years of the most active national life that modern times have shown? Would such an origin justify Sir Henry Maine's admission (Popular Government, p. 110) that the American system 'has been adequately discussed, as well as tested by experiment'? Would it not be more exact to say that the work of the Convention was mainly that of selection from the provisions of the State Constitutions in which they had been adequately discussed, as well as tested by experiment?" And he goes on to show that this was really the case more fully than I have seen done elsewhere. Old John Adams, who was not wont to hide his light under a bushel, and who was the real framer of the Massachusetts Constitution, used to boast that he had thereby made himself the framer of the U. S. Constitution also; and doubtless our own venerable document was really, in many ways, the pattern both of the United States and of other State Constitutions. How well prepared he was for such work may be seen in his "Defense of the American Constitution," which fills three volumes of his collected writings, and which, though it has lost much of its value now, was a work of considerable importance in its day.

Third-year students will perhaps be interested, in connection with a recent lecture of mine, in a paper in the same number, on Essays and Essay-Writing. "I doubt," says the writer, "whether any term in literary nomenclature is so indefinite as the word 'Essay.' In histories of literature we rarely find the essayists classified by themselves, but under the head of moralists, critics, humorists, and the like; or if used, the term is little more than a convenient way of designating whatever may not very well be otherwise catalogued. As ordinarily understood, the essay is simply a comparatively short prose composition on a single theme. The special object of this article is to protest against this confusion of thought, and to vindicate the essay proper as a distinct species of literary production, both in form and quality."

The Andover Review for October contains a highly appreciative review, by the Rev. Julius H. Ward, of the just published and long-looked-for biography of Mr. Emerson, by Mr. J. Elliot Cabot. "There is not a line too much," says Mr. Ward, perhaps with the recollection of the unfortunate biography of Carlyle in his mind, "nor hardly a line too little, in the entire work; the biographer is not thrust forward at the expense of the hero, nor are there any remarks that do not grow out of the plainest necessity. The biography is as judiciously written as if the eternal gods had held the pen, and administered justice on every page. But with all this repression, there is nothing wanting to a full elucidation of Emerson's career, or to a sufficient explanation of his secret. It is a biography of our most distinguished literary American of which even Plutarch might have been proud to be the author."

"It is now forty years," he goes on, "since Theodore Parker, with the magnanimity of a great scholar, rose to an appreciation of Emerson's merits as a leader of American literature in an essay contributed to the Massachusetts Quarterly Review, from which there is not a word of praise to be discounted to-day. He saw Emerson as one of the immortals, and dedicated to him his best work, the 'Ten Sermons,' as the one in whom their spirit is best fulfilled." What would have been said if such praise as this, of New England's two great heretics, had appeared in whatever was the Andover Review of forty years ago? Of the excellence of Mr. Cabot's biography, no higher praise can be given than to say that it fully deserves a place by the side of the writings of the man whose life it depicts.

The class in literature may also be interested in a paper in Macmillan's for October, on "Coleridge and the Quantock Hills," the beautiful region in Somersetshire, where Coleridge spent the only happy portion of his unhappy life. And in the English Illustrated for October, there are some pretty pictures of that region. How many readers of The Tech know whereabouts in England Somersetshire lies, or stop to think how much added interest may be given to the study of English History and English literature by a good knowledge of the local geography of our old mother country? Let them provide themselves with Mr. Greene's excellent little "Short Geography of the British Isles," and with Phillip's handy little "County Atlas of England," or, failing that, with a pretty little county atlas that may be had for an English shilling.

W. P. A.

There are many Institute men who would like to join the Photographic Society, but who do not know the exact method of procedure to do so. The Society should post a bulletin explaining this to those who are desirous of knowing.