

ARTS AND DIVINITY.

An article in a late number of *ROUGE ET NOIR*, headed as above "By a Tug" and signed "G. B." was of a decidedly good tone and much to the point, yet one or two ideas therein had hardly the true ring to them. "G. B., if I mistake not, is now no longer a "Tug" but a layman in every sense of the word, yet he has evidently, whether through his short connection with "Tugdom" I know not, made use of a much to be deplored idea—one in my humble estimation only too common among the clergy, viz. that of taking it for granted that every layman is dangerous till proved otherwise, (and thereby often losing a good layman, an active supporter of the true cause by giving him the cold shoulder till too late), instead of going on the good old principle of innocent till proved guilty. I must say that my experience in College has been that the average, mind I say the *average*, artsman is not likely to so deeply shock the eye and ear of the sensitive divine as "G. B." suggests. Of course there are exceptions among the artsmen, as too, there might doubtless be found some among the divines. But on the whole "G. B." has libelled us. To be sure he is right in his idea that a clergyman should come in contact with worldly ideas and worldly philosophies, and with these he may meet among the artsmen. But where I take exception to his remarks is when he accuses them of wickedness so gross as to rudely shock the sensitive nature of the Holy Divine, and when he lays the gentlemanly bearing and spirit of Trinity men to the gentle and soothing Christian influences of the "B. A. Divinity Student." I know of very few instances where any attempts of Divinity men to use influence for good in College have been so sneered at as to make it so very difficult for them to muster sufficient courage to stand by their convictions. Indeed if any have found it so, it speaks but poorly for their moral courage.

Truly any outsider reading G. B.'s article must have formed a terrible idea of the morals of Trinity artsmen, and it is only just that he should have an answer.

Let the Divines rather look to it that they themselves do not become stumbling blocks to the Artsmen by carelessness and apathy, rather than the Artsmen to the Divines by opposition and gross wickedness.

B. A., not A DIVINITY STUDENT.

OUR EXCHANGES.

What a pleasure there is to be extracted from this curious duty of the exchange editor. Do you not find it so, brother exchanges? There is more fun than you can shake a stick at to be found in your critical perusing of that huge mass of college papers piled dozens high upon your table; for of course you have them heaped all about with a great quantity of pens, inkstands, and pure white sheets of paper, doubtless also a waste paper basket under the table filled with a few odd crumpled scraps which you have gotten together on the spur of the moment for the sake of making a decent appearance; added to this you have sundry manuscripts strewn upon chairs, perhaps also the floor around you; all which has been suggested to you by a desire to see your enemy, who lives next door, if he calls upon you, retire abashed before the unutterable majesty of your literary importance. You light your pipe perhaps, (at any rate we do), and ponder gloatingly upon the fearful sarcasms you

might make if liked upon some of the luckless sheets, whose pages you are turning over. "What wondrous strange things," you say to yourself in the moralizing mood into which your pipe of tobacco has thrown you, "are these College papers, these puny efforts of boyish ambition to fill some infinitesimal niche among the myriad multitudes of the literary world?" Yes, you are perfectly right—queer, empty, egotistical things they are most of them, and yet they are pardonable, nay, lovable, for the very daring of their attempt. Some young University is started, no matter where, and in the ardour of its growing battle with the world, its ears filled with accounts of the literary feats of its great neighbors, it establishes a college paper, elects an editing staff, including of course an exchange editor. This paper in the increase of its years grows deeply critical and wondrous wise. Its exchange editor, feeling within himself a growing consciousness of the immeasurable magnitude of his position, elevates himself upon the lofty pedestal of unimpeachable criticism, and casting about him for worlds to conquer, unfortunately for him, lights upon some old collegiate giant, whose power he knows not, and bitterly belabours him, in fact, in his opinion, destroys the prospects of that paper forever. The giant brushes him off like a fly with a twitch of his tail—a very short answer to the point that exchange editor's face is sad and careworn for a month, unless he is a blockhead, in which case he keeps on and gets worse chewed up than ever—in the end his columns generally grow mild and conciliating. Beware, ye editors, how ye criticize your remarks are not always wise or discerning. Instance *Acta Victoriana's* daring, we had almost said impertinent observations upon the *King's College Record*, which we consider to be, with the exception of the *'Varsity* (and of course ourselves, you know), decidedly the best College paper in Canada. Our good friend, the *Queen's College Journal*, too, in an article entitled "University Centralization" endeavoured lately to pull a few feathers out of the tail of the mighty *'Varsity*. Though we love the *Queen's College Journal* for his civility towards ourselves, and admire him for the simple beauty of his dress, yet we think his criticism not over wise.

One of the darkest failings we observe in the modern College paper is a morbid tendency towards making jokes. The ordinary local editor seems to imagine that he is bound on pain of death to salute the eyes of his readers with at least one or two fresh witticisms in every number. The consequence is that these poor beings are continually breaking out into a wild and feverish facetiousness, which rather astonishes such sober people as ourselves until we get used to it. Of this lamentable disease the following are a few fearful examples:

"JUNIOR A.—Have you heard that about Dr. Thomas' heresy?"

JUNIOR B.—No, I did not *hear or see* anything about it."—*Acta Victoriana*.

MR. PROF.—There is such a place as Hades, is there?"

—M.—Yes, Sir. "PROF.—Where is it?" MR. M. In the Southern part of Greece, Sir."—*Roanoke Collegian*.

"PROF. referring to an erroneous statement just made.—What do you think, Mr. H?" H.—with gravity.—I consider that incorrect, Sir. PROF.—How should it?" MR. H. with still more gravity.—I do not know, Sir."—*Ariel*.

These are all of them pretty wretched, but we think