

OUR EXCHANGES.

Again we are dreaming over our quarterly exchange pile—rather increased since last issue by the advent of several strangers, whose faces were unknown to us before—a motley pile with its inevitable compound of wisdom and folly. On top, brightening the whole, lies *The Sunbeam* whose delicate pages 'twere sin indeed to regard with anything like a hypercritical glance—a genuine ray of the Canadian sun, suffusing its brightness throughout the continent and shedding light (for the first time perhaps) upon the muddy brain of many a thick skinned exchange editor and here let us observe that it would be doing a blessed deed if it could bring some dawn upon the mind of the "poor demented gentleman" who writes the exchange notes of *Acta Victoriana* and who was pleased to be so unspeakably bitter with us in his last number. *The Sunbeam* indeed is an excellent paper and worthy of close imitation on the part of some of our rude masculine friends, who in the pride of manhood display a marked tendency to drifting into empty coarseness and vulgarity. *The Sunbeam's* verse writing is better than that of most of our Canadian exchanges. N.E.L. in the January number, though possessed of no extraordinary genius, yet hath an uncommonly musical pen. "Lights and Shadows" is a remarkably good little article and evidently the work of one who thinks. We look for the continuation. The Local column is a mixture, some items very good indeed, others equally bad—the good however predominating. The Exchange notes are admirable, almost the best part of the whole thing—the writer displaying careful examination and genuine good judgment.

The *University Press* is a reasonable, well written paper, with a common sense local column—a thing remarkable in college literature at present.

The *Otterbein Record*, coming to us for the first time, is a handsome well printed paper—literary department fair—but rather deficient in other respects.

The *Campus* is a beautifully printed monthly. From what we have seen of it we like its tone very much. The exchange column is exceedingly good, its observations clever and outspoken. "Vagrant," a poem in the last number, we like not so much for the beauty and taste of its composition as for the earnestness of its sentiment—we like the last lines best.

The *Monmouth Collegian* as a semi-monthly and yet in its first volume deserves praise. It is all very good but its verse, which is very deficient in sense and metre. The author of "Lines" says:

"I heard the seer-like Wordsworth hail thee on thy height,
Now I thy worshipper come but with feebler flight," &c.

Considerably so. The last two lines of the piece are very bad. The editorials and exchanges are well written.

The *Revell* is a crude specimen from Northfield, Vt.—a very raw recruit—needing a good polishing up. The editors are wise enough while they stick to subjects of local interest—but in discussing Oscar Wilde are evidently beyond their depth. We should advise them decidedly to throw cold water upon the young fellow who compiles the "Bugle Notes"—they are quite an aggravated case of the College journal disease.

The *Trinity Tablet* is certainly one of the lightest and brightest specimens of College journalism that we have yet seen—editorials, short and racy, confining themselves to matters of local interest—"College and

Campus" notes, sensible, interesting and plenty of them,—abundance of clippings, too many perhaps, though well enough selected—absolutely nothing of a literary character at all—quite a model in fact of one style—with some the ideal style—of college paper. The question is whether it should be imitated.

The next paper we take up is the *Spectator* from St. Laurent College, Montreal—on the whole a very fair specimen of College journalism. The author of the article on Milton is well acquainted with his subject though some of his observations are forced and overdrawn. The image "and the snow-white spray, topping each recurring roll, falls upon fancy's shore in cataracts of dazzling splendour" is well expressed, but unfortunately does not mean anything. The exchange and local columns are good, saving the dozen or two of ecstatic ejaculations which disfigure the beginning of the latter.

The *University Mirror*, a new paper, from the University at Lewisburg, Pa., has, as we learn from the editorial column, taken the place of the *College Herald*, which failed on account of a clash of party spirit in its managing board. The article on "Book Learning" is good, though the writer takes an extreme case. The editorials and exchanges are well written. We cannot say as much for the column of "Squibs" which are horrible in the extreme. Also the picture of George Eliot had been better left out.

The *Hellmuth World* comes to us regularly every month from the Hellmuth Ladies College, London. This bright little paper started out bravely at first as a weekly but has since clipped its dainty wings and sobered down to a monthly, thereby much improving itself. The January number contains one or two interesting letters, a wise little editorial about making good resolutions, a merry bit of description entitled "Our House Cleaning," beside several other scraps of more or less value. We shall always be glad to see our pleasant sister journal.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

How Apollo must suffer during this concert mania!

Oh, ye shades of departed culinary professors, what a steward!

The voice of one crying in the "wilderness," saying "By Jove, S——, where's my gown?"

The same benign specter rules over the L. W. C. as of yore; it still remains the Dean's "skeleton in the closet."

Note the irreverence of the Ritualistic "Tug" who makes light of solemn matters by wearing his cassock to chapel under his gown, in order to excite a theological discussion.

It is held by some disputatious individuals that a strip round the neck with two little shreds down the back does not constitute a sufficient gown to be presentable at a conversazione. How absurd!

Rather odd that about the young man who, whilst swinging in the Gym. and having attained a somewhat elevated position, sat down on the air, and was naturally surprised to find the floor abruptly take its place—he says it hurt.

The Provost's speech on Tuesday night roused more enthusiasm on his behalf among the men in college than we have yet seen. The warm earnestness, strength of purpose, consciousness of the responsibility of his position which it displayed taught us to see in him one who will put forth all his strength for the College that we love.