

are still ignored to a great extent as was clearly shown at the meeting of Tuesday, February 14th. The interests of all were represented, but theirs. Not a D. D. or a B. D. was to be seen or heard from. Not an M. A. was upon the platform,—not a graduate spoke. Why, may I ask? Are the College Fathers ashamed of all the work they have turned out and want to begin again? Do they hope to gain popularity and new friends by alienating their old ones? It certainly looks like it,—very like it; and the other omissions support the same suspicion.

Perhaps it is true that we have seen the last of 'our enemies.' Perhaps all our opposition, all our troubles are buried in Newton Toney. I do not believe a word of it, but grant it for argument's sake. Grant if you will that our dear old 'Prov.' was an utter failure in every way—surely nobody would ask so much—that he steered the old ship into dangerous shoals from fearing to put to sea, that he should have been removed long ago—anything else you choose. Would that, I ask, justify the way in which he was treated at our meeting? He was directly alluded to but once. He was indirectly pointed at several times in words of thankfulness that old things had gone by—and by some who seemed to have forgotten the copy book proverb about 'Comparisons.' Whether he steered well or badly is not the question. He stood to the helm when few other men would have done it, through many a long year of trouble, slander and persecution. He gave his energy, his intellect, his learning (and *what* learning!), his prayers, his life to Trinity for thirty years, and at the end of it he is sent back to where he came from with a 'Thank you,'—and a sigh of relief.

* Methinks of all the sins that pierce the heart of Christ anew,
And once again in bitterness bring Calvary to view,
That in those hands and feet again the nail-prints deep impress
The blackest is the loveless sin of dark unthankfulness.

This was not all. Trinity had another good friend in times past besides BISHOP STRACHAN and PROVOST WHITAKER: one whose connection with her began while she was still in embryo, and whose constant, living, helpful interest in her welfare terminated only with the day of his death but three years ago. Yes—gentlemen of the management—there was such a person as BISHOP BETHUNE. His existence was not even hinted at on the evening of the meeting, which was intended, I suppose, to rouse the graduates into renewed and earnest work for Trinity—as well as to tell the public what she ought to be. From the lowest standpoint one would suppose that the graduates would be consulted in every way. Self-interest alone would keep them active, the value of whose degrees depends upon the standing of the College in the eyes of the public.

If the authorities instead of forsaking old friends would forsake old fallacies: if they would ignore their old policy and not their old Provost, we and our enemies would have little to complain of. What was done at the meeting was, I repeat, very excellent. Would that many more had been there, that the proceedings had been well reported in the daily press, that those might see what was done who had not the privilege of being present. All hail to the New Provost. May he prove the very great success his present course promises. Hail to the new life in the Council, to their new enterprise. May our very good machinery soon want no new appendage in the way of Chairs and Buildings. And all hail to the approaching day when the voice of graduates,

students and authorities may be one,—when ROUGE ET NOIR can become the 'purely literary' journal some would like her to be—when there will be nothing nearer the hearts of her supporters to write about.

Yours, etc.,

MEGATHERIUM.

Toronto, February 28th, 1882.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The January number of the *King's College Record* came to hand too late to be noticed in our last issue. It is a paper which commands our deepest respect—indeed we deem it almost a model of what a *College* record ought to be. In all the words which its pages contain respecting the local affairs of the venerable institution which it represents, we find one thing which seems to us to be rare in our age and country, that is a true sympathy with all that is of real value in a University course, a genuine fondness for those old things about an old College which always linger in the memory of an honest man, making him look back upon his Alma Mater not as a place where he acquired his little stock of dry learning or was implicated in a few lawless freaks generally of no very reputable nature, but as a transition period during which he trained up within him a turn of mind or perhaps rather a turn of heart and imbibed certain sterling principles which clung to him and helped him ever after. We find too in the columns of the *King's College Record* none of that coarseness of tone, or that editorial smartness, if we may be allowed the expression which we regret in many of our American exchanges, especially from the west, where the multiplication of Colleges seems to have divested the University system of its last fragment of romance and reduced it almost to the level of a mere collection of degree-granting public schools. Moreover there is a strong tinge of pure literary taste running through its pages which makes us turn to it with more satisfaction perhaps than to any other of our exchanges. We are glad to see that the debt which hung over the paper sometime ago has been so much lightened that no serious difficulty now lies in its way. The staff has been increased from three to six, and publication during the summer vacation months is to be discontinued.

The *Occident* is a fair paper of its kind. "Brother Bartholomew" in the number for February 9th is a pretty thing, and so is *not* "What She Could." The rest of the paper does not amount to much.

The *College Record*, from Wheaton College, Illinois, is considerably above the average. "A fragment" in the February number is an uncommonly good little copy of verses. We thoroughly agree with the *Record* on the secret society question. The editorials are well written and well meant. In speaking of their examination system we find the following statement: "The plan recently adopted by the faculty is to have two written examinations during the term, and one oral at the close, and these, together with the daily recitations taken collectively, are each to stand for one fourth in making up the term mark." This is marking with a vengeance!—completely reducing things, we should think, to the level of one of our ordinary High Schools.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is as able and steadfast as ever. Its strong, unwavering loyalty to College and principles, together with literary taste and purity of style