

EXCHANGES.

'*Aeta* will appear in an improved form next month,' says the February number of that bold champion of the rights and glories of 'Old Vic.' since making which dire threat, *Aeta* cometh to us not yet. If the 'improved form' is one of invisibility, depend upon it, *Aeta*, you've made a great mistake; your form, save the narrowness of your columns, has certainly not been one to be ashamed of. Even in the matter of having three narrow columns to the page you are in good company, for the *Illini* and the *Lariat* come in the same form,—papers no larger than you, *Aeta*, albeit they are semi-monthlies. '*Lariat*,' says *Aeta*, 'somehow or another we rather admire your novel manner of making your local column prominent.' Well, rather! And we thank you for what you say of us, Mr. *Lariat*, but must beg to correct you in what you say of our editorial tone. '*The Rouge et Noir*, published quarterly by the students of Trinity College, is a sixteen page paper with more life in it than there is in the college which it represents;' which is very nice and pretty to say of us, indeed, (though perhaps you don't mean it as such), for diffidence and lack of enterprise are the poorest virtues wherewith a paper may adorn itself, a college paper should ever be in advance, in its plans and opinions, of the University it represents, and Trinity is anything but dead, we assure you, Mr. *Lariat*, though you do go on to say: 'for according to the Editor, it is just keeping its head above water, and he seems to entertain grave doubts about its sustaining itself very long unless something is done speedily towards supporting it.' Not so, my friend, not so. In the first place, Trinity, we are pleased to say, is not in any such condition, nor ever was, as far as we can learn, nor ever will be, we most confidently trust. In the second place, if you look again, you will see at once that 'the editor (no matter whether there is more than but just one, of course?) has no such gloomy idea of things at all, at all . . . our prospects were never brighter, nor our numbers greater.' 'We have no cause to hide our rich endowment or our many inducements to the youth of the province.' . . . it must draw attention to us. We need not fear inspection.' 'Our University is nearly thirty years old.' . . . 'Trinity still lives.' 'Our prospects are very hopeful at present. . . . If without any advertising, without any effort, our building has kept full, with always a number of non-residents, is it not highly probable that we shall increase when we take to a more lively course?' These are a few extracts from *Rouge et Noir* which not only clash with your statement, Mr. *Lariat*, but also very fairly shew the tone of the whole paper. If we are open and unsparing in our criticisms upon our Alma Mater, it is because we are impatient of faults and defects so few and so easily remedied.

How much more of a blemish does a stain upon a marble statue seem, than would the same blot, upon the dingy tatters of some straw-stuffed elligy!

We were, to say the least, surprised to hear the *Lariat* say, after a paragraph on the use of tobacco at Notre Dame University. 'More than ever are we led to believe that the whole system of Catholicism is one of oppression and thumb-screws.' Such remarks, particularly in a College paper, are as uncalled for as they are illogical. And, after all, it appears from a late number of the *Scholastic* that there is no such strict rule against the use of tobacco, at Notre Dame, save in the 'Prep.' and 'Minn.' departments, the little boys, in fact. Right, they are, too. And we can do the *Scholastic* no higher compliment than to call attention to the tone of manly forbearance and good temper in which it notices the *Lariat's* blundering remarks.

From Montreal comes the *Presbyterian College Journal*,—one more Journal—a monthly, allee samee, and a very good eight-page monthly it is, for a beginning, seeing that the January number was No. 1 of Vol. 1. It is very strongly sectarian in tone; which is to be expected, we suppose, for almost the first thing the editor says, is: 'This is the Journal of a Theological College, and will be conducted as such. The *Hellmouth World* is another new-comer, from Hellmouth Ladies College. It volume-one-number-one last month. It was four pages then, and we haven't seen it since. Success to you Mr. *Journal*, and to you also, Miss *World*, and come again.

The *Arms* still sings sweetly, and is ever welcome. Where is the *Concomitant* for this month? Coming?

'England's unruly sheep were finally gathered into the fold of the established church, and its shepherds were dealing out to them its ritualistic diet. But some broke away; they wanted to find for themselves

"green pastures and still waters." The sturdy Presbyterian sheepfold stands without the pale of the church;' from which remarkable paragraph we gather that Oberlin is a Presbyterian institution. The last *Review* had three essays, and each of the three was on poets or poetry. Oberlin is a co-est. place, you see.

Sunbeam, the *Scholastic* calleth: 'weather-bound?' queries *Scholastic*, and with good reason, too. Here's March passing, friend *Sunbeam*, and remember, you're a monthly. See how pleasant a thing it is to be a quarterly, like as we are—so independent of times and seasons. Yet are we not satisfied; for we hope to become a monthly too and that soon. The *Sunbeam* talks learnedly of the 136 'teachers' at Harvard, and of the 'play-ground' at Yale; but the cool and unsparing manner in which the *Sunbeam* reviews the *College Journal*, (a sort of intermittent prospectus, from Oshawa, calling itself a college paper), is really good. But the *Sunbeam* heads its last batch of locals with 'To write, or not to write,—' &c., and though the parody is well written: what there is of it—still, we would commend to *Sunbeam's* attention, what the Exchange Editor in the *Illini* of the 2nd. inst. says of such. He gives a few first-line examples:—'The Students Soliloquy, To pop, or not to pop. ; The Junior's Soliloquy, To kiss, or not to kiss. ; Poker, To draw or not to draw,—' Indeed, his comments upon this witless practice are ably written and most seasonable.

The *University Magazine* is a fearless and well-written exponent of the minds of the undergraduates of Penn. Univ: with us, a new exchange, and a welcome one.

The *Portfolio* is certainly an odd specimen of a College Paper, for of its eighteen columns of reading matter, very little more than half a column is devoted to 'College Items and Personals,' and in all the rest—Poetry, Essays, Editorials, Exchanges, and Art, &c. clippings, there is nothing whatever, of the slightest local interest. The editorial in verse is truly fine, very, but the other editorial would be much more in place in a country newspaper than in a college publication. Why wish to dabble in politics, anyway? And that long article on 'John Milton'—is it an essay? If so, then why not put it with the other essays? Give us some more editorial in verse, sister.

The *Rockford Magazine* for March, 'duly to hand': neatly printed, and brim full of fun, and vaccination jokes. Judging from the paper, they must be a jolly lot at Rockford Seminary. The *Magazine* congratulates itself upon at last having 'a surplus fund' i. e., 'money in the bank,' but we don't see how, with eighteen pages of advertisements to feed upon, it should ever have any trouble with the funds. Let the *Magazine* congratulate itself rather upon having an editor able to write such an article as that last one in this month's editorial column, against light reading.

The *Wittenberjer* is a new exchange, neat in appearance, and tolerably well written. Not to be odd, it criticises our name. 'From beyond the lakes comes also the *Rouge et Noir*. Rouge et Noir! It may be all right, but we are only common people down here. Why not name it in the vernacular? *Rouge et Noir*? Ugh! Where's our unabridged! Ah, friend *Wittenberjer*, we're sorry for you! If you allow such a little thing as that to trouble you, pray, what do you say to the dozen or more of different College '*Journals*', none of which, as far as we know, are dailies? 'It is curious to note the different strains in which the various exchange editors of the College Journals will indulge' you say, 'True for you, my Lutheran friend: some regard the contents of a paper, others go no deeper than the name.

The University of Michigan is still crying out for a gymnasium: the *Chronicle*, however, thinks that there is greater need of a new library.

The *Northwestern* is quite an enthusiastic admirer of the C. C. N. Y. *Free Press*, and says 'Its editorials are manly and pointed, and its locals thoroughly enjoyable, and for the most part, quite proper.' Some of our other exchanges appear to think differently, as to the last, though all agree as to the *pointlessness* of its editorials.

It's the Queen's College *Journal* this time! It seems that the '*Varsity*' began it, as usual. The daring manner in which the *Journal* 'shews up' the whole affair is calculated to fill with anxiety and amaze all who are acquainted with the '*Varsity's*' terrible destroying powers and scorching sarcasm.

The *Critic*, from the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, is much the best school paper we have yet seen. The *Harvardiana* laments the introduction of the marking system: it has our sympathy. The *Brunonian* speaks of 'reports,' 'demerits,' &c. What sort of a place is Brown's? Is it a grammar school, an examination shop, or a University? Are the lessons very hard, and do the teachers flog the bad boys?

Lack of space forbids that we do more than acknowledge the receipt of our other exchanges, viz: *Campus*, *College Message*, *Herkeloyan*, King's *College Record*, *Arms*, '*Varsity*', *Hamilton School Magazine*, *Normal News* and *Detroit Every Saturday*.