

spot where Burns met his "Lass of Ballochmyle" is shown, and in his old home the present occupant shows me the very spot he was born in; Yea verily, the blood of Rizzio is clearly visible behind the door of Hollyrood Palace, and Jenny Geddes stool; doubt it if you choose, I have actually seen in the Edinburgh Museum, right opposite Knox's pulpit.

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On we steam over the waters, while midnight draws on, warning me to close.

THE *Argosy* has a complacent little bit of a moral essay, uniting the abstract and concrete in its nature in a delightfully subtle manner. The object intended to be benefitted by it, has, no doubt, ere this cried "peccavi, peccavi," and reformed, unless mayhap he be too old—grown gray in wickedness. Considered as a short treatise on conceit the writer manages to perpetrate every error he so censoriously notices, but with such a bland and childlike simplicity that one can easily forgive him. Considered as to its mechanical execution it is in one part quite an abnormal curiosity in rhetoric and grammar. This for instance:

"Some folks appear not merely to be thinskinned, but to have been (morally) deprived of any skin at all; and such folks punish themselves severely enough for their folly."

Before undertaking to lecture old men, you had better stick to your private essay writing and give some careful attention to Bain, Blair, or Whately. We would not advise Lennie, but you will find a very good primary work in McCabe, and when you get on a little, in Swinton.

How can any one be morally deprived of his skin? It has puzzled us. Perhaps the "I" of this article has a moral knife for experimental flaying. Does he mean that the poor fellow is skinned in a moral, *i. e.* half religious way? We think the subject of the operation is entitled to a voice in such nomenclature. But some one is represented as doing the skinning at first; and next we infer that the man did it himself—a contradiction somewhere. Next we find the gentleman minus his skin, inflicting punishment on himself for his folly. Would it not be wiser for him to punish the butcher who so cunningly stole his epidermis? Let the curtain fall over the mutilated corpse.

But mark the ending of this curiosity! Fancy a youth, presumably of fifteen summers, stepping up to a hoary-headed man, honorably known in two Continents, and pompously exclaiming:—"Before expressing your opinion so confidently, sir, you should have considered what that opinion was worth!" That is what the *Argosy* does. If other than a boy wrote it, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon.

Vale! vale! Requiescat in pace.

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#### What's in our Exchanges.

THE *Oberlin Review* is the first exchange we welcome to our table. Among several very readable articles we might mention "A Review Lesson on Definitions," which will repay a careful perusal.

THE *Argosy*, short for *Eurhetorian Argosy*, comes to hand in new and improved style. It is now a large sixteen page pamphlet, and cherry and tasty withal. We think the *Argosy* is going up, not according to the slang, but in the scale of merit. The first number promises well for the year. Some fanciful "Observations on Grammar" particularly caught our eye.

OTHER exchanges which we cannot notice fully at present are: *Parker Quarterly*, *Tuft's Collegian*, *McGill Gazette*, *Lawrence Collegian*, etc.