

singular boldness, but a little reflection convinces one of its appropriateness. The poem abounds in figures equally striking. As a matter of fact, however, we prefer "Simon the Chopper" to "A Marshland River" but at the same time we feel the second to be the stronger poem as it is certainly the more ambitious.

PROF. CHARLES MacDONALD.

(Dalhousie Gazette.)

"Wilt thou not take another in his stead?"
Once more Apollo's plea; and Death's reply,
"Him and no other." So, his work laid by,
The long days of his labour being sped,
He sleeps in peace. But from that silent bed
Ere yet he passed, God grant his inward eye
Beheld a vision splendid, saw how high
Love set his name among the men he led.

Let us believe he saw in many lands
Old student friends, and heard them cry "farewell,
Thou of the tender heart and helpful hands,"
And felt it fame enough that they should tell
That no man stumbled on the upward way
Because he lived, who left us yesterday.

The April *Gazette* is a notable monument to the memory of Professor MacDonald; notable both for the love which determined its character and for the ability which gave that love such ample and admirable utterance. The number is a large one comprising seventy-two pages of closely-printed reminiscence. There are also six fine portraits representing Professor MacDonald at different ages. One need but glance at the rugged face with its genial strength and leonine proportions to understand in some degree the love and admiration which he won alike from friends and pupils. Death robbed Dalhousie when she took Professor MacDonald but our sister University may still be grateful for that noble legacy of influence and example which is hers to guard and treasure. We should be positivists at least in our reverence for the memory of great and good men.

Our *Excelsior* friends have found a grievance and are disposed to nurse it. The boys write well—very well at times—and their remarks are occasionally just and pertinent. Time will no doubt improve their composition and temper their terocity—or perhaps it would be juster and kinder to say—their childish petulance. The paper despite its crudities is certainly not without merit.

The *Manitoba College Journal* is always neat as a new pin, and with both head and point to it. Indeed the point (which means of course the joke department) is incomparably bright and keen. This no doubt is because the jokes are stolen and not home-made abominations of vinegar and dough. Joke-editors are, as a general rule, too scrupulous, and as poor in wit as they are rich in honesty. The Journal