

each their peculiar duties. At the end of one year, looking back over the past, seeing our victories and defeats, we turn and look forward into the future with a growing determination that the coming year shall be better than the last. To the old man, whose head is thickly sprinkled with the snows of many winters come also the thoughts of the past. For him there is no spring, except the endless spring of immortality. How glorious the outlook if Memory shows him a life full of good, a life which in spite of failures, ever tended straight onward and upward! How dark the future for him who looks back over a wasted, ill-spent life which now it is too late to remedy! To the one Memory will ever be a delightful companion, to the other a tormenting and unwelcome guest. Well may we say:—

"Strengthen me, enlighten me
I faint in this obscurity!
Thou dewy dawn of Memory."

EXCHANGES.

THE *Educational Review*, which supersedes the *N. B. Journal of Education*, is the right paper, and, in the hands of the proper men, for all who wish to keep abreast of modern systems of education and literary culture. The doughty schoolmaster, with his cat-o'-nine-tails, has vanished or is recalled only in the interesting accounts of bygone struggles by the paterfamilias of '50; his place has been taken by a new class, and one that is certainly very far in advance of its predecessors. But times are moving, discoveries are made almost every day in every department. In its particular sphere the *Review* aims at the very latest and best, while, therefore, it may be read with profit by all; to those who are particularly interested in any branch of education it must become invaluable. The editorial staff are a guarantee of success for the paper and a strong inducement for subscribers to give support. Each of the Maritime Provinces has its representative, and all are men of ability and perseverance. The paper is published monthly at St. John, N. B.

WE have seen more interesting numbers of the *Dalhousie Gazette* than that for October. It has a dragging, heavy sense of hard work about it which is depressing. Perhaps this may be accounted for by reason of the financial difficulties under which the paper appears to be laboring, but a long-drawn wail is not particularly edifying to outsiders, and we hope another Crœsian benefactor will soon be found who will lift it out of this slough of despondency. Prof. Seth's philosophical inaugural address is the only redeeming literary feature; the balance is a filling in of chips about a log; Old Dalhousie and New Dalhousie, finance, etc., (with a column or so of excuses), complete the burden of their song.

THE *King's College Record* is one of the luckiest papers we ever read—i.e., for its editors; an abundance of long-winded and patient correspondents about monopolize things. It is somewhat "English, you know," hence that letter which relates the story of how "my nephew" was invited to dine with the club some two hundred years ago, is excusable. Besides, it throws some light on Shakespeare, and when the reader is not absorbed by the literary genius of the author himself, he can contemplate such small stuff as the author of "Macbeth," or "Every man in his humor." In his 66 lines of editorial matter, the writer says Kingsmen have always been proud of the literary excellence of the *Record*. We venture the assertion that their pride will be still further inflated by this issue, which, like all the others, hasn't any borrowed plumage whatever except the advertisements. These are excellent articles. "A. O. P." is evidently a confirmed puffer of "black jack," and not a bad poet.

THE *University Monthly* is nearly seven years of age. We have seen more precocity exhibited at this period of life by youths, but will not complain. It is well filled with Mr. W. C. Murray.

THE *Argosy* evidently desires to be considered by the world as "fast." It has a somewhat chattering slosh style, which is a nasty cross between puerile wit and extravagant foolishness. If the class of Freshmen described so facetiously as "Novi Homines" is not a lame, tame, meek, milk-and-water set of gulls, which certainly appears from their paper, they will turn out and hoot the entire staff of editors clean through their pants for their scurrility. From the number of times "the ladies," "girls," "sen'rs," etc. are referred to, we should imagine the editors or whoever wrote the articles on the classes to be himself a very fair specimen of an exceedingly conceited, but palpably thin, masher. A contributed article, "Shakespeare and Donne'ly," is sensible and to the point. There are few, we think, who really profess to believe that Shakespeare is not really the author of the works attributed to him, but be that as it may, his *work*, his immortal self, remains, and for philosophy, poetry, and insight into human character is likely to remain unchallenged by Donne'ly or any other ingenious fault-finder.

THE *College Rambler* is about as lively and entertaining a college paper as we see. Every department undertaken is well handled, and the whole judiciously selected and carefully arranged. An editorial denounces the growing tendency of the reading world towards light, trashy literature, and thinks the only effectual remedy lies in the power of colleges to so educate public opinion as to develop a taste for something higher. College men undoubtedly have a powerful and continually-increasing influence in the reading