

himself in literary training, yet he will hold him up to the public in the most ridiculous light, and spend all the powers of his imagination in painting this little error in the blackest dye, trying, at least, to satisfy some grudge which he may owe the writer. This is heralded from one to the other, until the great mass of the people have formed an opinion, simply from the light in which the prejudice of this would-be critic has placed the author; only a few who have read the original production know the author's real worth.

This is the kind of criticism against which we most earnestly protest, as, in our opinion, it is an injustice to the writer, a deception to the public and a disgrace to humanity. In our exchange work we find some very pleasant features. We are exposed to all kinds of criticism. We are sometimes handled pretty roughly, yet we always take it all in good part, supposing it to be the quantity and quality especially adapted to our wants. We are free to speak and also free to receive criticism. But whether we give or take, let's be social.

J. O. S.

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Index* is aspiring. Forward march!

The *Bates Student* seems to be run by a genius, for the new editor puts it forth with five pages of poems. Launch forth, Mr. Editor. Poetry is easily digested or thrown up.

Wading through the exchanges, we next light upon the *Cornell Era*. It is a weakly, published by the students of Cornell College. It speaks well for its enterprising editors, and does honor to the school.

The *Berkleyan*, all the way from the Pacific coast, comes boiling over with cuteness, with finishing touches of sarcasm intended, no doubt, for wit. The editor tries his hand at poetry. The following is the pathetic strain:

"One less importunate  
Spirit to quench;  
Sadly unfortunate (?)  
Kicked out of French."

The *Archangel*, though small, is rich in thought and neat in appearance, and is a welcome visitor to our sanctum. A small light may have a great effect. Take warning.

The *Jewell* is well worthy of mention. It is of magazine form, and rich in thought. It seems to be free from prejudice and bigotry. Well edited and tastily put together; it presents a fine appearance. It does credit to its managers and well repays the reviewer.

How we used to delight to listen to the echo of our sonorous voices coming from the distant wood. We well knew that whatever we might say would be echoed back with unflinching regularity. And now, as we pick up the *Colby Echo*, coming all the way from Maine, finding its way to our table, we are again reminded of our youthful days. But it is far different from our childish sports. Instead of echoing and reechoing what we put forth, it brings us something new. It is a welcome visitor, bringing news from a distant section of our country. Besides local news, it contains considerable readable matter, yet we do not feel at liberty to give it our unqualified praise, but would say, Keep up courage, and push ahead.

The *Neoterian* is before us. It is a neat looking sheet, and contains some good thought. We will not criticise any of its articles, but will suggest that its editorial corps be cut down, and to fill the space now taken up by these numerous names, and at the same time render it an interesting portion, that they (the names) be supplanted by a section of Webster's Unabridged.

"Declaration of Love" is the thrilling title of a well written article in the *University Monthly*, from Alabama. It is full of pith and point and contains a good deal of truth. It shows that the scorching rays of the imperial sun are not fatal to thought and reason in the region of the Gulf.