

## EXCHANGES.

Our exchange department was omitted in our first issue chiefly for lack of material and partly for want of space, we will see however that it does not occur again.

The *Trinity Tablet* usually contains an interesting story and a good deal of verse which is especially good.

The *College Student* comes to us in a very much improved form, not only in appearance but especially in the quality of its literary work. It seems strange that F. and M. who are no larger than ourselves should be able to support not only a first class monthly but also a good weekly while we are hardly able to support a monthly.

The majority of our exchanges have been devoting a great deal of work and space to short stories and the more they do it the more interesting they become. There is probably no quicker way in which a person's literary ability can be brought out, than in this manner. The *Nassau Lit.* excels especially in this line and some of its short stories are very interesting.

We notice from one of our exchanges that Bucknell is added to the list of those colleges in which the undergraduate is given a place in the government of his classmates and fellow students. There are times when there would be little advantage in this, and yet there are instances in which serious trouble would be avoided. The *Pennsylvanian* after giving some of the advantages of this system goes on to say: "The sharing by the faculty of the government of the students with the students themselves places the latter on a higher plane of responsibility than has generally been accorded the undergraduates. The latter is to a great extent responsible for the moral standing of his institution and of her men. He feels that her laws are as much of a creation of himself as the laws of the State or Nation are of our citizen. The law and order of the institution are in his hands in part, and, instead of being in-

clined at times to defy what is obnoxious in them, he will uphold and strive to remedy their faults and defects."

## LANCELETS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O hush in thy toil, my nation ;  
A lender is taken from thee ;  
Now sink upon bended knee,  
And silently pour lamentation,  
As fitting the grand one, whose station  
Henceforth ever empty must be.

Thank God for the life that is ended :  
No grander New England has known ;  
He stood far above us, alone ;  
'Twas the spirit of Christ that descended,  
And all virtues of Heaven that blended,  
In giving that character tone.

How tenderly each word was spoken,  
That the great bard of Freedom has said ;  
How modestly bowed he his head,  
When he saw the rent shackles, that token  
Of slavery, sundered and broken.  
And now the sweet warrior is dead.

How he sang of New England ever ;  
No bard has e'er loved it so well ;  
None like him its story could tell.  
Like the course of his pretty river,  
His memory sweeps on forever,  
In the land where he labored and fell.

In the harvest month of September  
The reaper has garnered the grain,  
Long ripened and bent on the plain.  
But how sweet it is to remember  
That the glow of an extinguished ember  
Will brighten and shine forth again.

O mourn for him, mourn for a brother,  
Ye millions loved by him for years ;  
And, O Freedom, from whom he drove fears,  
Shower honors, New England, his mother,  
For never shall ye have another  
More worthy thy love and thy tears.

Within the lonely class-room  
A maiden sat in tears  
Because her ears had never known  
"The music of the spheres."

But as she sat in sorrow  
Through room and hall-way swept  
The drum corps' grand heroic strains  
And she no longer wept.

— University Cynic.