College, has raised a question of some interest to college editors, and has thereby drawn down upon himself the direful wrath of his college paper, the *Rambler*. We confess to a feeling of hearty agreement with Mr. Day, who attacks the "local paragraph" fiend and his doings. Mr. Day finds fault with college papers—and with that of his college in particular—for publishing columns of such idiotic nonsense as the following: "— spent Sunday with his best girl;" "—'s exquisite curl bangs are done up with his patent curling irons;" "Dear George, why don't you shave?" and so on *ad nauseam*. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Day has touched the weak spot of American College journalism when he describes such locals as "childish silliness." It is also a sore spot with college editors. Of course there always will be a class of readers who like to see their names in print, to read of their own doings, their clever jokes and witty sayings, or who delight to read smart and cutting things said about their neighbours. But this class is not one whose vanity or relish for scandal should be indulged at the expense of the whole student body, who are compelled to submit to the rude personalities and cheap wit of the "local editor." Writing locals is the easiest kind of "copy" to prepare and the easiest to read, perhaps, but does not betoken literary ability or enterprise on the part of the local editor or the paper which employs his services. THE VARSITY for some years past has kept its columns free from this low "society-paper" dodge in consequence. We are determined, at any cost, to set our face resolutely against this tendency of college journalism, and hope that others may be inclined to follow our example. The *Rambler* is a good paper and one that ought not to have any need

to depend upon its local columns for its success among its undergraduate constituency.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is one of the most interesting exchanges that reach our table. It is neatly printed and gotten up, and always contains a large number of short, readable articles on literary and historical subjects. Its local news and alumni department are exceptionally well-edited. Let the *Illinois College Rambler* make a note of this.

We are glad to welcome *The North-Western* to the ranks of weekly college journalism. As a fortnightly it was a very well managed paper, and THE VARSITY wishes it renewed success as a weekly. We shall be glad to see it oftener.

We are free to confess that *The Perdue* has the most inartistic cover of any exchange that visits our sanctum. For a monthly paper, its literary department is rather weak.

The *Bowdoin Orient* usually contains some graceful verses. Is it a rule in the *Orient* office that all contributions are to be anonymous? Or do the editors supply all the articles themselves? We notice that the *Orient* is suffering, like most college papers, from the want of prompt payment by subscribers. We sympathize with our contemporary.

The Hesperian, from the far West, sustains a very well-conducted literary department. Its locals are free and easy, as becometh the great West.

Will the author of an article beginning "Nature, vain as beautiful," etc., and signed "P," sent into THE VARSITY before the Christmas vacation, kindly send his name to the editors, who will regard his communication as confidential. No article can be accepted unless the editors are acquainted with the name of the author.

Y. M. C. A.—The Missionary Band, Messrs. Stanley P. Smith, B.A., C. T. Studd, B.A., D. E. Hoste, Montagu Beauchamp, B.A., Cecil H. Polhill-Turner, Arthur T. Polhill-Turner, B.A., and the Rev. W. W. Cassels, B.A., who left England for China in the early part of 1885, have, during their subsequent residence in China, been so deeply impressed by the great need for more workers, that they have ventured to address the following letter to the members of universities, in the hope that many among them, in determining their life-work, will consider the claims of the heathen world.

"To Members of Universities:

"There are scores, not to say hundreds, at this time, in the Universities of the British Isles, America, and the Continent, of earnest Christians whose heart-cry is: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'

"You have come (for we are particularly addressing such) to the time of life when great decisions must be made; it is possible that some such thoughts as these are revolving in your minds: 'I have one life to live on earth, and only one; whether it will be long or short God alone knows. How can I lay out this life to the greatest advantage? What is the best investment I can make of this life for the glory of God, the good of His Church, and the benefit of mankind?'

"The answer to such an important question it is an impossibility for us to give for others, indeed, it would be great presumption to attempt to do so; but no harm can come by mutually reminding each other as Christians, in all the varied problems of life, and in none more so than the great investment mentioned above, to seek the guidance of God, the counsel of Christ.

"Writing as we do as missionaries in China, it may be objected, even by Christians, that we necessarily take a one-sided view of life; it may be urged even by Christians that 'all cannot be missionaries.'

"To this very sentence we take exception; it is indeed true that 'all cannot be missionaries,' in the sense of 'all' coming out here, or 'all' going to Africa, or 'all' staying at home. But whether at home or in foreign parts, do not the parting words of our Master make it incumbent on every one of us to *live* in the spirit of the oft-prayed prayer, 'Thy kingdom come?' and thus in this sense be a missionary to honestly bear our share of the responsibility incurred by the Saviour's last words,—'All power is mine in earth and heaven; go and make disciples of all nations, and lo, I am with you always'; whether that 'share' be in prayer and contribution, or in personal service?

In the Saviour's parable of the excuses, Luke 14: 15-24, we read