

Besides the Autocrat and the Professor we have the Poet at the Breakfast Table, and the old man returns to the same surroundings with a difference in "Over the Tea Cups"? Nothing escapes our author, he notices when "buckwheat is skerce and high" then he takes us into the regions of the transcendent philosophy. Earnest he is, as well as playful, tender, humorous, severe he can be, a striver after truth, an interpreter of nature, a prophet of humanity, Not so soul stirring as Carlyle or Emerson he really knows more of what is going on in the world; if his imagination is not so creative as Hawthorne's his creations are more like the people we see every day. His music is not so melodious as Longfellow's, and his verses are sometimes too full of technicalities, his humour is not so broad as Lowell's, nor is he such an accomplished orator, but his works are more read. Time after time we come back to the genial old man, who would talk freely to a complete stranger and who has been known to answer an unknown schoolboy's letter of admiring appreciation, and who found no human interest a thing out of his beat. We may not go to him for our theology, for there are higher and purer fountains than his, but we can go to him as to a touchstone to test our sincerity of purpose, our kindness of feeling, our docility as regards truth, and our charity; and in his writings we shall find nothing that is allied with selfishness or meanness. We shall find smiles without sneers and reproofs that do not rankle.

Lennoxville, November, 1894.

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EDITORIAL.

The inter-collegiate debate which took place during the past month, apart from the interest and success which characterized it in a so marked degree, would have been an event of great significance and opportunity if it could have pointed to some real, some lasting union among the colleges and Christian bodies which were repre-