

debates are to be an annual and not a casual occurrence, a debating league must be formed with a definite constitution, for otherwise these questions will be mooted every year and never settled. A certain date for the debate is most convenient: let it be fixed. The subject should be known by a certain time; make provisions for that and decide upon a fair way of choosing the subject. Only when these and the many other matters arising in this connection are finally settled and removed from the sphere of annual discussion will satisfactory results be achieved.

W. E. MCNEILL.

Our Exchanges.

EDITOR: W. E. MCNEILL.

The King's College Record is always bright and interesting, and the January number is no exception. "Reminiscences of Haliburton, 1890," is a survey of college life with its joys and sorrows. Referring to the sudden death of one of the King's men while visiting Wolfville about that time, the writer says: "The Acadians in a body followed his bier to the Railway depot, as a tribute to his fellow-King's-men, as a mark of sorrow for his untimely death. Never action became them better, never tribute more kindly remembered."

The Presbyterian College Journal of Montreal is the largest college paper which reaches our table. Its articles are of high literary excellence. Although very few of the contributions are from members of the student body, there is always a due amount of space devoted to matters of local interest. The monthly "Talks about Books," by Rev. Prof. Campbell, LL. D., is one of the *Journal's* chief features.

The McMaster Monthly is another paper which is always good from cover to cover. The editors are fortunate in being able to obtain from time to time some poetic gem from the pen of Dr. Rand. From the little poem "At the Ford" which appears in the last issue we copy a few stanzas:

Life's darkness is background for God,
For unsleeping Love's high command,
And the shadowy heap of each life
Is revealed at the touch of his hand.

And the arm of Love doth wrestle
All night by the fords we cross,
To shrivel our sinews of self
And give his blessing for loss.

Night shows the houses of heaven,
O pilgrim for life's journey shod,
And from out the sleeve of darkness
Is thrust the arm of God!