

seems a gem of literature, whose pure lyric sweetness and strong pathos compares favourably with any *similar* production of the age, and no doubt if we turned over the volume—which of course lies in state upon the respective drawing-room tables of the three, we should find this page well thumbed, in strong contradistinction to the spotless purity of the remainder, but there is little use, nor indeed is it a pleasant task to draw attention alone to the too palpable weaknesses of our author. Growing here and there among this luxuriant crop of weeds are many beautiful wild flowers, strong with the breath of our pure Canadian air, as an example we subjoin in full:

REFLECTIONS ON A FADED ROSE.

Slowly drooping,—slowly dying,—

Fragrant rose,

What a tale thy faded beauty

Doth disclose:

Thou remind'st me of one courted,

Who with lovers idly sported.

Wantonly and idly sported

With their woes

Left alone when faded, dying,

Like thee—rose,

Passing down the silent river

As it flows;

Mine the sovereignty expresses

His unwelcome kiss impresses,

Softly veils her glowing tresses

With the snows.

Slowly droops thy fragrant beauty—

Dying rose;

Softly sink thy crumpled petals,

To repose.

Mournest thou thy bloom departed;

Thou! the rare, the ruby-hearted

Like the maiden, lone deserted

Dying rose

This is singularly sweet, and coming after so much that is trivial and commonplace is indeed refreshing. We would wish, in fairness to the author, to give one or two more selections of more than average worth, but want of space forbids. Every true Canadian must feel some sense of shame when he sees in this literary age, how far behind in the race his own land is, therefore let us foster every attempt, however weak, as long as some sign of strength is apparent, which may in time, produce something that should redound to the honour of our country.

EXCHANGES.

The *Wheelman*, the new magazine published in the interests of bicycling may be said to form the connecting link between professional and college journalism, in its general appearance and make-up, it follows the best models and does not fall far short of them. The contents of the first number are varied and interesting, the whole showing a painstaking and energetic management. It will form a welcome addition to our exchange list. We wish the editors every success in their new venture.

The *Varsity* has adopted a wise plan in its first number for the new College year, viz.:—that of giving a department in the paper to each of the different college institutions. On the whole a visible improvement has taken place in the management, but we miss the wise sayings of the *Patriarch Student*, but after all a patriarch is not a very lasting piece of furniture at any time, so we must suppose this particular one to have gone the way of all flesh. We object to the present management of "five

o'clock tea." After waiting in thirsty expectation for the refreshing cup of souchong, it is rather trying to be handed a well-watered and decidedly weak concoction, strained from the not too inviting leaves of many dismal exchanges. We would recommend a fresh brew for the next kettle-drum.

We have received among our exchanges the *Monmouth Collegian*, deserving in one respect of special mention, let America rejoice: another poetic luminary has assuredly risen upon her, before whom the ineffectual lines of Longfellow and Bryant will pale. The gentleman we refer to is J. C. Hutchison, Ph. D., the author of a poem commencing the number, and composed on the occasion of a presentation to the head of the College. Before this masterpiece of modern poesy the critic stands in awe; the novel epithets, the categorical nature of the poem, which, with a praiseworthy desire to let none feel themselves slighted, enumerates the various years with an occult reference to a Benjamin, and the general novelty of the design combined, make up a production well calculated to inspire respect. The poet opens somewhat after (a long way after,) the style of the ballad of Chevy Chase; let us give our readers the benefit of the first verse—

The Boys' and Girls' of Monmouth dear,
With true and good intent,
Have met in College walls to-night
To greet their president.

The emphasis necessary on the last syllable of "president," necessary to make it rhyme with "intent" is noticeable as affording example of a style of verse now unhappily almost extinct. The Collegians in question, then greet this gentleman with "silver notes of song," which in a bold metaphor, marking the true artists' contempt of the conventional, the poet affirms "As a storm of shot and shell, shall echo loud and long." Then follows in true Homeric style, a categorical description of the various classes, introducing a skillful reference to the natural poets who evidently abound in Monmouth, and whom "mother nature has taught to turn the lyre," and induce from that instrument "the notes of gold and silver fire." Then comes the address to the recipients of the testimonials, introducing an entirely new and original comparison of life to a "bright flowing stream," followed by a paraphrase or a psalm, evidently suggested by a perusal of the lamented "Tate and Brady." This is followed by the description of the gifts, and here the author rises into description worthy in its unintelligibility of Browning

From marble polished bright as glass,
And even living seem,
For from their surface clear and pure,
Their givers' faces gleam.

The exact force of "and even" here, we commend to our readers as a neat little literary puzzle. After indulging *apropos* of cups in the praises of temperance, the poem closes with hope that the recipients may value the gift as they deserve, which would be hard to do were the poem included.

It is a matter of deep regret that space will not permit us to enter more, at length into the beauties of this effusion. The masterly manner in which the author has contrived rhymes, such as, "you see," with "memory," "cheer," and "fair," and others of the same character, is deserving of the highest praise. We trust that Dr. Hutchison, will not allow his presumably new found poetic talent to rust, and that we shall soon be gratified with another of his charming productions.