

Exchanges.

In the November number of *The Argosy* there is an excellent article on British Colonial Supremacy. Since all do not see the exchanges I shall give some of its leading points.

At the time of the Berlin Congress, in 1878, the world awoke, if never before, to the fact that Great Britain was no longer two small islands but the mightiest empire of the world. How much more to day is she entitled to the name "Queen of Nations?"

How unique also is she as a colonizing power? Foreigners sneer at the Englishmen who show delight and pride when looking at the map of the world and remarking the number of red spots. Can he be blamed for so doing? A Briton is but human. It is no fault for a man to admire his country's gains in territory as well as general advancement. But why is it that England is supreme as a colonizing power? Why are France and Germany, as well as other European nations, so far behind her in this respect? The military discipline of the continental nations is felt as a heavy load and so when leaving the fatherland the emigrant chooses a colony which has free institutions. In striking contrast stands Great Britain; the English emigrant is satisfied to settle under the old flag; it has no terrors for him. The English colonies all feel to a greater or less extent that they are still a part of the empire, and have a keen interest in all that concerns the mother country. The past history of the British Isles is also calculated to inspire a feeling of love and pride in all parts of the empire. Englishmen do not forget the battles for freedom that were fought by the Cromwells, and the Hampdens. Besides British institutions and customs have been carried to the colonies, so that the change from the mother country to the colony seems less than it is in some instances. But the greatest element of success is found in the fact that her rule makes for righteousness. She has great national sins, but she has more righteousness than any of her neighbors. Her institutions are founded on the true Word of God. It is no wonder that her citizens admire and respect laws and institutions that have such a Guide in administration and legislation. As long as she continues on these lines she may hope to be a great nation. By such means alone she may keep under her rule a united and contented people. The greatest proof of her greatness is found in that fact under her flag dwells a population of different tongues, manners, and customs, alien to each other in almost everything, but united in one bond of undying loyalty to the empire.

Among other good articles in the November number of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, we find one on "The late George Du Maurier." A review of it will be pleasing to our readers. Du Maurier was born in Paris in 1834. His mother was of English origin and his father was born in London, although of French descent. He started to study chemistry in London, but sketching was more to his taste, and

so he turned his attention to it. His first work as an illustrator was done for *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill Magazine*. He next became a contributor to *Punch*, and in 1864 became its chief artist. He then made a specialty of portraying the foibles of the upper class of polite and leisured society. He was a refined and gentlemanly satirist. His pictures had a decided elevating effect on his profession. He is better known to many as the author of *Trilby*, although his greatest talent lay in the direction of a comic artist. Still he will long be remembered more for himself than for his work. His sweet tempered, pure minded, painstaking character has left its mark on all his work. His ready, guileless humor, his originality, and his wonderful faculty of observation, especially of the ridiculous in human affairs, compel our admiration and make us sorry that his place on the editorial staff of the world's greatest funny paper is empty."

—o—
Little Willie was a Freshman.

Green as grass and greener too;
Not a thing in all creation
Ever had so green a hue.

One day while out exercising,
Through a field he chanced to pass,
And a brindle cow devoured him,
Thinking he was only grass.

Little Willie is in heaven
Vacant are two places now:
In his class there is no Willie.
In the field there is no cow.

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We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Acta Victoriana*, *Adelphian*, *Albert College*, *Argosy*, *Cadet*, *College Chips*, *College Chronicle*, *Central Luminary*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Industrialist*, *Sunbeam*, *Trinity University Review*, *University of Toronto Quarterly*, *Varsity*, *College Reflector*, *McMaster University Monthly*, and the *Portfolio*.

—o—
If you strike a thorn or rose,

Keep a-going!

If it hails or if it rains,

Keep a-going!

'Tain't no use to sit and whine

When the fish ain't on your line;

Bait your hook and keep an' keep on tryin'

Keep a going!

When the weather kills your crop,

Keep a going!

When you tumble from the top,

Keep a going!

S'pose you're out o' every dime?

Getting broke ain't any crime;

Tell the world you're feelin' prime!

Keep a going!

When it looks like all is up,

Keep on going!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,

Keep on a going!

See the wild birds on the wing!

Hear the bells that sweetly ring!

When you feel like singin'—sing!

Keep a goin'.