

## EXCHANGES

Easter Greetings. And with that same Easter comes the publishing of numerous college quarterlies, to say nothing of the other more frequent editions. To those we extend our immediate best wishes.

Concerning college magazines, an editorial appeared in a recent *McMaster Quarterly* which we would like to pass on as sound advice. It quotes from "Professor at Bay" by Burgess Jackson: "Publications are moving slowly toward the natural relationship which should exist between them and all writing source." It then goes on to point out the integral relationship which exists between curricular work and student publications. And that is more than mere words.

For, in a representative college paper, success is based on the co-operation of the student body with the staff, and the development of latent literary abilities. Upon this latter, most depends. In the many exchanges which come to our desk, all too many, and from institutions of large enrollment too, the same names appear in the index regularly. Some of these are fine magazines, no doubt, but they are not representative. The style of Emerson or the vocabulary of Macaulay are not necessary, but, rather like Burns, the "Muse, though homely in attire, may touch the heart."

In this issue, we salute our French Canadian brethren at Laval and Rimouski, to whom we owe many brilliant students. Perhaps it is out of order that the reviews appear in French, but, in order to do full justice to the two papers, the editor thought that to be the better course. They are, incidentally, the handiwork of two former students of the respective institutions.

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Self reverence, self knowledge, self control;  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

—*The Patrician Quarterly.*



## THE McMASTER QUARTERLY

One of the most popular books on our shelves, the *McMaster* representative fully merits this reputation. Although the standard of this publication is always high we did not think that the second number was as good as the first, but perhaps that was because the latter was of particular excellence, or so we might judge from various comments hereabout.

The current issue does honour to our Governor General, or, if you will, John Buchan, statesman and man of letters. Of all the articles, three are in reference to the man. One we read with interest was an address delivered recently by him at McMaster. Written in the well known Buchan manner, it is based on good common sense and presents a problem worthy of thought for all college students. The two companion pieces are, first, an analysis of our Governor's adventuring stories; secondly, a review of his new biography "Augustus." If this book lives up to the reviewer's vivid account it will certainly be put on our list of libri legendi.

The fine arts receive tribute in the person of Pieter Brueghel, an Italian painter of the sixteenth century, and something more modern on sculpture. The humour is supplied by History in Retrospect, an amusing and utterly senseless account of the history of the world since the Punic Wars. Our curiosity was aroused by the alleged unearthing of a little-known poet from the dust covered shelves of a library. Since the article was an interesting one, and the samples of poetry lively, we took the liberty to investigate, but with negative results, from a few ponderous tomes. We extend our congratulations to the author, however, for his originality, and the few quiet chuckles which resulted.

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The literary section of your magazine is very well composed. The variety and careful writing of the various subjects appeals to us greatly.—Exchange Editor of *The Oracle*.

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L'HEBDO LAVAL.

Pour nous, Canadiens-français, chaque nouvel "Hebdo" apporte ce que j'appellerai une dose de plaisir . . . Plaisir hélas trop court ! La pilule est succulente . . . mais



elle fond si vite. Vous sacrifiez la quantité à la qualité ? Tout de même, les deux ne pourraient-ils pas se cotoyer : surtout si l'on tient compte du nombre d'étudiants qui fréquentent l'Université Laval et de la diversité des branches qu'on y enseigne.

Evidemment, l'Hebdo ne vit pas d'amour et d'eau fraîche, à preuve, ses tirades Rossiniennes (c'est plus que tu ne méritais, bel adonis). Il en résulte que la feuille universitaire doit sortir de son domaine et nous rappeler la saveur de notre merluche, le nombre de nos épinettes, l'existence du téléphone . . .

Personnellement, si j'avais une suggestion à faire, je m'exprimerais ainsi : Ayez deux pages complètes d'annonces si nécessaire, mais de grâce conservez vos quatre pages actuelles pour des écrits moins prosaïques.

Ce que tout le monde aimerait rencontrer dans votre journal ? Des articles plus nombreux et plus variés, ayant trait aux différentes carrières vers lesquelles vous vous dirigez.

A nos vœux de Pâques, nous joignons, chers compatriotes, celui de voir rayonner de plus en plus, au moyen de la presse universitaire, l'idéal catholique et canadien-français vers lequel nous tendons tous.

J. J. B., '38

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Conservons l'âme canadienne, fortifions-la. Et pour cela, commençons par connaître notre âme nationale. Notre âme nationale ce n'est pas une mystique de petite patries ; c'est ce qui distingue la nation canadienne des autres nations de la terre, c'est la pensée canadienne, la Ploitique canadienne, notre manière de nous gouverner ou d'être gouvernés.—*L'Hebdo-Laval*.

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#### LA VIE ECOLIERE

En ce qui concerne les échanges que "St. Dunstan's Red and White" fait avec les universités et collèges des autres provinces, nous remarquons une petite revue française, qui vient chaque mois nous parler de ce qui se passe dans un collège de la Province de Québec.

La Vie Ecolière redigée par les élèves du Séminaire de Rimouski est, si j'ai bonne mémoire, la seule édition française, qui nous parvienne d'un collège classique. Ne vivons



pas dans ce mensonge de croire que cette revue est plus parfaite que les autres, mais humblement, jugeons-la sans illusion.

L'an passé, elle franchissait la grande étape de son vingt-cinquième anniversaire: ce fut un événement remarquable, car c'était la seule feuille collégiale, qui parût si long temps sans jamais faillir à la tâche. Grâce à la générosité des bienfaiteurs, grâce au travail ardu de milliers d'étudiants, la Vie Ecolière établissait un record et s'ache-minait "vers l'avenir" "Ad multos annos."

Nous sommes fiers, nous les anciens de l'Alma Mater, nous les amis de la Vie Ecolière, de lire cette feuille, qui nous rappelle tant de joyeux souvenirs.

J'espère, que longtemps encore, la Vie Ecolière sera au nombre des échanges de "St. Dunstan's Red and White" et que les anciens de Rimouski, pourront encore lire de Charlottetown, les divers faits de la vie étudiante au pays Laurentien: fraternelles salutations!

"Attende tibi et doctrinae."

L. B. Com.

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L'homme est conduit dans la vie par quelqu'un de meilleur que l'homme et quelque chose de meilleur que la vie.—*La Vie Ecolière*.

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#### THE COLLEGE TIMES

Banded with blue and white, and bearing the crest of the three plumes, *The College Times* comes to us from our sister institution in the city, Prince of Wales College. On reading it through we note that the student body, for the contributors seem numerous, possess the necessary ability to produce a really fine magazine. But we regret that their efforts lack that "pith o' sense and pride o' worth" which might be expected from a college with an enviable scholastic record such as they possess.

There is a very noticeable lack of the serious, and much of the space is occupied, to borrow a title from the paper itself, by Just Doggerel. Two things, however, appear on the other side of the balance sheet. The Athletic Department is inclusive and well written; it might fittingly serve as a model for other department editors to follow. Also, something that is not found in many magazines, is a



public forum where the opinions of the student body may be voiced in letter form.

Short stories, a few articles, and a little poetry of more serious note would do much to improve *The College Times*. On the whole, we were disappointed with this publication, as we expected better. But perhaps the day is not so far off when our hopes and expectations will be fulfilled.

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A sage once said that a mountain spawned  
A mouse, poor dire effect;  
Yet many a sage in his pride has scorned  
The God whom his powers reflect.

—*The Franciscan*.

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#### THE CANISIUS QUARTERLY

For this Quarterly, we are indebted to our American neighbors, to be exact, Canisius College, Buffalo, New York. It is well thumbed by the frequenters of the Exchange Desk, and for a good reason, since it offers a wide variety of subjects for profitable reading.

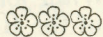
This is one college magazine which appears to have no trouble obtaining sufficient poetry to fill its pages. There is a scarcity of good verse in many of the papers we receive, but certainly that department of literature has not been neglected here. Especially to be commended is the "Lament for Seumas Conn McNeill." It touches a simple topic, but dresses it well, and concludes with the very practical couplet:

"So, Irish folk of Erin land, if you will all be pleased to kneel  
We'll say a little prayer for the soul of Seumas Conn  
McNeill!"

We read with pleasure an article entitled "And for Humanity," a tribute to those who fought the yellow fever plague in Cuba, and those who died in the battle against the death-laden mosquito. The story was, of course, familiar, but it lost nothing in this telling. A short story "Experiment With Death" rang up four stars for its unique theme. At last the secular press has been called to task in the article "If This Be Treason." It takes the form of an exposé of the headline-hunting press, which, regardless of



the veracity of its statements, prints sensations solely for the sake of sensation. Facts are brought out to prove that glaring errors, unfounded stories, and prejudiced opinions are presented to the reading public as solemn truth. It is high time that something was done about this unfortunate state of affairs, and *The Canisius Quarterly* is to be praised for the good start it has made.



"All true work is sacred, in all true work, were it but true hard labour, there is something of divineness."—*Carlyle*.

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But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,  
Were sure the chief and best of human race,  
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;  
So perfect, that the gods, who framed you, wondered  
At their own skill, and cried—A lucky hit  
Has mended our design.

—*Dryden*.

