

in a mantle of dignity and with chilling epithets smother the rising ambition of young and inexperienced writers; others still, greet friend and foe alike, with crusty words and contemptuous sarcasm. Seldom do we find our ideal exchange editor who knows when to praise and when to censure, who, dropping a cheering word of praise here, and giving sage advice there, rebuking this one and ridiculing that one, courageously performs the arduous duties of his position.

The *Bates Student* greets us with its usual well-written editorials and tame local. The January number contains a poem entitled "Night Watch" which was much above the average.

Most of our exchanges have a certain column devoted to communications and correspondence. The articles are upon current topics of interest to students and must necessarily add to the usefulness of the paper.

The *Alabama University Monthly* with its usual heroism, in an earnestly written article courageously defends red hair. All honor to the brave editor! We wish him a long and happy life, and

An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night.

A long essay on Street Scenes we did not like. The author was evidently aiming at an originality to which he was not able to attain. The effort was painful and oppressed us.

It seems to us that the *Collegian* and *Nestorian* with three local editors who are Juniors, should have bright witty locals instead of the spiritless ones which characterized the January number; unless it be that "too many cooks spoil the broth." An essay on Nature's Poetry was bubbling over with verdant oaks purling streams, mountain torrents, butter-cups, unfurrowed prairies, startled snakes and tiny pebbles.

A plea for Mythology was a strong logical production and was very creditable to its classical author.

The *Albany Monthly* contains an excellent parody: the "Soph's Prayer." We give a quotation.

Backward, turn backward O time in your flight!
Make me a child again just for to-night,
Morpheus, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your arms as of yore.
I can but think of the speech I've to write,
But subjects and thoughts have taken their flight.

O that to mortals your art you would teach;
Write me a speech, Clio, write me a speech!

Tired of the German, the Latin, the Greek;
Tired of the contest 'twixt Deltas and Deke;
Many a Spring time the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded vacations between;
And with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for my childhood again,
O that my prayer to Olympus might reach!
Write me a speech, Clio, write me a speech!

An article on Richard the Third was a faithful portraiture of that dissolute monarch; and another on the Adams family was interesting.

The "Ancient" of the *University Reporter* calls us a "red-backed seed catalogue," and frantically exclaims, "How can an editor let friendship compel him to publish such miserably distracted prose and call it poetry? 'The Smash-up' indeed! Why I'd smash up any man who'd hand me a poem like that!" Don't be rash, Mr. Editor, we do not so closely cover our outside pages with advertisements as to make it almost impossible to find out the name of the paper! And it won't do to make fun of our poetry when, with eight editors the best that adorns your pages is so ridiculous an effusion as this.

"Sing, sing, ye gentle breezes
All among the sticks and treeses!
Waft, waft, ye little blowses
Coolness to our ears and noses!"

A bard who could produce that, is, in our opinion, sufficiently light-headed enough to be speedily wafted away by the first "little blowses" that come along.

The soothing pleasures of the Holidays having lost their benign influence upon the exchange editor of the *Niagra Index* he has again launched forth with the tom-