

EXCHANGES.

THE *Portfolio* for December comes to us with the question, "Have we mortally offended our once friendly brothers of Queen's?" penciled on the top of the first page. We are happy to assure the *Portfolio* that the JOURNAL has always looked upon it with the warmest feelings of friendship and will continue to do so as long as it portrays so faithfully the life and doings of the students of the Wesleyan Ladies' College. The exchange column of the *Portfolio* is one of the best that we have seen and the manner in which it disposes of the Athens' *University Reporter* is decidedly refreshing.

Hark! oh ye college papers! Listen and give ear! The Rutgers *Targum* has spoken. No more shall ye "waste good ink and paper writing effete panegyrics and proposing stale conundrums concerning woman's sphere in life." The Vassar graduate is not "the strong minded literary animal, who roams the country, roaring the man-terrifying woman's rights cry, but a bewitching syren, whose joy is man's joy and whose aims are man's aims." The *Targum* says so and the *Targum* knows.

We welcome to our sanctum for the first time not only another aspirant for distinction in the world of college journalism, but also a namesake of our own, in the Manitoba College *Journal*. It is a handsome little monthly with twenty-six neatly printed pages and a generally attractive appearance. Like all papers and individuals the *Journal* has its faults and chief among these is the fact that were it not for the "college news" and a small piece of poetry which may have been written by a student, there is no evidence that it is in any way connected with a college. Although there has been much controversy over what really constitutes the legitimate sphere of a college paper, all minds are as one in the opinion that a college paper, to be worthy of the name, should be written by the students of a college and not by outsiders. We notice with pleasure the name of an old fellow student of our own, Mr. Donald Munroe, among the managers of the *Journal*.

The Knox College *Monthly* for December was late in coming, but deep streams, weighty bodies, grave D.D.s and Ph.D.s are supposed to move slowly. It is really serious work to tackle, between classes, one of the *Monthly's* ponderous articles on "Design," "Cuniform Inscriptions," *et hoc genus omne*. The grave D.D.s and Ph.D.s of the country manes may muster up courage to digest that kind of meat, but for the average college graduate it is decidedly too strong. If we were at the helm we would vary the repast with an occasional cutlet of veal, or better still, with a fragrant dish of scalloped oysters. We suppose these learned productions are able, but really we would not just like to say. Our contemporary is sound. That goes without saying.

The *Pastor's Diary*, prepared by the Rev. L. H. Gordon, B.A., pastor of Erskine church, Montreal, and published by the famous firm of Funk and Wagnalls, New York, presents a neat and attractive appearance with its handsome black cloth binding and gilt lettering. It shows method, and a practical appreciation of a working pastors duties. But after all it is only adapted to the wants of city pastors with large congregations and many public engagements. For the average country ministers it is far too large for practical filling up. An edition of the *Diary* reduced to one third of the present size and a third of the present price would be just the thing that every pastor wants. The plan is excellent and nothing of importance is omitted. Indeed in a smaller and cheaper edition somethings might be left out without loss, such as the Sunday school lessons, the collections, with which the pastor should have nothing to do, the select scripture texts, which may be found at first hand in Bible and some other useful but not necessary contents. The "Books lent" leaf is a bright idea.

DIVINITY HALL.

AN orthodox Yankee paper represents an inquiring youth asking of his Unitarian pater familias, "Pa, who was Shylock?" *Pater loquitur*—"Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday-school every week, and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir."

Clerical coolness is well known; at least it is well known to the librarian of Union Theological Seminary, who tells a story of a minister who returned a book after keeping it for twenty-three years, with a note to the effect that he needed it no longer as he had obtained a better edition.

We are always glad to hear of the active endeavors for good of Queen's men. A report reaches us that Mr. Jas. McNaughton has been successful in establishing a missionary association in Union Seminary, New York. The boys have appointed him president.

The students of New College, Edinburgh, were favored the other day with an after-dinner speech from Rev. John Brown, of Bedford, who was introduced as the biographer of John Bunyan by Prof. Laidlaw. Mr. Brown began by saying that his sole recommendation in appearing before them was the fact that for twenty years he had filled the pulpit of the "Great Dreamer." That was no easy task. A Glenlyon elder once asked him in what church he was minister. He replied that he was Bunyan's successor. "Eh, man!" said the worthy, "it'll be hard work for you to fill his shoon." Mr. Brown impressed upon his hearers the truth that their work as preachers was not to speculate but to proclaim.