

eral attitude on the platform are those of a man of culture in intense earnestness. His lectures this year, of course, abound with figures, and allow less scope for oratory on that account, but at times he becomes decidedly eloquent, as you will perceive from reading the printed reports, though to appreciate his finest passages, he, above all men I have listened to, must be heard.

At precisely twelve o'clock, Mr. Cook enters the Temple and begins the exercises by offering a short prayer. This is followed by one verse of some familiar hymn sung by the audience with the aid of the tremendous organ which occupies one end of the building. Then the lecturer, sitting in his chair, talks for twenty minutes on current events. After calling upon some one to offer prayer again, the lecturer begins and lasts until one. A week ago, last Monday, the topic of his prelude was the recent arrival of Canada's new Governor-General in the Dominion, and Her Majesty's telegram stating her pleasure at the magnificent reception given to the vice-regal party on their arrival. He spoke of the loyalty of the Protestant people of the Dominion, but was very much astray in supposing that the Roman Catholic citizens were, as a class, wanting in that virtue. He thought he saw in this an indication that some time in the future that country might become a part of the United States. Professing, however, not to care much about it at present, he closed by saying that if the time should ever come that the British Empire should be dismembered, he hoped that the United States would be in a position to receive under their wing the orphan colonies. I doubt not all Provincialists present felt a great burden removed from their shoulders, when they heard this generous outburst of sympathy. But our joy was somewhat toned down when we remembered that not many months since, Russia, with all her boasted resources, backed down before that honored flag which floats over Canada, and that the arm of steel that holds that flag in the face of the world, is of too stern stuff to loose its grasp for some centuries yet.

But my letter is already too long. I must reserve other matters for a further communication.

Very truly yours,

D. H. SIMPSON.

## Our Exchanges.

We notice in this first number of the New Year a new Exchange—the *King's College Record*, and we welcome it to our table. We wish you, nearest neighbour, a long pleasant and useful record. We congratulate the students of King's College on their enterprise. They purpose "making the *Record* a medium of information concerning the work of the College and its various Associations, and a Magazine of original essays, articles, and translations." We like the tone of the paper very much. The most important articles are, "Journey 'round My Room, (from the French of Xavier de Maistre)," "Nova Scotian Sketches," and "The New Learning." This last piece in poetry is rather amusing, and contains good things. One peculiarity strikes us—the great number of Latin and French quotations—in fact we have never seen so many in so short a space in any other exchange.

We are pleased to receive the December number of the *Packer Quarterly*. We have a natural timidity about criticising young ladies' literary productions, yet we agree with one of our Exchanges, when it says that there is always a pleasing atmosphere encircling their writings. "Concerning the virtue of Conceit," is droll if it is not altogether logical, which it simply affects. The *Packer Quarterly* girls write "don't" without the apostrophe. The article closes with this weighty suggestion,—“Then let us each consider ourselves the biggest toad in the puddle,” and thereby be happy. "Another article,—“The Organist of St. Ursula,” contains fine word painting and is well written, just a shade of sadness creeps over one as the story is read. "Cæsar Class Song" is uproariously jolly. Other articles and pieces of poetry, "The Dream of Hildebrand," "What's in a Name," "A Literary Chinaman," Gleanings, etc., make up this excellent *Quarterly*.

We are sorry to chronicle the death of the *College Rambler*. It was a good paper and it must have died hard perhaps of overfeeding; the last number contained a great amount of matter for the space occupied, not much like the *Tyro*, for all the *Rambler's* space was occupied. Vale! Vale!

The *Tyro* indulges in a fling at Nova Scotia and all contained in it. It says: "While all other things in that little Province by the Sea, are on a