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Vol. 1.]

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[No. 1.

OUR ALMA MATER.

THE TYRO in making its bow to the public, and soliciting for itself a candid hearing, cannot avoid saying something about our Alma Mater, who has embraced us in her loving arms, and watched over and stimulated our intellectual growth thus far. Thirteen years ago the Institute at Woodstock was opened for instruction. The school was organized on the fourth of July, 1860 ; and by the end of the first short term, there were between thirty and forty pupils on the roll. The second term the attendance was nearly double the above number. But before the third term, opened the Institute buildings were burned down. On the morning of the 8th of January, 1861, on the spot where our present noble edifice stands, there was nothing but a pile of smoking ruins. When the former edifice (which was not quite finished) was burned, the Trustees had only eight thousand dollars insurance on it, and they owed thirteen thousand six hundred dollars. Few then had any confidence in the Baptists being able to organize a good school, and hence up to this time contributions came in grudgingly. But the terrible calamity which came upon the Institute at the very threshold of its career, touched the great heart of the Denomination, and in fourteen weeks twenty-one thousand six hundred dollars were subscribed to rebuild the Institute edifice, and pay off the debt. The Hon. Wm. McMaster, who has more than once inaugurated schemes which have resulted in great good to our educational interests, promptly came forward

after the fire and pledged four thousand dollars (in addition to previous generous contributions) on condition that twenty thousand dollars should be raised. This, as we have said, was speedily done and even exceeded. In this way we secured our main building, but we had no library nor philosophical apparatus; how were these to be got? God raised up friends whose repeated acts of liberality, have, to a great extent, supplied these wants. We have now about 3,000 vols. of well selected books, and the number is increasing more and more rapidly. J. S. McMaster, Esq., of Manchester, has been the largest contributor to the Library, and T. James Claxton, Esq., of Montreal, has nearly overtaken him in donations for this object. Thomas Lailey, Esq., of Toronto, has also made a fine contribution. Then, as we have no endowment as yet, it is necessary to raise funds year by year for the current expenses. This work our Principal has undertaken and effected in a most satisfactory manner thus far. Several large hearted and far sighted men have contributed two hundred dollars yearly for this object. A. R. McMaster, Esq., and J. S. McMaster, Esq., have each given two hundred dollars per annum towards our current expenses for a number of years. D. D. Calvin, Esq., M.P.P., gives the same amount, and two or three others give one hundred dollars each yearly. The attendance of pupils during the last six or seven years has steadily increased. We have usually the largest attendance during the Winter term, and our smallest during the Summer. Our growth may be judged from the following statement: The number on the roll in the Winter of 1871 was 134; the number on the roll last Winter was 159. The roll of the Summer term (1871) was 103. That of this Summer is 122. This growth has obliged the Trustees to enlarge their buildings and facilities for instruction. Messrs. McMaster and Claxton generously headed a movement for this object with a subscription of \$4,000. To this there have been added contributions from the Denomination amounting to \$13,000, making in all, for land required by the Institute, and buildings, \$17,000. The Trustees are engaged in enlarging the present main edifice so as to double the capacity of the dining room and furnish three large class rooms, &c. This enlargement will be completed by next Fall term. They are also engaged in the erection of a separate building, ninety feet long by fifty wide, with a wing 70

feet long. The building will be three stories high, and will, with the other changes now in progress, nearly double the capacity of the Institute. This separate building, we are sorry to learn, will not be completed till a year from next September. One feature in all this work, we wish to present with special prominence to our readers:—The Trustees purpose completing their present enlargement plans *without debt*. They wish to preserve this noble property, which they are accumulating and perfecting for the Denomination, without encumbrance. They wish to bear with them the motto of the noble Hampden, *vestigia nulla retorsum*. We take no backward steps, our way in our great work is onward and upward! We cannot close this brief paper without alluding to one or two other facts connected with the work and history of our beloved school. We need scarcely remind our readers that both males and females are received into the literary department, and the style and character of the instruction which they receive in this department may be judged of from the standing taken by our boys at their examinations in Toronto University. We hope to have, ere long, a body of examiners appointed by the authority of the Ontario Government, who shall be unconnected with the work of teaching, and whose duty it shall be to examine all applicants for standings or degrees. Then we shall not fear to have our boys enter into competition with any and all comers. The religious benefits of this school should not be overlooked. Over two hundred and fifty young people have been hopefully converted in the Institute, since it was opened for scholars. That is, from fifteen to twenty per cent. of all those who were non-professors of religion at the time of their admission, have been brought, as we hope, to the knowledge of Christ. For this, all true Christians must be thankful to God. In this our first paper, we have deemed it proper to sketch the history of our Alma Mater, allude to what has been done for her, and hint at what she has done. We shall leave to the imagination of our readers, to fancy what may be the future of the Institute. It is standing on a firm foundation, out of debt, surrounded by the sympathies and affection of the Baptist Denomination, and many others besides. It is resolved to raise its curriculum, and extend its sphere of usefulness; and we heartily join in saying *Excelsior!* We are resolved not only to help our Alma Mater in her great work, but duly to inform our readers of her progress and triumphs.

TIME.

(From "The Garland.")

Speed on, O Time, thy stayless chariot wheels ;
 Thou guardian of forgotten lore speed on.
 Thou, wise in all earth's secrets 'neath whose seal,
 Dim with the dust of ages, mysteries lie,
 Which man has sought, but ever vainly sought,
 To fathom. Jealously as miser guards
 His glittering treasures, deep in murky vault,
 Where never ray of blessed sunlight comes
 To guild the gloom, nor the pure breath of heaven
 To stir the noisome vapors, so dost thou,
 O Time, thy treasures guard. Oh ! now relent ;
 We wait to seize thy spoils ; our eager hearts
 Burn for the story of the vanished years.
 Unfold the record of forgotten days,
 Of lands renowned of old. Cities whose towers
 And palaces and gilded fanes, now prone
 In utter ruin on the barren earth,
 Alone remain to tell us what they were.
 Who reared those lofty piles of stately marble ?
 Those graceful pillars ? Whose triumphal train
 Swept proudly through those arches, now defaced
 And slowly crumbling into dust ? Whose voice
 In patriot eloquence waked thunder in
 Those halls of shade ? And who in other days,
 'Mid terraces and hills now desolate,
 Dwelt peacefully and called those ruins home ?
 Canst thou not tell ? Perchance from thy dim page
 Their diary has faded, never more
 The eyes of man to greet, till that great day
 When thou shalt render up thy long account ;
 When light eternal, falling on thy scroll,
 Shall trace the tale in living lines again.
 Then guard thy treasures : place thy royal seal
 Upon the sepulchre. There let them lie,
 Till that dread hour, when from the mount of God
 The trumpet that shall wake the dead to life,
 Proclaims thy mission ended and thyself no more.

MISS BELLA SINCLAIR.

GIDEON.

BY REV. C. PERRIN.

There are three periods in the history of this remarkable man which are filled with instruction.

I. "And Gideon threshed wheat by the wine-press to hide it from the Midianites."—Jud 6, 11. This is the first time that he is introduced to us, and that he was a man who feared the Lord, even at this time we doubt not, for the following reasons :—First, because

the Lord appeared to him and eventually commissioned him to be the deliverer of His people. Secondly, because he appears to have been familiar with the history of God's people, and the mighty miracles He had wrought for their deliverance in the past. It is true that the scriptures say that "an Angel of the Lord appeared unto him," but this same Angel is called the Lord—in the Hebrew, Jehovah, and not Adoni. This name, Jehovah, is never applied to any created intelligence, but is the incommunicable name of the Almighty. This, then, without doubt, was "The Angel of the Covenant," the Eternal Word, the Lord of Angels and of Glory. This was He that wrestled with Jacob, that appeared unto Moses, conversed with Joshua as a man talketh with a man. But then Gideon appears to have been a *secret worshipper*. His father was an idolator, a worshipper of Baal, and we have no reason to suppose that previous to this time Gideon had taken any very public stand on the Lord's side. He had faith, but his faith was very weak, and so he threshed wheat in secret that he might hide it from the Midianites.

II. "And so it was because he feared his father's household, and the men of the city, that he could not do it by day, that he did it by night"—Jud. 6.27: Here was an advance, his faith had increased, but it was still weak. The Lord had commanded him to overthrow the altar of Baal which his father had builded, to cut down the sacred grove which surrounded it, and to build an altar and offer sacrifice to the one living and true God. The man-fearing spirit still haunted him, and so, for fear of his father's house and his neighbors he did it in the night. Nevertheless it was a bold step, a decisive step, a declaration of war against idolatry and all its iniquities. He did it too, in the presence of his servants, and assisted by them. It was as though he had said "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

In the morning there was a great excitement in the city, and a general enquiring "who hath done this?" And when it was told them that Gideon the son of Joash had done this thing" they demanded of the father that he surrender his son to be put to death. But the old man was not disposed to grant their request. Perhaps he had been led of late to contrast their poverty and humiliating condition as idolators, with what they were as a people when the Lord was their God, and when there was no strange god among them. I fancy that when he was told in the morning that the Pa-

gan altar was broken down, and the idolatrous grove levelled with the earth, there was a thrill of joy in his heart,—joy to know that in such degenerate times, there were those who did not fear to declare themselves for the God of Israel. And what must have been his joy when told that Gideon, his own son, was the man who had done this thing ! And Joash said unto those who demanded the young man's life, " Will ye plead for Baal ? Will ye save him ? He that will plead for him, let him be put to death whilst it is yet morning ; if he be a god let him plead for himself, because one hath cast down his altar."

III. "But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet ; and Abieser, (that is the people of his native place) was gathered unto him." Jud. 6. 34. He goes no longer about his work in the gloom and darkness of night, but in the bright blaze of day, he blows with a trumpet the shrill blast of war, summoning the people to battle. Oh, how has his faith increased ! Who is this around whom the thousands of Israel are gathering in battle array ? Who is this that blows so mightily the trumpet of war ? It is none other than Gideon who was "threshing wheat by the winepress, and hiding it for fear of the Midianites." It is none other than Gideon who "threw down the altar of Baal" *by night*, "and cut down the grove that was by it;" for "so it was, because he feared his father's household and the men of the city, that he could not do it by day, that he did it by night." "But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon," he became strong, bold, "and he blew a trumpet, and Abieser was gathered unto him."

REASON AND FAITH.—An old writer says :—Faith and reason may be compared to two travellers. Faith is like a man in full health, who can walk his twenty or thirty miles at a time without suffering. Reason is like a little child, who can only, with difficulty, accomplish three or four miles. "Well," says this old writer, "on a given day Reason says to Faith, O, good Faith, let me walk with thee." Faith replies, "O, Reason, thou canst never walk with me !" However, to try their paces, they set out together ; but they soon find it hard to keep company. When they came to a deep river, Reason says, "I can never ford this ;" but Faith wades through it singing. When they reach a lofty mountain, there is the same exclamation of despair ; and in such cases Faith, in order not to leave reason behind, is obliged to carry him on his back ; "and," adds the writer, "Oh ! what a luggage is reason to Faith !" — *Feathers for Arrows*.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
 How passing wonder He, who made him such !
 Who centr'd in our make such strange extremes
 From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguished *link* in being's endless chain !
 Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity* !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless, immortal ! insect, *infinite* !
 A worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wondering at her *own*. How Reason reels !
 O, what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread,
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

—*Young's Night-Thoughts.*

AN ORPHAN.

Who can tell the first realization of these words, An Orphan. There was a time when I had a home, when mother's bright smile lighted up our household, when father's evening return brought gladness to the heart. But when I look back it seems but a dream. Sweet images of the past recross my mind, faint outlines of what once was, what might have been, but what can never be enjoyed by me. The portraits of those departed have been almost effaced by the rude hand of time, but never will their love be forgotten. Can I ever forget the cold and dreary day when she who bore me was carried in solemn pall from the home she had once made so happy ! Can I forget the nights of weeping, of long, of childish sorrow ! How often did I wonder if her spirit form hovered near me ; wonder if she loved me still ; wonder if she would "kiss me goodnight" once more if she could. I shall not soon forget the tears of manly sorrow my father shed ; not soon forget hearing his heavy groans, and wondering if he was thinking of mamma. But only another year had passed away, and he too was gone from me, and I was alone ; no one to talk with me, no one to confide in, no one to weep with, no one

to whom I could tell my little sorrows, no one to read to me the story of Jesus' life, how he called little children like lambs to his fold, to repeat the wonderful events of Calvary and the cross, to tell me that it was for my sin that Christ had died. Others might try but they could not do it as father had. His prayers can never be forgotten. His teachings have been indelibly stamped upon mind and heart. His precepts were lofty, his motives were pure. He, doubtless, had his faults, but filial love fails to discover them—he was my father. And in the long years that have since rolled by, how much I have missed the affection and protection of both father and mother. Sometimes it almost seems that they are lost to me forever, but, no.

“They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing ;
With Angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In the Redeemer's presence evermore.
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.”

The path trodden without parental guidance has been a crooked one ; the world has often been cold and cheerless. The blasts of adversity have been keenly piercing, while my poor heart has always yearned for sympathy, for that sympathy felt and given by a fond parent only.

But still it is for me to record the goodness and faithfulness of the “Father of the Fatherless,” while in the gloom I cry :

The way is dark, my father ! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered ! Father, take my hand
And through the gloom,
Lead safely home,
Thy child.”

IRA SMITH.

WOMAN.—The great emblems of her sphere are the words *love*, *home*, *mother*. She is the object of the purest and most lasting earthly loves ; she *makes* home, and the sacred word *mother*, speaks for itself to every heart. A mother's love is a golden cord, twining around each heart in the home-circle, and binding all firmly together.

FRIENDSHIP.—He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

Robbie's Grave.

BY REV. C. PERRIN.

Lines on the death of a beloved child, who died of scarlet fever in the winter of 1871.

There is *silence* in our dwelling,
Every voice is hushed to-night.
For we're thinking of the loved one,
We have buried out of sight.
Thinking of the childish prattle,
And the sunny golden hair.
Of the eyes that shone so brightly
And the little face so fair.
Now the winter winds are sighing,
And the gloomy pine trees wave,
And the silent snow is drifting
Over little Robbie's grave.

There is *darkness* in our dwelling,
Though the lamps are burning bright,
For we're thinking of the darling
That lies buried out of sight.
How the fire of fever scorched him ;
How we watched to see him die,
Through those nights so long and dreary,
When no neighbour dared come nigh.
How the winter winds are sighing,
And in gloom the pine trees wave,
And the silent snow is drifting
Over little Robbie's grave.

There is *peace* within our dwelling,
Which no sorrow can destroy,
For we know it was in mercy,
That God took our darling boy.
And although our tears are falling,
And our hearts are filled with pain,
Still we bow submissive, knowing
That our loss is Robbie's gain.
Thus content we yield the treasure,
To the loving hands that gave,
And rejoice, though snows are drifting
Over little Robbie's grave.

Prayer wings its way to the throne of the Eternal, and becomes interwoven with the very purposes of Deity.—*Fyfe*.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.

Literary.

ABOUT OPINIONS.

BY PROF. WELLS, M. A.

Arthur Helps, in one of his "Hints for Essays," says "There has often been a fanciful discussion among thoughtful men as to the peculiar virtue or quality which, if increased, would do most service to mankind. I venture to put in a claim for moderation. If we look at history, or at the daily transactions, public and private, of our fellow men, one of the most notable facts is their proneness to rush from one extreme to another. It may almost be maintained that mankind are always in extremes."

In few things, perhaps, is this proneness to extremes more manifest than in our modes of holding and propagating our opinions. We use the word "opinions" in a sense somewhat wider than its ordinary one, as denoting every shade of conviction and belief, not resting upon positive and indisputable proof. The tendency to extremes in matters of opinion has its origin in our modes of thinking, and one of its most striking illustrations is to be found in the various opinions held as to the value of opinions themselves, and the proper mode of holding them. For instance, it is not long since we heard an excellent and venerable preacher assert in substance and in pretty vigorous Anglo-Saxon, his disinclination to have much intercourse *either in this world or the next*, with the man who had not clearly defined and deeply cut convictions upon the subordinate questions in dispute between Christian sects, and who was not ready to fight for those convictions upon any occasion. On the other hand there is a strongly marked tendency at the present day, in many minds to revolt against all creeds in science, politics or religion. Universal doubt is extolled as the only rational attitude for the philosophic mind, "Scepticism" becomes "the highest of duties, blind faith the one unpardonable sin."

The natural history of opinions would certainly be a complicated, if not an interesting, study. If some Agassiz or Huxley, fond of antiquarian research and nice analysis, in this subdivision of the moral Kingdom, should set out to take stock of the views, major and minor, prevalent in a single community, what a scope would be afforded for his powers. How interesting, for instance, would be the results of a classification upon the basis, say of the relative importance attached to each by the individual, or of the zeal displayed in propagation, or of the degree of tolerance for conflicting opinions, or of the bearing of different species upon the health, happiness and usefulness of the holder. And then again what stupendous contrasts. Side by side in the same soil, it may be, would be found flourishing the most absolute faith in the divine right of a Bourbon, and the most intensely Communistic zeal in the effort to bring such apothegms as "Property is Robbery" and "*Vox populi, Vox Dei*," to practical applications never dreamed of by their authors. The space occupied in our religious mind by meditations upon such themes as the nature of the Deity and the immortality of the soul, is by another devoted to reflection upon the proper elevation of a wafer, or the orthodox style of genuflexion.

One of the most interesting questions in respect to opinions is that of their origin. It would, we fancy, puzzle the ingenuity of a Darwin to trace the motley host to any common parentage. Suppose our naturalist, pencil in hand, to ask each of one hundred men his views upon each of one hundred topics within the range of common place thought. Probably ninety-nine out of the hundred would be ready to pronounce a clear, decided opinion upon ninety-nine out of the hundred subjects, though, probably, to nine-tenths of them he had never given an hour's patient, dispassionate thought. In order to get some definite conception of the rich results that would repay a further inquiry into the origin and growth of these opinions, one cannot, perhaps, do better than catechise his own individual consciousness. How many, we will not say simply of our less important views, but of our most cherished and, as we would say, deliberate convictions, would be found to have come down to us as heir looms, inherited with our ancestors' goods and chattels? How many have been imperceptibly imbibed, without examination, from parents, and teachers. and youthful associates? How large a percentage of the numerous, possibly incompatible, items, which make up the

sum total of our religious or political creed, is due to persistent iteration in the limited and probably one-sided stock of books, magazines and newspapers, which have been within our reach, and supplied our chief intellectual diet? How many an opinion,—first enunciated at hap-hazard, it may be, in consequence of that weak vanity, or moral cowardice, which makes us ashamed to say “I don’t know,” or declared for the sake of argument, or under the impulse of that mental pugnacity which seizes one so strongly in the presence of certain dogmatists—has long since become, by the heat of argument, inseparably fused or welded into the mass of our strongest convictions. And, on the other hand, how many of our firmest beliefs can we conscientiously affirm, have been adopted only after patient, earnest, unprejudiced, and exhaustive investigation. Of course we are far from wishing to intimate that the sterling value of an opinion as true or false, depends in any degree upon the thoroughness with which its holder has mastered the evidence upon which it rests. Truth has, we rejoice to believe, an intrinsic and eternal value, quite independently of the breadth of view and candour of its holder, and is an inalienable boon to its possessor, however he may have attained it. But the amount of credit due to the individual is quite another thing. A friend of the writer had a favourite saying that an expression of opinion was of value, or the opposite, in proportion as there was “a man behind it.” May we not safely affirm that in the moral sphere a truth is, in one sense, of value only in proportion as there is a buttress of well-weighed evidence behind it.

“What then, alas! am I to do?” We can fancy the self-analyst exclaiming, as he turns bewildered and despairing from the work of introspection, and views spread out before him, the shattered fragments of many of his shapeliest and most cherished opinions, whose foundations have crumbled beneath the new and stern test so ruthlessly applied. “It is, indeed, too true, that not a tithe of my convictions have ever been weighed in an impartial balance against opposing views, or examined in the clear, day, light of evidence, by an unbiassed judgment. And worst of all, should I now decide to cast to the winds all this shattered mass, and commence the work of reconstruction from new material, the task would be an utterly hopeless one. The short span of the longest lifetime would not suffice to collect exhaustively, and weigh accurately the

evidence in regard to one of a thousand of the more complicated social, moral and secondary religious questions of the day, even could I hope, as I certainly cannot, even to acquire that equilibrium of judgment indispensable to success in the undertaking. Am I, then, condemned to a state of perpetual oscillation, or rather mental equipoise and inactivity, ever afraid to step for fear of going wrong, or to express an opinion lest my data prove incomplete, or my judgment unreliable?

Such a conclusion bears, of course, its absurdity upon its face. The train of thought which sometimes tempts us towards it may be profitable or otherwise, according to the use we make of it.

It can scarcely fail to be profitable if it teach us modesty and charity, modesty in respect to our own views of truth, charity for the views of others. If the chances of our being wrong in any matter not susceptible of the crucial tests of experience, mathematical demonstration, or infallible authority, are so many, there must always be at least a few chances of our opponents being right. If the disturbing elements of ignorance, and prejudice and mental indolence affect so largely the commonest operations of our own faculties, it is but reasonable that we should cherish a large tolerance for the same defects in others. Here, then, we have the best antidote to bigotry, which is ever the offspring of narrowness, and the foe of introspection. For our own part we never hear a man affirming with dogmatic emphasis, where others, equally wise and candid, doubt; or decrying the blindness and wilful prejudice of opponents, whose characters and views are entitled to at least equal respect with his own.—We never hear such an one, even though we may quite agree with his opinions, without a kind of painful suspicion that he never yet has seen clearly more than one side of the question, or put himself into the mental attitude in which the real difficulties which beset it become visible. There is truth as well as error in Tennyson's lines:

"There dwells more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Doubt on certain subjects and questions, where the means of exact knowledge have not been put within our reach, may be a loftier and nobler position than dogmatism. Just as in extemporaneous speaking, the man of powerful intellect and cultivated taste, may stammer and hesitate by reason of the very abundance and competing merits of

his stores, while he of one idea and a loose habit of expression goes fluently on, so, narrowness of vision may beget strong convictions, where breadth, and candour, and conscientious thinking lead to moderation, or even indecision. Hesitancy and even doubt in such a case may be the offspring of intenser loyalty to truth, and a loftier faith in truth than is possible to any strength of conviction, the result of one sided investigation. Nor is this view in necessary antagonism with the undeniable fact that the men of unfaltering convictions have ever been the men of mighty action, leading the vanguard, often the forlorn hope of soul freedom and enduring progress. For it is equally well known that the apostles of deadly error and spiritual despotism have often been fired by zeal quite as fervent and convictions no less unswerving. The great deliverances wrought in the world by the former must then be counterbalanced by the pernicious power of the latter; and further, it is manifest that that very good has resulted, not from the strength of their convictions, but from the fact that that strength happened to be enlisted in the cause of truth and right. And it would be an interesting subject of inquiry did space permit, to what extent the discovery of that right and that truth in whose defence and propagation the men of action have won enduring renown, has been due to the patient thought of more impartial and evenly balanced minds. We plead not for less honest zeal in action, but for more of it in investigation; in other words for profounder reverence for and more absolute faith in the truth. It does require a sublime loyalty to truth sometimes to deliver one from the temptation to burke inquiry and close the door in the face of suspicion, in respect to the soundness of cherished opinions.

An interesting question suggests itself here as to what would be the result upon human thought and belief of a perfect freedom from pride, prejudice and passion, and all the other distorting influences which now so largely affect men's understandings. The infallible Teacher has said, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." The principle enunciated is broad, and the picture it suggests a heavenly one. And yet who does not shrink from the thought of a mental world of absolute uniformity? It would be as unendurable as a physical one of water, prairie and woodland, laid out in squares in drear and dismal and unending sameness. Doubtless our fears would prove more than baseless in view of the boundless heights and depths, and the infinite many sidedness of truth. But

we must not be tempted farther upon this or the many other tracks of thought which open up before us.

We alluded to dangers in the path upon which we were venturing Space forbids to do more than refer to one. It would be an absurd and dangerous fallacy, as well as what the Duke of Argyll would call a "Hibernicism in Philosophy," to conclude as some wise-acres seem to do, that because Truth sits enthroned on high, and admits to her sacred precincts none but devout and persevering worshippers, she therefore does not exist. Truth is none the less, but rather the more precious, because of the difficulties which hedge the approach to her temple, and the defects of vision, or of medium, which so often distort her fair countenance in the eyes of insincere, half-hearted, or imperfectly lustrated votaries. There is a glory in her visage, and a heavenliness in the atmosphere which surrounds her, which elevate and enoble those who succeed in obtaining but partial glimpses of the one, or momentary inspirations of the other.

But we must not let a metaphor betray us into supposing that partial and imperfect glimpses of truth are all that are attainable on any subject. There are truths and truths. All kinds and degrees of truth are precious, but each in its own order. Some seem to be always paying tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin in questions of faith, and neglecting the weightier matters upon which hang immense, vital, eternal interests. To deny the possibility of obtaining knowledge of truth upon the greatest and most momentous questions of life is to impeach the wisdom and goodness of the Great Creator of mind and fountain of truth. To aver, as was done a few years since by a body of savants, some of them so called divines, in London at the formation of "The Free Christian Union," that "God holds men responsible, not for the attainment of Divine truth, but only for the serious search of it," is to do violence to our deepest moral instincts. God being admitted, and divine truth being admitted, the one *could* surely reveal the other, *could* authenticate the revelation by proof satisfactory to the earnest mind, *could* make provision for applying it with saving power to the searcher's heart. Who, believing in God and in truth, can doubt that he would?

THE LEGEND OF TROY.

Once on a time the gods of old
Assembled on the summits cold
Of famed Olympus, to partake
Of nectar and ambrosial cake.
Before the godlike feast concluded,
Eris, one whom they had excluded,
An apple threw amongst the guests
Which "To the Fairest" was addressed.
Confusion dire was thus created ;
Three fair ones long and loud debated,
" 'Tis mine ! " " 'Tis mine ! " each shrilly called out,
Till Zeus irate, thus sternly bawled out,
" Ye vixens, stop your clatter barbarous,
And hie with Hermes to Mount Gargarus,
Where Paris dwells, brave son of Priam,
A better judge than you or I am."
The trio famed in classic lore,
Appeared the shepherd lad before ;
Long time his puzzled wits misdoubted
As each in turn stormed, smiled or pouted.
Juno, vast wealth and power, offered ;
Minerva, war's great glory proffered ;
The third cut short his hesitation,
" The prettiest wife in all creation
Is yours, if you judge fair between us."
She spoke. The apple went to Venus.
The immortal two, their hopes thus damped,
Became enraged and off they scampered,
Vowing in deadly rage and passion,
The Trojan brood soon to make hash on.
The gallant youth, who thus adjusted
Affairs which gods to him entrusted,
Then sailed away to Peloponnessus,
An isthmus which you know in Greece is.
Tarrying awhile with Menelaus,
All that remains for us to say is,
He carried off the beauteous Helen.
A trick his host did not think well on.
According to a promise made,
The chieftain's then not long delayed,
To launch their boats for well built Ilion,
Dardanian blood its streets to spill in.
Across the broad Augean driven,
They reached at length the wished for haven ;
With mighty fear each Trojan shudders
As Grecian braves unship their rudders.
Their boats no sooner touch the shore,
Than forth step myriads or more,
With stately tread and mien ferocious,
Inquiring for that youth precocious,
Who coaxed away the Spartan beauty,
And made his punishment their duty.

For ten long years, a wretched lot
 The Grecian warriors there did squat
 Before the city, fiercely fighting,
 Trojan and Greek the dust oft biting.
 Till one day from the city gate
 Hector, chief prince of Troy's proud state,
 Comes to defy the brass-clad Greeks ;
 And as he nears them thus he speaks :
 " Yestag-eyed Greeks, ye crew of bummers,
 Here stands a man of thirty summers,
 Who vows he can in deadly bout,
 The eyes of any Greek punch out."
 Achilles, then, with strides tremendous,
 Advances, cries, " Juno, defend us."
 Lift's high his gleaming spear, and flings it
 Loudly, 'gainst Hector's thorax, rings it.
 The warrior falls ; stars flit before him.
 Achilles, when he thus did floor him,
 Still brandishing his brass-tipped spear,
 Shouts in the prostrate hero's ear,
 " Say wilt give Helen back or no ?"
 Hector, faint whispers, " not for Joe."

My limping Pegasus here shuddering stops,
 So, o'er the harrowing scene, the curtain drops.

The Star That Never Sets.

(From the "Sheaf.")

There is one star that will never disappoint the hope it awakens ;
 its ray is never dimmed, and it knows no going down ; its cheering
 light streams on through ages of tempest and change ; earth may be
 darkened, systems convulsed, planets shaken from their spheres, but
 this star will still pour its steady, undiminished light. The eye that
 is turned to it will gladden in its tears ; the countenance that it
 lights up, sorrow can never wholly overcast ; the footstep that falls
 in its radiance finds no gloom even at the stormy shore of the Jor-
 dan, or when it enters the portals of the grave. It is the Star—

First in night's diadem,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

I exist ; what does the word mean ? Teach me, O God.-- *Gregory.*

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY.

WRITTEN FOR A PUBLIC MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES AT THE
INSTITUTE.

BY MISS M. MCGINN.

FOREST FAIRY, DREAM FAIRY, SNOW FAIRY, JOY FAIRY.

(Enter Forest and Snow.)

FOREST—"Is it yet the noon of night?
Or cometh it soon
The mystic noon,
When Heaven grows more bright,
And every star
That burns afar,
Shoots out new rays of light?

SNOW.—No, all my airy messengers,
From cloudland dancing,
In the moonlight glancing,
Bring word from the old church-tower,
That the merry rhymes
Of the Christmas chimes,
Will not ring for at least an hour.

FOREST.—Have you come from far to-night?
When you entered my domain,
There swept through all these hoary trees
So joyous and so fresh a breeze,
It seemed to blow from distant shores,
Echoes of glad delight.

SNOW.—Yes, I have come across the ocean,
With the swift sweep of a spirit's motion;
From lands where the Christmas morn is ringing,
And the voices of happy singers singing,
And all the air is so full of gladness
That the winds in a mood of merry madness
Forget that they ever have sighed in sadness,
And sweep and whirl across the Atlantic,
Till the mermaids marvel at glee so frantic.

FOREST—"Tis time that all had come, (Enter Dream and Joy)
Ah! here is the gay Dream fairy,
And there is the bright little spirit of Joy,
Was ever a being so airy?

DREAM—All the bright spirits are busy to-night.
We have but come to plan new delight.

JOY—We must soon be away on the wings of the wind
To fly over all the land,
For my sisters have gone, and I long, O I long !
To join their happy band.

SNOW—Think you the weary world is sleeping ?

JOY—Nay, thousands to-night their watch are keeping
In great Cathedrals where bells are ringing,
And organs pealing and voices singing.

DREAM—And others that lie in all the seeming
Of sleep, are awake, yet awake, are dreaming
Of what might have been and what yet may be.

FOREST—But the children, the little ones are asleep ?

JOY—Oh ! many a one will wake and peep
Into the biggest, longest stocking
That ever such little feet wore,
And listen, and listen, for Santa Claus' knocking
At chimney, or window, or door.

FOREST—What have we done and what shall we do
Before the dawn of the day ?
We must make our plans before midnight chimes ;
White fairy, what do you say ?

SNOW—I have been floating over the world,
And millions of glittering snow-flakes whirled
Down, down,
Over country and town,
Covering all things dark and dreary,
Silently clothing the worn and weary
Earth with a garment white and saintly,
Till the silver horn of the young moon, faintly
Gleaming over the stainless drift,
Made it seem an emblem of the gift
Of purity and love,
Brought down from heaven above
By Him who in a manger lay,
On that first happy Christmas day.

Joy—O earth ! be glad to-night,
Clad in your heavenly robes of white ;
O earth ! ring out your great delight.

Snow—And I have been in the forest awhile,
And I have decked every spire and aisle,
Till now with fretted arch and column
It stands a Cathedral vast and solemn,
Like the marble temples that men raise—
White carven marble temples of praise ;
And there the night-winds sing and sigh
The grand chorale of the sky.

Forest—Ah, fairy sister, well I knew,
What marvels your magic art would do ;
But before you came the solemn quiet
Of these ancient woods was drowned in a riot
Of joyous voices and gleesome laughter,
Shouts ringing out and echoes after,
Footsteps bounding and sleigh-bells jingling
The merriest noises merrily mingling.

Joy—I was there, too,
All the gay young hearts delighting,
All the wild young heads exciting,
Till they scarce knew what to do.

Snow—But why did they come to the forest dim ?
Surely not to list to the evening hymn
Of the solemn pines. More grave their mood
If that were why they came to the wood.

Forest—They sought for slender young trees,
Such as still wave their branches green
And fresh in the frosty breeze.
Balsam, and spruce, and fir,
The fairest that ever were ;
And boughs from the tall old giant that bend,
Glad that they have aught to lend.

Joy—And to-morrow night,
O, what wild delight !
When in gay parlours the fair tree stands,
Gemmed with a hundred glittering tapers,
And the loveliest gifts of loving hands.

While all around, with the wildest capers,
The children laugh, and dance and chatter
In a most bewildering joyous clatter.

SNOW (TO DREAM)—And were you, too, busy, while away?

DREAM—I have been toiling all the day.

FOREST—Dream Fairy, I thought you loved the night
Better than day, with its glare of light.

DREAM—Ah ! there are day-dreams as bright and fair
As any that float in the midnight air ;
And to-day the little folks kept me busy,
Till their dear little heads were almost dizzy,
Even the poor pale child of sorrow,
Dreamed that his wish would come true to-morrow.

Joy—Ah me ! I am half-mad with delight.

FOREST—Let us haste to work while the stars are bright.

SNOW—I shall send forth, ere the dawn of the day,
My messengers, and in the air they will play,
Till heaven and earth seem to mingle
In a stormy delight
Of snowflakes white,
And the sleigh-bells' merry jingle
In the Christmas morning,
Will give Santa Claus warning
That 'tis time to leave the ingle.

DREAM—And I must fly, and with dreams delicious
And airy fancies, sweetly capricious,
Visit the sleepers to-night.
The rich shall dream it is good to give,
And the poor shall dream it is sweet to live
All happy till morning light.

Joy—And I shall come lightly,
And bid each one brightly.
Sigh no more sadly,
But gratefully, gladly
Give thanks to kind Heaven
For rich mercies given.

FOREST—Behold how fair and bright
Gleams yon especial star !
Even so, but with a purer light,
And with a splendour richer far,
Shone out the one that led the Eastern sages
To the veiled star, the star of infinite ages.

SNOW—Hear ye the echo of sweet singing
That every breeze is lightly bringing ?
Even so, but with a higher tone,
Because the music was heaven's own,
And with a clearer, fuller song.
Because it came from heaven's bright throng,
Rang out the first glad Christmas strains,
While shepherds watched on Bethlehem's plains.
The heralds from the far celestial portals
Proclaiming peace and good-will unto mortals.

JOY—Sweet sisters, while to-morrow bides
The Christmas angels be our guides,
Peace and Good-will a holy pair
Of sisters most sublimely fair.
Lo, o'er the earth I saw them move,
In each calm face a heaven of love.
Let us their sweet commands obey
To-morrow, their own chosen day.

DREAM—Oh ! I shall command all fairies kind
That fly on the snow-flake airily,
That glide on the star-beam, or dance on the wind,
Or float on the sea-foam fairily.
To forget for a while their fantastic play,
And the holy Christmas angels obey.
And over the earth
To scatter mirth
All the happy, happy day.

FOREST—Soon in the great bell's iron throat
Will stir to life the signal note,
Then the bells will begin their joyous ringing,
All in harmonious ecstasy swinging.
Ah, now, it breaks upon mine ear,
And Christmas, merry Christmas is here.

SNOW—Merry merry Christmas is here.
Let us hie away singing
While the bells are ringing

For the birth of the day.
 Away away !
 For merry, merry Christmas is here.

(They Sing.)

List ! the bells are swinging
 High up in the air,
 Merry Christmas ringing,
 Ringing everywhere.
 Now to mortals bringing,
 Christmas mirth and cheer,
 Let us vanish singing,
 Christmas morn is here.

(They Vanish.)

HOPE, OYSTERS, EDUCATION.

(From the "Sheaf.")

DEAR EDITRESS—Being asked to write for the "Sheaf," and finding it hard to keep my mind within the narrow limits of any one theme, I thought I would present a few ideas on two or three kindred topics. Therefore I have taken a trio of subjects which are closely related, and which admirably illustrate one another, viz., Hope, Oysters, Education. I may say, as a preliminary remark, that I like them all.

To begin with Hope, the poet sings :

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair !
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whispered, promised pleasure."

These remarks apply equally well to oysters ; is there anything *fairer* than an oyster ? Slumbering in its pearl-lined shell it closely resembles a mild and lovely grey eye, and a very expressive one, too. And just please mention anything you happen to think of that promises more pleasure, To like oysters is a proof of an educated taste. This brings me to my third head—Education. Education is to the mind what an oyster-knife is to an oyster. It opens it and brings its beauties to light ; and sometimes, aye, and many a time, a pearl is found within an uncouth shell. What pearl so fair as hope ?

This brings me back for a moment to my first subject. Hope is either the anchor, the star, or the rainbow of the soul, just as you

please. Reliable people have given it all these names, and besides, it springs immortal in the human breast. This is a fact. What hope so substantial, so savory as stewed oysters? Oysters are found in many parts of the ocean; the best kind is the caraquet, a small species adapted to small mouths. Oysters as a rule have large mouths. My own mouth is none too small, but small mouths are not to be despised. I knew an elocution master who condemned small mouths. Elocution is an important branch of education. This brings me again to my third head, education. So far as I am able to judge, oysters are deplorably indifferent to the advantages of a good education, and I do not know of any society for the diffusion of scientific knowledge among them. Poor, ignorant things! they lie scattered through the vasty deep, yawning their lives away, all unconscious of Darwin, never saying to themselves, "I will one day be a man." Maybe they live on hope. I could live on hope and *them* for half a day or so. Are oysters in the course? If so, that branch of my education has been fearfully neglected by the Faculty. But dear Oyster—, beg pardon, Editress, and dear me, these subjects are so inextricably interwoven, that I am growing confused in trying to separate and distinguish them. I am no longer quite clear as to whether it is you, or my subject, or myself, that has three heads. It is like the Gordian Knot, and yon know the way Alexander untied that, was, he didn't untie it at all, but cut it; so, if you please, I'll cut too.

UNIVERSITY HONORS.—The C. L. Institute has again asserted its superiority as an educational institution, irrespective of its denominational, or religious character. At the recent examination in Toronto University, no less than three of its former students have taken scholarships. In the first year Mr. Clark has carried off a double, Mr. McDiarmid one, and in the third year Mr. Yule, one. It will be remembered that Messrs. Clark and McDiarmid were equally successful—having won the same number of scholarships, three—at the matriculation examination last fall. We need only mention the above to prove the rare educational advantages afforded in the C. L. Institute. —*Woodstock Sentinel*.

[Mr. Torrance, a prize-man in Oriental Languages, was also a former student of the Institute.—EDS. TYRO.]

The Developmunt Thery, or Mister Darwin.

(From "The Oracle.")

Among the menny things which iz konstantly okerpyin the public mind ov the prezunt da iz the thery of Mister Darwin. With yure purmishun Mister Editur ide like tu offur a fu idears on the developmunt of that selebrated individool. If i understand it rite, Mister Darwin's thery iz az follers; that hiz grate furst parunt wuz a munke, or sumthin tu that effeek. Now i uish to maik onrabul menshun ov Mister Darwin's naim when i sa that az fur az it goze, this iz troo. But what i uish tu sa on this prezunt ockashun iz that Mister Darwin if he chozes ma klame a much more anshunt ansestree. Now it iz kwrite kloor tu me, and i think it can bec distinkshually shone that Mister Darwin's grate ansestar and furst parunt waz a tadpole. Befour purseedin tu sho the pints ov simmerlarity betwene Mister Darwin and hiz furst grate parunt, and also hiz developmunt therfrom and so fourth, i wud beg tu ofer a fu remarx bast on the sain grate fundermental prinsipuls which underli Mister Darwin's selebrated thery. And what i uish to sa iz that not onle Mister Darwin hizself, but allso uther anermuls ov the brute kreashun hav desended frum that sain numerus and illustreous famerle direct or indirect.

Fur instans let us take a exampel frum the annermal rase. Now i konsidder that the clerfunt iz a kais in pint, and a exsellunt exampel ov the developmunt thery. I Kontend that the clerfunt's great ansestur and first parunt wuz a tadpole. Let us argufi the subjeek. Wal tu perseed, ya see it iz a none fakt that suni, na menny, of the tadpole famerle cald riglers develop inter musketurs. Now if you plase a musketur and a clerfunt side be side, and vieu them individoole and kollektivly you will notis that the pints of simularite tu be so numerus az tu leve littel or no dowl az tu the intermate relashun ov theze too individooles. It will be purseved by keerful obsurvashun that the musketur haz fore or five legs, and it may be purseved that a clerfunt haz fore or five legs allsow. In the next furst plase there is the próbuskesis. Now in mi estimashun both a musketur and a clerfunt haz próbuskesis tu a konsidrabul extent, ov coase the musketur haz'nt got much ov a tale az i noze ov, but neethur haz a clerfunt fur a annermal ov hiz siz. Agane ther iz the teeth. Wel i spoze if you kompar tuskiz the clerfunt haz it;

but i emfaterkle kontend that if you kompar bytes the musketur kan ekwal him tu enny extent. "But," sez some wun, which orter no better, "what abowt the wings?" Wel, mi thery runs az follers: Yu se it wud look kinder strange to se an elerfunt fliin. Yas, wel this iz wun rezin whi it haznt got no wings. Howsever its mi opin-yun the elerfunt *haz* wings. "Wharbowts?" sez yu, wel yu se as the kreehure waz in the proecs ov developmunt, when the annermal got to sizy tu fli ezilie and grasefule, the wings giv it up and turned into the elerfunts cres, and it wuz dun! Thus i konsidder that it haz been distinckshualle shone that the musketer iz the elerfunts grate ansester and furst parunt. And thus i mite perseed and konsekertively sho that frum the tadpole was desended other annermals and founs, such as rats and mice and goblers, and kows and guls and eaguls and horses and rinoserhorses, aud asses and hipopotamusasses, and whales, and ualrushes and uther moncksters ov the briny deep. But i refrane and perseed in the larst plase tu notis Mister Darwin hizself. Histry tells us that gients groed frum dragun teeth which wuz sowed in the grownd by King Kolkis (Collier's Ancient History of Grease, pg. 6.) and enuther fakt iz that some ov the south se ilanders maintain that they are desended frum the krow. So i think it wil ear long be a stablshd fakt in histry that Mister Darwin cum frum the tadpole direct or indirect. i'l not attemp in this breaflecture to sho the pints ov simularite betwene Mister Darwin and hiz grate ansester and furst parunt; but wil perseed at onet tu the developmunt. Now mi thery iz as follers: Furst the tadpole bekum a tode the tode aspired into a tal frog, the frog into a small munke, the small munke in a large wun, the large one into a *verry* large wun, and then into a jenerashun or too Mister Darwin hizself aroze into bein' And i mite ad in konklushun that it iz kwite evident tu mi mind that Mister Darwin expecks to go on and still on in hiz devlopumunt until he noze so much that hiz noze will ekual a elerfunts noze, and who noze but what he wil be a elerfunt at larst.

What is Man that Thou Art Mindful of Him ?

(From the "Sheaf.")

When we turn our thoughts to the sublimer works of God's hands into what insignificance do the affairs of this little world seem to dwindle. Behold the starry hosts above you. See these twinkling atoms, these tiny points of light, just perceptible to your eye. What are they ? Stupendous lamps, hung in infinite space ; glittering worlds, wheeling around some mysterious centre, bright suns scattered in lavish millions, through the sky, each one, perhaps, the centre of an intricate system of planets. Each one, perhaps, the benign dispenser of light and heat to empires of life, beyond the ken of mortal eyes. Into these realms of wonder man's spirit may seek to soar, but it shrinks back awed and baffled in the attempt to grasp the faintest conception of their vastness. Yet it may be that all this immense complex system that we call our universe is among God's other works, a mere spot of misty light lying in some remote corner of his creation, a pebble on the shore of the ocean of his infinity, and if any created being could understand the mysteries of this universe, he would be as far from comprehending God the Creator, as we are to-day. But our thoughts descend on tired wings to this earth, this atom that we call our world, and we exclaim "Oh God, what is Man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him ?" Thy tender mercies are over all thy works but that Thou shouldst visit us and crown the beings that people this speck of thy creation with glory and honor, the honor of assuming their nature, living in their world, and O, supreme wonder, dying for them, this amazes me. Lord, *what* is man that thou art mindful of him ?

We have so polluted our souls with sin, so beclouded the lustre of these immortal spirits, that we cannot understand how God can regard our salvation as worthy of the great price paid for it. But God knows the value of a human soul. It is a pearl of great price, an inestimable jewel, and nothing in His material creation approaches in value into it.

God made man in His own image, conferred upon him attributes resembling His own, and planted an indestructible gem of life within him, and in the eternity which he has begun, who can tell how wonderfully his powers shall be developed, and what energies that now lie

dormant within him may awake to action and enjoyment. His spirit no longer limited by earth's narrow bounds, no longer chained to the dull cares of this imperfect existence, but purified and exalted, will go on for ever growing with an unhindered growth in the knowledge of God, and of his attributes and works.

Oh, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him? How glorious the destiny prepared for him! Oh, child of earth, lift your eyes from the vain nothings that now enchant you.

Be mindful, O, be mindful, of that immortal spirit, whose salvation is of more importance to you than the winning of all these wondrous worlds, and seek through God's grace to live here upon earth as recognizing the goodness and glory of the destiny that awaits you in the eternal mansions, where God hath prepared such things for those that love Him, as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Editorial Notes.

EDITORS:—J. W. A. STEWART, J. J. WHITE, N. WOLVERTON.

OURSELVES.

THE TYRO proposes to act as an organ for conveying all interesting intelligence concerning the Canadian Literary Institute. It hopes to be an additional link in the strong chain which binds former students to their Alma Mater. It will do its utmost to reach the generous hearts of all the Institute's friends and supporters, and influence them to beat in still more perfect unison with the school in its work and progress. It will be a mirror to reflect the thoughts, motives, aims, and hopes of students and teachers, and will undoubtedly furnish a strong additional incentive to the cultivation of literary taste and talent in the Institute.

It will be published towards the close of every college term, and its religious and literary departments will be almost exclusively confined to the publication of original articles from the pens of students and teachers.

It does not claim perfection at the outset, but as the whole spirit and working of the Institute is onward, the TYRO humbly entertains the hope that it may catch this spirit and so rise higher in merit and interest.

The Editors now humbly commend this first number to the perusal and sympathy of its readers, and hope that the "feast of reason and flow of soul," which it furnishes may both please and profit.

EXTENSION OF OUR COURSE.

We are glad to learn that to meet the wants of an increasing number of students anxious to proceed to a University degree, the authorities of the Institute propose to make certain changes in the prescribed course of studies. If we are not misinformed,

such arrangements will immediately be made as will enable students to obtain, in the regular course at the Institute, thorough instruction and drill in all the Pass-work and Honor subjects of both Junior Matriculation and First Year, or Senior Matriculation in the University of Toronto. In fact, it is, we believe, intended to conform the Institute curriculum still further to the requirements of the University. In order to facilitate this, we understand that the staff of teachers is to be enlarged by the appointment of a gentleman who has recently graduated with honors at Toronto University. This is as it should be. We can only hope that the Senate in Toronto will aid this and similar efforts to promote higher education, and to extend the usefulness of our Provincial University, by making such arrangements in respect to examinations and examiners as may place all affiliated colleges, so far, on a footing of equality. Ontario cannot long be content with a single college, however thoroughly furnished, to do the work for its well-endowed University, and certainly no one can object to giving a fair field to competing colleges established and conducted upon the *voluntary* principle. Another suggestion is forced upon us by the recollection of the sharp competition to which we are continually subjected in the Institute class-room by students from the Ladies' department. May we not hope that the University may soon follow the excellent example of its great London prototype, by establishing a system of competitive examinations for ladies, with University certificates for rewards ?

SOCIETIES.

There are five societies in connection with the Institute, one religious and four literary.

JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

For twelve years the teachers and students have been associated in the above Missionary society. We trust its labors have not been in vain, but that, it has been permitted to take an humble part in the spread of that Gospel which we love so dearly. It contributes from fifty to seventy-five dollars, annually, to the Missionary cause, chiefly to the American and Foreign Baptist Missionary Society. Three of its former members, Rev. A. V. Timpany, Rev. J. McLaurin and Mrs. McLaurin, are now laboring

among the Tellogoo, in India, and from them we receive, from time to time, the most cheering intelligence. The society has recently sent a printing press and type to them at a cost of \$153.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

President—Prof. J. Montgomery, Vice-President—P. H. McEwen, Sec.-Treasurer—N. Wolverton.

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The oldest society in connection with the Institute is the Adelphean. This is a literary society composed of the more-advanced gentlemen students. Its exercises, every Friday evening, consist of Orations, Debates, Essays, Dialogues, Readings and the "Oracle." It is the arena where many of the battles for literary supremacy in the school are fought. The many papers and magazines in the Reading Room,—except those kindly presented by the publishers—are furnished by the society.

PRESENT OFFICERS.

President—J. W. A. Stewart, Critic—N. Wolverton, Vice-President—D. S. McEwen, Sec.-Treasurer—T. Trotter, Marshal—T. Putnam.

GLEANER SOCIETY.

This also is a literary society, and is conducted entirely by the ladies. Ordinary meetings are attended by ladies only, but occasionally, entertainments are given in the Lecture Room, to which all are invited. The society furnishes a select library for the ladies, supplies its members with a few magazines and publishes the "Sheaf."

OFFICERS FOR THE PRESENT TERM.

President—Miss M. Stone, Critic—Miss M. McGinn, Vice-President—Miss C. McEwen, Sec.-Treasurer—Miss M. J. Bell, Librarian—Miss Eva Merrill,

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.

This society, composed of the younger male students, has a like object, the mental improvement of its members. It has its literary exercises, its select library and its manuscript periodical, the "Maple Leaf." Its meetings are weekly.

OFFICERS.

President—J. M. White, Vice-President—J. Kinsman, Secretary—C. Jamieson, Treasurer—E. C. Kitchen, Critic—T. Watson, Librarian—R. J. Brooks, Marshal—T. Dexter.

The last three societies unite in giving a public meeting at the close of each Spring and Autumn term. By these meetings they raise from seventy-five to one hundred dollars annually. Thus kept in funds they are enabled to supply the Reading Room, to make additions to their Libraries, and occasionally to devote their united funds to some benevolent object, or some slight improvement in the buildings or grounds.

SOCIETY OF THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNI.

The graduates of the Institute have formed a society which meets, every third year, at the close of the Spring term. At these grand re-unions the children of our Institute, now scattered throughout the land, return to their Alma Mater, as to a kind mother indeed, and, gathering once more around the old hearth, have many a tale to tell, and many an encouraging word to speak. Their next meeting will be in 1874.

Will the president, Rev. J. L. Campbell, of Chatham, or some other Alumnus kindly furnish us further particulars in regard to this society, before our next issue?

READING ROOM.

The Reading Room is free to all members of the school. On its tables are a large number of the best local, general, and foreign papers and magazines. The "Christian Messenger, Halifax, Nova Scotia; The "Canadian Baptist," Toronto, the "Baptist Union," New York; The "Christian Visitor," St. John, N. B.; the "Journal of Education," Toronto; the "Canadian Home Journal," St. Thomas, Ontario; The "Woodstock Sentinel," the Woodstock "Weekly Review," the "Times" Woodstock; the "Christian Spectator," Calcutta, India, and the "Baptist Missionary Magazine," Boston, Mass., have all been presented by the publishers to the Reading Room. These gentlemen will accept the thanks of the teachers and students for their kindness. They certainly have the best wishes of all connected with the Institute.

The following are furnished by the Adelpbian Society: The "Examiner" and "Chronicle," New York; the "Christian Guardian," Toronto; the "Watchman and Reflector," Boston, Mass.; the "Daily Globe," the "Daily Leader," the "Montreal Witness;" the "Pure Gold," Toronto; "Public Opinion," London, England; "Canadian Illustrated News," Montreal; "Canada Monthly," Toronto, and "Littell's Living Age, Boston, Mass.

Closing Exercises.

The examinations of this term in connection with the Institute will commence on Friday, July 5th, and continue Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, until the afternoon, when the standing of each student will be read. On the evening of the same day a public meeting will be held by the Literary Societies. Programme of Exercises as follows :—

- MUSIC—"Sound the Trumpet." Choir.
 5 PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS J. W. A. Stewart.
 MUSIC—"Retour de Printemps." (Inst.) Miss Andrews.
 12 DECLAMATION W. T. Tapscott
 MUSIC—"Far, far upon the sea." (Solo, guitar accom.) J J. White.
 15 SHEAF—Paper Miss C. McEwen.
 MUSIC—"Oh ! how I love my Mountain Home." (Solo, duett and quartette.) Misses Stewart & Osbourne, Messrs. Trotter & Stewart
 READING J. J. White.
 MUSIC—"Tell me where is Fancy Bred." Messrs. Trotter & White.
 10 DIALOGUE Messrs. Putnam & Bates.
 MUSIC—"Martha." (Inst.) Miss C. McGinn.
 15 ORACLE. (Paper) D. P. McLaurin
 MUSIC—"All among the Barley." (Glee) Choir.
 15 ORATION—"The purpose of being." D. S. McEwen.
 MUSIC—"Oh, how sweet the Hunter's Song" (Duett.) Miss C. McGinn and Stone.
 15 COLOQUY—"Found." Misses Stone, Rippon, Chambers and Rowland.
 MUSIC—"Gloria." (Mozart.) Choir.

It will be seen that several articles in the present number of THE TYRO are credited to papers with which many of our readers are not familiar. The "Oracle" is published fortnightly by the Adelphian Society; the "Sheaf," monthly, by the Gleaner Society, and the "Garland," twice in each term, by the Judson Missionary Society. These are manuscript periodicals. Editors are appointed, the students furnish contributions and the papers are read before the Societies. The Excelsior Society also publishes a similar paper, the "Maple Leaf."

WE purpose, in the future, setting apart a space for items in regard to the movements of our Alumni. When students graduate and enter upon their life work, we do not consider them lost to us. They are no longer students, yet they belong to our Institute, and we wish to preserve our union with them and their union with each other by establishing what will be a brief record of their movements. We can do this if they will assist us by keeping us informed of any changes they may make in their spheres of labor, or any items that will be of interest to those who have been their companions here.

PERSONAL.—The friends of the Institute will regret to learn that it is about to sustain another loss in the withdrawal from its staff of teachers, of Mrs. C. B. Hankinson, widow of the late lamented Prof. Hankinson. Mrs. Hankinson was, we think, connected with the Institute at its outset for some time, and, since the death of her husband some years ago, has returned to the work. As an energetic and efficient teacher she has won golden opinions. She has often been especially complimented by those in a position to judge, and whose opinions are of weight, for her rare power of securing attention, and awakening enthusiasm in the class-room. Mrs. Hankinson returns, we believe, to the United States, and her resignation is, no doubt, the result of a natural longing for the land of her birth, and the society or neighborhood of the friends and relatives from whom she has been long separated.

PRESENTATION.—At the close of last term Mrs. E. Hendrie retired from her position as Matron of the Institute, having filled it most efficiently for five years. Her departure was a cause of general regret, owing to the very high esteem in which she was held as a woman and a Christian. The students and teachers gave expression to their feelings on the occasion by presenting her with a tea service valued at eighty-five dollars. She takes with her the good wishes of the whole school.

MARRIED.—At the residence of Mr. W. Alexander, Guelph, on the 16th April, by the Rev. R. A. Fyfe, D. D., assisted by the Rev. J. W. Clark, and by the Rev. Dr. Hogg, Mr. R. Thompson, of Guelph, to Mrs. E. Hendrie, of the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock.

THE TYRO.

VOL. I.

WOODSTOCK, DEC. 1872.

No. 2.

Religious.

Correlative Truths.

BY REV. M. MACGREGOR.

TWO principal sources of error, which beset the seeker after truth, are the Scylla of confounding things that differ and of uniting things that have no necessary connection, on the one hand; and the Charybdis of distinguishing where there is no difference, and of separating things necessarily connected, on the other. The former of these, like a certain ingenious toy—the thaumatrope—by rapidly whirling two different objects about each other before the mind's eye, confounds them together, producing the illusion of their identity. The latter of these, like a certain disease of the eye which deranges binocular vision, produces two different and inconsistent representations of the same mental object. The first of these fallacious methods has thrust upon the world many obstinate and pernicious errors, of which two heresies in religion—the union of Church and State, and the rite of infant baptism, both of which arise from confounding the Old and New Covenants, which latter differ in nature, duration and design—are prominent examples. The second of these fallacious methods has often rent the seamless robe, and divided the living body of truth into half-

truths—the deadliest of all errors ; and it has occasioned the principal controversies in theology from the earliest church history down to the present time.

Because of the vastness of truth and the feebleness of reason, the perception of truth in its entirety is always difficult and often impossible. The various parts of truth may be readily perceived separately as facts ; but the perception of their real harmony and identity is a matter of profoundest difficulty.

It may be almost or altogether impossible to show the consistency of two distinct and seemingly contradictory representations ; and yet it may be possible, at the same time to prove conclusively the truth of each ; to deduce the most serious errors from either one if held exclusive of the other, and to draw conclusions of the most satisfying and important nature from them both, as premises conjointly. This will be evident from the consideration of certain dual aspects of truth, or pairs of truths, apparently inconsistent with each other ; for which, for lack of space, extreme brevity of treatment must suffice.

It is difficult, and perhaps eternally impossible, for finite mind to perceive where Divine Sovereignty and Human Responsibility meet, to point out the *nexus* between them, or to show how they are consistent with each other. That both are truths can be proved indisputably. The Word of God declares nothing more plainly and emphatically than the absolute and universal sovereignty of God, *de facto* and *de jure*, in nature and in grace. The mote in the sunbeam and the rolling star, the insect on the wing and the angel before the throne, are entirely under His control. The sending of the Gospel to one land rather than to another the salvation of any one soul rather than of any other, can be accounted for ultimately by Divine sovereignty alone. The overwhelming argument of the Apostle, in the 9th, 10th

and 11th chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, places this beyond dispute. Evidently, the disposal of transgressors of Divine law, to justice or to mercy, must rest altogether in the Divine prerogative.

The Word of God is equally plain and emphatic in regard to human responsibility. It underlies all Scripture, as a fundamental principle, that man is not a mere automaton, but a being having reason and conscience, individuality and will. Hence it everywhere holds him accountable for his thoughts and feelings, words and deeds, his breaches of law and his rejection of the Gospel. We know not *how* the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man can consist together; *that* is hid in the mysteries of being; but we know that both are truths in fact: *this* is manifest from revelation and experience. These truths are correlatives, and necessary to each other; either one, if held alone, would lead to serious error; into the belief of fate, in the one instance, and into that of chance, in the other. But they present no practical difficulty to their common reception; and their legitimate influence conjointly is of the highest importance, leading, as they do, to trustful acknowledgment of the Divine disposal of us here and hereafter, and to the diligent use of means for preservation and for salvation.

There are two aspects of the vicarious work of Christ presented in Scripture—one of a wider, the other of a narrower extent—in the reconciliation of which, philosophically, much difficulty has been found, and which, in consequence, have occasioned for centuries much earnest and ingenious controversy. There are many portions of Scripture which represent Christ's vicarious work as having an infinite sufficiency, and some relation to the whole world; and there are many portions again which represent it as having a certain relationship, and an actual application, no wider than the elect people of God. Christ is represented on the one hand

as *bearing the sin of the world*, and on the other as *stricken for the transgression of his people*. It cannot be proved that these two representations are inconsistent with each other. But it is not easy to contemplate them from so high a point of view, that we shall have a complete, distinct and consistent conception of both at the same time. A nearer approach to such a conception of them has certainly been attained during the progress of the investigations and controversies respecting them ; and the development of theological science in the future may divest them entirely of their apparent discrepancies, and bring them more completely within our comprehension.

What is called the commercial view of the atonement has served much to embarrass this question. But a commercial transaction can never meet a moral crisis—and the predicament of sinners is pre-eminently such—any more than a moral transaction can meet a commercial crisis. Commercial terms are indeed used in Scripture effectively, but figuratively, to describe the efficacy of the atonement, and so refer, in reality, less to atonement itself than to redemption.

The distinctions discernable between *atonement* and *redemption* help materially toward a solution of this question: the one being a sacrifice offered up to God, the other being a benefit conferred upon men ; the one having a primary reference to the honour of law, the other having a primary reference to the forgiveness of sins ; the one being an expiation, the other a recovery ; the one being a cause, the other an effect ; the one being a means, the other an end.

But whether their mutual consistency can now, or ever, be a matter of direct and complete demonstration or not, it can be proved conclusively that both representations are true in fact, being supported by the infallible authority of the Word of God.

The wider aspect of the work of Christ, Infinite Atone-

ment, is supported by the universality of many gospel invitations ; the condemnation of unbelievers and rejectors of Christ ; the probation of the world ; the universal judgeship of Christ ; the necessarily infinite value of the sacrifice of an infinite Person ; the necessity of an infinite sacrifice to the satisfaction of Divine law, and so to the salvation of one soul or of many ; and several statements of Scripture bearing directly upon the point. The narrower aspect of Christ's work, Particular Redemption, or in other words, the limited application of the atonement, in design and in fact, by the Divine purpose and by the Divine procedure, is supported by many unmistakable Scripture statements, particularly such as are connected with the decree of election, such as represent the fulfilment of it as being one of the principal objects of Christ's death, and such as refer to the definite character of His substitution.

To recede from either of these positions would lead, in the one case, to the fallacious doctrine of universal salvation ; and, in the other, to the equally erroneous opinion that the non-elect are excluded from the saving benefits of Christ's work, on account of its limited nature, and not on account of their unbelief ; and consequently to Divine inconsistency in unlimited gospel invitations.

But these two Scriptural representations of the Divine character, and of the Divine way, taken together, afford rational and sufficient ground for any sinner to draw near to God, and put the responsibility of the refusal so to do entirely upon the sinner himself ; and, at the same time, place the benefits of Christ's death at the Divine disposal, and infallibly secure the salvation of the elect.

The Universality of Gospel Invitations and the Specialty of Effectual Calling may often appear inconsistent with each other, at first sight ; and they may be irreconcilable, speculatively, to many who have no difficulty with them practi-

cally. From the fact that many gospel offers are limited to special classes of men, such as the *heavy laden*, the *thirsty*, the *enquiring* and the *willing*, many who take a limited view of the atonement have concluded that there are no more general gospel offers than these, in Scripture. But such Scriptures as represent God as calling and man refusing; as Master of the gospel feast, and saying to those who will finally refuse to come, "Come, for all things are now ready;" as commanding the gospel to be proclaimed to every creature; and as condemning unbelievers because they believe not on Christ, are surely ample authority for general and unlimited offers of the gospel.

That effectual calling, the inward and invincible summons of the Holy Spirit, whereby the gospel call is rendered efficacious, by which souls are graciously drawn to Christ, and which forms a necessary link in the chain of God's gracious purposes, extends to the eternally elect, the finally saved, and to them alone, is beyond dispute; as the New Testament everywhere makes it a distinguishing characteristic of the people of God. The rejection of either of these truths would deprive men of what they are suited to procure, the warrant for faith, in the one case, and the disposition to believe, in the other.

The Divine disposition to save all men, and the Divine decree to save some men, exhibited in Revelation, are questions which lead into the unfathomable mysteries of the Divine nature and of the Divine will. That God has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that he turn from his way and live;" that "He will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth;" that He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," are plain statements of His own Word, which are illustrated and corroborated by the spirit of His dealings with those who will be finally impenitent, of mankind. That for rea-

sons drawn from within Himself, and inscrutable to us, God has seen fit to make "an election of grace ;" that He has given a people, particular in person and definite in number, to Christ, who will give to them eternal life ; that God has "chosen them in Him, that they should be holy and without blame before Him in love ;" that He has "predestinated them to the adoption of children," "chosen them from the beginning unto salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth"—thus electing the persons, determining the end, and ordaining the means—are direct declarations of the Word of God, the substance of which is interwoven with the whole texture of Scripture.

These two aspects of the Divine character and way, equally revealed in the Word of God, must necessarily harmonize in reality ; whether apparently to us or not ; and, in their legitimate influence, they afford encouragement to sinners, to cast themselves on the mercy of God in Christ, and confidence to saints who have experienced that mercy already.

The Solemn Warnings against apostacy, and the Unqualified Assurances of ultimate salvation, so frequently addressed in Scripture to the people of God, often baffle the attempts of reason to reconcile them. Springing from the inner consciousness of the child of God, is a sense of personal weakness, proneness to error, liability to fall, and contingent danger ; and springing from faith in a Divine Person and in a Divine promise, there is in him also, a profound assurance of a present and eternal salvation, and a sure and certain hope of future triumph and blessedness. However difficult, therefore, it may be to reconcile these Scripture warnings and assurances in theory, they evidently quadrate with their counterpart, Christian experience ; and in their practical influence, they excite the necessary virtues of personal diligence, and trust in God.

The difficulties experienced with these and with many other correlative truths, both in the Word and in the Works of

God, have their origin in the vastness of truth and in the finiteness of reason. As has been already observed, the various parts of truth may be readily perceived, separately, as facts ; but their harmony and real unity is often a matter of profoundest difficulty. Reason, like the eye, perceives only one object at a time, and it is only by the rapidity of its operations, in conjunction with an acquired mental habit and a peculiar mental act, that the perception of unity in multitude is possible. The perception of unity, amid the multiplicities of light and shade, depth and distance, position and proportion, in painting ; amid the complexities, involutions, and variations of compass and quality, volume and movement, in the higher harmonies of musical art ; amid the magnificent outlines and minute details of architecture ; and in the ideal structures of science and literature, is impossible to the novice ; and is attainable only after prolonged and painful self-culture.

And the human mind must ever encounter difficulties in the study of truth ; it must invariably find the solution of one problem opening the way for more and greater, along its eternal march towards the infinite. The mine of truth is inexhaustible ; the realm of truth illimitable. No human system can embrace all the truth in Scripture, or all the truth in nature ; neither can human reason discover or comprehend the Divine system in them, if indeed anything we understand by the term system be in them at all. To systematize our knowledge has certainly its practical advantages ; but all our systems must necessarily be incomplete and imperfect, for how can the finite comprehend the infinite ? and they must all change with the emergencies created by error, and the demands of advancing knowledge.

“ Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

The soul's need of truth is paramount and perpetual; and reason is too limited in sphere and in power to furnish forth sufficient supplies. Hence the necessity for faith. We cannot know; we must believe. The Scriptures, recognizing this fact, with Divine dignity state boldly the truth, in its entirety and in its extremes, without pausing to explain or to defend. For want of properly observing this fact, many men have felt constrained to endeavour to pare down the miraculous, to explain away the supernatural, and to compress the infinite, in Scripture, and in Nature. But Faith can soar where Reason stumbles; it can utilize what Reason cannot analyze; it can include what Reason cannot reach; and can harmonize, in our own experience, what Reason cannot reconcile in theory. Let not Reason, therefore, presumptuously attempt to prop up, with its unhallowed hands, the sacred ark of Truth. Let it rather abide in its proper sphere, ministering with eye and ear, to Faith, the appointed priestess of Truth; discerning what the testimony of God really is; not rashly presuming to judge what it should be.

In view of all, therefore, it is surely the part of the Christian, who lives and walks by faith, to receive unshrinkingly, believe steadfastly, cherish lovingly, and maintain fearlessly, all that Divine Authority may utter, however exalted above reason, "holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience."

"We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow."

Beautiful thoughts cannot pass over the mind without acting as fine files that wear away the coarser furrows.

Pictures around your room are like loop-holes of escape for the soul, leading to other scenes and days.

How to Grow in the Knowledge of Divine Truth and How to Disseminate it.

BY PROF. JNO. CRAWFORD.

THE first step in the successful study of divine things is a deep consciousness of our need of divine teaching. There is no more effectual hindrance to a healthful growth in knowledge than for a man to imagine that he has not much need of instruction. The more a man knows the more he feels that he needs further light. "If any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." "If any man among you," says the apostle, "seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise."

Another prerequisite to the discovery of divine truth is true, genuine conversion of heart to God. "The carnal mind is enmity against God"; and, unless this enmity be slain at the cross, this native hostility of soul to the Divine Being will draw a thick veil over His glory as it shines forth in Jesus Christ, and is displayed in the doctrines of grace.

In the study of the divine oracles we need the constant teaching of the Holy Spirit who indited them. Let the student of the Word, therefore, in all his investigations commence and continue his labours in prayerful dependence upon divine illumination. But while he thus depends upon the Holy Spirit he must not neglect the diligent and laborious use of means. The man who expects aid from above, while he is too indolent to study, will find that he has made a grand mistake. The Holy Spirit will give no man a patent for indolence.

Again, prejudice caused by worldly interest tends to warp the mind of the biblical interpreter. Cicero, who possessed a deep acquaintance with human nature, has clearly set forth

in his *De Oratore*, the chief sources of a perverted judgment. *Plura enim multo homines judicant odio, aut amore, aut cupiditate, aut irascundia, aut dolore, aut lætitia, aut spe, aut timore, aut errore, aut aliqua permotione mentis, quam veritate, aut præscripto, aut juris norma aliqua, aut judicii formula, aut legibus.*

Every student of the Scriptures, and above all, every teacher of divine truth should be careful to maintain a prayerful vigilance over the workings of his own heart; and especially when the adoption of *unpopular* truth is in question, or when the adoption of truth might be prejudicial to his worldly interests. His earnest prayer should be that he may never be permitted to forget his solemn responsibility: that his eye may be kept steadfastly fixed upon the future and eternal reward, and that he may retain a constant and abiding persuasion of the comparative worthlessness of all earthly considerations; and let him ever remember that he is the servant of Christ.

While we are to be willing to profess, and, if need be, to defend unpopular truths, we should be cautious in the adoption of novelties in theology. It is an unhealthy state of mind which leads a man to be over anxious of discovering some new theory in the word of God in order that he may thereby acquire fame. Vanity is always contemptible; but it is especially odious when it seeks an occasion for display on the oracles of God. If fame be the object of critical labour, let that labour be bestowed on Juvenal and Cicero, upon Herodotus and Demosthenes, rather than upon Moses, Isaiah or Paul.

As all theological knowledge is derived from a just interpretation of holy scripture, it is obviously of the utmost importance that we adopt no unsound principles of interpretation. There is no more prolific source of error, nor one more fertile of false teaching, no more powerful engine for per-

verting scripture, than the adoption of false principles of interpretation. Better to have no principles to guide us, nothing but our knowledge of the language to be interpreted, than to be furnished with false canons. Hence it follows that extreme caution should be observed in the study of hermeneutics, and *no principles should be adopted which are not self-evident or legitimately deduced from first principles.*

In the study of divine truth we should be satisfied with slow and certain progress, rather than with the hasty adoption of views either before a thorough and searching investigation, or before our mental advancement be such as to render us competent for such investigation. Every man that is in down-right earnest to acquire truth without any admixture of error, will find that he has sometimes to refrain either from adopting or rejecting certain views for months, or even for years, until he is enabled to procure further light. Hence it is especially of importance, in the investigation of *controverted* truth, to study with the utmost care what has been said or written on *both sides*: and here we have much need of prayerful vigilance against those prejudices which tend to darken the mind. Not only should we be in earnest to acquire a knowledge of truth, but also to avoid every particle of error. All error is injurious.

While I say we must be satisfied to remain in doubt *for a time* about some things, we should not be satisfied to *continue* uncertain about anything in the Word of God. It is no crime to hold with firmness, and to teach and defend also with firmness, any truth which we have thoroughly investigated and of which we are thoroughly convinced. A man ought to tremble either to teach or defend any doctrine or interpretation as truth unless he be himself fully persuaded of its truthfulness. If he be in doubt he ought to hold his tongue until he obtain further light. A Christian should think it

no light matter to lead his brethren into error. But after a man has, by thorough and prayerful investigation, arrived at the knowledge of any truth, he should teach it as one who thoroughly believes it; and be ready to defend it, if necessary, with confidence. If we teach in a hesitating manner, it is a proof that we are not convinced ourselves either of the *truth* or of the *importance* of the sentiments we utter; and hence these doubtful utterances will have little influence upon our hearers. If a man be thoroughly penetrated with a sense of the truthfulness and importance of what he teaches, he will deliver his message with earnestness and authority which will commonly carry conviction home to his audience; while he who undertakes to teach when he only "sees men like trees walking," while he dribbles out his hesitating oratory, will be likely to leave his audience both unmoved and unconvinced. It is true that in every age those men, who were thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the truth which they taught and of its importance, and who therefore taught and defended it with confidence and enthusiasm, have been regarded by many as men who possessed little breadth of mind, in fact as narrow bigots or shallow enthusiasts. Nevertheless, such have been the men whom God has employed in every age for the advancement of His truth and kingdom. Men like Luther, or Calvin, or Knox, or Carson, or Spurgeon, men who care but little for the verdict even of their brethren in comparison with a "Well done thou good and faithful servant" from their heavenly Master; and who are willing, however painful it may be, to be misunderstood both by the world and by their brethren, provided only they can retain the assurance that their work is stamped with the approbation of Heaven.

Dust to Dust.

A MOURNFUL cry o'er the earth is sweeping,
A wail from the depths of human hearts ;
Wherere'er it passes, the voice of weeping
And bitter woe from the silence starts.

“Dust to dust !” from cot and mansion,
“Dust to dust !” over vale and hill,
Over deserts drear—o'er the sea's expansion
The cry rings on, and is never still.

“Dust to dust !” how rose-lips whiten,
And brows grow pale at the cruel cry !
How hopes die out, no more to brighten
The lingering look in the grief-dimmed eye !

Like a spirit's sigh, through the heart vibrating,
Like a hopeless wail from the darkling tomb,
Each note a quiver of pain creating,
It wafts its message of direful doom.

'Tis a bitter cry—yet a note of glory,
A tone of joy from the angel throng,
A blessed strain of the “Old, old story,”
Is mingled still with the saddened song.

Swift from the banks of the pure life-river,
Soft from the hills of Paradise,
The glad strain floats, till the dread and quiver
The anguished pain of the death-song dies.

O Eden song ! what hope and gladness,
What dreams of rest, and joy, and love,
Thy notes breathe over the spirit's sadness !
What calming thoughts of the home above.

A glory lingers around death's portals :
Through the dark valley a radiance gleams ;
Down o'er the spirits of earth-worn mortals,
A ray of Heaven divinely beams.

MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

A Letter from India to the Judson Missionary
Society.

ONGOLE, Aug. 28th, 1872.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—I was down at Ramapatam last week and saw the printing press, your valuable gift to the Telugu Mission. I can assure you that it is with feelings of gratitude and pride we look upon any token of your interest in us and the Mission, and every fresh evidence of energy and devotion to the cause of our dear Redeemer. We intently watched each paper as the roll of names increased, and blessed each one in turn till the whole was complete. The press will be stationed at Ramapatam, I expect, as it would be better to have it near the Seminary. We thank you heartily for the press, and ask God to abundantly bless in their souls and bodies and substance all those who have in any way contributed to the success of the undertaking. We hope to print tracts, pamphlets, scripture portions, lessons, &c., &c., upon it; and who shall tell how many, in ages to come, shall bless God for the gift you just lately sent us! I believe the waves of influence will be bounded by eternity alone.

This also shows that the missionary spirit is still living,—but where are the rest of our missionaries? I hear nothing from them just now. It may be that they are in course of preparation, but remember there are three years since your last left. *Three-fourths* of the Telugu Mission is now on the shoulders of your missionaries, and it is slowly crushing out their life. This is no fanciful statement. Bro. Timpany told me as much as that the other day; and *I* know *flesh* and *blood* cannot stand this strain *very long*. Bro. Timpany has a rapidly enlarging mission, and the School or Seminary, at least he has the oversight of it. I have a field more than three times as large as either of the others. Will you not send us help? We have a natural

craving to live] long and work long. We think it poor economy to kill ourselves with anxiety and hard work. Besides, we have no time to *read, study* and *grow*. We must be working machines unless we get a little more time.

In your speeches, orations and essays, you grow eloquent over "the labours of *our devoted* missionaries." Come and *share* their devotion. Is it a glorious privilege to be a missionary? Come, *enjoy* that privilege; the door is open. Is it an arduous work? Come, help bear the toil. Shall there be a blessed reward? Come, brethren and sisters, and share that reward.

If it is a life of self-denial and monotonous toil, is it fair that the *few* should be left to deny themselves. If it is a work of immortal honour and glory, is it not strange so few enter upon it? Think upon these things and come.

The missions are still prosperous. Bro. Timpany was out lately for a little over four weeks, and baptized 104 persons, precious gems for Jesus' crown. I was out at the same time about three weeks and baptized 72, and the Sabbath after coming in, baptized in Ongole 19. In Nellore they are baptizing almost every Sabbath. I have twelve school teachers now on this field. They are now with me taking lessons in Timothy. There are twenty preachers; these also spent a month with me (May) studying Romans. They also get half-a-dozen lessons every time they come in, which is generally once a month. This helps them very much, but still their stock of knowledge is very small.

Now I must bid you good-bye, hoping your Society is vigorous, and that you may be the means of stirring up the missionary spirit in many souls, and aiding much in spreading abroad the Saviour's name.

I am, with very fond recollections,

Your brother in Christ,

JOHN McLAURIN.

Literary.

Science in the Institute.

BY PROF. J. MONTGOMERY, M.S.

ALMOST all admit at the present time, that science should form a part of every college course of study.

Indeed it may be assumed as demonstrated, that any course of instruction that is exclusively classical, exclusively mathematical, or exclusively scientific, is defective ; more than this, any course of study that does not at least include these three departments may be considered very faulty. Most of our universities and colleges make ample provision for classics and mathematics, but very few of them come up to a true standard in science.

I shall briefly state what I conceive to be the work of the university and the first-class college in science, and follow with some views in regard to the amount of this work we can, or ought to do in the Institute.

While I would not diminish, in the least, the amount of classics and mathematics required in our colleges and universities, I would materially increase the course in science.

Science may be made an excellent means of discipline ; and it will be as useful in after life as anything taught. But to state what should be done in this department, I should say that the first object should be to teach the great fundamental principles of the various branches of science.

Examination will show that too many institutions of high standing are not as scrupulous about this as they should be. How many professors dwell too much upon pet theories, or lay too much stress upon the minutiae of a favourite subject, and neglect, or but half teach fundamental principles. The

grand outlines of some departments of science may be seen and appreciated without much knowledge of details. The liberally educated man may have the broad general view, leaving the working out of minor matters to the special student.

I do not mean that a superficial knowledge is all that is required—very far from it—but that the great general principles are to be learned.

To illustrate : a man may spend all the time of his college course in the study of butterflies, but his education would fall far below the true aim, while one who should devote a fourth of the time to the careful study of the distinguishing characteristics of the sub-kingdoms, and the classes and orders under them, would have made far more advancement in the right direction.

In the next place, every university should be prepared to give very extended instruction in all departments of science to those who desire it. It is not intended to advocate the false view, that man should study only that which he expects to practise in after life ; but, that after receiving the thorough discipline that a well balanced general course will impart, a student should find the means in the university of further prosecuting study in special departments.

Again, the university should keep up with the times in all of its departments. New questions in history, philology, philosophy, and especially new discoveries in science, should be presented to the student.

Probably there is no department of educational work of more importance than this. How many teachers cling to old or exploded theories. How many are utterly incapable of presenting the new ones. One university retains old mathematical works, teaching nothing of modern methods. The professor of chemistry in another holds on to the old nomenclature, because he thinks the new system is in a transition

state. In another, the professor who of all others should know, has not heard of an important piece of apparatus, although a score of articles have been written upon it in the different scientific journals. These examples are no suppositions, but actual facts.

Every university should furnish the advanced student with the means of making special investigation in science, that is, he should be furnished with proper apparatus for making researches, entirely original, or at least new to himself—something not laid down in the curriculum, and, for the most part, planned by himself, and prosecuted by his own methods. As, for example, the examination of some formation of rocks, and a careful presentation of facts and deductions in an essay.

The formation of a collection of birds or insects, with an accurately prepared description and classification.

A series of experiments upon the propagation and growth of plants under peculiar circumstances.

A series of experiments to determine the amount of ozone, or the amount of free electricity, in the air.

An analysis of the waters of the springs and streams of the vicinity ; and hundreds of other things that the earnest student will readily think of.

Such work would usually be done by post graduates, and of course under the direction of the professor, otherwise many useless things might be undertaken,

Every university should supply itself, if possible, not only with all the apparatus necessary to illustrate its prescribed course of instruction, but with different varieties of the same kind. One instrument will illustrate the principles of the thermometer, but it would be much better to have several varieties, with Fahrenheit, Reaumur, and centigrade scales. One polariscope will illustrate the principles of polarized light, but several should be owned, as Noremborg's, Amici's, Airy's, Dove's, &c.

A good museum should be formed, and then it should be made useful to the student. Too many valuable collections are not used at all, and only serve as objects of curiosity to the multitudes that almost daily visit them.

If the above are some of the conditions that every first-class university must fulfil, it must be admitted that they are objects of no easy attainment.

However, the difficulties are not insurmountable, and it ought to be the aim of every institution of high grade to overcome them.

But I must turn to the scientific wants of the Institute. We do not now propose to attempt the work that a great university should do, but there are some things we can and ought to do.

We should teach the fundamental principles of all those sciences included in our course of instruction.

We should endeavour to give our pupils an intelligent general idea of the advancement in science and the new phases it puts on.

We can conduct special investigation in certain departments.

While we cannot expect to have a very large amount of apparatus, we should have a well selected supply of all that is most useful for the elucidation of the fundamental principles we undertake to teach.

Let me now particularize a little. We have in our course of study botany, chemistry, physiology, zoology, geology, natural philosophy and astronomy.

Of all these subjects, botany should first be introduced to the notice of the pupil; and, were it possible, a course of elementary instruction should be placed in the preparatory department.

A class exercise might be conducted without a text-book, in such a manner as to lead the pupils to discover for themselves all the more obvious facts of elementary botany.

After this, it would be taken up as a regular study as usual, and, to finally complete the subject, a larger text-book might be used in connection with lectures, use of microscope and special investigation.

Considerable time might be spent in pressing flowers, and preparing other botanical specimens, without trespassing upon other portions of the course.

Natural philosophy should come next in order, and this also ought to occupy two places in the course.

The instruction in the preparatory department being calculated to draw attention to common things in such a way as to teach the pupil to observe and compare facts and to some extent, to think and investigate for himself. With this arrangement more time could be given in the advanced class to the solution of problems adapted to fix principles upon the mind of the student.

In physiology and comparative anatomy a few skeletons of different animals would be of great use. Prepared specimens of Ontario birds and mammals, or good charts, or a good magic lantern with natural history slides, would possess a still greater value.

In connection with our study of geology and minerology, we need more specimens of the principal rocks and minerals.

There should be a work-room especially fitted up for students in botany, zoology, and geology, where flowers could be pressed, specimens of wood cut and arranged, seeds put up and labelled, microscopic objects mounted, skins of animals stuffed, minerals polished, &c.

In astronomy we cannot expect to do much at present. If, however, our small telescope were mounted on a stone or brick foundation inside of, even, a small wooden building, we might use it considerably, and perhaps gradually accumulate other appliances by means of which something more important could be done.

There is no subject in our course upon which we can more profitably spend time and money than upon chemistry. Our prescribed work, although now lengthened, should still have some additions to it.

We need, first of all, a suitable room fitted up in a proper manner, and stocked with proper apparatus for manipulation.

I doubt very much if chemistry is best taught by putting the text-book in the student's hands and compelling him to commit a horde of facts, too often without showing any connection between them. Probably no subject can be more successfully "crammed" than chemistry. It is not intended, however, to discuss best methods of teaching chemistry.

But, had we a room fitted up with some of the less expensive apparatus, where students could become acquainted with most of the elements and their compounds by actually seeing them and producing them, where they could each work out the lesson in the text-book, and perform the more simple experiments that might be given in a course of lectures, I am satisfied that a new impulse would be given to the study, and that the elementary principles would be imparted with much more ease and certainty.

To give the instruction that we ought to give in the subjects of chemistry and natural philosophy, and to give it properly, our supply of apparatus should be materially increased, and at the earliest opportunity possible.

There can be no doubt but that a work-room with a turning lathe and tools would be of very great advantage to us; for in it apparatus might not only be repaired, but apparatus of no mean construction may be, and has often been made by skilful students. There are scores of things that might be thus added to our stock of apparatus that we cannot hope to purchase for a long time to come.

In regard to giving our pupils some information relative

to the advances in science, and to new phases of thought in other departments, all we can hope to accomplish for the present must be done by occasional lectures, each professor turning his attention to a particular department. One to science, one to metaphysics, especially to the so-called modern philosophy, another to philology, &c.

Lastly something may be done in special investigation. The observations we have been taking for some time are a kind of specialty. Something more in this direction might be done.

It would be easy to suggest special lines of investigation for most of the subjects taught in the department of sciences, that older students might engage in, without loss of time, and yet greatly to their advantage.

If so much is to be done in our school, and I believe it can be done, and ought to be done, it is easily seen that it will take time, labour and money. A great deal can be done, however, without much means by pupils and teachers.

Let us, then, set the example in the hope that our friends who have the money will supply the means of fully attaining the very best results in the scientific work we undertake: and let us not only endeavour to accomplish so much, but let us strive to attain the high position that will ultimately enable us to give instruction as extensive and as thorough as the great work of education demands.

The Island of Time.

I LIVE upon an island in the sea,
 An island walled around with ridgy rocks,
 And scooped into a valley wherein dwell
 A busy race. From morn till night the sound
 Of trampling feet, of striving tongues I hear.
 From night till morn the flood of sound flows on,
 Save that one mid-night hour it lapses back
 Almost to silence ; and, as from a dream
 Waking, I know myself again, and hear
 A sound that seems of solemn silence born—
 The ceaseless dashing of the thunderous waves—
 The long, long waves that one by one swing up
 Against the rock wall, and nigh overleap
 Its mighty barriers. I can almost think
 I feel the in-blown spray upon my face,
 As in still awe, with ears compelled I hear
 The solemn sound, and move with feet compelled
 Nearer and nearer to the solemn shore.
 Oh ! in the day time I will lift my voice,
 Till all my fellow men shall hear my cry.
 “Hark ! hark ! th’eternal waves devour the shore,
 Come up, and build us battlements heaven-high,
 That when the rocks shall crumble, we may yet
 Defy the leaping surge.”

But, list ! my soul.
 I hear a Voice among the winds of night :
 “Yea, build ye Babel high, or heaven-high.
 If so you can, your towers and battlements,
 The unheeding waves with undiminished might
 Beyond your vanished structures will advance
 Resistless.”

“O, thou Voice among the winds !
 Behold I evermore draw near the shore,
 And the waves evermore tear at the rocks.
 What shall I do, what shall my brethren do,
 At that supreme last moment when the sea,
 Sweeps all its tempest fury o’er our heads ?”
 And thus the Voice among the winds replies :
 “Behold yon rock among the rocks alone
 In majesty, its pinnacle star-crowned.
 Lo, its eternal bases moveless stand
 Among the waves, while they advancing kneel
 To kiss its feet. Go, hide ye in its clefts,
 And there ye shall abide for ever safe.”

MISS M. MCGINN.

Yesterday and To-day.

WE cannot always bind down the mind to the work of gathering facts, nor to close reasoning concerning their mutual relations. Sometimes it will take flight over the whole field of inquiry and gather intuitive knowledge, not from each individual circumstance, but from the whole combined. Thus in the department of history we find it a pleasant recreation to give over for a time the laborious search after simple facts and permit the mind to soar free over the great field, whether it gropes in the mists of the distant past or strives to find the bounds of the great present. In this flight much is seen to cause thought.

It is not long, only a little while, the way the world goes, since that which is now called the civilized world was enveloped in almost unbroken gloom. Mediæval darkness rested like a pall upon the nations of Europe, upon the grand old empires of Asia, and upon a world yet unborn in the west. The sable mantle of intellectual night overspread the world and it slept. Only now and then was the gloom broken for a moment, as a Charlemagne, like a bright and terrible meteor, rose from the political horizon, to live for a moment and then die, leaving the darkness even more intense ; or as a torch-like flame lit up the Pyrenees or blazed on the banks of the Po, telling that yet one more was witnessing for Jesus, and would soon put on a heavenly robe, even brighter than that winding sheet of flame.

By means of those old musty manuscripts that for ages were hidden in the lumber rooms of monasteries we can pierce this gloom, and, far beyond the dark ages, catch glimpses of another of the world's days, a yesterday of civilization, whose light, though perhaps more evanescent than that of to-day, was by times even more brilliant.

Old Greece and Rome in their palmy days bequeathed to

us a treasury of literature. Their time-worn tomes that adorn the shelves of our libraries reveal to us the noon-day brightness of that grand yesterday. Even the brightest lights of to-day would be dim indeed did they not borrow from their grand old masters. The morning too of that day throws a mellowed light upon the present. Letters, the pledge of civilization coming from ancient Phœnicia, the arts and principles of science that owe their origin to the early enlightenment of Egypt, the rudiments of philosophy that found birth in distant Oriental climes, and above all that pure and undying light that shone forth from the Sun of Righteousness, all are telling the present, the To-day, how bright and glorious yesterday was.

But in striving to pierce the gloom of this night, it is only *occasional* glimpses of light we can catch, for we strain the eye in vain to catch one bright ray from the ancient home of the Britons, or aught that would tell us of the Frank's sunny clime or the Fatherland of the German. We turn from these thoughts for the view we sometimes think we can catch of our own Alfred or Canute is lost in the darkness that intervenes ; and the songs too of Ossian, though by times sublime in the fitful gusts of their strange melody, do but confuse images like those.

The world is only now emerging from the darkness of that night. The morn is only breaking. We, in new-born America, enjoy a light, civil and religious, that is like a summer for our growth, and in Europe mid-day brightness shines, but beyond the land of Milton, of Goethe and of Homer there is night. To-day, five hundred millions of our fellow men are enveloped in Pagan darkness. Those Oriental climes, in whose very names there is poetry, where once the star of learning neared the zenith, now lie in mental obscurity : lands once noted as the birth-place of the arts and sciences are now sunken in intellectual gloom ; the mid-

night darkness of the past still clings to the fairest portions of the world, and nations once bright with the light of knowledge, and in whose midst the Sun of Righteousness once diffused the light of truth that should penetrate even the dark recesses of the soul, are now grovelling in barbaric night.

Though in the West morn has risen into noon-day, yet in the distant East, the benighted millions, with extended hands and suppliant voice call to us for light :

“ A cry from afar comes over the deep,
’Tis the wail of souls as they wait and weep ;
They sit in the shade and gloom of night,
As they call to the nations afar for light.”

Then, brethren, let us arise in the name of the Master and for the sake of humanity and roll back the flood of light, that *there* long ago sprung into existence and has struggled through intervening centuries to dawn upon us, that once more the Orient may glow with brightness.

N. WOLVERTON.

Lake Huron.

IT is evening on Huron's pleasant waters, though the gloriously-crowned Day-King still sends smiling glances over the ripple of waves. How the boat speeds on—on through the changing glories of the time and place! It is an hour of exquisite enjoyment. The suffocating cabin, the cramped deck, the rough voices of the men below—everything unpleasant is forgotten.

But some one has said that half one's enjoyment of anything consists in having others share that enjoyment. So, if you please, you devotee of literary pleasures, leave that quiet nook, lay aside that rather suspicious looking yellow-covered volume, and participate in this free, priceless entertainment. See how the blue waves we have passed, stretch away and away in endless flow—waves of time, they almost seem, extending back to the eternity of the past.

On the right the shore, distinctly visible, varies as the shifting scenes of a panorama. Now we glide past hoary hills, dotted with white cottages and green meadows, and crowned with groups of trees: again a river comes flashing, singing through the sunlight to pay its tribute to the lake; or a valley, quaint and sombre, holds its treasures of century-burdened forests. For a time we forget the blue lake and the sunlight, and fancy wanders through the deep shades, hearing the stealthy foot-fall of the red-browed hunter as he slowly retreats before the "pale face," and yet further back, we hear the lone cry of bird or the howl of wild beast—the only denizens in the far solemn past.—Hark! was that the wind? or was it a faint muttering of thunder from those heavy masses of clouds gilded so magnificently? How grand! a broad undimmed expanse, and then those burnished cloud-mountains! old Sol smiling a gracious good-night to earth! and the waves: how they rise and fall, and

gambol in the slanting, softened sun-rays! what varied hues are pictured in nature's magnificent mirror!—

“Bits of cloud belt and of rainbow,
In strange alternate braid.”

Gleamings of gold and sparklings of silver; tints of amber and green, and purple—almost every lovely hue mingling in bewitching confusion! Brighter the splendours grow for a moment, but only for a moment: they are fading now. Slowly, surely, right royally, the day-king has swept from sight; but yet the waters are not shorn of all their loveliness. Let us lean over the deck and look into the depths below. How the waters curl and flash, and leap up in delicate feathery spray! wreathing themselves into fairy forms that roll away in gentle mellow curves.

But another visitant has appeared upon the scene. The Queen of Night has arisen in fairest splendour. Moonlight upon the waters! Thought will not fashion into words language is too tame to describe it. The “sentinel stars,” too, decorate the nocturnal scene, and each wave is gemmed with a million images of tremulous radiance. Earth is almost too fair to-night, and Heaven seems scarcely beyond the blue dome and the stars. But, already, we have neared the port. Adieu, fair Huron! storms may rage upon thee, and proud ships lie stranded on thy shores, but we will ever remember the setting sun, the peaceful moonlight, and all the untold raptures of that hour.

MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

Selected.

Blindness and the Blind.*

THIS interesting volume is rendered still more interesting by the fact that its author has been blind from early infancy. Mr. Levy is the Director of the Association for promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. His position has enabled him not only to collect a variety of curious facts with regard to those who are thus afflicted, but also to give the results of much practical experience. The writer considers it advisable that blind children should be treated as far as possible like "sighted" children, and that their freedom of action should be encouraged from earliest youth. It is a mistake to make them too dependent: a most mischievous mistake to forbid them walking out alone from fear of possible mishaps. The blind child should be taught to do everything for himself, and "should be permitted to join in common recreations, such as leap-frog, hoop-bowling, skipping with rope, shuttlecock, marbles, &c., and even the sports of sliding and snowballing should not be forbidden, as they greatly tend to strengthen the system, and to give a correct idea of distance. Riding on horseback, when attainable, will be found of great service, and gymnastic exercises are much to be commended." We are reminded too by the writer's narrative, that while blind children may follow most of the sports of childhood, blind men and women are not debarred from a number of pursuits for which eyesight might be deemed indispensable. Thus we read once more of the brave John, King of Bohemia, who died fighting valiantly, and whose motto, "Ich dien" is now worn by the Prince of Wales; of Count de Pagan, who on becoming blind devoted himself to the study of fortifications and of geometry; of Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, who, although blind almost from his birth, lectured on optics, and was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge; of Sir John Fielding, half brother of the great novelist, and Chief Magistrate of Bow Street Police Court, whose "acuteness

* Blindness and the Blind: or a Treatise on the Science of Syphology. By W. Hanks Levy, F.R.G.S., London.

on the magisterial bench may have been equalled, but has never been surpassed ;” of Huber, the eminent Naturalist, who invented the glass beehives now in common use ; and of James Holman, who travelled without an attendant through a large portion of Europe, penetrated five thousand miles into the Russian dominions, performed a voyage round the world, and actually on one occasion saved the vessel by taking the helm. There was a certain John Metcalf, who seems to have pursued his numerous avocations without much hindrance from the loss of sight. It is at least difficult to imagine what more he could have done had he been able to see. As a boy he went birds-nesting with his school-mates ; as a young man he followed the hounds, he learnt to swim and to dive, had the reputation of being a good boxer, was a good musician, dealt in woollen goods and also in horses, established public conveyances, became a builder and contractor, built bridges, laid down roads, made drains, and accomplished some difficult engineering works which people who had their sight declined.

One of the most interesting portions of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the unrecognized senses. Mr. Levy writes :

“ Whether within a house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, although quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence, whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooden fence, a brick or stone wall, or a quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than my shoulder, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This may depend on the nature of the objects, or on some abnormal state of the atmosphere. The currents of air can have nothing to do with this power, as the state of the wind does not directly affect it ; the sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when snow lies thickly on the ground objects are more distinct, although the foot-fall cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impressions immediately transmitted to the brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face ; this I have ascertained by suitable experiments. Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses have anything to do with the existence of this power, and the circumstances above named induce me to call this unrecognized sense by the name of ‘Facial Perception.’ ”

This power of seeing with the face is diminished by a fog, but not by ordinary darkness. At one time Mr. Levy could tell when a cloud obscured the horizon, but he has now lost that power, which he has known several persons to have who were totally blind. The service rendered by this facial perception will be obvious from the following remarks :

“ When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors and windows, and this whether the doors be shut or open. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass, it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. From this it would appear that glass is a bad conductor of sensation, or at any rate of the sensation specially connected with this sense. When objects below the face are perceived, the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend in Forest Lane, Stratford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, ‘ Those rails are not quite so high as my shoulder.’ He looked at them and said they were higher. We, however, measured, and found them about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the fence. Certainly in this instance facial perception was more accurate than sight. When the lower part of a fence is brick work, and the upper part rails, the fact can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily perceived.”

A similar sense belongs to some part of the animal creation, and especially to bats, who have been known to fly about a room without striking against anything, after the cruel experiment of extracting their eyes had been made. We may add, in conclusion, that all the system of printing for the blind are reviewed by Mr. Levy, and that his little volume abounds with curious details, on a subject which has an interest for every one.—*From the Spectator.*

Unseen.

AT the spring of an arch in the great north tower,
High up on the wall, is an angel's head,
And beneath it is carven a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face
Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride,
And when he had added the last sad grace
To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

And the worshippers throng to the shrine below,
 And the sightseers come with their curious eyes,
 But deep in the shadow, where none may know
 Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

Yet at early morn on a midsummer's day,
 When the sun is far to the north, for the space
 Of a few minutes, there falls a ray
 Through an amber pane on the angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God, and it seems
 That he blesses the work of the dead man's hand
 With a ray of the golden light that streams
 On the lost that are found in the deathless land.

A. J. C.

Spectator.

Educational Veneering.

VENEERING is a great art. It makes things "go so much further," and there is nothing an economist likes so much as to make things hold out. Our ancestors were so foolish as to build solid mahogany tables, bureaus, and sideboards. We know better. We have found out that a piece of wood a sixteenth of an inch thick will transform the commonest wood into mahogany or rosewood. And so the honest old tables and sideboards have given place to the sleek veneered ones, which look just as well.

A monument should be built to the man who discovered this wonderful art, for its applications are so numerous. The crockery men sell imitation china; they have learned the art of veneering. The rogue veneers himself with the dress and manners of a gentleman. The cook veneers his dishes. The shaky broker veneers his credit by keeping up appearances. The parson, alas! sometimes veneers his sermons with thin layers of learning. The doctor veneers his conversation with sounding phrases. The politician veneers his thieving by thin patriotism. The fortune-hunter veneers his cupidity with professions of love. What a wonderful art it is! How badly we should feel if the veneering were taken off and all our purposes, acquirements and pretensions appeared the naked pine and poplar which they are.

But when it comes to education, we wish veneering had

never been invented. And now that George and Maria are about to begin school, let us enter our protest against veneering establishments. There are schools for boys and hundreds of schools for girls, where the whole business transacted is the putting on of a thin layer of outward appearances. Everything is taught from a compend. History is boiled down to a strong decoction of facts and dates, and Ann Matilda is required to swallow it. "There were five thousand on one side, commanded by Gen. Brown. There were seven thousand on the other, commanded by Gen. Smith. Gen. Smith was surprised on Sunday morning, and driven back with a loss of five hundred men and three pieces of artillery." This Ann Matilda, and Ann Matilda's parents, and Ann Matilda's friends, fondly believe, is history. It is paid for as history, and labelled history, and must be history. But whatever there is of philosophy, of poetry, of culture, of mental discipline in history is gone. This desiccated extract has no nourishment whatever. Of the peculiarities of race, of the domestic life, of the under lying causes of history, Ann Matilda learns nothing. She has swallowed a register, a gazetteer, but not a history. But she has passed her examination and "graduated." Her education is all right. It has the seal of the proper authorities on it, and she can go in peace.

English literature is worse taught than history. It is a thing that cannot be learned from a compend. The very essence of the highest culture for people, who speak the English language is in English literature. But no one can learn English literature at second-hand. A good thorough knowledge of the authors themselves in their works is the only road to this culture. And all short-cuts are delusions.

The great mistake in the education of girls, and for that matter of boys, is that they master nothing. A little here and a little there is the plan. The object seems to be to enable the pupil to give a long catalogue of things studied. And for this charlatanism the parents who demand it are chiefly responsible. There are schools which are thorough. It is not for us to point them out, but for parents to be sure that they are not caught with the chaff of an empty pretence. In education, veneering will peel off.—*H. and H., Southern Collegian.*

A New Theory of Volcanoes.

THERE are few subjects less satisfactorily treated in scientific treatises than that which Humboldt calls the reaction of the earth's interior. We find, not merely in the configuration of the earth's crust, but in actual and very remarkable phenomena, evidences of subterranean forces of great activity, and the problems suggested seem in no sense impracticable. yet no theory of the earth's volcanic energy has gained general acceptance; while astronomers tell of the constitution of orbs millions of times further away than our own sun, the geologist has hitherto been unable to give an account of the forces which agitate the crust of the orb on which we live.

A theory has just been put forward respecting volcanic energy, however, by the eminent seismologist, Mallet, which promises not merely to take the place of all others, but to gain a degree of acceptance which has not been accorded to any theory previously enunciated. It is, in principle, exceedingly simple, though many of the details (into which we do not propose to enter) involve questions of considerable difficulty.

Let us, in the first place, consider briefly the various explanations which had already been advanced. There was first the chemical theory of volcanic energy, the favourite theory of Sir Humphrey Davy. It is possible to produce on a small scale nearly all the phenomena due to subterranean activity by simple bringing together certain substances and leaving them to undergo the chemical changes due to their association. As a familiar instance of explosive action thus occasioned, we need only mention the results experienced when any one unfamiliar with the methods of treating lime endeavours over hastily to "slake", or "slack" it with water. Indeed, one of the strong points of the chemical theory consisted in the circumstance that volcanoes only occur where water can reach the subterranean regions, or as Mallet expresses it, that "without water there is no volcano." But the theory is disposed of by the fact, now generally admitted, that the chemical energies of our earth's materials were almost wholly exhausted before the surface was consolidated.

Another inviting theory is that according to which the earth is regarded as a mere shell of solid matter surrounding a molten nucleus. There is every reason to believe that the whole interior of the earth is in a state of intense heat; and

if the increase of heat with depth (as shown in our mines) is supposed to continue uniformly, we find that at very moderate depths a degree of heat must prevail sufficient to liquify any known solids under ordinary conditions. But the conditions under which matter exists a few miles only below the surface of the earth are not ordinary; the pressure enormously exceeds any which our physicists can obtain experimentally. The ordinary distinction between solids and liquids cannot exist at that enormous pressure: a mass of cold steel could be as plastic as any of the glutinous liquids, while the structural change which a solid undergoes in the process of liquifying could not take place under such pressure even at an enormously high temperature. It is now generally admitted that if the earth really has a molten nucleus, the solid crust, must, nevertheless, be far too thick to be in any way disturbed by changes affecting the liquid matter beneath.

Yet another theory has found advocates. The mathematician Hopkins, whose analysis of the molten-nucleus theory was mainly effective in rendering that theory untenable, suggested that there may be isolated subterranean lakes of fiery matter, and that these may be the true seat of volcanic energy. But such lakes could not maintain their heat for ages, if surrounded (as the theory requires) by cooler solid matter, especially as the theory also requires that water should have access to them. It will be observed also that none of the theories just described affords any direct account of those various features of the earth's surface—mountain ranges, tableland, volcanic regions, and so on, which are undoubtedly due to the action of subterranean forces. The theory advanced by Mr. Mallet is open to none of those objections. It seems, indeed, competent to explain all the facts which have hitherto appeared most perplexing.

It is recognized by physicists that our earth is gradually parting with its heat. As it cools it contracts. Now if this process of contraction took place uniformly no subterranean action would result. But if the interior contracts more quickly than the crust, the latter must in some way or other force its way down to the retreating nucleus. Mr. Mallet shows that the hotter internal portion must contract faster than the relatively cool crust; and then he shows that the shrinkage of the crust is competent to occasion all the known phenomena of volcanic action. In the distant ages when the earth was still fashioning, the shrinkage produced the *ir-*

regularities of level which we recognize in the elevation of the land and the depression of the ocean bed. Then came the period when as the crust shrank it formed *corrugations*, in other words, when the foldings and elevations of the somewhat thickened crust gave rise to the mountain-ranges of the earth. Lastly, as the globe gradually lost its extremely high temperature, the continuance of the same process of shrinkage led no longer to the formation of ridges and tablelands, but to local crushing down and dislocation. This process is still going on, and Mr. Mallet not only recognizes here the origin of earthquakes, and of the changes of level now in progress, but the true cause of volcanic heat. The modern theory of heat as a form of motion here comes into play. As the solid crust closes in upon the shrinking nucleus, the work expended in crushing and dislocating the parts of the crust is transformed into heat, by which, at the places where the process goes on with the greatest energy, "the material of the rock so crushed and of that adjacent to it are heated even to fusion. The access of water to such points determines volcanic eruption."

Now all this is not mere theorizing. Mr. Mallet does not come before the scientific world with an ingenious speculation, which may or may not be confirmed by observation and experiment. He has measured and weighed the forces of which he speaks. He is able to tell precisely what proportion of the actual energy, which must be developed as the earth contracts, is necessary for the production of observed volcanic phenomena. It is probable that nine-tenths of those who have read these lines would be disposed to think that the contraction of the earth must be far too slow to produce effects so stupenduous as those which we recognize in the volcano and the earthquake. But Mr. Mallet is able to show by calculations which cannot be disputed, that less than one-fourth of the heat at present annually lost by the earth is sufficient to account for the total annual volcanic action, according to the best data at present in our possession.

This would clearly not be the place to follow out Mr. Mallet's admirable theory into all its details. We must content ourselves with pointing out how excellently it accounts for certain peculiarities of the earth's surface-configuration. Few that have studied carefully drawn charts of the chief mountain-ranges can have failed to notice that the arrangement of these ranges does not accord with the idea of upheaval through the action of internal forces. But it

will be at once recognized that the aspect of the mountain-ranges accords exactly with what would be expected to result from such a process of contraction as Mr. Mallet has indicated. The shrivelled skin of an apple affords no inapt representation of the corrugated surface of our earth, and according to the new theory, the shrivelling of such a skin is precisely analogous to the process at work upon the earth when mountain-ranges were being formed. Again, there are few students of geology who have not found a source of perplexity in the foldings and overlappings of strata in mountainous regions. No forces of upheaval seem competent to produce this arrangement. But by the new theory this feature of the earth's surface is at once explained; indeed, no other arrangement could be looked for.

It is worthy of notice that Mr. Mallet's theory of volcanic energy is completely opposed to ordinary ideas respecting earthquakes and volcanoes. We have been accustomed vaguely to regard these phenomena as due to the eruptive outbursting power of the earth's interior; we shall now have to consider them as due to the subsidence and shrinkage of the earth's exterior. Mountains have not been upheaved, but valleys have sunk down. And in another respect the new theory tends to modify views which have been generally entertained in recent times. Our most eminent geologists have taught that the earth's internal forces may be as active now as in the epochs when the mountain ranges were formed. But Mr. Mallet's theory tends to show that the volcanic energy of the earth is a declining force. Its chief action had already been exerted when mountains began to be formed; what remains now is but the minutest fraction of the volcanic energy of the mountain-forming era; and each year, as the earth parts with more and more of its internal heat, the sources of her subterranean energy are more and more exhausted. The thought once entertained by astronomers that the earth might explode like a bomb, her scattered fragments producing a ring of bodies resembling the zone of asteroids, seems further than ever from probability; if ever there was any danger of such a catastrophe, the danger has long since passed away.—*From the Spectator.*

Editorial.

EDITORS :

J. J. WHITE, N. WOLVERTON, IRA SMITH.

AS we expected, some into whose hands the first number of THE TYRO fell, were pleased with it, and some were not; some thought it quite creditable, while some thought it quite the reverse. Yet, upon the whole, we are thankful for the kind reception accorded to it. Considering that those who conduct it are *students*, and that, as the title indicates, it professes to be but an incomplete *beginning* of something to be improved, it cannot be surprising that it contained many imperfections. The beginning of everything undertaken by human hands falls far short of perfection, even where those hands have been trained by that experience the want of which we deplore.

As our readers may see, we have striven to remove many of those imperfections from the number we now place in their hands. With much trouble, and at greatly increased expense, we have enlarged the magazine, so that we now present forty-eight pages of reading matter, instead of thirty-four, and, having placed the printing and binding in the hands of one of the best houses in Canada, Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., of Toronto, we have been enabled to secure a larger and more beautiful type, and to give the whole a greatly improved appearance.

The arrangement of the contents we have now adopted will be permanent. We wish, if possible, to make THE TYRO serve the double purpose of a college magazine and a paper representing our school. Now, a college magazine is supposed to contain a variety of matter, all, either directly or more remotely, bearing on the great work of education; while a college paper is devoted chiefly to college news. The greater part—something like three-fourths—of the present number answers to the former description; while the remainder is devoted to such items of news as will, we think, interest students, and those having the welfare of the Institute at heart.

The school contains both a Theological and a Literary Department, each claiming notice. To represent the former, a number of pages have been devoted to religious topics, while the latter finds its representation in the literary department that follows. We have also thought it well to occupy a few pages with carefully *selected* matter. The articles are of great merit, and, for the most part, from English publications that do not, as a general thing, fall into the hands of our readers.

In addition to much solid matter, a little fun or "nonsense," if you please to denominate it such, may also be found. We think the magazine could not properly represent the school if it did not contain something of this nature. When did one hundred and sixty young people dwell together under one roof without producing something funny or nonsensical?

We now submit this number to our patrons, hoping that the labour expended in attempting to make it worthy of their regard may be a sufficient expression of our thanks for their past support, and, at the same time, a not ineffectual plea for more extended patronage in future.

THE TYRO has been enlarged and otherwise improved, and now we want more subscribers to make it pay expenses. We think it has a right to be supported. It has a claim on present and former students, in that it is serving the school that has done so much for them. A few students, and many who were once students, have not as yet given us their assistance. Students, show your love to the Institute by subscribing to THE TYRO at once. Students and alumni should not only give us their names, but each should get up at least one club. A very little trouble will do it.

THE TYRO has also a claim on the denomination, for it is doing a work nothing else can do. But a very imperfect idea of the working of the school can be gained from our excellent paper, the *Baptist*, for that has a wider and far different sphere. This magazine is well calculated to give all our friends a clear understanding of the work here in all its branches. A periodical of this nature going out from the Institute every term, and finding its way into Baptist homes, far and near, must have a great influence in keeping alive their interest in the school. There should be one or more

clubs in every Baptist church in Ontario. What is to prevent it? The price is very low, and the magazine is worth the money. If our friends will take a little trouble in extending its circulation, we can not only pay our expenses but we can aid the Institute, for our sole outlay is the bare expense attending the printing and binding. Give us seven or eight hundred subscribers, and we will devote from one to two hundred dollars yearly to much-needed improvements here. One hundred dollars expended yearly in purchasing philosophical apparatus will soon increase the efficiency of the scientific department ten-fold. We cannot do much in the way of paying ready money, for students are proverbially poor, but we are willing to labour, and if our friends will purchase the products of our labour, the desired end, viz., the good of the Institute, will be attained.

Faculty.

QUITE a change has taken place in the *personnel* of the Faculty. Mr. Carscadden and Mrs. Hankinson retired at the close of last term. Miss A. T. Giddings is now governess; Mr. S. J. McKee, B. A., Professor of higher Mathematics and Classics, and Mr. J. I. Bates, teacher in English and junior Mathematics.

Mr. McKee, a graduate of Toronto University, and silver medallist in ethics and metaphysics, has now assumed control over the department of Mathematics, and will, for the present, assist Professor Wells in the Classics. Mr. McKee has now been with us but one term, yet has, in this short time, won the entire respect and confidence of the school.

Mr. J. I. Bates, who succeeds Mrs. Hankinson in the English department, holds an equally high position in our esteem. We hope he will long remain in a position he is so well qualified to fill.

CLASSICS.—There is in many places a growing desire to substitute, in college courses, ancient Christian authors, such as Chrysostom, Jerome, and Erasmus, for such old “heathens” as Cicero, Homer, and Aristotle. The desire, it seems, has become strong enough to provoke not a little discussion, and some action, for Harvard University has made these authors optional in the junior and senior years, and Lafayette College has established a course in which Christian authors and the New Testament alone are read. It is probable that some of our Professors, whose tastes are so very classical, will shake their heads at the innovation, but for our part, if said Christian authors have fewer irregularities and “heathenish” constructions than our pagans, we say bring them on.

Lectures.

The Y. M. C. A. have engaged the services of ten excellent lecturers for the present season. There are some rich treats in store for the people of Woodstock. PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, M. A., whom D'Israeli has made to figure so prominently in "Lothair," is among the lecturers. Prof. Smith is one of the most classic writers and speakers of his age.

PROF. J. E. WELLS favoured the Judson Missionary Society with his able and interesting lecture on "Paul, the Enthusiast." We are sorry that the night was so unfavourable. The theme was treated in a masterly manner. We should like to hear some more like it.

DR. FYFE's lecture on "Methods of Reading and Study," was highly appreciated by the students. His suggestions were very practical and valuable.

MISS S. E. ADAMS, from Michigan, favoured the students with a reading, on the evening of Nov. 1st. Perhaps we are behind the age, but while much amused at a few of her pieces, we fail to appreciate the effort as a whole, and cannot but entertain grave doubts as to whether the lady may not have mistaken her vocation.

REV. J. GOBLE, returned missionary from Japan, paid the Institute a visit on Nov. 7th, and delivered a very interesting lecture, giving a full and concise statement of the present condition and future prospects of those far-off islands. How wonderfully and literally is the prophecy fulfilled, "Surely the isles shall wait for me." Several new missionaries are on their way to that interesting field. "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."

Personals.

We regret that W. B. UNDERHILL has been compelled, through ill-health, to leave the law office, and has returned to his farm.

MRS. HANKINSON, before leaving the Institute, received a handsome gold watch from the students, as a token of regard and esteem.

P. S. CAMPBELL and J. W. A. STEWART, each received a scholarship in general proficiency at the University.

REV. ALEX. McDONALD, of '67, has accepted an appointment to the Manitoba Mission. He proposes going to the Far West in the Spring. The prayers and best wishes of the students follow Mr. McDonald to his new sphere of labours.

CHESTER CAREY, M. D., is practising in Columbiaville, Mich.

Mr. JAS. CROZIER, B. A., has entered the state matrimonial.

Mr. DANIEL H. KITCHEN, M. D., is Superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y. We congratulate the Doctor on his success.

T. D. PRENTICE, we understand, has followed the example of his

forefathers, and taken unto himself a wife. He is living at Fort Gratiot, Mich.

MISS SOPHIA MCGINN is teaching in a family in Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, Q.

MISS PHELP is teaching music and drawing in Georgetown.

On another page we publish a letter from REV. JNO. McLAURIN, of Ongole, British India, who graduated in the Theological class of '68. It will be interesting to all friends of missions.

Marriages.

CHUTE—CLAPPISON.—On Wednesday, the 1st ult., by Rev. R. E. Tupper, assisted by the bride's father, at the Wesleyan Parsonage, Lambeth, H. N. Chute, B. S., of Ann Arbor, Michigan, to Lucretia, eldest daughter of the Rev. D. C. Clappison, Wesleyan minister, Westminster.

BAKER—GILLIES.—At Grovehill, P. Q., by Rev. A. Gillies, assisted by Rev. N. W. Alger, on the 22nd inst., Rev. A. C. Baker, of Fingal, Ont., to Miss S. J. Gillies, of Eaton, P. Q.

Deaths.

CAMERON.—We regret that, since our last issue, one of our most highly esteemed and most talented companions has been called to his reward. Mr. Richard H. Cameron died at his father's residence, Bayham, on the 26th August, in his thirty-third year.

Mr. Cameron had completed all but one year of the preparatory and theological courses, when compelled, by failing health, to discontinue his studies. For a short time he was settled over the Tilsonburgh church, but soon he gave that up and returned home, fully realizing that his work was done. While his class was graduating, he was slowly sinking, conscious that when the Master should call he would enter upon a glorious reward. At last the summons came, and our brother and friend passed from earth to for ever "walk with Him in white."

CHALLEN.—Just before going to press, we received the news of the death of another of our alumni, Mr. Samuel Challen, which took place Nov. 28th. Mr. Challen, as a true gentleman, and a consistent and earnest Christian, was highly esteemed by his fellow-students. His end was sudden, but it was peace. We regret to lose so steadfast a friend; and would assure his relatives of the deepest sympathy of his fellow-students.

Societies.

THE SOCIETY OF ASSOCIATED ALUMNI was formed in 1868 : its professed object being the general advancement of education in connection with the C. L. Institute, more particularly to found and sustain professorships, wholly or in part—to assist students by awarding prizes and scholarships, and to adopt such other means as the Society might deem advisable to attain the desired end.

Any person having attended the Institute three full terms, and having left in good standing, may become a member by the payment of one dollar. Any person duly proposed and elected at any regular meeting, may become an honorary member.

The donation of thirty dollars shall entitle any person, elected by vote of the Association, to become a life member.

The regular meetings of the Association are held triennially in connection with the commencement exercises at Woodstock. A special meeting is held annually, some time during the week of the Baptist Home Missionary Convention's annual meeting.

The Alumni have already established a prize for proficiency in English composition, to be competed for annually. It is to be hoped that their treasury will soon be so full that they may be able to present other and larger prizes in various departments. The present officers are :—*President*, Rev. Jno. L. Campbell, Chatham, *Secretary*, Rev. Daniel Baldwin, Strathroy ; *Treasurer*, Rev. Robt. B. Montgomery, Beamsville ; *Directors*, Revs. Chas. Northrup, Wm. Muir, H. P. Fitch and Fred. Ratcliffe.

JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—*Pres.*, Thos. Johnson ; *Vice do.*, M. P. Campbell ; *Sec. and Treas.*, Robert Clark.

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—*Pres.*, J. P. McEwen ; *Vice do.*, D. D. Burtch ; *Sec. and Treas.*, Archd. McCurdy ; *Critic*, D. W. Troy ; *Marshal*, N. Wolverton.

GLENER SOCIETY.—*Pres.*, Miss Christie E. McEwen ; *Vice do.*, Miss Barbara C. Yule ; *Sec. and Treas.*, Miss Jennie Kitchen ; *Critic*, Miss M. McGinn.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.—*Pres.*, Chas. J. Jamieson ; *Vice do.*, J. J. Baker ; *Sec.*, A. Carey ; *Treas.*, A. Kinsman ; *Critic*, E. C. Kitchen ; *Librarian*, W. A. Moorhead ; *Marshal*, H. A. Shearer.

THE following churches and stations are now regularly supplied by the students :—Dorchester, Petrolia, East Zorra and Vandecars, Fullarton, Burtch's Corners, Onondaga, Blenheim and Wolverton, Oxford Centre, and Sarnia Township. Besides this, special calls take away two or three each Sabbath.

Morsels.

There are 166 names on the roll this term—55 ladies and 111 gentlemen.—The roof is on the new building; when completed, it will present a very beautiful appearance.—The Upper Flatters were very noisy on Hallowe'en.—One of the undergraduates declares himself to be a natural-born orator.—There are about forty Theologues here at present.—The Southern States are well represented in the Institute this term by six gentlemen and five ladies.—Applications for rooms are continually coming in; there will be ample accommodation when the new building is completed. Stoves have disappeared from the halls; the building is now heated with hot air.—A Karen recently graduated at Madison University.—There is talk of a much-needed boys' school in connection with the Institute.—Our Campus has been enlarged; the stones should be picked off it, and shade trees planted about it.—There was some skating on the rink the morning of Nov. 17th, for the first time this season. Some of the boys returned to their rooms rather wet.—\$30 000 are annually left in this town by the students; \$20,000 are being spent on improvements in connection with the Institute.—There is some talk of establishing a Provincial Normal School in this town.—Are the "Powers that be" going to designate the ladies' building by any name?

Improvements.

The building during the last vacation was considerably enlarged. Three good class-rooms have been placed at the rear of the chapel-room, which are occupied by Profs. Wells and Montgomery, and Mr. Bates. Considerable addition has also been made to the chapel itself, and by throwing open the folding doors we can have a very large hall. The old desks have been removed, being replaced by very comfortable seats. The walls have been beautifully and tastefully painted and blocked. The dining-hall occupies the whole of the basement of the middle section of the building, and one hundred and fifty persons can easily sit down at once. The kitchen is on the basement floor immediately under the new addition.

When our Alumni again visit their Alma Mater, they will see many changes in their old haunts. Perhaps it will not seem so much like the home of by-gone days, while some things may have been removed with which they connect the most pleasant memories; yet we are pleased to testify that every change has been made with prudence, and for the better.

COURSE.—As we intimated in our last issue, our course has been lengthened by the addition of one year, corresponding to the first year of University College, Toronto. Five students are now doing this work in preparation for senior matriculation. The literary course, and the preparatory course for theological students, are now four years each, and the ladies' course is three years.

Our Exchanges.

We have received a number of exchanges from American colleges, and are glad indeed to receive them, for we confess that our knowledge of the many seats of learning they represent has been very limited. While intercourse between the two countries, in almost every other department, has been constant and friendly, there has been but little kindly greeting between schools and colleges. Not to be selfish, we have placed many of them in our reading room, that all may have the privilege of their perusal.

The *Virginia University Magazine* is an excellent monthly, gotten up in good style, and contains good and even some heavy matter. It says, anent THE TYRO, "The first number of THE TYRO comes to us in a neat shape, and with readable contents. We don't know whether to shake hands, or politely doff our hats to it, for there is such a pleasant mingling of Mr. and Miss in its pages, we cannot tell whether its editors are *editors* or *editresses*. 'Under which king Benzonian?' " You may doff your hats, sirs, to our lady students who contribute to the pages of THE TYRO, and as *editors*, we cordially shake hands with you.

The *Tripod*, from the Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill., is one of the best we have yet received.

The *Southern Collegian*, from Washington and Lee Univ., Lexington, Va., contains many good articles, but, boys, you give us a deal of nonsense.

The *Madisonensis*, from Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y., is welcome, indeed. It comes from the Alma Mater of our honoured Principal, R. A. Fyfe, D. D.

The *Annalist*, Albion Col., Mich. We now look for its coming. It asks why we don't issue THE TYRO monthly. Wait a little, brother *Annalist*. Our personal experience was creeping before walking. We hope to walk by-and-by.

We have also received the following, but an extended notice of each has been crowded out of this issue:—

College Express, *College Herald*, *College Argus*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Blackburn Gazette*, *Miami Student*.

These are all we have yet received. We would be glad to exchange with many more if we knew their address.

Thanks to Dr. Kitchen, of Utica, N. Y., for the *American Journal of Insanity*.

Theological Classes.

SENIOR.—Thos. Johnson, P. H. McEwen, J. P. McEwen, and John Ingram.

MIDDLE.—Thos. Williamson, J. A. Baldwin, W. S. McDermant, and Geo. Robertson.

JUNIOR.—J. A. Iler, Frank Dann, M. P. Campbell, R. Clark, N. Wolverton, and John McLagan.

Things.

A lovely female graduate of a Mass. seminary, recently told one of the board of examiners that, "Æsop was the author of Latin fables covered with hair, and sold his birthright for a mess of pot-ash." Ex.

Mr. — received an explanation from his French teacher, but not remembering it, went again, saying, "Miss —, I suppose you will wonder at my stupidity." "O, not at all," was the reply.

"My dear Ellen," said a young man, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare trust myself to speak the deep emotions of my heart; but I declare to you, my dear Ellen, that I love you most tenderly. Your smiles would shed—would shed—" "Never mind the wood shed," said Ellen, "go on with your pretty talk."—*Qui Vive.*

Vassar Col. embraces 485 young ladies. Who would not be a Vassar. Ex.

A young lady hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor said, "He is not a tryant, not exactly domineering you know, but —" "Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No," was the reply, "he hasn't dignity enough for that; I think *pup-matic* would convey my meaning exactly." Ex.

Some of our "Senior" theologues are beginning to sing "When the spring time comes, gentle Annie."

Prove the following equation:—Sanctified commonsense + Stick-toitiveness = Genius.

It is now generally admitted that the Grand Trunk thoroughly believes in everlasting destruction.—*Oracle.*

Advertisements.

WE wish to call attention to our advertisements:—T. and J. Grant, boots and shoes. You will find it to your advantage to examine their stock.

G. Anderson, book store, West End. Students, go to Mr. Anderson for books. He advertises in THE TYRO.

Medical Hall: Scott and White. Give them a call.

Nickelson's Gallery is where students go for photos.

See Mrs. Wright's advertisement. Drugs, medicines, &c.

James Vannevar, stationer, Yonge Street, Toronto. Send to him for Text Books, &c.

R. G. Chamber's advertisement is on the cover. Patronize those who patronize us.

Don't forget to patronize the *Institute*. See terms, &c.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.—This great German University, that has given to Europe many of her greatest philosophers, theologians, and scientists, and has long been the most celebrated seat of learning on the Continent, is now on the decline. Leipsic has outstripped it in numbers, and, it is thought by many, will soon succeed to its envied position of supremacy. Berlin has, in a short time, fallen from 2,503 students to 1,990, while Leipsic has now 2,315.

SEVEN HUNDRED JAPANESE are maintained at school in this country, at a cost to their government of \$1,000 each per year. One of them in New Haven, having been insulted by one of his classmates, politely sent a note to his teacher requesting permission to kill him. Ex.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY is agitated by an animated discussion on the propriety of their lady fresh *men* wearing hats during recitations.

PRINCETON COLLEGE has, within the last four years, received donations to the amount of \$1,000,000. Ex.

MR. DARWIN'S forthcoming work on "Expression in Man and Animals," bids fair to be of a more popular character than any of his other publications. Ex.

THIRTY CHINESE recently arrived in the U. S. to be educated. Ex.

DR. HAVEN has resigned the Presidency of the Northwestern Univ., and is succeeded by Rev. Dr. C. H. Fowler, of Chicago.

Public Meeting.

PROGRAMME.

DECEMBER —, 1872.

MUSIC—"O come let us sing unto the Lord.".....*Choir.*
PRAYER.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

MUSIC—"Qui Vive Gallop."—(Inst. duett).....*Misses Merrill.*

ESSAY—"Principle."*R. Clark.*

MUSIC—"I've wandered in dreams."—(Duett).....*Misses C. McGinn and Olcott.*

"SHEAF."—Paper*Miss Kippen.*

DIALOGUE.....*Messrs. Trotter and Burtch.*

MUSIC—"Caprice Hongrois."—(Inst.).....*Miss C. McGinn.*

"ORACLE."—Paper*J. M. White.*

MUSIC—"Evening will bring us rest."—(Solo and chorus.)...*Choir.*

ORATION—"Our country's safeguards.".....*T. S. Johnson.*

MUSIC—"I Naviganti."—(Trio.).....*Miss C. McGinn and Messrs. White.*

COLLOQUY—"Even unto death.".....*Misses McEwan, Stewart, Adams, Russell and Sovereign.*

MUSIC—"Hail to our beautiful Queen.".....*Choir.*

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Religious.

The Student Life and the Higher Life.

BY J. E. WELLS, M.A.

“TO have prayed well is to have studied well,” is an aphorism ascribed, we believe, to Luther. The doctrine seems, certainly, too consonant with the highest view of the two functions to need much argument to establish its truth. Study is the chief means of intellectual, as prayer is of spiritual growth. If, then, the Author of our being holds us responsible for the fullest possible development of the complementary sides of our higher nature, the intellectual and the religious, we should scarcely expect to find any real or necessary antagonism between the two processes. And yet how often do we hear the earnest Christian student bewailing the tendency of intense devotion to study, not only to hinder spiritual growth, but to eat into the very core of the spiritual life. The request which has called forth this brief paper shows that the experience of students in the Canadian Literary Institute is not, in this respect, unlike that of their fellow-workers elsewhere.

First of all, let us observe with emphasis that the difficulty itself, however real, can afford no valid argument against intense and faithful study on the part of the Christian student. Whatever may be the special sphere of his proposed future life, loyalty alike to himself, to society, and to his

Master, demands that he be thoroughly in earnest in his pursuit of that culture which is a prime factor of the largest results, the truest success, the highest usefulness. As a *Christian*, his most important duties, his most solemn obligations, will always be those arising out of his relations to the kingdom of his Master. As a *man*, it behoves him to aim at becoming a man of the very highest type. As a *labourer* in any department of honest toil, he should study to shew himself a workman "needing not to be ashamed." Is he to be a searcher after truth in some field of science, or art, or philosophy? Loyalty to truth and its Author demands that he bring to the search the fullest store of brain power, the widest range of mental vision, and the largest capacity for sustained attention, which faithful culture can bestow. Above all, if he be a Christian soldier set for the defence of the truth in this day of clever scepticism, astute rationalism, and semi-materialistic positivism, he must spare no effort to go forth armed to the teeth, thoroughly furnished for the conflict. The foes of truth are never invincible. The vulnerable heel, or rather the fluttering heart, of error, may always be reached through the stoutest panoply of half truths, provided only the sword be keen enough, the thrust strong enough, and the aim true enough. The stronghold of scripture truth is, on the other hand, impregnable, but the modes of attack upon it are constantly shifting, and the defenders of the citadel have no time to waste in misdirected sallies, or the defence of indefensible outworks. And yet, is it too much to say, that hitherto more than half the strength of the great army of Christian apologists has been wasted in either attacking or defending the wrong positions? The Christian's is indeed a "high calling;" the broadest possible culture and the most thorough possible discipline are furnishings none too expensive. He who lacks opportunity to gain these may still be eminently useful. The field is broad.

But he who, having the opportunity, fails through indolence or any other cause to improve it to the utmost, relying instead upon the mere undisciplined fervour of a "zeal not according to knowledge," is verily guilty in the sight of Him who "has called him to be a soldier." Hence, we repeat, whatever may be the true lesson taught by the difficulty under consideration, it cannot be that the Christian student should deliberately choose mediocrity, or inferiority, and be content to go forth into the world a half-trained weakling, an intellectual sloven.

We pass to a second proposition which we would enunciate with, if possible, still greater emphasis. The Christian soldier, who would accomplish anything in the service of the Master, must have not merely spiritual life, but life developed, *spiritual power*. This is the very fountain of strength. His relations alike to Heaven and to Earth demand that the life from above should inform his whole being, imparting a loftier purpose and an intenser energy to all its powers and activities. That tasting of the "powers of the world to come" must have been faint and unsatisfying indeed, which leaves the soul content without draughts deeper and renewed day by day. The Christian, student or otherwise, whose retrospect does not reveal a process of spiritual growth and much more, that one whose spiritual consciousness bears testimony to chronic feebleness and declension, has indeed need to take alarm and search after causes. And yet, and this is the point we wish to make, experience and the Bible concur in teaching that both feebleness and decline are inevitable unless the spiritual life is constantly fed and nourished. The law of the spiritual kingdom is *growth*. It has been well said, "The infant born into the world is a man in miniature; all the parts of the body and all the faculties of the mind are there in embryo. So the regenerated sinner is the saint in embryo. The new principles are there, the new affections

are there, the saint is there, but in infancy. He has drawn the first breathings of the new life, and begins his growth towards 'the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' "

Spiritual growth is, then, the highest duty and the truest and noblest ambition of the young Christian. But growth without cultivation is as impossible in the religious as in the intellectual sphere. Nor is the culture needed any intricate or mysterious process. Its best methods are those which are simple, natural, instinctive. The mind, like the body, is nourished and strengthened by what it feeds upon while gratifying its deepest instincts. The best mental culture is gained in the very process of gratifying the mind's natural curiosity, its inborn and insatiate desire to *know*. So the spirit, which has been admitted to the most intimate and endearing relation to the "Father of Spirits," and which has been awakened to new and vivid and glorious conceptions of those "unseen things" which are "eternal," cannot, if true to its own instincts, fail to delight in stretching forth every day the hands of filial supplication, and in meditating upon those ineffably precious truths which have been revealed to its enlightened apprehension. If the Spirit of Christ has taken the "things of Christ," and showed them unto it, what abundant provision is made for its daily food in such themes as immortality, eternity, holiness, heaven, Christ, God, a wealth of bliss and blessedness, which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," and which has "not entered into the heart of man." Can the soul, once conversant with such themes, suffer any inordinate intellectual ambition to lure it from constant and joyous resort to the living springs?

Here, then, are two processes which the Christian student is bound by the strongest motives to carry on side by side. Perhaps the best service we can render is thus to attempt to show the solemn obligations resting upon him in respect to

each, so that in doing the one he must be careful not to leave the other undone. The question recurs: Is there any necessary antagonism between the two, and if so, how is it to be obviated?

In a sense there is such an antagonism. The tendency of intense devotion to study, just as of intense devotion to any other earthly pursuit, however right in itself, is unfriendly to spirituality of mind. There is no secular duty in which we can engage which may not be so performed as to intercept our heavenward prospect, and cast its own earth-shadow upon our spirits. We doubt not that even the most devoted minister of the Gospel may often find a tendency in the zealously followed routine of his most religious duties, to dull his spiritual sensibilities and mar religious enjoyment. This is a part of the inevitable life conflict. The "things seen" are temporal, and the Christian is of the earth. Shall he then fold his hands, and bewail that "the world is no friend to grace?" that it is so difficult to be "in" it and yet not "of" it? Shall he not rather recognize that it is by virtue of these very tendencies rendered all the fitter place of discipline? God's methods are best and wisest, and he does not take his people at once out of the world. The choicest plants in his garden are no hot-house exotics. Those of his right hand's planting, whose fragrance most delights Him, are often the hardy ones, inured to cold and storm on earth before being transplanted to the bowers of perpetual bloom. The fact, then, that diligence in study tends to hinder spirituality of mind, is as much an argument for relaxing diligence in the pursuit of mental culture, as the inevitable spiritual hinderances which beset the father in his daily toil as bread winner for his family, are an argument for his abandoning that toil for a life of religious meditation in cloister or hermitage—no more.

The practical lessons at which we are aiming are, if these

general principles be true, too obvious to need more than the very brief statement which the space at our disposal admits. The culture of the religious life demands *time*, not mere odds and ends, the mere ravellings or fringes of the web of study hours, but a consecrated portion of the freshest moments of the day. If we wish to enjoy and to profit by devotional exercises, we must come to them when the mind is fresh and vigorous, not when the exhausted brain is crying out for rest and repose. In the neglect of this one law may be found no doubt the cause of many spiritual maladies. Let it not be said that their work does not admit of the daily reservation of a sacred hour for the highest and holiest uses. Rather say, there is *no time*, life is too short, and its interests too momentous, for such devotion to any secular duty whatever, as precludes the indispensable hour of devotion and refreshing from on high. Certain it is, that without it the strongest spiritual life will speedily wither and decay.

Again, let this sacred hour be wisely and economically used, not frittered in aimless efforts either to *feel bad* or to *feel good*, but in real communion with the Father of Spirits, and real meditation upon some of those great themes of which the Gospel is so full, and which are the bread of Heaven to the soul. The duty of self-examination must, of course, not be neglected, but there is perhaps in the influence of student life sometimes a tendency to err in the opposite direction. Too much introspection is not always profitable. The Christian sometimes seeks in his own heart for that which can only be found above. He who is continually studying the laws of digestion, and watching for symptoms of internal disorder, will soon have his morbid curiosity gratified, and acquire the dyspepsia he dreads. The same mistake may be made in spiritual matters. Reflection upon the perfections of our Great Model, His infinite condescen-

sion, His ineffable love, His full and free salvation, will generally do more to exalt and purify the soul than the closest analysis of its abounding shortcomings.

Time fails us to speak of active labour for the good of others, as an indispensable means of spiritual growth. The fact is, we suspect, that the energies of the soul thus nourished from on high, will naturally overflow in practical Christian duties and activities. The most successful efforts for the promotion of Christ's kingdom are, doubtless, those which are thus the spontaneous outgoings of the full life within. If the tree brings forth no fruit, it must be because there is no healthy life within it. "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

"How can time be gained for all this attention to spiritual interests, without neglect of study?" I have already pointed out that this question inverts the true order of things. But the interference will be found less real than may be supposed. Success in study depends more upon the activity and freshness of the mind than upon an unduly large number of hours per day devoted to it. Very many students err in spending too many hours over their books. Dreaming, or nodding, or lounging over an open page is not study. The mind needs change, rest, refreshment. One hour of real, vigorous effort, is worth more than several of drowsy half-work. And when is the mind so clear, so calm, so collected and invigorated as when fresh from the presence chamber of the "Father of lights?" There is something in the possession of a calm and quiet conscience, at peace with God and man, which cannot fail to impart unwonted clearness of mental vision to the possessor. He then is prepared to appreciate at least one side of the truth contained in the axiom of the great reformer, "To have prayed well is to have studied well." And, more than that, he is then prepared—and this is undoubtedly the highest attainment—to engage

in his work in such a spirit that the soul is constantly in a prayerful attitude, and has ever a heavenward aspect, open to the reception of the hallowed influences which the Spirit is ready to distil upon it abundantly.

Idolatry and Woman in India.

THERE has been a great deal said, and a great deal more written, on the above question. As on all other questions, so on this, the writers differ very widely. I do not pretend to speak for all India in this article; only for Hindustan in general, and the Telugu country in particular. Among many others, the idea commonly received is, that idolatry separates man and woman, by sinking her lower, comparatively, in the scale of being than him. But I believe God has so made man that he cannot degrade himself, and his children not sink too; nor can he raise himself and degrade them.

If a man's *sons* invariably inherited the qualities of the father, and the *daughters* those of the mother, then such a result might follow: but as the general tendency appears to be the reverse, both become inseparably linked together.

The uneducated wives and daughters of Brahmins are as far superior to the other castes as the Europeans are to them. Why? Because the father has transmitted his intelligence to his child—to his daughter as well as to his son. True, women are in subjection, and very harsh subjection too, for these people have no *refined* modes of torture. In our country, if a man and his wife do not agree, they either scold, quarrel, pout, or do some other very disagreeable thing: in this country, the man *beats* his wife, and the wife runs home to her mother.]

There are many customs which a superficial survey would set down to woman's degradation, but which are rather the results of their circumstances, and of the different light in which we and they look at things. Work which in our sight would be a sign of degradation, is to them quite honourable and *vice versa*. All work within the caste is honourable to the caste. I have never seen *women* in India doing what I have not seen *men* of the same caste doing.

The custom of the wife always following her lord when travelling, is by no means confined to pagan lands, and is partly due to that instinct which gives the foremost place to the stronger and bolder of any animal, intensified by ignorance and by the closeness with which distinctive lines of any kind are drawn in this country. In India this is the place of women; no Hindu, no matter how high his official position, would dream of walking before me, or even walking by my side. If I stand up, he stands; if I sit down, he will not do so until I ask him.

There is no doubt but that a son is preferred to a daughter; but if this is a result of idolatry, I fear there is considerable of the same feeling in professed Christian lands. The fact that property runs almost exclusively in the male line, and the difficulty in getting females married, together with the miserable life of Hindu widows, makes the birth of a daughter to a Hindu rather a doubtful blessing. That idolatry adds much to this cannot be denied; that it is the sole cause is far from the truth.

As a proof of this, it is well known that among no people are women more systematically bound down than among Mahometans, who cannot, certainly, be fairly classed as idolaters.

I have not been able, as yet, to see that the women are physically inferior to the men. I cannot perceive less intelligence, less thrift, less shrewdness, or knowledge of human

nature. They are naturally as bright, apt to learn, and have just as clear moral perceptions as the men. In this respect, they are as nearly equal as can be.

The fact of the matter is, that Idolatry lays its wide, heavy hand upon *all* alike, and crushes them down *together*. It crushes all the *manhood* out of the men, and all the *womanhood* out of the women. It has withered up all the *purest* and *noblest*, as well as *tenderest*, faculties of their nature. The mother loves her child, yet her love is little more than animal instinct. Love between husband and wife is such a rare thing that it is not supposed to exist at all. Care for the aged is more the result of the fear of their spirits after death than inherent filial affection.

The same may be said of hospitality. The Hindu is hospitable, benevolent or philanthropic, in order either to better his position here or obtain *merit* for the future. All the *man*, the God-like part of his nature, is burned out. Under idolatry, the devilish and brutal propensities of his nature develop, and reproduce each other in an ever-increasing ratio. Civilization alone does little or nothing for them. It tames no passion, roots out no vices, restrains no desires, nor unveils any corruption. It gives no holy purposes, no pure affections, nor noble aspirations. There is nothing in civilization that can warm a frozen heart or quicken a dead spirit; nothing that can *create* a loving principle in the heart and make the golden rule the outgushing of a regenerate nature. It has a magnificent head, but no heart. The Gospel alone can give life, living, eternal life, to a man, a nation, or a race. Jesus alone is the great Life Giver.

Ongole, India.

McLAURIN.

Musings.

WE watch the Christian as, with strong faith and calm brow, he meets the agonies of death. The bonds that bound him to earth are one by one falling from his nerveless limbs; the pulse beats slower and slower; the eyelids droop, for they are too heavy for his strength; the heart throbs, flutters and is still; with a sigh we say he is dead.

In the solemn stillness of the death chamber the mind is impatient of restraint, and fain would it follow the winged spirit in its flight. In such a time we love to muse, and whether our roving minds may find aught of truth—whether a breath from the spirit world may whisper aught of its realities to our souls as we stand so near the margin of the river—we know not; but we know it is good for us to linger near, and the mind loves to follow after the one who has so tranquilly passed over.

From the mortal body the trembling spirit has fled, to wing its way to a world unknown, to gaze upon scenes before unseen, to sing glad hymns before unsung, and to mingle with the throng of spirits. The great realms of space seem no longer void and drear, for now that the veil of the flesh is laid aside, the unclouded eyes find those broad regions peopled with spirit beings like himself. Nor is there in the cloud of flitting spirits any pause for rest. There are dark and malignant spirits, whose flight, swift and terrible as the lurid lightning's stroke, is winged with deadly purpose towards the abodes of the sons of men. Hither and thither, with rapid wing and dire intent, they speed. Ever intent upon the accomplishment of their designs, they throw ten thousand discords among deluded mortals, yet in their own ranks the most perfect harmony dwells.

But sweeping through the ranks of the dark agents of a

darker potentate, are seen spirits of a nobler order, whose work is love, and whose changeless song is peace and good will towards men. Theirs is a matchless beauty, and a celestial glory surrounds them; the vigour of eternal youth marks every action, and a halo of unsullied goodness around their brows draws to them kindred spirits with an irresistible charm. Many are the sons and daughters of men blessed by their ministrations; many a sin have they prevented, and many a sorrow have they taken away. They have brought comfort from heaven on their starry wings to the desolate; they have bound up, with fingers of loving sympathy, the breaking hearts of poor downcast men, and over the darkness of the human mind they have poured the radiance of heaven with its glories and eternal excellencies.

But higher, and yet higher, from earth and its millions, above the malignant powers of the air, into the presence of the Saviour of sinners, who reigns in ineffable glory amid the unnumbered hosts of heaven, the spirit rises. Before him stand the mighty battlements built on the eternal rocks, and lasting as the days of heaven, the star-crowned turrets glittering in their purity, and firm in their power, and the gates that pale the lustre of India's pearls, while over all glory resplendent glows.

Through gates thrown wide by angel hands he passes, and if before he admired, now he is lost. Beneath his feet are the golden streets that, catching the radiance of everlasting day, manifest the wondrous glory of the Great Eternal. A mighty throng, robed in unsullied purity, immortality unfading as the bliss of heaven sitting in undisguised splendour upon every brow, firmly grasp the palms of everlasting triumph; willing fingers strike the strings of golden harps, sending a flood of rapturous music throughout the heavenly streets, while from a thousand hearts filled with unutterable joy a flood of harmony rolls over the etherial plains, and re-

verberates among the everlasting hills, dying away in sweetest melodies beyond their utmost bounds.

But more glorious than all is One in whom meet all the unsullied beauties of man and the unfathomed glories of Divinity. He smiles, and heaven is filled with radiance. He raises those once pierced hands to bless the adoring throng, and saints and angels join in one joyous burst of acclamation: "To Him that sitteth on the throne be power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessings, for ever and ever."

FRANK DANN.

Religion and Education.

BY A TEACHER.

MANY seem in some way to have acquired the notion that there is no very close relationship between these two things, and that the two need not, and perhaps ought not, to be imparted by the same persons. It is held by some, that the *State* should provide for the intellectual training of her sons, and *perhaps* of her daughters, and that religious people should voluntarily provide for the spiritual wants of the people. It is believed—and we think with reason—that the State cannot provide for the religious wants of a people, without interfering with the religious liberty of a large portion of the community. In regard to this whole subject, there are great diversities of opinion, and though we cannot expect to bring all to our own views, yet we may give our opinion and some may be led to endorse it. None but Infidels deny the benefits of religious instruction in connection with mental training. Man is a religious creature, and his wants must be met in some way. The great question is when, how, and to what extent must they be met?

Some said, in olden times, in answer to these questions : Every school and college should require the Bible to be read every day, and prayers read every evening and morning. And perhaps the pupils should be taught some catechism and made to commit to memory the creed. This was thought to be the perfection of wisdom. And all the national universities in the Fatherland were fenced round with these as a bristling hedge, to keep out error and sin, and keep in orthodoxy and pure religion. Parents and guardians sent their sons, feeling that such an educational Zion, "by wall-surrounded," must be perfectly safe. But alas, they soon found, that all faith leaked out not only of their sons, but of the teachers themselves ; instead of being nurseries of truth and faith, and spiritual life, the oldest universities became very hot beds of the broadest rationalism, if not of a yet more barren scepticism. What now was to be done ? The Bible, the Prayer Book, the Confession of Faith, and the morning prayers, have all proved unavailing. Many concluded that religious observances in connection with educational institutions are of no value. It is better to have, they thought, purely secular education, and give over the whole matter of education to the State. Now, we are heartily opposed to the views of the Secularists, as we are also to the so called religious education which is imparted in the universities under a State control. Indeed, if we had to choose between the two, we should rather throw in our lot with the Secularists, than with the managers of such schools as Oxford and Cambridge.

We sincerely believe in religious education—we think religion *essential* to a good education, but we have not the slightest faith in the formal reading of prayers daily, or even in reading the Scriptures, as that service is too generally performed. We believe in earnest living Christian teachers, laying themselves out for the spiritual as well as intellectual

welfare of the pupils. Religion is a life and a power which must be felt by teachers and pupils—a life which must be cherished, cultivated and developed by the means which the Scriptures prescribe. And the fewer *forms* connected with religion we have in a school the better. We want the power of godliness much more than the form thereof. This will purify the life ; will stimulate and invigorate the intellect, and give tone to the whole mind. We must have schools pervaded by this kind of life, to which religious people may, with some degree of confidence, commit their children when obliged to send them from home to be educated. The majority of the people of Ontario live in the country, where there is nothing above a common school to which they can send their children. Where can they send their boys and girls with any assurance that their moral habits and religious life will be cared for ? Grammar schools can do nothing of the kind we now refer to. They neither try to do anything for the religious training of the young ; nor could they do it if they tried.

It is well known that the period of life at which young people are most susceptible of religious impressions, is between fourteen and eighteen—the very period when they are in the pursuit of their education. No fact can set before us more strongly than this does, the importance, the almost absolute necessity, of having the pupils surrounded by a warm religious life, while they are pursuing their studies. Their minds are plastic and forming then ; and if religion is set aside during this period, how, and when are they to be reached ? We have all seen the benefits of direct effort for the conversion of the young in Sabbath schools ; it is only for the extension of this same kind of work to boarding schools that we are now contending. And we think there are considerations which give to the well conducted boarding school great advantages over the Sabbath school, in making

permanent impressions upon young minds. We are not now pleading for any sectarian or denominational views. We are contending for views which are held by all Evangelical Christians. All hold that religion is a *life* imparted by the great Head of the Church. All know that a greater proportion of the young are made partakers of this life, than of the more advanced in years; and we are arguing that schools should have a direct reference to these facts, and that parents and guardians who wish well to those committed to their trust, should also bear them in mind, and act in view of them.

“I WILL cast thy sins into the depths of the sea;” not into the shallows, where they can be fished.

WHILE the shepherds found Christ, the wise men missed Him.

ELIHU BURRITT says:—Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven’s sweetest tunes on earth.

THERE is much virtue that is like the juice of the grape, which has to be squeezed before you can get it; not like the generous drops of the honeycomb, distilling willingly and freely.

Literary.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

IT has been observed in the history of letters that great events have produced great men ; that important political issues have given birth to intellectual giants. This has been particularly true in the history of our English literature. It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Reformation had, after much conflict and bloodshed, gained a firm footing in England, that William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of modern times, delighted the nation with his poetic philosophy and brilliant dramas. During the reign of Charles I., when the nation was convulsed with civil conflict, and the wars of the Parliament were being carried on with unremitting energy, Milton was revolving many themes as the subject of epic strains, “but had not yet determined ‘where to lay the pattern of a Christian hero.’” But after the great Cromwell was dead, and the clouds of battle and of civil discord had rolled away, and England had become once more merry, *Paradise Lost*, the best of modern epic poems, was given to the world.

Perhaps no reign has been more eventful, or has produced more signal effects upon England, than that of Edward III. France and England were then locked in deadly conflict. The old Saxon spirit, which, though long crushed, had never died, was now revived. Norman and Saxon, between whom there had been so many feuds, and such long and bitter animosity, now had a common interest. Together at Calais, Crecy, and Poitiers, they fought and died for the glory of the English name. For fifty years Edward held the throne, and for the greater part of fifty years England was in arms, con-

tending with the wily Scot, or with the impetuous Frank. Though her armies were frequently driven to the closest straits, the nation's heart was often thrilled with shouts of victory. Scotland lay at her feet ; France was at her mercy ; and the sovereigns of these two countries were captives of the British king. It was among these stirring scenes that GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the father of English poetry," was born and educated. He also participated in them ; for, besides occupying positions of trust at home, he entered the army, which was invading France, and was afterwards sent on diplomatic business to foreign courts. We cannot easily estimate the influence which such events necessarily had in the formation and development of the poet's intellectual character. We can only infer it from his productions, and from the manifest effects produced upon the national character. Chaucer was a representative Englishman ; and while the nation was slowly developing, his mind readily and decidedly received the impetus given by those great civil commotions. However, it is probable that the name of Chaucer would have been found in political records alone—seldom mentioned by the historian, and entirely unknown by the majority—had it not been for his poetic genius. Many a man has performed honourable and important service for his country, whose name has not outlived his century. But he sought in the Pierian grotto the companionship and inspiration of the Muses, rearing for himself "a monument more enduring than brass, and higher than the regal structure of the Pyramids."

His writings show their author to have been a close student, extensively read in law, philosophy and theology, as well as in the sciences, so far as then known. It would have been impossible for genius alone to have accomplished the work he performed. Indefatigable in his pursuits, deep in his researches, and constant in his efforts, he left many a glittering gem to be admired and used by posterity.

Our author also deserves especial mention as the discoverer of the true scope of English rhythm. At one time the old alliterative verse was used, afterwards the octasyllabic. But Chaucer was the first to employ the decasyllabic, which has justly been called the English heroic measure; for in it the matchless dramas of Shakespeare were written and in it Milton sang his lofty epic strains.

Power of vivid description is one of the prominent characteristics of this ancient bard. His pen-portraits are wonderful. The reader has no difficulty in arranging every person before him. How droll his description of the miller:—

“ He was schort schuldred¹, broode², a thikke knarre³,
 There was no dore that he nolde⁴ heve of harre⁵,
 Or breke it at a rennyng⁶ with his heed.
 His berd, as ony sowe or fox, was reed,
 And thereto brood², as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop⁷ right of his nose he hade
 A werthe⁸, and thereon stood a tuft of heres,
 Reede⁹ as the berstles¹⁰ of a sowes ceres.”

Says Professor Craik: “The general Prologue is a gallery of pictures almost unequalled for their air of life and truthfulness.”

He has justly weighed each character, applauding every virtue, and with gentle satire striking at every failing. In his notice of the “pore persoun,” after describing his habits of study, and his faithfulness to his flock, with the following encomium, which any pastor might covet, simply and beautifully he concludes:—

“ But Criste’s lore¹¹ and His Apostles twelve,
 He taught, and first he followed it himselve.”

1 Short shouldered.

2 Broad.

3 A thick-set fellow.

4 *ne* + *wolde*, would not.

5 Lift off the hinge.

6 Running.

7 Top, summit.

8 Wart.

9 Red.

10 Bristles.

11 Christ’s doctrine.

Not unfrequently a pleasant humour breathes through his verse; sometimes he seriously discourses upon his themes, and sometimes, with a sweet pathos, the old minstrel chants his gentle lay. Master of his art, he sang under the influence of a strong inspiration. Sometimes his harp quivered with subdued emotion—sometimes in overpowering strains, and in the wild notes that nature taught him, he poured forth in song his lofty thoughts.

But he had the skill of a true artist. Possessed of a deep insight into human character, of extensive observation, and a lively imagination, he describes with rare felicity the emotions and motives and principles of his characters; and with a peculiar grace exacts the sympathies of the reader, drawing from every source materials to adorn and beautify his verse. There is nothing overdrawn—nothing not in keeping with the spirit of his age. A true and elevated taste enables him to handle every theme with dignity and address.

Chaucer was undoubtedly the first true poet of whom England could boast. None who preceded him could with any degree of justice be compared to him. For over two hundred years no English poet arose to overleap the mark that he had set. The Bard of the Avon was the first to surpass him, and he owed much to this grand old master.

There are reasons why Chaucer's works are not much read and appreciated to-day. His spelling is very antiquated; the pronunciation of the language has since then greatly changed, while many words and idioms current in his day have become obsolete; hence it is sometimes quite difficult to discover the meaning of some of his finest passages. Moreover, his subjects were not those with which we of to-day have very much sympathy. But it is to be remembered that the English language was just then in the important stage of transition from a synthetic to an analytic tongue. The Norman-French, and the sturdy, vigorous Anglo-Saxon,

were then rivals. Since the conquest, the French had been the language of the courtier, the lawyer and the theologian—the Saxon of the peasant and the churl. But Chaucer chose the Anglo Saxon in which to robe his thoughts, and found it full of life and poetry—possessing capacity for the expression of the sweetest and tenderest, the loftiest and sublimest sentiments. It is now developed and polished, and rendered classic, by the most wonderful productions of human genius. But Chaucer redeemed it from chaos and saved it from decay.

This ancient bard died at a good old age, after having with other mortals shared the ills and joys of life. Fortune had smiled and adversity had frowned upon him. But, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of his life, when age and death came they found the noble spirit as strong and genial as ever. Posterity has not fully recognized his worth. Only the few appreciate his songs. But if there is one in her whole list of worthies to whom England should raise a monument, it is to the name and genius of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first poet of his age, and the admiration of his country.

IRA SMITH.

Vespers.

I SAW sweet Evening kneel
Beneath the glowing amber of the skies,
A tender trouble on her lovely face,
Great pity in her eyes.

For O the flowers! the flowers
Lay languishing, and like to die too soon,
Smitten with burning kisses from the lips
Of Summer's passionate noon.

But now had Evening come
Among the flowers, and lowly knelt she there,
And from the fulness of her pitying heart
Went up a silent prayer.

Tears came instead of words,—
Tears of most tender pleading,—and they fell
So softly down upon the fainting flowers
With some reviving spell.

Then did Heaven make the prayer
Its own response, for every balmy tear
Cooled the sweet lips of some poor, drooping flower,
And to its heart brought cheer.

So the flowers sang a low, soft hymn,
And swung their fragrant censers gratefully,
Till all the air grew sweet as angels' breath,
And rich with harmony.

And Evening rose up glad,
And from my vision vanished in the skies,
Bidding the stars look down upon the flowers
With watchful, loving eyes.

MISS M. MCGINN.

“We have but Faith, we cannot know.”

I F we mean by the word “know” the immediate knowledge that we have of objects different from ourselves, there is, no doubt, more truth in our caption than we might at first suppose. How little we know beyond the simple fact of our own existence that is not the result of a course of reasoning, or taken upon the testimony of others, perhaps few fully realize. For our knowledge of the events which make up the history of the world we must trust to others. Man must trust his fellow-man. The little that comes under our own immediate observation is scarcely worthy of notice, and indeed, would be very unreliable, if not corrected by comparison with that which we receive from others. We like to see and know for ourselves; but it is just as wise and just as worthy of an intelligent being to believe on sufficient evidence as to believe the report of his own senses. It is a

common saying that "seeing is believing," but we are not always able to distinguish between what we see, and what we only think we see. While in this world, at least, we seem to be required to "walk by faith, not by sight." We know but little, and the more we endeavour to know, the less confidence we are compelled to place in what we thought we knew before. The pursuit of knowledge would seem to lead to the conclusion of the Athenian philosopher, "All that we know is, that nothing can be known." We know but little even of those things with which we are most intimately connected. What is light? Various theories have been suggested. One and then another has given place to something less objectionable, yet we have but theory still. Heat, electricity, and many other phenomena, must be disposed of in a similar manner. What is matter, the earth on which we tread, this planet of *ours*, a part of which we are, that we can touch, penetrate, analyze and investigate with all the powers that we possess? We cannot tell; we know but little about it, and that little is of such an unsatisfactory nature, that some think themselves warranted in believing that it exists only in the mind, that it is a grand universal illusion. We may have a knowledge of phenomena; we may be acquainted with certain forms and qualities, but what it is that assumes these forms and possesses these qualities we are unable to discover. If we know so little about that which is present, and can be submitted to the investigation of every sense that we possess, how much more imperfect must be our knowledge of the distant parts of the universe, which can receive from us but a very partial investigation. How imperfectly we may expect to understand the design which it is intended to accomplish and the end which is to be its final consummation.

The mind is naturally inquisitive, and desires to know not only phenomena, but the causes of phenomena, and this de-

sire may be to a certain extent gratified. But when we have traced cause to effect as far back as the most penetrating mind can reach, faith must take the place of reason, and refer all to a great first cause, by proceeding beyond which we gain nothing but confusion.

It is reason, not knowledge that raises man above the lower orders of creation. This is the great ennobling quality in man's nature. With reason to lead and faith to trust, man reaches his most exalted position as an intelligent being. Though he may not be able thoroughly to understand the phenomena of nature, he can, notwithstanding, recognize in their adaptation to the objects and circumstances with which they are connected, "the handiwork of God," and through them hold intercourse with their author. Though it were possible for us to know all things, to have all possible knowledge placed before us, as in a mirror, every fact brought distinctly before the mind, but separated from everything else as its cause or effect, it would raise us but a very little in the scale of intelligence. Knowledge in itself is of but comparatively little worth. It is not the mere consciousness of the facts, but the relationship that we perceive to exist between the facts, and the inferences that we are able to draw from them that constitute the value of knowledge. Man is endowed with a mind capable of attaining to a wonderful degree of perfection, even in the short time allotted to him in this life. He can compare, analyze and generalize with a great deal of precision, yet his absolute knowledge is very limited indeed. But the want is not of so serious a nature that we should spend our time in grieving on account of our poverty. The author of our nature seems to have recognized the insignificance of knowledge in itself, and left it to be sought for but rarely found. But, in order to secure the pursuit, he has impressed the mind with such an affinity for knowledge, that it is never satisfied but when pressing

towards it. As in the chase it is not the capture of the game that is enjoyed, but the excitement of the pursuit, and the life and vigour that is infused into the system, so in the pursuit of knowledge it is the mental power that is acquired, and the intellectual activity that is induced by the effort to know, that rewards the exertion, and stimulates to still greater effort.

This world seems fitted to be the nursery of faith. Almost every object is one with regard to which it may be exercised. And may not this circumstance be considered as constituting a peculiar adaptation to the requirements of fallen humanity? Sin makes man doubt himself, doubt his fellow creature, and doubt his God. Unbelief is the child of sin. Faith is the offspring of holiness. The man of faith is the man of power; he influences men; he prevails with God; he honours his own nature; he honours the power of truth and right; he honours God who made him as he is. Knowledge, like the distant star, may mark the pole, but faith is the compass that guides to the haven of rest.

R. CLARK.

Ben.

I DON'T believe in Cerberus,
Three-headed dogs are too absurd.
Those Greeks were all so credulous,
I don't take Homer on his word.

But *Ben* is an authentic dog,
An undisputed fact canine,
Perchance a somewhat stumpy one,
Not moulded delicately fine.

His mobile tail and tawny coat
Adorn a dog that is no fool;
In him behold the royal guard,
The standing army of the school.

But yet the cares of school and state
Press lightly on him. Given a bone,
Not *very* bare, and he will gnaw,
Content and happy, though alone.

Politie Ben ! how deep his art !
Should foreign dog assail his path,
He wags a slightly doubtful tail,
But nobly he restrains his wrath.

How mild the unobtrusive sneak,
The downward droop of tail and nose,
Till safe within the shielding gate,
He shouts defiance at his foes.

O students come, and students go,
But Ben remains and changes not,
And in dog-Latin often says,
He couldn't leave, he loves the spot.

But yet, I think, he is so vain—
Not all unlike are dogs and men—
That he expects, in course of time,
To graduate—as Doctor Ben.

Or then, perhaps, he'll scorn to wear
The simple name he carries now ;
He'll alter it, I'm very sure,
To Doctor Benjamin Bow-wow.

—*From the Sheaf.*

The Study of Classics.

CICERO, in his distinguished address, delivered in defence of the proposed Manilian Law, said :—*Mihi non tam copia, quam modus in dicendo quaerendus est.*—"What I have to seek for is not so much a variety of arguments as moderation in employing them."

This, Messrs. Editors, is somewhat my position in regard to the subject which I have undertaken to discuss in the present article.

No doubt you are already aware that the discussion, concerning the benefits derived from the study of classics, has for some time agitated the literary world. And, while we are cognizant not only of this fact, but also that some of our leading Universities have already taken a step in advance of this, having adopted in lieu of them an extension of their scientific course, and that others have even gone so far as to discard their study altogether, yet we contend that the study of classics strengthens the mind for its search after truth as much if not more than any other department of study.

Various reasons can be given why the study of classics should still be retained as an important part of our present system of education.

It was this that gave the first great literary impetus to the national mind of England, and formed the taste of modern Europe. About the first part of the middle centuries, a new style of architecture, not less than new social institutions, bespoke a fresh posture and tendency in the progressive spirit of the European world; when chivalry was the leading element of society, and the popular mind was occupied with fantastic traditional songs, fairy lays and knightly narratives; in response to the invocation of the learned, which was more importunate for the imitation of the literature of the ancients than of their politics, fine arts or ethics; the lays

of Horace once more stirred the European heart to its depths. In every college was read Virgil's story of Trojan and Hellenic wars, which roused the slumbering energies of a martial Europe. Homer, weaving the beautiful flowers of romance into the woof of ordinary life, bound the European heart once again to the chariot wheels of his poetic eloquence, and as a result, to-day we see Europe, in point of intelligence, infinitely superior to either Asia or Africa.

Classics should be studied not only for their inherent worth, but more especially for the important lessons in simplicity of style, a harmonious completeness of statement, perspicuity of thought and copious diction.

"The ancient languages," says an eminent English divine, "especially Latin and Greek, as mere pieces of invention, are incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages. Their terminational inflections, instead of modern auxiliaries and particles, indicate their superiority." Moreover, if, in connection with the foregoing, we add the exuberance of the Greek, its harmony and sublime imagery, there are sufficient reasons why classics should be studied for their beauties. Viewing them merely as channels of thought and passion, all others are comparatively tame.

Everything that is written is meant both to *please* and *profit*. It is impossible, or at least very difficult, to accomplish the latter independent of the former, and hence the necessity of the cultivation of *style*. This may be defined as the acquirement of those rules and literary habits which long experience has proved to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works which have stood the test of ages and long fascinated the developed mind and cultivated taste, are most to be commended. Whatever, therefore, may be the literary fame of our modern authors, we are not sure that they will stand the test of time, or survive the revolutions of popular taste. The incantations of Virgil are still

as enchanting, and even more admired than they were two centuries ago. Homer is still the bright consummate flower of poetic genius. We can yet study conciseness from Livy; plainness and simplicity from Cæsar; dignified perspicuity and copiousness of diction from Cicero.

The life of every student whose aim is to make the most of himself, must be a life of incessant toil; and nothing is better calculated to inure him to intellectual hardships and secure a solid and vigorous application, and that too at a period of life which materially influences all other periods, than the thorough and untiring energy exercised in the study of classics.

In order to possess a thorough acquaintance with our own mother tongue, it is necessary to have a knowledge of classics, especially with the Latin and Greek, which may almost be termed the parents of our present English language, a great portion of which is derived either directly or indirectly from them.

That the New Testament Scriptures have come down to us through the medium of the Greek language, is, of itself, a sufficient reason why our system of education should be so managed as to maintain a supply of Greek scholars.

In short, it appears to us that innumerable reasons could be given why a certain number of classical scholars should be maintained in this and in any civilized country; that every system of education from which classics are excluded is radically erroneous and perfectly absurd.

D. P. McLAURIN.

Selected.

The Maori Character.

WHAT manner of men are they, really and truly, those bronze-skinned aboriginal dwellers in our great New Zealand Colony? Why are they so unlike, not only the natives of Australia, the huge neighbour of their island in the Southern Seas, but all other savages concerning whom we have reliable information, and like only to the grand red men of American romance, as poetical, but far more human than they? When the Maori, having proved themselves impracticable subjects for the extirpation policy, which has been successfully pursued elsewhere, were fighting us a few years ago, with bravery and obstinacy which nobody could deny, we had very vague notions about them. They were to us "anthropophagi and men," who made themselves grotesquely terrible by tattooing carried to a height of barbarous art not to be found elsewhere. Certain samples of their industrial products, which were exhibited in London, displayed solidity and accuracy of workmanship and curious elaborateness of decoration such as we habitually associate with the handiwork of the Chinese and Japanese. We heard of national songs amongst them, leading people who cared about such matters to hope that a sequence of traditions might be made out, which would establish another great difference between them and all the savages of the Southern world by supplying a proximate history of their past. We heard of the upspringing of a wild, passionate, religious enthusiasm, under the direction of a martial leader which had a distant, dwarfed resemblance to the origin of Mohammedanism. But, on the whole, they were "black fellows," and they had had no charming books written about them, except Dr. Hochstetter's, which was originally published at Arkansas, in the German language, and afterwards in the English version at Stuttgart, so that the delightful accounts it gave of the sublime beauty of the interior of the island and of the sunny salubrity of its climate, probably extended to few beyond those who resorted to its pages with a purpose. There were plenty of books and pamphlets about the settlers and the sheep; but the writers generally confined themselves

to assurances that the Maori never came in sight in their respective districts, or to cheerful anticipations of their speedy reduction to "harmlessness," a readily interpreted phrase in the mouths of a certain class of colonists. There has been no gradual preparation of the public mind for such a revelation of the Maori character as that made by the lately published official documents, and for the present attitude of the Maori race, which is quite as surprising as the great social revolution of Japan, and except from the strictly commercial-exporting point of view, much more important to us, the elder brethren of these extraordinary people, towards whom they yearn with a most affecting eagerness. They fought us bravely, for as long as they could, and they are not ashamed of it, nor of their defeat. They do not mourn dumbly, like the Delawares, in stubborn endurance of extinction; but, like men to whom a revelation has been made which they hearkened to with a strong will and lofty intelligence, they have sprung "full statured in an hour" towards the civilization which the conqueror now holds out in the hand that has sheathed the sword. We have destroyed the old things, and they demand of us the new. They ask for guidance, instruction, all the material of civilization, with an astonishing perception of its moral meaning and results. They take so lofty a view of the new bonds between themselves and England, that they unconsciously present a model of government such as old nations are striving after with various fortune; they realize the unseen, they seize upon the abstract ideas of sovereignty, of the complicated bonds of a great political and social community, and they pour out their feelings to the men who are to them the embodiment of these ideas in language full of grave, dignified pathos. Long years of homage in innumerable varieties of idiom have not brought to the Queen of England any words more simply beautiful than those in which she is referred to in a letter written 23rd July, 1872, by one of "her Maori children," to Dr. Featherston, Agent-General for New Zealand, to whose personal influence with the tribes, during his residence in the island for thirty years, much of the present peace, prosperity and extraordinary progress of the Maori is due. We had, during eighteen years' continuous tenure of office as Superintendent, constant official communication with the tribes of the Wellington province, and from 1861 to 1865 maintained peace in this portion of the colony.

It has a strange effect to come in a dry official record on such a passage as this, addressed by any one of the former principal promoters of the Maori-King movement to his "father and friend," now, as his "loving son," has it, "appointed by our Queen to bear the burdens of this island into her presence." " * * * O Sire, salutations ! I send greeting to the greatest of our benefactors, to one whose love has been felt by those who are dead and gone, as well as by the living ! O Sire, salutations ! your letter has been received, and both I and my tribe have seen it. Great is my satisfaction that you should still remember us, residing as you now are in the midst of the great world, and near the fountain of life !"

The celebrated chief, Wi Tako, contributes a letter to this remarkable correspondence, which puts the native character in an unexpected light. Wi Tako withdrew himself in 1862 from all intercourse with Europeans, fortified his pah, raised the rebel flag, moved from place to place attended by a body-guard of one hundred men, and on being invited to meet Sir George Gray at Otako, refused to receive the Governor, except in his own pah, and under the "King's" flag. But he ultimately yielded to Dr. Featherston's personal influence, met the Governor on neutral ground, took the oath of allegiance, and became a valuable ally. His letter, which may be taken as widely if not completely representative, shows perfect belief in the wisdom and reliance on something more than the good faith—on the kind, just, brotherly feeling of the English Government. This man and his fellows have entered upon their new allegiance with a chivalrous loyalty that finds highly poetic utterance, and has an underlying note of steadfast patience, entirely acquiescent in the honest working of an unknown, uncomprehended machinery, which is, perhaps, the most utter contradiction of all to our notions of even the noblest savage. The eager, whole-souledness of their aspiration to the civilization of their conqueror is combined with an entire reasonableness quite as curious as an attribute of the state of childhood, whether national or individual. "The fidelity of your native tribes to their absent chief has not diminished. We are greatly rejoiced because your plans are clear and comprehensive. I have told you that the island is at peace. This is the result of the good policy of the Government. They are securing the confidence of the people." Then follows a clear abstract of certain tribal conferences, and reference to the matters to be

brought before the English parliament by "the loving father," who is "yonder seeking out the advantage of this country."

There is quite an Ossianic loftiness about many of the speeches made by the Maori chiefs to Sir George Bowen, Governor of New Zealand, during his "progress" last April, when he travelled overland through the central, once hostile, districts, lately inaccessible to Europeans, from Wellington to Auckland, and visited both shores of the great lake Taupo, the geographical and strategical course of the island, from whence to the chief towns of all the provinces, the mail-coach roads are being rapidly completed. A universal chorus of welcome greeted the Governor; welcome in which there is not a touch of servility, couched in language which must have had a strange effect upon the Master of Blantyre, who was of the Governor's party. It is such as might have been spoken by the Highland chieftains, children of the Mist, when the clans were gathered to declare for the unseen, unknown object of their imaginative romantic loyalty, full of the poetic fervour of one feeling common to all, yet strangely distinct, and true to the spirit of clanship. The "tangi" or lament for an aged chief, at which they assisted, is just like a Highland "coronach," lofty, eloquent, full of poetry, and without the slightest touch of the grotesque. Of what other "savage" death ceremony could that be said? Few more romantic or wonderful spectacles have been witnessed than the *korero*, or conference, at Tokano, the native settlement at the south end of the lake, which was held by the Governor and the great chiefs. The lake, as large as that of Geneva, glittered in the sunshine, surrounded with a noble chain of mountains, with the snow-clad ridge of Ruapehu (9,200 feet high) towering above them, and the great volcano Tongariro (6,200 feet high) sending its clouds of steam and smoke up into the deep blue sky.

With countless flags flying—there was great competition for Union Jacks—and soft-swelling songs of welcome, came the tribes and their chiefs to greet the Governor, to tell him how eagerly they longed for "English education," for the "English tongue," for the faces and voices of their white brethren, for the roads and the laws, and the knowledge of other lands and other people, which he could send them. Among the number of striking phrases, these may be taken at random from many speakers:—"Come, O Governor! and see us. You are the father of the people. We have been

swimming in the ocean, and know not where to go. We feel that we are now touching the shore, and you have come to help and guide us to land. We have long been searching for a proper course to take. We are now beginning to think we have found the right way. We will listen to you, in the hope that our troubles may now end. All the followers of the king will hear what you say to-day. Welcome, my father. There is no knowledge in Hauraki; come and see it. Come hither from the place where you have been laying down life-giving principles of action. Come and see the death of Taraia, and the people who last saw him. His soul has gone, taken hence by the strong hand of death. Himself selected the day of his departure. Had he been bound with chains, it had not been possible to detain him. Though his spirit has fled, his voice still lives, and he bids you all welcome."

All this is blended with keen practical suggestions, shrewd comments on the Governor's admirable speeches, and explicit declarations that they expect the land question to be speedily dealt with (happily the Maori know nothing of the historical precedent furnished by Ireland—if they did, their confidence might be shaken); also very plain intimations that the collective loyalty of the tribes is not to lessen their respective independence. "Let the chiefs of other tribes," says Poihipi Horomatangi, "be responsible for the good conduct of their own people; they must not interfere with us." Paora Rauhihi observes tersely:—"We have long been wishing to see you. I never saw a governor before. Welcome." And one fine old chief, Tahira, made a little speech, which for sense and a lingering pathetic regret is matchless:—"Welcome," said he. "All I can do is to greet you. I cannot make myself one with you so thoroughly as my friends around you have, because our thoughts are not yet the same; but when I find that I can dwell quietly and without being disturbed in my own place, then, perhaps, I shall see my way clear to do as others have done. It were better that the position of the land were made clear. My hands are quite clean. I do not know your thoughts. Unite yourselves with us to-day, because it has been through you that this place is what it is."

Every line of the Report is worth reading, and full of suggestion. So these are the Maori, the brown men of the fairest of islands, with the finest climate in the world, who offer an absolute contradiction to the conviction usually produced by

making acquaintance with savage lands, that the natives are blots on the beauty and grandeur of the scene. To read the official reports concerning the Maori of the present day, and Dr. Hochstetter's description of their country, is to have a wide field opened up for speculation upon the future of the race, under its double aspect of romance and reality.

A sad and striking contrast presents itself at the other side of that wide strip of silver sea which divides the Maori from the aborigines of the Australian continent. The Eighth Report of the Board for the Protection of the Aborigines in the Colony of Victoria, is a record of well-sustained, praiseworthy efforts on the part of the gentlemen who have undertaken so humane a task, with satisfactory results as regards the number and condition of the protected persons. But every characteristic which the official records bring out into view in the Maori, is wanting in the Victoria aborigines. These people seem to be hopelessly vagrant by nature, and lamentably unable to resist drink. These are the great obstacles, the deadly enemies the Board have to contend with, and, considering their strength, and the difficulty of making the recipients of such beneficence appreciate its motive or its advantage, it is satisfactory to record that the number of aborigines now settled on the stations under the control of the Board is 567, of whom 327 are males, and 240 females. The Board declares that the number of deaths reported (the total number of aborigines in Victoria is 1638) does not support the conclusion that the aborigines are decreasing at the rate that several estimates would seem to show. It is plain that their task is a hard and a dispiriting one, and the encouragement of freely-expressed public approbation ought to be given to the Board, whose object is, to use the words of their own report, "to rescue the people from misery and degradation, and if they cannot make them useful citizens, to prevent them, at least, from remaining a burden on the state."—*From the Spectator.*

A Recollection.

SOFT fell the twilight from the summer sky,
And gray the garden grew;
Alone we thought we wandered—you and I—
But love went too.

Yet all the while no word of him we spake,
We talked of trees, flowers, birds ;
But still his mystic music seemed to shake
Through all our words.

Through all our talk a tender tremor ran,
Full, low, and soft, and sweet ;
And when we lightly parted, I began
To think of it.

Each word of yours I counted even as gold
A miser gloateth o'er ;
And twice and thrice the precious sum I told,—
And then once more.

Each look of yours, the flower you gave to me,
These were as jewels then :
Ay, as great jewels ravished from the sea
For lordly men.

The flower has faded in a book—our talk
Has faded too, in part—
But yet I know that in that twilight walk
I lost my heart.

I dream I wander with you even now ;
I see the boughs that blend
Their glorious green o'erhead, and wonder how
Our walk will end ?

The honeysuckle's scent is in the air,
It is the twilight hour,—
I turn and see a face to me more fair
Than any flower.

And in that face I strive to read my fate,
And in those wondrous eyes ;
And trembling in the balance as I wait
My future lies.

Do you e'er dream of it as well as I ?
Do you think of it yet ?
I shall remember it until I die,—
Shall you forget ?

—*Fro uLondon Society.*

Supposed Discovery of the Queen of Sheba's Palace.

M. MAUCH, an African traveller, thus writes:—"I believe that I have found the real Ophir, in lat. 20 deg. 15 min. S., long. 26 deg. 30 min. E., and I think I possess proofs of the fact. The ruins which have been so often spoken about are composed of two masses of edifice, in a tolerably good state of preservation. The first is on a mountain of granite; and, amongst other constructions, is to be remarked one which is an imitation of the Temple of Solomon, being fortress and sanctuary at the same time, the walls of which are built in wrought granite, without mortar, and still being more than 30 feet high. Beams of cedar served as ceiling to the narrow and covered galleries. No inscription exists, but only some special designs of ornamentation, which announce a great antiquity. The whole western part of the mountain is covered with blocks of great size, which seem to indicate terraces. The second mass of ruins is situated to the south of the mountain, from which it is separated by a low valley; it retains a well-preserved circular form, with walls constructed as a labyrinth, also without mortar; a tower still exists, 30 ft. high, 17 ft. in diameter at the base, and 9 ft. at the top. The circular edifice is accompanied by a large number of others, situated in the front, and which doubtless served as the habitation of the Queen of Sheba's suite. I have drawn, not without difficulty, a general sketch and a plan of this palace. I was confirmed by the natives themselves in the idea that these ruins date from the Queen's time. Forty years since sacrifices were still offered upon the mountain. The natives still call the circular building the House of the Great Princess."—*From Littell's Living Age.*

The Germans in South Africa.

IF the statement made by the *Telegraph* on Tuesday about Delagoa Bay is true, the German Chancellor has made another hit, and Lord Kimberley will have business on his hands of a very important kind. The statement is, that the German Government either have purchased or

are about to purchase the Portuguese settlement in Delagoa Bay, which would give them the sovereignty over any regions in that corner of Southern Africa not already in possession of European powers, and there are several *prima facie* reasons for believing the report. The Germans, in the first place, would like a colony within a semi-tropical climate very much indeed. The Parliament of Berlin has repeatedly expressed a desire for one, and the Emperor himself is believed to be strongly moved by the vast loss which, as he considers, Germany sustains by the annual emigration to America, a movement which he vainly attempts to check by raising the railway fares and decreeing loss of status to all who avoid military duty. If he could divert this emigration to a colony of his own, it would seem to him less burdensome, more especially as colonies, in the opinion of all continental statesmen, bring with them ships and commerce to the mother country. The selection of Delagoa Bay as a point of settlement, on the other hand, is probably due to three considerations. One is, that the harbour is a splendid one, and situated precisely in the middle of the ordinary route for sailing ships bound to China and the far East, a part of the globe in which many Germans think they have reversionary interests. A second is, that behind the bay lies a vast stretch of habitable country, in which colonization might go on to an almost indefinite extent; and a third, and most important of all, is, that the bay is a natural point of entrance from the outside world to the territories claimed by the Boer or Free Dutch States. These States have repeatedly expressed an inclination to seek support in Europe, and two years ago dispatched agents or envoys to make enquiries both at the Hague and in Berlin—enquiries which were noted at the time by the Colonial Office. Our quarrel with them about the diamond fields, which they claimed as conquerors of the Basutos, did not diminish this readiness, which may have resulted in formal offers of allegiance to the German Empire. If these have been made, and have been favourably regarded, then the possession of Delagoa Bay gives the German Government an immense and fertile territory, partly peopled already by men who know it well; who can, with a little assistance, defend it against all native assaults; and who accept the new dominion with willing and unforced submission. From the bay down to Natal, to the north as far as he pleases, and to the west

as far as he can penetrate, Frederick William may be lord of a splendid domain, at least as large as England, in which white men can work, and plant, and develope, as the Dutch settlers have done, all the physical qualities of the Kentuckians. Where Dutchmen have thriven, Germans can thrive. There is no bigger, or braver, or, if colonial dispatches may be trusted, more cruel man on earth than the Free Dutch settler of South Africa, who, if this report is correct, will be shortly in correspondence with our Government of the Cape in the new character of subject of the great German Empire. As the native is pretty certain to try to play off the new Government against our own, as the Boer is savage at English interference with his slaves, and English claims to "his" diamond fields, and as the German, wherever he is, struggles hard for all he deems his right, it will be well if our colonial office is awake, if boundaries are made pretty distinct, and if we devise for the two Colonial Governments some policy on which they may dwell side by side in peace. We should fight hard for Canada, but we do not want two Canadas on our hands, or the chance of having to resist forays in which German troops took part, and in which the sympathies of our own subjects might possibly be divided. It is one thing to govern South Africa when we are alone on the continent, and quite another thing to let it govern itself when on its remotest frontier stands a jealous, exacting and extremely powerful European State.—*from the Spectator.*

Editorial.

EDITORS :

N. WOLVERTON. P. H. McEWEN. THOS. JOHNSON.

WITH the present number the first year of *The Tyro* closes. It was undertaken with many doubts and misgivings, but now these are gone, and we may safely say it is established. Its circulation in one year has reached nearly six hundred copies, and a not insignificant surplus is in the treasury. There can be no doubt that those who have laboured to sustain it, either as contributors or editors, have been benefitted, and we feel warranted in saying that it has generally pleased. Considering all this, we cannot but pronounce it a decided success so far. Though we may now be pleased with the measure of success that has attended it, yet we would not be satisfied with this in the future. We wish to see it continue advancing. There are a goodly number of names on our list, yet we would remind our readers that some three hundred subscriptions expire with this number. We hope these subscribers will kindly remit the amount for the next year *immediately*, that their copies may not stop, for our terms are *invariably in advance*. We are pleased that it has more than paid all expenses for the first year. This is more than we expected, but in the next year the expenses will not be so heavy, and we hope to see our subscription list so lengthened that, at the end of the year, we can spare a hundred dollars or more from its funds. Let it be distinctly understood that this is an enterprise for the benefit of the school, and not of individual students, and that whatever surplus funds may accumulate shall be used to increase the efficiency of some department.

Supplying.

THE demand for students to supply pulpits has been as great as ever this term. Some twelve or fourteen are called away every Sunday.

We think that this system and its working here needs ventilating a little. Congregations which, from various causes, have not for the time being a pastor, want students to preach to them ; and students want to preach the gospel, for that is their life-work, and even while plodding over their books they earnestly long to be engaged in the Master's work. This is well so far ; but students begin to find it necessary to count the cost. In the first place, a student who has been toiling all the week feels worn out when Saturday comes, and to pick up the odds and ends that have fallen during the week, and prepare for the Sabbath, is all that he is really able to do ; and the Sabbath he needs for rest and devotion. If he can follow this course, when Monday comes he will be strong in body and mind and spiritual life. But when called away to preach, Saturday must be wholly given to preparation or travelling ; all day Sunday his mind is intensely active, and at noon or near evening on Monday he returns with the "blues," utterly unfit for the duties of the week. This is the cost on one side, and none but students know how great it is. Now what is the cost on the other side ? No student would think for a moment of preaching for money, any more than our devoted ministers, who are wearing away their lives in the cause of Christ, think of their salaries as their recompense ; but both students and ministers must live, and of the two we think the student has often the harder time of it. One of our students, who has kept a very careful memorandum of his work, finds that in the last two years he has gone from the Institute to supply pulpits 26 times, preached 52 sermons, travelled 1659 miles, spent 78 days, and received just \$44.28 over his travelling expenses. 85 cents per sermon, or 57 cents per day ! As a single instance—and not the worst one we could mention either—a short time since a student travelled forty miles by rail, twenty by stage, and twenty by lumber waggon, preached three times, and had, after his fare was paid, just *ten cents* and *six big apples* !

If students leave their pressing duties here to labour for the welfare of distant churches, surely those churches should bear a part at least of the burden. While the student is helping them by his presence and labours, they in turn should exercise a liberality that would help him in his struggles for an education.

Co-Education.

MUCH spirit is now being manifested by our American College exchanges in discussing the question of the co-education of the sexes in higher academies and colleges. Some look for the happiest results to follow the general adoption of the system, while some expect the most disastrous ; and all seem to take it for granted that it will effect a great revolution in the social system. The arguments pro and con. are not particularly new, and need not be repeated. Suffice it to say that, on every hand, laws are being amended and college doors opened. Some fourteen colleges and universities in the Northern States have, within the last year, so changed their policy that they now give ladies an equal privilege of contending for the highest honours. In Britain the question is also claiming attention. Two ladies succeeded in taking diplomas from Edinburgh University, and began the practice of medicine—one in London, where she met with considerable success. But soon a strong opposition was raised, and the degree of the University denied to the next aspirant. Nothing daunted, however, the lady appealed to the courts of law. There the case turned upon a very nice point,—simply this : could the word *vir*—which, it seems, was used in the statute—be, in any case, applied to a *woman*. As no amount of erudition would make this appear, she lost her case. But even in Britain public opinion is changing, and probably at no distant day the desired equality will be granted.

As for ourselves, we do not hesitate to take the side of those who advocate the change. If a woman desires the advantage of the highest schools, we do not know what right men have to forbid it. And more than this, we believe that colleges and the students, and society that will be moulded by those students, will be benefitted by such a step. It is the concurrent testimony of those who have had great experience in teaching that, when ladies and gentlemen meet in the same chapel room, and vie with each other in the same class, the ladies exert a refining influence upon the gentlemen, and they in turn give more substantial and worthy aims to their companions. We are not troubled with those terrible fears that agitate the minds of many. Though an opportunity be given, women will not all become doctors and lawyers and theologians ; nor will our homes be left desolate while they squabble on the Exchange ; nor will those old words, *wife* and *mother*, lose their sacredness. The Great Master made man and fitted him for one position, and the same hand made woman and fitted her for another, and those positions they will occupy whatever laws may be on the statute book. Possibly a few, who through some misfortune or blighted hopes cannot fulfil woman's

sacred mission at the hearth, may aspire to mount the 'stump' or wear the ermine, yet society will be as it is, only better, and the world will move as it does, only on a higher plane, and minds that are refined will become more refined.

The Graduating Class of '73.

Messrs. Thos. Johnson, P. H. McEwen and J. P. McEwen compose the class of '73. From being quite large, the class has decreased to three. Some have gone to the work without completing their course; some have dropped back into the next class to gain the advantage of another year's drill, and some have gone to the University of Toronto. We believe that the class, though small, are men of such a stamp that they will not be lost in the great crowd when they leave the Institute door. Knowing the men, we predict for them a bright and useful future.

Mr. Johnson will settle over the church in the town of Petrolia. His field is a new one, yet very promising. We learn that the little band, numbering only some twenty-five, has already raised the greater part of \$2500 to build a chapel, besides securing the first year's salary of the pastor. The prospects are good, but there is a great amount of work to be done and, we hope, a rich harvest for our brother to reap.

Mr. P. H. McEwen will take charge of the Ormond and West Winchester churches. They are large and well-established churches, with large fields to work. Brother McEwen has spent a summer there, and pastor and people are already mutually attached.

Mr. J. P. McEwen goes to the Osgoode church. This, also, is one of the oldest and largest churches in Eastern Ontario. The charge is one of great responsibility, yet we do not fear for our brother, for he is able and zealous in his Master's work.

We who remain are indeed sorry to see those leave with whom we have been so long and so pleasantly associated, yet from our hearts we bid them God-speed on their mission of love, and may they, at the last great rejoicing, have many stars in their crowns.

Exchanges.

Since our last issue many exchanges have been added to our list. With some of them we are much pleased, and they give us many good suggestions and much amusement, as well as an introduction to many distant schools.

We certainly must place the *Vassar Miscellany*, published by the ladies of Vassar Coll., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., first on our list. As the magazine is published by ladies, we presume its articles, when nothing is said to the contrary, are written by the fair ones; yet it does seem strange to us Canadians to receive mighty, solid articles on such themes as "The Tendency towards Centralization in the United States Government," from the pen of a lady. To the *Vassar Mis.*, and to each and every Miss there, we profoundly bow, "touching our respectful beaver."

The *Packer Quarterly* has just been received. It is good. The ladies of Packer do not give us as heavy material as those of Vassar Coll., yet their magazine is interesting. As far as we can yet judge of the magazines received from American colleges, *Vassar Miscellany* and *Packer Quarterly* are superior to those published by gentlemen students.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* comes from Halifax, N. S. It is our only Canadian College exchange, and for this reason is thrice welcome. In noticing THE TYRO it says: "Three-fourths of the matter in No. 2 is written by the professors, and thus the students do not deserve so much credit as we of Dalhousie." This certainly gives us a poor opinion of their proficiency in mathematics at Dalhousie, for by no law of numbers high or low can we make twelve three-fourths of forty eight.

The following are also on our list:—The *Virginia University Magazine*, *The Tripod*, *The Southern Collegian*, *Madisonensis*, *Analyst*, *College Express*, *College Herald*, *College Argus*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Blackburn Gazette*, *Miami Student*, *Index Niagarensis*, *Dickensonian*, *University Missourian*, *The Cornell Era*.

We have received the first few numbers of the *Kansas Evangel*, a new weekly, published by the Baptists of Kansas. It is certainly edited with ability and energy, and promises to be a great help to the Baptist cause there.

Prizes.

THE following are the names of the competitors for the prizes in elocution at the close of the present term:—Messrs. N. Wolverton, W. Tapscott, J. M. White, T. Trotter, G. F. Baldwin and M. P. Campbell.

We understand that four ladies and four gentlemen will contend for the prizes in English composition, but their names have not yet transpired.

It was a grand conception of Michael Angelo to light the whole of St. Peter's vast cathedral by lamps hung in the form of a cross. Even so shall the light of the Cross shine to earth's remotest bounds.

Chips from Exchanges.

Sad tidings reach us from Mercer University, Ga. : "disease and death have scattered its students, its halls are silent, and its doors are closed." Meningitis is the disease whose direful work has broken in upon its exercises. *Bapt.*

The class in logic have been trying to find out where the fallacy lies in the following :

Necessity is the mother of invention. Bread is a necessity, and a steam engine an invention.

Therefore, bread is the mother of the steam engine.—*College Days.*

Two boarding-school misses were overheard conversing the other day: "Have you graduated, Jennie?" "Why, bless you, yes, I graduated last season." "What did you graduate in?" "In the sweetest sky-blue silk you ever saw."

The Swiss Historical Society has declared the story of William Tell a myth.—*Ex.*

Oxford had 2284 students last year.

In the class of '70 at Yale, the average of expenses to each student was \$1,066, and that of '71, \$1,002 a year, \$32,500 was the extreme.—*College Days.*

Near the Village of Milbrook, Ca., were lately discovered the first and only fossil remains of the mammoth within Canadian territory. Three molars were in a good state of preservation: the tusk, considerably decomposed, indicated an original length of ten and a half feet and, in the largest part, a diameter of ten inches.—*College Express.*

This is incorrect for the remains of the mammoth have been found in many places in Canada. Our professor of natural science has quite a collection, and they are well preserved.—Ed. TYRO.

Prof. Boise says:—"I am convinced from personal observation, that the best classical schools of Great Britain to day stand below the best in the United States."—*Dartmouth.*

Englishmen and Canadians will certainly smile when they read the above, and hear that it has been going the rounds of the American press. A professor might make such a statement as a joke, or an *American* professor might utter it as bombast, but to hear it re-echoed as a fact is *funny*!—Ed. TYRO.

A senior recently asked his chum, who boards at——Club, what he had for breakfast? "We had meat that we knew not of"—Hash!—*Ex.*

The trouble is *we* know too much of it.—Ed. TYRO.

It is said that the epizootic has at last attacked the *ponies* of the students of Harvard.—*Ex.*

U. S. CENSUS.—The complete census returns of the United States show the total population to be 39,558,371, of which 19,193,565 are males, and 18,064,806 females.

Specimen of poetry at Washington University :—

Mary's lamb was white,
With a tendency to flight,
She sent a man to shoot it.
Who found it had the zootic.—*Ex.*

Boys' School.

The Trustees of the Institute have decided to use the west building for a boys' school. Arrangements are now being made to accommodate twenty boys for the incoming term. None below thirteen will be admitted. They will be under the tutorship of Mr. George McKee, who will occupy a room in the building. Mr. McKee has been with us one term already, and has shown himself in every way qualified for the position.

The Power of Truth.

THE power of truth was shown by an instance that occurred during the voyage of the Japanese Embassy. Our missionary, Rev. J. Goble, in conversation with an ambassador asked what was his theory of the creation. The reply was that at first there was a great sea of mud, and from the mud grew a mighty reed which in time turned into a god, who then formed the earth and all things from the mud. Our missionary made no reply, but read from Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." So sublime was the thought, so far above the highest conceptions of his ancestors, that the ambassador's faith in their whole system was shaken, and before the voyage ended he embraced Christianity.

Revival.

As we go to press (March 28) a very deep and general awakening is in progress in the school. During the earlier part of the term there seemed to be but little interest, and few signs of an outpouring of the Spirit were manifested; but some three weeks since, a movement began among the ladies, and six or seven professed faith in Christ. Last week the good work began in earnest among the gentlemen, and for many days the power of the Spirit has been felt as we have never felt it before. Though for some months we had not seen the hand of God displayed in any marked degree, yet He has shown us that He hath not forgotten to be gracious. He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Thus far about thirty, we trust, have been brought to Christ, and more are enquiring the way of life.

Personals.

We fear we shall be obliged to forego the pleasure of again seeing with us Mr. J. A. McIntyre, who left us some time ago and whom we expected to return, as he has married a wife and "cannot come"

J. E. McEwen of '69 has also voluntarily relinquished the delicious freedom and multifarious privileges of "single blessedness" and entered into a life partnership with Miss Laura Row, of Brockville, Ont. He in company with Mr. D. Row has opened up a harness and general furnishing shop in East Saginaw, Michigan.

Two of our former students, viz : Messrs G. J. Fraser and D. P. McLaurin are engaged as second teachers in the Woodstock High School. By the aid of their efficient services we need not say the school has received an impetus in the right direction which tends materially to its future distinction as a seat of learning.

Peter Carey has been labouring with very great acceptance for the past six months with the Reg. Baptist Church in Sabetha, Kansas.

Rev. J. G. Calder, a graduate of '69 has taken the pastorate of the Park Hill and Ailsa Craig churches. He has a large field of labour, and our prayer is that the Lord may abundantly bless his labours.

Rev. J. W. Clark has settled with the church in Tilsonburg. This village is rapidly rising to be a place of importance, and will make a very important centre for Baptist effort. We wish him much prosperity.

Death.

CAMERON.—The hand of death has again visited us. Another worthy labourer has been called to his great reward. Rev. W. H. Cameron, a graduate of '68, departed this life on Friday, Dec. 12, 1872. His first and last pastorate after his graduation was with the Ancaster church, Jerseyville, where he laboured with very great acceptance until a short time before his decease, when from failing health he was compelled to resign his charge. While able to preach he delighted to tell the "old, old story." This loving message coming from a heart consecrated to his Master's service, and from lips touched with fire from the heavenly altar, was received by many in the love of it, who now remain as living witnesses, but who shall yet be as stars in his crown of rejoicing. A few still remain here who used to meet with him during the last year or two of his course. They can go back in memory and live again those pleasant hours spent in his company, and look forward to an eternal fellowship. The earthly tie is broken. He has gone to enjoy the fellowship of saints, and to live for ever in the pure light of the exalted "Sun of Righteousness." "He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him."

Morsels.

THERE are 175 names on the roll this term—55 ladies and 120 gentlemen. One year ago there were 159; two years ago 134. This is the record of a more rapid growth than, we think, can be shown by any other school on the continent. The work on the new building is progressing. The workmen are now finishing off the inside. It will be completed and ready for occupation next September. The “clergy reserves” are fast disappearing from the east end. The cold got the best of the furnaces many times during the winter. Several stoves had to be brought in, and double windows put on in front. The Southern students think this a desperate cold country. There has been more sickness than usual in the buildings this term. Mr. R. P. Owen, of Texas, has been very low, but is now recovering. Mr. D. McPherson fell in the gymnasium, striking his head on the frozen ground. He was insensible for several hours, but fortunately received no lasting injuries. As a safe-guard against future accidents, a thick coating of saw-dust has been put on the floor. On St. Valentine’s day the “powers that be” confiscated a large number of valentines. There are just as many cloves in the pie as ever. That cake that we get on Sunday evenings is like charity, it “is not puffed up,” yet the “suffering long” belongs to the students who eat it. Eleven stations are regularly supplied by students this term.

To Contributors.

THE TYRO was established for a definite purpose, viz., to be the organ of *this* school. To preserve to it this character a rule has been established that teachers and students of this Institute, and those who have been teachers and students, may contribute to its pages. We do not expect that the students or the teachers or the alumni alone shall bear the burden or honour, which ever it may be, but we wish to see all unite to make it interesting and prosperous. Upon its inception the aid of the faculty was proffered, and has not been withheld. We are thankful, not only for the excellent articles its members have furnished, but also for valuable hints and encouragements. Thus far we have published several articles from our alumni; we hope to continue this in the future. Our plan is to have, if possible, one article from some member of the faculty, and one or two from alumni, in each number. Will not our old friends bear this in mind, and each one in spare moments work up some subject for THE TYRO. After the unremitting round of class duties is over, systematic reading must take its place if a person wishes to be in reality a student. Now no course could be better than to choose a theme, read it up, think it up, and then work it up in an article for THE TYRO. This course will benefit not only the writer, but also the numerous readers of our magazine. Will not each one try it?

Things.

The only sure way we know of carrying all before you is to work with a wheelbarrow.

It is now a disputed point whether the word virgin is derived from *vir*, a man and *gin*, a trap, hence virgin a mantrap, or from *vireo*, to be green.

We have the latest translation of the following lines from Virgil :—*Illos patefactus ad auras reddit equus.* “The horse having been opened returned them at its ears.”

Those were good old times when we sat opposite the same lady at table for a whole term. But those times were not to last. The “powers that be” thought that some would not have an opportunity of getting acquainted with some, or that some would get too well acquainted with some, we don’t know which, so now two weeks is the maximum time to smile upon one fair one. When the appointed day comes round fate, like a policeman at the corner, says to each lingering one, “pass on.”

Societies.

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—*Pres.*, Thos. Johnson ; *Vice do.*, D. A. McGregor ; *Sec.-Treas.*, G. F. Baldwin ; *Critic*, P. H. McEwen ; *Marshal*, W. Walls.

GLEANER SOCIETY—*Pres.*, Miss Maggie Sinclair ; *Vice do.*, Miss Lillie Latch ; *Critic*, Miss M. McGinn ; *Librarian*, Miss Ida Merrill ; *Sec.-Treas.*, Miss Barbara C. Yule.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY—*Pres.*, C. J. Jamieson ; *Vice do.*, J. J. Baker ; *Sec.*, A. Kinsman ; *Treas.*, J. D. Owen ; *Critic*, E. D. Bodwell ; *Librarian*, W. Brooks ; *Marshal*, B. Bingham.

Commencement Exercises.

CLASS OF 1873.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC—“I waited patiently.” *Choir.*

PRAYER.

The conflict and triumph of truth..... *J. P. McEwen.*

MUSIC—(Duet) “Light in the east is glowing.”... *Misses C. McGinn and Rowland.*

The kingdom of Christ contrasted with the kingdoms of this world *P. H. McEwen.*

MUSIC—“He that goeth forth and weepeth.” *Choir.*

Scriptural Millenium *T. S. Johnson.*

MUSIC—(Duet) “A thousand years.” *Messrs. White.*

ADDRESS BY THE PRINCIPAL.

MUSIC—Valedictory Hymn (words by Miss McGinn.) *Choir*

Behold, Thy servants stand before Thee now.
Lord pour the sacred chrism upon each brow ;
Vouchsafe the blessing that their hearts desire,
And touch their lips with Thine own altar's fire.

Are they not Thine ambassadors, O King ?
Thy message to the realms of sin they bring,
They go to tread the path which Thou hast trod,
To plead as Thou didst plead with men for God.

Oh ! not for them earth's dim and transient fame,
But on the scrolls of heaven, beneath Thy name,
May theirs appear, with holy lustre bright,
Inscribed in lines of never fading light.

Teach them to know Thee, O Thou Crucified !
And Thy dear cross, as knowing naught beside,
So shalt Thou their sweet theme forever be,
So shall their lives be eloquent of Thee.

Once Thou didst bow low in Gethsemane,
Forsaken in Thy bitter agony.
Oh ! when their spirits are with anguish faint,
In Thy compassion answer their complaint.

As Thou hast prayed, give them prevailing prayer,
That, strong-winged, soars to heaven and lingers there,
Till the desired blessing it obtain,
Or joyfully descend with holier gain.

And give them tears to weep, tears like to Thine,
Of yearning love and tenderness divine,
That at the last rejoicing they may see
A multitude return, O Lord, to Thee.

So may they follow where Thy feet have trod,
Until Thy footsteps lead them home to God,
Then like the stars in glory will they shine,
Where choirs celestial chant Thy love divine.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Kingston, proposes to publish a paper. We hope soon to see it.

The Standings—Fall Term, 1872.

In the present number we publish the standings of some of the students. This is not customary in college magazines or papers, but they will be interesting to the friends of the school, and beneficial to the students by increasing the spirit of emulation, therefore we have decided to adopt the plan. Owing to the number of students and the great variety of subjects taught, it is not possible to publish *all* their standings. In the Theological department of course no standings are given, and those of the Primary and of the first year in the Higher we cannot publish. Of those in the second, third and fourth years of the Higher department, only the names of those in division "A" in each class will be given. The order in which the names appear indicates their relative positions in the class, and where two or more names are inclosed in brackets, they stand equal. The standing of students depends upon the proficiency shown in the recitations and in the written examinations, three of which are generally held during each term. Each class is arranged in three divisions. Those below 33 per cent. form division "C," those between 33 per cent. and 66 per cent. "B," and those above 66 per cent. "A."

SECOND YEAR.

LATIN, CÆSAR AND GRAMMAR.—W. McGregor, E. D. Bodwell, J. M. White, D. B. Stumpf, T. Trotter, D. Offord, H. W. Hobson, E. C. Kitchen.

GREEK, HARKNESS' INTRODUCTORY.—W. McGregor, E. D. Bodwell, (D. Offord, T. Trotter,) E. Cameron.

BRITISH HISTORY.—D. W. Karn, Geo. Sage, A. McCurdy, Miss E. Gordon, D. Sager, W. Nesbitt, Miss M. Cameron, Miss L. Latimer, Miss F. Crawford, C. Y. Snell, M. Fairchild, Miss Kollmyer.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—J. M. White, D. P. McPherson, D. W. Karn, Miss B. Yule, M. Fairchild, W. Nesbitt, C. C. McLaurin, J. Anderson, M. P. Campbell, Miss L. McCleneghan, R. Ritchie.

ROMAN HISTORY.—T. Trotter, D. P. McPherson, E. D. Bodwell, D. W. Karn, Miss B. Yule, W. McGregor, F. Dann.

THIRD YEAR.

EUCLID, BOOK THIRD AND DEDUCTIONS.—D. Reddick, P. A. McEwen, (N. Wolverton, C. Eede,) M. Fairchild, M. W. Kitchen, J. D. Owen.

LATIN, VIRGIL, B. II., and *Cicero Pro Lege Manilia* (completed.)—P. A. McEwen, (A. H. Bodwell, C. Eede, D. Reddick).

LATIN PROSE, ARNOLD.—Ex. 40-60.—Ira Smith, G. F. Baldwin, P. A. McEwen, J. J. White, D. P. McLaurin, W. D. Troy, D. S. McEwen, N. Wolverton, C. Eede.

GREEK, HOMER, ILIAD, B. I.—D. Reddick, A. H. Bodwell.

GREEK GRAMMAR.—P. A. McEwen, C. Eede.

ALGEBRA, COLENZO'S.—D. Reddick, (G. F. Baldwin, D. S. McEwen.)

GRECIAN HISTORY.—Miss B. Yule, A. H. Bodwell, D. Reddick, D. P. McPherson.

FRENCH, FASQUELLE.—T. Trotter, D. W. Karn, Miss Ella Merrill, Miss Allie Sovereign, W. Nesbitt, Miss H. Bowlby.

FOURTH YEAR.

LATIN, LIVY, B. V.—D. P. McLaurin, Ira Smith, W. D. Troy, J. J. White, D. S. McEwen.

LATIN, VIRGIL, B. IX.—D. P. McLaurin, D. W. Troy, D. S. McEwen.

GREEK, XENOPHON ANABASIS, B. V.—J. J. White, (D. S. McEwen, Ira Smith,) W. D. Troy.

FRENCH, CHARLES XII. AND DE FIVAS.—Miss C. McEwen, G. F. Baldwin, C. Eede, A. H. Bodwell, D. W. Troy, Miss M. Sinclair.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Miss E. Crawford, Miss B. Yule, G. Robertson, D. W. Karn, Miss M. Sinclair, R. Ritchie, Miss Cameron, Miss L. Latch, Miss J. Ritchie, Miss C. McEwen.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Miss C. McGinn, G. Robertson, Miss B. Yule, J. J. Baker, C. Y. Snell, Miss M. Sinclair, D. Offord, Miss L. Harris, Miss E. Crawford, Miss E. Gordon, R. Ritchie, D. P. McPherson.

ENGLISH, FOWLER.—(Miss B. Yule, P. A. McEwen), Miss L. Harris, C. C. McLaurin, Miss E. Crawford, D. W. Troy, J. J. White, D. D. Burtch, (C. Eede, J. Anderson,) Ira Smith, Miss C. McGinn, M. P. Campbell, J. A. Baldwin.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—*Class I.*—R. Clark, N. Wolverton, J. J. White, Thos. Trotter, W. T. Tapscott, C. Y. Snell, P. A. McEwen, E. Hooper, G. F. Baldwin, D. Reddick, F. Dann, A. McCurdy, J. M. Kitchen. *Class II.*—A. H. Bodwell, J. J. Baker, E. D. Bodwell, H. W. Hobson, D. B. Stumpf, E. C. Kitchen, E. Cameron.

Canes and Caning.

MADISON UNIVERSITY is convulsed by internal war. Custom, long observed, has become a college law that none but certain of the higher classes shall wear "plugs," and carry canes. The preparatory students of Madison have set this law at defiance, and therefore brought down upon themselves the indignation of the Sophomore class. Apprehending war, the Preps. paraded in force, and, valiant in the defence of their rights, down came the Sophs. upon them. Eight canes were broken—four by the Sophs., and four over their heads. We await further developments.

THE TYRO

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WOODSTOCK, JULY, 1873.

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Religious.

Evening Meditations.

'T WAS night. I left the lonely watch of the sick-room and wandered out for an hour's meditation. I sat me down and breathed the prayer, "Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths, lead me in thy truth and teach me." There was not a clou^d in the sky; the stars were again "marshalled on the nightly plain." They appeared just the same as last night; just the same, doubtless, as they did thousands of years ago, when they looked down upon Judea's hills, and upon that Eastern housetop where David was walking to and fro, while his mind wandered among the worlds above him, and he said, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

I asked, Who set those lights in the dome of the sky? And my mind went back: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." Jesus, then, made those star-worlds, and put them there. How powerful and glorious is Jesus! And my soul sang:—

“ My God, I am thine ; what a comfort divine !
 What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine ! ”

Slowly sinking behind the hill in the west, was one star
 brighter than the rest, and I thought of the “ Star that never
 sets,” the Star

“————First in night’s diadem,
 * * * * * *
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.”

The trees on the hillside were still, and in mind I saw
 the withering leaf of last autumn. It fluttered awhile in
 the November winds, then was nipped from the stalk by the
 winter’s frost, and was borne slowly down—down, until it
 nestled among those that had fallen before it ; and I thought
 “ We all do fade as a leaf.” I saw

“ Childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
 And age, with furrowed brow.”

There was the bud of childhood, the green leaf of manhood,
 and the withering, trembling leaf of old age, fluttering for
 a while in the autumn winds, then nipped by the frost of
 death, and borne slowly down—down, and rested in the
 valley beside those laid there before. “ We all do fade as a
 leaf.”

The murmuring stream was near. It was rippling, gur-
 gling, gurgling along, ever along. I wondered how long it
 had thus murmured on ; how many drops had flowed by,
 and where would these be by to-morrow night ; and how
 long it would take them to reach the great ocean. Then I
 thought of the great stream of Time. How long has it been
 flowing ? How many drops of existences have rippled,
 gurgled by ? How long will it take those that are now
 flowing by, among which I am one, to murmur on to the great
 ocean of Eternity ? Truly, “ time is short.”

“ How swift, alas ! the moments fly !
How rush the years along !
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.”

But I thought, too, of the “ pure river of water of life,” of which if a man drink he shall never die, and my heart sang :

“ Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels’ feet have trod ;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God ? ”

And the remark of Dr. Warren, of Boston, at Woodstock, at the time of the designation of Rev. Jno. McLaurin for the Teloogoos, came to mind. After the singing of that beautiful song by that vast assembly, his deep-toned voice broke the silence that followed, “ worth more than millions of gold.”

I looked down upon the town : the lights, one after another, were being put out ; the old mill, too, near by, was still for the night ; and I thought of the day when “ those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,” * * * when “ man goeth to his long home.”

But yonder is one light still burning ; there is the room of the sick. Oh, how hard comes the breath ! for death has been seeming near. How pained is the fevered brow ! But the mind breaks free from these scenes below, and goes away beyond yon dome, to that “ Home of the Soul ” where there shall be no fading leaves, but where “ the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.” Where there shall be no murmuring stream of time, but “ a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.” Where there shall be no putting out of lights in the windows, no shutting of doors in the street, no ceasing of labour for the night, for “ there shall be no night

there," and "they shall praise Him for ever." Where there shall be no sick rooms, no heavy breathing, no aching fevered brows, no curse, and no more death.

"O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

"O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain !
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hand,
To meet one another again."

J. J. WHITE.

Heart Pictures.

MRS. J. C. YULE.

TWO pictures strangely beautiful I hold
In memory's chambers, stored with loving care
Among the precious things I prized of old,
And hid away with tender tear and prayer.
The first, an aged woman's placid face,
Full of the saintly calm of well-spent years,
Yet bearing in its pensive lines the trace
Of weariness and care, and many tears.

We sat together in our Sabbath place
Through the hushed hours of many a blessed day;
And sweet it was to mark the gentle grace
Of that bowed head with those who knelt to pray,
Or lifted face when sung the sacred psalm,
And the rich presence of God's word was shed
Upon our waiting hearts like heavenly balm,
While all our souls with angels' meat were fed.

There in the memory's picture-museum
Lying as in a shrine, was that face;
The face that bowed in prayer was gone;
The lifted face that shone with praise
Beyond the mortal beauty shone—

Another crowned one swelling Heaven's high train,
 Another loved one missed at our low shrine,
Hers, the deep calm of Heaven's eternal gain,
 A tearful trust, a tender memory, *mine*.

The other picture is a gentle child—
 A lovely boy, with curls of clustered gold,
 And calm dark eyes that seldom more than smiled,
 As though his life had grown too grave, and old,—
 Too full of weighty thought and lofty quest,
 And earnest searchings after things unseen;
 And yet the quiet child seemed strangely blest,
 As one who inly feels Heaven's peace serene.

So close beside me in his Sabbath place
 He sat or stood, my hand I might have laid
 Upon his sunny curls, or dropped a kiss
 Upon his fair white temples, while he prayed.
 Frail, beauteous child! upon his little feet—
 Though all unheard by love's quick ear attent—
 E'en then, death's chilling waters darkly beat,
 And with his childish hymns their murmurs blent.

One Sabbath day there was an empty seat—
 I could not see for blinding tears that hour—
 But by-and-by, where living waters meet
 In God's fair Paradise, I marked my flower,
 And ceased to weep. Henceforth, with loving care
 These precious pictures in my heart I shrine,
 Food for sweet thought, incentive to sweet prayer,
 My own, until I reach their home and mine.

Peace at any Price.

NO one will deny that war has a glory ; a glory, too,
 which has special attractions for thousands. It is very
 natural to resent an injury ; yet only the mean-spirited
 can feel a pleasure in resentment. But let an individual or
 national struggle, waged in behalf of right and liberty, oc-

cur, and immediately a deep chord of the soul vibrates with martial feeling.

The instance of the hero of Israel's fights, commanding, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon," forbids the conviction that war is in no case justifiable. The noble death of Nelson, stricken down at his post ; or the youthful Hedley Vicars charging a host of Russians with a mere handful of men, adds a genuine and undying lustre to the fame which surrounds these honoured names. Havelock, in the relief of Lucknow, may be considered to have earned the richest chaplet which crowns the brow of chivalry ; and to the justice and glory of war, to have added the characteristic of tender mercy.

It is in the consideration of such instances as these that war appears to men clad in envious splendour. A dazzling mantle of glory is thrown around the monster, which conceals its true form.

Whatever may be said respecting the justice or the injustice of war in ages gone by, it seems pretty clear that whenever war is declared in the present age, there is a flagrant violation of right on one side or the other, or both. All nations are composed of men similarly constituted, and possessing equal natural rights. The king or nation which wages war for purposes of self-aggrandizement, or to force its views upon others, is guilty of tyranny—a thing obnoxious to all laws, human and divine. Fame, or the desire of obtaining any object which is prompted by selfishness, must not be regarded as having any weight in the opposite scale. We cannot, then, attempt to justify war when the maintenance of an honourable peace is possible.

As to the glory of war and bloody victory considered in themselves, it is outweighed in true worth by a single disinterested action in behalf of a helpless fellow-being. The best warriors and statesmen perceive true glory to exist in

peace, and advocate the declaration of war only when peace can be thereby obtained. They perceive that peace achieves greater victories for men than war. To convince of this it may be asked, what can be of more importance to India at the present time than peace? By it can the treasures of that sunny clime be brought into the mart of the world. By it, caste, that terrible barrier to Christian enterprise, must fall. And by it, and it alone, can this nation of heathen nations receive the riches of the blessings of the Gospel of Christ. This is also equally applicable to Japan and China. The force of arms was necessary to throw open their gates. Now, however, that the barriers to European enterprise have been in a great measure removed, these nations are open to the benefits of Christian civilization, and peace will achieve for them the greatest victories. Peace is the silver cord which alone can bind a nation in unity and harmony; which can draw together the peoples of the earth in brotherhood. It is the only state in which men can fully enjoy the blessings of the Christian dispensation.

The time is not long since gone by since arms was the chief profession, and war the especial recreation of nations. We are too apt to look upon these times with favouring eye, and think men have terribly degenerated, that the age of chivalrous deeds is gone, that noble actions and brave hearts belong to the past. If, however, we could see the whole picture, the bloodshed, the misery and the woe connected with glorious war, we would be otherwise affected, and understand that the glories of peace are infinitely above those of war.

There are many criticisms of the attitude which England has now for a long time assumed when the peace between nations was being disturbed. Many assert that her martial spirit has left her; that her glory is departing. But this is a grand mistake. It is not that she fears for herself, for her

sons of to-day are possessed of as strong arms and brave hearts as those in the age of chivalry. But in this is the secret revealed. Her aim is peace. She sees true dignity existing in this, and consequently waives the claims of ambition, conquest and fame. In effect she says, let *right* be guarded, and *honour* will take care of itself. Let peace be preserved, and useful knowledge will flourish, wealth will abound, commerce will be extended, and a kindlier feeling will exist between the nations.

It is gratifying to every worker for the best interests of fallen humanity, to see other nations besides England adopting the like sentiments. We cannot too confidently expect that the time will soon arrive when all nations will see the folly of war, and be led to adopt peace as their motto. It will be a glorious time when this blessing shall be universally enjoyed. The very earth will feel that the curse lies lighter upon her, and that she is returning to her primeval purity. The sun, long wearied with the sad spectacle of bloodshed and misery, will lend his cheering rays more freely, and will gladden nature, radiant with the smiles of peace. No picture can be drawn with charms sufficient to represent what our earth would be, had not war entered into it. No jarring sound of strife would be heard, but, on the other hand, all would be vocal with praise to the great Creator. The whole earth would declare His glory, and the voice of many waters would proclaim a mighty God in whose hand is peace.

What a contrast a state of war presents in comparison with the bliss of peace! It takes away all happiness from the habitations of men. The sword reeking in human blood sends multitudes prematurely to the bar of justice, makes mourning widows, hungry and unprotected orphans. War causes the rights of the innocent and defenceless to be trampled in the dust. It transforms men who should be

lovers of right and mercy into demons, whose only pleasure consists in wickedness and self-gratification.

There is truly, then, sufficient cause for everyone professing the name of Christian to work earnestly for the furtherance of peace. And there is also sufficient foundation for us to rest our hopes upon, that its victory is sure, for the promise is that men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

P. A. McE.

Organ Chant.

ALONE, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the past
day!

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
And pray that for the love of Christ our sins be washed
away.

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
For the spirit craves a shrine where to worship and to
pray.

Alone, with God, alone, rings the mighty anthem-tone,
The vesper-chant of nations at the closing of the day.

Alone, with God, alone, sounds the voice of ages flown
As the sun in march sublime keeps upon his onward way.
Alone, with night, alone! Yet with God upon His throne,
The evening turns to morning! the night into the day!

Alone, with God alone, we bow before His throne,
And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the past day!
Alone, with God, alone! Yet with Christ upon His throne,
We feel that for the love of Him our sins are washed
away.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Veterans.

DEEDS of heroism never fail to give us higher conceptions of humanity, as well as to fill us with admiration of the noble souls who perform them. There is, it is true, a morbid desire to hear of marvellous adventure, of crazy daring, of foolhardy recklessness ; but there is also a higher tribute which the heart of true manhood instinctively pays to bravery when it rises into the sphere of self-forgetting devotion in a good cause. When we behold one sacrificing his own comfort to the interests of the many, braving peril that others may escape it, facing death to save a stranger's life, we heartily join to do him honour. A nation delights to sing the praises of her heroes—those who have fought her battles, won her victories, guarded her shores, and vindicated her honour. Well may the laurel crown their brows ! Well may a nation shout when her conquering heroes come ! Yet mournfully proudly may she bear in solemn pomp the remains of the dead patriot to his glorious tomb.

It is with feelings kindred to these that we contemplate the work of those old soldiers who for many long years have borne the banner of the Cross. Their work is almost done ; their thin grey hairs and faltering voices proclaim that they are nearing their reward. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, each of them exclaims, as he surveys the past, the present, and the future, " I am *now* ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." The memories of many battles fought and many victories won crowd upon their minds. Alone they have stood in the midst of enemies as " sheep in the midst of wolves ;"

alone they have stormed the fortifications of the Evil One ; alone, yet not alone, they have preached the wonders of redeeming love.

Many of those devoted men entered our country when it was a howling wilderness. They have preached when their lives were in jeopardy. They have laboured when the Devil's minions threatened them. They have blessed when others cursed. They have wept when others raged. They have prayed when others blasphemed. They have been "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren." They are the tried champions of imperishable truth. They have never turned their back upon the enemy. Though sometime they may have faltered or stumbled, their fidelity to their principles has inspired confidence in others. In their purity they have shone ; in their zeal they have laboured ; in their love for souls they have not held their lives dear unto them. Wealth and fame and honour they have never sought. They left all long years ago to follow Jesus. Their ambition has been to carry the Gospel into destitute places, to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel, to lead the sinner to the Saviour. Footsore and weary they have traversed the rough by-paths ; but their songs rang through the forest aisles, and the boughs of the towering trees were to them the arches of Jehovah's temple.

Destitute of scientific lore, "they have been wise in winning souls ;" unskilled in the subtleties of philosophers, they have been actuated by the noblest principles. Their sun-burnt faces brought joy into the log cabin, and light into the distant settlements. "The solitary places were glad for them." Poor, they made many rich ; feeble, "they strengthened the weak hands and confirmed the feeble knees." They were the men for the times, God's honoured ambassa-

dors; men who loved their toil,—it was for Jesus; men who smiled at danger,—“the love of Christ constrained them;” men whose convictions were positive,—“Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!” Their eloquence was rude, but it was earnest. Their preaching was simple, but it was full of “the mystery of godliness.” Their system of theology was the Bible; their instructor, “the Holy Spirit of promise;” their Council Chamber, “the Throne of Grace.”

These are the holy men of God,—the fathers in Israel, who have borne the burden and heat of the day; the Elijahs and Johns of the past and passing generations, whose clarion notes woke the echoes of the forest and the wilderness; these the heroes in many a battle against the powers of darkness.

We would honour those whom God has honoured. We almost covet their toils and their privations, for the Master has smiled approval on their self-denying labour. THEY ARE TRULY GREAT—great in faithful effort and holy living, —“great in the kingdom of Heaven.” They are among earth’s benefactors, above the heroes of the fight. They are the peers of philanthropists, the bravest of the brave. O, weave for them your richest chaplets; crown them with the greatest honours. Soon their warfare will be over, and their last victory won; soon will they rest from their labours, and their works shall follow them.

CADET.

Save the Children.

THERE is probably no sphere of Missionary labour fuller, either of hope for the future, or of blessing in the present, than that of those who are striving to snatch little children from the slums of filth and hot-beds of vice

in which they swarm by thousands in great cities. The children of this world have ever been wiser than the children of light. Were Christian philanthropists found using but a tithe of the shrewd foresight and judicious adaptation of means to ends which are everywhere conspicuous in the struggles for wealth and position, much greater success could scarcely fail to attend their labours of love. If in the case of children even of virtuous parents, it is often true that

“ The springtime of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled, in most,
By budding ills which need a prudent hand
To check them ;”

what can be expected in the case of those whose eyes first open on scenes of filth and misery, who are swaddled in cradles of infamy, and educated in streets and cellars dark, damp and foul with human depravity ? Prevention is ever not only easier, but infinitely better than cure. The strength of manhood redeemed from shame and crime to virtue and God, is an excellent trophy of the power of Gospel grace, but alas ! almost as rare as excellent. Hoary hairs are ever a crown of glory if found in the paths of righteousness, but how much more glorious when they adorn the brow of a victor whose whole life has been spent in the race—whose retrospect from the long-desired goal falls upon no wasted or worse than wasted years, of wandering in by-paths of vice, or wallowing in sloughs of degradation.

More is perhaps being done just now in the way of preventing crime, by saving those who are in process of training for criminals, than at any previous period in the world's history. Christian men and women, moved by Christ-like compassion, are treading the narrow lanes of such cities as London and New York on missions of the truest love : full of noble zeal, like their Master—like Him, too, shrinking not

from outward contact with sin and pollution—the world's greatest heroes, we verily believe, in the sight of the great cloud of witnesses who, bending over the battlements of Heaven, rejoice over every new child-victim snatched by them from the jaws of temporal and eternal death—they may be seen here and there threading fearlessly the narrow alleys, plunging into the midst of the untold horrors of human dens underground, or climbing by rickety ladders to festering, loathsome garrets, and ever and anon emerging again to the light with another immortal waif rescued from the thick, choking waters of the great dead sea of human misery. Noble band of human saviours, all hail! Would that the servants of Christ all over Christendom would arise in the spirit and power of their Master and rush to your aid. Could but the masses of abandoned and orphaned, or worse than orphaned, children, in London for instance, be reached within the next five years, and scattered over the rural districts of this Dominion, who can estimate the effects upon the social and moral character of the great city, and through it of the nation, twenty years hence?

This is the good work in which a few noble Miss Ryes and McPhersons are engaged. Do you shudder at the thought of the self-sacrifice involved in such a work—the constant contact with rudeness and filth and general repulsiveness? True, there is much of all this. But has not such a work also large compensations, and a peculiar blessedness? The children in question are not your rosy-cheeked prattlers, with eyes sparkling with intelligence, and hearts swelling with love, whom it can scarcely cost the most destitute of sensibility a pang to caress. But is it no joy for the Christian heart to observe the slow and steady growth and unfolding of the first seeds of thought and virtuous feeling germinating in the hitherto barren, weed-choked soil? To watch the first gleams of intelligence stealing over brows beclouded with

ignorance, and struggling with the thick darkness seated there? To catch the first bright flashes of eyes lighted by new and holy thoughts, enkindled by yourself? To submit to the rude but hearty embrace of rugged natures, to whom loving and being loved are sensations alike novel and transporting? Is it nothing to be an humble follower in the footsteps, and a sharer in the heavenly motives and impulses and joys of Him who, amidst the half-shocked amazement of His own disciples and the sneers of captious bystanders, took in his arms and blessed—not only, in all probability, the trim and dainty scions of wealthy, or the sweet prattlers of virtuous households, but the begrimed, neglected offspring of poverty, perhaps of shame? Blessed indeed are they who can find it in their hearts to go and do likewise. Such a blessing is being now tasted by many generous souls in this and the mother land. It was the privilege of the writer to visit, not long since, a home for destitute orphans, mainly managed and supported by a good brother in one of our thriving towns. As we listened to the joyous shout of welcome which greeted this brother's approach, and noted the smiles of glad eyes and the murmur of grateful voices as the little ones, rescued but yesterday from the gutters and cellars of the great British Babylon, clustered around their benefactor, we could scarcely restrain a feeling akin to envy. We doubt whether the marts of the civilized world can offer any other investment capable of repaying to a generous, Christian heart so large a percentage of elevated and unselfish gratification as that in which this gentleman had invested a few hundreds. The stock is unlimited. Will there not be many others to bid for shares in similar enterprises?

ZETA.

Literary.

Poetry.

IN one of the marvellous tales contained in one of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," we are told of a robbers' cave whose heavy stone doors were wont to fly open at the sound of the magic words "Open Sesame." As they opened, the untold treasures of the cavern were revealed—gold, silver, pearls and diamonds in rich profusion.

The realm of poetry is like that cave of treasures. The magic word which will open it is not known to all men; but those who have seen within the gates know what stores of delight are laid up there; and after they have gazed, they carry a joy on their faces which others cannot comprehend. For to these others the door remains closed; for to them there is no charm in poetry. In their estimation it is merely a peculiar arrangement of words in lines, containing a regular number of syllables, and terminating in the recurrence of similar sounds. How poor their view! Truly they see only the cold stone door; the rich interior is concealed from their sight.

If the ability to arrange words in the form of verse were all that is implied in the poet's art, the most contemptible rhymester would be worthy of being classed with Spenser, Milton, and Shakespeare. No; there must be something infinitely greater than this in poetry, or he who called it "the divine of all arts" must have greatly overrated its value.

It is true that the poet generally chooses to express himself in verse; but the verse is, after all, only the form of expression. The thought expressed is that in which the poetry consists. The charm of a diamond ring centres not in the setting of gold, but in the sparkling jewel, so the charm of

the poem must centre in the beauty of the thought, and not in the rhythm of the verse. The setting of the diamond is beautiful, but in a lesser degree ; so the verse, if smooth and harmonious, possesses a beauty not to be despised. In the English language we have a few examples of sweet, true poetry in the form of prose. Among these are Dickens' " Wild Night at Sea," and his " Death of Little Nell."

Every science and every art has its own particular province. Thus, astronomy treats of the heavenly bodies, botany of plants, and metaphysics of the human mind. The art of painting teaches us to figure upon canvas the images of natural objects. But what is the province of poetry ? Of what does the poet speak ? Truly his is a wide field. His science embraces all others. With the astronomer he can contemplate the immensity of the universe. He sees " the world a spot, a grain, an atom, with the firmament compared." Soaring in imagination far beyond the regions penetrated by the astronomer's gaze, he sings of worlds unknown ; far-off planets are by him peopled, and brought nigh unto us. Like the botanist, he speaks of plants. The

" Wee modest crimson-tipped flower "

is made the subject of his song ; and often he pauses in his sublimest musings to admire the fairy drapery of the forest trees. Like the metaphysician, he speaks of the mighty passions and gentle emotions of the human mind. The poet seems to have no limit to his subjects. All spheres are included in his. Everything, great or small, may form a theme " for his discourse." He finds " tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." His imagination, like the fairy chariots of old, stops not before barred doors, nor does distance weaken its flight. The poet confines himself not to earth. Milton stayed not outside the pearly gates, but traversed the golden

streets of heaven itself. Dante was not intimidated by the dire sight of the infernal regions, but penetrated them to their profoundest depths.

While the poet speaks on the same subjects as the philosopher, how different is his discourse. The philosopher addresses himself to the head, the poet to the heart. As the player of the harp sweeps his hands over the chords of his instrument, so the poet sweeps his hand over the chords of the heart. Now he touches a joyful note, and immediately our whole nature vibrates in unison with it. Who could resist the innocent gladness, the youthful joy, breathed in the first stanzas of Tennyson's "May Queen?"

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new-year ;
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May."

Then the poet touches a melancholy chord, and the tears are ready to flow. The glad new-year is gone; the rosy cheeks are pale. Hark ! how weak the voice and how sad the words :

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see ;
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me."

When the poet touches a martial chord, immediately we are filled with patriotic fire. The clash of arms seems to surround us; our country's heroes are before us, and we are almost ready to exclaim with them, "Give us liberty, or give us death."

But now his music breathes a solemn, mysterious tone, and we are filled with awe. We are transported to heaven itself, and

“ Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from the blest voices uttering joy—heaven rang
With jubilee, and the loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions.”

While the sphere of poetry is very extensive, each poet has his own position in it. It is too vast for one to fill with his song. The eagle alone is able to soar to the highest crag; the robin must content itself with the tree-top. But, has not the pretty robin admirers as well as the bold eagle? We are lovers of variety, and therefore we can enjoy the grand swelling anthems of Milton, which seem to issue from the very orchestra of heaven; the free, untamed songs of Burns and Moore; the exquisite notes of Tennyson, and the martial strains of Scott.

Truly the poet's is a wondrous power. His is the highest kind of teaching. “Poetry delineates the tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, and through the brightness of its prophetic vision helps faith to lay hold on the future life.”

MISS E. CRAWFORD.

Industry and Perseverance Necessary to Success.

REV. E. CHESNEY.

MAN at the creation was designed for work. Anterior to the fall it was enjoined upon him by the Great Creator. His faculties are all given to him in an undeveloped state, and the law that governs their development is exercise. As the germ that shoots forth from the acorn must develop and expand for many years before it becomes the stately, majestic king of trees, so with man. To him belong mighty powers in embryo, for he is the adumbration

of the Great Eternal. He possesses a mind, the vastness of which has not yet been comprehended, and gigantic powers that have never been realized. As one who has never seen or had described to him the rose, can form no conception of its loveliness and beauty from the appearance of the fast closed bud ; so, in order to appreciate man in all the grandeur and stateliness of his manhood, there must be an unfolding of the characteristics of his nature to our view, so that we can look upon them and appreciate their value. This can only be brought about by a slow process of development; and development is effected only by the exercise of the powers already unfolded. The earth has never yet possessed a fully developed manhood. Life is too short for its accomplishment. But there has been such a manifestation of human powers as to indicate the greatness of their possessor. Wonderful as have been man's achievements, they have only shadowed what he is destined to accomplish. In the province which belongs to the sciences, man has long since crossed the boundary line. The barriers which for so long seemed insurmountable, have been overcome by his powerful skill. Man has bridged the mighty ocean with the steam vessel; he has made the lurid lightnings carry his messages from nation to nation. He has penetrated the deep, dark caverns of the earth, and carried his exploring pursuits to distant worlds and spheres. He has converted the bright luminaries of heaven into gilded mile-stones, and planted his fame upon the highways of the skies. His investigations have been turned in every direction. The physical, the moral, and the intellectual have passed under his investigating hand, and have contributed to his knowledge and power. There is, however, a vast expanse of unexplored territory before him still, which his position among the intelligences of the universe, and his own necessities call upon him to investigate. The man who has made the

greatest attainments is capable of greater still. What he has done has not exhausted his powers, but has prepared him for more stupendous undertakings. In fulfilling the end of life, man may take advantage of the wisdom and experience of others, and thus facilitate his undertakings. Humanity, however, should know no stand-still; and he who is awake to the end of his being will not be unmindful of this fact.

But how is man to attain the standard of a fully developed manhood? We answer, *by industry*—by an undaunted, persevering spirit, that looks upon difficulties with a sneer, and says they shall be overcome; by not yielding to circumstances, but by causing circumstances to bend to his will. The man who does not live in the constant possession of a spirit like this can never succeed. It is by industry that a man must raise himself to the dignity that is worthy of his race. Industry has inscribed success upon the monuments of her children, and has rewarded their toils a thousand times by the blessings she has bestowed. Labour is a blessing; never a curse. The physical, moral, and intellectual powers can never be healthy without it. There is, furthermore, a dignity about the man who raises himself to a position of honour by his own efforts, which another can never realize. Our powers require to be employed in the pursuit of some important end, and when those powers are not thus engaged, discontentment and unhappiness ensue; and the tendency is to engage in trifles, and acts of debauchery and vice. A certain writer has said; “It is this intolerable vacuity of mind that carries the indolent and the rich to the gaming-table and the horse-race. It is this that leads them to engage in contests and pursuits that bear no proportion to the expense and solicitude with which they are sought.” The confirmation of this statement is seen in the events of every-day life, for

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

Without employment there can be no real happiness, and the more significant our employment the better. Our success in any science or art, whatever our natural talents, must all be the reward of industry and toil. Instances are many of men of great natural genius “whose beginnings promised much, but degenerated wretchedly as they advanced; because they trusted to genius alone, and made no efforts to improve.” We have no records upon the pages of history of any that ever rose to eminence without possessing an undaunted, independent spirit. Where do we find men of equal endowments of a Demosthenes or a Cicero; and where one that overcame so many difficulties as the former? His health was naturally feeble, his gestures ungraceful, and his voice harsh and tuneless. Yet, by his industry, combined with perseverance, he overcame the most of the disadvantages, and became one of the most influential men of Ancient Greece. So great was his success as an orator, that by his Philippics he made the heart of the great Macedonian king to quail, and all Greece to tremble. His dauntless bravery, the stainless purity of his public and private life, his splendid and distinguished endowments, his services as a statesman and administrator, entitled him to a place among the highest and noblest men of antiquity. Yet, if he had remained where he was, and had never put forth his persevering efforts for improvement, how much would his country have been benefited by his genius, and how much would the world have heard of his fame? And the same holds true of others. If it had not been for industrious habits and perseverance, what would the world have heard of Napoleon, the humble Corsican youth? Of Stephenson, the great railway projector? Of John Jacob Astor, the princely merchant of New York, who was at one time a poor, humble boy at Waldorf? Of Rufus Choate, the renowned lawyer?

and a host of others who rose above circumstances to exalted positions of honour and trust?

Now, if it was by industry and perseverance that these men became renowned—and none ever rose to eminence without it—is not the position taken fully proved? Is not this sufficient reason why they should be practised by all the aspirants after honor and fame? They constitute the only royal road to manhood and honor. They should be practised by the Christian in forwarding the interests of his Master's kingdom; by the philanthropist in alleviating the sufferings of humanity; by the physician in making himself proficient in his calling; by the young stripling at law that he may attain the object of his ambition, so that his counsel may be sought in after life, and his name honored and revered on account of his uprightness; by all, because of the shortness of life, and the momentous concerns that depend upon our efforts. Let, then, the motto of all be, "Work and persevere," and then the reward is certain.

Up in the Trees.

WOULD we were there in the woods together—
Two little birds in the midsummer weather!
Out of the winter, away from the sorrow,
With—think of it!—never a thought of the morrow!
Up in the trees whose branches are swinging,
They sit in the soft airs, singing, singing
A song in which youth and passion are blended,—
That is always beginning, and never ended!

Look at them there now, sitting, sitting
Where owls are hooting and bats are flitting:—
One is singing, the other is sleeping,
While the lady moon through the leaves is peeping!
And now look at us,—whose years are doubled,
We have missed so much, and have been so troubled,—
Would we were there in the woods together—
Two happy birds in the midsummer weather!

—*From Public Opinion.*

Selected.

More to Follow.

A BENEVOLENT person gave Mr. Rowland Hill a hundred pounds to dispense to a poor minister; and thinking it too much to send him all at once, Mr. Hill forwarded five pounds in a letter, with simply these words: "More to follow." In a few days the good man received another letter by the post—and letters by the post were rarities in those days; this second messenger contained another five pounds with the same motto, "And more to follow." A day or two after came a third and a fourth, and still the same promise, "And more to follow;" till the whole sum was received, and the astonished minister was made familiar with the cheering words, "And more to follow."

Every blessing that comes from God is sent with the self-same promise, "And more to follow." "I forgive you your sins, but there's more to follow." "I justify you in the righteousness of Christ, but there's more to follow." "I adopt you into my family, but there's more to follow." "I educate you for heaven, but there's more to follow." "I give you grace upon grace, but there's more to follow." "I have helped you on to old age, but there's more to follow." "I will uphold you in the hour of death, as you are passing into the world of spirits, my mercy shall still continue with you, and when you land in the world to come there shall still be MORE TO FOLLOW."—*Feathers for Arrows.*

Spectrum Analysis.

THE Spectroscope has proved the most prolific instrument of discovery that has been devised since the invention of the telescope. Its range of investigation is indicated by the fact that it is used not only as an independent instrument, but also as an attachment to both the telescope and the microscope. Through its agency the full import of that early fiat of the Almighty, "Let there be light," is just beginning to be understood; for light, commissioned to be the painter of nature, is also becoming its delineator, dis-

closing new wonders in its mysterious constitution, and revealing changes that are taking place at the origin of this subtle agent, and along the line of its propagation. For ages it has been bringing its hieroglyphic messages to the world, but only just now has man become able to interpret them. Dispersed by the prism of the spectroscope it displays its recently deciphered characters. Wollaston saw these in 1802, but could not read them. In 1814 Fraunhofer examined them more carefully and mapped them, having doubtless a strong suspicion of their scientific importance. Later came several able physicists, who made many painstaking researches to clear up the mystery; but all remained in obscurity till 1859, when Kirchhoff gathered together many isolated facts relating to absorption, and, generalizing the fact that a gas absorbs precisely those rays which it emits when made self-luminous, enunciated the law that "The relation between the power of emission and the power of absorption of one and the same class of rays is the same for *all bodies* at the same temperature." Since, the physicists have not only analyzed terrestrial substances, but they have also determined in part the physical constitution of the sun, the planets, stars, comets and nebulae. By spectrum analysis it has been ascertained that the sun contains many substances in common with the earth; that Uranus is probably in part self-luminous; that Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn have an atmosphere containing aqueous vapour, while the moon has none; that comets appear to consist of an aggregate of minute solid particles, rendered luminous on approaching the sun; and that many of the unresolved nebulae, floating on the outskirts of the universe, are still in their original condition of glowing gas. The credit of these wonderful discoveries belongs principally to European investigators. Secchi of Rome, Angstrom of Upsala, Kirchhoff of Germany, Janssen of Paris, and Lockyer, Roscoe and Huggins of England, have been indefatigable workers. America has, however, one representative who compares favourably with these noted names of the old world. To Prof. Young, of Dartmouth College, belongs the considerable credit of being the only American who is recognized abroad as an original investigator with the spectroscope. In the latest and best work on "Spectrum Analysis," by Dr. Shellen, frequent reference is made to the investigations of Prof. Young. He is admitted to be the best authority in this country on the physical constitution of the sun.

The total eclipse of the sun in 1868, '69 and '70 were observed with great interest by those desirous of obtaining evidence tending to establish the principles upon which spectrum analysis proceeds. It is evident that if the dark lines of the solar spectrum are occasioned by the absorption of rays of corresponding refrangibility by vapours surrounding the incandescent nucleus of the sun, then when the nucleus is eclipsed and its light intercepted the glowing vapour should give a reversed spectrum, bright lines taking the place of the dark ones, according to well-established law of luminous gases. The observations in 1868 and 1869 were not altogether satisfactory; for, while the dark lines disappeared during total obscuration, they were not replaced by bright ones. But in 1870, Prof. Young went to Spain to observe the eclipse of that year, and had the satisfaction and the honour of seeing what man had never seen before—the dark lines of the solar spectrum replaced for a few seconds by the bright lines of the luminous vapour.

On the 28th of September of the same year, Prof. Young succeeded in making the first photograph of the prominences on the sun's limb in bright sunshine. Though the plate was only half an inch in diameter, yet the forms of the prominences could be clearly discerned, so that the possibility of photographing them has been fully established by this experiment.

He also devoted much time to the observation of solar storms, during one of which a mass of hydrogen gas was observed to shoot up from the surface of the sun, a distance of 60,000 miles in half an hour.

Spectrum analysis is still in its infancy; and it is to be hoped that more American scientists will be found, who will reflect upon us equal credit with Prof. Young, and that an intelligent public will be liberal in furnishing investigators with the necessary appliances. H. S. C.—*Tripod*.

Then and Now.

THE following extract is from a letter written by a prominent citizen of Haverhill, Mass., to a gentleman then in Lisbon, Portugal. It sounds queerly at the present time! Only God can see the end from the beginning. The letter came to our hands well authenticated, and so far as we know has never been published before. It is dated Feb. 12th, 1812:

“I think of nothing interesting to add ; I will however just observe that religious enthusiasm still continues to prevail here. Believe me, unaccountable as it may appear to you, that what I am about to repeat to you is true. A daughter of the late Moses Atwood, deceased, by the name of Harriet, and a young Miss Hazeltine, of the Hazeltine family of Bradford, young (about 17 or 18 years old) and totally inexperienced in the school of human nature, are about to embark with their companions (to whom they have but yesterday allied themselves by marriage)—yes, I say that these four foolish and inexperienced young people are about to embark, and will actually sail for the far distant shores of Hindostan, and, marvellous to tell—to teach that numerous and ancient people the right way to heaven ! Why disturb that or any other people about their religious opinions ? We, like all other people under heaven, are tenacious of our own religious opinions. It is of no consequence whether my neighbour believes in ‘one God or twenty gods,’ so long as he does not rob my pockets. It is unnecessary for me to dwell longer on this subject, as you can easily anticipate what further might be added.”

Observe, “these four foolish and inexperienced young people” are now known to the world under the following illustrious names : ADONIRAM JUDSON and ANNE HAZELTINE JUDSON, SAMUEL NEWELL and HARRIET ATWOOD NEWELL.—*Macedonian*.

DR. HENRY SCHLIERMANN'S excavations on what he believes to be the site of ancient Troy have brought to light a series of objects which suggest to his mind an entirely new interpretation of the word *glaukōpis* as applied by Homer to the Goddess Athene. These objects, which have been found at various depths down to 53 feet beneath the surface, are (1) terracotta vases, ornamented with an owl's face and a helmet ; (2) similar vases, ornamented with figures composed of the body of a woman with the head of an owl ; (3) numbers of small figures with owls' faces, and being for the rest of female form. If he is right in taking these figures to be archaic representations of Athene, the protecting deity of Troy, the literal interpretation of *glaukōpis* as the “owl-faced” will be obvious. The locality and depth of the find, and the presence of the helmet, satisfy him that he is right. That the figures of the goddess actually had an owl's head instead of that of a female in the early Homeric times, would be a startling announcement, were we not aware of the fact that a very archaic figure of Demeter at Phigaleia had, according to Pausanias, the head and mane of a horse.—*Littell's Living Age*.

Editorial.

EDITORS :

IRA SMITH, P. A. McEWEN, I. CAMPBELL.

WITH this number the TYRO begins its second year. It becomes our pleasing duty to thank our subscribers for their patronage. We feel not a little gratified to know that the enterprise has, in every way, proved a success. We have endeavoured to make the TYRO the organ of the school and the exponent of our principles, and through it to acquaint our readers with the position, interests and progress of our *Alma Mater*. The object of the Magazine is to encourage literary effort among the students, to keep alive the interest of those who have gone from us, and to widen the influence of the school.

Our success has in no small degree been owing to our Printers, Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, who have been uniformly prompt and obliging. The appearance of the Magazine will sufficiently proclaim the merits of their work.

When our subscription list has become large enough, the TYRO will be published as a Quarterly. We hope that in the next issue the Editors may be able to announce the determination of the Society to increase the number of yearly publications. But this will greatly depend upon the promptness of our friends, whose patronage we confidently expect, and the interest which they take in our enterprise.

We call upon all the "old students" to assist us in this enterprise, both by extending the subscription list and by contributing to the pages of the TYRO. We invite all our

readers to look at our terms and to send us clubs. Let each student endeavour to get up at least one club-list in his own neighbourhood during the vacation.

One of the Editors will remain in Woodstock all summer, and will be glad to be troubled with subscriptions.

Individualism in the Scholar.

THE general culture of the present age is often freely proclaimed at the expense of individual improvement. While it is our easy boast that a philosopher of five centuries ago would be amazed at the scientific truths taught in our common schools, we are in no small danger of losing the independence of thought, the power of personal investigation which he possessed, at whose comparative ignorance we smile. Absorbed by the glowing of the heavens we may forget to climb upward toward them. It is natural to praise the elaborate frieze and well-turned cornice, while the strong foundations supporting the structure are forgotten.

We repeat and vegetate only while labouring under the pleasing delusion that we think and live. We may joyfully reap the advantages of genius, but it is quite another thing to have the inspiration of genius. The very inheritance of the great opportunities of learning what others have gained, is as fatal to real energy and development of mind as the inheritance of great pecuniary wealth to the promotion of physical or business energy.

In reading works which reveal to us the wisdom of six thousand years, we are far from becoming masters of the knowledge which so many centuries have gathered. It is one thing to placidly contemplate, complacently absorb what others have learned and taught, but quite another to grasp their thought, make it live and reproduce itself in our own thinking. The tree that reproduces must enter fully into the conditions of soil, position, heat and light. So if a mind really knows, it will reproduce ; its knowledge is measured by the growths which are stimulated by contact with other minds.

A man may admire a deep thought, may praise it and be subdued by it, but only a deep intellect can receive a great deep thought. We really receive no new thought except by struggle and conflict we fashion our minds according to the pattern of the new thought, making it part and parcel of our existence, living and walking on in its inspiration. Thought cannot be communicated to minds that do not think. The power of old sages, at whose mistakes and crudities we laugh, may be a far-off thing to us. It is their power, rather than their knowledge, we are to covet.

Therefore we find the professions, and our Colleges and Seminaries, abundantly supplied with paupers who, halt and lame and blind in intellect, depend on the bounties, the helps which richer, nobler minds have stored ; persons "incompetent to get their own mental living." So a characteristic of the times is a strong tendency to imitate. The preacher in his study works over and adapts to his own use the products of others, more royal souls ; in his pulpit he ventures from no path which he has not explored with safe guidance by a stronger, bolder hand. The painter becomes a copyist of Rubens and Claude. The teacher finds scraps of knowledge which he asserts and distributes according to his personal tastes, and calls the product "his system."

" Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, et turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?"

Conceit makes a show of capacity at the bar and on the bench. The scholar develops in the recitation room imitative faculties at the expense of competent mental vigour. The last thought is the greatest to such minds, because room must be made for it at the expense of all that has preceded it. The last argument to which they have listened is the only one which sways them ; like the Hibernian who, hearing the counsel for the plaintiff, declared, "surely he has won the case," and then, after the plea of the defendant's counsel, was glowingly sure that "he has won the case."

As among men in working circles there are many who seem only

digesting machines, so it may be said of many scholars, that they are acquiring only immense capabilities for mental digestion. We are to strive for individual power, for living manhood—such a *cultus* as shall enable the scholar, at each step, to say with fresh confidence, “I am a man ; I am my own master.”

“Addictus jurare in verbis nullius magistri.”

Our educational discipline is not promoted by feasting on the hard-earned bounties of other minds. Schools lamentably succeed in hindering intellectual development under pretence of furnishing helps to the mind. It requires no small native vigour to resist such exposure and live. That was a decisive test, certainly, which that ancient city devised, of exposing its children in order to learn with what resisting power their constitutions were endowed. Time works changes. The Spartan moors and heights are exchanged for schools and colleges.

They who pass through the educational ordeals devised by the nineteenth century without having intellect, thought, power, perishing in the process, are few. It is refreshing to find some vigorous natures that “leave school with the possibility of being men if not scholars.” The test of the value of study is not what store of facts, what lists of authors it can enable you to produce, but what kind of men does it make ; how well does it succeed in imparting that very inspiration to life which makes those men you study the beacon lights, the great names for all ages.—*The Bates' Student*.

The Institute.

THE Canadian Literary Institute has become so well known to the majority of our readers that we think it almost superfluous to occupy much space in treating of it, but its advance has of late been so marked, and the changes consequent upon this so extensive as to justify a short notice.

Since 1863 there has been a steady increase in the numbers in attendance. In the Summer Term, of course, the number is always less, but that is largely owing to the absence of the young men engaged on mission fields, who return in the Fall. Since 1863, the increase has equalled one hundred and five per cent. ; and since 1868, fifty-three per cent. The aggregate attendance for the college year

1863-64, was 228; for 1868-69, 304; and the year just closing, 466. Of this latter number 309 are gentlemen, and 157 ladies.

It is unnecessary to ask the cause of this. All who are acquainted with the Institute know that its character as a school of healthy moral discipline, and thorough instruction, and especially the success of those who have passed through it, have made it what it is. Those who have completed the Theological course, most of whom are now preaching, show by their ability, zeal, and success, that the Institute must have had something to do in preparing them for their work, while the *pleasing* success which has met those sent to the Toronto University shows that it is taking a high position as a school for literary training. As an evidence that this is being recognized by the public, we need only state that there are at present in attendance from fifteen to twenty young men, preparing for the professions of Law, Medicine, and Engineering. A curriculum which embraces a thorough course in Mathematics, Classics, Natural Science, Metaphysics, Ethics, History, English, Music and Drawing, is full enough for any who wish a good thorough education; while it affords an ample basis for those to build upon who wish to take a more special course.

Last term some were refused admission for want of room, but as the new building will be completed by the opening of next term this difficulty will be removed; yet we anticipate that a very few years will see the present increased accommodation too limited for the increased number of students.

Mr. Sawtell, Treasurer of the Institute, has favoured us with the following statement relative to its financial position:—

Many of our readers are already aware that the Trustees of the Institute have been engaged the last two years in enlarging and otherwise improving the property. We are now happy to inform them and others, that the last scaffolding has been removed, and the new building will be ready for occupation in September next. The Regular Baptist denomination in Ontario and Quebec may feel proud of the fact, that it owns a property worth at least \$50,000, on which, when completed this fall, we trust there will be no debt, and not a fraction of which has been received either from municipal grant or legislative subsidy. For extent, healthy location, appearance, and general arrangements, the Institute is equal to any similar institution in the Province. It contains thirty-six acres within the corporation, and commands a fine view of the town and surrounding country, giving ample room for lawns, pleasure grounds, gardens, orchards, and pasturage, as well as a fine play-ground.

Since this time last year, the main building has been enlarged, and a complete system of heating with hot air introduced, costing together nearly \$6,000. The building, now nearly finished, is a handsome three-story structure, of white brick, with freestone window sills and iron caps, which, with a bay window in each wing, give the western

facade a lively appearance. It is situated one hundred feet east of the main building, and is attached only by a covered passage. In addition to rooms for sixty-five lady students, it contains handsome drawing and reception rooms, also suites of rooms for one of the professors, and for the lady teachers.

On the west side of the main building there is a small two-story structure, giving accommodation to about twenty, which it is hoped some time not far distant to assimilate in dimensions and appearance to the one before referred to, to be occupied by boys in primary classes.

Great credit is due to the Principal and Trustees for the energy and labour bestowed in this great work. The income is rapidly advancing, the disbursement of which must necessarily add largely to the trade of the town. The following figures show the extent and increase of receipts :—Ministerial education, year ending July 1870, \$2,765. Already received since July 15th, 1872, \$2,603, which by the 15th of next month will probably exceed \$3,200.

Board and Tuition, year ending July 1870, \$10,407. Up to this date (June 14th) it has reached the sum of \$14,200 in eleven months. In addition to the foregoing, upwards of \$13,000 have been paid since July last for building and enlargement purposes, making a total of nearly \$30,000 in eleven months.

The Summer's Work.

EVERY summer many of the students for the ministry spend four or five months in preaching to churches or on mission fields. When the school was first organized, only nine weeks were devoted to this work—so short a time that comparatively little could be done. The present system has in every respect proved much more satisfactory, giving students an opportunity of earning a little money to help them through the next year, or of recuperating health which may have been impaired, besides affording ample time for becoming acquainted with their fields, for discovering and supplying their necessities, and for following up any hopeful indications.

The student does not go to assume a pastorate or to exercise authority. He goes simply as an evangelist of the Lord Jesus Christ, to proclaim glad tidings of great joy, to gather in the wandering and the erring, to go into highways and hedges, the lanes and the alleys, compelling starving souls to come in to the Gospel feast—to preach the Gospel to the poor. They go to sow, and they hope to reap. They set out with many doubts, and fears, and misgivings, crying, “Who is sufficient?”—almost ready to play a Jonah's part. But many have realized the blessedness and sweetness of the promise, “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

The constant, heavy drill of the College is apt to dry up the fountains of soul happiness, to throw a chill upon the heart that should be warm, to weaken our sympathy with our life-work, to divest us of that zeal which should clothe us as a cloak. But the summer's work rekindles the apparently dying flame, revives our interest in the work of saving souls, while it tends to deepen our sympathy with our blessed calling, our soul-ennobling labour. On these fields many learn valuable lessons which could never be found in Broadus or any system of Homiletics. We there discover our own weaknesses, and become acquainted with our own selves; while the seven months intervening before next year's work give us ample time for considering the various moves we have made, for criticising our past efforts, for investigating the causes of our failures, and for repenting of any injudiciousness, want of forethought, or folly. We can thus, in some degree at least, check any evil habit that we may find growing upon us, ere it be too late, guard against our errors, and when, in the future, we may be placed in similarly difficult positions, we may be enabled to enter with confidence upon a course of action.

It is a lamentable fact that sometimes the conceit of ministerial students considerably exceeds their ability, until taught by painful experience that, even after the greatest care and most faithful labour, their grandest efforts once in a while result in little more than complete failures. On the other hand, some enter the lists with the greatest timidity, and are utterly wanting in self-confidence, almost shrinking from a work which brings with it such awful responsibility, and which requires of him who undertakes it no indifferent order of intellectual power. Such require severe tests and trying duties which cannot be shirked, to draw out the good that may be in them, and to cause them to respect their own powers of mind. On most of these fields the student missionary is alone, where he can take counsel with none but his Master and lean upon nothing but the arm of Omnipotence.

So far the record of the students' work has been encouraging and satisfactory. Many new interests have been started and weak churches built up; many souls have learned to trust the Saviour, and glorious revivals have attended these efforts. It is, moreover, a pleasing fact that the people, almost without exception, hold the names of those who have served them in grateful remembrance.

Our efforts we confess to be weak and our experience limited. But, if we are what we profess to be, we work for something higher than the world's empty honours, and the favours of the crowd. A life of earnest, faithful labour for Jesus, though obscure, is to be preferred to the most glorious name. The Master's final "Well done, good and faithful servant," is more to be coveted than the plaudits of admiring multitudes.

We are pleased to learn that upon many fields our fellow-students

are at present meeting with tokens of Divine favour. May their harvests be abundant and their rejoicings great.

Communications.

CROSSING THE HERRING POND.

WE have received a letter from our excellent friend, "Twist," who has taken the position of our "foreign correspondent." Our space will permit us to present only extracts from the letter :—

London, June 11th, 1873.

Saturday, May 17th, saw the good ship *Circussion*, the latest addition to the Allan Line, swing out from her moorings at Quebec, with her bow pointing eastward, having on board 90 cabin and 30 steerage passengers. When fairly in the stream and with full steam on, we soon lost sight of the Canadian Gibraltar. I suppose the correct thing to do at the time was to meditate on Wolfe's great attack and victory. But if any of the passengers were so employed, their meditations were suddenly interrupted by the bell ringing for lunch.

Monday, 19th, about noon, brought us in sight of Newfoundland. I find on referring to my note book, that we were being dandled up and down by the long swell peculiar to the ocean, which made me feel peculiar. I had got through the first course of dinner, when it occurred to me that possibly I was missing some beautiful scenery : so I made my way on deck as quickly as possible. No doubt you will conclude that I am fond of scenery, when I tell you that I was enticed back to that saloon only once again on the whole voyage.

One morning I was up at four, and it being very cold, I got near the smoke stack. Beside it, I found a poor fellow asleep. In a little he awoke, and pulling an old book, which proved to be a Hebrew Bible, from his breast, began chanting to himself. Soon the steerage passengers began coming up, when the Jew put away the book, but kept on chanting, first up and then down, repeating his words very quickly. Notwithstanding the jibes of his fellow-passengers, he kept this up for an hour. And the passage had so worked on his feelings that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. Had he been reading of the promised Messiah ?

On Tuesday we passed a large number of icebergs. We saw one precisely like the head of a lion—the upper lip just reaching the water. The waves came dashing and circling and eddying round his nostrils, but he sat serenely in his icy grandeur ; and though the water was raging about him, "he never stirred a hair." Another resembled representations of the Roman Coliseum ; and others, again, assumed a variety of grotesque forms, but all were majestically beautiful.

Saturday, May 24th, was indeed a glorious day, and, like loyal subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, we resolved to celebrate her natal day. When we came up from breakfast, a large poster announced a concert that evening by the "Royal Circassian Opera Troupe." The exercises, in which your correspondent participated, consisted in music on the piano, solos, choruses, readings and a stump speech. The manager of the G.W.R. was our chairman, and he contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening by singing an original song, prepared expressly for the occasion. A collection of over £4 was taken up for seamen's orphans. After the concert, the captain set off a number of rockets from the deck. Fireworks are beautiful on land, but doubly so at sea.—On Sunday, 25th, we had a genuine blow—now we were away up on the top of the waves—now in the hollow of the sea—then the receding waves would rush away, hissing and fizzing and effervescing like a huge Seidlitz powder. The sea remained rough until Wednesday morning, when we entered Loch Foyle. O, what a pleasure it was to see land again, which was increased by knowing that this was "ould Ireland." The first question asked the messenger sent on board was, "Is the Pope dead?" And then we were surprised to hear of the political shuffle in France.

TWIST.

Editorial Notes.

MANY friends of the Institute are anxiously looking forward to the time when it shall be in possession of University powers. But does it require them? The best college in the Dominion does not possess such powers. But would it not be well for the Legislature to induce all colleges possessing such powers to surrender them, and establish a University system for the country, with as many teaching institutions as the people may be able to support? The standard of education would then be uniform, and degrees of equal value, and the slightest prejudice could not reasonably exist. Such a system would create a healthy rivalry among the colleges, and under such a stimulus the standard would never be suffered to fall. Under such a *regime* that college which has the best staff of teachers, and can offer the greatest facilities and the most advantages, will be the one which will have the largest patronage and the greatest honour.

If some such scheme as we have hinted at should not be consummated, we hope that the Institute will never ask for University powers until it is able to furnish as thorough and extensive a course as is found in the University of Toronto. If men are to have the honours of Universities conferred upon them, let them earn them by hard labour, and merit them by thorough scholarship.

WHILE some Faculties have altogether abolished prizes, others adhere to the opinion that they are beneficial in other respects, as

well as in maintaining an honourable rivalry among students. In the Institute a few prizes are offered yearly, but their value is small, and the competition corresponds. In older and wealthier institutions prizes and scholarships are given in every course and every subject. In many instances generous persons deposit a certain amount, the income of which is to be perpetually distributed, according to the desire of the donor. Sometimes this income is at the disposal of the Faculty, and can be offered as they prefer.

There are many young men who thirst for knowledge ; but their expenses at college so far exceeds their income, that they are disheartened at the outset. If they could uninterruptedly pursue their course, they might stand at the head of their classes, and in the future, by their ability, make their mark. The task of supporting one's self at college is herculean, as only those realize who have tried it. But many instances might be cited in which men have maintained themselves at the University of Toronto, for instance, by the scholarships they have won. They have been able to get into active life the sooner, with the consciousness that though poor, in the world of thought they were honoured, and their ability appreciated. And we have men here who, while feeling that poverty is no disgrace, realize that it is a great inconvenience. But if prizes and scholarships were offered, they could work with some prospect of reaching the object of their ambition, and of soon being in positions where they could maintain themselves.

Again, a good list of prizes would be an inducement to many more to take a regular, thorough and complete course. One trouble in connection with the Institute has been, that many who have attended, at the end of a term or a year have thought themselves efficiently educated, and have gone out into the world *as representatives of Institute scholarship*, forsooth. This should be remedied ; and by the founding scholarships with strict conditions, it might be to a great extent.

Again, proficiency and thoroughness in scholarship would be demanded. Smatterers and drones would stand nowhere. The men who are in earnest would have an additional incentive to seek accuracy and thoroughness—to lay the broad and solid foundations of good scholarship. And though every man could not expect to win, every man who had done his best would have the satisfaction of having gained a store of knowledge and of discipline, which would serve him throughout life.

In what way could the friends of Baptist education invest a small portion of their means more usefully than in arranging a series of prizes and scholarships in connection with the Institute ? A beginning has already, as we have said, been made. Annual prizes are now offered in Elocution, Reading and English Composition. Who will encourage the teachers, and promote good scholarship by extending the number to the Classics, the Mathematics, the Sciences, etc. ?

Some generous friend to us unknown used to give some handsome awards for general proficiency, and good, no doubt, resulted. Will he not again to the front and provoke others to good works?

WE hope to have the pleasure of greeting many new faces next September. Those who come will receive a hearty welcome, both from teachers and students. Persons who propose to attend need fear no initiatory ceremonies. We consider that they belong to the barbarous customs.

We hope that every student will come with the determination to work. The college is no place for pleasure. Parties and holidays must be left at home. We have no time to lose here. That student who does not work will fail to gain the respect of his classmates, and feel his stay here most irksome. We wish to see no drones nor fops nor swells: we are happy to greet M+N—persons who will be a credit to themselves, to their class and the Institute.

Every student should come determined to pursue a full course, to do his best, and to stand in class A. in every subject. It is a grand mistake for a person to imagine that he can lay a good foundation in a year. The culture and development of the mind is a slow process. Severe discipline, close application, and faithful and constant labour are pre-requisites to education.

Again we promise a hearty welcome to any who may join our number, hoping that their connection with the school may be as pleasant and happy as our own.

. In the present number the Editorial Department has considerably overrun its proper limits, owing to many items of interest connected with the school, which require notice. We have endeavoured to furnish our readers with as much news of the Institute as possible. We trust that this may not be a blemish in the present issue.

Canadian College Notes.

THE Vescecius Sisters sang at the Commencement Exercises of Victoria College, Cobourg.

THE Convocation of the University of Toronto was held June 10th. The Senate will meet some time in July, under the working of the University Bill passed last session of the Legislature.

WE understand that there is a talk of publishing an Intercollegiate Journal for Ontario. Such an enterprise would meet with favour and success.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., of Oxford, and REV. GEO. P. YOUNG, M.A., of Edinburgh, Lecturer on Metaphysics in University College, Toronto, received the honorary degree of M.A. from the University of Toronto at the recent Convocation.

THE friends of Knox College, Toronto, are making a noble effort to replace the old and dilapidated structure which at present bears that name, by a building which will be a credit both to the City of Toronto and the Presbyterian denomination. Already between \$50,000 and \$60,000 have been subscribed.

THE students and graduates of the Provincial Normal School are calling loudly for a change in the Faculty of Instruction of that institution. It seems that the storm has been gathering for some time. The only Normal School in the Province should be provided with the ablest instructors and educators of the country.

WE are pleased to learn that a Young Men's Christian Association has been formed among the students of University College, Toronto, of which Mr. J. C. Yule, a former student of this Institute, is President. This is a move in the right direction, with the prospect of doing much good. Some of the best young minds of the country congregate there; and if they are only led to consecrate their powers to Christ, what a healthful influence will they exert throughout the country! Men with great and cultivated gifts and lofty piety are required by the present age. Such men will be centres of the most powerful and healthy influence. Christianity adorns the cultured mind and adds dignity to greatness.

Local Items.

AN organ in our chapel would greatly improve the quality of the music.

THE rostrum and the barn on it, called a desk, are eyesores to all lovers of good taste. Can't "the powers that be" give us a wider platform and a smaller and neater reading desk? There is a great waste of lumber in the present structure.

WE see by our exchanges that the "base ball fever" has been raging among the colleges "on the other side." We have seen symptoms of it here.

THE trees in the park need special attention. Trimming and digging about the roots would make them more thrifty and beautiful.

FOUR students presented themselves before the Ministerial Committee this term.

DRILL.—A new feature presents itself in our Institute life. Not behind any of our countrymen in zeal and fidelity to our Queen and country, a drill association has been organized. The company perform drill twice a week, which affords excellent exercise and diversion. Our small brigade presents as much as it is able of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

BOYS' SCHOOL.—This department is to be worked up as soon as

means can be raised for that purpose. The west building is at present occupied by "the little ones." Boys over thirteen are admitted.

CHANGE.—Next term the Ladies' Department will be removed to the east building, and the main building is to be entirely occupied by gentlemen, so that there will be accommodation for 200 boarders.

LATIN GRAMMAR CLASS.—*Tutor*: Miss B——, will you give us an example of a transitive verb governing an object? *Miss B——*: "*Amo puerum.*" *Small Boy* in an audible whisper): "*Quis puer est?*"

VIRGIL CLASS.—Written examination. *Ques.*: "Write a short note on Neoptolemus." *Ans.*: "Neoptolemus was the grandson of Priam and Hecuba was the son of Achilles and daughter of Laomedon his mother."

WE understand that Mrs. REVELL, our excellent teacher of Instrumental Music, is to have an assistant next term. Mrs. R. has been successful in no small degree in building up the reputation of the Musical Department of the school, and it is gratifying that it has become so large that the services of an assistant teacher are required.

AT the close of last term, Mr. Thomas Trotter obtained the first prize in Declamation, and Messrs Wolverton and M. P. Campbell the second prizes.

THE subject of the English prose composition was "Doubt Fatal to Success." Mr. R. Clark obtained the first, and Mr. Walls the second prize. The same subject was given to the ladies, and Miss Emily Crawford obtained the first, and Miss C. V. McGinn the second prize.

THE commencement exercises of the Theological Class, 1873, were very interesting. The excellent addresses of the graduating students were well delivered. The lecture room was crowded to its utmost

AT the end of last term, Mr. and Mrs. Luckens resigned their position of steward and matron, after a very pleasant connection with the Institute. Mr. Luckens has enrolled himself as a student, and we give him a hearty welcome to our number. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker occupy the place thus left vacant. We wish them every success in their efforts to give satisfaction—a task not always easy in their department.

PRIZE POEM.—F. Nisbet, Esq., of this town, has kindly offered a prize of \$5.00, to be competed for at the end of the Winter Term, for the best poem written by the students. Conditions to be made by the Faculty.

SOCIETIES.

JUDSON.—At the end of last term the President and the Secretary left for their fields of labour, and Professor McKee has been elected President, and Miss B. C. Yule, Secretary.

ADELPHIAN.—President, J. I. Bates: Vice-President, P. A.

McEwen ; Critic, D. W. C. Troy ; Secretary and Treasurer, D. P. McPherson ; Marshal, G. L. Wittet.

GLEANER.—President, Miss Yule ; Vice President, Miss Harris ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss F. Crawford ; Librarian, Miss Barnes.

EXCELSIOR.—President, E. V. D. Bodwell ; Vice-President, E. Cameron ; Secretary, H. W. Hobson ; Treasurer, A. Kinsman ; Marshal, L. Sovereign.

LECTURES.

REV. D. M. WELTON, of Windsor, N.S., delivered a very interesting and instructive address, May 30th, before the Judson Missionary Society.

REV. A. H. MUNRO, of Toronto, delivered an excellent lecture before the same Society, on Friday evening, June 27th. It was full of thought and interest. The appreciation of the audience was evinced by their undivided attention. We hope we may often have the privilege of hearing Mr. Munro in our lecture room.

THE PUBLIC MEETING

is to be held on Wednesday evening, July 9th, 1873.

Exercises to commence at 8 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

ANTHEM—"How beautiful upon the mountains.".....*Choir.*

PRAYER.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

MUSIC—(Instrumental Duet).....*Misses Raymond and McLaughlin.*

THE SHEAF—(Paper).....*Editress, Miss Cameron.*

DIALOGUE*Messrs. Cameron, Baker, Bodwell and others.*

MUSIC—(Vocal).....*Messrs. J. M. White and T. Trotter.*

THE ORACLE—(Paper).....*Editor, D. Reddick.*

MUSIC—(Instrumental Duet)... ..*Misses Merriman and Olcott.*

READING*T. Trotter.*

COLLOQUY—Waiting.....*(Miss Gordon.*

.....*Miss F. Crawford.*

.....*Miss J. McArthur.*

MUSIC—(Vocal Duet) "Music, and her sister, Song," *Misses Merrill and Adams.*

ORATION.....*Ira Smith.*

MUSIC—"God Save the Queen.".....*Choir.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We call special attention to the advertisements in the present number of the "TYRO."

Go to R. G. Chambers for clothing, if you want a perfect fit and a good article.

Nicholson holds out special inducements to students. Every student should get his photo. taken before he leaves school.

Mr. Anderson always keeps on hand a good and cheap assortment of stationery and books.

T. & J. Grant can furnish you with boots in which good quality and neatness are combined.

Mr. James Vannevar, of Toronto, keeps a large assortment of new and second-hand books at as low rates as any bookseller in Ontario. Orders promptly filled by express or mail.

Exchanges.

The Bates Student, College Herald, Tripod, Vassar Miscellany, Targum, College Herald, College Times, Dalhousie Gazette, Kansas Evangel, Virginia University Magazine, The Owl, Niagarensis, Madisonensis, Cornell Era, Annalist, Williams Review, The Packer Quarterly, College Express, University Missourian, College Journal, Central Collegian, The Hesperian Student, American Journal of Insanity, Miami Student, College Argus, Trinity Tablet, Woodstock Sentinel, Times, Review, Ontario Teacher.

Clippings.

ONE of the many curiosities of the Vienna Exhibition is a German translation of Homer's "Iliad" in stenography by Professor Schreiber, of Vienna. It consists of 600 microscopic pages, condensed into so minute a compass as to go into a nutshell. The Roman writer, C. J. Solinus, (300 years B. C.) in his "Polyhistor," speaks of a copy of Homer so small that the "Iliad" could be contained in a nutshell, and Pliny affirms that Cicero had seen the work.—*Graphic*.

The Council of the Royal Irish Academy are prepared to offer, out of the Cunningham Fund, two premiums of £50 each, for the best reports or essays on the present state of the Irish language and literature, written and unwritten, in the Provinces of Munster and Connaught respectively.—*Public Opinion*.

Miss Rothschild, who was recently married, and is now the Hon. Mrs. Yorke, with her sister, completed about two years ago a translation of the Old Testament Scriptures, but which was printed only for private circulation. It was the work of several years, during which time the translators almost altogether eschewed fashionable life.—*Public Opinion*.

The Company of Fishmongers have granted fifty guineas to the Pure Literature Society, to enable them to continue their grants of libraries to working-men's institutes and other institutions.—*ib.*

We (*Athenæum*) hear a characteristic story of Dickens. An Oxford undergraduate, with the natural modesty of the race, sent to the editor of *Household Words*, at the end of the Crimean war, a copy of verses on the return of the Guards, with this note: "Sir,—Understanding that you insert Rhymes in your Serial I send you some." To which Dickens answered, "Sir,—We do not insert Rhymes without Reason."

HONORARY DEGREES.—It is said that a movement is on foot in the English Universities to put an end to the bestowal of honorary degrees to titled persons whose only claim to University honours is that they have a prefix to their names. It seems that there are now on the list of the Oxford Doctors of Civil Law not a few illustrious and distinguished persons, whose knowledge of the law is nothing at all. The members of the University think that for the sake of learning, this ought not to be: and it is likely that in future neither princes nor peers will be made into D.C.L.'s unless they do something besides coming into the world to make them worthy of the honour.—*Globe*.

Cornell University. Thirty thousand dollars have been given by Mr. Sage, of Brooklyn, for the building of a chapel. Another gift of \$30,000 has been made to endow a lectureship on moral and religious subjects.—*Bates Student*.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from the tables of mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Price from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of the class of inferior scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where *Æschylus* and *Political Economy* injure one, late hours and rum-punches use up a dozen, and the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of *Euclid*. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is, as the early flower, exposed to untimely frosts. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice are named legion. A few hours' sleep each night, high living and plenty of "smashes" make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtaxed and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young man, right about!—*Scientific American*.

The Wit and Humour of the Colleges.

ZOOLOGY CLASS.—*Professor*—"Mr. B., please give the common names for the different varieties of the *felis catus*." *Mr. B.*—"The Maltese, the white cat, the black cat, and the—the—Tom cat." *Professor*—"Sit down."—*Tripod*.

During the cold, cloudy weather we had some time ago, several of the ladies in middle college were heard to exclaim. "O. for a little sun."—*Ex.*

A man grew eloquent in a Sunday School Convention and soared into statistics: "My beloved fellow-workers, there are in the Sunday Schools of this State two hundred thousand children *omitting fractions*."—*Vass. Miscellany*.

A student here, who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that, just as he "kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man's boot.—*Chronicle*.

A professor observing a student with something in his mouth like tobacco, cried out, "*Quid est hoc?*" when the student replied, "*Hoc est quid*."—*Ex.*

The following disquisition on dogs is given by a schoolboy: "Dogs is usefuller as cats. They bite 'em. Dogs foller boys and catches a hog by the ear. Hogs rarely bite. People eat hogs, but not Jews, as they and all other animals that doesn't chew the cud isn't clean ones. Dogs sometimes git hit with boot-jacks for barking nights. Sleepy people git mad and throw 'em at 'em. Dogs is the best animal for man. They do more for man than ground-hogs or koons, or even gotes. Gotes smell. The end."—*Ex.*

Not long since, some Harvard students were serenading a boarding-school, when, seeing some heads at the window, after singing, they waited for comments. They heard, "Arrah, but don't they sing swately, Maggie?"—*Ex.*

In a Latin class, a few days since, a young lady was called up for the declension of a certain word. She boldly proceeded: "*Hic, hæc, hoc, HUG-US, HUG-US HUG-US*," which latter was received with joyful applause by the boys.—*Ex.*

CHEMISTRY.—*Prof.*—"Mr. —, please hand me that ewer." *Student*—"Sir?" *Prof.*—"That ewer there." *Student*—"Yes, Sir, I'm here." *Prof.* (getting his bile roiled)—"On the table." *Student*—"On the table?" *Prof.* (bile very much roiled)—"Don't you see that ewer on the table?" *Student*—"I *aint* on the table." *Prof.* (ready to burst)—"Can't you see that ewer full of A. S.?"

Student feels greatly insulted, and leaves the room to lay before the President his grievances.—*Prof.*, very much discomfited, goes for the ewer himself.—*Ex.*

In our Geology class a certain “junior,” noted for his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, startled the class with the profound question, “Professor, can blind fish see?” Beautiful display of ivories followed.—*Tripod.*

A clergyman lately said that the modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but of hem and sham.—*Ex.*

Personals.

MR. J. J. WHITE has accepted a call from the Baptist Church in Avoca, N. Y. We trust that his harvest may be abundant.

REV. A. A. CAMERON.—We are pleased to learn that the Church in Ottawa, of which Mr. C. is pastor, is about to build a larger place of worship.

REV. W. D. BALLANTYNE, B.A., formerly a teacher in this Institution, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Whitby.

REV. M. MCGREGOR has accepted a call from the Baptist Church in Beamsville.

MR. JOHN H. THOMPSON paid the Institute a visit in May. He is engaged in the hardware business in Steubenville, O.

MR. THOMAS PUTNAM is studying medicine with Dr. Nichols, in Brantford.

MR. JAMES NORTHRUP is in the music business in Aylmer.

We regret that MR. D. W. KARN has been compelled, through ill health, to abandon his studies.

REV. R. B. MONTGOMERY has accepted a call from the Oshawa Church, and has entered upon his labours.

REV. H. BOLTON has temporarily discontinued preaching on account of ill health.

MR. O. C. EDWARDS has graduated in medicine at McGill College, and has passed his examination before the Medical Council of Ontario. He sailed in the *Circassian* for London, where he intends to attend the hospitals.

MR. P. H. McEWAN called at the Institute on his way East.

At the end of last term MR. WEATHERALL was made the recipient of a small present from the students as a token of their esteem and appreciation.

MR. GEO. DICKSON, B. A., formerly a teacher in this school, is Principal of the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont.

MR. ISAAC PATTEN, M. D., is practising in Jerseyville.

MR. THOS. JOHNSON, Theol. '73, was ordained in Petrolia, May 21st.

CAMPBELL.—The chapel occupied by the Baptist Church, Chatham, of which Rev. L. Jno. Campbell is pastor, was recently totally destroyed by fire. The Music Hall has been rented for a year, and vigorous efforts are being made to erect a new building next year.

The record of our students at the University is very gratifying. At the recent Convocation Messrs. Torrance, Dadson and Turnbull received the degree of B. A. Mr. Torrance received a silver medal in metaphysics and a prize for Oriental languages for the 3rd year. In the 2nd year, Mr. A. P. McDiarmid and Mr M. S. Clark each received a General Proficiency Scholarship.

In 1st year, Mr. P. S. Campbell received a General Proficiency.

[Under this head we are glad to note any change of address or business or any matter of interest connected with our Alumni. By forwarding the necessary material they will greatly oblige the Editors.]

Marriages.

By the Rev. Wm. Lacy, March 25th, 1873, EDGAR BYRON HINMAN to LUCINA ISABELLA BATTELL.

By Rev. Wm. Fraser, assisted by Rev. James Coutts, May 26th, 1873, REV. J. P. McEWEN, THEOL. Class. '73, to MISS KATE KIPPEN.

By Rev. Duncan McDonald, M.A., May 13th, 1873, REV. ROBERT ROSS to MISS CHRISTINA CURRIE.

Obituaries.

We are called upon to chronicle the death of REV. GEO. REEKS, of Minnesota, who was a member of the first graduating class from this school. His fall was early, but he had waged the battle nobly and faithfully. May the God of the fatherless and the widow guide and protect the bereaved family with his own kind hand.

DIED, on the 15th of May, 1873, deeply regretted by all who knew her, Millie Barker, aged twenty-one years and eight months. Miss Barker entered the Institute in January of the present year, but, before long, was compelled to leave, on account of the delicacy of her health. After a short rest, she was sufficiently better to accept an easy position as teacher at some distance from home: there she died, after a brief illness, far from her dearest earthly friends, but not without the presence of the Heavenly Friend whom she had long served.

Her sweet soul sighed itself to rest,
After brief toil, on Jesus' breast.


Another name on the list of our departed, this one also belonging to a most amiable and excellent girl, Eliza Smith, who left us about a year ago, well and happy, and early this year laid her young head down to die. On the day of her burial, another daughter was carried from the same house, to be laid in the grave with her sister.

Clubs.

Single copies 50 cts per annum.
 One copy... .. 20 cts.

Any person securing six names and sending us \$3.00 will receive a free copy for one year.

Any person sending us twenty names or over and fifty cents accompanying each name will receive 20 per cent. and a free copy for one year.

 Be careful in giving P. O. Address—Address “TYRO,” C. L. Institute, Woodstock, Ont.

The Standings.—Winter Term, 1873.*

SECOND YEAR.

LATIN, VIRGIL, ÆNEID, BK. II, 600 LINES.—W. McGregor, J. V. Teetzel, E. D. Bodwell (J. M. White, T. Trotter, W. Walls). D. B. Stumpf, R. McKillop. E. Cameron, H. A. Eberle, G. Oliver.

GREEK, HARKNESS' FIRST BOOK, completed, and XENOPHON'S ANABASIS, BK. I., CAP. VII. — (W. McGregor, Thos. Trotter,) E. Cameron, E. D. Bodwell.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—I. Campbell, D. P. McPherson, J. V. Teetzel, J. M. White. Miss B. Yule, Geo. Wittet, Miss E. Nesbitt, W. Nesbitt, T. Comport, Miss A. McCleneghan, James Anderson. M. P. Campbell, Miss A. Fairchild. Miss I. Carroll, Miss R. Fairchild, Miss J. Martin.

ALGEBRA, TODHUNTER'S Complete.—J. J. Baker, D. B. Stumpf, Miss M. McArthur, Thomas Trotter, J. M. White, Miss Sinclair, Miss E. Crawford, C. J. Jamieson.

GEOMETRY, BK. I. and DEDUCTIONS.—DIV. I.—A. S. West, Miss L. Latch, G. Sage, Miss M. Sinclair (W. Hillis, Miss E. Crawford), A. W. Smith, Miss M. McArthur, C. Y. Snell.

DIV. II.—(J. J. Baker, D. B. Stumpf,) A. McKee, T. Trotter, E. Cameron, W. Nesbitt, H. A. Eberle, G. Oliver, D. W. Troy,

* This list only contains the names of those who are in First Class A.

C. J. Jamieson, T. Lockhart, Miss E. Nesbitt, Miss C. McGinn, E. D. Bodwell, D. A. McGregor.

ARNOLD'S LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION, EX. 1—20.—W. McGregor, J. V. Teetzel, E. D. Bodwell (J. M. White, T. Trotter, W. Walls), D. B. Stumpf, R. McKillop, E. Cameron, H. A. Eberle, G. Oliver.

FIRST FRENCH (DE FIVAS).—Miss J. McArthur, Miss Sovereign, Miss Bowlby, Miss Ella Merrill, R. McKillop.

THIRD YEAR.

GEOMETRY, BOOK IV. and DEDUCTIONS.—P. A. McEwen.

LATIN, HORACE, ODES, BOOK I.—P. A. McEwen, D. W. Troy, W. T. Tapscott.

GRECIAN HISTORY and LITERATURE.—D. P. McPherson, Miss B. Yule, P. A. McEwen, A. H. Bodwell, *F. Dann, C. C. McLaurin.

CHEMISTRY.—J. V. Teetzel, H. A. Eberle, Miss M. McArthur, Jas. Anderson, C. J. Jamieson.

LATIN, ARNOLD'S PROSE COMPOSITION, completed.—P. A. McEwen, N. Wolverton, G. F. Baldwin.

GREEK, LUCIAN, CHARON and LIFE —*P. A. McEwen, G. F. Baldwin, *C. Eede, D. A. McGregor, *D. W. Troy, C. C. McLaurin.

GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION (ARNOLD), 1—20.—G. F. Baldwin, *C. Eede, D. A. McGregor, A. H. Bodwell, *Geo. Robertson, C. C. McLaurin, N. Wolverton, R. McKillop, *M. P. Campbell.

SECOND FRENCH (DE FIVAS).—D. W. Troy, P. A. McEwen, C. Eede, Miss C. McGinn, Miss Sinclair, Miss Cameron, Miss Harris.

HAMILTON'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—(I. Campbell, J. V. Teetzel.)

FOURTH YEAR.

TRIGONOMETRY, CHERRIMAN'S.—N. Wolverton.

LATIN, HORACE, ODES, BOOK III.—Ira Smith, N. Wolverton.

GREEK, HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK VI.—Ira Smith.

GREEK, TIMON.—Ira Smith.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Miss B. Yule, Mr. Wittet, Miss Latch, F. Dann, Miss M. Sinclair, C. Y. Snell, Miss C. McGinn, D. Offord, Miss M. McArthur, G. J. S. Ling.

ALGEBRA, COLENZO.—(J. V. Teetzel, I. Campbell.)

GEOLOGY.—Miss Yule, Miss E. Crawford, Miss M. Sinclair, Miss Cameron, Miss L. Latch.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—R. Clark, N. Wolverton, W. Walls, R. McKee, Isaac Campbell, D. S. McEwen, P. A. McEwen, F. Dann, G. Mason, R. McKillop, C. Y. Snell, G. Wittet.

THE TYRO.

VOL. I.

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Religious.

The Lord's Prayer.

IT was midnight. Without, the storm raged wildly, rattling the windows and piling snowdrifts high. Within all was calm and quiet, save when a low smothered sob broke the stillness. A faint light flickered in the room, revealing the forms of four men and two women watching by the bedside where an aged Christian lay dying.

For four score years and nine he had lived, and now at this good old age his children had gathered to say a last farewell. His youngest daughter stood at his head and wiped the death-damps from his brow.

Suddenly his lips moved, and in a faint whisper he asked "Has Edwin come?" Edwin, his youngest child, the pride of his heart, had left home sixteen years before, and through contact with infidels had imbibed and now openly professed their belief. A telegram carried the tidings that the old man was dying, and Edwin, longing to see his father, replied that he would come, and immediately started for home.

The aged pilgrim only prayed to see his child once again. Now he felt the end was near. His feet were just slipping over the brink, yet Edwin had not come. Two hours passed—hours of apparent unconsciousness to the dying man; at length the wanderer arrived. Hastening to the bedside, he asked the question, "Father, do you know me?" but his

father knew him not. He told his name and implored him to speak to him ere he died, but no response came from those cold lips, no look of recognition from those closing eyes. Just then his daughter said, "Father, do you know Jesus?" Slowly the lips moved, and an almost inaudibly whispered "Yes" escaped; then crossing his hands, the dying saint faintly whispered, "Mother." Evidently he was thinking of her who, more than sixty years before, was laid in the silent tomb. Were those now sightless eyes looking right into the spirit world? While all were intently watching, the lips moved, and, commencing with the words "Our Father, who art in heaven," he slowly and distinctly repeated the Lord's Prayer. As he prayed, all was still and silent as the grave. We have listened to prayers poured forth from eloquent lips and earnest hearts in the hour of gladness, when all felt that the thanks to our Heavenly Father were sincere; and in the hour of bitter, crushing sorrow, we have heard pleading tones that touched the hearts of the listeners, and reached the throne of God Himself; but that first prayer of childhood, faintly uttered by that aged saint, as his feet were just entering the dark waters of the Jordan of death, struck a chord never before touched in our hearts. As he said "Amen," a loud groan escaped from the lips of Edwin. The heart of the infidel and scoffer was moved. Tears streamed from his eyes, and, falling on his knees, he tried to pray for himself the Lord's Prayer. For years he had not heard it, yet every word he knew. Long ago he repeated it every night as he knelt by the side of his now sainted mother. Alas the change! Those lips, then so pure, had been soiled by oaths and blasphemy. Now he felt his guilt and danger. His mother in heaven, his father on the threshold, his brothers and sisters all followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and he—Just then a sign from the sister called them to the bedside. Their father was sleeping peacefully, but it was the sleep of

death. Without a groan his ransomed spirit had passed away from the scenes of earth to that "Home of the Soul" on the other side of Jordan, where it would join those loved ones gone before, and with them through eternity chant the praises of Him who redeemed them by His blood. Long and lovingly did Edwin gaze on that pale and sunken face; then, kneeling by the bedside, he spent an hour in agonizing prayer and penitential tears. God heard his prayers and cries, and mingled with the sobs of sorrow for the dead, were glad notes of joy and rejoicing that one had been led from the darkness of sin to the glorious light of truth. Entreaty and ridicule, tears and prayers, had been spent for years in trying to reclaim the lost one, but all in vain; now that simple prayer brought the wanderer back. What a history might be written on this prayer!

Eighteen hundred years have rolled away since, on a hill-side in Palestine, it fell from the lips of Him "who spake as never man spake." During all these centuries it has been a mighty power among men; it has moved down the ages, making melody in and breathing blessings upon the generations. Time, change, progress only discover new richness and fresh adaptability to the human needs in this inspired petition. What a history this immortal utterance has had! It has been lisped by the budding lips of childhood in every age, and it rises from thousands of households every day. It has been offered up by stalwart manhood, fair womanhood and decrepit old age. It has gone up to God from beneath the crown and helmet as well as the mitre. It has ascended from dungeon and hovel as well as palace and church. It has been breathed in every clime from mountain and from valley, jungle and desert, village and city, and on rough seas and heaving oceans. From amid the perpetual snows of the North and the sweltering heats of the South, from the bamboo huts of the Orient and the log cabins of the Occi-

dent, it has been wafted to Heaven, and through all future time it will hold its divinely appointed place. O man, my brother ; woman, my sister ! you may not pray at all now. Years and years may have passed since you bowed your knee before your God. Perhaps you sneer at prayer. Your lips may be stained with profanity now, but you can never, never forget that when, a pure innocent child, you knelt beside your mother's knee, with her soft hand on your head, she taught you to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Ah, those happy, golden days of childhood ! The memory, the blessed memory of them alone is thine now. They have passed away, and in thy heart there is an aching void which all the pleasures of sin can never fill. Return, O wanderer, to thy neglected Father ; renew thy petitions at a throne of grace ; and thy loving heavenly Father, who hears the feeblest cry, will lend a listening ear to thy prayers, and will grant thee peace, pardon and rest.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

Sunday in Angers.

ANGERS, in the Department of Maine et Loire, France, is somewhat noted in history, and is also remembered by many Britons as the place where the famous "Iron Duke" was educated. It is situated on a navigable tributary of the Loire, a restless river, whose swirling, boiling waters receive those of the first-mentioned stream a few miles below the city.

It was a beautiful Sabbath in May. The cloudless sky and agreeable temperature ; the gardens surrounding the city, breathing forth a sweet odour that seemed to perfect the

attempt to please the senses,—all conspired to render it no mere flattering tribute,—

“Thou sunny land of France.”

The first mass, over at nine A.M., released many who, with guilty consciences relieved of their burdens, were now filling the streets, evidently in their best; many from the country, too, were present, for the double purpose of attending to soul and body—religion and business. The shops were nearly all open—the usual case—until eleven o'clock; sellers of different articles were busily plying their trade on every hand; crowds were passing in and out of the cathedrals and churches as well as the shops.

There was a dull, heavy-looking old building on an obscure street in the centre of the city; it was the Lutheran church. Few noticed it, with its unpretending porch and two doors at one corner of the building. One of these was open, and standing within it was a venerable man, whose pleasing, inquiring face drew some involuntary expression from the stranger who paused to look in.

On entering, we found all looking cold and cheerless, and but a few people scattered in the pews waiting the commencement of the service at eleven o'clock. Just at that time, the minister entered, put on a black gown, announced the first psalm, and, as the organist was not there, proceeded to play himself, the congregation assisting as best they could.

After the hymn, several soldiers entered, and one took his seat at the organ. The amusing part of an otherwise very unamusing service was that *M. le pasteur* announced hymns and chapters in English (if such it might be called), for the benefit of at least one Englishman present, and but for his understanding French the attempt would have been a failure. The natives looked at each other as if the proceeding were not customary, and many smiled.

The sermon was delivered in a measured, orderly, restricted manner, easily understood, but far from attractive. Both place and preacher were, for the most part, unappreciated by

the Protestants of the city. The soldiers alluded to were part of the band that played in the park on Sunday afternoons. The bandmaster walked away with the *pasteur*, and after dinner was to be seen at the head of the fun, vigorously performing his duty, and apparently an object of admiration to many aspiring military youths.

At the same hour there was service in the other Protestant church, said to be Baptist. The new and attractive building was well attended, the service being conducted by the pastor, M. Robineau, in a manner similar to ours. The sermon showed great earnestness, and enforced by appropriate gesture, a rich voice and grand language, could not fail to produce much good among the hearers. The all-surpassing Gospel theme presented in the light of eternity, formed a wonderful contrast to all seen and heard outside, and made the spot seem hallowed.

In the afternoon there was no quiet retreat to be found. In the park, the seats were all occupied and the crowd great ; the *Jardin des Plantes* had a large number of visitors ; the music was well patronized ; sitting rooms in the hotels, restaurants and *gargotes* were thronged, and the mingled odours of coffee, wine, brandy and cigars filled the air.

Billiard rooms and bowling alleys were all taken up, and the Boulevards formed the favourite resort of many pedestrians and those who drove about with fine horses and vehicles.

It was pleasant in the evening, at seven o'clock, to attend a prayer meeting in the school room, in connection with the last-mentioned church. The schoolmaster conducted the devotional exercises, and read an extract from a magazine about Dr. Livingstone. Commenting on this, he said it was good to know such men, and promised to say some more about his movements at some future time.

After this meeting, all appearance of Sunday vanished ; a fair held outside was kept up till midnight, and shows of the lowest kind were to be seen at the same time and place. The only quiet resting place to be had was the bedroom, and

there the Sunday was finished. A Sunday in Angers is a good sample of the same in Paris and throughout France.

How pernicious must be the effects of such religion on the people ! How hard it must make the work of evangelizing this almost moral wilderness ! Does it not seem like a retribution for quenching the light once enjoyed through the Huguenots, who were slaughtered, persecuted, and driven from the land ?

The darkness can alone be dispersed and the wilderness made to bloom again, by the Divine power working through such faithful agents as M. Robineau and his brethren.

Would that some Gospel Gambetta might be raised up to go through the land, and gather many volunteers under the banner of the cross, to attack and repel France's worst enemy—Unbelief.

And that the day may soon come when she shall turn to the true light that lighteth the world, and as faithfully serve and honour God as she has persecuted His people and desecrated His Sabbaths, must be the heartfelt wish of all who believe that that nation alone is great whose God is the Lord, and His truth the foundation of all its institutions.

The Little Sleeper.

SHE sleeps ; but the soft breath
No longer stirs her golden hair,
The robber hand of Death
Has stolen thither unaware ;
The lovely edifice
Is still as beautiful and fair,
But mournfully we miss
The gentle habitant that sojourned there.

With stealthy pace he crept
To the guest-chamber where it lay—
That angel thing—and slept,
And whispered it to come away ;

He broke the fairy lute
 That light with laughter used to play,
 And left all dull and mute
 The silver strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then, with his finger cold
 He shut the glancing windows to ;
 With fringe of drooping gold
 He darkened the small panes of blue.
 Sheer from the marble floor
 He swept the flowers of crimson hue ;
 He closed the ivory door,
 And o'er the porch the rosy curtains drew.

The angel-guest is gone,
 Upon the spoiler's dark wings borne ;
 The road she journeys on
 Wends evermore without return.
 To ruin and decay
 The fairy palace now must turn,
 For the sun's early ray
 Upon its walls and windows shall not play,
 Nor light its golden roof to-morrow morn.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

Our New Mission—The Cocanada.

N EARLY three years ago, in a short article published in the *Canadian Baptist*, the Rev. John McLaurin called attention to the work of Thomas Gabriel. This man is an educated native Teloo goo, who was engaged in the Civil Service in India at the time of his conversion to God. As soon as he had partaken of the waters of life, he was anxious to lead his countrymen to the fountain which had quenched his thirst, and so greatly changed his life. He was living in, or near, *Cocanada*, a growing city on the Godavery River, about 180 miles directly north of Ongole, or about 200 miles by the coast. The city is rapidly increasing in population and wealth. It is situated near the mouth of an important river, and is connected with one of the finest systems of irrigation

in Central India. It is altogether the most important place between Calcutta and Madras. In this place Mr. Gabriel began, without support or backers, to labour for the salvation of his countrymen. Gradually he used up all his own means in this work, and began to inquire what he should do next. He had been baptised by Mr. Dall, a Strict Baptist minister in Madras. On one of his visits to Madras, he called on Mr. McLaurin on his way, and asked him what he (Mr. Gabriel) should do, as his means were not adequate to continue his work. Mr. McLaurin told him he might do one of three things :

1. Inasmuch as he had been chiefly in communication with the English Baptists, he might apply to that Society among them which supports native preachers, but does not send out any white missionaries.

2. He might apply to the American Baptist Missionary Union to be taken on and supported.

3. He might apply to the Canadian Baptists for help.

Upon the whole, Mr. McLaurin advised him to apply first to his English Baptist brethren. This he did nearly two years ago, but received in reply from them word to the effect that they could not support him. What must be done in this state of things ? It was deemed entirely improbable that the American Baptist Missionary Union would take up a station among the Teloogoos, 200 miles distant from their centre of operations, more especially as they found themselves heavily taxed for men and means to keep up the stations which they are already pledged to support. Hence it was resolved to offer the Cocanada Mission to the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, who were about establishing an independent mission of their own.

This was done in a most urgent and earnest manner by the Rev. Mr. Timpany of Ramapatam. But before this offer reached the Provinces, they had become committed to

another field, and could not take up Cocanada. In this case the offer of the Mission was made to the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. The Board of our Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society met in Brantford on the 16th of October last, to consider this important subject. After mature deliberation the Board came unanimously to the conclusion that God, in His Providence, was laying the Cocanada Mission on *us* for our sympathy, support and direction. No question was allowed to rise into prominence but this, "Does *God* require us to undertake this work?" The following resolutions, in substance, were then unanimously adopted :

"Whereas, the Cocanada Mission, hitherto conducted by Thomas Gabriel, has, in the Providence of God, been laid upon us for our sympathy and support : and whereas, it has been found that natives cannot oversee extended missionary work : therefore, Resolved, that in humble reliance on Divine aid, we will undertake the support and direction of this Mission ; and to do so the more effectively, we respectfully ask our beloved American brethren to release to us the Rev. John McLaurin, to take the oversight of this Mission work.

"Resolved, that we will still pay into the treasury of the American Baptist Missionary Union the salary of our beloved brother Timpany.

"Resolved, that Dr. Fyfe be appointed to visit the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union, at Boston, to give a full and fraternal explanation of our aims and plans, and secure from them, if possible, their sympathy and their counsel in the time of need."

Dr. Fyfe visited Boston on the 8th of October, and was most kindly received by the Committee. And though they evidently did not wish to release Mr. McLaurin, yet they frankly did so, and permitted Dr. Fyfe to communicate with Mr. McLaurin to this effect at once. They informally said

that they deemed the Mission field taken up by the Canadians of great promise, that the measures contemplated by them were prudent, and that Mr. McLaurin, as overseer, is the right man in the right place. They gave Dr. Fyfe the assurance that they sympathised with their Canadian brethren in their work, that they would give to the Canadians the benefits of their experience (if they should desire them), and ever rejoice in their success. At about 4.30 p.m. on the 8th of October, Dr. Fyfe went to the Union Telegraph Office, Boston, and sent the following words on a journey of 16,000 miles:—"Boston.—John McLaurin, Ramapatam, Post, Madras. Go to Cocanada on basis of your letter. Send resignation.—Fyfe." This message cost \$38.37. Short and seemingly insignificant as the message is, rarely have more important words troubled the great deep. Who can conceive what results, in the ages to come, may be traced back to these few words!

The Mission at Cocanada has at its head Rev. John McLaurin, and under him are Thomas Gabriel, two native teachers and five school teachers, with about 150 members.

The Canadians of Ontario and Quebec have now a Mission of their own, and shall we not rally around it with our sympathies, our prayers and our contributions?

We feel sure the students of the Canadian Literary Institute will not forget it.

Literary.

John Zisca and His Times.

“**T**HAT he had appealed from the authority of the Pope to that of Christ,”—one of the thirty-nine charges brought against the great Reformer, Huss of Bohemia,—clearly indicates the principle for which, on the one hand, the Popes of Rome contended, and that, upon the other, for which Luther, Wycliffe, Huss, and their coadjutors of the Reformation, struggled. If Rome held her authority superior to that of Christ Himself, it cannot be wondered that she claimed sovereignty over the kings of the earth. Through centuries of darkness she ruled with an iron rod, making and deposing kings and potentates at will. For a time, it is true, Popes were nominated by the German Emperors, yet, by subtlety and intrigue, the Pope was in reality arbitrer of the destinies of those who nominated him. However, such a yoke, by far too galling for the German neck, could not but lead to bitter contentions and bloody wars; victory, throughout the long struggle, declaring now for the one and again for the other. Now Henry III., after having deposed three rival Popes, pointing with his finger, on which glittered the ring of the Roman patricians, designates the bishop to whom the keys of St. Peter shall be confided; and again Randolph does not venture to place the German crown upon his brow until he has received permission from the Vatican. Now Gregory VII. fears to assume the pontifical robes until he knows the will of Henry IV.; and again Henry, in the garb of a mendicant, and with frost-bitten feet, stands for three days piteously supplicating mercy before the gates

of the castle where Gregory is enjoying the society of his favourite Countess.

Had this contest been continued, simply as a struggle for independence on the one hand, and for political sovereignty on the other, in all probability Rome, with her unscrupulous emissaries stirring up sedition in every Court and Province in Europe, would have triumphed. But with the dawning of the fourteenth century, another and far more powerful element entered into the contest; far more powerful, because it contended not for emolument, nor for sovereignty, nor even from motives of patriotism alone, but for great principles of truth and righteousness. Throughout Europe, in court and cloister, were noble and daring men, who saw those of none too pure morals and of unscrupulous ambition, claiming to be Christ's Vicegerents, yet setting themselves above Him whom they professed to serve; yea, more, saw them prostituting the fair name of religion, making it a means of self-aggrandizement. These men could not remain inactive and witness such iniquity, but rose, in heaven-given strength and fervour, to destroy that power whose aim was to make its own unholy sway universal.

The day of this struggle gave to the world many men for whom mankind is now thankful: Wycliffe to England, Luther to Saxony, Huss to Bohemia, Zuinglius to Switzerland. These are some of the great names whose weapons were the words of truth, and whose strength came from on high. Their history is familiar to all, for it has become interwoven with that of Europe. But a host of other names belong to this period—names that shine less brightly, only because of the surpassing lustre of those we have mentioned; names of men who, though they did not occupy a first position in that memorable contest, yet filled a necessary place, and whose deeds of daring are worthy of our admiration. Not the least among such is that of John Zisca.

The last period of his life, when he was so intimately connected with the struggles of Huss and his followers in Bohemia, is by far the most interesting ; yet even before he imbibed the principles and spirit of the Reformers, his career is well worthy of notice. Even his birth, under an ancient oak on the bank of the Moldau, in Budweis, savours of romance. It requires no very strong imagination to make it portentous of his after-life. Homeless and comfortless at his birth, so was he during most of his after-life a dweller on the tented field ; nor did even the tomb afford him a quiet resting-place, for his ashes were blown hither and thither by the winds of heaven.

Until he reached his twelfth year but little is known of his history. Then he entered the Court of Bohemia as a simple page. For many years the quiet, unsociable lad, who loved his solitude and eccentric habits much more than the company of his compeers, received but passing notice. However, there was in his character one prominent trait that could not long be unnoticed, and which we must not now overlook, for it points out the reason of his brilliant successes in after-life. Whatever he undertook, that he did ; when once he had decided upon a course, everything must bend to the accomplishment of his designs. Though his unsocial nature won him but few personal friends, yet this characteristic made him a necessity to the Court, and when yet a young man he received the appointment of Chamberlain, a post of no mean honour in a European Court.

While here he saw the Poles struggling for existence against the Teutonic Knights. The unhappy condition of that people roused his sympathy and martial enthusiasm, and at the head of a body of Bohemian volunteers he joined the standard of King Ladislas. At the great battle of Taunenburg he fought and won his first renown. When the Poles were giving way on every side, and the knights, with

shouts of victory, were driving all before them, Zisca and his little band charged again and again with such impetuous bravery, that in their fancied hour of triumph the enemy were borne back in confusion and flight, leaving the ground strewn with 40,000 of their comrades. Then his sword, no longer needed by the Poles, was given to Hungary, and in her struggle with the Turks he proved himself a knight worthy of the cause he had espoused. Peace again prevailed, but he could not brook its inactivity. Seeking new adventures and new renown, he joined the army of Henry V. of England. In the disastrous march from Harfleur, and at the victory on the plains of Agincourt, he won praises and reward from Henry. In these five eventful years, an adventurous spirit and a thirst for renown, rather than high principles, impelled him. Yet he was acquiring the art of war in war's hard school, and learning how to conquer, that he might enter upon his great life-work a true and approved man.

With his newly-won laurels he returned from Agincourt to his native Bohemia. He had left his country in peace : he returned to find her people agitated with the wildest excitement. Huss had preached the truth in opposition to the errors of Rome, and that truth had convinced and won the people. Rome, seeing her power waning, had put forth her hand, already stained with the blood of ten thousand saints, and added another to the throng whose blood cries from beneath the altar for vengeance. Wenceslas, King of Bohemia, sympathised with his people, yet was too timid to assert their rights or to oppose the high-handed policy of Rome. Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, so far favoured Rome that, though he had given Huss a safe-conduct to Constance, yet when, in defiance of that pledge, the Pope caused him to be burned, not even the shadow of a remonstrance was made. Thus among all the leaders there was none to redress the wrongs of the Bohemian. Zisca immediately began a care-

ful examination of the situation, politically and religiously. In a moment he saw that the political phase was only an outgrowth of the religious. Then his task was to master the principles for which each party strove in that struggle. Though born in the faith of Rome, and an adherent of that Church for sixty-five years, yet when he rose from the examination he stood the avowed leader of the Hussites. While meditating upon the unhappy state of his country, he was once asked by Wenceslas the cause of his melancholy. "What Bohemian," said he, "can be otherwise than deeply affected when his country is insulted by the infamous execution of Huss and Jerome?" "What can we do," Wenceslas carelessly answered, "to repair this injury? If thou canst devise any means, go and avenge thy countrymen; thou hast our free permission." He awaited only this the Royal permission to leave the court and place himself at the head of his already roused companions.

In 1419 the Hussite war was inaugurated. A few stones thrown by the adherents of the Pope, while a procession of patriots moved along the streets of Prague, was sufficient to produce a scene of carnage. Soon all Bohemia, except the castle of Prague, was in the hands of Zisca and his followers. But the death of Wenceslas brought all the power of the German empire against them. Sigismund, claiming the kingdom by inheritance, marched with 40,000 men to win it. Then began that series of brilliant exploits that have made Zisca and his little band famous. He had only 4,000 to oppose so great an army. But the deficiency was made up by the genius of the leader and the valour of his troops. First of all he inspired them with his own invincible spirit; then seizing a strong height, called by them Mount Tabor, he entrenched himself. Having no cavalry to oppose that of the enemy, he arranged his baggage waggons so as to receive the charges of the German Knights. Sigismund despised

him and his band, and laughed at a position that was fortified without walls or towers or moats. Confidently he led his 40,000 men to the attack ; but the mail-clad knights charged in vain against those despised waggons ; his instruments of war were useless against the earthworks, and his infantry strove in vain to carry the place. They struggled on until thousands of the bravest covered the ground. Then down upon the confused and retreating masses the patriots poured, and the rout was complete. As prompt to secure the advantages of victory as to win it, Zisca pressed on after the retreating enemy, winning victory after victory, until the last foe was driven from Bohemia. The reduction of the castle of Prague then left him master of the whole country. But victory had not been won without loss. On every hand were the blackened ruins of towns, villas and churches ; many of his bravest followers had found graves on hard-fought battle fields, and Zisca himself had received a wound at the siege of the castle of Rabi which left him totally blind. Again, in 1424, Sigismund at the head of a strong army invaded Bohemia. Again the patriots rallied around their now blind chief. They carried him in a car at their head ; they described to him the country and the enemy, and he issued his commands. In this way he led his troops to a succession of victories almost unexampled in history. In thirteen pitched battles against the forces of all Germany, the blind Zisca was victorious. Sigismund was again driven beyond the frontier, and at Anssig the German crusading army, under Frederick the Warlike, of Saxony, was utterly destroyed.

Victorious on every hand, Zisca was now in a position to dictate terms of peace to the Emperor Sigismund. One castle, Prisibislav, now alone held out. While this siege was in progress, Zisca, as an independent chieftain, held a conference with the Emperor, and all that was demanded was

granted—full religious liberty, many political concessions, and the appointment of Zisca as Governor of Bohemia. But the old war-worn chieftain lived only to see this day, not to enjoy it. The plague carried him off Oct. 12, 1424, and he was buried in a church at Czaslav with all the honours due to a great and beloved general. Years after, be it said to their shame, his enemies destroyed his tomb and burned his bones.

It is not claimed that John Zisca was without his faults—who is free from them? He was cruel, indeed; but that was inseparably connected with war as it was then carried on. And if we remember the fate of his favourite sister, whose virtue was sullied by a perfidious monk, we will feel like softening our condemnation. It is said that he seized carnal weapons to carry on a religious war; but we must remember that his enemies made it a political contest, and he fought only as a patriot in defence of his country.

Looking Backward.

FROM the cheerful warmth of this winter sunshine I am looking back to a summer morning ten years ago.

Then it was July—now it is November—and the glory of many a summer and winter lies between. As I remember that morning when we said farewell to our Alma Mater, it seems but yesterday; and yet when I attempt to retrace the pathway, I am convinced that there is no mistake in the calendar—*it is ten years!*

I can never forget the wondrous beauty of that July morning. The golden sunlight painted the misty top of Mount Holyoke, and lay softly on hamlet and home in the valley beneath. The blue of the sky, still deeper for the tinted clouds; the perfume of dew-laden flowers; the song

of birds and the music of waters, all conspired to enhance the beauty and glory of that day which was to bring to us the supreme hour of our lives. The freshness and promise of that morning seemed in beautiful harmony with the lives of those who had that day come to a "table land" of life; and I wondered if the analogy would continue, and as every element of that morning's beauty and glory would unite to make perfect the noonday and more glorious the sunset, so our lives--would they mount to the meridian and sink to the western horizon, with tint and tone and song richer, deeper, more triumphant than the morning's? But what have these years done for that class of fifty-five that went out that day from school-life into life's great school? Here and there, as I have tried to follow a pathway, it has been abruptly terminated, and at its end I have found a low hillock with a finger over it pointing upward. That the years have brought light and glory to these dwellers under the hillocks we cannot doubt.

While we who live compare our varied fortunes and wonder at the strange providences through which we have been led, *they* sit together in heavenly places, and spend the joyful years in unmingled delight. In all breadth and energy of thought, *we* are more dead than they; in all holy activities of soul, *they* are more alive than we.

We are the *real* dwellers under the hillocks, and *they* inhabit the mansions in our Father's house. We turn our eyes upward toward their dwelling-place, but no answer comes from the silent heavens to our pleading. We listen; the only sounds we catch are the words, "Thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We can well afford to be patient. Most of the fifty-five still work and wait. Sometimes we look at that roll of parchment, with its belt of blue, given to us that July morning ten years ago. Three years of precious life are crossed by that band, and

every time our eye rests upon it there walk through all the halls of memory those faithful, loving teachers who instructed us, prayed for us, counselled us, and stirred all the womanhood within us to consecrated and heavenly aims.

But we found long ago that this parchment will not fight our battles, do our work, nor float our bark over tempestuous seas ; only by stern, patient and unremitting effort can we take one step in the upward way, or gain a single victory in the conflict of life.

Sometimes, it may be, we grow weary and foot-sore with life's discipline, but we are girded anew for the contest when we remember the promise, "Thine eyes shall yet behold the King in His beauty ; they shall see the land that is very far off."

Illusions of History.

IN every department of knowledge there have been mistakes, but in no other, perhaps, are they so frequent or so difficult of correction as in history. We may correct the errors of previous times in regard to other studies by a new series of observations, but the historian must correct what he deems to be wrong in history from the page of history itself. It is not strange that many untruths are to be met with in history. In ancient times, when bards and poets were the historians, they sang their verses and ballads before kings and lords, and naturally enough, in praising the valour and glory of their masters' forefathers, would throw in much that was exaggerated in order to win the favour of their patrons. Superstition also did much. A people unable to assign causes for phenomena frequently occurring around them, would soon ascribe these events to supernatural influences. The priests and the keepers of the sacred oracles, better informed than the common people, took advantage of

this for their own personal benefit, and originated many fables, which being handed down perpetuated the evil.

We shall point out a few of the many illusions that have been, and to some extent are still, current in regard to history.

A very marked error, found chiefly in ancient, but quite often in modern times, is that of ascribing to one individual the credit of having effected changes which in reality were the work of several centuries. Thus, Theseus, in addition to his many mythical exploits, is said to have introduced reforms into Athens, some of which, antiquarians assure us, must have been over a hundred years apart, while, from all the facts, it is probable that this Athenian hero was simply a personification of an Ionian immigration into Greece. Another instance, somewhat similar, is found in our own Alfred the Great. Among the many wise things he did for his people, the institution of trial by jury is popularly ascribed to him. But a closer investigation shows that, with the exception of creating the office of sheriff, so as to weaken the influence of the nobles, he made no change in the form of trial from that which had prevailed for several centuries among the Saxons, and that it was not until the reign of Henry II. that trial by jury was really instituted. However much we may wish to extol good King Alfred, we must not give him more than his due.

A curious fact, and one somewhat perplexing to the student of history, is, that many of those legends and tales which he thought belonged only to his own country, he finds current among the people of other lands, the sole difference being a variation in the names of persons and places. Thus many of the well-known stories relating to the Saxon conquest of England are to be found among the people of the German States, all claiming that the scenes of the legends are in their vicinity. The beautiful story of William Tell, his patriotism, his skill in archery, and the loyalty to his country of himself and his friends, has been discovered among people far distant from Switzerland, who assert that their

country was the scene and their forefathers the actors in the event described. It is held by many that Tell, as we read of him, was a myth, or if not altogether a myth, was very different from our descriptions of him.

The history of a king's going in disguise among his subjects, and while with them meeting with strange and romantic adventures, is also to be found everywhere. Haroun al Raschid in the "Arabian Nights," Cœur de Lion in English, James the Fifth in Scottish, and Charlemagne in French history, are examples of this. It may be that the accounts concerning all these are true; yet, if not, it would be easy for a popular writer to seize on the idea and utilize it in describing the occurrences of his own land.

There is a widespread belief at the present day, that in all barbarous countries the government was absolute. But this was not always the case. It is only when a people become more than semi-civilized that we find this. In the early stages of a people's civilization, the only claim which the chief has upon his followers arises from his superior prowess. In battle and in the chase they obey him. Around the camp fire they are his equals. This was the case among the Franks when they conquered the country which now bears their name. All who have read the incident connected with the "Vase of Soissons" are aware of this. The "Sea-King" Danes are another example; while the history of the feudal times among the Saxons and Normans gives additional confirmation to the fact, that in nearly all periods of time there have been checks upon the "one man" power.

The researches of this century have destroyed the credibility of many narrations in which the world formerly had implicit faith, and many beautiful legends which we have grown to love, and to wish were true, have been shown to be without foundation when subjected to the close criticism of the antiquary. Yet we cannot complain, for it is by such investigation that the cause of truth has been, and will ever be, advanced.

The Children.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed ;
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace !
O the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last—
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past ;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's !
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild—
O there's nothing on Earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of heart and of household,
They are angels of God in disguise ;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
O those truants from home and from Heaven !
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done ;
But that life may have enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod ;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
My frown is sufficient protection,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the " good nights " and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve ;
Their song in the school and the street :
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says " the school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

—*Charles Dickens.*

"It is better to fight for the Good than to rail at the Ill."

THOUGH the earth has ever borne thorns and thistles since the day of its curse, yet it has never ceased to gladden us with its fruits and flowers.

Its records are darkened with many a painful story, yet they are not without the lustre of noble deeds. Error has here manifested its darkest designs, and still strives to retain its dominion. Truth has here achieved its brightest victory, and now marches forward to its final triumph. Ills are inseparable from our present existence, yet life is not destitute

of that which is good. While every day thus presents us with its shadow and its sunshine, its sorrow and its joy, its wrongs to be righted and its rights to be maintained, which is the worthier occupation—to rail at existing evils, or to labour for the advancement of good? If we sought an answer to this question from natural inclination and common practice only, we should, doubtless, be led to a very erroneous conclusion; but when we refer the decision to result, the infallible test of any course of action, and trace, through the history of the past and the events of the present, the noble achievements of the one and the miserable failures of the other, we bind the laurel on the brow of the worker for good, and thus far at least heartily endorsing the sentiments of Maud's lover, say, "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill." It is better, because man is truly noble only in so far as he works for the promotion of good. In so doing he occupies the only position worthy to be held. The nobility of life consists not so much in the possession of superior powers as in the sphere of action in which power is exercised. Faculties of the highest order may be found in the lowest walks of life, and the possessor of humble powers may attain to high positions of honour. The same power may be used to accomplish the most diverse results. Men of might have been the greatest hindrances as well as the greatest helps to humanity. He only then is truly noble who holds the position of a worker for good. Man is noble only in so far as he makes truth and right his aim. It is the cause that gives colour to action—that decides whether the deed of daring shall receive the praise of heroism or the brand of disgrace. If the Swiss patriot has no worthy aim when he rushes to bury in his bosom the lances of the foe, his act is highly culpable; but since he gives his life a sacrifice for his country's freedom, the deed is one of unexampled devotion, and justly receives unmingled praise. While the

immediate value of an action in itself considered may not be variable, yet in its relation to man as the actor its worth is wholly dependent upon the motives and aims which prompted it. Man, then, is only noble in proportion as he labours for the good. His confidence in existing good increases while he labours for its promotion. He feels its reality and power while he aids its progress, and thus lifted far above the mists and fogs of doubt and uncertainty, goodness becomes to him a word filled with meaning—no empty name. “Trust in all things high comes easy to him,” and his moral nature grows pure, noble, godlike. Man stamps his work with his own image, and it is not less true that he grows in likeness to his work. Thus we find that the appearance almost invariably indicates the occupation. A noble work moulds a noble life, and he only who labours for the good bears the impress of the good. There is no other employment so honourable, no other so rich in its reward, or so conducive to the fullest development of power. Inactivity is the source of weakness, and improper exercise the cause of disease. He only who labours for good receives that healthful exercise which gives might and manhood. Thus in every respect the worker for good stands far above the dwarfs of indolence and error, and to him the world in its present state offers a better field for the cultivation and exhibition of his highest capabilities than if evil had never been introduced. While hope and fear, good and ill, success and failure, are connected with life, he who grapples with difficulty and strikes for the right is truly a hero, and stands unique as the only created intelligence who, after having felt the effects of evil, laboured for the promotion of good.

It is better, because man's usefulness is inseparably connected with working for the good. This is the only basis of individual success—the only hope of social prosperity. The man who ever rails at the failings of his race, gloating on

the darker side of life, and feeding on the frailties of humanity, is but a clog to the wheel of progress—a burden society is weary of bearing, and from which she can expect no benefit. How many enter the arena of life displaying abilities which might make success comparatively easy, and yet, lacking that faith in and love for humanity which draw man out from his little self to live for his kind, give to the world nothing but the poison fruits of perverted powers, while others, with weaker capabilities but warmer sympathies, enrich the world with blessings.

How often a look of kindness, a word of encouragement, a cheerful assistance, have turned gloom into gladness, have touched to tenderest joy and roused to hopeful endeavour the burdened spirit which but one word harshly spoken would have crushed. And how often, on the other hand, has the feeble desire for good been blasted in the bud by the pestilential breath of the railer at ill.

On the worker for good alone the hope of humanity rests. It is his to uphold the good, and his to suppress the ill. The man who attempts the conquest of error from the love of contention, delighting more in that there are foes to contend with than in that there are rights to be maintained, however dexterously he may wield his vicious blade, however keenly he may cleave the opposing forces, will accomplish no permanent good. For as, in agricultural occupation, the mangling of quick-grass only accelerates its propagation, every wound forming a new place for growth, so the attempt to exterminate error by any unhallowed influence but multiplies its forms, and gives it greater complexity. It is only by the introduction of light that darkness can be dispelled. It is only by the dissemination of truth that any false system can be destroyed, and lasting good secured. It is not by the crippled arm of party spirit, brandishing the saw-like blade of contention, but by the trenchant sword of

truth wielded by the fighter for good, that the world's victories are won.

It is better, because man's happiness must ever be found in the promotion of good. He thus develops the only nature that can rightly enjoy life, and is employed about the only occupation in which true enjoyment can be found.

Happiness, in order that she might be freed from the intrusion of unworthy suitors, and admit none but the noble to her presence, has chosen for her elysium, not the retreats of ease and indolence, but the dreaded fields of toil and difficulty, and by subtle device has made a life of labour for good at once her untold condition of acceptance, the charm by which she quickens the susceptibilities of enjoyment, and the source of her choicest pleasures. He whose suspicious nature will not allow him to believe good concerning his kind, whose distorted vision presents everything external as defection, whose powers are never exercised for the welfare of others, lives a wretched life. He who seeks to advance the happiness of others, finds his own joys increased; and he who rejoices in the prosperity of another, drinks from the sweetest sources of enjoyment.

The worker for good, even in adversity, is cheered by the consciousness of a noble purpose, and the assurance that his cause, though now hindered, will ultimately prevail. The sweetest pleasures of prosperity are his also. Labour for good is necessary to the full enjoyment of its progress, and he who thus labours, finds in its promotion life's greatest rewards and highest joys. Thus nobility, usefulness and happiness, only complete when coexistent, unite to crown the life of the worker for good, and say, "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

Happiest Days.

LONG ago, when you were a little child—perhaps not so very long ago, either—were you never interrupted in your play by being called in to have your face washed, your hair combed, and your soiled apron exchanged for a clean one, preparatory to an introduction to Mrs. Sweet-smile, or Dr. Bluepill, or Aunt Bodkin, your mother's early school friend? And after being ushered into that august presence, and made to face a battery of questions which were either above or below your age and capacity, and which you consequently resented as insults or despised as trash, did you not, as you were gleefully vanishing, hear a soft sigh breathed out upon the "still summer air,"—"Dear child, he is seeing his happiest days?" It was Dr. Bluepill or Aunt Bodkin speaking of you. There never was a greater piece of absurdity in the world. I thought so when I was a child, and now I know it. How the idea ever gained currency that childhood is the happiest period in life, I cannot conceive. How, once started, it keeps afloat, is equally incomprehensible. I should suppose that the experience of every sane person would have pronounced it false. I for one lift up my voice emphatically against the assertion, and boldly affirm that I think childhood the most miserable portion of human life, and I am thankful to be well out of it. I look upon it as no better than a mitigated form of slavery. The manner in which children's tastes are disregarded, their feelings ignored, and their instincts violated, is enough to disaffect one with childhood. They are expected to kiss all flesh that asks them to do so. They are jerked up into the lap of people they abhor. They say "Yes, ma'am," under pain of bread and water for a week, when their unerring nature prompts them to screech out, "No, I won't, you hateful old thing." They are sent out of the room whenever a fashionable bit of scan-

dal is to be rehearsed; packed off to bed just when everybody else is sitting down for a charming evening; bothered about lessons and Sunday-school texts, when they would rather be at play. It is true that all this may be for their good; but what about that? Does that make them any happier? I think not. It is doubtless for our good in the long run that we lose our pocket-books, break our arms, catch a fever, have people steal our umbrellas, and borrow books and never return them. In fact, we know that, upon certain conditions, all things work together for our good; but, notwithstanding, we find some things a terrible nuisance; and we may preach to children by the hour about discipline and health, yet it will never be anything but an intolerable nuisance to them to be swooped off to bed just as other people are setting about enjoying themselves. Some people lay great stress upon the fact that children are free from care—as if freedom from care were one of the Beatitudes. But I should like to know if freedom from care is any blessing to beings who don't know what care is. On the contrary, they are never so happy as when they can get a little care, or cheat themselves into the belief that they have it. They are a great deal more eager to assume care than you are to throw it off. I may have been peculiarly unfortunate in my surroundings, but the happy little ones of poetry and novels seldom, if ever, came near me. Childhood when I was a child had rosy cheeks and bright eyes, but it was also extremely given to quarrelling. It used to get mad very frequently. It pouted and sulked, and even bit at times. It told lies—big ones at that. It took the biggest half of the apple. It may have been fun for those who looked on, but it was death to us who were in the midst. What little lady has not had her heart almost broken by seeing the bran running out of the arm of her doll; or by having a whole family of these same dolls stricken down simultaneously

with malignant measles or small-pox? Or what little boy has not had hard work to keep back the tears as he saw the cat put her paw through his bran-new kite? And didn't his heart almost burst and the big tears roll down his cheeks as his mean big brother ate the piece of pie that he got for being good, and not crying when the cat spoiled his kite? Then when he did cry he was sent into a corner; no Court of Appeal before which he can lay his case in those charming happiest days. It is the flimsiest of all possible arguments to say that their sorrows are trifling—to talk about their *little* trials and troubles. Take this instance: It was arranged to go a-fishing on Saturday, and Saturday it rained. “Why couldn't it have rained Friday just as well as Saturday? and it always does rain or something just when I want to go anywhere—so there!” and a flood of tears comes from disappointed hope. These *little* things are *great* things to little men and women. Yet, in face of all this, people say—there are people who dare to say—that the days of childhood are our happiest days. If children could get any comfort from the divine consolation, “What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter,” I think they need it; but, alas! the little ones know nothing. Perhaps hereafter *we* shall know why some people think that childhood's are the “happiest days.”

The Institute.

THE old Institute is no more; it has become a thing of the past; and yet the same building rears its lofty form upon the same eminence, but so metamorphosed by alterations, additions and improvements that “Old Students” would scarcely recognise their Alma Mater. The halls which once re-echoed to the fairy tread and silvery laughter of

girlhood, now resound to the heavier tread and coarser voice of masculinity. In the windows where oft in days of yore appeared fair faces, now may be seen countenances moustached and bewhiskered. Oh ! what desecration ! 'Tis well the fair ones fled ere they saw their sanctums ruthlessly invaded by their boisterous brothers. Not only has the building itself changed, but also its occupants. Where now are the voices which once mingled in prayer and praise, in laugh and jest ?—where the forms which were wont to gather in the dining-room, the class-room and chapel ? Alas ! they are scattered far and wide. Some are pursuing the ordinary duties of life ; some are basking in the lap of luxurious ease ; some are labouring under India's sun ; and some are mute and motionless for ever—sleeping the sleep which knows no awakening. Forms still traverse the halls, and voices are heard in the class-rooms ; but they are the forms and voices of strangers. A little while and they too will pass way, and the places with which they are now so familiar will be familiar to them no more, save when touched by the magic wand of memory. Thus the scenes in the life drama are continually changing. How happy and contented are the many there ! They find it easier to keep good resolutions, and to avoid the evils which beset them in the world without, and they fain would linger beneath the friendly shade of those sheltering walls ; but Fate bids them move on. Friendships are formed there which are true and lasting ; but the cruel hand of time severs the link and sends them forth to fight singly the battles of life for which they have been preparing. Some tremble and waver, and at length fall by the wayside ; others march boldly forward, and zealously use the weapons provided ; and, though they die in the conflict and their names perish, yet will their influence live and flow down through the vista of all time.

Selected.

French Words and Phrases.

(*From Galaxy.*)

JE SUIS FRANCAIS is a phrase often heard in France. If an imputation be made on a man's courage, his figure is drawn up to its greatest altitude, and the words are uttered as if from Olympian heights. If he takes what he deems a noble stand, worthy of himself and his country, he taps himself on the breast and the three words follow. If a reflection be made on that honour about which there is so much talk, the phrase of three words is pronounced with an intimation that excuses must be offered with the alternative of blood-letting. Rudely crowd a man at the theatre or the railway station, and two to one he will say, "Don't push me, sir; I am a Frenchman;" implying that you may possibly do so to others with impunity, but not to a man of his nationality.

One sees in the Anglo-Saxon a disposition to jest at death, as in the gibes of the grave-diggers before Hamlet, and the Western journal which said its State was so healthy that in order to start a graveyard the citizens had to borrow a corpse from a neighbouring State. This effort to encircle a death's head with a garland of humour shocks the Gaul. *La mort* is not used in a jocular vein. With us, young people not unfrequently go to the cemeteries to amuse themselves; this would strike him as singular. He respectfully removes his hat as he meets a funeral procession and as he passes before the house of death. Tombstone wit is rare, and Boileau showed a disregard of public opinion when he penned such an epigram as this :

Ci git ma femme. Ah ! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et le mien!

When one of his fellows is keen-sighted, the Gaul says he has the American eye, which probably has its origin in his acquaintance with the works of Cooper; for if he be ignorant of every other American author, he always knows this one. When he says he is sick at the heart, this is one of

his graceful evasions, and he means that he is sick at the stomach. When he speaks of a man as sober, he refers to his temperament, and it has no connection in his mind with the absence of drunkenness. Our windows look, and his give, on the street. The American imbecile will never set the river on fire; the French one has not invented powder. Romeo waiting at the rendezvous for his Juliet, he calls the hour of the shepherd. We call a spade a spade, and he calls a cat a cat. When the time for paying comes, with nothing in the purse, he describes as the ugly quarter of an hour of Rabelais. In America a stupid man is a goose; in France he is a turkey. The French duck we have acclimated, and it bears on its back the burden of our shams and false reports.

Anglo-Saxons are apt to take for granted that they enjoy a monopoly of *humour*; that they only have the thing as well as the name; but it is an ancient French word, and was employed in the English sense by Corneille, in whose plays it is found. Then it fell into desuetude, and was revived by Diderot. Of the late writers, Sainte-Beuve gives one of the best English applications of the word, where he says, in speaking of Chateaubriand, that he had a kind of humour or fantasy, *qui se joue sur un fond triste*—a description, by the way, that would apply equally well to the character of President Lincoln. Humour in the English sense is restricted; in the French it is almost a synonyme of caprice, leaving aside its primary signification. The French possess this quality in common with us, but with the condition that mirth shall not master art; there must be no coarseness in the exhibition. The Gaul cannot see the amusement of a man with a hat knocked over his eyes; he does not laugh when another falls, however awkwardly he may sprawl. The distortion of language in the search after droll effects does not move him to mirth. Though he understood our language as well as ourselves, he would never learn to be amused with the deformed orthography of some of our humourists; these broken-backed words and twists of language would only offend his taste.

He who has read Molière, and frequented the Palais Royal theatre, readily concedes humour to the nation, but it is difficult to seize its conception of it. When a copy of "*Punch*" is submitted to the Gaul, he smiles out of politeness; his eye does not brighten with pleasure over the

follies of Rotten Row or the mishaps of hunters going over fences and ditches; but there is a change of expression when he catches sight of "*Charivari*," with the comicalities of Cham and his *confrères*. Then he is at home, and his gaiety expands. Here are specimens at random, in accordance with his idea of the humorous:

Phryné loses her child. "The little cherub is in heaven," observes a sympathizing friend by way of consolation. "That is what distresses me; I am sure of never seeing him again," returns the weeping mother.

A man in blouse, in the Belleville quarter, presents a bottle of perfume to his beloved, saying, "When you smell that, you will regret that your Creator did not make you all nose."

This is headed "*La Propagande*:" The heart of an opulent woman of forty is ardently besieged by a man of fifty, in spectacles, and on his knees, whom she resists, saying, "*Non, Oscar, pas tant qu'il y aura des Prussiens sur notre sol.*" Another shows a grandmother with an infant in her arms, to which she gives the bottle, the former bearing the well-known traits of Thiers, the latter being the republic in its swaddling clothes.

With us, the man of culture is more easily discovered from his speech. With them, there are many current phrases common to several classes, and there are shopmen who pronounce them nearly as well as the people of culture. When to the employment of these phrases is added a smartness of dress and manner—say in the *coiffeur* and the *valet de chambre*—a certain sameness seems to envelope all. This is the case in the matter of speech; but wealth and education are more generally manifested in other ways with them than with us, such as general bearing and surroundings, Legion of Honour, and speech when the line of platitudes is passed. With us a man with a three days' beard, a mouth full of tobacco, and a felt hat, may possess wealth and official position. This would be a striking incongruity in France. The imitative faculty is much developed in the Gaul, and the valet seizes his master's manner and speech as no Englishman in the same station of life could ever do. This, naturally, as long as he keeps near shore, in current vocabulary; but when he goes beyond, the resemblance deepens into caricature.

—*Albert Rhodes.*

American Manners in Europe.

(*Asbury Review.*)

ENGLISH DISAGREEABLES.

IT is noteworthy that the American blemishes in speech—showing to much worse advantage than those of the English—militate more seriously against the laws of good breeding. Thus, the British guttural is not so disagreeable as the American nasality. The former suggests strength, the latter weakness; the former is the tone of Lion and Gnu, the latter that of Monkey and Eunuch. The asthmatic huskiness is not so offensive as the American shriek. The precipitate and indistinct articulation of the American tells more injuriously against both the claim to and the practice of good breeding than the Englishman's deficiency in h's. The missing aspirate is occasional, the childish hurry-scurry is perpetual. The American blemish affects the whole utterance, the English only a very small part of it. I have heard many an English tradesman talk with real elegance, barring his absent aspirates. His distinctness and deliberation were as marked as those of his better educated countrymen.

The Cockney (a name applied in England only to Londoners)—the Cockney breadth of the *a* is not so harsh to the refined ear as the same letter when pronounced by the American preacher, who says: "I will read from the word of Gawd the 91st Sam;" or by the American father, who says: "Kan't you come here, Sam? I want to read to you a Sam." The word "nasty" sounds more agreeable when pronounced "gnawsty," as in London, than when pronounced "nass-ty," as in America. But the indiscriminate and incessant use of the word "nasty" in England is just as vulgar as the indiscriminate and incessant use of the word "guess" in the United States. But again, the English "I think," or "I suppose," is more elegant, because more accurate, and less of a mannerism, than the American "I guess," or (the Southern) "I reckon." There may be little to choose between "vest" and "waistcoat," or "pants" and "trowsers;" but I submit whether "fall" is preferable to "autumn," or "smart" to "clever," or "reliable" to "trustworthy," or "store" to "shop" (especially as there is a place for both words), or dead silence to "thanks" or "thank you," or "pooty" to "pretty," or "limb" to "leg," especially when the "modesty"

of the former pronunciation is, to use an Americanism, "too thin."

A FEW MORE AMERICANISMS.

Lassitude of attitude.—We can never forget Dickens' picture of the row of feet that loomed upon his vision as he approached the American hotel. Another of the deteriorating effects of our excessive climate is the limbering it occasions to the physical American. Here is another exclusively American habit which we never observe until we see it in contrast with the absence of it. The English railway compartment is torture to an American. He is as badly off as the dove at the Deluge—he has no place for the soles of his feet. Every other nationality use the floor for their feet. The American cannot sit full and shapely upon his chair. If he can find a sufficient elevation for his heels, he will take the shape of an isosceles triangle. The cushions of the London office chairs wear in the middle, those of New York at the front edge. The American has an irresistible inclination to lean against something, and looks round for a lamp-post or fence or mantelpiece before he enters upon the conversation. His climate is in his bones, doubtless—the most limbering climate in the world. But as our ladies manage to sit up straight and keep down their heels, and are able to stand up without leaning over, we must infer that the sense of propriety which restrains the "weaker sex" may restrain the stronger. A climate may be neutralized by a code of etiquette. The social constitution of an aristocratic form of society defies atmospheric as well as theoretic influences.

Money vanity, or "purse pride," as it is called—A parade of not only what money will buy, but of the possession of money itself. Not simply an insinuation of one's bank account, but an obtrusion and vaunting of one's possessions in the matter of one's houses and lands. Here, again, we are twitted with our resemblance to the class which has suddenly gotten on in the world.

Chewing.

Spitting.

The Scotch take snuff, and all nations smoke, but we are the only nation that spits while smoking, and we have the genteel habit of chewing tobacco all to ourselves.

But perhaps the greatest novelty in the way of manners introduced by the Americans is "interviewing." That exquisite impertinent habit of pushing in on a man, sitting down

in his chair, staring into his face, handing him a letter or not (often not) and "wanting to know" whether he is well, whether he has much of a family, whether he has always lived in that house, whether he is not coming to America, and whether he does not expect to be overwhelmed by the sight of "our country," and whether he would not give us his portrait and some trifle that we could take home to wonderful America—his gold eye-glasses, for example, or the table whereon he has written his renowned cogitations. And the most mortifying thing about these ungentlemanly raids and aboriginal manners is that we glory in them, and chuckle over them, while their victims discuss them with mingled derision and disgust. But those who are most addicted to these are the most difficult to reach with the arrow of satire.
—*Professor Sheppard.*

A Nebraska man on his dying bed remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said: "Now, Henrietta, don't go to snuffling round and forget them hams."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him. He silenced her by inquiring—"What is the good of a hoss till it's broke?"

M. Prudhomme, in the decline of life, was talking with his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth. "But, uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what struck you most during your life?" "My dear boy, it was your aunt!"

Two men, disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was *ee*-ther, the other *i*-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, who confounded both by declaring "It's nayther, for it's ayther."

A Portland man caught fishing for trout on another man's land the other day, completely silenced the owner, who remonstrated, with the majestic answer, "Who wants to catch your trout? I am only trying to drown this worm."—*Targum.*

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS :

E. W. DADSON, A. M. TURNBULL.

BUSINESS EDITOR :

S. S. BATES.

THE half-year that has elapsed since our last issue has been a memorable one in many respects throughout the world, but more particularly so in our own Dominion. The great conflict of parties in the political arena marking its earlier portion, has been followed by a journalistic strife rancorous and keen to the last degree. "Judgment on the traitor," "Resistance to the death," have been the cries incessantly ringing in our ears, indicative of the great struggle that convulsed the land. And while we cannot look unconcerned upon the movements in which the honour, welfare and fair fame of our country are at stake, it is not ours to abet the strife ; but rather to endeavour to promote the highest interests of those we reach (and so of the country at large) by taking a different path from that pursued by most of our contemporaries. We appeal to the minds and consciences of men to consent to what is truly good and great ; so that, by following the example and sentiments of those really such, they may accomplish in their turn what will be productive of the highest results in the life of nation and individual. Ours is a work of hope. As such we present it ; trusting that even as the day is fast approaching that memorializes Peace and Good-will proclaimed from Heaven through Him who is the Prince of Peace, so may a brighter day soon dawn, when peace and good-will shall be coin current in every realm. That our effort may help in any the least degree to usher in that time is our hearty wish.

ON the evening of Friday, 28th ult., our Societies combined and gave an entertainment in the chapel. The programme was long and varied, and was thoroughly appreciated by all in attendance. Misses Fancher, Bowlby, Sovereign and Merriman, by their piano music, and the Misses Merrill by their singing, awoke again throughout our benighted halls echoes of dulcet strains which have lain dormant since the ladies deserted our building. Miss Crawford read a paper on the Jacobites. She pictured to us vividly many scenes of thrilling interest which marked the adventurous career of the unhappy Stuarts, and after touchingly sketching the misfortunes of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," paid such a tribute to the "lads wi' the kilts" that our Mc's with difficulty restrained their enthusiasm. Miss F. Crawford rendered "The Cry of the Children" very effectively; and the "What Not," by Miss Merrill, was so mirth-provoking that our most "grave and reverend" theologian wrestled with his risibles to no purpose, and was observed to expand to an extent hitherto unknown. Mr. White gave a selection from the inimitable "Danbury Man," and Mr. Bates read the time-honoured "Oracle," both of which, from the applause vouchsafed, were enjoyed immensely. An oration by Mr. T. Trotter, and a spirited and well-sung duet by Messrs. Trotter and White, concluded the entertainment. May others follow.

"OUR TABLE." How many editors delight to pen this phrase that may perchance lead the unwary to imagine the article in question to be a choice piece of mahogany or black walnut "gotten up expressly for the purpose," when, truthfully speaking, it only means the handiest corner of the editor's quarters, where the "pile of exchanges" (mentioned as lying on that "table") can be stowed away until they require attention.

"Our Table," to be honest about it, is (especially the latter) a myth. "Bureau" would suit us better, for the spot where our "pile" is kept is a bureau, or, strictly speaking, the top of it; and while it would not be proper to produce its contents in mixed company, we wish to say a little about the top-story anyway. "Our pile" there is to be spoken of with due discretion also, for 'tis scarcely a pile at all. We did not intimate in our last that we meant to do anything rash, yet most of our exchanges seem to have laboured under the impression that we have committed suicide, or murder in the fourth degree, or faded like the autumn leaf, or done something equally foolish. No, friends, we're alive yet, and feel inclined to institute anxious inquiries about some of you. To relieve all anxiety, we state for your information that only three times a year do we issue from our den; this being understood, we hope you will act accordingly. When we propose to expire, we'll do the thing properly, and give you all an invitation to our funeral obsequies.

And now, in honour of the season, permit us to extend our quill-clamp and wish you

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

“WE hope that in the next issue the editors may be able to announce the determination of the Society to increase the number of yearly publications,” is a quotation from the editorial of the July number. This hope is not realized. We announce no such determination on the part of the Society. Perhaps, after its proposed constitutional changes have been effected, the “*Adelphian* may” make a move in this direction. Next term will show. As matters now stand, we can do no more than, after the manner of our predecessors, leave on record a hope for future increase in the number of yearly issues.

“NOTHING can stand against a resolute quoter,” says the *Canadian Monthly*. Witness the misbeliever who proved the New Testament to be contrary to the Old by quoting, “Hang all the Law and the Prophets.”

WE hope all our friends who are interested in the success of THE TYRO will renew their subscriptions without further solicitation.

SPEAKING of admitting boys to Vassar and Packer Institutes, the *Bates' Student* says: “A feminine yell of horror breaks upon the air.” Now, we happened to be party to a slight adventure last summer, which almost inclines us to believe the remark to be true. But to our tale; readers, judge for yourselves. While recruiting, during vacation, on the Lower St. Lawrence, we met a couple of ladies from Packer, and after the preliminary stages of acquaintanceship had been safely passed their society proved very agreeable. One night, while returning from a “taffy pull,” like the little busy bee laden with sweets, the thought occurred, “Why not share with our friends?” With this virtuous purpose we sallied forth from the hotel in search of them, and had not gone far when we met them returning from a neighbouring cottage. But no sooner were we dimly discerned than they turned back, and exclaiming “There’s a man!” ran into the cottage, making the welkin ring with their screams of affright. We stood thunderstruck, the innocent cause of such consternation; and then—only think of it—called “a man!” Suffice it to say, the mistake was afterwards rectified and the plunder divided; but we were obliged to look very innocent for a week or more, while everybody was inquiring about “those screams.” We trust our friends have entirely recovered, and won’t be so horrified hereafter when they happen on “a man,” either abroad or at home.

Our Re-union.

THE rapid increase in the number of students attending our Institute during the last five years, having made more room an absolute necessity, operations to meet the demand were commenced in the summer of 1872. The work continued steadily until last October, when it was completed; the result being, enlarged and beautified grounds, a new building for the ladies, and extensive additions to the main building, involving an outlay of some \$28,000.

The 14th of October was the day chosen to celebrate the successful termination of this enterprise. The weather on the evening of the 13th caused many to fear that our gathering would not be a success; but darkness and storm were followed by such a day of sunshine and warmth as gladdened every heart.

Never did our town, Institute or landscape look better. The hills around were dressed in all the glory that autumn's hues throw over expiring nature, and in the bright warm sunshine made an exquisite framing for the fair picture. Indeed, "beautiful for situation" seemed to be the universal verdict of our visiting friends; and from the many expressions of surprise and satisfaction at the appearance of what they saw in and about the place, we conjecture they were not disappointed with their visit and inspection.

After examining all the buildings and grounds, at 1 P.M. the guests, about 250 in number, sat down to an excellent and bountiful collation in the Dining Hall. This good cheer having been discussed, an adjournment took place to the Chapel, where an additional feast was enjoyed in the Educational Address delivered by the Rev. J. H. Castle, D.D., of Toronto (late of Philadelphia). The report subjoined is from the columns of the Brantford *Expositor*:—

The room was crowded to excess. The Principal, Rev. Dr. Fyfe, was appointed to the Chair, who, after returning thanks for the honour, called on the Rev. D. W. Rowland to lead in prayer. The Institute choir favoured the meeting with exquisite music, Mrs. Revell presiding at the piano with her usual ability and grace. After the music the President introduced the Rev. Dr. Castle, who, after a few happy remarks on personal matters, proceeded with an able address. In speaking on education, the rev. gentleman said: "Education is a universal lever—a mighty power—a worker of miracles. It gives a man the hundred eyes of Argus, the hands of Briareus and the wings of Mercury. See that

splendid temple—that magnificent column—that mighty engine that ploughs the deep or sweeps with thunder over the earth. All, all is the result of educated mind. We know that progress in science, religion or art comes from this source. There need never be any fear that there will be a surplus of educated mind. Why, when railways were first introduced, men cried out against them on the ground that the value of horses would be depreciated. But horses are dearer to-day than they were before railways were introduced. So of sewing machines. It was asserted that sewing girls would lose their occupation, but there is a greater demand for them now than ever before, although the useful machine has been multiplied by thousands. All educated talent should be employed in noble work and consecrated to God. Look at education in respect to the family circle. Our utmost must be done for our children. We must place them on a higher vantage ground than it was our privilege to occupy. But mere culture, scholastic training alone, is not enough. There must be no separation between culture and religion. And here comes in the need of special watch-care as to the kind of teachers to whom we commit the training and direction of the youthful mind. You do not know me very well, sir, but you know that I am not a profane man ; but if ever I feel like doing as did the apostle—going out and cursing bitterly—it is when I think upon some of my former teachers. Most parents seem satisfied if, day by day, their child is up and off betimes to the school-room, seldom or never troubling themselves to inquire what may be the character of the teacher. Yet if that child needs a pair of shoes, the best maker is diligently sought out and applied to. If the body be worth so much care, what should be the solicitude over the immortal mind, which is to live on and on for ever ! Not only must educators be apt to teach, but they must be noble, upright, pure. They must be *men* and *women* as well as teachers.

“I do not attack our Public Schools. They have a mission—a noble one—but I mean to say that the Christian parents must supplement their teaching. They must send their sons and daughters to a school where the living truths of the everlasting Gospel can be obtained. I ask not that religion be taught by the State—nor do I want my children taught the barest facts *about* Christianity.

“The good citizen—the highest type of man or woman before God—must be taught the principles of vital godliness. The heart, not the head alone, must be reached. In this respect Protestants might do well to copy the example of the Catholic Church. Brethren, we have abundant cause for gratitude that here in Woodstock we have such a school, one eminently adapted to the wants of our sons and our daughters. A school that is embedded in the affections of thousands. A school that is daily borne on a

thousand hearts to the Throne of Grace. One 'whose praise is in all the Churches.' One that has proved such a blessing to scores who have come up hither, and through them to their respective families in this as well as in foreign lands. We rejoice at this, the more so when we consider the system of training pursued in most of our colleges. In the vast majority of them 'there is a great gulf fixed.' If a young man feel trouble at heart, if he be anxious about his soul, he dare not approach the Professor, who, mild and affable in the lecture-room, becomes stolid and indifferent out of it. No ; young men cannot go and unbosom their hearts to them, for there is no sympathy between them. But, brethren, we want no gulf separating our sons and daughters from their professors ; and more than that, there is none. No gulf, brethren. Nor do we make any vain boast when we say that we have here a College for our young people combining the utmost freedom between teacher and taught, and at the same time the highest degree of respect. I have not much faith in private schools. Persons may, and in some cases do, teach for the love of it, but their successors will generally teach for pelf.

"New countries have special need of schools like this, where the family element can be so largely thrown in. There are others rising here and there, and we rejoice at it, but *this* is and always will be first and chiefest of all.

"In urging the necessity of a broader and more thorough course of training for our young ministry, we mean no disparagement to the old veterans who in their youth were denied the advantage of a collegiate education. We honour the man who climbs to the mountain's height, whether he does so by means of the collegiate railway coach or by the expenditure of his own muscle.

"But the broader claim for an educated ministry rests on its need to meet the scepticism of our age. The Methodist body in New York have lately been discussing the cause of the decline of Methodism in that city. They will find a solution of the problem in the fact that they have not kept pace with the times. Their ministry has not made that advancement in education which has been made by others. Baptists must be alive to this subject also. We must never be feeders of other sects. Now, with brains in our heads, grace in our hearts and money in our pockets, this must not be permitted. Some persons decry an educated ministry, but when I glance at the host of Bible worthies I see none greater than the learned Moses and the scholastic Paul.

"Nor do I confine my remarks to the ministry alone. We want a higher education to fit our sons for the more important offices of the State. I have referred to the home circle—to the influence for good which our sons and daughters, if rightly educated, should exert. Though I am a man of humble pretensions, yet I am not willing that all the positions of honour, power and emolument

should be occupied by others. Why may not your sons be mayors, doctors, lawyers and judges? See to it that your son is mayor of Toronto, president of a bank or Judge of Queen's Bench. He may not be Governor-General, but he may be Lieutenant-Governor. Give him the education he needs to fit him for such a position. Your daughters, to be fitted for their high mission in life, must be sent from the family circle. Where can their minds be better cultivated—their physical and spiritual health better cared for and their womanhood better developed, than at the Canadian Literary Institute?

“Finally, brethren, let me urge upon you the imperative duty of supporting freely, large-heartedly, this beloved school. The lack of means cripples the energies of the best enterprise. We cannot now stand still, for that would be to retrograde. We must put our shoulder to the wheel, and help to move onward and upward the chariot of civilization. We must enlarge and multiply those streams of knowledge, clear and sweet, for which scores of thirsty minds come annually up hither. The Baptists of Ontario are able to place \$250,000 upon the altar of this college.”

The above is but a synopsis of the very able address of the rev. gentleman, who must be heard to be appreciated.

At the close, the Hon. Wm. McMaster moved a resolution, seconded by Wm. Craig, Esq., that the Institute merits and shall receive the hearty and united support of the Baptists of Ontario.

Over \$1,000 was raised in a few minutes before the meeting closed. Every way considered, the meeting was a decided success.

Local Items.

The “eyesores” complained of in our last have been removed, and we have now a creditable rostrum whereon our spouting talent can exercise itself, and also a neat reading desk of the most approved style of architecture.

The Base Ball season with us was short and lively, lasting about six weeks. The sport was excellent, and some good matches were played.

The appearance of the Institute is much improved by the alterations. The ladies' new building only wants a similar opposite to make everything complete.

RE-UNION DAY will ever remain a green spot in the memory of those who enjoyed all its good things—Holiday—Kind Words—Collation—Eloquent Address—No Study Hours. When shall we have such another treat? We were glad to meet and greet many old students and friends from abroad.

The Rev. Mr. Cameron, of New York, visited us at the same time, but did not give any address.

The Rev. Dr. Angus, President of Regent's Park College, London, preached in the Baptist Church here on Sunday, the 14th Sept., and the following morning, accompanied by Mr. King, a prominent deacon of one of the London churches, visited our Institute. The few remarks he addressed to the students were in a very happy strain, and we were bid a hearty "God speed" in our work.

On the 19th October, two ministers from the Eastern Provinces, delegates to the Ontario Convention—Revds. E. M. Saunders, of Halifax, N.S., and J. Porter, of Fredericton, N.B.—preached in the town, visited us next morning, and delivered short addresses. They expressed some surprise at the system of joint education of the sexes carried out here, and seemed to think the plan very good. One of them indeed wished he had been born later that he might have enjoyed the privilege of attending such an institution.

W. Roome Kay, Esq., gave us an evening with the poets and humourists on the 31st Oct. His pleasing address and natural style of elocution gave much satisfaction, and rendered the entertainment a very agreeable one. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Kay for his kindness in charging only a nominal admission fee to students.

On re-union day a visitor was heard to ask what was to be done with this "collusion." It is believed that when an adjournment to the dining hall took place the gentleman's difficulty disappeared, and is (we hope) by this time solved.

It is a favourite remark with one of our worthy teachers, that unless it rains omnibuses, the path of duty should not be deserted. One of our juniors remarked, on hearing this, that he never heard of it raining omnibuses, but that it was quite common in many places to hail them.

The following is a correct copy of the first item in the washing bill of one of our seniors:

"2 sheats"—

The tables in our dining hall have been classified thus:

FAST.....	Trotter's.
SELECT.....	White's.
FAMILY	Dadson's.
REGAL.....	Sovereign's.
DANGEROUS.....	Hooker's & Bates'.

Exchanges.

Our trans-continental friend, *The Owl*, comes to us in a good shape, with some excellent reading matter in its columns. It is "true blue" on the Papal question, and hastens, in its first issue

for the year, to break a lance with the *Vassar Miscellany* on the character of Victor Emmanuel, whom it regards as a compound of villany and hypocrisy. Then it seems to regard with unmingled satisfaction the increase of Papacy in England. We think that any one who recalls the state of England in the days of Queen Mary will be inclined to prefer the present state of affairs. However, it don't trouble us much, and we merely remark that those who derive any benefit from Sacred Heart or Paray le Monial pilgrimages are welcome to it; and if so much benefit results from them, why not get up a shrine on this continent, that multitudes of devoted Catholics, otherwise deprived of the blessing, may enjoy the privilege of going on a pilgrimage? We offer this as a suggestion, thinking there must have been some neglect in the matter.

However, much as we differ in other things, we can readily unite with our contemporary in the sentiment of this extract from a poem on "Revenge," by one of the Santa Clara students:—

"Man's noblest deed in this brief life,
Were thence to banish vengeful strife;
This done, Hell's power would straightway cease,
And JESUS reign the Prince of Peace."

They have a man out there who don't like *mixed* pies, but wants them *straight*. Our boys *take* them straight without asking any questions.

The *Dickinsonian* would do well to consult its Dictionary before allowing a word unfit for the pages of any publication to appear in its columns. Witness issue Oct. 7, "funny column." That it was quoted is scarcely a valid excuse for putting it there.

The *Asbury Review*, visiting us for the first time, makes a good impression. Its appearance and matter are agreeable, and we hope to hear further from and cultivate more extensively the acquaintance of our Western friend, whose quality is something above the average; probably accounted for by the fact that they believe in co-education out there.

The *Packer Quarterly* is the only representative of the gentle persuasion that has visited our sanctum this year, and is a thrice welcome visitor. Both from its neat appearance and acceptable contents, we judge the ladies of P. C. I. know how to conduct a magazine with success.

The *Volante*—vigorous—versatile—veracious—vivacious, and very "velcome." Call again.

We have also received the following:—*Cornell Era*, *Madisonensis*, *Targum*, *Denison Collegian*, *Annalist*, *Index Niagarensis*, *Ontario Teacher*, *University Record*, *Western Collegian*, *Expositor*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Times*, *Sentinel*, *Bates' Student*, *Journal of Insanity*, *Geyser*, *Tripod*.

College Wit.

The Junior who was found the other morning in the wood-box, sleeping off a carouse, insisted that he had merely been laying in his winter's fuel.—*Anvil*.

Why is Elijah's translation to be preferred to that of Enoch ? —'Cause he was translated with ponies.—*Record*.

Student in Mental Philosophy to Professor.—"Will you please define a simple idea? I have searched the book all through, and have been unable to find one."—*Bates' Student*.

EXAM. PAPER.—"Give legend of Proserpine."—*Venturesome Fresh*—"Pretty girl by the sea-shore—Pluto on the scene—falls in love—snakes her—great confusion—girl screams 'Mother'—wants to go home—no go—off for Hades—anxious mother—half crazy—meets Hecate—three heads—tells story—ham sandwiches and coffee for two—off to Jupiter—gets some mad—demands daughter—can't get her—tragedy—grand tableaux—curtain." The Faculty are deliberating on this case also.—*Courant*.

SCENE.—Junior den, student scanning. There comes a tapping at the door—visitor enters, while student concludes his scanning with the exclamation "Quod si com-min-uas!"—*Madisonensis*.

Instructor of Logic—Mr. —, what is the universal negative ?

Student—Not prepared, sir.—*Ex*.

SCENE—Recitation in English Literature : Subject—Locke. *Tutor*—"What can you say of the Essay on the Understanding?" *Student*—"This was one of the author's principal works, &c. He also wrote several other valuable works, among which may be named the Rape of the Lock, &c."—*Rident Omnes*.

A Freshman sends us the following translation of Mary's little lamb : as we wish always to encourage rising genius, we publish it without a struggle. The following is our only pastoral poem of the nineteenth century, transposed from the metric to the prose order. Mary was the proprietor of a diminutive, incipient sheep, whose outward covering was as devoid of colour as congealed atmospheric vapour, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young Southdown was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited the cachinnation of the seminary attendant, when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment for instruction. Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genus ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferated. "Because Mary reciprocated the wool-producer's esteem, you understand," the preceptor answered.—*Cornell Times*.

Personals.

Rev. E. D. Sherman has gone to Oillia.

Rev. Alfred Baker has removed to Colchester.

J. P. McEwen, of '73, was ordained at Osgoode in July.

P. H. McEwen, of '73, was ordained at Ormond in June last.

Rev. P. G. Robertson has removed from Bothwell to Springford.

H. A. Eberle is studying medicine at McGill Medical School, Montreal.

T. Putnam is studying medicine at the Homœopathic Medical College, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. C. Northrup has commenced to do the work of an evangelist, with Paris as head-quarters.

C. Eede and S. Head carried off prizes at the Athletic Sports, University College, Toronto.

Rev. M. McGregor has resigned his pastoral charge at Beamsville, and re-commences evangelistic work in the East.

J. V. Tetzels passed a very creditable examination in Law at Osgoode Hall, and is now articled in St. Thomas.

We regret to state that D. Offord has been very sick for some weeks, but we are happy to add he is now recovering.

Messrs. Eede, Troy, and ex-Editor I. Smith successfully passed their Matriculation Examinations at the University of Toronto.

Our beloved President enjoyed a trip to Lake Superior during the summer, and was much benefited by the change of scene and air.

Rev. Prof. Crawford visited his native land—"the Green Old Sod"—last summer, and having "sailed the seas over," returned to receive a hearty welcome from his "boys."

D. P. McLaurin has resigned his situation in the High School of this town, and is now attending lectures at University College, Toronto. We wish him all success in his course.

Our former respected teacher, Miss McGinn, is now head lady teacher in connection with Mrs. Watson's Ladies' Boarding School, Montreal. She has our best wishes for her prosperity in this new sphere.

We congratulate our old friend and graduate, Rev. John McLaurin, on his appointment to the oversight of our new mission—the Cocanada. May his labours be abundantly rewarded in this important field.

Dr. O. C. Edwards has been treading the "native heath" of his forefathers, and gives glowing descriptions of the "tight little island." We might add that we expect to publish a full account in

our next of all the wonders he has seen, if he'll only send on that letter we are anxiously looking for.

Marriages.

By the Rev. H. P. Fitch, assisted by Rev. S. McConnell, Rev. T. S. Johnston, Theol. Class, 1873, to Miss Adelia McConnell.

By Rev. T. Henderson, assisted by Rev. M. McGregor, Rev. J. J. White to Miss Sarah Jane Clarke.

By Rev. W. Fraser, assisted by Rev. J. Coutts, Rev. P. H. McEwen, Theol. Class, 1873, to Miss Christie McEwen.

By Rev. T. L. Davidson, D.D., Mr. T. J. Patten to Miss Martha Josephine Bell.

The Standings—Spring Term, 1873.

SECOND YEAR.

LATIN, CICERO.—W. Walls, W. McGregor, T. Trotter, E. Cameron, C. Eede, E. D. Bodwell, H. A. Eberle, D. B. Wallace, I. Campbell, H. M. Bauslaugh, G. Oliver.

LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter, D. B. Stumpf, E. Cameron, W. Walls, C. Eede, E. D. Bodwell, G. Oliver, D. B. Wallace, H. M. Bauslaugh.

GREEK.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter, E. D. Bodwell, E. Cameron.

ARITHMETIC.—A. O. McKee, Miss J. J. McArthur (Miss E. Nesbitt, G. W. McKee), Miss E. Gordon, T. Lockhart, A. West, Miss J. H. Carroll, Miss S. Macklem, Miss E. Burgess, C. Eede, Miss J. White, Miss L. McConochie, D. W. Troy.

ALGEBRA.—D. B. Stumpf, A. C. Baker, Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss J. H. Carroll, T. Trotter, Miss B. Yule, Miss M. E. Cameron, Miss E. Burgess, Miss M. Sinclair.

GEOMETRY.—A. West, D. B. Stumpf, G. Oliver (T. Trotter, Miss E. Nesbitt), T. Lockhart, Miss E. Crawford, G. Cameron, W. Nesbitt, G. L. Wittet, Miss M. Sinclair, E. H. Bodwell, H. M. Bauslaugh, Miss J. J. McArthur, C. J. Jamieson.

ASTRONOMY.—Miss Barbara Yule, W. Nesbitt, Miss E. Cameron, Miss E. Crawford, W. McGregor, I. Campbell (Miss M. Sinclair, Miss Ada F. Raymond).

BOTANY.—Miss Barbara Yule, G. L. Wittet, D. B. Stumpf, Miss E. Gordon, Miss E. Nesbitt.

FRENCH GRAMMAR.—Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss A. Sovereign, Miss M. Russell, Miss A. Bowlby, D. B. Wallace, Miss Ada F. Raymond, G. Cameron, W. Nesbitt, C. J. Jamieson.

FRENCH, CHARLES XII.—Miss J. J. McArthur, D. B. Wallace, Miss A. Sovereign, Miss Ada F. Raymond, Miss H. Bowlby, W. Nesbitt, G. Cameron, Miss J. H. Carroll.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—A. C. Baker, J. Trotter, E. D. Bodwell, D. B. Stumpf (T. Lockhart, T. Luckens, E. Cameron), A. M. Gray, H. Hobson, C. J. Jamieson (J. Jackson, G. Oliver) (W. McGregor, J. D. Owen).

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—Miss M. M. Fisher, Miss E. Gordon, Miss J. Merrill, Miss Ada F. Raymond, Miss E. J. White, Miss J. McArthur, Miss S. Macklem, G. B. Davis (T. Lockhart, A. West, Miss Burgess), A. McKee, Miss E. McConochie, Miss M. Nesbitt, Miss J. Nasmith, T. Urquhart, Miss S. A. Latimer, Miss F. Crawford, J. Jackson.

LATIN, LIVY, BOOK II.—(P. A. McEwan, D. W. Troy, D. Reddick.)

OVID'S HEROIDES.—D. W. Troy.

LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—P. A. McEwan, D. Reddick, *I. Smith.

GREEK, ODYSSEY, BOOK IX.—(P. A. McEwan, D. W. Troy, D. Reddick.)

ALGEBRA.—J. Campbell, D. Reddick, G. L. Wittet.

GEOMETRY.—J. Campbell, P. A. McEwan, *I. Smith.

CHEMISTRY.—A. H. Eberle, Miss Barbara Yule, Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss E. Gordon, C. J. Jamison.

FRENCH GRAMMAR.—D. W. Troy, C. Eede, Miss Maggie Sinclair, P. A. McEwan, Miss E. Crawford.

FRENCH, HORACE.—Miss M. Sinclair, Miss E. Crawford, Miss E. Cameron.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION (Ladies).—M. Sinclair, L. Harris, J. McArthur, F. Crawford, M. E. Cameron, E. Gordon, A. F. Raymond, B. Yule.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION (Gentlemen).—J. Campbell, W. Walls, D. B. Wallace, J. Smith, R. Y. Snell, D. Reddick, G. L. Wittet, G. Mason, T. Trotter, H. A. Eberle, P. A. McEwan.

FOURTH YEAR.

GEOMETRY.—D. Reddick.

TRIGONOMETRY.—J. Campbell, *J. Smith.

LOGIC.—Miss E. Crawford, Miss L. Harris, M. P. Campbell.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR, FOWLER.—W. Walls (Miss L. Harris, Miss B. Yule), Miss M. Sinclair, Miss L. Latch.

THE TYRO.

VOL. I.

WOODSTOCK, APRIL, 1874.

NO. 6.

Religious.

Christian Growth.

BY REV. M. MACGREGOR.

THERE is practically no middle ground between development and decay in Christian life and character. The only safeguard against error, the only preventive of declension, is continual advancement from one degree of grace and knowledge, holiness and strength, to another. The very attempt to become stationary is, as in the case of a boatman resting on his oars in the current which he is stemming, really to go backward. Accordingly, we frequently find in Scripture warnings against spiritual declension, and exhortations to spiritual growth in juxtaposition. Growth is the Christian's normal condition, and the very design of his circumstances; and on it his interests and usefulness, his dignity and happiness, depend.

Christian growth necessarily pre-requires the existence of spiritual life. Nothing that is destitute of life can properly be said to grow. In the natural world, stones or other inorganic substances, having no capacity for life, and plants or animals which have been deprived of life, are incapable of growth. The Scriptures declare emphatically that all mankind, in their natural condition, are abiding in spiritual death; that they are "alienated from the life of God," and "dead in trespasses and sins." The corruption of the de-

praved nature, the pollution of the sinful life, the insensibility of soul to spiritual things and eternal realities, the moral inability to perceive, appreciate or practice true holiness, demonstrate the dread accuracy of the description. But the fundamental and distinguishing characteristic of the Christian is spiritual life. Life is what was lost in Adam ; life is what is regained in Christ. Jesus, not only by imputation of His finished righteousness to the believer's person, delivers him from that death which is the penalty of the law, but also, by the impartation of vital holiness to the believer's soul, through His quickening spirit, delivers him from that death which constitutes the virulent and essential principle of sin, the transgression of the law. This heavenly principle may well be called life ; it is life indeed, and life eternal. There is nothing in all the natural world but the highest and most mysterious principle of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, natural life, that is worthy to be its symbol. Its functions are all essentially and supremely vital. It has its nutritive functions, by which it feeds upon and refreshes itself with Christ, whose flesh is meat indeed and whose blood is drink indeed, and who is constituted, to the Christian, the bread and water of life eternal. It has its senses of discernment, by which, when exercised, it "discerns both good and evil," and by which alone it perceives the things of the Spirit. It has its sensitive properties, by which it experiences the joys and sorrows peculiar to the Christian. It has its vital energy, by which it is enabled to do and to dare whatever the divine will may require. It has its reproductive power, by which, through the Word of God and prayer, it multiplies its existence and perpetuates its kind. Without possession, therefore, of this life, divine and spiritual, derived from Christ, its fountain, no one, whatever his natural qualities or cultivated attainments, can possibly be a Christian, or be the subject of Christian growth.

Christian growth essentially consists in the development of spiritual life. Whatever is endowed with a vital principle is adapted and tends to self-development. The acorn of a summer's growth and of a pebble's size, develops into the oak of centuries, with giant root and trunk, spreading branch and towering top. The infant of a day and of a span develops into the man of noble stature, herculean strength, and regal intellect. In social organizations—which are but higher unities—whether civil or religious, the same principle obtains. In every instance, also, growth is the development of life, after its kind.

Christianity, in each true believer, in each genuine, local Christian church, and in the one true catholic church of Christ, whose names are written in heaven, has a vital principle and a vital development. The church universal, which is Christ's body, has had its infancy, has now its youth, and has in certain prospect the colossal proportions of maturer years,—“the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.” Every genuine, local Christian church, is composed of living members, and has a vital organism peculiar to the earthly state, and subservient to the interests of the believer and of the church universal, by which it exercises its powers and absorbs and assimilates surrounding material. But the basis of all life and growth in churches local, or in the church universal, is the personal and spiritual vitality and vital development of believers, individually. Life flows from Christ directly, and not mediately, to each member of His mystical body. That life He imparts to them at first, by uniting them to Himself; and, by their abiding union with Him, He subsequently strengthens and develops it through all succeeding time. He came into the world, in human nature and under Divine law, that His people might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. The life imparted to the soul in regeneration is life in embryo; but it has vigour and growth for

evermore; and (to vary the figure) the deepest root and highest fruit of spiritual life are but its natural development. Upon the branch that is grafted into Christ, the various Christian graces cluster and ripen, like grapes upon the vines of Eshcol. The Christian, without growth, could no more subserve the end of his being, than would life in the vegetable or animal kingdom, were it to remain for ever in its incipient state. The design of the vivification of the Christian's soul, is its development into fruitfulness of Christian character. Strength and holiness, generousness and zeal, humility and love, are principal parts and germinal forces of Christian character, and from these are evolved innumerable varieties of grace, in fragrant bloom and savoury fruit.

Herein we see a fundamental distinction between saint and sinner. The excellences of the Christian are evolved spontaneously, and by cultivation, from the spiritual life derived from Christ. The excellences of the worldling are enlarged and multiplied by accretion, as a stone, and not by growth, as a tree; and if there be a species of vitality in his character, it springs from his own corrupt and carnal nature, and not from Christ, the fountain of all spiritual life. From confounding these things, which differ widely, arises the prevalent error of mistaking mere external reformation and extraneous acquisitions for vital godliness and Christian growth.

It is to be borne in mind, that, while Christian growth is in some respects spontaneous, in other respects it is voluntary; that while primarily it results from Divine energy alone, proximately it results, in part, from human agency. Hence the force of Scripture injunctions to Christian growth. Natural life, though ultimately dependent upon Divine power, is nevertheless sustained and developed by means of food, air, light, cleanliness, exercise, rest and sleep. By suitable culture, men may have the bodies of athletes or the

intellects of philosophers. Spiritual life, also, has its appointed and appropriate means of sustenance and development. The Christian must be nourished with Gospel food—the corn and wine of heaven; he must breathe the pure and bracing atmosphere of prayer; he must live in the sunlight of the Divine favour; he must frequently repair to the “fountain opened in the house of David, for sin and for uncleanness;” he must practice perseverance in appointed toil, and endurance of allotted suffering, for the Saviour’s sake; and he must experience the recuperative influence of religious meditations and of secret fellowship with God, if he is to develop into fulness and ripeness of Christian character.

Thus Christian growth is, to the Christian, a matter of duty and of privilege; and thus, also, the Christian should neither be satisfied with the extent of his attainments, nor discouraged at their insignificance.

“What am I?”

CHARITY, it is said, begins at home, and knowledge in this respect very much resembles it. Yet, “Man know thyself,” is an exhortation which needs frequent repetition. And, indeed, this knowledge is a kind not easily attained by reason of the peculiar difficulties connected with its acquisition. There is a wilful want of clear-sightedness when the mind is turned to view itself. Instead of simple perception there is a creative reproduction, so that a true conception of self is seldom if ever realized.

It is a very difficult matter to have a full conception of any subject or object. The various relations which we sustain to the objects of our research, and the different positions from which we view them, influence our perceptions and materially affect the impressions we receive. Hence the

many conflicting opinions with regard to the same object. Thus it is with respect to self-knowledge. Our impressions are as varied as the stand-points from which we view ourselves, and here lies another difficulty in the way of introspection. The many different and even contradictory conclusions at which we arrive, might easily be reconciled, were we capable of viewing the whole subject at one comprehensive glance. I look upon the flower blooming in its sweet innocency, shedding its rich fragrance on the balmy air, and am delighted with the view; but soon a blast of wind destroys it—its beauty is departed. I look upon the man vigorous, in the prime of life, virtuous, and full of lofty aspirations; he fills a sphere of usefulness, and has every prospect of proving a blessing to his race; but the cold blast of death comes upon him, and he too fades away. Wherein is the difference? As the one fades, so fades the other. The similarity holds good in respect to this life, but when we consider our relation to the future, when, in contrast to our weakness here, we think of our life in the world to come, 'tis then we grow big with immortality, and far surpass the flower. Some plants require two summers for growth: they make their root in the first, their blossom in the second. Man is a creature that grows by leaf and root in this life, but he is a creature of two worlds—in this one at his least estate, in the one to come he stands developed in the garden of life amongst the noblest objects. Then what am I? I am earthly and heavenly, mortal and immortal, living, dying. I am a centre from which emanate aspirations linking me to that toward which I tend. If my progress is downward, the links become the stronger in that direction; if upward, soon I see myself transformed, and realize that I am a seed whose germ is capable of a glorious development.

R. McKILLOP.

An Even-song.

WHEN the evening fires were slowly dying
Down to embers in the western skies,
Sat a maiden at a window sighing;
Shades, that were not twilight's in her eyes.

And, near by, a mellow-throated singer,
At the organ, watched her pensive face ;
Singing, if perchance his song would bring her
Soothing thought to banish sorrow's trace.

Quaint and strange the music of its numbers,
Somewhat rude the cadence and the rhyme,
Dear to many a heart that lowly slumbers,
Sung by many a lip of olden time.

Not a song of courtly knight or maiden,
Not of deeds of antique chivalry,
But of One with bitter sorrows laden—
One who lived on earth that He might die.

Yet at first the maiden scarcely heeded,
And her eyes, grown used to look in vain
For the comfort that she sorely needed,
Sought the distance still in patient pain.

But the music striving with her sorrow,
Soon she listened with attentive air,
Till it seemed her soul began to borrow
Balm for grief, and sweet surcease from care.

Still the strain swept on and grew more glorious,
Still he sang of Him who lived to die,
Till the song rose up, like one victorious,
With a jubilant, rejoicing cry :

With a cry of great enraptured wonder,
As he sang of Him who rose again,
And forever broke the bars asunder
That had closed the home of God from men.

Then, like stars of long-time veiled splendor,
Shining out at last with heaven behind,
Shone the maiden's eyes serene and tender,
From the new-found peace that filled her mind.

So the singer rested from his singing,
And the organ sang no more that day ;
But angelic echoes faintly ringing,
Gathered up each sound that passed away.

MISS M. MCGINN.

In Memoriam.

SARA L. FANCHER.

Obiit March 16, 1874.

THE long days of summer, with their golden harvests, bright flowers, and sunny skies, had passed, and September, with its rich fruits, rainbow-tinted forests and glowing sunsets, saw us gather in these halls. With us came a stranger, young, gifted and fair.

Shorter grew the days ; the breast of Nature was covered by a rich pall of radiant-hued leaves, stripped from their parent stems by November's frosty blasts, and with the passing time and changing scenes, we moved on, changing as we moved. The stranger was no longer a stranger to us then ; but as the flowers and verdure of Nature passed away, friendship's rarer flower struck root in our hearts, expanded its leaves, laid hold of our affections, and put forth its blossoms, until she who had "stranger" been, by the influence and exercise of gifts that charmed and ways we learned to love, was held as friend. Time's trials hurt not our fair flower, and the future promised only to develop further the growth so well begun.

But mortal ken knew not the spoiler nigh. We scarce had time to mark the shock that spoke the ruin of our hopes. We but feared, trembled, then mourned as gone. Where yesterday we looked on the blooming flower, to-day was a withered thing. September gave her ; March took her. While we mourn, what comfort to know that the Master's garden is richer now by one pure, fair flower, that

shall bloom eternally, and brighter, stronger grow in the light of His presence. The flower is crushed, but its fragrance lingers. May it ever remind us of the frailty of life, and cause us so to live that we may leave behind a hallowed and hallowing influence when our place is vacant forever. While we revere the memory of Sara L. Fancher, let us have a care that the memory of our lives and actions be a power to raise others up through the mists and clouds of earth, towards the bright presence of Heaven's Eternal King.

A. M. T.

Literary.

John Bright.

IN no other public man in England, probably, is there manifested a greater interest than in John Bright. He is one of the few men concerning whom public opinion has changed. Statesmen and politicians, who thirty years ago reviled him as a violent demagogue, now find no terms of praise too great for him, and listen with almost breathless attention to his speeches on public questions. And Mr. Bright has gained this power, not so much by a superiority of intellect as by his strict integrity and adherence to principle. It has been frequently asserted that Bright was a factionist, an extremist, and nearly always in the minority. The latter part of this charge is true, the first is not. It can be easily explained why he has been so often in the minority. Ever since he entered public life, he has been from five to ten years in advance of even the Liberals of the English Parliament and people. After becoming convinced of the utility and justice of a measure, he is usually engaged in pleading and fighting for it several years before he can convince the people of the truth of his views; and when he has succeeded in regard to that measure, he finds himself still as far advanced on some other question of public moment. But those who have opposed him have always found, that in some way, alone or assisted, he has eventually succeeded in his advocacy. As nearly all are acquainted with his general career, we will merely refer to a few things in regard to which his position is not so well known and understood.

First, we mention the stand he took against the Russian

war. It is well known how vigorously he opposed this war, both in and out of Parliament. And it is equally well known how few were his supporters, because at that time England was wild with enthusiasm for the war. Let us look at a few of the facts before forming our opinion upon his course. After Russia had made the demand upon Turkey, in 1853, in favour of the Greek Church, an International congress sat at Vienna, the result of which was the preparation of the "Vienna note," which contained almost the very terms to which the Turkish Government had privately assured the English ambassador they would agree. But, unfortunately, this note was first sent to St. Petersburg, and although the Russian Government accepted it without dissent, yet, when it was sent to Constantinople, the Porte would not accept it, perhaps because it came from Russia, perhaps because Turkey had secret assurance of assistance from France. Russia waited several weeks, proposed several methods of settling the difficulties, and, when all were refused, occupied the Principalities. Then the smouldering fires of war burst into a flame among the Western Powers. In England, Cabinet, Parliament and people were for war, John Bright and a few others against it. Hostilities commenced, and in the first campaign those three great victories were gained which shed such lustre upon the British and French arms.

But another fact remains to be noticed. Before Sebastopol was invested, another Congress of the Great Powers was held at Vienna. After much discussion, the Allies and Russia agreed on all points but one, "the occupation of the Black Sea." The Allies wished to restrict Russia to eight ships of war on that sea, Turkey to eight, France and England each to four. Prince Gortschakoff refused. His words were, "I cannot go to St. Petersburg with that clause in the Treaty. Do you think Russia will consent to have but eight ships of war on her own sea, while the Allies have six-

teen ; and will she give herself up, disarmed at the pleasure of the Napoleons and Palmerstons who can have an unlimited force on the Mediterranean ?” The war went on. Sebastopol was taken and its fortifications destroyed. Russia was humbled, and in March, 1856, by the Treaty of Paris, agreed to the Black Sea terms, humiliating as they were. In the general rejoicing few thought of John Bright and the honest Friends who had opposed the war. Many had, during its progress, styled him coward. But was he a coward ? Is that man, can that man be a coward who rises in the British House of Commons to advocate what he believes is right, when almost the whole 658 members are hotly opposed to him ? Did it not show a high type of bravery, that neither the opposition of his brother members nor the fear of giving offence to his constituents (who did afterwards reject him) could deter him from holding fast his principles ?

But what came of it ? Fourteen years rolled by, and in November, 1870, the British Government was notified from St. Petersburg that “Russia no longer consented to the Black Sea clause in the Treaty of Paris.” The press and statesmen of Britain discussed the matter, and decided that Russia was right, and that there was no necessity of protecting Turkey in the manner proposed ; the very thing which Bright had pleaded in 1854. Russia was released, and to-day she is almost literally crowding the Black Sea ports with her iron-clads. This is the result of a struggle in which so much life and time and treasure were expended, and which few English statesmen of any note now attempt to justify. What a glorious rebuke can Mr. Bright give those who at that time so bitterly assailed him !

Just so in the American war. Had Lord Palmerston’s Government shown that spirit of generous sympathy which Bright pointed out was just, those unpleasant feelings between the two great peoples, which it has cost so much to allay, would never have arisen.

Mr. Bright is certain to urge further reforms. He has already pronounced decidedly in favour of a non-sectarian school system, and strongly condemns the one introduced by Gladstone's Government. Is it not a little strange that, in this the intelligent nineteenth century, the best School Bill yet introduced into the English Parliament, tends to favour one religious denomination above others?

Let us glance briefly at the political condition of England in 1843, when Bright entered public life. At that time Manchester, with a population of nearly 300,000, sent two members to Westminster, while 54 boroughs, with the same total population, sent 89; Liverpool, with 320,000, sent two; Honiton, with 3,150, sent two. There were nearly six million men in the kingdom, and but one million had a vote. As Mr. Bright himself said, "An Englishman, if he goes to the Cape, to Australia, or to the Canadian Confederation, can give his free and independent vote; but only in his own county, on his own soil where he was born, on the soil he has enriched with his labour and the sweat of his brow, is he denied the right, which in every other community of Englishmen in the world, would be freely accorded to him." The navigation laws were then in force, and the East India Company in existence; the Jews were debarred from their rights, and in Ireland, five out of every six paid for the support of a church whose doors they never entered and whose ministrations they never enjoyed.

It is claimed by many that, as a speaker, Bright is the only one at present worthy to have a place beside those old orators—Pitt, Burke, Plunkett, Fox and Sheridan. The present Premier is more witty, probably a better debater; Mr. Gladstone can certainly compose a more elaborate speech, but neither are equal to him in some of the elements necessary to a great orator.

When Mr. Bright took office in 1868, it was wondered

how he could take the customary oath or kneel during the ceremony. His religious scruples would prevent him, and some, consequently, feared a difficulty. But our noble Queen soon solved it. She said that the day had long gone past when Royalty, nobility or Parliament could bind men's consciences, and that she would not revive it. He, therefore, merely made an affirmation, and that without kneeling.

Are we not safe in judging from his conduct in the past, that Bright will, in the future, remain true to his principles? He has, during thirty years, never placed party or self before his country, never placed power or profit before principle, never shirked expressing his views when they were unpopular, and has always stood on the side of liberty and equality. Can we doubt that when the acts and lives of the men of our day shall have become history for the future, high among the names of those men, whose memory England will delight to honour for their noble adherence to principle and equity, will be found that of John Bright?

I. CAMPBELL.

Phases of Life.

THE same object often presents very different appearances when viewed from different positions. A city or a town, entered from one direction, may give to the traveller a very different impression from that which he would receive by entering it from another direction. So also, the feelings with which we view an object seem to give it a colouring, and to impress upon it somewhat of their own character. Our views of life, its pursuits and its objects, are modified by both these circumstances. With regard to it, we are constantly changing our position. We look at it every day from a somewhat different stand-point. Our feelings, too, are constantly undergoing change, and thus, the

medium through which we view life being different, life itself seems to have undergone some strange transformation. The aspect which things present to us at different periods of life is so completely changed, that we could almost fancy ourselves removed to a new sphere. To the child whose mind is just opening upon the novel scenes which this world presents, everything is interesting in the highest degree, and nothing would be received with greater satisfaction than the assurance that he might live for ever in the midst of such interesting objects as press upon his attention from every side. Novelty, which is at all times an element of interest, then clothes every object with peculiar attractions. The childish scenes in which he is then permitted to engage seem delightful, but still more so do those appear which are yet in the future, clothed with the enchantment which distance yields. In youth we are full of life and energy and happiness. Everything seems made to be enjoyed, and we the creatures for whom all things are intended. Then we are not only hopeful, but confident, with regard to the future of life. We are fully persuaded that there is greater happiness to be found in it than any have yet been fortunate enough to discover, and we are determined to find it and to enjoy it. To those who are just beginning life, who have never felt "the ills that flesh is heir to," this world seems almost a paradise. It appears to be a place where everything that is good is certain to succeed by the use of proper means, where the right is sure to be rewarded in every instance, and the wrong to meet with its due. The world seems to be a theatre just suited to the exercise of their faculties, and to the accomplishment of noble purposes. They look anxiously forward to the time when they will participate in the brilliant scenes to be there enacted, and in which they expect to win at once honour and pleasure from the exciting competition. They are conscious of strength,

and can be satisfied only when exercising it. They are conscious of the capacity for enjoyment, and are contented only when contributing to meet the demands which this capacity makes upon them. They are conscious of desires after honour and the approbation of their fellow-creatures. These appear to be within their reach, and they enjoy the excitement of the competition necessary to their attainment.

But as we advance in life, and begin to realize that our powers are limited, and that circumstances frequently refuse to be controlled, life begins to wear a more sombre aspect. The bright colours begin to fade, and instead of the fairy-land which this world seemed, it becomes a very hard matter-of-fact kind of place. Now we can very easily be persuaded that "life is real, life is earnest," and we are forced to admit that things are not what they appeared to be a short time ago. Though there is some happiness, some pleasure, to be found in the world, there is also unhappiness and much that is far from pleasant. Gradually our expectations are modified. The present becomes more important in our estimation, and we look forward to the future with less confidence. We have met with disappointments, and though partial success may have attended our efforts, it has not been so complete or satisfactory as we had anticipated. We begin to doubt the correctness of many of our first impressions, and to modify opinions that we had long cherished. Faith grows weaker, and reason stronger. The airy castles of youth are swept away by the breezes of circumstance, and now we try to build a more enduring structure on a firmer foundation.

But as life passes the noon, and begins to decline, yet another phase is presented to our view. The changeable, uncertain character of everything pertaining to this life, begins to impress itself upon the mind. A kind of dissatisfaction with the best that earth affords threatens to take

possession of us. We seem to have reached that point from which we are able to take in at one view all that the world is able to do for us, and it seems very meagre indeed. Now the brightness seems all to have faded from the picture, and dissatisfied with the future, the mind, doubling upon itself, turns again to the past in search of that satisfaction which seems to have eluded its pursuit. In the morning of life the mind pursues a shadow which lures it towards the glowing west; in the evening we find it reversed, and again it is pursued until lost in the thickening shades of night.

R. CLARK.

" 'Tis Pleasant to be Missed."

" **A** LWAYS and ever in our lonely home
 We'll miss you darling," and the gentle voice—
 A mother's—tremulous grew, and low and sad,
 And the mute lips touched with a tender kiss
 The snowy brow of her beloved child.

Like a frail lily which the rude winds bend,
 The gentle girl bowed under this first grief
 That touched her life. Then with a quiet smile—
 Sweet as a sunbeam after rain, she said,
 " 'Tis pleasant to be missed.' In my new home,
 Amidst the wealth of happiness and love,
 Which the sweet song of Hope foretells me
 Shall be mine, I'll think of thee, my mother,
 And the remembrance, sweetly sad, shall thrill
 Through all my being—'there they miss me still.'
 And if my fond anticipations prove
 But the day dreamings of an idle heart,
 If Sorrow comes in any guise, to cloud
 The mellow sunlight of my coming life,
 And, saddest thought of all, should those I love
 Grow cruel, and forget me till my heart
 Is wild with agony, and life becomes
 A weary burden, then a thrilling voice
 From the dear hallowed past, shall softly steal
 Through memory's halls, and whisper lovingly,—
 'We miss you darling,' and my troubled heart
 Shall find it balm and peace to think of this."

Time sped, and Sorrow's cruel feet were stayed
Beyond the threshold of that fair abode
For many many joy-crowned years. At length
There came a day when a grim shadow fell
Athwart the doorway, when the glorious light
Of joy died out, and gloom o'ershadowed all.
Death, with dire meaning in his glance, looked in,
And blanched the rose-lip and the blooming cheek
Of her whose presence had been light and joy
Within the precincts of that happy home.
And he who kept so long and well his vow
To cherish her through life, stood pale and still,
Waiting the end, yet not with meek submission,
But in the greatness of a noble heart
Hiding each sign of agony, that so
He might not pain her, yet she knew it all,
And, with the old-time smile of sweetness, said—
“‘Tis pleasant to be missed ;’ I scarce could die
Knowing that none would mourn for me,
No tear fall on the sod above my grave.
Now I can say adieu with gladness, knowing
That this poor life has not been all in vain.
To some one, better for my brief existence,
My memory shall be sacred, and the joy
Of meeting on the shore beyond death's river
Shall be, even here, a gleam of future glory,
Which shall bless and brighten all his life.”

MISS M. SINCLAIR.

Poets of England.

IT is difficult to determine just what poetry is. Various definitions have been given, none of which, however, are satisfactory. The popular idea that makes it consist in rhyme, is quite erroneous. Poetry is so far from consisting in mere rhyme and gingles of words, in which young writers so frequently indulge, that such writings are often destitute of its first elements. On the other hand, much of our prose is poetry. Much of Old Testament scripture is poetry in its sublimest form. Whatever we may define poetry to be, it is certainly indebted to imagination for its distinguishing

characteristics. On this principle alone can we explain the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon, that the ideas of all nations in the earlier stages of their existence naturally assume a poetical form. The fierce and savage tribes of Indians, who once roamed through our North American forests, gave expression to their joy in songs of mirth, and in the wild strains of fierce woe they poured forth their grief. The barbarous Picts and Scots who wandered over the Caledonian hills were true poets—poets of nature. Perhaps it is for this reason, that the Gaelic language is so well adapted to poetry and oratory. It is not a philosophical language, but it is certainly a poetical one. In poetry the early Greeks and Romans excelled. To the poetry of Homer the Greek language is indebted for much of its beauty. The Roman, Spanish, French, and Italian languages all owe their distinctive characteristics to their respective poets. Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, in English, have done more for our language than all other influences combined.

The first English poet of note that appears upon the stage is Chaucer. He established a fame that forced its way through the difficulties of his age, and increased with the lapse of time, so that in the libraries of all liberally educated men, the poems of Chaucer are found. He was born in the year 1328, died 1400, so that it is only about five hundred years since the rise of true English Poetry; and Geoffrey Chaucer may well be regarded as the “Father of English verse.” This was in the reign of Edward III. One hundred and fifty-three years passed away after the death of Chaucer before the next great poet arose; this was Spenser, the bright and morning star of English literature, born in 1553, in the most memorable period of English history—the reign of Elizabeth.

The next poet of note who appears upon the scene is the great Shakspeare. With reverence would we approach his

memory. Praise from us seems folly. As well might we attempt to trace the forked lightning in its course, or still the deep murmuring thunder, as to undertake to follow the lofty soarings of this man of genius. Step by step, from a poor boy, whose first verses were written on a gate post as a "take off" on a country magistrate, he rose to the loftiest eminence to which any uninspired man has ever attained. Highest on the pillar of literary fame stands the name of William Shakspeare. He seems to have read mankind—all their emotions of love and hate—with the eye of inspiration. His knowledge of law is such, that we would be ready to say he must have been a lawyer; of medicine he knows so much, that we would call him a doctor; and he is so familiar with the Scriptures, that we would say he must have been a clergyman. Never in one man were so many and such greatly diversified talents combined. In the lofty soarings of his poetic flight, he reaches the very clouds, and in the search after truth he probes man's deepest heart. The energies of the world seem to have been exhausted in producing a Shakspeare. His name stands alone—stands peerless among the centuries.

The next great name is that of John Milton, the scholar, the reformer, and the noble Christian poet of the seventeenth century. He was the most learned of all the poets. After years of intense study and unwearied application he became totally blind; but while his bodily eyes were blind to all earthly things, the eyes of the soul saw sights never before revealed to mortal ken. He seems to have looked right into spirit world, and to have discerned things almost too holy for the gaze of mortals. In his "Paradise Lost" he presents hosts of angels in battle array. He makes the good and bad fight in dire conflict, puts words into the mouth of God himself, makes angels speak, represents Satan urging the angels to rebel, shews him in the conflict, shews him overthrown

and fallen to the lowest pit, shews him seated on his great iron throne, and tossing on the wild waves of the lake of fire, still defiant, still determined to have revenge. He shews him coming to Eden to tempt the innocent and happy Eve. He then, in "Paradise Regained," represents Christ as victorious over all his foes, Satan and his host vanquished, and Christ and his people triumphant. For seven years Milton laboured at the composition of his greatest work. As one author has said, "Awful though its tone is when the glare of the fiery gulf falls upon its stream, or the noise of battling angels shakes its shores, it breathes the sweetest pastoral melody as it glides on through the green and flowery borders of sinless Eden." There is something grand in contemplating the blind old man sitting, looking through his sightless eyes upon beauties, which, when portrayed, have delighted all mankind. He sat and dictated those glowing and lofty strains, while his two daughters committed the immortal words to paper. The great Milton died unappreciated; but while his body sleeps in the tomb, his name is embalmed and held sacred in thousands of hearts; and until language shall be forgotten—until all taste for the good and beautiful shall perish—until wrong shall be more loved than right—will the name of John Milton be held sacred.

Time would fail us to mention all the great English poets—poets of undying fame. The stern, almost cruel, Dean Swift; Pope, that "Prince of the artificial school of English poetry," whose cutting satire is so well displayed in the "Dunciad;" Addison, who, by his blameless life in the midst of an idle court, by his influence in refining the taste of the times, and in encouraging by his genial criticism the study of the master works of the past, did so much good. We can only glance at Thomson, whose "Seasons" every one has read, and whose "Castle of Indolence" is

familiar to many. The subject of the former comes home to every heart, and in it is "the first sign of that root which has in our age blossomed into such flower and fruitage of delight in nature." With brief words we must let him pass, and pause a moment to notice the talented, though weak Goldsmith, whose "Deserted Village" and "Vicar of Wakefield" are known and read by everybody. True, the memory of his reckless life casts a dark shadow on his name; yet, as Collier says, "no bad man could write a book so full of the soft sunshine and tender beauty of domestic life, so sweetly wrought out of the gentle recollections of the old home of his childhood." The gay, fierce Lord Byron, Southey, Shelley, Wordsworth, Moore, Hood, Miss Cook and Mrs. Hemans, are all familiar as household words. To all of them we are indebted for much pleasure and profit—to all of them we would render our poor meed of praise. All honour to the old poets of England; but in the midst of this brilliant galaxy of poets, the hills of old Scotia claim a part. Dear to every Scottish heart is the name of Robert Burns. Beneath the rough exterior of that Ayrshire ploughman there beat a heart as true, and shone a poetic fire as bright, as the world has ever seen. Burns was a true poet of nature; his songs go home to every heart. What a charming picture of everyday life is his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" and in his "Lines to a Mountain Daisy," what tender lament and exquisite comparisons are presented. Sad that one so gifted should have fallen so low. Sir Walter Scott, also, we would not forget thee. Thy "Lady of the Lake" we love, and at "Marmion's" feet we would cast the laurel wreath. The Isle here claims a place, and no word of ours shall ever deny that place. Proud are we to have descended from a nation so rich in illustrious names.

It is said, however, that the day of great poets is past. This is an error. While we have our own good "Poet-

Laureate," and our American poet Longfellow, we dare not say that the day of great poets is past. Alfred Tennyson is, beyond all question, the first poet of the present century.

Long may the honours won by poets and sages adorn the brow of the nation on whose throne sits the good Queen Victoria.

MISS J. J. MCARTHUR.

How I pity every one on a hot day, more especially myself (charity, you know, begins at home).

I HAD passed the day partly in the ice-house, partly in the cellar ; had read Captain Hall's " Explorations at the North Pole," and had felt as if I could be very patient in bearing the freezing vicissitudes of life in those icy regions. But now the excessive heat over, the sun smilingly bade us good evening, and I did not urge him to stay a little longer, as I sometimes did a certain other " son."

The shutters had been closed all day, probably to prevent our enthralled spirits flying from their melting earthly tabernacles ; but now as said tabernacles were much more comfortable, the immediate danger was over, and back flew the venetians, and in flew the cool breeze from the river. Deliciously it stole around me. How every little curl on my head vibrated with pleasure, and danced up and down in ecstasy at its approach ! Ah ! sly breeze, you have a way of making all yield to you. The honeysuckle against the window gives up to you its sweetest perfume, and away you bear it on your balmy wings. Ah ! roguish breeze, and am I to yield to your persuasion too ? I see you are coaxing me to come out to you. Who could resist your sweet, low whisperings, and your soft, cool kisses ? Where's my hat ? Ah ! here it is—been made to bend to circumstances, like

the rest of us in this world. Wouldn't mind people making a fan of you, if they wouldn't pull the strings off. But now I'm off too, away down the lawn to the river. Was there ever such a night since the eve of the "Feast of Roses?" How balmy, cool the air! How sweet the perfume of the flowers! How musical the murmur of the water! The moon outdoes even a Yankee jeweller in making the very commonest rubbish look like silver. I know it is a sad delusion: I know as well as Mr. Longfellow that,

"Things are not what they seem ;"

but I know, also, that nothing is more delightful than moonshine while it lasts, therefore I intend to enjoy it. Here is at least one thing that is what it seems—a comfortable seat. Just room enough for two (there's only one to-night though). I have a beautiful sight of the river; the branches of the maple bend over my patriotic head, and the blossoms of the wild rose kiss the roses on my cheeks. Don't think that *I* am the originator of that little piece of flattery. I hadn't the slightest idea I had roses, until Charl——, there, I won't tell you who told me so; but I always believe everything he says. I sit dreaming; my bodily eyes are turned admiringly towards the vine-clad trees on Grape Island, while my mind's eye is turned very admiringly in a certain other direction. I softly hum the song,

"O come with me in my little canoe,
Where the sea is calm, and the sky is blue."

Suddenly I am awakened from my reverie, by the sound of oars. I listen, as the plash of water grows louder and nearer, and wonder who the moonlight visitors can be. I begin to feel quite like a heroine. I draw the vines closer round me, and sit quite still awaiting an adventure. There, the boat shoots round the curve of the river; but instead of the ferocious robbers or gipsies imagination had placed therein,

I recognize in it two young gentlemen, whom I know to be neither. One of them had indeed stolen a certain article of mine, but I had entirely forgiven him, and had even made him a present of the treasure in question. His eyes are turned in the direction of our house, and though I know he prides himself on being a first-class oarsman, "a girl" might guide a boat better than he is doing now. Poor fellow, he is a mathematician. Probably he is mentally solving a question in "Compound Partnership," or perhaps meditating on that inexplicable "Matrimonial Theorem." (Pardon my inaccuracy in algebraical expressions.) His companion, however, not possessing the same high tastes, seems decidedly averse to having water thrown on what he does possess. Struggling hard to satisfy the demands of gravitation, and still to keep on the right side of the boat (the inside), he exclaims, "Charlie, my dear fellow, you are steering just a little too far Helen-ward." Ah! Mr. Fred. Burns, how I wish I could make you smart for taking such punning liberty with my name.

But now my curiosity is awakened. I watch the boat as it makes its way to Grape Island. I see both figures spring ashore. I see them lift out of the boat a heavy box, and stoop down to examine its contents. At this point, my curiosity darts from my eyes, and runs off at the tips of my fingers, like electricity from a generating battery. One of the figures on the island begins cutting stout branches from the trees, and the other seems to be digging a pit. O, if moonshine ever was desirable, it is so now; but, like many other friends, her lunar majesty hides her face in the time of greatest need. Something exceedingly mysterious is going on in the island; and, alas! I can only see "men as trees walking." The ceremony is finished at last, to the satisfaction of the actors (not to the satisfaction of the observer, by any means). The boat is unmoored, and basking

in the smiles of the now unveiled moon, it sails gently down stream, glides round the curve of the river, and is lost to sight.

I turn my eyes towards the scene of the late mysterious proceedings. There lies the miniature isle, seemingly all unconscious of the mighty secret it holds. The last faint sound of oars dies away in the distance. Deep silence has fallen on the place. And now my woman's curiosity becomes all too much for me. As Virgil has it, "*Tum vero ardemus scitari et quærere causas.*" My little boat, the faithful Water-Witch, lies moored in the tiny bay below. In a moment my resolve is taken; in another, the Water-Witch is skimming over her native element in the direction of Grape Island.

That heavy box—what did it contain? What meant that gleaming spade? Thrilling stories of hidden treasures whirl through my brain, though what Charles Halston could possibly have to do with them somewhat puzzled me. He, poor fellow, had told me again and again, that he had but one treasure on earth, and I had reason to know that one was not just at present on Grape Island, much less was it buried.

The island is reached. I look cautiously around, and step on shore; but as I noiselessly glide towards the place where the violets grow, in order to get the spade kept there, I become entangled in a perfect network of ropes and cords. Ah! this is some of to-night's strange doings; but my pen-knife soon sets me at liberty, and I pause to look around. I find a row of stakes, to which the ropes are attached. I pull up several of them, then get the spade and begin operations on the ground, which has been recently disturbed. (Digging, I contend, is not an unladylike occupation. Don't you suppose Eve helped Adam to dig the garden of Eden? And wasn't she the first lady of her own day, and indeed of any

other?) But I don't believe the soil of Eden could have been so hard as this particular part of Grape Island (if it was, I pity Eve). On the surface it was loosened just a little, but below this, "*terra firma*," still remained terribly firm. I will examine those cords; perhaps they, like the silken thread in the labyrinth, will lead me out of this mystery. They are fastened securely to stakes, then caught up in the trees above, but further than this I cannot trace them. I seize one of the strongest, and cautiously draw it towards me. Quickly I see it rise from the water, and, lo! at its extremity is a baited fish-hook!—The cord falls from my hand. I re-enter the boat. I am tired of mysteries: I never did like them. I feel also a new sympathy for all poor victims of the finny tribe. I seem to realize, as I never did before, how very disagreeable it is to be deceived by baits and hooks. Oppressed by such moral reflections as these, I had no desire to relate my adventure; and ere long I sought the silence of my chamber, where "thoughts might come o'er me as they would."

I am busily engaged in arranging the drawing-room—even drawing-rooms need arranging sometimes, and what is more, they need some one to arrange them. (O, that all old bachelors would take this thought home. It might lead to their taking something else home some day.) I have thrown open the window to admit the morning breeze, and in it comes, bedewed with the song of birds, the perfume of flowers, and the hum of bees. (I wonder if a bee was ever a busybody thankless? I wonder if I ever was?) But see, up the lawn, from the river come two figures, discoursing elegantly—rather emphatically, I should say. I wouldn't listen; Oh, no, (listeners never hear any good of themselves) but I can't help hearing. Nature has, unfortunately, provided me with facilities for doing so.

"Children, you should never let your angry passions rise."

Judging by Charlie's voice, I should say his had risen considerably above zero. "I say it was a downright shabby trick. If I had the fellow that did it, I'd——." Just wait a moment, Mr. Charlie; perhaps you will have the "fellow" that did it some day, so you'd better make no rash promises of what you'll do when that time comes.

I turn from the window, striving to put my mind in a frame fit for sympathizing with the griefs of suffering humanity. Oh, for a face as long as the moral law, that I may succeed in this particular instance. Is there any harm in sympathizing with the fish also?

MISS E. CRAWFORD.

Does Poetry necessarily Decline with the advance of Civilization?

IN Lord Macaulay's essay on Milton, we find the position taken, that, "As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines;" and that superior mental culture, so far from being an advantage to the poet, is one of his greatest hindrances. We know that he is not exceptional in the position he has taken; for other writers of distinction, among whom is Lord Jeffrey, have maintained the same: yet we cannot but feel doubtful with regard to its correctness. Lord Macaulay admits that his statement is rather paradoxical; but he advances argument to prove that it is nevertheless true. He notices the facts that the poetical element of a nation's literature is the first to develop itself; that it attains to a considerable degree of perfection while yet science is comparatively unknown; and that science and philosophy are only developed in an enlightened age. While the truth of these statements is evident to every reader of history, yet we fail to see that they afford any basis for the conclusion, that with the advancement of philosophy there

will necessarily be a decline in poetry ; that “in an enlightened age there will be much science and philosophy, but little poetry,” that “in proportion as men know more and think more, they will make better theories, but worse poems.” That philosophy does advance with civilization, no one need doubt ; but does its advancement involve the decline of poetry ? We fail to see how the culture and refinement which promote the one prove injurious, rather than beneficial, to the other. While we think that no one who lacks the natural qualifications can become a true poet by culture, we are not at all prepared to admit that a thorough education and a high state of social refinement prove detrimental to the poetic art. On the contrary, we think that the culture which is necessary to the full appreciation of true poetry, is also necessary to its production. Every other occupation advances with the civilization and higher education of the people. Every other sphere of literary effort is enriched by mental discipline. It is but natural to expect that the growing efficiency of the power exercised should be followed by improvement in the work performed ; and we fail to see what there is in poetry which causes it so to clash with Nature’s universal law. If that excellency of thought, purity of taste, and power of expression, all of which are essential to true poetry, are to be found in their highest perfection in the ages of ignorance and barbarity, and decline as civilization advances, what is mental culture ? what is social refinement ? and what are their benefits ? Yet the statement that “the earliest poets are generally the best,” Lord Macaulay calls, “the most orthodox article of literary faith.” One of the arguments which the author uses in support of his position is, the effect which the poetry of the early ages produced on the minds of the people. It is true that the wild effusions of a fiery brain in an age when superstition held the throne of reason, would rouse more

terribly the minds of the people, than would any poem in an enlightened age. But are we to ascribe this to the perfection of the poetic art, or to the uncultivated taste of a people who knew no criterion of excellence but the wild agitation of feelings harrowed by scenes of horror? The author might argue in the same manner, that because any commonplace distribution of glaring colours on canvas would produce livelier sensations in many an untrained mind, than would an exquisite picture in that of a skilled artist, therefore the ruder painting displays a higher perfection of the art. In the early stages of literature, the most extravagant outburst of an untrained imagination would, in all probability, be preferred to the well-wrought imagery and chaste expression of later times. So also would the common commingling of sounds in music be more appreciated by the untrained ear, than would the grander symphonies of Beethoven; yet a true judge of music would decide very differently with regard to their merit. In the same manner, though an uncultivated people might prefer the meaningless verses of a ballad-monger to the choicest stanzas of Tennyson, yet no person of good taste would come to the same conclusion; and we cannot think that Lord Macaulay himself, though he places the golden age of poetry in the past, would exchange the choice thoughts and pleasing expression of the poets of the last centuries, for the vague productions of earlier times.

The author advances another argument and says, that "language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state." If the rudeness of language only meant that rugged style which makes up in strength what it lacks in beauty, the argument would be one of force; but when we take into consideration that baldness and vulgarity, so characteristic of language in its earliest forms, and remember that on account of its poverty, the

nicest shades of thought could never be expressed, we fail to see how he, whose themes are the most æsthetic, can find it the best adapted to his purposes.

The author again argues, that the progress of philosophy involves the decline of poetry, because the mode of thought necessary to the one is injurious to the other. This would probably be true in the case of a single individual, as no one can be truly successful in any one occupation who distributes his power among many ; but when it is applied to a nation's progress, we think it proves faulty. It might as well be argued, that because agriculture is now carried on more efficiently and extensively than it was in the early ages, therefore there necessarily is a decline in the mercantile business, while, in reality, the one is the assistant of the other.

He also speaks of the very thorough education that Milton received—and it certainly was one of the first order—and then, from the position that literary proficiency is a hindrance to the highest attainments in poetry, he argues, that no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than did Milton. If intellectual culture be detrimental to the poetic art, then almost all poets of distinction have had to contend with the same difficulty. How is it, then, that they so strangely burst the bonds of their fate and soared to eminence, while those who never had such difficulties to hinder their progress scarcely ever rose above the common level ? Arguing from the same standpoint, we would legitimately conclude, that the first attempts of a poet at metrical composition would be his most successful ; yet this would not agree with common experience and observation. Is it not more likely that the training which enables us to perceive the beauty of thought, would also cultivate the power of its conception and expression ? We fail to see how that discipline which quickens mental activity, gives breadth and energy of thought, grace

and beauty of expression, can be a hindrance to him whose themes are the most æsthetic, and who therefore requires the rarest capabilities. We believe that there is much truth in the adage, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," yet we as fully believe that England's poetry would never have sparkled so brightly on her literary page, had her poetic talent been unaided by thorough discipline. And we venture to say that, if it were not for that thorough culture, which Lord Macaulay calls a poet's hindrance, Milton's sublimest epics would lack that highest perfection which their able critic so much admires. We believe that a thorough education would prove a benefit to poetry, by ridding the world of much contemptible rhyme; and while it might lessen, to a certain extent, the quantity of *lyric* poetry, yet, as a general rule, its quality would be improved. We think that both poetry and philosophy will be found in their highest degree of perfection in an enlightened age; and that the thorough control over the intellectual faculties, which severe discipline alone can secure, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on poetic productions.

D. A. MCGREGOR.

A Canadian Autumn and Winter.

QUIETLY, with stately step and solemn mien, she came upon us. Her countenance was comely, and a subdued gladness beamed from her lustrous eyes. Amidst the rich profusion of her auburn tresses, a garland of rare flowers, golden grain and mellow fruits, entwined itself, and fell upon the rich folds of her flowing drapery. In one hand she held a goblet of sparkling wine; in the other her magic brush and pencil—for our Canadian Autumn is an artist in her way, and loves to sketch wondrous pictures and paint them in colours of exquisite hue. Green

fields and sombre woods turn to living pictures beneath the fairy touches of her mystic brush. Lavish of bright colours and glowing contrasts, she never errs in her selections, but out of infinite variety creates a picture of perfect harmony and finish. The maple, the glory of our woods and the emblem of our country, is an especial favourite of hers. Here does she bestow the choicest colouring, green and gold, crimson and scarlet and brown, till each seems a gigantic flower-stalk crowned with a myriad blossoms.

But she does not linger long with us. Touching earth into a paradise almost too lovely for the abode of sordid, unappreciative mortals, she departs, silently as she came. Sadly nature mourns for her lost darling.

“Sounds are in the earth and ether,
Sobs and murmurs half divine.”

But she hears or heeds not—she comes not back.

But who is this blustering giant, with icy breath and a mantle of pure and lovely texture? Ah! old Winter, thou thought'st to steal unawares into Autumn's forsaken domain, but we were too vigilant not to hear the hoarse murmur of thy voice and the weird creaking of thy footsteps in the ice-bound north.

Yet, with all his gruff ways, his stinging sarcasm and pitiless outbursts of wrath, he also is a lover of the beautiful. His apparel is spotless as angel's drapery, more delicately and artistically wrought than Eastern monarch's. Fringed with pendants of purity, sparkling with gems, and draped with fantastic lace-work, it is in truth “a thing of beauty.”

Over the land he sweeps, scattering with bounteous hand his priceless ornaments, covering unsightly objects from his impatient gaze, spreading over earth a carpet woven in the unknown cloud-land, decking whole forests with brilliants, till the enraptured heart breaks forth into songs at the sight. Cold he seems and cruel, yet there are warm nooks hidden

away in his wonderful heart. There are pleasant cosy fire-sides and happy faces clustering around them, and the fire-light's glow in the shadowy room seems but a reflection from their joyous spirits.

List ! Is that the silvery tinkling of merry sleigh-bells in the distance ? How swiftly they speed over the new-fallen snow in the light of the imperial moon, while a million of "sentinel stars" beam downward, as if angel eyes watched lovingly through the open gates of the Heavenly city.

But time wears on, and Winter's life is ebbing slowly away. The tempests of his earlier days are hushed ; smiles and sunshine beam over his wan countenance, and we find ourselves wondering if he is in reality the stern monarch we once thought him. May his end be peace, and long may the pleasant memories of his life linger in Canadian homes.

MISS M. SINCLAIR.

Wild Flowers.

SWEET little gems that deck earth's rugged brow,
When first to gentle spring bleak winter yields ;
No kindly hand your tender beauty shields,
And yet ere verdure clothes the cultured fields,
Ye bloom on mountain cold, and valley low.

How strange, the woodland chill should be your home !
That ye should blossom in a lonely wild !
That craggy rocks in wild confusion piled,
Should be a home for Nature's tenderest child—
Ye forest beauties on your mountain throne !

I've seen you when mid storm and tempest wild
Ye bowed and fell, with leaves all rent and torn,
And thought how I adversity had borne :
My heart drank in the blackness of the storm :
Ye, crushed to earth, looked up again and smiled.

Your little lives so pure are not in vain,
Your tender forms in stainless beauty drest,

Your calm repose, amid the world's unrest,
Are words by which God hath Himself express'd,
And lead the seeking mind to Him again.

Fair family of God, your lovely forms
Make deserts like to Eden's blissful bowers ;
In deep ravines and over mould'ring towers
Your beauty shines, like sunbeams, 'mid the showers.
Like wreaths of rainbow, 'mid the frown of storms.

Choice leaves in nature's volume, in the hours
Of converse with you, the wrapt soul ascending,
With thoughts of you and the hereafter blending,
Looks up to yon bright world of bliss unending,
With the sweet prospect of unwithering flowers.

NEMO.

The *Tyro* is still improving. The leading article in the last number, a commentary on the Lord's Prayer, has many beautiful passages. We are glad to record the success of our Canadian brothers, and wish them still greater prosperity.—*Western Collegian*.

At a recent examination at a college not a thousand miles from New York, the question, "Did Martin Luther die a natural death?" was cleverly answered, "No; he was excommunicated by a bull!"—*Ex.*

The *Magenta* publishes the following letter from President White, of Cornell University, which corrects some erroneous ideas concerning the lady students of that institution, as well as some concerning co-education in general:

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1874.

Dear Sir,—I have heard of but a single instance, among the young women of our University, of inability to keep up with the class. As a rule, the young women average about ten per cent. better on the examination papers than do the young men.

The one young woman who took a degree at the last commencement stood easily among the first fifteen in a class of a hundred.

But the young women have done better than that; they have raised the average of conscience and manliness and decency *more* than ten per cent.

As to health, they seem quite as well as the young men; certainly they present a smaller number of excuses.

I remain, very truly yours,

AND. D. WHITE.

Selected.

Giants.

SIR,—In *Public Opinion* of the 24th ult., you gave your readers a few very interesting particulars on the subject of giants, and if you think the following, on the same subject, may also interest your readers, you are quite welcome to insert the same in your next number.

But, let me state beforehand, that my giants are not historical but traditional; and therefore neither you nor your readers must be surprised to find your giants by the side of mine as mere grasshoppers. However, since tradition, especially Jewish tradition—the Talmud—is held by some to be more credible than both sacred and profane history, the record of some traditional giants in your columns may instruct some and amuse all of your numerous readers.

In the Babylonian Talmud, tract Chaggiga, p. 12, col. 1, we find the following account in which Adam was created. Rabbi Eliezer says that the first man reached from earth to the firmament of heaven; but that, after he had sinned, God laid his hands on him, and reduced him to a less size, as we read (Ps. cxxxix. 5): “And hast laid thine hand upon me.” Rabbi Jehuda asserts that Raf had said the first man reached from one end of the world to the other, for we read (Deut. iv. 32): “Since the day that God created man upon the earth, from the one side of heaven unto the other.” But after he had sinned God laid his hands on him, and reduced him to a small size, for we read (Ps. cxxxix. 5): “And hast laid thine hand upon me.” On the words, “from the one end of the world to the other,” Rabbi Salomon writes thus: —“When he laid down, his head was in the east, and his feet in the west.”

The whole history of Adam according to the Talmud is most romantic; but now is not the time and here is not the place for particulars except mentioning his size.

Next to our first parent we beg to introduce the giant Og, the King of Bashan, mentioned in Numbers xxi. 33, &c. He

is said to have descended from those angels who were cast down from heaven, and who subsequently "saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose" (Gen. vi. 2). Hence he was one of the giants called in the Bible Nephilim, from the Hebrew word Naphal, which signifies to fall. He survived the Deluge. See Babylonian Talmud, tract Niddah, p. 61, col. 1. How and in what manner he was preserved during the deluge, see Babyl. Talm., tract Sevachim, p. 113, col. 1. His food, which Noah must have handed out to him from within the ark, consisted of one thousand oxen, the same number of every kind of game, and his drink was one thousand measures. See tract Sophrim, chapter 21, where it is further stated that "Og hid Abraham in the hollow of his hand. Upon a time Abraham scolded him, and for fright a tooth shook out of Og's head. Abraham took the tooth and made for himself a bedstead of the same. Some say he made of the tooth an easy-chair for himself, on which he sat all the days of his life."

The following is also a literal translation of the Talmudical account of the death of this monstrous giant, taken from Bab. Talm., tract Birachoth, p. 54, col. 2 :—

"Concerning the stone (or rock) which Og, King of Bashan, intended to cast upon the Israelites, I have learned from tradition that he asked, 'Of what extent is the camp of Israel?' 'Three miles.' 'I will go and pluck up a rock of three miles in extent and cast the same upon them, and destroy them.' So he went forth, and plucked up a rock three miles in extent, and put the same on his head. But God caused ants to come upon it, and they made a hole in it, so that it fell about his neck (for the hole was directly over his head, and it would not otherwise fall than about his neck), and when he was about to remove it, his teeth on each side grew into it, and he could not disengage his neck. And this is what is written (Ps. iii. 7) 'Thou breakest the teeth of the wicked.' But according to Rabbi Simeon, the son of Lakish, it (this passage) is to be otherwise understood; for Rabbi Simeon, the son of Lakish, hath said, 'What is that which is written: Thou breakest the teeth of the wicked?' Read not *Shibarta*, thou breakest, but *Sherivafta*, i. e., thou causest to grow. What was the height of Moses? Ten ells. He (Moses) took an ox which was ten ells long, and jumped up ten ells high, and struck him (Og) on his ankle, and destroyed him."

In Talmud Babylon, tract Nidda, p. 24, col. ii., we read, "that Abba Saul, or, if thou wilt have it, Rabbi Yochanan, hath said, 'I have been a grave-digger, and did once run after a deer which happened to run into the shin-bone of a dead man. I ran three miles after the deer, but could not come up with it, neither could I see the end of the bone. On returning I was informed that it was the shin-bone of Og, King of Bashan.'"

Having above alluded to Abraham, let us now give a glance at *his* size, for, according to the Talmud, he also was a giant. In "Tract Sophrim," chap. 21, on the words: "A great man among the Anakim" (Josh. xiv. 15), we read the following:—"That great man was Abraham our father, who was taller than all the giants. By him who was among the Anakim, or giants, is meant Abraham, who was as large as seventy-four men. And he did eat and drink as much as seventy-four men, and was as strong as that number."

Now, Sir, I have a few other giants in store for you, and may introduce them to the public on some future occasion; for the present I hope these three great men will sufficiently show us by their size how little we are. I enclose my card, and remain, Sir,

Yours,

—*Public Opinion.*

A. SHORT.

MR. R. A. PROCTOR, one of the most charming of writers on Science, and also a most eminent scientific observer, in a recent lecture on the sun, makes use of a simile which brings forcibly before us the great distance between ourselves and the central body of our system, and also admirably illustrates the great comparative slowness with which impressions travel along the nerves, as compared with the rate of transmission of light and electricity. "Let us suppose," he remarks, "an infant with an arm of the inconvenient length of ninety-one millions of miles, who should stretch forth his hand and touch the sun. His finger, of course, would be burnt; but, so slow is the rate at which sensitive impressions are conveyed along the nerves to the brain, namely, about one hundred feet in a second, that he would be about one hundred and forty years old before he could be conscious of the fact. If he trusted, on the other hand, to the sense of vision, he might discover the condition of his digit in the short space of eight minutes, so much more rapidly does light travel

than nervous impressions. In any case, however, the mandates of the will are transmitted along the motor nerves more slowly than impressions by the sensitive nerves ; and hence it would be about one hundred and fifty years more before he could withdraw his finger, after he had discovered its condition."—*Ex.*

"Not as I will."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand
 With unknown thresholds on each hand ;
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope :
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That doors are opened, ways are made,
 Burdens are lifted or are laid,
 By some great law unseen and still,
 Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
 "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;
 Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;
 Too heavy burdens in the load
 And too few helpers on the road ;
 And joy is weak and grief is strong,
 And years and days so long, so long :
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That I am glad the good and ill
 By changeless law are ordered still,
 "Not as I will."

"Not as I will : " the sound grows sweet
 Each time my lips the words repeat.
 "Not as I will : " the darkness feels
 More safe than light when this thought steals
 Like whispered voice to calm and bless
 All unrest and all loneliness.
 "Not as I will," because the One
 Who loved us first and best has gone
 Before us on the road, and still
 For us must all His love fulfil,
 "Not as we will."

—*Canadian Monthly.*

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS :

R. CLARK.

D. A. MCGREGOR.

BUSINESS EDITOR :

S. S. BATES.

THE matter of the present number of THE TYRO has been arranged and prepared for the press under rather unfavourable circumstances. The literary editors elected at the beginning of the term resigned, for reasons best known to themselves, just when the work ought to have been done. Most of the matter should have been in the printer's hands before the present editors were chosen to take their place. However, we have done what we could in the short time at our disposal, to make the present number compare favourably with its predecessors. In it will be found a larger number of original articles by the students than in any previous number; and though some of them may not exhibit that classical finish which is to be expected from more mature minds and more profound scholars, yet, we think, the fact that they are the students' own productions will compensate, in the estimation of the majority of our readers, for any lack in this respect.

With this number the first volume of THE TYRO is completed. We have therefore added an index for the benefit of those who have preserved their numbers, and may wish to have them bound. By all friends of the Institute, and especially by the students who have been connected with the school since THE TYRO has been published, such a volume will be highly prized. When many years will have

passed away, and the memories of early days are beginning to fade, student life may be lived over again while perusing its pages. Students especially should subscribe for and preserve *THE TYRO*, and thus lay up for themselves a store of pleasant memories.

Editorial Notes.

SINCE our last issue, there have been stirring times throughout the Dominion. We have passed through the excitement of a general election, involving issues of the greatest importance to the welfare of the Canadian people. Whatever party may hold the reins of government, it has been clearly shewn that Canadians will expect an honest administration of the affairs of the country. Usually the questions which occupy the attention of the outside world, make but a slight impression upon us, closed about as we are by college walls; but during the late political contest, our Reading Room was patronized as it never was before. The contents of the papers were eagerly devoured day after day, and the progress of affairs watched with intense interest. The effect upon ourselves has been a tendency towards the discussion of political questions, and a greater interest in the affairs of the Nation.

THERE was more than usual interest taken this term, in the election of officers for the Adelphean Literary Society. Three candidates for the office of President were in the field. The supporters of each were very enthusiastic, and appeared to be nearly equal in numbers. For three or four days before the election, excitement ran high. Each candidate for office, was favoured with three or four active canvassers who were thoroughly in earnest, each being fully convinced that his man was *the one* who ought to be elected. For a time we breathed an atmosphere similar to that produced by a close political contest, and when the votes were taken, we waited with breathless interest the announcement of the results. The election over, and some other business being disposed of, the Members of the Society repaired to the Dining Room to discuss an oyster supper. The President elect presided very efficiently on the occasion, and numerous toasts were proposed and responded to very enthusiastically. The speaking was of a high order, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

EARLY in the term, we were visited by the measles. The first to take them was one of the young ladies, and soon a number of fair

faces blushed in sympathy. In a short time the male department was visited in a similar manner, and ten or twelve were compelled to suspend study for a time. Three or four went home in consequence, but we believe all are quite recovered.

TWICE during the term our buildings have been in danger from fire, both times from some defect in the arrangement of the hot air flues. The first fire occurred in the main building. The floor caught from the hot air register in one of the class-rooms, but as there was a class reciting in the room at the time, it was immediately discovered, and a few pails of water soon extinguished it. The flues were then examined, and the floors bricked round the registers and we began to feel quite safe. But a week or two later, the ladies' building, which had been thought perfectly safe, as it was built with the intention of heating with hot air, took fire from a similar cause. But for the appliances at hand, provided for such an emergency, the results might have been serious. The whole heating apparatus has been thoroughly examined, the wood work removed wherever there seemed to be danger, the floors bricked around all the registers, and each building furnished with extinguishers in addition to the tanks previously on hand, so that now we are about as safe from fire as human precaution can make us.

KOMOKA DISASTER.—Our readers are all, no doubt, acquainted with the particulars of the sad accident which occurred on the Great Western Railroad, between London and Komoka, on Saturday evening, February 28. On Sabbath morning we heard of the accident, but could get no particulars; and knowing that our fellow-student, Mr. E. Hooper, was on the train, we were in a state of most painful suspense with regard to his fate, until Monday morning, when we were greatly relieved by the news that, though slightly hurt by throwing himself from the burning car, he escaped without fatal injuries. Though after the excitement of the attending circumstances had passed away, it was found that his injuries were more severe than they were thought to be at the time, we are happy to be able to say that he is in a fair way of recovering.

MR. A. SINCLAIR, M.A., resigned his position as teacher at the end of last term, and Mr. G. C. Clift has taken his place as teacher of French, German, &c. Already Mr. Clift seems to have won the respect of the students, both as a man and a teacher.

OUR esteemed Principal, Dr. Fyfe, we understand, intends spending a part of the summer in Europe. Through multiplicity of labours he has been failing in health for some time past. We trust the relaxation and change of scene may prove beneficial, and

that he may return reinvigorated in body and mind. We shall be quite willing to part with our Principal for a short time if he may be benefited thereby. Few colleges are favoured with a President who takes so great an interest in the individual welfare of the students, and watches so solicitously over the interests of the school.

IN the early part of the term, the Judson Missionary Society was favoured with an interesting address by Rev. W. H. Porter, of Brantford. His subject was, "Missionary Life in Jamaica." He gave us a very pleasing description of the island from personal observation, having laboured there himself for a short time.

OVER thirty of our theological students intend spending the fine summer months on mission fields, and supplying vacant churches.

REV. C. GOODSPEED, of Newton Theological Seminary, Mass., U.S., has accepted a call from the Baptist Church here, to become its pastor. He expects to enter upon his labours about the first of August. We hope his coming to Woodstock may prove a blessing to the pastor, the church, and the town.

IT is our painful duty to chronicle, in this number of the *Tyro*, the first death that has taken place within our college walls, that of our beloved teacher, Miss Sara L. Fancher. Her illness was very brief, lasting only three days. We tender our heart-felt sympathy to the sorrowing parents, who within a few days have been called upon to suffer a double bereavement—Miss Fancher's only sister having died a few days previously.

Communication.

We now present to our readers the letter from Dr. O. C. Edwards, to which attention was called in our last issue, and we feel assured that they will gladly avail themselves of his offered "services" while he conducts them "to some of the places of interest in that tuberosity of modern civilization." He thus writes:—

London, England,

EDITOR OF THE TYRO.

Jan. 2nd, 1874.

My Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of the December number of your journal, and were I to comply with the request therein expressed, your next edition would contain very little besides "that letter" which you promised your readers should contain a "full account of all the wonders" I have seen. I am lodging at present in the

vicinity of Bethlehem Hospital, or Bedlam, as it is commonly called ; and I am certain that I should become an inmate of that extensive institution which King Henry the Eighth founded, if I attempted to give a *full* description of all I have seen since I set foot in England last May. I cannot possibly do it ; but if your readers will accept my services as guide, I should be very pleased to conduct them to some places of interest in London, this “tuberosity of modern civilization,” as Carlyle calls it. And now I am puzzled to know where to begin, there is so very much here to interest ; but I must begin somewhere, so I propose that we go to Westminster Bridge, and I will point out the things of note to be seen from it. Some one says, Why not go to London Bridge, we have heard more of it? Yes ; it had its existence before its brothers higher up the river, but we will visit it another day. Here we are on Westminster, and it is indeed an elegant structure. It was completed in '62, and cost £216,000. It is notable from the fact that its roadway is the widest of any bridge in the world. Its predecessor was the second stone bridge over the Thames, and was completed in 1750. Looking up the river, we have, on the right, the finest view of that magnificent pile, the Houses of Parliament ; while across the river, immediately opposite, stands St. Thomas' Hospital. As I am enrolled in its list of students, let me give you a few facts connected with it. It is built on a plan that must commend itself to everyone's common sense—that is, the the pavilion style, which I noticed is being adopted in the new Hospital at Edinburgh. It consists of seven detached blocks of building, four stories high, and 125 feet apart, with a corridor running the whole length of the building. You have thus, as it were, seven separate hospitals. Disease can thus be isolated, and ventilation is far better than in the old style of building in a solid block. It covers $8\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground, cost £500,000, and can accommodate over 600 patients. It was opened in '71, by the Queen in person. I think I am correct in putting it down as being the finest hospital in England, certainly it is the finest in London. The father of the present St. Thomas had its origin in 1701, in High Street, Southwark ; while its venerable grandfather extended its arms to London's suffering sons, away back in the year 1213.

The poet Wordsworth was charmed with the view from this bridge at sunrise ; and in his sonnet commemorating that event, expresses his conviction of its beauty thus:—

“ Earth hath not anything to show more fair.”

I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. I was never present on the occasion of Sol forsaking his couch ; but I have seen him from the bridge show his face for the first time, about noon, and present an appearance very similar to that of certain individuals

who come out at that time of the day. In those days of dense fog which we have, the king of day always appears as if he had been entertained by Bacchus the night before. As he treads his way he has a smudgy, dried-up appearance, and on every feature of his face seems to say, "Brandy and soda—quick!"

And now I want to show you the two embankments that have been lately built, and which have added greatly to the beauty of the city. That one on the left, extending up as far as Vauxhall Bridge, is known as the "Albert;" while, if you will look down the river you will see one, on your left, similar to the first, which is called the "Victoria." This last extends as far as Blackfriars Bridge and the Temple, but a curve in the river prevents you seeing the other end of it. The "Victoria" consists of a solid granite wall, 8 feet thick, 40 feet high, and 7000 feet long, and the space gained from the river varies from 200 to 450 feet in width, and amounts to about 30 acres. There is thus afforded a splendid drive and promenade. It is decorated at regular intervals with trees, and gas lamps supported by posts of a very pretty design. It is enchanting to look from this bridge at night, and see how exceedingly beautiful these embankments are lit up—a mighty illumination. These embankments, like the royal personages after whom they are named, are separated only by a river, and the river is bridged.

Yonder are the Houses of Parliament. They are open every Saturday to visitors. I have not space to enter into a minute description, but will give you a few facts about the House of Commons. I think our chamber for the Commons, at Ottawa, much better, certainly it is more commodious, and the members have better desks, than those nature has given them, to write upon. The room here is much too small, both for members and spectators; and on any night of importance there is always a crush for seats. I was present on one occasion during last session, and witnessed the political pugilists in this, the world's great arena. I heard Gladstone make a short speech, but the leader of the Opposition was absent that evening. The members always sit with their hats on, and simply remove them when they rise to speak. (It must come very natural to John Bright.) The seats provided are not separate chairs, but benches, and they have to squeeze out or in. I was struck with the thorough gentlemanly demeanour that pervaded all their deliberations, but a number of the speakers have a tiresome singy way of speaking. I suppose they were high-church men, and could not be blamed. By an announcement, as sudden as an earthquake, we were informed last Saturday morning, that the present Parliament was dissolved, and so, like you in Canada, we are about to pass through a general election. I hope to see the results, and hear what the results have to say, when the next session opens.

But, to go back to the house, ladies are not admitted. They have been excluded since 1738, but there is a small gallery above the reporters for them. It is, however, separated from the main room by lattice work ; and so, during the debate, you see bonnets bobbing about, and eyes peering through ; and I expect many a feeling of disapproval is expressed in regard to the harsh rules that exclude them ; for, perched where they are, they can certainly hear very little that is said.

In leaving the House, you pass through Westminster Hall. The Law Courts are on the western side. This hall has witnessed many a scene of interest. Here Cromwell was installed Protector, and some years later it saw the brave old puritan's head decorating a pole. Here Charles the First was tried by his own subjects and condemned ; here took place the trial and acquittal of the seven Bishops ; while in later days it witnessed, among other things, the famous trial of Warren Hastings ; and since last April it has been visited by hundreds from all parts of the world, anxious to gain admission to the court-room, where the would-be Sir Roger C. D. Tichborne is being tried, or at least to get a sight of the world-renowned man. Ere this reaches you, the jury will have served their time, and the verdict will be given.

And now I will just call your attention to one other point of interest to be seen from the bridge. Up there on the left, above the Hospital, you see an old red brick tower, certainly not attractive for its architecture ; but it will become attractive to you when I tell you, that in it the Lollards were confined. Adjoining it is a very old chapel, built by Archbishop Boniface in 1244 ; and in that chapel is an oaken screen, placed there at the direction, and bearing the arms, of that Right Reverend old villain, Archbishop Laud. The tower and chapel are part of Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury since the 13th century. But there, I see you are delighted with the sound of that bell, and that beautiful clock-tower, connected with the Parliament Houses, has elicited your admiration ; so I must say a little about it and then close. We are told (and I find a sweet relief in believing everything I'm told in visiting places of interest), that the present clock-tower stands on almost the same site as the clock-tower built in the reign of King Edward the First. "The expense of the original tower was defrayed from a fine imposed on Ralph de Hingham, a Chief-Justice of England. Its intent was, by the clock striking continually, to remind the Judges in the neighbouring courts to administer true justice, they recalling thereby the occasion and means of its building." The dial in the now standing tower is 30 feet in diameter, and is the largest in the world, and—no, I have said enough.

I trust you have enjoyed our first excursion, and I shall be very pleased to conduct you somewhere else some other time.

Yours Institutely,

O. C. E.

Among our Exchanges.

Before the days of railways and telegraph lines, people lived and died and scarcely knew there was a world beyond the hills that encircled their native glen. So before the days of college papers and magazines, students toiled on almost oblivious of the fact that, beyond the walls of their own Alma Mater, other colleges existed and other students toiled up the hill. Now, how different! We snatch a moment from our toil, and, taking up an exchange, perhaps from a sister Province, perhaps from a Southern State or the Pacific slope, and—lo! those far-distant speak to us. We learn that others too are by-times stumbling over Greek roots, and that others too, in spite of brave struggling, are sometimes painfully reminded of Sisyphus and his stone.

The man who neglects to mingle with his fellow men becomes narrow-minded and crotchety; so the students who publish no paper, and hold no intercourse with fellow-students, will become narrow in their views and dogmatical. Hence we perceive one of the many advantages of a college paper.

We—if we credit the kind notices we have seen from time to time in our exchanges—think *The Tyro* has improved since its inception, two years ago. And, rising from the perusal of these exchanges, we think progress is certainly necessary if we would keep pace with the growth of college journalism. In those two years there has been a rapid improvement in such publications, both in tone and in matter. Many that once were filled with articles of only local importance, and wit that had not spice enough to live beyond the school where it originated, are now entering upon a wider field, and discussing more general and important questions—questions that are intimately connected with the well-being of society; and they are making themselves felt, and that for good. Time was, when, if these publications encouraged students to write, that they might improve themselves, their friends were satisfied; but now that the college press has shown itself possessed of power, they are not satisfied unless it is exercised for the good of society.

First, a word about our Canadian College exchanges. When *The Tyro* was first published, there was—so far as we are aware—only one Canadian College paper in existence, viz., *The Dalhousie Gazette*. Now there are several.

The University Gazette, published by the students of the McGill Colleges, Montreal, ranks high; is sound and good.

The Aurora, Albert College, Belleville, Ont., No. 1, in making its bow, says, "It is gratifying to know that there is a growing desire for a purer literature." This may be literally true; but when we consider that the increase in a class of literature that *The Aurora* would not call pure is much more rapid than any other,

and that there must be a demand, produced by a desire, to occasion this increase,—we may well question the above quotation. We make the remark because we must not lose sight of evils if we wish to combat them. However, *The Aurora* upon the whole is good, and a credit to Albert College.

Queen's College Journal, of Kingston, is hardly up to the standard, especially in appearance.

Only the first number of the *Galt Collegiate Times* has reached our sanctum.

In this connection we may notice the *Ontario Teacher*. It is ably edited, and, especially to teachers, very interesting and profitable. It supplies a want long felt by teachers, and one that never has, and, under existing circumstances, never can be supplied by the *Journal of Education*. Its criticisms upon some of the textbooks of our public schools, especially "Christian Morals," "Agricultural Chemistry," and "Davidson's Animal Kingdom," we heartily endorse. The public voice should not cease to be heard until all such works are banished from our schools.

Turning to our exchanges from over the lines, we find that the discussion of the co-education question has in many instances given place to experiment. We are gratified to learn that, wherever women have been admitted upon equal terms, they have taken a standing if anything above the average, have not gratified many who opposed this innovation, by breaking down in health, and have in all cases raised the tone of the institutions. This is as we expected.

The principle theme of discussion at present is Inter-collegiate Contests. The thoroughly independent character of the Colleges in the States—they having no fixed standard, and hence no possible means of estimating the comparative value of a title from any one of them—has long been felt to be a disadvantage. The desire to remedy this has given rise to two movements: a convention, if such it may be called, of professors from several Colleges, and the attempt by the students to establish what they term Inter-collegiate Contests. From the first we believe but little good has been derived. While some are discussing the pros and cons of the second, others are preparing to practically test its utility. In the East, arrangements have been made for "a contest in Oratory," to take place in New York, January, 1875. The West will also hold one at Galesbury, Ill. According to the programmes, there will be valuable prizes offered to competitors from the different Colleges, not only in oratory, but in essay writing. Though no arrangements have thus far been made, yet we understand that they will in time establish a competition in the many branches of a liberal education. If it extend thus far, it may in future become a great central standard to mark degrees of excellency in scholarship. Then its awards would become valuable indeed, and the titles it confers would supersede those of many Colleges whose standards are now dubious.

Then they would have a system corresponding to ours, or to what ours was designed to be. When Toronto University was established, the intention was to have there not a college where instruction would be given, but only an examining board, to which students from all colleges could come to be examined, to compete for prizes, and receive degrees; a board that would be a well known and respected standard for the whole country. But now the members of that board have become teachers in University College, and students from other colleges justly complain, for every one knows, that those who have been taught by the examiners themselves, have the advantage. This grievance, however, is being removed, and we hope it will soon disappear entirely.

Since our last issue we have received several new exchanges, conspicuous among which is the *Chi-Phi Quarterly*, published at Carlisle, Pa., in the interest of a secret society called the Chi-Phi Society. The magazine is good in its matter, but in our humble opinion it advocates a system that is productive of more evil than good. We strongly condemn secret societies in Colleges. Their friends say they are to do good. Is there likely to be any movement for good in which the faculty will not be interested? Can we find a school, whose teachers are not its best and most zealous friends? Why then must plans for the good of those schools and their students be kept secret from the teachers? We cannot answer.

The Dartmouth, from Hanover N. H., is to hand. "Webster at Home," is good, and gives us a view of a particularly interesting phase of that great man's life. But "That Fiddle" in Jan. No. ! We beg to criticise that article. In the first place, "That Fiddle" does not belong to Dartmouth. We have heard it too often in our own school to be mistaken. The writer has described one of our fiddles, and personated one of our fiddlers, and has not told the truth either, for the fiddle has not been sold, but still keeps on the even tenor of its way. It lives, oh how long! We hope the writer will repent.

The *College Olio* and *Acta Columbiana* are new faces, and good-looking ones too.

The *Seminary Budget* comes from the young ladies of Sacramento, Cal. It is neat, tasty, readable, good, and now that we are on speaking terms with these young ladies, we hope they will speak often.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following :—*The Bates Student*, *College Herald*, *Tripod*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Turgum*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Kansas Evangel*, *Virginia University Magazine*, *The Owl*, *Niagarensis*, *Madisonensis*, *Cornell Era*, *Annalist*, *The Packer Quarterly*, *College Express*, *College Journal*, *Central Collegian*, *The Hesperian Student*, *American Journal of Insanity*, *Miami Student*, *College Argus*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Denison Collegian*,

University Record, Western Collegian, Stephen's College Chaplet, Dickinsonian, Expositor, Woodstock Sentinel, Review, The Alumni Journal, Delaware College Advance, The Lehigh Journal.

Personals.

Rev. Alex. McDonald, our Manitoba missionary, has returned to this part of the Dominion for a short time, and is now engaged in presenting to the denomination the claims of that interesting field. We are pleased to learn that he is meeting with success.

Rev. J. J. White, of Avoca, has accepted a call to Friendship, Allegany Co., N.Y.

Mr. D. W. Troy is teaching in the High School, Welland, Ont.

Mr. C. Eede is secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Woodstock, Ont.

Messrs. G. B. Davis, J. E. Frith, J. B. McEwen, and A. Best, are teaching school.

The competitors for the prizes in elocution at the close of the present term are W. Tapscott, J. M. White, S. S. Bates, E. Hooper, G. Mason, H. Speller and J. Trotter.

Marriages.

By the Rev. C. Y. Snell, Mr. Warren Schell to Miss Catherine Mabee, both of West Oxford, Ont.

By the Rev. Mr. Philott, Mr. V. O. Weed to Miss B. Brush, both of Austin, Texas.

By the Rev. T. L. Davidson, D.D., Mr. John Miner, of New York, to Miss Ada F. Raymond, of Guelph, Ont.

Obituary.

On the afternoon of Monday, 16th March, for the first time in the history of the Institute, the sombre hearse drove slowly from the premises, followed by a long and sorrow-stricken train of teachers and students. Its melancholy office on this occasion was to bear to the Railway Station the mortal remains of Miss SARA L. FANCHER, who had, since the commencement of the school year, been connected with the Institute, as teacher of drawing and painting and assistant in music.

Miss Fancher was the youngest daughter of Rev. Bela and Mrs. Fancher, of Homer, Michigan. Her father has long been a highly respected minister of the Presbyterian Church, and for many years has held the responsible position of State Superintendent of Education. An uncle of Miss Fancher's, by her mother's side, is a missionary of many years' standing in Persia, and another relative, a great-uncle, if we mistake not, now venerable through age and toil, has for thirty or forty years been labouring for the Master in the Sandwich Islands.

Miss Fancher's parents had spared no pains or expense in the education of their daughter. From her earliest years she had been placed under the instruction of the best masters within reach, in music, and only a year or two previous to her coming to Woodstock, she had finished the prescribed course at the Kalamazoo Young Ladies' Seminary. There was, we believe, no other necessity for her engaging in teaching than that imposed by that desire for active labour and usefulness, honourably characteristic of so many American ladies. She had been recommended for the position in the Institute by Miss Dorr, the governess, her former teacher at Kalamazoo, and a warmly attached and devoted friend, upon whom the sudden bereavement has fallen with crushing weight.

The train of family sorrows which has now culminated in the death of Miss Fancher, has been of a peculiarly sad and touching character. The only son of the family died a few years ago, after an illness brief as that which has just had so melancholy a termination, while serving in the army. Mrs. Fancher had recently been summoned to the death-bed of the elder daughter, at Jacksonville, Florida. It was while on her sorrowful homeward journey, accompanying the remains of this daughter to St. Paul for burial, that she received the telegram announcing the sudden and unexpected death of the only surviving daughter. The afflicted father, hastily called by telegraph on Sabbath, had reached Woodstock on Monday morning, a few moments after his daughter had breathed her last, and had been obliged to telegraph the sad news, thus compelling the heart-broken mother to leave her other daughter to be buried by her husband in St. Paul, while she hurried back to her home in Michigan to meet the procession which brought the melancholy proof that she was now trebly bereaved and childless.

Miss Fancher had heard the news of her sister's death about the time she was seized with the sudden chill, which was the premonition of her fatal illness. Whether from the effects of this deep sorrow, or from some other cause, her physical powers, though she was usually active and energetic, seem never to have rallied in any vigorous effort to throw off the disease. She sank steadily and rapidly from the first, and at no time, after becoming seriously ill, was she able to converse, or to summon mental activity sufficient for more than a mere monosyllabic answer to a question.

Her death is deeply lamented by a large circle of loving friends in her native town and its vicinity, and though her residence amongst us has been brief, her amiable and obliging disposition, her unaffected sincerity, her native kindness of heart, and the piety and worth of her character as a Christian, had endeared her to the hearts of those with whom she was associated. The sympathy of teachers and students with the afflicted and sorrowing parents is deep and sincere, and many a fervent prayer has, we

doubt not, been offered in their behalf, that the rich consolations of the gospel—the only but the all-sufficient consoler in these deepest depths of human sorrow—may be abundantly theirs.

MULCAHY.—Died, Nov., 1873, Rev. M. Mulcahy, late pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Francisco. The deceased was formerly a student of the Canadian Literary Institute, and will be remembered by many who were acquainted with him during college days.

JAMESON.—Died, while absent from the Institute during last Christmas holidays, M. Jameson, of Onondaga, Ont. By his genial disposition, Mr. Jameson made many friends in the short time he was with us, and it is with feelings of sadness that we record his death.

AULD.—Died on Jan. 29th, 1874, Miss Marian Auld, of Delaware, Ont., formerly a student of the Institute. It is with sorrow that we hear of the removal by death of one after another of our college acquaintances. Here we shall meet no more, but we hope to meet in the heavenly home, where death makes no breaches, and partings are unknown.

Alumni Meeting.

The Triennial Meeting of the Alumni Society is to be held on Tuesday, the 7th inst. A Dinner is to be served in the Institute Dining Hall, at Three o'clock in the afternoon; and in the evening a Literary Entertainment is to be given, consisting of Orations, Essay, Scientific Paper, &c. We understand a large number of the Alumni intend to be present, and a very interesting time is expected.

Commencement Exercises.

At the close of the present term three students, Messrs. John MacLagan, George F. Robertson, and T. Williamson, graduate from the Theological department. After spending a number of years with us in preparing for life's work, they now enter more fully upon it. We hope that abundant success may crown their labours. The subjects of their graduating addresses are as follow:—Mr. MacLagan, "The Elements of the Power of the Pulpit;" Mr. Williamson, "Christianity, the Great Teacher;" Mr. Robertson, "The Bible the Friend of Liberty."

The following is the Valedictory Hymn, composed by Miss M. Sinclair:—

Sadly lingering on thy threshold, Cherished home of happy years, Sacred memories throng around us, Till our eyes are dim with tears,	And our hearts forget their manhood, Beating with a bitter pain For the years of joy that vanish, Never to return again.
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<p>From afar a troubled moaning, As of tempests, passeth by, And we tremble lest the storm-cloud Sweep across our summer sky ; While the thoughts of peace and glad- ness, That have hallowed other times, Lure us back within these portals, With their mournful music-chimes.</p> <p>Hark ! the sound of martial conflict, 'Tis Immanuel's conquering band Warring with the hosts of Satan, Sweeping error from the land. Here and there a falling soldier Shows the struggle fierce and long ; Yet we linger ! Haste, O brothers ! Fill the ranks, ye brave and strong.</p>	<p>Farewell ! scenes of past endearment ; Farewell ! dreams of rest and peace ; Gladly gird we on our armour Till the reign of sin shall cease : Till our flag shall wave victorious Over every land and sea, " Victory for King Immanuel ! " Shall our thrilling watchword be.</p> <p>Lo ! a crown of life awaits us, Golden harp and victor's palm— In our home in the Eternal ; And the voice of solemn psalm, Rolling o'er the plains of glory, Shall the wondrous story tell, How Jehovah's armies triumphed, How the hosts of Satan fell !</p>
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The Standings—Fall Term, 1873.

The names given in the following standings do not embrace all the members of the classes, but only those in "A," that is, those who have averaged, in all the examinations of the term, between 66 and 100 per cent.

SECOND YEAR.

ARITHMETIC.—H. H. Beam, A. O. McKee, J. E. Frith.

ALGEBRA.—H. H. Beam, A. O. McKee, Miss Macklem, G. W. McKee.

BRITISH HISTORY.—S. S. Bates, Miss McArthur, J. M. White, J. H. Best, A. Best, J. Zeran, T. Luckens, W. J. Wallace, A. N. Gray, J. J. Baker, Miss Barker, J. E. Frith,—Carey, J. Trotter, Miss Fisher.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—W. Wallace,—Hillis, T. Urquhart.

ROMAN HISTORY.—T. Trotter, A. H. Bodwell, G. F. Baldwin.

OUTLINES OF HISTORY.—A. Best, D. S. Sager, J. E. Frith.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.—H. H. Beam, J. E. Frith, L. Sovereign, G. Carrington, Miss E. Brown, D. M. Culver.

LATIN, CÆSAR.—I. Campbell, J. J. Baker, G. Wittet, A. O. McKee, G. W. McKee, S. C. Keetch, J. Zeran, Miss F. Crawford, W. O. Franklin.

LATIN GRAMMAR.—A. O. McKee, J. Zeran, J. J. Baker, G. W. McKee, Miss F. Crawford, G. L. Wittet, D. A. Nelles, S. C. Keetch.

FIRST GREEK.—J. M. White, D. P. McPherson, J. J. Baker, W. Nesbitt, J. Zeran, S. C. Keetch, G. L. Wittet, E. Hooper, C. Y. Snell, T. Howland.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Ladies), Miss E. Pavey, Miss H. Carroll, Miss K. Merriman, Miss E. Little, Miss J. Fitch, Miss E. Fitch, Miss Beemer.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Gentlemen), G. A. Brush, W. Nesbitt, J. Zeran, J. Cameron, A. O. McKee, G. W. McKee, P. McKillop.

THIRD YEAR.

ALGEBRA.—G. F. Baldwin, E. Cameron, S. S. Bates.

GEOMETRY.—D. A. Nelles, E. Cameron, H. Beam, W. Cline, R. McKillop, T. Trotter, J. M. White, Miss E. Crawford, H. M. Bauslaugh, T. Lockhart, D. A. McGregor, W. Nesbitt.

CHEMISTRY.—T. Lockhart, Miss M. E. Smyth, W. McGregor, D. A. Nelles, W. Hillis, J. D. Owen.

HAMILTON'S HISTORY.—I. Campbell, A. H. Bodwell.

GRECIAN HISTORY.—S. S. Bates, E. Cameron, R. McKillop, W. McGregor.

LATIN VIRGIL.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter, D. A. McGregor, E. Cameron, R. McKillop, G. Oliver.

LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, A. H. Bodwell, E. Cameron.

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK I.—W. McGregor, G. F. Baldwin, E. Cameron, T. Trotter, C. C. McLaurin.

GREEK GRAMMAR.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter.

FIRST FRENCH.—Miss McArthur, I. Campbell, Miss H. Bowlby, B. Bingham, Miss Sovereign, A. H. Bodwell, Miss Merrill, G. W. Cameron, R. McKillop, T. Trotter, W. Nesbitt, G. F. Baldwin.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—D. A. McGregor, Miss E. Crawford, R. McKillop, S. C. Keetch.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Ladies) Miss McArthur, Miss E. Crawford.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Gentlemen) G. Oliver, (J. E. Frith, A. H. Bodwell), (Lockhart, J. Trotter), C. C. McLaurin, (A. Best, W. Hillis), (—Luckens, E. Cameron), W. McGregor, G. Everton, J. H. Best, L. Sovereign.

FOURTH YEAR.

ALGEBRA.—D. Reddick.

TRIGONOMETRY.—N. Wolverton.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—J. E. Frith, H. Beam, C. J. Jamieson, Miss Sovereign, W. O. Franklin, Miss H. Bowlby.

LATIN, LIVY, BOOK V.—A. Grant, N. Wolverton.

LATIN, VIRGIL, BOOK VI.—I. Campbell.

GREEK, XENOPHON BOOK V.—N. Wolverton.

GERMAN.—Miss E. Crawford, Miss K. Merriman.

GEOLOGY.—G. L. Oliver, C. Y. Snell, C. C. McLaurin.

METAPHYSICS.—F. Dann, C. C. McLaurin.

FOWLER'S ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—G. L. Wittet, N. Wolverton, D. Reddick, G. F. Baldwin, D. P. McPherson, D. A. McGregor, C. Y. Snell, A. H. Bodwell, E. Hooper.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—N. Wolverton, T. Howland, S. O. Wood, G. Mason, C. Y. Snell, I. Campbell, G. L. Wittet, S. C. Keetch, G. F. Baldwin, S. S. Bates, E. Hooper.

THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, JULY, 1874.

No. 1.

Religious.

A Night on the Ocean.

OUR ship had been sailing before a light breeze, which went to rest as the sun descended, apparently into his watery grave, leaving the great deep around us without even a zephyr playing over its glassy surface. A feeling of intense lonesomeness and awe deeply impressed our minds, as we looked in vain over the broad expanse of placid ocean for even a distant sail, and became conscious that we were alone with Him who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand.

As the evening shades gathered around us, loneliness gave place to gratitude ; for star after star appeared, until the whole heavens, as far as the eye could reach, were decked with countless numbers of those sparkling orbs. To add grandeur to the scene, the full-orbed moon arose from her eastern chamber, casting a silvery mantle over the wide waste of water, and causing it to sparkle as if bespangled with the richest gems. Heaven was above us with its glittering host ; Heaven seemed beneath us, for the great deep, as a mirror, reflected all its glories ; and Heaven was within us, for we looked from the sparkling deep and the starry heavens up to their Great Creator, and—though we felt as

nothing amidst the glories which He had created—yet we could say :

“ That mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend.”

As we paced the deck on that glorious night, the mind wandered as unchecked by limit as the broad expanse above us. On the rapid wings of thought it darted farther back than the creation of the Universe, when God was wrapped in the solitude of His own greatness. We read the eternity of His existence in His works around us. As old as the ocean may be, yet there was a time when there was no deep for the darkness to cover. Ere the creation of man, those brilliant gems illumined the canopy of heaven, yet before they sang together, God was. The time will come when the great deep will be dried up, and those systems of worlds will all pass away. But Deity will exist : from everlasting to everlasting He is God—the Eternal One !

We thought of His power and His infinitude, until the reason became overpowered, and the mind wearied in searching out God. Whence came these ponderous spheres ? Out of what were they created ? What supports them in the fluid ether ? If their velocity is so great, why do they not dash through the immensity of space ? Who can tell their number or define their limits ? Revelation alone gives a satisfactory solution to all our queries. From that old book, the Bible, we learn that by the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. He bade them spring forth from nothing, and hurled them on their course supported by nothing, marking their bounds, and controlling their motions by the coercive fiat of His own omnipotence. “ He telleth the number of the stars ; he calleth them all by their names.” Fancy sought in vain to find their utmost reach. She soared to the most distant star visible from earth, and beheld far be-

yond, innumerable myriads of planetary systems rolling in the immeasurable expanse. These spacious heavens, like the Infinite one, are unlimited. He fills the immensity above, and the great depths beneath.

As we looked at the reflected grandeur of the moon, increasing in splendour as she ascended the arch of heaven, looking proudly upon us as if conscious that she was the Queen of Night; as we viewed the glittering orbs that filled the crystal concave with a flood of brilliancy, and as we beheld all this scene of magnificence reflected in the ocean beneath, we thought of the Creator's glory and wisdom which are so beautifully reflected in all His works. Truly, the heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork, and His path is in the mighty waters.

Our thoughts turned from the magnitude and mysteries of creation, to meditate upon the greater mystery of God manifest in the flesh. We could not but ask, as we thought of the child Jesus in Bethlehem's manger—the homeless wanderer among the mountains of Palestine—the condemned sufferer dying the shameful death of the cross. Can this helpless infant be the creator of this vast universe? Is it possible that the “man of sorrows” is the perfect Deity? Who can believe that He who is in death's severest agony, is the self-existent and omniscient Jehovah? Faith, like the magnetic needle, when slightly affected by counteracting influences, wavered, but soon regained its true position. It beheld the star that heaven lent to guide to the spot where the infant Saviour lay. It listened with the wondering shepherds to the angelic messenger declaring the birth of Christ the Lord, and heard the multitude of heavenly choristers chanting the praises of God and His good will to man. It witnessed the sick restored to health, the blind for the first time looking upon the loveliness of heaven and earth, the deaf

hearing, the dumb singing, the lame rejoicing, and the dead brought back to life. It viewed the God-man stepping from wave to wave over the boisterous billows and calming the raging sea. It recalled the wonderful scenes in connection with His death, His triumphant resurrection and glorious ascent from Olivet, while angels declared that in like manner He would come again—and we exclaimed, “Lord, it is enough, thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!”

With gratitude, love, and praise, we considered the object of the mission of this wonder-working God to earth, Condescension as infinite as the heavens ! Love boundless as the ocean ! Praise him ye heaven of heavens. Join in one song of praise ye children of men. Let the whole earth become vocal with thanksgiving, for the great Creator of all worlds visited earth for us. He who guides planets in their rapid and extended course, and bounds tempestuous oceans by the word of His power, was led as a criminal to crucifixion, and submitted to that death of shame, that we might remain with Him shining as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

C. Y. SNELL.

Self-Consecration.

O LORD ! before Thine altar now,
 I kneel in reverential prayer ;
 The sacred chrism is on my brow,
 The consecrating seal is there.

I bring no offering rich and rare,
 No glittering children of the mine ;
 No wreathen crown of flowerets fair
 I lay in homage at Thy shrine.

I bring the life Thyself hast given—
 My swiftly passing span of years ;
 I here devote them all to heaven,
 And consecrate the gift with tears.

I bring Thee this poor stam'ring tongue,
That scarce can lisp Thy love divine ;
My harp all tuneless and unstrung—
Yea, all I am and have are Thine.

Renouncing all this world's vain show,
Content to share a lowly lot :
Content, Lord, if Thou will'st it so,
To live unknown and die forgot.

I only ask, that I may be
In love, and faith, and duty, strong ;
May walk the narrow way to Thee,
Nor think the toilsome journey long.

I only ask, when I must fall—
Cut down by death's relentless power,
Or long forewarned, or swift the call,
Be with me in the solemn hour.

Thy gentle voice is in mine ears,
And all my spirit's pulses thrill ;
Speak, Lord, Thy willing servant hears,
And waits to know and do Thy will.

I hear the voice of solemn psalm,
I see the clouds of incense rise,
My faith is fixed—my heart is calm,
For God accepts the sacrifice.

Self-Sacrifice.

AMONG the Berkshire hills of New England is a hamlet of exceeding beauty, overshadowed on all sides by the enduring granite—"rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," its sterner aspect relieved by the soft fresh foliage of the maple and pine.

Noisy streams of living water are found among these hills, that go leaping downward and onward, until, in the valley below, they reach the broad and beautiful Connecticut. There is a home among the shadows of these hills, made all

glorious by the life begun and ended there ; it is an humble brown cottage with no outward adorning but the clinging ivy and the fragrant honey-suckle. Here, with all nature to inspire her with noble thoughts, Mary Lyon spent the first years of her life. Her parents did not know, but God foreknew how much she would need a constitution that could bear great responsibility, and a temperament so buoyant and cheerful that it could furnish its own sunshine, when clouds should veil the skies. For this purpose, in His kindness, He assigned to her childhood its rural home, in a kind of sacred retirement, sheltered from the evil influences of luxury and sloth. She early conceived the idea of a thorough education. But how could it be obtained ? There were in the land one hundred and twenty colleges for boys, but not one founded distinctly for girls. Academies and private schools abounded—she could attend these and did. God endowed her with a vigorous intellect, keen penetration, and sound judgment ; an intense energy pervaded her whole nature—she knew no such thing as failure in any undertaking.

To reach the heights of truth she sacrificed social advantages, and even refused herself sufficient time for rest—four hours' sleep in twenty-four is short measure, and it made the last long sleep come so much the sooner. She accomplished her object, finished her course at the Academy, made great proficiency in the Sciences, Mathematics, and Latin, and was ready for her life-work—teaching ! She saw her brothers go to Amherst and Harvard Universities to complete a four years' course of study—her own mind longed for such an opportunity for development, but there was none. Not a college then opened wide its doors to admit ladies to its higher courses of study. The cultivation of the mind of woman was not *then* regarded as being of equal importance with that of the mind of man.

On this subject Miss Lyon took a decided position, not as

a champion for the “rights of woman,” but as a Christian philanthropist looking to the welfare of society ; as a modest, genial woman—seeing clearly that the world needed thoroughly educated, efficient women, whose influence should permeate all the ranks of human society, elevating and enriching it by culture and refinement. She therefore determined to give her life to the founding of an institution, which should in all respects be a college for the higher education of girls. This she accomplished, not by the lifting up of her voice in the streets, or of the discussion of the subject publicly, but in a quiet way, she appealed to the generous and noble-minded of her time to aid her in this work. She had great faith in God, and a calm reliance upon His strong hand to help her. The means for her cherished object were not withheld ; in a year she had at her command twenty-five thousand dollars, with which to commence her work ; in the following two years the amount was increased to fifty thousand : she selected her grounds, and appointed responsible men to superintend the erection of the buildings ; it is said that the very bricks were consecrated by her prayers. As the building rose in fair and comely proportions, she declared it to be for Christ and the world ! that no denomination should claim it for theirs, and no sectarianism should engender strife beneath its shadow.

The year 1837 saw the buildings completed, and the school opened with seventy-five pupils.

Men of sound judgment and generous hearts accepted the guardianship of the School, and cordially furnished her the benefit of their counsels and practical skill in finances.

Among the funds donated were the offerings of persons of very moderate means, and they were *all* the *gifts* of the earnest-hearted and benevolent. On surveying the finished buildings, Mary Lyon said, “ The stones and bricks speak a language which vibrates through my very soul ; the enter-

prise may have to struggle through embarrassments for years, *but it will live*. Had I a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for its sake. Did I possess the greatest fortune, I could relinquish it all and become poor, if its prosperity demanded it."

Thus she began, and for twelve years she was permitted to reduce her cherished views of education to practice.

Does any one ask, did she succeed ? Did ever devotion or self-sacrifice fail ? What did she aim to accomplish ? Simply this, to make her pupils intelligent, self-reliant Christian women ; to send them into the world, free from selfishness, and controlled by the principle of love to Christ. Such as should adorn their country, and be a blessing to the Church and the world. She sought to produce a reformation in characters that had been trained in homes of luxury and indolence, by inducing them to substitute for narrow worldly, self-seeking motives of action, considerations of the noblest and loftiest kind. She taught them that if they were Christ's, they were not their own, and that as freely as they had received, so they were under obligation to bestow freely upon others, and to give their lives an offering unto the Lord.

The intellectual training extended over a course of three years, now lengthened to four, "and includes not only the English studies, but Latin, French, Greek, and German. Also the Natural Sciences, Art, and Music, and all for the very small sum of one hundred and fifty dollars per year, board included." It has no endowment, and is self-sustaining—"The Lord is its keeper." It is now thirty-seven years since Mary Lyon laid the foundations of Mount Holyoke Seminary ; it has made a good record, its numbers have increased to three hundred yearly ; its graduates number fifteen hundred ; "the teachers it has sent out have encircled the globe. More than one hundred of its graduates have been and are now engaged in Foreign Missionary work." Other pupils

have gone forth to establish schools like this for the daughters of the West—two Seminaries are found in Ohio and one in Michigan—founded upon the same principles, doing the same work as the old institution in the East. And, to-day, the daughters of far-off Persia lift up their hands in blessing upon her who sent one of her most valued teachers to carry to them the “good news of salvation,” and also to establish a Holyoke Seminary on Oriental soil, for their uplifting and enlightenment.

Who shall say that Mary Lyon lived in vain or that her toil and self-sacrifice were for nought? She is dead, but “her memory is fragrant still. The Seminary where she taught is hallowed by her influence. The spiritual quickening generated by her clear mind and noble soul is felt to this day, in all the ranks of society.”

Her spirit lives in the school. “It was thought that no person living could carry it forward when she was called from her labours, but it is *now* just what she intended it to be, what she constantly prayed it might be—stronger than when she left it,” independent of her or any other human being, prospering in the favour of God, and in the confidence of all the Churches.

“ Pure as the white marble, rising
O'er the sleeping dust,
Is *her* memory, who is dwelling
Now among the just.
Grow the singing pines forever,
Round' the sacred spot ;
Give her of the fruits of labour
Which her hands have wrought.”

S. E. D.

There's Crape on the Door.

'T WAS evening in the great city. Daylight was gradually passing away, and twilight as calmly and silently throwing its mantle o'er us unawares. Just pause a moment! What a glorious sunset! How could any one, with such a transporting scene before him, deny the presence of a God? In His majesty and love, He seems represented there. Yon crimson clouds, like piles of fiery fury, rise up before, heap on heap, and above them a soft blue expanse, like a fairy lake, kissing with its limpid waters the margin of that burning mass. Higher up, we behold mountains of fleecy clouds, rolled up together, as if, on the other verge of those smiling waters, there might be an immense cataract causing the foam-piles thus to gather. Beautiful! beautiful! was the exclamation. What pen fails not? what pencil is not laid aside, with a sigh, when attempting to portray? The scene was, indeed, enchanting; and as we gazed, the thankfulness of our hearts ascended as incense to the God of love, who so bountifully scatters universal blessings.

On such an evening, we started for a ramble; but, before proceeding far, changed our course. Turning into a byway to our left, we happened on an old dilapidated house. Drawing nearer, and observing more closely, we involuntarily started. "There was crape on the door." Entering the house, within was not at all inviting, but repulsive in the extreme. Every article of furniture declared, in language more forcible than words, "The drunkard's home." Three or four ragged children were sitting in a corner sobbing bitterly, not so much from grief, methinks, as from hunger; for surely the blossom of love in their young hearts had long ere this been nipped by the chilling frosts of unkindness. The poor broken-hearted mother's cup of misery seemed running over. But, "there was crape on the door."

What was the cause? We pass into a low dark room; and there, on a pallet of straw, see ye not the work of the Great Destroyer? The bloated face, repulsive in life, was still more so when the cold hand of death shaded it. Gaze on the corpse! And is this the work of the glittering cup? Treacherous cup! Where, now, is the once manly form, that so proudly led the maiden of his choice to the sacred altar, and there swore to protect and love her? Where the noble brow and the eye shadowed by no shame? Wine cup where? Gradually he changed, till his once firm step became unsteady, his brow sullen, and his eye bespoke the demon passion that raged within. But now he was gone irreclaimably "beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns;" and they—his wife and children—left penniless on the world. Wonder not, nor censure, if these helpless ones mourn their very existence. Crape on the door is sad indeed, at any time; but when, amid all the remembrances of the departed life which it betokens, not a hope lingers, how deplorable!

"There's Crape on the Door." Again we enter. This time it was a babe. Death had set its seal on the fair brow, so like a lily's leaf in its pure beauty. The light of the once clear blue eyes is for ever quenched, and the soft eyelids closed tranquilly over them. The dimpled hands are folded gently on its bosom, the innocent heart within has ceased its throbblings, and the golden curls kiss the same brow—only so cold! Sadly they mourn. They miss the merry prattle. The hope of their hearts has been suddenly taken away; and they, too, are grief's victims. But mourn not, my friends. To you it is not permitted to raise the veil off the future. And it is well that it is so; for, could you do this, you might discern in the distance many a thorny and slippery pathway in a life's journey to your little one. God knew best, and in love took your delicate bud from earth to blossom in heaven. Then,

"Mourn not though the loved one go
Early from this world of woe."

For there is sweet consolation in the words, "The earlier death, the sooner immortality."

"There's Crape on the Door." Enter; look on that cold, pallid face. See what there may be read. Tale of sorrow! An outcast, you say? Yes, an outcast. Poor erring sister! How my heart aches to learn of your departure from the paths of virtue! Once she was as pure as that tender babe. In fondest hopes of her future a mother built an airy castle, and a father's eye kindled to behold her lovely form. But in an erring moment she fell. The fair castle was laid in ruins, and fond hearts were crushed beneath the blow. She would have returned, so these colourless lips seemed to whisper; but the world was so harsh, so relentless, so uncharitable, that her poor heart trembled; and up over the door of her hopes were written the words, "No return." Those who should have been the means of her redemption drew their mantle more closely around them, and passed on. O deluded and unsympathising world, when wilt thou exchange thy blindness and cruelty for charity, which extends the warm hand of fellowship to all? Would that it were now! Why should we act so unfeelingly, when He who is the just Judge of the world, while incarnate, found it in His heart to forgive the vilest? Yes, it seemed to be His heart itself to relieve the distressed, and reclaim the wandering.

"There's Crape on the Door." Entering, we find ourselves within a mansion of elegance. The finger of wealth had embellished all the surroundings. Luxury reigns supreme. On an elegantly-carved stand rests the burnished casket. Naught but wealth could command such. We gaze again upon the dead. The eyes are, indeed, closed; but weary, oh! so weary with some vain struggle, seems the brow. The lips are parted, as if even yet expressing some unsatisfied longing. Gold was gained; but, dread thought! the soul was lost. Boundless wealth could not bribe the messenger of death, not even to grant a few short years. Most willingly would he have made the exchange; but

death had come, and his victim must go. Sadly he must have learned that these words were applicable to him—

“ Slave of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I bear to see thee shine,
Whom I have bought so dear?”

But far away from the city of which we speak, in a quiet country village, whose chief charm is the sweet peace which every habitation bespeaks, “There was Crape on a Door.” Within, all is sad. The house is silent. We look around, and wonder why that aged occupant, whose years have stolen upon her so gently, is holding converse with grief alone. “Why is it thus?” she murmured so in her anguish. We ask no questions. Soon we hear heavy footsteps slowly coming up the gravelled pathway; and, as they are mounting the stone steps, we look up in amaze. Why should tears gush forth from eyes unused to weep? and strong arms tremble, as they reverently bear the casket in, and place it silently down? Let us look in. We have gazed on that sweet face before. We have heard pleasant words from these cold lips, and seen them wreathed in smiles. We knew how precious the jewel was that this still clay once contained; and, bathed in tears, we turn away, in unutterable sorrow, to think of the doubly-crushing bereavement which has fallen upon the once happy home. An absent mother returns with the bitter consciousness that now she is written childless. Deeply they mourn, as we also do; yet through their tears they see the gain of their loved one. They feel, as they gaze on the form, so beautiful even in death, that her voice, so sweet on earth, is tuned to a nobler song above—a song of praise to the Redeemer she loved while here, and shall still delight to serve in heaven.

Yes, there will be crape on the door for all of us. Then let us strive to live that we may not fear the approach of that dread moment. Let us work manfully onward, “heart within and God o’er head,” until we arrive at our journey’s

end. In this way we shall be the better prepared for the undying life above, where there's no "Crape on the Door," but our existence is one long day, with the dear Saviour who gave His life for us.

E. N.

On the Death of a Beloved Teacher.

CHRIST hath taken home his own,
From this wilderness so lone ;
Angels bright, who always wait,
Welcomed her at heaven's gate.

Day by day a voice said " Come,
Enter thine eternal home ;"
Asking not, if we can spare
One so dear, for realms more fair.

Had He asked us, well we know,
We should cry, Oh ! spare this blow.
Yes, with streaming eyes would say—
Lord, we love her, let her stay.

Who can view her vacant chair,
Without wishing she were there ?
God forgive our murm'ring heart,
Teach us how to bear our part :

Yes, our part of grief and woe ;
She knows none of these, ah, no !
Though our hearts are filled with pain,
None can wish her back again.

Saviour, teach us how to know,
Thou canst heal our every woe ;
Speak to these sad hearts of ours,
Words of cheer like summer showers.

When our strength is almost gone—
Silenced is our praise and song,
She her spirit's aid may lend,
For she's now our angel friend.

IDA FITCH.

Literary.

Ten Years' Progress in Canada.

THE CENSUS OF 1871.

THE Official Census of the Dominion of Canada was last taken in 1871. Some exceedingly interesting facts, based on this enumeration, have been published this year, by John Costley, Esq., of Halifax, Secretary of Statistics. A comparison of these facts with the Census Reports of 1861, shows the rapid growth that our young country has made during the last decade, in material wealth, population, commercial progress, and religious advancement. The design of this article is to call attention to a few of these facts,

Territorially.

On the morning of the first day of July, 1867, the booming of cannon, the pealing of bells, the displaying of banners, and the observance of a general holiday, proclaimed the consummation of the Confederation Act. On that day the important Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were joined to the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the whole dignified with the title of the "Dominion of Canada." Without the shedding of a drop of human blood, a new Empire sprang into existence, and a nation was "born in a day!" The subsequent accessions of territory have been of yet vaster magnitude. Prince Edward Island on the East, British Columbia on the West, and the great North-West, now combine with the Provinces above named, to lay in the northern part of America, the foundation of an Empire greater in area than the United States, vaster than the continent of Europe, with room in it to sustain two hundred millions of human beings.

Population.

This vast country is only yet beginning to be settled. Compared with the whole, we have only threaded along its frontiers. In 1861, the population of the first four Provinces above named, was 3,090,561. In the year 1871, the population of Ontario, was 1,620,851; of Quebec, 1,191,516; of New Brunswick, 285,594; and of Nova Scotia, 387,800; total, 3,485,761; thus showing, during these ten years, a net increase of 395,200 or 12·21 per cent. The increase in our population would doubtless be much larger, were it not for the constant stream of emigration passing from Canada to the United States. Now, however, that we have obtained possession of the North-West—that the character of its rich soil and bracing, healthy climate are beginning to be known—that the facilities for reaching that magnificent country are ever increasing—that the subject of immigration is enlisting so much attention, we may not only expect in future to find this egress largely checked, but we may expect also, yearly increasing accessions to our numbers from the old world.

Original of Nationality.

Mixed races will ultimately, when fused and moulded into one, develop the strongest and highest type of national character. This is forcibly illustrated in the history of England. The fiery Celt, the bold Dane, the solid Saxon, and the chivalrous Norman, each united to form the sturdy, all but ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon. In this country—losing sight of the Aborigines, who are melting away before the approach of civilization, losing sight also of some traces of other nationalities, too small to constitute a component part of the general population—the origin of races in Canada are as follows, viz.:—French extraction, (chiefly in Quebec) 1,082,940, or 31·1 per cent.; Irish, 846,414, or 24·2 per cent.; English, 706,369, or 20·2 per cent.; Scotch, 549,946, or 15·8 per cent.;

German, 232,613, or 6·6 per cent.; and about 2 per cent. from the United States.

Trade and Commerce.

In this respect we have the startling announcement made that, in proportion to the population, the trade of the Dominion is larger than that of either Great Britain or the United States. The amount of tonnage that enters the different ports of Great Britain, including both the Coast and Foreign trade, is in the proportion of a little over one ton to every individual in the country. In the United States, the proportion is about the same; while in the Dominion, during the year 1872, no less than 6,571,333 tons of shipping entered its ports, or an average of nearly two tons to each of the population. This speaks volumes, and predicts the future commercial position which our country is destined to hold.

Religious Denominations.

This portion of the Census Reports is replete with interest. However great the material prosperity, or unbounded the resources, yet it is righteousness alone which "exalteth a nation." A two-fold classification is made, the *minor* and the *leading* denominations. Classed among the minor religious bodies are, the Lutherns, numbering in all 37,935; the Congregationalists, who amount, all told, to but 21,829, of whom 12,858 are in Ontario; 5,240 in Quebec; 2,538 in Nova Scotia; and 1,193, in New Brunswick. Belonging to the "Christian Conference," there are 15,153 located chiefly in Ontario; 6,179 Adventists; 1,701 Christian Brethren; 2,229 Plymouth Brethren; 604 Moravians; 534 Mormons; 18 Greeks; 1,115 Jews; 7,345 Quakers; 854 Swedenborgians; 2,275 Unitarians; 4,869 Universalists; 409 Deists; 20 Atheists; and 5,146, who profess to be of no religion whatever.

The Leading Denominations fall at once into two classes,

viz. :—the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. The former numbered in 1861, in the four Provinces, 1,372,384, and in 1871, they numbered 1,492,029, or a net increase of only 8·7 per cent. in the ten years. There is but one other leading denomination, whose growth has been less in proportion to its numbers than the Catholics. That religious body is the Church of England. The growth in the population of Canada in the decade above named, is 12·21 per cent.; during the same time the Romish Church grew but 8·7 per cent.—the Church of England only 6·2 per cent. Neither of these bodies has at all kept pace with the increase of the country.

Arranged in the order of their increase, the leading Protestant denominations appear as follows: — Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Church of England. Of the latter there were in 1861, 465,407, in 1871, 494,049, or as stated above, a gain in the ten years of only 6·2 per cent.

The Presbyterians in all their branches, *i. e.*, Canadian Presbyterian, Church of Scotland, Reformed Presbyterians, &c., numbered, in 1871, in the aggregate 543,719, being a gain in the ten years of 15·2 per cent.

The Methodists of all classes, numbered in 1871, 567,091, being an increase for the preceding decade of 27 per cent. The subdivisions of this religious body are Wesleyans, 378,543; Episcopal Methodists, 93,958; Primitive Methodists, 24,121; and the New Connexion, 32,436.

The growth of the Baptist body has been second only to that of the Methodist; while it is the conviction of the writer that this growth with us has been much more thorough and substantial. In 1861, the Baptists of the Dominion numbered 189,080; in 1871, they reached the respectable number of 225,747, or a net gain of 19 per cent. In the Lower Provinces, our number in 1871, was 143,890; in Ontario, 73,171; and in Quebec, 8,679. The percentage of increase from 1861

o 1871, we have found to be among the principal denominations to be as follows :—

Methodists.....	27	per cent.
Baptists.....	19	“ “
Presbyterians.....	15·2	“ “
Roman Catholics.....	8·7	“ “
Church of England.....	6·2	“ “

We will rejoice at these evidences of our denominational increase. In this we have a guarantee that our land will no more be cursed with a State Church, nor lorded over by naughty hierarchies. But rapid as is the extension of our principles now throughout the world, we would not grow one inch faster than we can grow *well*. We would not for the sake of a temporary triumph—for the purpose of merely swelling our numbers—build wood, hay stubble, but, like wise master-builders, lay on the foundation, only the gold, the silver, and the precious stones.

As a nation, we are only commencing; our future progress in every department of prosperity will far outstrip the past.

When the shrill whistle of the iron horse will startle the herds of buffaloes now quietly feeding in the rich pastures of the Saskatchewan—when the iron road built across the continent shall become the highway of the nations, and through its gateways will pour the commerce of Britain, China and Japan—when our great prairies will be laden beneath golden harvests, their streams dotted with towns and thronging cities—when our vast inland lakes will be fully utilized, and our mines of untold wealth developed—*then* the mould now given to our plastic institutions will be *felt*, the germs and seeds of organizations now being planted will have grown up colossal, the persons now acting in a truer sense than the Ghost in Hamlet will leave their names on

more, go forth among men, and in giant forms will live again in the influences they have exerted upon others.

“ We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time—
In an age *on ages telling* ;
To be living is sublime ! ”

J. L. CAMPBELL.

Recollections of John Bright and C. H. Spurgeon.

THESE men still retain that high position which years ago they attained as public speakers. The one as a politician, the other as a Minister of the Gospel.

In some respects these men are similar—in appearance, in the common-sense way of speaking, and in the naturalness of their style. It is easy however to see many differences without alluding to their spheres of action. The effect produced on hearing them is the same in kind, though in one it is patriotic fire, in the other, religious fervour. Each compels you to admire him as a man, while at the same time he makes the critic forget his criticism ; such forgetfulness as occurred to critics on the first appearance of J. B. Gough in Exeter Hall, London. Two gentlemen were seated in the waiting crowd, all of whom seemed discussing the reported merits of the temperance orator, when one promised to communicate his opinion to the other after he had heard the lecturer speak for five minutes, affirming positively that he would pronounce him a failure or a success, before a London audience in that time. It suffices to say that the promise was forgotten, and only recollected when spoken of on their way home.

In the Town Hall, Birmingham, John Bright is no stranger. When cleared of the seats, this hall gives standing room to over 7,000 persons. On an evening of the year '67,

still distinctly remembered, I found myself in a densely-packed crowd, awaiting the appearance of the speaker. Presently several men took their seats in front of the orchestra, among whom was John Bright. The chairman commenced to speak, which, though well enough, the audience tolerated only for a few seconds. The standing mass began to grow impatient, and cries of Bright! Bright! soon drowned the voice of the speaker, and, to save time, he resumed his seat. On Mr. Bright rising, the cheering began, which, if eloquence depended on the good-will of the audience, would insure success more than is ordinary. Curiosity at first riveted the attention to watch the man, note his expressions, gesture, voice, &c. But this soon ended, and the pressure of the crowd, bent neck and weary limbs, began to be thought of, only soon to be forgotten again. The speaker needed a little time to gather interest, and then all went on as he willed it. The praise of noble plans, and eulogy on measures passed, were cheered involuntarily, or the condemnation of the unworthy conduct of some noble lord was followed by indignant groans. The effort on the speaker's part seemed small, yet the effect was great. The words flowed as smoothly as oil, but were as powerful as a cataract. The sentiment was such that every heart seemed touched; the remedy for wrongs known and felt was brought out so clearly that the hand was raised to clap, and the lungs were inflated in readiness to cheer before the last words of the sentence had quite left the lips of the speaker. Then he would raise a small card from his hat on the table, with his left hand, which doubtless he had as a reference.

This is too good to last long, was the thought, when about the middle of the oration. But it was to grow from good to better, till uneasiness was caused by the conviction that the hour of departure must soon come. The peroration was all that could be expected, even when expectation ran so high.

The last words were repeated again and again that night and the next day, the tone imitated, the sensation reproduced, the very gesture seemed to be indelibly stamped upon the remembrance. The words were these :

“ ‘There is on earth, yet an auguster thing
Veiled though it be, than parliament or king.’

“That is the conscience of each man. It is at the bar of this tribunal that I now plead, and a small, yet an exultant voice within me says, I shall not plead in vain.” This was followed by a voice by no means small that spoke to him from without, and echoed the same sentiment.

At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, one summer evening, the usual service was to take place. The audience-room was filled to its utmost capacity. Some sympathy was felt for the preacher who had to hold together so many, and so manage affairs that such a numerous body would not factionize. One might expect to see the pastor extremely worn out by excessive labour, and with face furrowed by church cares, or church wars. If such were the case, the expectation was wrong, and the sympathy needless. The preacher stepped forward at the time of commencement, looking hearty and strong, with a merriness of expression that set all sympathy at rest, and even made one feel that there was a shallowness, until the mind and soul were exhibited in words and tones that entirely satisfied to the contrary. The hymn was read with feeling and effect, the chapter also, easily and well, with occasional unceremonious and forcible remarks of such a nature as to make the hearers think still more of the Scriptures before them. The preaching was in the ordinary style, without any apparent use of notes—the preacher having no desk before him. Both professor and worldling might enjoy a share in the feast. One great point of attraction seemed to be a natural interestingness about the man, just as some

others are uninteresting whatever their knowledge may be or whatever attempt they may make to engage attention.

The tone and voice so clear and full, the address so lively, the matter so rich yet easily understood, not being aimed too high, all combined to satisfy one that the popularity of the preacher was well sustained, and could be easily accounted for. The hearer, for the first time, may be disappointed; but this is a benefit, as our esteem for the man then springs from personal appreciation and not from reputation.

About this time Mr. Spurgeon had been spoken of by many as being anything but a servant of God. His ability was not questioned, but his commission was doubted. The sermon proper was ended, and after a pause he alluded to these charges, which had troubled him until he found satisfaction in contemplating the great work God had wrought by him. His accusers must be exposed, a proof demanded, or an attempt made to establish his high commission. All who heard that sermon did not need a proof of the latter. The sympathy of the congregation was not over-estimated when, in conclusion, the words of the apostle burst from his lips:—"If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you: for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord."

The assembled thousands, the hundreds of communicants, were evidence of the truth of this assertion, which found an echo in the hearts of all present. The words spoken then and in such a manner, made an impression not soon to be obliterated. The speaking of these two great men produces the same emotional thrill. A knowledge of words and the human mind, with the power to utilize that knowledge, is essential to every orator, and is displayed by both Bright and Spurgeon. Though the work of the one is more important than that of the other, yet we can think of them together,

admire and study their superior ability, and wish them yet many years of usefulness, the one as a promoter of the temporal, the other of the eternal welfare of our fallen race.

E. HOOPER.

The Wreck of the Ville du Havre.

ALL day, a heavy mist-like shadow lay
Athwart the wave's eternal rise and fall,
But in the quiet hour of dying day,
Some hidden hand swept back the dreary pall.

Afar upon the lone unbounded main—
Now trembling on a billow's ermined crest,
Now hid within some ocean-vale again—
A ship is speeding through the wave's unrest.

Light are the fearless footsteps echoing there,
Gay are the voices—glad the laugh and song,
And softly sweet the thankful evening prayer,
Rising like incense from the mingled throng.

Yet songs are heard that are not gay nor glad ;
Low voices, tremulous and touched with pain,
Shadows in wistful eyes grown dim and sad
With backward gazings that are all in vain.

For, ever at the pensive evening time
They weep and sadly murmur—"One day more
Between us and our own beloved clime ;
Alas ! we near a friendless, foreign shore."

Peace reigns supreme. And soft the dreamy sleep,
That lulls to rest alike the grave and gay,
The watchers, free from care, their vigils keep,
And count the weary hours till dawn of day.

No shadow of the coming woe descends
In the still midnight hour—the sleepers there
Are happy, dreaming each of home and friends,
As darkened hours to early matins wear.

But hark ! What means that shriek of wild despair,
Dread as the trumpet-tone that wakes the dead,

Ringling one moment through the startled air?
Now, all is peaceful as the grave's low bed.

Where is the gallant vessel, homeward bound,
Spurning the perils of the treach'rous deep?
O'er all the broad expanse, no sight—no sound!
The cruel sea doth well her secret keep.

Did surging tempest o'er the waters steal,
And dash her madly on some hidden reef?
Or lurid lightning-flash dire vengeance deal,
And wring from hearts that cry so strange and brief?

Or did some demon, in that midnight hour—
As fable tells of in the olden time—
Call from the darkling depths with voice of power,
And lure them to his sunless ocean-clime?

Ah, no! the raging winds had fled afar,
Into the dark and distant realms of night:
Sparkled the bending blue with many a star,
That gemmed the ocean with reflected light.

Let us retrace night's footsteps—'tis the time
When only those who guide the good ship's way
Gaze on this scene, so wondrous, so sublime;
Charmed, they forget their longing for the day.

But see! They start! No storm-clouds o'er them lower,
Then why that look of fear? With lightning speed,
A vessel bears upon them—God of Power!
Behold and save them in their hour of need.

Swiftly! so swiftly! nearer still, and wild
She comes like some weird furious thing of woe,
Blanched are the lips that even now have smiled,
The voice's hoarse that laughed one hour ago.

There! There! She strikes! One awful thunder-crash
Startles the sleepers. See! They crowd the deck!
Oh, now breaks forth that cry, swift as a flash
'Tis done—the ship reels on the wave, a wreck.

“Launch out the life-boat! Haste! No moment lose!”
Brave are the hearts that hasten to obey;
“Save whom you may—no time is this to choose.”
Hope springs exultant as they speed away.

'Tis needless haste in vain ; a broken mast
Reels o'er the sinking ship—wild cries of pain
Tell the new horror—as they stand aghast—
To those who wait. Oh ! must they wait in vain ?

Again a mast sweeps down—again that cry
Of agony ! Oh for some power to stay
Destruction's arm. His victims lifeless lie—
Surely he now is satisfied with prey.

And woman—"weak and wav'ring"—none more calm
In this wild hour than she. Her voice is heard
In prayer—her words of hope are healing balm,
To many a heart with wild misgivings stirred.

"Who stilled the storm and whispered words of hope
To men distressed and dying ? He will hear :
The gates of everlasting day will ope
To all who trust Him. Vanish every fear."

"Courage, dear mother, but a moment more,
And we together enter into rest."
Such were the words of one, who saw before,
Only the home Elysian of the blest.

So they are calmed and comforted, as those
Who look beyond—the frightful way between—
And see, as pearly gates do half enclose,
Heaven's plains and hills in everlasting green.

Twelve fleeting minutes passed, and then, like lead,
The ship down-sank into the mighty deep.
Weep, ye bereft, o'er that lone ocean-bed,
Yet there "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Brothers and sisters parted by the sea—
A husband left—a wife beneath the wave—
All were not lost. Aid came at length. Ah me !
Some now would welcome e'en that quiet grave.

The laugh of childhood echoes never more
In many a home—hushed are loved words of grace ;
Where all was musical with joy of yore,
Silence and sadness claim a dwelling-place.

The years may come and go—joy-crownéd years
To many, but for the beloved ones—low
Where lies the *Ville du Havre*—bitter tears,
From hearts whose wound time healeth not, will flow.

ZAIDEE.

The English Puritans.

A SKETCH.

GR^EAT movements in the world have far-reaching causes. The revolution that startles us to-day, owes its existence and all its best marked features to elements that have been working in the social fabric for many generations.

The savage cry of the mob, ending in the sanguinary carnival of crime, is only the reaction against oppression and wrong that have long rankled in the breasts of the now infuriated and passion-blinded people, whose resentment of tyranny's lash has been deepened by tales of bitter wrong, endured by sires and grandsires before them.

The nation rising in its majesty to assert that oft subverted principle—freedom, the right of every man—and carrying it out to its legitimate results, though kingdoms totter and crowns topple, is but the tremendous recoil that follows when the pressure applied to crush this vital truth is removed.

The history of such periods is very interesting, for the march of events is so accelerated that we often see the work of a century done in a day; but if we wish to estimate truly the importance of these rapid movements, we must go back and notice the causes productive of such startling effects, the principles at stake in the struggle, and the steps by which the final result was reached.

History has made familiar to us the period when the Puritans played such an important part in shaping the destinies of their country; and perhaps no more worthy material for study is presented, whether we look at the rapidly-enacted scenes of the struggle ending with the common-

wealth, or examine the principles for which these men left workshop and home to make a final appeal to the sword, for what all else had failed to obtain.

But history has too often said a great deal more about the men and their appearance than their principles.

In all probability most people are more familiar with the caricatures of the Puritans than with the truths for which they contended; and it has ever been the case that when men could not appreciate or combat truth, they have set about abusing the vehicle in which it came. When we look carefully into the matter, we find that much as appearances may have been against them, they were men of sterling principle, uncompromising in their dealings with evil and zealous in upholding the honour and welfare of their country. Indeed, as we read the account of their struggle, and the mighty tasks to which they addressed themselves, we are reminded of the "Heroic Age" of the ancients; and if their achievements earn not for this age the title "heroic," they certainly proclaim these men to be such stuff as heroes are made of.

While as yet within the pale of the church, and unknown by the name Puritan, these men began to be felt in Parliament and Pulpit by their fearless denunciations of arbitrary measures affecting their religious interests and beliefs. Bishop Hooper, in 1550, refused to be inducted in the robes and dress of a Romish priest; and Elizabeth's commoners presented respectful but sturdy remonstrances against the Act of Conformity. Thus, a controversy about vestments and church forms gradually passed into a great national struggle, induced by arbitrary measures to produce conformity on the one hand, and determined resistance to such aggression on the other.

Accepting the Scriptures as the standard of doctrine and discipline, it is not to be wondered at that they would not accept the views of the Court clergy, who still regarded the Church of Rome as the true church, the Pope as a Christian bishop, and the Sovereign as having authority to determine the belief and usage of the Church in his own dominions.

They denounced the garb of the Romish priest as "idolatrous gear," and took measures to purge the Church of all they believed to partake of the same nature.

It has been said, "we detect an excess of scrupulousness in the Puritans," and knowing as we do the tendency of human nature to go to extremes, we are not surprised that amid the turmoil and confusion of the times—with great evils before them, they took measures which can hardly be justified; but it is true also that many of the so-called "innocent pastimes" which they repressed, were scenes of debauch, and too often celebrated on the Lord's day, and other customs that would not now be tolerated, but which found a revival after the restoration, they rightly prohibited.

All these things had their root in principles of the highest significance. "They were speaking and acting in view not of this world but of the next; the frown of the monarch was sunshine to that of the Almighty." And so we find them again and again "on pain of their sovereign's displeasure," remonstrating and petitioning about their grievances. When James I. was striving to enforce conformity, a petition signed by eight or nine hundred clergymen was presented, and in response the King appointed the celebrated conference of Hampton Court.

But, instead of the fair hearing their grievances demanded, James permitted four of their number to appear in his presence before a large concourse of the Court clergy, and at length, after abusing and browbeating them when they presented their case, bade them to "begone with their snivelling;" "For," said he, "if that is all your party have to say, I will make them conform themselves, or else hurry them out of the land, or do worse."

Yet, when we examine the petition, we find requests, some of which the church afterwards acceded to, and all of which are moderate in tone, or, at least, appear so to those not be-

longing to the Establishment. They desired that baptism should in no case be administered by women, and that the sign of the cross be omitted. They took exception to reading lessons from the Apocrypha, the wearing of cap and surplice, and bowing at the name of Jesus. They wished the sanctity of the Lord's day more strictly enforced, the church service abridged, and psalmody improved. Non-residence was unlawful. Every clergyman should be capable of preaching, and so employed, at least, once on each Lord's day. These, however, were refused by the king whose sentence the Court clergy approved in such language as that—"The world had seen no such king since Christ's time,"—"His majesty had spoken by the spirit," and more of a like character. Thus the struggle went on gradually, growing more serious, and taking a wider range, until it assumed the character of a struggle for civil liberty, though still retaining much of the religious element.

It was a maxim with the Puritans, that nothing could be law in England except as made to be such by Act of Parliament, and this brought them continually into conflict with their kings, who sought, when a refractory parliament had been dismissed, to govern by the Star Chamber, or the machinations of such men as Buckingham and Strafford. The disregard of this principle at last brought King and Parliament to antagonism and strife, resulting most disastrously for the former, and bringing into authority those who so long had struggled for a full enjoyment of their rights.

Under these circumstances, we find that many reforms in religion and government were carried out, which they had not even dared to suggest when in danger of his majesty's displeasure; and by the rashness and hot-headed zeal of some, things assumed such a shape, that it required the firm hand of the usurping Cromwell to quell disorder and hold in check those who might otherwise have so retaliated upon their

oppressors [as to exterminate them. Banished, persecuted, and harrassed as they had been, we do not wonder that acts tyrannical and inexcusable should have been committed when the position was changed, but their moderation in the treatment of the Established clergy, and toleration of the church, contrast most favourably with the conduct of these latter when in power. An eloquent writer says: "The rule of the Independents, notwithstanding its occasional arbitrariness and severity, was more just and tolerant than any rule that had been known in England since the conquest." Moreover, we can hardly believe that men so moderate in their requests, and so faithful in their charges, as we have seen the petitioners to have been, could so soon change into the blood-thirsty and violent prelates they are often represented as being when their fortune changed.

We see that both in Church and State, they sought to purify and elevate the people, and whatever else may be charged against them, it can never be said they forgot that they were Englishmen still, for none sought more heartily or successfully to secure the respect of other nations by a policy that commended itself to all beholders by its purity and vigour.

They were men who felt that evils which threatened the existence of the nation, must be stamped out; and if, in pursuing this course, they went too far, we are sure that it was the greatness of the danger they saw, that made them take measures which a later time would lead them to modify and relax. At this distant day, far removed from the danger and confusion, we can see their mistakes, and much that mars their record; but the sincerity of the men, in behalf of England and England's liberty, who abolished the Star Chamber and impeached Strafford, cannot be questioned. To the patriots of 1640 we owe much that is now the boast of our country, and secures the liberties of a people ever vigilant in securing and watching over them. And when we ask

what is the key to all this? Why have they been so felt in history? The answer is that, guided by such principles as we have pointed out, Christian, not only in name, they must be felt. Vital godliness tells, the world over, in every department of life. Cant and hypocrisy were only too marked in many professed Puritans, though many who repeat the charge themselves know nothing of the power of Divine Truth, and regard its manifestations as only fanaticism. Trench says, "there ever hang on the skirts of a noble movement, be it in literature, politics, or higher things yet, those who contribute their all to bring contempt upon it," and so Puritanism "has been wounded in the house of her friends;" men defamed Truth and travestied Religion by dressing them in garments they never wear; but allowing for all this, we cannot escape the conclusion that the grand results achieved were only victories of truth lodged in the hearts of men who were not lacking in boldness to make it known. Surpliced prelacy and orthodox laity might sneer at Parson Holdfast, or Goodman Contend-for-the-Faith, but they both lacked the mettle to denounce and combat the errors creeping over the land. We see the influence of these men falling like a mighty dam across the stream of imperious licentiousness that was wasting the best life of England, working devastation in every quarter, covering with a foul deposit the whole social fabric, clogging and suppressing every movement for good, and bearing away in its *rush* the wreck of many a noble nature, that else had been an ornament and blessing to society. The work was great and enough was accomplished to make us feel to this day its effects in a liberty, civil and religious, the ægis of many happy millions. The lesson is plain to every one who would, as they did, fight and overcome evil. The Truth of God must be at the basis of every movement, and the guiding principle is carrying it to completion. There is much in our own day that will never

give way until the magic influence of Truth is applied, but when this is done, certain downfall awaits the powers that seek to repress and defeat the Truth; and that it shall prevail we know, for we read, "He who is the Truth shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." Be it yours to bring about the downfall of error and the triumphant incoming of the day when the prophecy shall be fulfilled. If you would tell on the ages, you must do it by telling for God.

A. M. T.

Horse-Racing.

IT is morning—our village is all commotion—flags are waving from hotel windows—men and women with confectionery for sale are standing at the street corners. As I love to watch the tide of people, I conceal myself beneath a tree by the river. But why all this unusual confusion? You must know that it is the day of the annual races!

Beneath the drooping willow branches I peep forth upon a scene all gaiety. Gentlemen and young ladies sweep by me, perfuming the air with attar of roses, and saying by their looks—as did the pin-cushion—"we are pretty without, and no one cares to look within." Troops of children come skipping by, and now and again I can hear whispers of "I wonder what old Henderson will say? Do you think he will find us out?" and other remarks, which clearly showed that the "young hopefuls" had played truant in order to enjoy the races. Men and women of the lowest and most vagrant occupations are continually passing; fortune-tellers, gamblers, organ-grinders, and horse-betters, form the strange medley; also second-hand circuses, where you can see lions and tigers at remarkably low prices. Tents are carried past, which are to be erected (so the placards say) expressly as ice-

cream establishments for the gentry ; in other words, as drinking saloons for the horse-jockeys, who may, perhaps, be called the horse-race aristocracy.

As I thus watch the throng, suddenly my attention is drawn to a long lank man passing near. He is evidently a tinker. He stops just beyond my hiding-place, and makes a long, low whistle, at which signal a woman approaches from an opposite hedge, dragging a child after her. Listen till I describe them. The woman is tall and erect : her movements have a certain kind of dignity in them ; when she speaks, her eyes flash ; and an expression of cunning, hate, and low wickedness mars all her romantic beauty. Her dress is of that fantastic style generally worn by gypsies. What a contrast the child presents ! She is a perfect fairy, her flaxen hair clings to her head in shining curls, and,

“ Within her humid melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beams
That tremble on the azure streams.”

She is all innocence and beauty. Sin had not yet traced its dark lines upon her lovely face. Have they stolen that child from a fond mother, or is she really their own ? We know not. In a low and tremulous voice she begs to be allowed to remain near the beautiful tree until their return. But no ! She must be trained in all kinds of wickedness. Oh that some kind hand might lead that child, and set her feet in the right way. They pass on, the man angry, the woman unrelenting and cruel, and are quickly lost to sight.

Now a dashing youth saunters by with his hands in his pockets. He is the only son of a grand old family. The year before, he had completed a creditable college course, and had come home to enjoy himself after his application to study. Of course he attended the annual races. His parents were of that class which can not see anything wrong in such plea-

tures. The accompanying temptations, however, were too much for the enthusiastic youth. He began the downward course by betting a sum on the chances of a certain horse. He won, and could not refuse to join in the carouse of the evening. Ah, Hubert! Hubert! in one year how great the change! You are now on the highway to ruin and a drunkard's doom. He calls aloud to a jockey close by, "Tom, will you come here a minute." The jockey advances; deceit and debauchery are plainly depicted in his countenance. He holds a whip in one hand, and a leather-strap in the other. As he approaches, Hubert Weston says, "I say Tom, I've half a mind not to go to the races to-day. If I go I'll get into trouble, so I think I'll leave town and visit my aunt in the country." "Come, Master Hubert, cheer up! I am afraid the sermon yesterday has disturbed your mind; pluck up, old boy. Come, I'll bet twenty dollars agin the 'Rising Sun,' eh?" The temptation overcame him; he yielded, and in company with the horse-jockey passed on to the races. Soon the scene became all confusion, so that I could not hear anything distinctly. At length all had passed; the sounds became fainter and fainter, until all was quietness.

It is evening—the races are over, and the people are returning home. Concealed under the same tree I watch them returning. The scene is quite a different one from that of the morning. The reckless crowd seem tired and dispirited. Some few, however, appear to have been highly delighted with the entertainment, and talk loudly of the merits of the several horses. Some of the would-be-respected ones drive past in their carriages; but the scene in general is an unruly rabble, composed of scolding women, squalling children, and drunken men filling the air with oaths and threats.

But see! Yonder comes a small crowd, moving slowly; so slowly. What can it mean? They are bearing something on a litter. Nearer and nearer they come, until at length I

behold the body of Hubert Weston. In the excitement of the race he lost his self-control, and advancing too near was trampled under the horses' feet.

There is deep grief in the home at Weston. Like a dark pall the calamity has fallen upon the household of Hubert's father. Both father and mother weep long and bitterly over their erring child; and at twilight, when the stars peep forth and the summer leaves flutter in the cool breezes, a young girl enters the darkened room at Weston, and, ah, Hubert! couldst thou but have seen the stony tearless gaze of that dear one who loved thee best, thy heart would have felt the bitterest pangs of anguish.

It is sad to see the young, the gay, and the thoughtless engaged in such wicked pastimes, but it is almost heart-rending to see the professed followers of Christ encouraging and abetting the institution of such whirlpools of misery and crime. Is earth so dear, or its sinful pleasures so sweet, that to gain them we forfeit the offer of heaven? One of the subjects now engaging much attention is woman's rights. Sisters, it is your right to earnestly warn your brothers to avoid places of such doubtful character. Wives, it is yours to show your husbands the evil in such amusements, and to affectionately counsel your sons to avoid the very appearance of evil. When the pilot sees before him the waves breaking upon the cruel rocks, he calls out to the wheelsman, "Sheer off." There is a lurking danger in horse-racing. Many a one, starting fair in life, has found to his bitter cost that cruel rocks are there. The duty of the Christian is clear: he should cry, "Sheer off." We frequently hear people say, "We don't see any harm in horse-racing." Do you see any good in it? Whatever is not productive of good is productive of evil. This being so, we should consider long and well before entering a doubtful course. We should always avoid the appearance of evil.

FANNIE CRAWFORD.

Selected.

Father O'Flynn.

(Kerry Air.)

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus.—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin,
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix and the divils and all at divinity :
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.
Come, I vinture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into Thayology,
Troth! and Concology, if he'd the call.

Chorus.— Here's a health to you, etc.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishtful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, father, avick!
Still, for all you've so gintle a soul,
Gad! you've your flock in the grandest control,
Checking the crazy *wans*,
Coaxin' onaisy *wans*,
Liftin' the lazy *wans* on wid the stick.

Chorus.—Here's a health to you, etc.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
 Still at all saisins of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, father, wid you ?
 Once the bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest,—
 “ Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity,—
 Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? ”

Chorus.—Here's a health to you, etc.

—London *Spectator*.

Death is Life.

WHAT a volume of truth and mysterious meaning lies hidden in those beautiful words of Colton : “ Life is the jailer of the soul in this corrupt prison, and its only deliverer is death, and what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life.” It is hard for man to realize the sublime truth of these words ; so weak is his nature, so narrow is his understanding, and so finite is his mind, that he seems almost incapable of grasping an idea so obscure and discordant with the feelings, and the practices of his life. Yes, verily death is life. Even now the signet of death, which is painted upon all things, is only the semblance of life. Death leads to another life, a higher, a nobler and a better one. The spirit that has been scattering the seed into the world's great harvest field, wings its way to a brighter world to gather the golden grain. The “ children of Nature ” that now seem dead are only sleeping ; in another season they will awake and put on new emblems of life and beauty. So it is when our loved ones are passing from us ; when the eye has grown dim, the cheek has grown pale, and the voice has grown silent, we say, “ It is death ! ” But nay, it is only life ; the spirit has put off mortality, and has put on the mantle of immortality, the mystic blade that loosed the transient thread, sent the immortal soul—not into the realms of death, but into those of life—into the presence of that great and eternal God, who lives forever and ever. Thus it is with those who have the “ vestal star of faith ” beaming upon their brows.

We have not life until we are taken from this world of death, and called up higher—to the “ Eternal City,” where there is no more death, neither sorrow, but all is life eternal and glory everlasting. Verily, “ death is the crown of life.”—*Chaplet*.

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS :

P. A. McEWAN. H. F. McDIARMID.

BUSINESS EDITOR :

S. S. BATES.

WE again present *The Tyro* to its readers. This number commences a new volume, and we trust it may prove interesting and beneficial to all. Our subscription list needs special attention. Would those whose subscriptions ran out with the last number issued, be kind enough to favour us still further with their patronage? Our object is to make the Magazine as good in a literary point of view, and as replete with news and occurrences in connection with our seat of learning, as we possibly can. On the other hand, we look for the active support of all those who should have our interests at heart.

We have been much pleased with the many friendly expressions of exchanges anent *The Tyro*; and here we would express our best wishes in their behalf. As we write, it is not likely that many of our American brothers are thinking much about editorials or college work generally. It is the Fourth of July—the proudest day in the year to all true Americans. In our school, and especially in the ladies' quarters, there is quite a display of "Stars and Stripes," "Union Jacks," &c.

While we think *our* flag unrivalled by land or sea, and our country as *the* country, we would extend to our brothers across the line, the hand of true friendship, and wish them enjoyment in their national holiday, and prosperity as a nation.

We are advocates of peace, as long as peace can be honourably maintained ; and would indeed be sorry to see ruthless and bloody war defile our borders. Pure administration of Government, and friendly connection with the Republic, both of which we now enjoy, should render us a happy and prosperous people.

Editorial Notes.

THE following is a list of the names of the theological students who are labouring during the summer months in various destitute parts of Ontario and Quebec. To meet the desire of many who may wish to know for various reasons where these are engaged, we annex to each name the place of location. In this list, it will be noticed, are not included the names of those theological students who have attended the school during the term now about to close, and who may intend to occupy their time, during the short vacation in other places, seeking their services :—

E. Dadson, B.A., Haldimand ; A. M. Turnbull, B.A., Ottawa ; R. McKillop, Arnprior ; Thos. Howland, Packenham ; A. P. McDiamid, Clarence ; C. C. McLaurin, Cumberland ; P. S. Campbell, North Nation Mills, (Que.) ; D. A. McGregor, St. Andrews, (Que.) ; F. Dann, Dalesville, (Que.) ; M. P. Campbell, Clarenceville, (Que.) ; A. H. Putnam, Sherbrooke ; S. C. Keetch, South Gower ; J. W. A. Stewart, West Winchester ; E. T. Fox, Midland ; J. W. McCallum, Sullivan ; Thos. Luckens, Owen Sound ; Jas. Anderson, St. Marys' ; Thos. Williamson, King ; W. Tapscott, Bobcaygeon ; D. P. McLaurin, Waterdown ; Ira Smith, Welland ; D. S. McEwen, Wallaceburgh ; J. Best, Wilkesport ; T. Trotter, Onondaga ; E. Hooper, Lobo ; C. Y. Snell, Beechville ; Robert Clark, Teeswater ; Geo. Oliver, Glammis ; D. Offord, Wingham ; G. F. Robertson, Woodsley ; John McLagan, Goderich ; D. P. McPherson, Coquerelle, (Que.) ; A. Grant, Pembroke ; J. Zeran, Osnabruck ; W. Grant, Flamboro' ; Geo. Mason, East Williams ; C. Eede, Barrie.

We earnestly trust that the smile of God's countenance is resting upon each of these, and that they may be enabled faithfully to discharge the trust of preaching a free gospel to hungry souls.

ALUMNI MEETING.—We are almost too late in being able to give an account of the late meeting of the Alumni ; we are pleased however to do so. To the Alumni it was undoubtedly the great-

est pleasure to meet and renew ties of friendship formed years ago, and also to form new acquaintances among the present students. On our part we felt the pleasure equally great, and could wish for more frequent visits of the Alumni.

At dinner, toasts gave way to impromptu speeches—a much better plan on such occasions, both as regards entertainment and interest. Much interest was manifest in the welfare of our esteemed Principal, Dr. Fyfe, and, before leaving the dining hall, he was presented by the Alumni with a touching address from the President, Rev. J. L. Campbell, accompanied by \$160.00 in gold.

The exercises of the evening were excellent. They consisted of an Address from the President, an Oration by Rev. D. Baldwin, an Essay by Miss Isabella Sinclair, a second Oration by Mr. R. Laidlaw, and a Scientific Paper by Rev. J. Torrance, M.A. Music was furnished by Messrs. J. M. White and J. J. Baker. The audience was exceedingly large.

We hope the time will soon come when the meetings of the Alumni will be annual, instead of triennial. The interim is so long, that the desire to come together, instead of being intensified, is lessened.

In this connection we would humbly remind the good Alumni and Alumnae of that most excellent resolution in their last business meeting—"A more hearty support of *The Tyro*." Do not fear in the least to give us your *heartly* support; all articles and communications will be thankfully received.

LECTURES.—Rev. H. D. Johnson favoured us at the commencement of the term, with his lecture on "Man the Architect of his Own Fortune."

Rev. Alex. McDonald, missionary to Manitoba, gave us a lecture on Manitoba, on the evening of the 7th July.

UNIVERSITY HONOURS.—A number of our former students have again distinguished themselves at the Annual Examinations of the Toronto University. In the graduating class, Mr. J. C. Yule, received two silver medals, one in Classics and one in Metaphysics and Ethics. In the second year, Mr. E. Harris, received the second scholarship in Classics, and a prize in Oriental Languages; Mr. J. W. A. Stewart, the scholarship in Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, and Mr. P. S. Campbell, the second scholarship in General Proficiency. The University College prize in Natural Theology and Evidences, was awarded to Mr. A. P. McDiarmid, and the second year prizes in Logic and Metaphysics to Mr. J. W. A. Stewart. It is peculiarly gratifying to the teachers and students of the Institute, to know that they were so well represented.

among those whom the Chancellor and Examiners of our National University were pleased to honour at their recent Convocation.

On the subject of Matrimony, Theological students are pretty nearly agreed that after graduation is the proper time to attend to this important business. The class of '74 seem to have been wonderfully divided in their opinions upon this question; one, if not a grandfather, was at least father of a large family before he came to our halls of learning; another—but we hope for the best—committed himself at his earliest convenience after graduating; while another still retains his integrity—may Heaven protect him.

To any one visiting our school who has been absent for even a few months, nothing strikes him more than the change in outside appearances; old students returning scarcely recognize their Alma Mater; they are indeed glad to see such great advancements, but sigh to feel themselves almost strangers. Such however is life, and if we interest ourselves in seeing things living, we must lend our aid in every possible way. After so much trouble and expense, to give our front a tasty and comfortable appearance, it is a great pity that so many of those evergreens lately planted should die from want of mulching and some other slight attention. It is poor economy to go to such pains for such slender results.

Our Campus never witnessed more frequent and hotly contested games than it has this term. Base ball seems to have the greatest amount of patronage; nearly all of the gentlemen students belonging to either one of the clubs. The weather, on the whole, has been favourable, affording excellent opportunity to engage heartily in these out-of-door exercises.

Dr. Fyfe.

UNTIL a short time before sending to press, we expected a communication from Dr. Fyfe. Owing, however, to circumstances in which he is placed, he has deemed it advisable to follow strictly the directions of his physician, and to refrain for the present from engaging in any mental labour, that is not absolutely necessary. Mrs. Fyfe has very kindly lessened our disappointment, by giving us some of the particulars of his voyage over the sea, and of his experiences in the great metropolis.

He had expected to sail in the *Macedonia*, but on arriving in New York, he found that she had not as yet arrived. The *Alexandra* of the same—the Anchor—line was, however, to sail on the 16th May, and he took passage in her. The passage was long, occupying sixteen days. The first intimation of the safe arrival of the boat in Glasgow, conveyed in a telegram received by Mrs. Fyfe from a friend in Toronto, was gladly received. Dr. Fyfe, in a letter of June 1st to Mrs. Fyfe, writes, that he had enjoyed every minute of the voyage, and did not regret that he had been obliged, in consequence of erroneous information, to take passage in one of the ships of the AnchorLine, instead of in one of the White Star Line, as previously intended. There were but five cabin and thirty-two steerage passengers on board the *Alexandra*, so that there was nothing to prevent Dr. Fyfe from resting, and enjoying the sea. He writes, “O how I enjoyed the sea, the deep blue sea! and the pitch and roll of the ship! I shall never forget the many, many hours spent in the unoccupied smoking room on the upper deck, looking at the sea. I wished the waves to run higher and higher; but last Sunday (yesterday,) they ran very high, often making a clear ‘breach’ over the deck, and sometimes sweeping over the upper deck.” On the second Sabbath, he “preached to a nice little congregation, who seemed to enjoy the service.”

From a second letter of June 10th, we glean a few items. He left Glasgow, June 2nd, and after a few hours of railway conveyance, arrived in London. The Derby races were to take place the following day, and consequently every hotel was crowded. By the assistance of a policeman, he at length, “found a queer little place but entirely respectable,” where he stayed until the next morning. “After a careful stroll to see the big city,” he next found Mr. James McMaster’s place of business—his residence being at Mitcham. Dr. Fyfe was “most kindly” received by the clerks, and soon after, Mr. McMaster having come, he received from him “a most hearty welcome to London, to his house and home.” In company with Mr. McMaster he spent some time in the Royal Academy of Arts, viewing the best pictures, &c., he had ever seen, and in the afternoon went with him to his residence. It is a source of the greatest pleasure to his dear friends, and to us, as students, that such kindness and attention are bestowed upon him in the metropolis of our great Empire. He says himself, “Everything that loving hearts can do has been done for me.”

As restoration of health is Dr. Fyfe’s main object in visiting Europe, he has placed himself under the care of Dr. Phillips, a physician of eminence, highly recommended by Messrs McMaster. He (Dr. Phillips) informs Dr. Fyfe that the injuries received in the railway accident, are undoubtedly the cause in part of his illness, that these, combined with an over-pressure of work and anxiety, have broken a strong constitution, and that he must for

some time to come avoid fatigue of every kind, physical or mental. He is, moreover, now undergoing medical treatment, and is subjected to the strictest regimen in respect to diet, &c. "Yet," he adds, "I feel a strong conviction, and Dr. Phillips is quite sanguine, that it is not yet too late to effect a cure."

His tour on the Continent is, for the present, indefinitely postponed; but with respect to England itself, he finds it all that it is represented to be, "perfectly lovely."

In a letter of later date he mentions having taken a trip to Ross, in Wales; of the scenery of which place, he says, "I never expect to see so much quiet, subdued, and harmonious beauty again in this world." He returned to London, after a few days' absence, much fatigued by railway carriage; but, in the last interview (before date of letter) with him, his physician, the latter thought that, taking all things into consideration, he had made decided progress.

He refers to a dinner of the New England Company, to which he had a card of invitation from the Governor of the Company. The number present, though small, was characterized by those qualities which are found in true and honourable gentlemen. The first toast was to the Queen and Royal Family; the second, to the New England Company; the third, to Dr. Fyfe, in reply to which he says, "Made a little speech."

By the latest information, we are happy to be able to say that, he is improving in strength. He is still in London, under the care of Dr. Phillips.

Meteorological.

OUR Professor of Natural Sciences has kindly furnished us with this report, which will be of interest to many.

We have been engaged in taking meteorological observations for more than three years; the temperature and amount of cloud during this time has been registered every three hours, day and night. We observe, in addition to temperature, the amount, class, direction, and rate of movement of the clouds, the rain and snowfall, the relative humidity and pressure of vapour of the air, the height of the barometer and of the maximum and minimum thermometers, the direction and force of the wind, the occurrence of aurora, and other occasional phenomena. We have recently erected a very efficient anemometer, furnished by Prof. G. T. Kingston, of Toronto. It is really a Robinson's anemometer, so modified as to register by electricity. It both registers the move

ment of the air and shows the direction of the wind, so that on a dark night, or when the registering apparatus is entirely out of sight of the vane, one may know from which of eight points of the compass the wind blows. We regularly report all our observations to Prof. G. F. Kingston, who is the director of the Meteorological Department appointed by Government.

The last winter was remarkably mild, the lowest reading of the minimum thermometer being -3 , while the winter before, it was -26.5 .

CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE—WEATHER REPORT.

MONTH.	YEAR.	MEAN TEMP.	HIGHEST TEMP.		LOWEST TEMP.	
			Date.	Reading.	Date.	Reading.
November	1873.	27.71	7	52	14	-3
December	"	27.96	4	60.4	30	7.5
January	1874.	24.60	4	64.6	16	-2
February	"	22.21	12	47	9	-3
March	"	30.20	3	51.6	12	7-2
April	"	33.20	14	66.4	4	7
May	"	55.02	28	88.6	7	22
June	"	64.63	28	90.4	2	37.8

Personals.

MR. L. D. HEALY, graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, is practising Medicine in Tilsonburg, Ont.

MR. MCCRIMMON is engaged in a physician's office, Ancaster, Ont.

MESSRS. C. J. JAMIESON and D. NELLES passed a very creditable matriculation examination in medicine before the Medical Council, Toronto.

MR. R. Y. MABEE has returned from his tour to Europe. We hope to see him back again amongst us as a student.

MR. S. L. HEAD is recruiting himself on Uncle Sam's side of the lines.

MR. A. P. MCDIARMID called on *us* on his way to the east.

MR. W. MARSHALL, one of the junior students, had his arm accidentally broken on the play-ground. He was recovering favourably when he left us for home.

MISS J. SMITH teaches school near Hamilton, Ont.

MISS ISABELLA SINCLAIR, of Class '71, teaches school in Colchester, Ont.

MISS B. YULE, of Class '73, is teaching school near Princeton, Ont.

MR. M. N. MUGAN is superintendent of schools in Huron Co., Michigan.

MR. I. CAMPBELL very successfully passed his matriculation examination at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. He is now engaged in a lawyer's office in Brantford, Ont.

The prize for the best poem on the wreck of the *Ville du Havre*, consisted of several volumes of choice poems, was won by MISS MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

A greater number than at any other time contended in declamation at the close of last term. The prizes were awarded to MESSRS. J. M. WHITE, and J. TROTTER.

REV. J. A. ILER was ordained over the Kingsville Baptist Church, April 20th, 1874.

REV. G. F. ROBERTSON was ordained over the Woodsley Baptist Church, June 9th, 1874.

Our good brother, REV. ALEX. McDONALD practically preaches reinforcement for the *North-West*. We wish him and his partner, a prosperous journey, and great success in their wide field of missionary labour.

REV. WM. STEWART, B.A., late editor of *Canadian Baptist*, is now pastor of the Baptist Church, Hamilton.

REV. C. GOODSPEED, pastor elect of Baptist Church, Woodstock, is expected to enter upon his labours with said Church, about the beginning of September.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Thos. S. Shenston's Map of India. It is excellent, and is accompanied by a table showing the various Protestant Mission Stations, and several other important particulars. The price is only 25 cents.

On closing day of last term DR. FYFE was presented by the students with a chronometer gold watch, valued at \$200.00. He expected to sail for Europe shortly after the close of the term, but was detained by the illness of Mrs. Fyfe until May 12th.

We understand that in the Theological Department, the present staff of teachers is to be reinforced by the services of J. C. YULE, B.A. He enters upon his professorship in the beginning of the next college year. No one more heartily interested in our welfare, and better adapted for the position could be chosen.

We are sorry to have lost the services of one of our professors, MR. S. J. McKEE, for the greater part of the term now closed. Last year he felt the necessity of spending the vacation weeks on the sea coast. In the autumn he returned much invigorated ; but this term he has been obliged to give over the arduous duties of class-room and hall, and attend to the restoration of health. We hope that after a few months' respite he may return fully recovered. His duties for the present have been resumed by Mr. M. S. CLARKE, one of the former students of the Institute. For the

last three years, Mr. Clarke attended University College, Toronto, and now returns no longer as a student, but as a teacher. He is doubly welcome, and we hope that his services may long be enjoyed by the C. L. I.

The vacancy caused by the death of MISS FANCHER is filled by MISS E. A. PHILP. She is one of the lady graduates of Class '71, and is in every respect well qualified to fill the important position she occupies.

Mr. J. I. Bates has resigned his position of teacher in English and Junior Mathematics, and intends entering upon an Arts' course in connection with Toronto University, in the coming Autumn. He bears with him the respect and best wishes of the whole school.

We learn that out of numerous applicants, MR. HUGH MCQUARRIE, of Manilla, an experienced teacher, has been selected for recommendation to the Board of Trustees, for appointment to the vacancy in the English Department. Mr. McQuarrie comes very highly recommended, and we wish him every success.

Hymeneal.

By Rev. W. H. Porter, A. R. CHITTENDEN, to MISS LIBBIE C. REYNOLDS, both of Brantford, Ont.

By the Rev. Joseph Forth, MR. ROBERT RITCHIE, to MISS SARAH L. ORSMAN, both of Perth, Ont.

By Rev. E. Turner, REV. PETER R. CAREY, pastor of St. Clair Baptist Church, Mich., to MISS HENRIETTA CUSACK, of Newbury, Ont.

By Rev. C. Y. Snell, assisted by Rev. P. G. Robertson, Rev. G. F. ROBERTSON, pastor elect of Woodsley Baptist Church, Ont., to MISS MARY E. COOKE, of Beechville, Ont.

By Rev. Professor Crawford, MR. BOLIVER XERXES MOLLENS, to MISS ANNIE CHAMBERS, both of East Oxford.

MR. M. N. MUGAN, Tilsonburg, to MISS JENNIE MCKEE, White Rock, Mich. U. S.

By Rev. G. Holmes, DR. WHITMAN E. CLARKE, to MISS SULA J. DAVIS, both of Aylmer, Ont.

By the Rev. Dr. Davidson, assisted by Rev. W. P. Hazleton, and Rev. W. H. Haviland, REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Baptist Minister of the City of Winnipeg, Manitoba, to MISS LUCINDA E. YORKE, daughter of James York, Esq., Tp. Mosa, Co. Middlesex, Ont.

By Rev. G. Burns, MR. ALBERT RENNER, to MISS FLORENCE DEAN, both of Hartford, Ont.

By Rev. James Hannon, MR. LUTHER EMBREE, of Toronto, to ANNIE, daughter of R. B. Welding, Mich., and granddaughter of Mr. Isaac Mills, Sparta, Ont.

Other Things.

An imaginary quantity—a lady's age.—*Ex.*

My opinion of my room-mate—he is *acer quam ever*.

Why is the letter Y like a young lady? Because it makes pa pay.—*Ex.*

—Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in the spring “it turns over a new leaf.”—*Ex.*

—PAT'S IDEA OF A RAILROAD GUIDE POST.—As two Irishmen were travelling along the Ohio & Baltimore railroad, they came to a mile post, and one of them said, “Tread aisy Pat, here lies a man 108 years old his name is Miles from Baltimore.”—James Buckland, Jr.

“I wouldn't be a cook for the whole world” exclaimed a fashionable young lady to her betrothed lover. “Of course not,” he replied. “If you were to cook for the whole world, you would never get through your work; but you'll be able to manage it nicely for our little family.”—*Ex.*

—“I'm sair fashed wi' a ringing in my head, John,” said one man to another, “Do ye ken the reason o' that,” asked the other? “No.” “Weel, it's because it's empty,” said John. “Aye, man, that's queer,” said the first one. “Are ye ne'er fashed wi' a ringing in your own head, John?” No, never,” answered John. “And do ye ken the reason o' that? It's because its crackit.”—*Ex.*

—Scinus, the treasurer of Dionysius, a man of low character, of immense wealth, once showed Aristippus through his house. While he was expatiating on the splendour of every part, even to the floor, the philosopher spat in his face. Scinus was furious. “Pardon me,” exclaimed Aristippus, “there was no other place I could have spat with decency.” One day, in interceding with the tyrant for a friend, he threw himself on his knees; being reproached for such want of dignity, he answered, “Is it my fault if Dionysius has ears in his feet?” One day he asked the tyrant for some money; Dionysius made him own that a philosopher had no need of money. “Give, give,” replied Aristippus, and we will settle the question at once.” Dionysius gave. “Now,” said the philosopher, “I have no need of money.”

A junior went into Chapel last Sunday morning with his shirt bosom sadly ruffled and several long hairs dangling from his studs. Mend your ways young man.—*Ex.*

—“ And so we go,” said a member of a Boston school committee ; “ our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner—and I don’t feel very well myself.”—*Ex.*

“ A Senior stuffing for examination has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would He justify the ass for trying to get out himself.”—*Ex.*

—The ladies of a certain village in Ohio are serenading the saloon-keepers, with the following stanza of Saxe’s :

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my
boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass ;
But now you must know,
Man’s deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class,
Alas !

’Tis the venomous snake in the *glass*.—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

The Index Niagarensis is true to its creed. It contains many excellent things. The article on “The Sacerdotal State and Society,” while good of the kind, does not nearly coincide with our ideas on this subject. We cannot conceive of a Catholic Priest being endowed with more supernaturalism than any other mortal may possess ; or of being so holy that the meanest personage, with enlightened ideas, to say nothing of angelic beings, may not approach without any of that *shrinking away* from a sense of awe. The article on Luther is a desperate affair. We think that instead of “all the basest parts of his nature” being aroused to self-gratification, he was actuated by a holy desire to renovate and cleanse his mother church, which had become void of true spirituality, and characterized by avarice, bigotry, and worldly domination. As to his being worsted in his encounters with the Papacy, results do not testify to the truth of this assertion ; and we have the clearest historic evidence to exactly the reverse. The following sentence is sufficient to indicate the feelings of the writer in respect to this man, who is regarded by the Protestant

world as an unsullied champion for truth :—" Coarse, insincere, a mean sycophant, impious, and immoral ; foul-mouthed and indecent, eaten up with pride, and devoured by the burning demon of lustful passion—this is the apostle of truth, and the greatest of reformers ! Bah ! he who would reform others must first himself reform." The writer promises still further to unfold the character of this terrible Luther. We hope that he may by his searching, as Luther did, be led to distinguish truth from error, light from darkness. We will always welcome the *Index Niagarensis*.

The Stephens College Chaplet is very pleasing in its matter. The article "Death is Life," contains beautiful thoughts. The ladies of Stephen's College may feel a degree of pride in the sweet and excellent tone of their paper.

The University Record, of Rochester, N.Y., is one of our best exchanges. It has many sensible things in its editorial department ; but especially good on the misguided aims of a certain class of students in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Alumni Journal is on our table. It presents an excellent outside appearance, and is full of good readable matter. It is up to the average college magazines.

The College Herald hails from Lewisburgh, Pa. It takes a sensible stand on the subject of co-education. We *here* think that ladies are capable of competing successfully with gentlemen in every department of study which they take up.

The Bates' Student is now become an old friend. We are always pleased to receive it.

What has become of *The Dalhousie Gazette* ? We do not wish to lose any of our Canadian Exchanges.

Tripod, Central Collegian, Owl, Dickinsonian University Gazette, Targum, Volante, Cornell Era, Aurora, Dartmouth, College Journal, Advocate of Peace, Annalist, College Olio, Seminary Budget, Galt College Times, Ashbury Review, Chi. Phi. Quarterly, Packer Quarterly, Acta Calumbina, Queen's College Journal, Ontario Teacher, Sentinel, Review, Expositor, Vassar Miscellany, Tyro, American Journal of Insanity, Miami Student, and Lehigh Journal.

Public Meeting.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC, "Thou wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace."..... *Choir.*

PRAYER.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS..... *D. Reddick.*

MUSIC (Instrumental Galop).....	<i>Miss McLaughlin.</i>
PAPER, "The Oracle.".....	<i>J. M. White.</i>
SONG AND CHORUS, "Waiting for the Tide.".....	<i>Misses Fitch, F.</i> <i>[Crawford, and Messrs. Baldwin & Baker.]</i>
MUSIC (Instrumental Duet).....	<i>Misses Sovereign and Bowlby.</i>
READING.....	<i>S. O. Wood.</i>
PAPER "The Sheaf.".....	<i>Miss I. Emma Nesbit.</i>
MUSIC (Quartett), "Bugle Horn."... [Baldwin and Loyd.]	<i>Miss Hume, and Messrs. Baker,</i> <i>[Baldwin and Loyd.]</i>
DIALOGUE	<i>Excelsior Society.</i>
MUSIC, (Duet), "Come o'er the Moonlit Sea.".....	<i>Miss Hume and</i> <i>[J. M. White.]</i>
ESSAY, "The Graves of St. Helena.".....	<i>Miss M. Sinclair.</i>
MUSIC, "He that Goeth Forth and Weepeth."	<i>Choir.</i>
ORATION, "The Canadian Student and his Mission."	<i>N. Wolverton.</i>
MUSIC, "God Save the Queen."	<i>Choir.</i>

Standings—Winter Term, 1874.

SECOND YEAR.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Miss J. J. McArthur, W. Wallace, T. R. Urquart, W. Hillis, Miss Ella Merrill.

FRENCH.—Miss Eva Merrill, Miss E. Nesbitt, H. F. McDiarmid, Miss N. Maybee, Miss F. Crawford, A. O. McKee, Miss D. Goble, Miss M. E. Merriman, A. Rutherford, J. J. Baker, Miss M. J. Jackson, Miss M. Merrill, E. Cameron, A. Grant, G. McKee, Miss M. Ferris, Miss Landon, J. Wells, Miss M. Bowlby, Miss Beemer, Miss Watson, Miss Haight, A. W. Smith, Miss Little, Miss Naysmith.

ARITHMETIC.—W. Cline, S. S. Bates, Miss D. Goble, W. Mills, Miss E. A. Pavey, Miss M. Ferris, W. Tapscott, Miss M. Jackson.

ALGEBRA, TODHUNTER—(DIV. I.)—H. H. Beam, A. O. McKee, G. W. McKee, J. Zeran, L. Sovereign, Miss M. Fisher, W. Nesbitt.

GEOMETRY—(DIV. I.)—G. W. McKee, Miss E. Comfort, C. J. Jamieson, J. Wells, J. Trotter, L. Sovereign, A. W. Smith, D. McEachern, Miss J. Smith, W. McGregor.

(DIV. II.)—J. Zeran, D. A. Nelles, W. O. Franklin, D. Bowlby, T. Spence, G. Brush, A. Grant, M. D. Mugan, M. McCrimmon, G. W. Cameron.

ROMAN HISTORY.—D. Sager, J. Trotter, J. J. Baker, D. Laing.

GREEK.—J. Zeran, D. P. McPherson, J. M. White, W. Nesbitt, J. J. Baker, S. C. Keitch, C. Y. Snell.

COMPOSITION.—Miss E. Fitch, Miss I. Fitch, Miss R. Merri-
man, Miss I. Haight, Miss G. Hull, Miss H. Beemer, Miss M.
Bowlby, Miss E. Little.

THIRD YEAR.

GEOLOGY.—G. L. Oliver, C. Y. Snell, G. Mason, G. Everton,
C. C. McLaurin.

CHEMISTRY.—T. Lockhart, W. Hillis, W. Wallace.

THIRD ALGEBRA.—D. D. Burtch, S. S. Bates, J. J. Baker, E.
Cameron, Miss E. Nesbitt, A. Rutherford.

GEOMETRY.—S. S. Bates, G. L. Wittet, Miss M. Sinclair, D. A.
Nelles, A. Grant.

FRENCH.—Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss M. Sinclair, Miss A. Sove-
reign, Miss E. Crawford, G. W. Cameron, I. Campbell, Miss Ella
Merrill, R. McKillop, W. Nesbitt, Miss M. Bowlby, W. B. Franklin.

GERMAN.—G. W. Cameron.

HORACE, BOOK I.—W. McGregor, E. Cameron, G. L. Oliver.

SECOND LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, E. Came-
ron.

CICERO PRO MILONE.—Isaac Campbell.

LUCIAN.—W. McGregor, E. Cameron, D. Reddick, (W. Tapscott,
H. M. Bauslaugh.)

ARNOLD'S GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, W. F.
Tapscott, E. Cameron, S. S. Bates, R. McKillop, Geo. Oliver.

GRECIAN HISTORY.—R. McKillop, J. Best.

OUTLINES OF HISTORY.—D. Sager, Miss M. Sinclair, W. Hillis,
Miss Naysmith.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss M. Sinclair,
Miss E. Nesbitt, Miss E. Crawford.

FOURTH YEAR.

FOWLER'S ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—Miss E. Nesbitt, D. A. Mc-
Gregor, G. L. Wittet, D. Laing, D. P. McPherson, C. Y. Snell, D.
D. Burtch.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—H. Beam, G. W. Clarke, W. Wallace,
D. McEachern, A. W. Smith, W. Hillis, C. J. Jamieson, F. Tap-
scott.

FOURTH ALGEBRA.—N. Wolverson, D. Reddick, I. Campbell.

TRIGONOMETRY.—N. Wolverson, D. Reddick, I. Campbell.

VIRGIL.—W. Tapscott, J. M. White, J. Zeran, A. O. McKee,
J. J. Baker, W. Nesbitt, G. L. Wittet.

OVID'S FASTI.—A. Grant, S. S. Bates.

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK VI.—(A. Grant, C. C. McLaurin,) D. A.
McGregor.

ENGLISH PROSE COMPOSITION.—Geo. Mason, C. Y. Snell, G. L.
Wittet, (F. Howland, D. Reddick, S. S. Bates, S. O. Wood,) Isaac
Campbell, H. F. McDiarmid.

THE TYRO.

VOL. II.]

WOODSTOCK, DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 2.

Religious.

A Principle of the Divine Procedure.

HAD the announcement been made for the first time that the Eternal Word was made flesh and dwelling among men, we would naturally expect that He would make fresh disclosures, both of the character of God and the method of His Government. When once the thinking portion of society fully realized that the Divine was habilimented in the nature of the human, born of a woman, made under the law ; that He was to tabernacle more than thirty years not only as a citizen of the world and a *teacher of truth*, but also as Sovereign in the realms of nature, they would naturally come to the conclusion that a close scrutiny into His teachings and miracles should at least give a clue to the method of His working, in nature and in grace. Although the record of Christ's sojourn on earth is over eighteen centuries old, it is still fresh to the earnest seeker after truth. Christ is the Living Word whose mission is to convey many of the Divine ideas to man, and although the major part of His revelations refers to His grace, yet if we closely observe the Christ of Palestine, we may discover not a few of His footprints in nature. God has wisely set a limit to His own revelations and to man's discovery. The dependent relation of the finite upon the Infinite must always be sustained, or there is an end to law and government. Hence God can never

reveal Himself fully to man. He must always remain in light which no man can approach, which is the same to the creature as though clouds and darkness ever surrounded His throne. "Who by searching can find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection?" The researches of science may continue as successfully for the next fifty years as they have during the past. New worlds, new laws, new analogies may, and most probably will, be discovered. The range of the philosopher's vision may be extended vastly beyond its present boundaries, and yet, it may be said of all that then lie open to the view, "These are but a portion of His ways, they utter but a whisper of His glory." But while all this is conceded in the premises, God, in human nature, exercising sovereignty over matter and mind, while known in society as Jesus of Nazareth, brings the Divine operations in the universe within such a definite compass that we, as His disciples, can look on, admire, and learn. If a machinist can touch any spring, wheel, or lever in a large and complicated machine, and thus cause it to move or stop at will, it furnishes the most conclusive evidence that he not only understands the entire mechanism of the machinery, but also has the whole under perfect control. Christ, when He made the winds and the sea obey Him, when by a word He made eyes for the blind and gave life to the dead, demonstrated, that He not only understood the construction of the universe, but was Sovereign throughout all its realms.

The scientist, in his investigations into nature, discovers certain forces in matter and, concluding that these are traceable to what are known as "primordial atoms," presumes to assert that these latter give "the promise and the potency of every form and quality of life." This is the latest assumption of physical science. According to this theory, a living personal creator has been an awful intruder in the realms of nature during the mysterious processes of development

which matter has been undergoing during the countless ages of the past. The atomic theory either shuts God out of the universe entirely, or else sends Him so far into the mists of the past, that scarcely a trace of His shadow is left for our adoration. But are not the hidings of God strong presumptive evidence of omnipotency and the sublimest wisdom? In the mighty processes of nature, it is a Principle of the Divine Procedure that God never puts forth an immediate creative act when the end aimed at can be reached by subordinate agents, or already existing laws. Given the "primordial atoms," God, henceforth, hides Himself, in a thousand instances, in His laws, in the forces He has given to already existing matter. But, as no philosopher can ever account for these atoms, even in their simple but subtle form, neither can they say but, on their first coming into existence, God was there as their Creator. Let us look at a few of Christ's miracles, as profound illustrations of the above stated principle. Lazarus is to be raised to life, but he is buried in a sepulchre or cave, on the mouth of which a heavy stone has been rolled. Now the Divine act here will be to communicate life to the buried corpse. All the accessories to this can be done by those around him. First, the stone has to be rolled away. He who can raise the dead can do this by a word, but rolling away the stone does not belong to the category of the Divine acts, inasmuch as *that* can be done by His disciples, hence the command "Roll *ye* away the stone." Mark again, when life is restored to Lazarus he can come forth himself, so the Master calls to him, "Lazarus come forth." Once more, Lazarus stands bound in his grave clothes, outside the sepulchre, and the word is then given to the attendants, "Loose him and let him go." Here we have the hidings of the Divine power among human agents. In the miracle of turning water into wine, pitchers are brought, ordered to be filled with water; the servants are commanded

to draw. The Divine act is again hidden. In the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the loaves and fishes are brought to Jesus; the people are made to sit down; Christ invokes the Divine blessing; He gives to the disciples; the disciples give to the multitude. Where was the exact point at which the multiplication took place? In the case of the man born blind, Jesus spat on the ground; made clay of the spittle; anointed the blind man's eyes. The blind man himself had to go and wash in the pool of Siloam; and, having done this, he returned seeing. Here, the exact point at which the Divine interposition took place is hidden by the means employed. Christ's resurrection furnishes us another striking illustration. There seems to be thus, in the Divine government, what we might term *royal* acts, and acts of *service*. There are those properly belonging to God Himself, and those belonging to His agents—acts proper to the King, and those proper to His ministers and parliament. The laws or forces of nature perform, to our observation, only acts of service, and these, therefore, cover the original creative act. Prof. Tyndall tells us that there are life germs in nature whence have evolved all the present forms of life, that there are processes of development going on which indicate all worlds, at some far back period, to have been in a nebulous state. The forces inherent in this primary matter may have been the progenitors of the changes through which it subsequently passed. Thus "atoms," invisible and undefined, are the almighty and eternal fathers of the present siderial universe, and of the rational and irrational beings which inhabit it, with all their emotions and passions. Granted, for argument's sake that, "given so many life germs and we can rear you a universe," the great problem still remains unsolved. Who gave the germs? whence their forces? their evolutionary tendency? If the primary condition of matter be atoms, what was the primary condition of atoms? Say you

have the pitcher and the water ; whence the wine ? Given the clay and the pool of Siloam ; how did these give eyes to the blind ? Say the stone is rolled away from the sepulchre how comes Lazarus forth, a living man ? “ We see no God in the universe,” says the modern scientist. Neither did the Jews see a God at the tomb of Lazarus. They *did* see the stone rolled away. They *did* see Jesus of Nazareth there ; but was He not the carpenter’s son ? They heard a loud voice ; but was it not a human voice ? How, therefore, he that was dead came forth, was to them an unsolved mystery. Now, all God’s revelations to us are through the medium of the creature or the created. We never can see the exercise of the Divine attributes as a Spirit. How can the philosopher *see* God in nature, while her laws and operations are only the medium through which He conveys knowledge of Himself to finite beings ? It is that something, upon which the energy of His nature acts, and, as such, in its elementary forms, may be almost co-existent with Himself, but eternally separated from, and dependent upon Him. A tree grows in the forest. I take my knife and carve my name in its soft, smooth bark, or with the axe hollow its trunk into a canoe, but the impression I made on the tree, or the energy I brought to bear thereon, and myself, are totally and unchangeably different and distinct. A skilful artisan takes wood, brass, steel, paint, &c., and from these materials, constructs a clock which, when wound up, has its motion in itself, and for a time, goes independently of any external agent. Now, God has impressed some of the perfections of His character on the suns and worlds around us, and made them for times, and for seasons, and for days and years. When the modern sage talks of “ primordial atoms,” it is only like discovering the hair, or mainspring of a watch. The great problem is still in the rear. Who made the spring ? who gave it its elasticity ? who superintended the construction of the time-piece ?

Atoms, according to a distinguished scientist,* “are so light that a million million million million of them would amount to four or five grammes. They are so small that there are nineteen million million of them in a centimetre. They are flying everywhere, and striking each other.” Why, if this description be correct, it will take omnipotence to keep them in order. What overwhelming intelligence, therefore, controlled these atoms, so many, so volatile, so infinitesimally arranged them so as to be formed into suns and stars, into magnetic currents and other attractive forces, into plants and flowers, into animals and men, into thought and feeling and passion, resulting in the towering genius of a Newton, in the magnificent and versatile imagination of a Milton and a Shakespeare? Let the dying echoes of a great speech in Belfast answer. From atoms have evolved all this, forsooth! Yet, the eternal, infinite fountain of this evolved intelligence wisdom, and power, must not be thought of as a living, lovable *person*, far less as the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Pope of science has issued his bull. The syllabus of his latest encyclical, might be thus rendered:—“That which planted the ear must not hear, that which formed the eye must not see, that which reared the universe must not be a personal Deity.” How infinitely grander, and more philosophical is the cosmology of Scripture. “Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended in a measure the dust of the earth, and weighed in a balance the mountains, and the hills in scales.” Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or, who, being His counsellor, hath taught Him? With whom took He counsel, and who instructed Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and showed Him the way of understanding? Behold the nations are as a drop from the bucket, and are reckoned as dust on scales;

* Clerk Maxwell.

lo, islands as an atom He will take up. Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the foundations of the earth? The One sitting on the circle of the earth and its inhabitants are as grasshoppers; the One spreading like a veil the heavens, and He stretches them out like a tent to dwell in; the One bringing princes to nothing, and making the judges of the earth like emptiness. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold, who hath created these things and bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all, by names, by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power, not one is missing. Hast thou not known, or heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding.

A. A. CAMERON.

OTTAWA.

Homeless.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

“Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.”

THOSE have their resting place; when eventide
 Comes with chill dews and thick oppressive gloom,
 In the moist, fragrant earth they each may hide,
 Safe in the shelter of its peaceful home,
 And free from all alarm may make its bed;
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

These, too, the songful denizens of air,
 When daylight dies in the slow-fading west,
 All have their warm, sweet homes, and gently there
 Through the dim hours may nestle in soft rest,
 While round each wind-rocked couch are perfumes shed;
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

No place for Him ! The star-led sages came
 Seeking a King ; yet, o'er no princely dome
 The beauteous herald stayed, with lambent flame
 Gilding the towers of royalty's proud home ;—
 O'er a rude hovel paused the wand'rer fair,
 And, lo ! they found the King they sought for *there*.

No place where He might lay His head to die !
 His was a felon's cross, a felon's doom ;—
 Upraised 'twixt shudd'ring earth and darkened sky
 He bowed His head amid the awful gloom
 That weary head that had not where to rest,
 Like a pale flower drooped o'er His bloody breast.

Yet shall there come a day—it hastens now—
 When He in awful pomp shall come again ;
 And every mortal knee in dust shall bow,
 And every lip confess Him SOVEREIGN then ;—
Then He who homeless trod Earth's wastes before,
 Earth's King and Lord shall reign for evermore !

The Graves of St. Helena.

GRADUATING ESSAY BY MISS MAGGIE SINCLAIR OF CLASS '74.

A WAY amidst an endless sweep of the Atlantic's billows,
 a pile of frowning rocks rises crag o'er crag to the
 clouds. There, in its desolate strength, rests St. Helena as it
 has rested for ages, firm amid the eternal dash of waves and
 the mad fury of the winds. A wild storm is raging there.
 The waves dash themselves in tenfold fury against the rocky
 walls, and the winds hold fearful revels. Flashes of lurid
 lightning spring from dark battlements of cloud, and heavy
 thunder-crashes mingle in the confusion, till one might think
 the abodes of the lost had cast aside their bars and set their
 captives free. It is a strange, wild night, a fitting scene to
 prelude the exit from this world of that fierce spirit that had

ruthlessly trampled kingdoms in the dust, and made his country a chaos of dread and dismay.

Upon that rock as great a warrior as earth has ever known lies grappling with the King of Terrors, fighting the last, most terrible battle of his life. Shall he win or lose ? The pallid brow and convulsed lips speak of mortal agony, till now a stranger to the heart of Napoleon. Over the features a shadow of despair is deepening, and pressing out the stern lines of indomitable energy and iron-willed ambition. He, whose arm had waved in triumph over a hundred battle-fields, yields, defeated and crushed, before the mighty victor, death. The writhing agonies of remorse distort the features, while memory, an unwelcome visitant by his dying pillow, is busy with the past. Vividly she pictures the scenes of childhood, e'er he felt the throbbings of that mystic power which was his ruin ; and he smiles at the remembrance of these, his happiest, freest days.

The sweet vision passes and another picture is before him. She who was his truest friend, the beautiful Josephine, who was more to him than anything but his passion for glory, is again beside him. Like music her voice falls upon his ear ; the sweet smile that had found its way beneath the stony barriers of ambition that walled him in, again beams upon him, and her light hand soothes his tortured brow, as for a moment he forgets how from his pedestal of glory, he flung that frail trusting creature, even though he wept tears of agony over the ruin which he caused. Yet never for a moment did he falter in his purpose to remove every impediment from his upward path. What a strange character was his ! With all those elements that make the pleasing companion, the warm friend, the devoted husband, he was yet,

“ Led captive by a mystic power,”

dazzled by visions which disclosed a crown of fame, which

self-sought toil and pain must win. How those lines of the poet Willis seemed to echo around him all his life :—

“ And though its flame
Consume my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars, I'd bind it on.”

Surely it did, for him, consume love, life, and everlasting hope.

Again the winds hurry by, but he heeds not, or deems it the shout and din of battle. Before him, in terrible array, passes each scene of conquest, Jena, Verona, Austerlitz, Corunna, Waterloo—a hundred fields of fame. One moment the fire of martial pride lights up his eye, but dying moans and execrations from myriads of desolated hearts drown the shouts of victory, and a deluge, as of blood, seems to blot out the awful vision. What wonder if that once iron heart now trembles in memory's presence, and shudders as the curtain is withdrawn which hides the great Hereafter.

“ Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ? ”

There he lies, the pitiful victim of that mighty passion which had led him to stray so widely.

“ My name shall be storied in record sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth,
And renowned, till the wreck of expiring time,
Be the glorified land of my birth.”

A beautiful dream ! But this rude shock of fate awakes him to the dread reality. Like a whirlwind he had swept across the earth, and now, beyond the horizon, only the blackness of darkness awaits him. With the doors of time shut upon him, and before him the endless despair of the ages, he shrinks back and hesitates to step off the narrow ledge on which he stands. But the last moment comes ; he reels and plunges into the abyss, lost forever to human gaze.

“ How are the mighty fallen ! ” is the astonished exclamation, yet one can almost hear the glad cry of relief from the heart of the nations as the news is echoed far and wide.

Quietly they lay him in a lonely spot where he had loved to pour forth lamentations over the ruin of the superb and costly structure he had raised for himself. There the graceful weeping willow droops above him, pure flowers perfume the air, the wild-bird's song of freedom is warbled gaily, but the sad, weird dirge of the sea sounds on and is never still. Once, an Empire's limits cramped the gigantic aspirations of that imperial spirit, now, a few feet of earth holds the exile, and the clod lies as quietly above him as above the humblest child of earth.

But the winds of St. Helena sweep over another grave, and its dreamless occupant has also won immortal renown. Yet what a contrast does she present to the sleeping warrior, in life and in death. Let us glance back through the years a little while. One August day, about thirty years ago, a vessel might be seen sailing towards a deep, narrow opening in St. Helena's rock-bound coast. Silence reigns there, for a human soul is passing out into the unknown. How swiftly the death dews gather on the white brow ! The tired feet shall never tread the sounding shore, nor the longing eyes beam at sight of earth's familiar prospects. Her barque is nearing a haven, just beyond time's stormy sea, where the blissful rest of paradise is ever unbroken. Tender, loving hands shall bear the clay casket up those desolate heights and lay it in a lowly grave among the rocks. Who is the sweet stranger over whose grave a husband hangs in bitter grief ? The world may not recognise her as one to whom its homage is due, but long will the name of Sarah B. Judson adorn the pages of biography, as one of the fairest and noblest earth has known. Let us, for a moment, lift the veil from the life of this gifted missionary.

Her New Hampshire home had not been one of wealth and ease. Her spirit had never felt the soft breath of luxury fanning it into a dreamy indolence more fatal than the severest trials. But her limited privileges only served to stimulate her native energy and love of learning, while the sweetness of her soul was drawn out and wafted abroad by the adverse winds that blew upon it. Gifted with talents that only wanted cultivation to raise her name to an honoured place in the annals of fame, she turned away from the tempting vision and wept for the desolate lands of India. Her fancy pictured those benighted millions treading on the very verges of black gulfs of despair, from which their puny gods of wood and stone could not save them; and they knew not their danger, for the "day spring from on high" had not yet visited their land. A wail of unutterable despair seemed sounding to her from across the deep, and letting go the clinging hands of friends, she hastened forth on her noble mission.

In her foreign home she toiled, often with tired feet and weary brain, but her soul's high purpose enabled her to brave every danger, and tided her over every obstacle. By the radiance of the heavenly lamp she carried, she walked unharmed amidst deadly evils—the burning climate, the wild denizens of the jungles, and still wilder beings, once created in the image of the most High, but whose cruel hands only His tender pity could now restrain. Not long, however, did that frail hand point to the cross of glory, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," whose beams alone could give joy and peace to "the waste places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty." We wonder that she was called so soon, even while we say reverently, "Just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of Saints." Death had passed her by in many a form, but now "the shadowy paleness" of his presence rested on her brow. The light of the sweet blue eyes burned more dimly, the voice that had so loved to tell

the story of Redeeming grace grew fainter day by day. Anxiously they watched and tended her, and when a home voyage was proposed, in the fond hope that her native air might restore her lost bloom, and the twining arms of friends might hold her back from the grave's portals, she yielded a willing assent, for she could hardly feel that her work was done when, as yet, the light struggled but feebly through the darkness of heathenism. But so it was, "God hath His mysteries of grace—

"Ways that we cannot tell."

She was destined never again to hear the glad welcome of friends, or, with lamp trimmed and burning, return to her beloved mission-field. Out upon the deep she heard the angel messenger say to her "Rise, for the Master calleth thee;" and, no longer with reluctant feet, but eagerly, she obeyed, saying as she went,

"This is not death's dark portal,
'Tis life's golden gate to me."

Now, the mists of earth all cleared from her vision, she felt that her Master could raise up witnesses for Himself, and she longed to "see the King in His beauty."

And, though her form has long mouldered into dust in an Eastern grave, watched only by the silver lamps of heaven, yet, she is not there—the one who vanished so early and left such desolate hearts. Not in the noisome tomb but far away in the land "Beyond the hills where suns go down" would we seek her.

Years have vanished into Eternity, with their strangely mingled burdens, since the unrelenting earth closed over those two eventful lives, and only the immortal histories of their diverse characters and actions remain to us, the one, mighty for evil, the other, for good. The one strained every nerve to the utmost, exerted all the energies of his soul to

gratify a reckless impulse that brought only ruin and death to millions, and to himself. The other, frail in body, but of equally heroic spirit, wore out her brief life, not for self, but for others. That she might raise the fallen up out of their degradation to a purer and higher life, and light their steps to the "Rock of Ages" on which alone they could rest safely after their perilous wanderings, she toiled through such unceasing and appalling difficulties as would have made many a stronger one tremble and turn back. To each it had been said, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and the one chose self. Crushing every human power before him, and daring to measure his strength even with Omnipotence, he was in a moment laid in the dust by the Power he had defied. The other, forgetting self, and heeding her Master's command, "Go teach," went forth, not to win a name, but with an unconquerable spirit and a heart filled with compassion, to serve her Lord and the world. One narrow point of rock could hold both tenements of clay, but the immortal parts can never have communion. Each soul will traverse paths that must eternally diverge, the one ranging through pleasures of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, ever discovering purer and loftier delights, basking in His smile whose word commands those untold enjoyments, in whose banqueting house there is a continual feast, and where eyes beam only in gladness, for "God hath wiped the tears from off all faces." The other—ah! why should imagination strive to pierce the dark mysteries of that other life? Yet who may tell? In that last hour when human aid and sympathy are vain, when only God and "a great cloud of witnesses" see the mighty workings of the soul, it may be that a cry, from that heart which had steeled itself against a myriad voices of agony, ascended to the ear of the all-pitying One. Who can say if that red right hand were not at last raised beseechingly to Him whose "compassions

fail not," and whose blood could make its crimson white as snow. We cannot know. We may not judge. When the books are opened, an assembled universe shall hear the sentence.

We have lingered long by these two, strange graves and now, as we part, we wonder if any will question which was truly great and noble, whose name shines with the fairer lustre on time's annals, whose will be held in perpetual remembrance as the years go by. Surely there can be but one reply—not Napoleon's, whose regal spirit captivated all hearts and made the nations tremble, but the lowly name of Sarah Judson, who, when the trumpet shall sound, will appear with a more magnificent retinue than the fallen emperor ever gloried in, and shall receive a diadem brighter than earth ever afforded.

Rest on thy billow-rocked isle of the sea,
Warrior, peacefully rest,
Low lies the crown of thy pride. No decree
May restore thy imperial crest.
Oft may the voyager visit thee there,
A willow-leaf pluck from thy grave,
But none shall e'er weep for thee, only a prayer
For the ruined shall rise o'er the wave.

And thou, whom Jehovah, the Mighty to save,
Guard'st in thy "cleft of the rock,"
What though the wild winds above thee do rave,
Thou heed'st not the hurricane-shock.
Sweet be thy sleep till the trumpet shall sound,
Then in thy beauty arise,
And enter the mansions where pleasures abound,
In thy glorified home in the skies.

By the Sea.

THE din and confusion of the great city by the sea were dying away with the setting sun. The ebb and tide of human life, which had surged all day through the great thoroughfares, were growing calm and still. Men, wearied with merchandise, found rest for brain and nerve amid the green lanes and shaded homes outside the city. Others forever tired of gold and silver and all things else that perish with the using, sought rest by the sea, the music of whose waves soothes the mind harassed by care.

It is evening in this city by the sea; the stars come out one by one, their brightness is all reflected in the blue waves beneath. Ships that have made long voyages lie at anchor in the harbour, their tall masts like sentinels guarding the city walls. A little child wanders out from her cottage home and walks along the sandy beach, enchanted with the scene. The clear white sands sparkle in the moonlight; to the child they are gems of beauty. She sits down to play with the shining pebbles. The cool wet sand is refreshing to the hot and weary feet. There is no danger now, for the swiftly ebbing tide is far out at sea.

It is a still hour. The child's hands are busy with the sand, but her eyes wander heavenward: there is one brilliant star that seems nearer and brighter than all the rest. Is it the home of the angels? She thinks so and she watches it eagerly; perhaps she will hear their voices. "I'll know their songs," she whispers; she looks again, there are long lines of light reaching from the star down to the water, "silver threads" she calls them. She wanders out a little farther where the rays gleam and sparkle more brightly. "Perhaps I'll get one," she whispers again, and her beautiful hands grasp after the vanishing light. Her feet touch the water; she dare not go farther, but at her side a tangled mass of sea-weed and moss

lies fastened securely to the rocks. How soft it feels, how pretty too ! “ I’ll sit down here and watch that star, it’s coming nearer ! I’ll listen for Janie’s voice, she said, she would sing to me from her home in the skies.” The child drops down on her mossy bed ; her white face gleams with a beauty not her own ; her tired eyes watch earnestly the brightening star ; how near it seems ! She sleeps ; the tide is setting landward *now*. On and on it comes. Each wave surges nearer and nearer, the rocks beat it back, but on it comes with rush and roar.

O for some hand to rescue the sleeping child from the wild and angry waves. Only the star keeps watch and ward. One long white-crested billow rises higher and nearer than all the rest ; the sea-weed, the moss, the child, are together borne on its bosom, and the receding tide bears them far out to sea. One wild cry, one small white hand lifted heavenward, and all is over. The little wanderer by the sea-shore has gone to the home of the angels, and the star shoots out another ray of brightness because of its added glory.

S. E. D.

Literary.

Webster.

American biography must generally be provincial. Down to the time of the revolution we are confused by having to follow thirteen different threads, and since that time there has attached to all their public men a local rather than a national celebrity. Many men of high talents, worthy to fill the highest places in the national councils have, with the exception of one or two appearances at Washington, passed unknown beyond their own State. In England the case is different. There, locality makes no appreciable difference. Two reasons for this provincialism have been suggested, one, the division of America into States, the other the want of any great and acknowledged centre of national life and thought.

But the fame of Daniel Webster is not confined within State boundaries. It was said of him that his country was "honoured in a citizen who is received with the acclamations of the world." It need not be feared that provincial narrowness will measure the fame of America's greatest statesman, a man so much admired, that his friends could affirm that the word "President" would have dimmed his name. But, when we are told that this man, who for a long time was a Cabinet minister and a master mind of the world, rose from humble circumstances to his high position, we become anxious to observe and study the gradations of his upward career.

In the New Hampshire home of his Puritan parents, Webster spent the early years of his life. Here, during the sum-

mer season, he assisted his father to work his farm and mill, and in the winter months availed himself of the means of education that then lay within his reach, and trudged through the deep eastern snows to a distant school. But straightened circumstances did not allow of higher advantages then, and here we have an instance of the noble resolution possessed by the youth. The saw in his father's mill took about ten minutes to cleave a log, and Webster, having set the mill going, would spend these moments in reading. Thus the youthful sawyer laid the foundation of his future statesmanship. At fourteen he attended a somewhat advanced academy, and there commenced to study with great avidity the Latin and Greek writers and orators. It was there he made his first attempt at public speaking, making a complete failure. Timidity excitement and a conscious inability to give utterance to his feelings were no doubt the causes of his ill success. He is said to have wept bitterly over his failure, but three years after, while a student at Dartmouth, he made a different figure, and, by his oration, 4th of July, 1800, won at one step a high place as a public speaker. At eighteen, Webster graduated at Dartmouth, after a career which shows that in his classes he was resolved to hold the first place. His intentions had been to commence the study of law at once, but the need of money compelled him to teach school. Though his salary was small, he devoted a large part of it to the education of his brother, who afterwards became a distinguished lawyer. In 1804 he was able to enter the office of a Mr. Gore, in Boston, refusing the Clerkship, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, of the Court of which his father was a Judge. He had begun to feel his power, and though he knew that he would have to wait and hope before the reward of his profession came to him, he preferred the upward though difficult path to the profitable sinecure.

When thirty, he was sent to Congress, and there he soon

took a prominent position, not only from the ability displayed in his speeches, but also from his complete mastery of financial questions and the details of business. From this time, with the exception of a short period of seven years, he remained constantly before the public till his death in 1852. During a part of this time he held office, and here as elsewhere the characteristics of the man were shown. Strict punctuality and attention to business, he followed as a rule of life. He allowed nothing to interfere with his duties as Secretary of State, and worked always with the industry of an apprenticed clerk, acting upon one of his own maxims, "No man knows a thing till he has learned it." He was an instance of what honest application can accomplish. He says himself that many of those sublime passages in his speeches were produced by intense thought and labour. During his public life as well as during his studentship, he was a laborious toiler. How true are the words of Longfellow :—

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

How instructive is the life of such a man. Commencing under difficulties, without connections to promote or patrons to recommend him, he fought his way up by his own indomitable will and perseverance. As one of his eulogists said of him, "A section of America rejoiced in the promise of the youth, and America altogether in the performance of the man."

Webster never became President. In 1844 the convention of his party gave Clay the nomination, and Webster supported him, though unsuccessfully. In 1848, his friends again put him forward, but his defeat was certain, owing to the popularity of the hero and conqueror at Buena Vista, General Taylor. In 1852 his name was again proposed, but General

Scott received the nomination. Webster dying in October of the same year, did not live to see the defeat of his rival. He no doubt felt these defeats, but he had a consolation in looking upon his life's work, and his own remark was, "that no one could take from him what he had done for his country." The Americans, republican as they are, have always shown a passion for military men; this too, to the exclusion of old politicians, who had devoted themselves to their country's service in a civil capacity, and were naturally best fitted for the highest office in the nation's gift.

Physically, Webster was a large, powerfully framed man with swarthy face and deep set eyes. On his visit to Paris, an eyewitness writes of him, "He was a thick-set man of the O'Connell type, a genuine countenance for a bluster—one would say—bespeaking more force than taste, but his appearance misrepresents him, for though he wanted not force, still he was never deficient in good taste or refinement of feeling, though certainly no one would read either statesman or orator written in his countenance, however bright his eye or animated his features. His whole frame was too Herculean." Such was a Parisian's judgment concerning the appearance of the "lion of the north"

Probably, Webster was too much the advocate of New England. Massachusetts at one time called loudly for Free Trade, and Webster was her organ; ten years after, when the State had built factories and was filled with engines, spinning jennies and operatives, and found English competition dividing the market, she clamoured for Protection, and Webster was again her spokesman. He has also been criticised for his adhesion to Clay's Slavery Compromise, and to the Fugitive Slave Law by which masters were allowed to follow and recover their runaway slaves in the Free States. But such a law could not at that time be denied to the South. So long as the Government recognized the right to hold slaves as chat-

tel property, it must have secured owners in the possession of that property, while it remained in the country. The law allowed the slave owner to hold the black man like a beast; to sell him, to separate him from his wife and family, to beat and abuse, even to kill him, if no white man witnessed the deed. This being the case, it would be difficult to convince the planters that because a slave had escaped across the the Ohio, from Kentucky, a slave State, into Ohio, a free one, he should therefore be no longer a slave. In Webster's time, public sentiment was not sufficiently strong against slavery to justify a refusal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and he well knew, that, if he in his place in Congress took a determined stand, disruption of the Union would almost inevitably follow. No thought gave him such pain as the anticipation of secession from the Union. Clay's celebrated expression "I would rather be right than be President," will no more immortalize the name of the speaker than Webster's words "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and indissoluble."

Did space permit, we would dwell upon the deeply religious tone of his character. He made a practice of reading the Bible once through every year, and one has said "that after listening half an hour to one of his dissertations on the scriptures it would be impossible not to believe either in their inspiration or in his." While at college he became a professed member of the Christian Church and continued a communicant all through life. Among his last words were, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and welcome me to thyself through Christ Jesus." Just before death he said, "I still live." Truly he lives beyond, while his works live here.

But we have left to the last what gave him his greatest fame as an orator. It was on December the 22nd, 1822, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, that he delivered the first of that remarkable series of orations which has so distinguished him in the eyes of the world. In 1825

he delivered a great address at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument, and another, eighteen years afterward, when it was completed. He also pronounced the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, two old heroes of the Revolution, both active public men, rivals of each other and both Presidents, who by a strange coincidence both died on the same day, and that day the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence. Webster, in his eulogy, after a magnificent passage showing that memory and gratitude are the true monuments of good and great men, concludes one paragraph thus, "Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains ; for with American liberty it rose, and with American liberty *only* can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of that grand choir to-day. 'Their bodies are buried in peace, but, THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.' I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.'" And after looking back at the past and applying its lessons, he points his audience to the responsibilities of the future. Let us, in closing our article, quote these grand words, "And now, fellow citizens, let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours ; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us with their anxious paternal voices ; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future ; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relations we sustain."

ISAAC CAMPBELL.

“Sitting on the north side of a high fence paring sour apples with a rusty knife.”

IF any one were in such unhappy circumstances he had better get out of them as quickly as possible, you say, but if he is there he is there and that's the end of it.

Hold, not so fast! If *you* can't see in the dark it's no reason why a cat can't. You have no right to say a nut is nothing but the shell because *you* can't crack it.

Now I'm going to give a short lecture on this very subject with more in it than firstly, secondly, and thirdly, though I'm not going to tell you how cold it was on the north side of the fence, or how rusty the knife was, how sour the apples were, or whether they were rusty coats, or how cold the poor fellow was, or whether he wore an overcoat; but I'm going to depart unceremoniously from the literal meaning of my text, and take it as a fair type of melancholy and downheartedness, and preach you a short sermon, on what we students call the *blues*. Now you exclaim as Job did after he had worked out the “*Binomial Theorem*” “Oh! that's simple enough.”

Some people are wonderfully fond of beheading happiness and go mourning all their days, for what? The dear only knows, for I don't.

My dear friend, what is the matter? Just see how dejected he looks as he says “My hopes are all blighted.” Nonsense! I don't believe it. No life is so dark that there is not at least one bright spot in it; my advice is, find *that* and fasten your eyes on it. Take my word for it, by-and-by you'll see the good double if you keep looking at it. If you are always looking on the dark side you'll see it double also. The poet anticipated my sentiments exactly when he wrote,

“Then never get blue.
Better times, they may come by-and-by,

And to-morrow may bring,
 Quite a different thing
 So it's better to laugh
 Than to cry."

A writer says, "If the world is cold, light fires in it." I find it greatly to my comfort and benefit to repeat this two or three times a day, especially at half-past eight as I trudge through snow seventeen degrees above shoetops, and weather twenty degrees below zero. It's a capital plan before facing difficulties to fix your mind's eye on some good old saying ; then shut your bodily eyes upon everything around you,

"And bid farewell to every fear,
 And boldly wade in."

and by the time you have exhausted the subject on hand, you will be away on the far side of all your difficulties. But talk as you will, there are some things in the world not pleasant, for instance it's not very delightful to be bothered with a dozen sewing machine agents in a day, or peel pears to be burnt in the preserving, or darn stockings to be thrown under the stove and scorched before morning. I suppose you think that nothing unpleasant could happen in vacation. Well, I say it's not very nice to go fishing, and, after much mud and tribulation, bring home a string of fish and be greeted by your mother with, "Thank you dear, the poor cat will enjoy them so much." These, and many other things are not pleasant ; and though we are not to hold the bucket upside down and then exclaim, "It's no use crying over spilt milk," yet we should accustom ourselves to look on the bright side. If your front garden won't grow roses, you need not plant burdocks in it. If the sun does not shine very brightly this cold autumn day, you need not put up your blue cotton umbrella to keep off what little warmth there is, and chatter with cold underneath, as you hold a telescope in your icy fingers to see if there is not a cloud rising in the

north-west. But doff that sunshade and let the warm sunbeams strike your mathematical pate.

For my part I'd as soon sit in a smoky kitchen and drink vinegar, as have anything to do with a person who is everlastingly whining.

See that old man, Peter Longface ; take a good look at him ; he has a sour, cross-grained appearance ; he is very thin—all bones in fact, and looks as if he had been pressed between the large leaves of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary all his life. However he is passing and you must speak to him, though you will have the nightmare for a week after.

"Well Sir Peter, how goes the world with you these times. Nice weather eh?" "Nice weather did you say? Too cold! The lumber trade of Canada is ruined and the potatoes are a perfect failure. The financial affairs of this country were never in a worse state. The ministers are degenerating. There is more of vice and misery and crime than there ever was. The buckwheat has failed and I feel sure I'm in for a sickness. You know I'm subject to heart disease. Ah me! I never was lucky; good morning."

Well I'm tired of hearing people speak of luck, luck, everything is luck.

Two people gaze on the falling autumn leaves. One says, "What beautiful leaves, I'll have some to beautify my room." The other mournfully exclaims, "Such is my life, like unto the sere and withered leaf;" and yet when you point out a hemlock to that same person, she will say, "My troubles are like the leaves of yonder tree, everlasting and never ending."

I thought the days of prophecy were past, but it seems that I am mistaken. Some people are always drawing dismal pictures of what will be in some future day, and if they ever do happen to be right, It's, Jacob, what did I tell you, or, Frances Ann, I told you so; and when some totally unexpected calamity happens, they claim to have predicted it also.

The door of the sitting room where Mrs. Fitzgerald sits reading the latest novel, is thrown open in a great hurry by her husband who exclaims, " My dear Marie, Tommy has gone into your studio and completely spoiled your beautiful painting of Magdalene, by painting the eyes a bright green and drawing a large fly on the nose." Down goes the novel—the lady clasps her hands as she excitedly exclaims, " James, I told you how it would be, if you persisted in keeping Tommy so much in the house. Boys should be let run round as much as they like, but you never did mind a word I said to you." " But Marie, Tommy went out to skate half an hour ago on the pond, the ice broke and——," " Not another word, cruel, barbarous to let the dear child go out so much, but I told you how it would be, if you let him race round the country as he has been doing lately. Drowned—killed—murdered—why was my advice not taken ?" and away she goes before her husband could tell her how he was fished out, not injured in the least, only a little frightened. Now I expect you'll lose the thread of the argument if I continue it much longer so I'll end with the words of my friend Josh Billings " Laugh every time you feel tickled, and once or twice any way, and black your boots regular Saturday night."

FANNIE CRAWFORD.

The Educated Man.

THERE is, no doubt, a great diversity of opinion with regard to the degree of proficiency to which it is necessary to attain before the title " Educated " is fairly merited. The following has been given as a definition of an educated man :—" One who *knows* what he does know, and knows *hat* he does *not* know," and I think it would be difficult to

improve this definition. The field of knowledge is so vast that it is impossible for any one individual to be intimately acquainted with every part of it. There are many branches of knowledge respecting which nearly all that we can expect to know is, that others have spent their energies in endeavouring to unravel their mysteries, and bring to light their thought-guarded truths. We may, perhaps, become, to some extent, acquainted with the *results* of their enquiries, but we must, however reluctantly, remain ignorant of the process by which they have arrived at their conclusions. An "educated" man is not necessarily one who knows everything, nor even a little of everything. He who legitimately wears this title may, at the same time, quite consistently say, with regard to many subjects, "I do not know." The idea very generally obtains that the best educated man is the one whose knowledge extends over the greatest variety of subjects. But this is a very evident fallacy. How frequently do we find men who have a general acquaintance with a large number of subjects, and yet who are critically acquainted with no one of them, and whose opinions on such subjects are consequently of but little value. The education of such a man does not enable him to draw correct conclusions, nor pronounce an independent judgment upon the subjects of his investigation. He may use his knowledge to illustrate and enforce the ideas of others which he may have adopted, but it does not enable him to open up new fields of inquiry, nor contribute to freshness and originality of thought. It is when a subject is thoroughly mastered that it yields freely its treasures of thought to the mind. It is when we are critically acquainted with all its parts, and when we see its imperfections as well as its excellencies, that we receive the full measure of benefit. It is then that the mind is invigorated and strengthened by its knowledge, and the taste is cultivated by the nice distinctions which the

exactness of the knowledge enables it to make. The education of the mind consists, to a very great extent, in the quickening of the mental perception, and thus increasing its power of analysis in enabling it to distinguish between things that differ, though very closely related. This gives the power of discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, between what is appropriate and what is inappropriate. Without this power no man can properly be said to be "educated." If a person with an entirely untrained mind were suddenly to become the possessor of an amount of knowledge equal to that of the most learned, it would not immediately transform him into an educated man; his judgment would still be unreliable, and his taste uncultivated—we would scarcely mention a conjecture as to the use which he might make of his acquirements. Education is a very desirable thing to whatever extent it may be used; but it is quite a different thing from the mere knowledge of facts, and remembering this distinction we may understand the truth of the saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It gives to an undeveloped judgment a power which it has not the wisdom to direct into proper channels; it gives to blind impulse a force which is only safe in the hands of enlightened reason. The danger is greatest in the case of those who have strong and vigorous acquisitive powers, but who are deficient in the reasoning faculties. All the strength which they derive from their additional acquirements is thrown into their preconceived opinions and adopted ideas, if these *happen* to be correct, the result may not be undesirable, but if incorrect—which is only too frequently the case—the error is perpetuated and extended. There is no error more difficult to correct than that of a man who has adopted an opinion, and having committed himself to its defence, believes it to be correct without being able to distinguish between a sufficient and an insufficient reason. With

such an one reason has no influence. He has never been led to his conclusions by it, and he has no confidence in the results to which it leads others. His ideas are associated by mere similarity of expression or incidental relationship, and not according to any logical sequence. This kind of education gives a wonderful facility for "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," but it is of little service in the discovery of truth.

At such a time as the present, when there is so much investigation, when every department of knowledge must submit to the test of criticism, and when there are so many new theories pressing their claims for our acceptance, it is important that we should be able to judge of their merits, and dispose of them accordingly. And in order that we may be qualified to do so we require the mental discipline which only a thorough acquaintance with at least one or two branches can impart.

R. CLARK.

Firelight Pictures.

SEATED to-night in my study chair,
I watched the firelight glimmer and glow,
And many a picture saw I there,
Of the bright and beautiful long ago.

And many a sad and sorrowful scene
Was darkly, dismally painted there;
And many a sainted form I saw,
As I sat to-night in my study-chair.

There were faces wan and withered and old,
And faces blooming and young and fair;
There were beautiful tresses of flowing gold,
And quiet folds of silvery hair.

And the dear old home of my childhood days,
 With its trellised porch and its poplars tall,
 In the fitful firelight's shadowy blaze,
 I seemed again to see them all.

And I thought I heard the church bells chime,
 As I looked on the picture faint and dim ;
 And the sweet-voiced choir of the olden time,
 Swelling the notes of some saintly hymn.

And the firelight glimmered and glowed again,
 And died at last in its changeful play ;
 But its pictured scenes in my heart remain,
 And never again may pass away.

BELLA SINCLAIR.

Selections from our Composition Classes.

P RIMARY : — Subject,—“The Dog.” The Dog is a friend of man. He is found in the whole world. He eats meat and kills sheep, and saves people. His colour is black, and sometimes curly. A big dog once killed many wolves and then whined because he had killed them all. This is like Alexander who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Some dogs can swim well, like Cæsar who crossed the Rubicon, and then was stabbed and said, “Et tu Brute.” Some dogs guide people across the Alps. These are St. Bernard dogs. Napoleon led people over the Alps too. His other name was the “little corporal.” Some dogs are bad. Sir Isaac Newton’s Diamond threw down a candle and burnt up his papers, and he said “Ah ! Diamond,” etc.

Junior :—Subject—“Intemperance.” But we see that even the greatest men earth has ever seen have fallen victims to

this destroying habit. Alexander the Great overran all the world with his victorious armies ; he conquered everything that came before him and then sat down and wept because there remained no other worlds to conquer. Yet all his wonderful abilities were in vain, for he gave way to intemperance and his vast armies were discouraged. * * * * To illustrate the latter way of being intemperate, we might mention Cæsar and Napoleon as examples. The intemperate ambition of Cæsar led him to cross the Rubicon and destroy many men and women and children, until, finally, it was the means of his death, for he was stabbed in the heart by his enemies. His last words were " Et tu Brute." Napoleon, too, was intemperate in this way. He was called the " little corporal," but could not be contented until he had killed a million of men to satisfy his ambition. * * * * Sir Isaac Newton is a good example of what we have just said. He was strictly temperate, not only in abstaining from drink, but also in his manners, for one day Diamond, his little dog, upset a candle which burned up some valuable papers, and instead of using violence towards him he simply said, " Ah ! Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done."

Senior :—Subject—" Success." By acting in strict conformity to these all-prevailing rules, Alexander was enabled to seat himself upon a pinnacle more exalted than that attained by his equally ambitious compeers. From his brow shone resplendent the concentrated glory of all earth's potentates ; a conquered world lay prostrate at his feet. Surely in his case, human ambition had reached satiety. But no ! The mental and physical regulations, which had accelerated his progress thus far, were now developed into a consolidated principle, and achievements, conquests, and yet greater success, became to him, necessities. What a picture ! the king of an hundred thrones, whose hand grasps the sceptres of

earth, from whose head shine countless diadems—and yet weeping! Omnipotent majesty in tears! And why? because there remained nothing more to conquer. Impelled by like principles, Napoleon's dauntless spirit bade defiance to the rigours of the Alps. His victorious eagles traversed Europe; wherever he led, conquest followed in his wake; so that, in an incredibly short space of time, the "little corporal" held in the balance the destiny of nations.

Cæsar contemplated the Rubicon. Mighty themes coursed their way through his brains. Imperial Rome frowned upon her offspring, but faithful followers were submissive to his will. "The die is cast," he cried, and from the borders of that little stream, step by step, he advanced until, arrayed in imperial purple, he trod the senate of the seven-hilled city, sole dictator of Rome, the director of Emperors and Kings. Throughout his career these principles sustained him, until, standing by Pompey's pillar, he received the fatal stab, and exclaiming "Et tu Brute," he drew about him the regal mantle and expired.

Selected.

Law, Providence and Prayer.

* * * * We question whether much confusion is not inadvertently introduced into our notions of will by our habit, to some extent a necessary one, of speaking of it as one of the faculties of the mind. May it not rather be, like thought, of the very essence of mind itself? Is a power of choice and of action independent of motion more difficult of conception to a being conscious of willing, than a power of attraction as a universal quality of matter, to one familiar with the fact of attraction? The one is but in degree, if at all, more wonderful or mysterious than the other. Those who talk glibly of unipotent forces as something co-extensive with or inherent in matter, should not stumble at the idea of an alternative force, not ruled, but ruling; not controlled, but controlling; not effected, but effecting, as a prime characteristic of mind.

Such a view of the nature of the human will, subordinate still as it must ever be to the Supreme will, leaves, if we mistake not, a freer scope for the exhibition of those spiritual manifestations to which we have time barely to refer, but which constitute some of the most interesting and important of all phenomena. This class of phenomena, embracing a large and most interesting mass of facts, equally within the range of observation and experiment, and so equally susceptible of proof, has not, it seems to us, been sufficiently insisted on by the opponents of materialistic philosophy. Take that which we call conversion. Deal with it, not as a reli-

gious dogma, but as a question of fact, and so a proper subject of philosophic investigation. We can scarcely conceive that the thing itself, even in its more marked and striking forms, the occurrence of great and radical changes in all that constitutes the groundwork of character and makes a man what he is morally, can stand in need of proof to any man of observation, brought up in a Christian land. But if so, the proof is readily forthcoming, and good service might, we think, be rendered even to philosophic truth by collecting and putting it into a tangible and indisputable form. We have but space to put a single case, or two, to the believer in the omnipotence of natural law. Here stands before a shop-window, in a village in Bedfordshire, England, a young man of coarse exterior. Some trivial provocation has aroused his anger, and he is pouring forth a volley of oaths so fearful and blasphemous, that even the woman of the shop, herself an abandoned wretch, comes forth and tremblingly reproves him. We wish explained, in harmony with natural laws ascertainable by our faculties, the influences which transform this selfish, half-savage boor into a pure and peaceful citizen, an intelligent defender and martyr of soul-liberty, and a self-sacrificing philanthropist. Again, here, in a Prussian town, is a boy who at ten years of age is a practised thief, stealing repeatedly from his own father, and who, when he reaches manhood, is an adept in vice and an impersonation of meanness, descending even so low as to betray the trust reposed in him by his travelling companions, and purloin from the common purse with which he is intrusted. For the last forty years a wonderful work of philanthropy has been carried on in Bristol, England. Building after building has been erected, in which hundreds and even thousands of destitute orphans have been housed, fed, clothed, and educated; snatched from vortices of guilt and misery, and fitted for lives of honourable usefulness. The one man who is the

life and soul of this great and constantly enlarging work, whose philanthropy originated it, by whose persistent and unbounded self-denial it has been fostered, and to whose unimpeachable integrity the hundreds of thousands of pounds necessary for carrying it on are cheerfully and spontaneously intrusted by people all over the world, is the boy thief and the base young man above described. The lives of John Bunyan and George Muller, and of thousands of other regenerated men, are *facts*, as patent and as worthy of study and explanation as any revealed by microscope or spectro-scope. * * *

PROF. J. E. WELLS, M.A., *in Bib. Sac.*

WE ARE IMMORTAL.—One of the finest things George E. Prentice ever wrote is this inimitable passage: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast on the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its waves and sink again into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts. We are born for a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows will stay for ever in our presence."

Mr. Gladstone's Translation of "Rock of Ages."

Jesus pro me perforatus
Condar intra tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentem
In per sanguinem tepentem
In peccata mi redunda
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec Justus forem
Quamvis tota vi laborem
Nec si fide nunquam cesso
Fletu stillans indefesso
Tibi soli tantum munus
Salva me Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero
Sed me versus crucem gero
Vestimenta nudus, Oro,
Opem debilis, imploro,
Fontem Christi quær immundus
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit
Mortuos cum stau Jubes
Sedens Judex inter nubes
Jesus pro me perforatus
Condar intra tuum latus.

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS :

D. A. MCGREGOR.

D. P. MCPHERSON.

BUSINESS EDITOR :

D. D. BURTCH.

THE time has again arrived when THE TYRO, venturing beyond the precincts of its College home, makes its accustomed visits to its friends. The pressure of work during the past term and the consequent difficulty in getting the students to write for the paper, have prevented us from publishing till vacation. Perhaps some may think that a season of such general enjoyment as the present, affords special advantages for this kind of work, and that there can be no difficulty in securing, at such a time, spicy and excellent articles. Our experience, however, has been quite the reverse. We have found that when the toil of the term is ended, and we, like Tantalus, are placed within sight of our promised pleasures and yet not permitted to touch them, the work of editing a college magazine, becomes decidedly dull.

In presenting this number to our readers we would remind them that the object of a college magazine is somewhat different from that of other literary periodicals. We think that its design is not so much the education of the public mind as the formation of a bond of union between students. It aims to supply desirable information to those who are absent, and to sustain the interest which every generous-hearted person must feel in the college which gave to him

the means of education. It is a medium of communication between educational institutions, so that a familiar acquaintance and friendly interest may be sustained among those who though separated far from each other are yet united in the same purpose, engaged in the same pursuit, and battling with the same difficulties. College journalism is also meant to give to the friends of education a knowledge of the advances which are being made in our institutions of learning. And as we know there are many who watch with generous interest the upward strivings of intellect, many whose earnest cry is, "Let knowledge grow from more to more," we believe that to them a college magazine bearing indications of progress will be an object of no common interest. We present our sincere thanks to our friends of the Alumni who have assisted us with their subscriptions and contributions. To all our readers we send the salutations of the season. Christmas is already past; we wish you a Happy New Year.

Editorial Notes.

POLITICAL OUTLOOK.—In a few days our Province will have decided who are to be her rulers during the next four years. The election contest does not possess that exciting interest which has characterized previous ones. The polling being required to take place on the same day throughout the Province, will always have the effect of lessening the excitement hitherto connected with a general election in which some constituencies returned their representatives before others. The present, however, lacks other essentials of a warm contest. There are no broad issues placed before the country. The Ministry and the Opposition merely dispute about questions of minor administration, as the "surplus," the "half-holiday," "model farm," and "Rykert" investigations. As to the results of the election it would be hazardous to premise with any assurance of opinion. The variableness of public feeling defies prediction as to the result of an election. Yet judging from the results of the Dominion election in January last, from those which have since taken place, and the general conviction of the public mind that the issues are slight, be the right or wrong on

whichever side it may, leads us to conclude that the complexion of the new House will not materially differ from that of the one lately dissolved.

The working of the Dominion Election Act has shown in a palpable manner what, to observing and intelligent men, was very evident before, namely, the amount of bribery and corruption incident to many of our elections. Every one at all conversant with the work of election committees, knows well the influences—not always *intellectually* convincing—which are often used to gain the suffrages of the electors. There are some alarmists who seem to regard the recent revelations of the Election Courts as indicative of a degeneracy in the political purity of our people. We do not think there is any cause for alarm. In the election of last January there was certainly less bribery practised by both parties than in that of 1872. The Courts have merely brought out the facts to open day. Still it is unpleasant to think of so much corruption; and, certainly, if no means can check it, the value of representative institutions will appear less than what nearly all political theorists would lead us to believe. Already some twenty of January's elections have been declared void, and only three of those petitioned against have been sustained upon trial. On account of this *fatality* some croakers point us to England, and say that there the qualifications required of parliamentary aspirants are, "strict integrity, intelligence and purity of principle." We fail to see how Canada will lose by comparison with England in this respect. Many single elections there have cost the candidates more than the sums total proved to have been spent in the last general election here; and as to intelligence, no well-informed person claims that, outside of a score or two of the more prominent men, there is any very extraordinary talent in the remainder of the whole six hundred and fifty-eight members of the Commons. As to the fact that more of the Ministerial party than of the Opposition have been unseated, no importance can be attached, since it must be remembered that they form nearly three-fourths of the House, and we must, therefore, expect them to suffer much more severely. We notice, also, that so far, nearly all of the unseated members have been returned again—the Reformers having lost one member and the Conservatives having also lost one at the new elections. We have good hopes concerning the success of the Election Law. That it will entirely put a stop to bribery, we do not assert, for no law fully accomplishes its intention, but that it will most decidedly check corrupt practices, and render the political atmosphere much purer, we see no reason to doubt.

Our Exchanges.

Since the last issue of THE TYRO we have been favoured with many welcome visitants from various seats of learning. We receive with all thankfulness their kindly criticisms and gratulatory expressions, and in return take the same privilege of expressing our opinions about our exchanges. One of the pleasing features noticeable in College journalism is, the interest manifested by the various institutions of learning in each other's welfare. Whatever truth there may be in the expression of England's melancholy muse, that "lands intersected by a narrow frith abhor each other," we feel that *colleges* thus situated can live in the most perfect concord, and rejoice in each other's prosperity. Nor is it strange that this should be the case since, though occupying different parts of the wide field of labour, our cause is one. There is benefit as well as pleasure to be derived from the interchange of ideas, especially among minds that are grappling with the same subjects of thought. Let us then lift our heads occasionally from the perusal of ancient lore, and take the luxury of a friendly chat through our magazines, the only but excellent medium of communication. We are cheered by the friendly "voices from afar off" that speak to us of common aims and interests, and now in the merriest season of the year, we return warmest greetings.

The first exchange we notice is the *Seminary Budget*, which comes to us in elegant style, and with some excellent matter. "Ideal Womanhood" is good. The ideal of manhood expressed in "co-education" is not so pleasing. We trust the reason is that the ladies are not so well acquainted with the latter. If, however, their ideas are based on facts, we are sorry that the fair ones have been so unfortunate as to form acquaintances only with such naughty boys as would give them such unfavourable impressions. We are sincerely thankful that though the ladies "beg leave to be excused from entering this *interesting* field of missionary labour," they still strive to evangelize and elevate us by their neat and excellent magazine.

The Alumni Journal is again upon our table. It contains an article strongly opposed to compulsory education, on the grounds that it is against the spirit of the age, that it interferes with personal liberty, is inadvisable—since so much has been accomplished without it—and is impracticable because it will not be carried out. To the first of these objections we would answer, that nothing which is right should be rejected whether opposed to the spirit of the age or not; to the second, that the education of those who are to become her future citizens very properly falls within the jurisdiction of the State; as to the argument founded upon what voluntary education has hitherto done, we think that it offers no reason for refusing

the compulsory system, since the latter might do still more. The fourth argument is certainly the strongest of all. In Ontario a compulsory clause is on our Statute book, but its influence has been scarcely appreciable; yet, as the people become further acquainted with their power, we expect to see the provisions of the law more fully carried out.

The Niagara Index, new in name and form, is but our old friend *The Niagarensis*. In *Glimpses of History*, Queen Elizabeth is styled "murderer of her guest," a term we are not surprised at in the *Index*, but one not justified by the facts of history. We will not enter into the question at present, further than to observe that while the sentence upon Mary was severe, yet the evidence attesting her guilt is quite conclusive. The new compulsory school law is also strongly opposed. No new argument is advanced.

We always welcome the *Volante*. The last number opens with a thrust at the growing tendency for "spouting," and condemns the practice of so often encouraging young men to speak in public. The writer speaks much truth in what he says; and cites a number of great men of influence and power who had no eloquence, such as Washington, Franklin and Palmerston. It is truthfully remarked that "an easy utterance, a lively verbosity, a knack of stinging invective and that kind of piquant ridicule which always brings down the house, soon come in the mind of a young speaker to be preferred to the profoundest knowledge and the largest grasp of mind." The article has almost the effect of recommending a "hesitancy and stammering" in speaking, and would lead to the inference that deep information and profound thought are inimical to the possession of eloquence. We think such an opinion too extreme, and one not sustained by the history of the greatest speakers.

The *Tripod*, though good in itself, is far too uncharitable. Its "Notes on Exchanges" are more rabidly cruel than critical. After attacking some thirty of its contemporaries right and left, it intimates that owing to postal regulations it must "sadly but firmly" request several of its Exchanges, which it expressly names, not to put in any further appearance. From its severity to others, we would expect itself to be almost immaculate, but find that it has not by any means reached perfection. We are sorry that it refuses to exchange with many College Journals, from whom it might take lessons—

"O' wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

From the *Dartmouth* we learn that their boating crew intend taking a better place in the coming regatta, and that *Dartmouth*

thinks the development of fine physical powers need not prevent a high mental culture. Though thoroughly republican, it speaks of Mr. Bradlaugh as an extremist, and in its notice of his lecture, displays a breadth of view far removed from bigotry. The articles upon Dickens, Thackeray and Burns are nice reading ; and altogether, from the large number of articles, and the good thought and spice of many of them, we think the November number of the *Dartmouth* one of its best issues.

We need scarcely refer to the *Vassar Miscellany*—Always so good that references to it become monotonous. The typography of this journal is excellent. In the October number “Juvenile Literature,” “German Element in America,” and “De Temporibus et Moribus,” are articles worth attentive perusal. We wish the Vassars pleasant holidays.

The first number of the *Alumnæ Quarterly* of Collegiate Institute, has visited us. It presents a very neat appearance and is readable. There are names attached to some of its articles, however, which seem a little queer when placed under the title *Alumnæ*. We have already learned from our Vassar friends to prize Poughkeepsie Journals, so that the visits of the *Alumnæ Quarterly* are doubly welcome. Under the protection of such guardians as Vassar and Collegiate Institute, highly favoured Poughkeepsie thou art certainly well kept.

We heartily welcome to our sanctum the visits of our sage friend the *Owl*. Though we must decidedly differ with it in religious views, yet we thoroughly believe in a free interchange of opinions between those who differ. The *Owl* favours us with quite a lecture on the “Signs of the Times,” which it interprets as indicating the speedy return of England to the bosom of “Holy Mother Church.” Certainly every good Catholic must wish that such may be the case, and, no doubt, believes that the conversion of England to the “Ancient Faith” would be a priceless blessing to England and to the world. But what foundation any intelligent man, Roman Catholic or Protestant, can find upon which to base such a belief, we are utterly at a loss to discover. We certainly do not see anything to inspire us with hopefulness in view of such a change in the present condition of Roman Catholic countries. And the records of the past certainly fail to give us any very comforting assurance of the benefits of Roman Catholicism. It certainly requires a strong faith, but we believe a blind one, to believe, in the light of the present and past, that the “Ancient Faith” would prove a modern blessing. Our friends of the *Owl* seem to think, however we may differ with regard to the benefits to be derived from the “Ancient Faith,” that they have “grounds” for believing that England is about to return to it. But we do not think that very lofty hopes can be built upon the “grounds” specified. As “Signs of the Times,” two individual converts to

Romanism are mentioned. There are a great many who always have borne the name of Protestant, who have no very decided convictions one way or the other, and it makes little difference which side of the line they are on. If the great tide of religious life in England is setting towards Protestantism, the little spray which the breezes of circumstance throw back will not change the current. We humbly think the *Owl* is building "Castles in the Air." We wish, however, always to speak as friends, hoping that we may be benefited by an interchange of thought.

We note the following exchanges:—*Bate's Student*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Alumnae Quarterly*, *Aurora*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *McKendree Repository*, *Annalist*, *Dartmouth*, *Seminary Budget*, *College Olio*, *Alumni Journal*, *Ashbury Review*, *College Journal*, *Tripod*, *Annalist*, *Central Collegian*, *College Herald*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Hannibal College Enterprise*, *Delaware College Advance*, *University Record*, *Arctean Columbiana*, *Williams Review*, *Archangel*, *Targum*, *Ontario Teacher*, *Dickensonian*, *University Gazette*, *Ashbury Review*, *Tyro*, *Miami Student*, *American Journal of Insanity*, *Lehigh Journal*.

Personals.

At the September examinations in Toronto University, Messrs. N. Wolverton, P. A. McEwen, and J. I. Bates, from our Alma Mater, were among the successful candidates; Mr. Wolverton, in senior matriculation, receiving the Scholarship in Mathematics, and Messrs. Bates and McEwen, honours in the junior year.

Mr. William McBride, at the September examinations in Toronto University, received honours in Classics and Mathematics. He is engaged for the coming year, as first assistant in the Goderich High School.

Mr. D. Reddick was unable to attend the University examinations in September, through ill-health.

Miss M. Fisher is attending the Normal School, Toronto.

Miss Maggie Sinclair, of class '74, is teaching at Goble's Corners, Ont.

Mr. Ira Smith is preaching in Welland, Ont,

Mr. S. O. Wood has been obliged, through ill health, to quit the College. He is at present preaching for the Baptist Church, at Goble's Corners, Ont.

Mr. R. McKillop is pursuing a course of study at McGill College, Montreal.

Mr D. E. Stephenson is teaching at Harwood, north of Cobourg.

Mr. G. F. Baldwin is teaching at Foley, near Oshawa.

Our staff of teachers in the Theological Department is now reinforced by Prof. J. C. Yule, who entered upon his work at the commencement of the past term. Already he has proved an earnest and efficient teacher.

Messrs. D. P. Mc Laurin and D. S. McEwen have laid Cicero and Homer on the shelf, and have undertaken the editorship of the *Kincardine Reporter*. We wish them every success.

Mr. D. B. Stumpf is pursuing a medical course at the Homœopathic Hospital College, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. G. B. Davis is teaching in Minnesota, U.S.

Rev. T. S. Johnston, of Petrolia, has resigned the pastoral charge of the church in the above place, with which he has been connected since he left our College.

Mr. G. W. McKee is in the Bank of Commerce, Woodstock.

Mr. Geo. Clift who has been teacher of Modern Languages during the past year, leaves us at the close of this term. We believe he goes direct to England.

Hymeneal.

GARLOW—SPLITLOG.—By the Rev. J. Vance, Mr. Peter Garlow, of Onondaga, to Miss Sarah Splitlog, of Kansas, N.S.

MCCALL—PAVEY.—At Woodstock, on Wednesday, Sept. 31st, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. Bates, of St. George, assisted by the Rev. C. Goodspeed, of Woodstock, Mr. T. S. McCall, son of S. McCall, Esq., M.P.P., South Norfolk, to Mary E., second daughter of Wm. Pavey, Esq., East Zorra.

FRASER—BEATTIE.—By the Rev. J. L. Campbell, Mr. C. H. Fraser, Wallaceburgh, to Miss Susie Beattie, of the same place.

BARBER—FOWLER.—By the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Alonzo W. Barber, Waterford, to Miss Clarissa Fowler, of Drumbo, Ont.

YULE—REYNOLDS.—By the Rev. T. Baldwin, St. Thomas, Mr. P. M. Yule, Almonte, to Miss Emma Reynolds, Burtch, Ontario.

COLLVER—KITCHEN.—By the Rev. A. Slaight, Waterford, Mr. J. S. Collver to Miss Bell Kitchen, both of Bloomsburgh, Ontario.

MCDIARMID—HOWELL.—By the Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. J. D. McDiarmid, Sparta, to Miss Ida Howell, of Brantford.

HEAD—MCGINN.—Mr. S. L. Head, of Glenmorris, to Miss Sophia McGinn, of Montreal.

College Notes.

AFTER the election of officers for the present term in the Adelphian Society, the members, together with a large number of the Professors, and of the members of the Excelsior Society, repaired to the spacious dining hall to make merry at an oyster supper. Ample justice being tendered to the eatables, "the feast of reason and flow of soul" were inaugurated. The usual loyal toast to Royalty was duly responded to by the whole assembly joining in singing "God save the Queen." A large number of gentlemen were then called upon to answer to the toasts of a varied programme. The speaking, sentiment and song were all good, and after two and a half hours of an exceedingly enjoyable time, the whole party, numbering nearly eighty, sang "Auld lang Syne," and dispersed, all feeling highly pleased with the success of what we hope will be a standing institution in the College.

A SNOW brigade has been organized to keep clear the sidewalk on College Street. Thus far its labours have not been in vain. The ladies are highly pleased with the brigade—at least with its work, and their eulogies tend to inspire its members with energy. The days of modern chivalry are being lived over again. While we write this, we understand that a snow-plough drawn by horse-power will be permanently introduced to clear the walks. Thus modern science ever an enemy to chivalry, again snatches from her a glimmering hope in this her last retreat.

DR. FYFE gave us a very interesting account one evening this

term, of his visit to Auld Scotia, the land of banks and braes and winding streams.

PROF. A. M. BELL entertained us with a lecture on elocution and a choice selection of readings about the middle of the term. Prof. Bell is so favourably known as an elocutionist that we deem it unnecessary to eulogize.

THE REV. MR. GOODSPEED, Woodstock, favoured us with a very interesting and profitable lecture, in the Chapel room of the Institute on the evening of November 27th, under the auspices of the Judson Missionary Society. Subject :—"Causes of the rapid spread of Christianity during the first, second and third centuries."

A VERY successful Union Meeting was given by the Members of the Gleaner and Adelpian Societies, on the evening of the 20th ult. The literary exercises were well prepared and excellent, such as we hope to hear again.

STUDENTS should patronise those who patronise the TYRO. Notice those who advertise in the TYRO.

THE following was the address on one of our *Tyro* exchanges —"Tyro"—Canadian literary Institute, Woodstock, Canada.

"SHINTY" was the favourite game, instead of base ball, this term, until winter cast his whited cloak upon our grounds. This game is very exhilarating indeed, especially, if more than the ball feels the weight of the club.

REV. MR. GOODSPEED was regularly installed as Pastor of the Baptist Church, in this town, on Wednesday evening, October 7th. Drs. Fyfe, Cooper and Castle, and Revs. Bates and Porter conducted the exercises of the evening.

MISS MCPHERSON, the well known children's friend, paid our School a visit in October, and addressed the fair portion of our students for a short time.

THE Inter-Collegiate contest theory is being carried into practice by American institutions. Both East and West, conventions have met, and arranged bases of contest and examination. We think if these Inter-Collegiate contests would result in making similar degrees of the same value throughout the country, that they would accomplish a good object. It is too true that many Colleges grant their degrees far too freely.

A project for an American National University is talked of, but from the difficulty to be met with in carrying it out, and the opposition it at present meets, it will probably fail of accomplishment.

THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, APRIL, 1875.

NO. 3.

Religious.

Providence.

(REV. JOHN TORRANCE, M.A.)

BY Providence, we mean the power which God puts forth to control the affairs of men for His own glory. All things must ultimately redound to the glory of God, and Providence is that which so regulates all as to secure this end. That there is such a power at work, is evident both from reason and divine revelation. Men cannot do just *what* they please; nor can they do any thing just *when* they please. We do not refer to things which are evidently beyond the power of man, but to such as appear quite easy to accomplish. There are physical impossibilities which no sane man would ever will to do; but we refer to matters about which there is no physical impossibility, yet, it will be found, that men cannot do them, though they may will their execution ever so much. Cowper, no doubt, thought there was nothing to hinder him from committing suicide. He concluded to drown himself. "Without delay, he called a coach, and was driven to Tower Wharf, intending to throw himself into the river from the Custom-house quay; but when he reached it, he found the water low, and a porter seated on a pile of goods, as if keeping watch on purpose. Hopeless of accomplishing his object, he re-entered the coach, closed the shutters, and seized the laudanum. Twenty times he held the bottle to his lips, and as often an unseen hand

seemed to beat it down." He found, in the language of one of his own hymns,—

“ God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

Joseph's brethren thought they had got rid of the dreamer, when they sold him to the Ishmaelites; but it was not long till they were found bowing in his presence as his humble servants. Potiphar's wife thought to disgrace him in the eyes of men, when she could not get him to sin against God; but shortly she sees him exalted to the second place of honor in the whole land. Nebuchadnezzar thought to punish Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, when he cast them into the fiery furnace for refusing to acknowledge his authority over their consciences; but while the fire consumed those who cast them in, not a hair of their heads was singed, nor was the smell of fire found upon their garments. Daniel's enemies thought to get rid of him, by getting Darius to pass a cruel and unalterable decree, which would affect him; but the lions, that refused to touch the man of God, tore his accusers to pieces. Haman was determined to have vengeance upon Mordecai, by having him hung; but the gallows was honored with himself as its victim. For a time, the enemies of Christ seemed to prove most conclusively that he was an impostor; but the very cross by which they triumphed, exalted him far above all principalities and powers, gave him a name above every name, and has revolutionized the whole world in his favor. Pilate boasted of his power to crucify Him, or to release Him, but Jesus said unto him: “Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.” What more shall we say? Time would fail us to recount the whole history of the world, every page of which would go to show that there is a divine hand overruling all things after the counsel of God's will.

Two objections are urged against this doctrine :

First ; It interferes with fixed laws. In answer to this, we observe : (a) God is the author and agent of all laws. They are but the rules according to which He governs the world, whether physical, intellectual, or moral. Take this law of falling bodies : “ *The spaces passed over are proportional to the squares of the times occupied in falling.* ” Now, what does this law amount to, aside from an agent ? How does a stone come to fall ? Has it the power to move ? Gravitation makes it fall. Well, what is *gravitation* ? We must not allow ourselves to be carried away by a word. Then how has gravitation so nicely arranged the spaces passed over, that they should be proportional to the squares of the times occupied in falling ? This gravitation must be wonderfully wise. Who cannot see from this simple case that laws are but rules of the divine procedure ? (b) *Fixed* laws may be classed under two heads : (i.) Those which occur so regularly, that we may depend upon them. (ii.) Those which, from their very nature, are unalterable. *Moral* laws belong to the latter class. They are founded upon principles of right, and consequently God himself, from his nature as revealed to us, is governed by them. We say this with all reverence, and because we find it in the record He has given us. There we read : “ God cannot lie. ” Moral laws, then, are, from their very nature, unalterable. *Providence never interferes with these.* All other laws are founded upon *convenience*, and are for the *benefit of God’s creatures*. They occur so regularly, that we, for whose benefit they have been instituted, may depend upon them. We call them *fixed*, but, if we mean by that *unalterable*, we misapprehend their nature. These are the laws with which Providence interferes. God having instituted them on the principle of convenience, for the benefit of his creatures, His way of Providence remains perfect, even should He, while pursuing that way, suspend a given law for a special good.

The *second* objection urged against the doctrine of divine providence is : *It interferes with man’s responsibility.* In

the course of God's providential dealings with the Israelites, Pharaoh played an important part. So in the death of Christ for the redemption of man, Judas became the betrayer. "How can they be held responsible," asks the objector, "when the providence of God required them to act just so?" All admit that the conduct of these two men was immoral. They violated moral laws. If, then, the providence of God necessitated them to do so, it must interfere with moral law. This we have denied. The simple question is: Can we prove that God never interferes, so as to cause a violation of moral law? James settles this matter with one stroke of the pen. He says: "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." This proves most conclusively that, whatever our ideas of God's Providence, in connection with man's actions, may be, God does not necessitate any man in any way to do wrong. Hence man's responsibility remains unaffected by Providence.

(To be continued.)

Voices.

There is such a quiet on the river; I seem to hear nothing but the plash, plash, of water against the boat. With every sweep of the waves, as they roll in and pass on, something goes sobbing from my heart. Ah! I know all about it; the passion-surges are leaving my soul at the sound of the flowing river. Down stream floats the skiff, and from among the reeds and sedges on the shore, I hear voices; listen! the wind from land brings nearer, the

"Children's voices, clear and sweet."

Do you hear them, so full of glee, brimming over with gladness, rippling with soul-pleasure? It is impossible not to

hear them ; I am drinking in every liquid tone so eagerly, that anything like a heart-moan has passed away, just like that golden-grey cloud, that, a-while since, hung over the river. The poor nerves that were quivering and throbbing, are stilled, hushed by the shore-lullabys. Look at those white lilies out there. If I could but gather a few. Take care, the boat may tip. Well done ! a whole handful. Just see the golden treasure that has been dropped into each fair bowl. Why did I wish for them ? Because, in some way, I cannot help likening them to the childish forms seen among the grasses—over there ; the rich lining of the blossoms is akin to the murmur of the childish voices heard on the river's edge. Dip ! dip go the oars ! up one billow—there ! down another ; with a few more strokes, the voices full of healing are left far behind ; but upon the dry places of my soul there are still drops of living water falling. You remember the lilies plucked up stream. See ! from their great white chalices flow glimmering drops, and as I watch them roll down, I think they say, " Comfort ye, comfort ye."

The river has many windings, and as we round one of its curves, I hear cries that are piteous in their helplessness, and full of sharp distress. Hear that ! the restless howl of the oppressed, and mingled with it the piercing shriek of the starving. The wind is very changeable. I suppose it is shrieking and howling to be in sympathy with the stricken ones on shore. Ah me ! that bitter, suppressed sobbing is sadder than all the rest ; the fatherless and the orphaned are making their moan, and the wind has joined in the chorus. Shall I put up my hands and close my ears ? that would be no use. The long soughing of the wind, filled with all those weird sounds, must surely pierce even the dull leaden skies. Oh ! the tender ones ! the little children ! Did you think He had forgotten them ? did you forget He had promised to shelter them in the day of the East Wind ?

As I sail on and on, I see a small craft a short way ahead,

in which a woman is seated ; a few more strokes, and I am near enough to see her face, which the yellow sun is caressing so lovingly. He is too ardent, and the little motes that float in his train are sadly dazzling. She raises one hand to keep off the sun-glow as she reads. The face is very calm to look upon ; but you may easily see the shadows have crossed and re-crossed it, although none rest on it now. She does not give a thought to the gurgling river, or to the stirring crowd around her ; she even does not seem to see that stream of topaz-like light playing with the imperial purple and scarlet of the book resting upon her knee. No ; her whole soul is absorbed in the words of the dear old Jeremy Taylor. This is the time to gather up fragments—be still ! I must catch every word.—“ It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous—that, by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out.” She has ceased to read, and has lifted her face ; her true mother-face and her true mother-voice softly repeats, “ Content, Peace.” For a moment the boat and the restful figure are enfolded in the red light ; then gently and swiftly the sweet vision sweeps down into the west, and there is nothing left but a bright line of light across the sea, and nothing heard but the echo of a sweet voice, saying, “ Content, Peace.”

Another bend in the river. What does all this mean ? Look ! the busy mariners have forgotten their richly-laden ships. They seem to have no care about where they are drifting. Who is this man whose words seem to be life and death to them ? They call him a messenger—a disciple of the Lord Jesus. His voice is strong and clear, and reaches far over the waters :—“ Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.” What must they think of that ? hard lines for those whose ships are laden

“ With gold in the ingot, and silk in the bale.”

Again the voice rings out :—“ Speak not evil one of ano-

ther." Once more I hear, "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men." Far and near they are listening to his every tone; he tells of his Lord, who gave Himself a ransom for many; of His death, burial and resurrection from the dead. As I pass through the throng of boats, the last words spoken by the messenger-voice seem to follow me in the shimmering moonlight:—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The river widens, and the air is thick with voices—some filled with tender pity, others ringing with scorn—some overflowing with lamentations—answering voices replete with consolations. Voices, swelling with their own greatness, come rolling on with the billows, rushing over and bearing down with them voices that are very weakness—voices full of evil to come—voices glowing with the brilliant future—voices like the East Wind—voices of perfect calm—voices more full of vileness than the witch's caldron—voices true, patient, loving, hopeful, trustful, God-given.

The myriads of voices have wearied me. I am so tired of voices now, I close my eyes and long for

"The days that are not,"

and the voices that were surely

"Tender and true."

Voices that were brave and cheery when clouds hung lowest and the river was swollen to its utmost; voices that were never lifted up against those who were struggling with the waves and under-currents of the life-stream; voices whose every tone was protection and strength to the weak. Why do I keep repeating to myself those simple words—

"Tender and true?"

because, I suppose, they are as they were,—

"Tender and true."

It is a happy thing to dream of the dear voices gone;—but

the awaking! Ah! that seems more bitter than death itself! the weary stretching out of hands that come back to us empty; the long call for our own, to which only the vague echo replies; and yet I would not be without my "memories dear," for, in very truth,—

" They are poor
That have lost nothing ;"

and I know as surely that

" My happier days are not the days when I forget."
" The stream runs fast,"

so also does my little remaining strength. I am so weary rowing! I think "the daylight" has indeed passed, for it is growing dark on the river. Can it be, that this time-worn boat, with its weary oarsman, are nearing their haven? It must be so, it grows dark so fast; I almost shiver; the air is cold; I cannot be afraid? O my heart! what is that golden flash of light over there? Did I say that it was a dark river? it is so no longer; the flash of light has burst into a golden glory; the brightness of the city's wall is cast far along the waters. A dark river, a time-worn boat, a weary mariner! O, no! a burnished sea, a golden boat, and one listening—scarcely daring to draw breath—waiting for something surely coming, listening for those whose tread is

" Soft as the fall of foot that is not shod."

Look at the river; the waters are moving sapphire and beryl; the jewel-encrusted foundations of the city are lending their bewildering light. O, where am I? What is that? the onward sweep of approaching voices, the voices longed for, made perfect, recognized. No more stretching of longing hands—no more calls for those who never come.—The glad hand-clasping of angel-touches. The moving upward of a glorious train.—The reaching of the Gates of His Rest, rolled back.—And, at last, the welcome given,—

" Enter ; enter into my rest."

GYDA.

Sparks from my Anvil.

WE often say that God has chosen mountains for the scene of the grand events in His history. Sinai blazes with the glory of His majesty, and trembles with the thunder of His power. The mount of beatitudes glows, with the gracious sunlight of "Blessed, blessed, blessed." Heaven comes down on Tabor to meet and transfigure our Lord in His prayer.

Olivet furnishes a throne for the only coronation our King ever had in His rebellious Kingdom, and will itself be crowned by the touch of His feet. But the greatest event of all did not desecrate any of God's hills. The pollution of the darkest deed of six thousand years must touch none of His mountains or even hills—only a place called Calvary! A mount Moriah abides to mark Abraham's great typical sacrifice, but when the reality comes the event is marked only by a spot we cannot now identify. No hill with that blood upon it must thrust its crimson head up into the pure sky, and into the presence of the Holy one. Why thus? Because, perhaps, God desires to forget. He would have that gracious Son with His smiles of peace and prayers of mercy the only reminder of the deed we did then in that lost spot. Our earth, ever since stained with that blood, He will bathe in a sea of fire, that there may be 'a new Heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

When some conceited one offered to teach Themistocles an art by which to *remember*, Themistocles replied that he would rather be taught how to forget. Ah, this awful gift of memory! When it has recovered all its native power, what will be its eternity work? To conjure up the haunting ghosts of dead opportunities, murdered hopes, strangled privileges? Or, abundantly to "utter the memory of thy great goodness?" Which shall it be?

Some 'entertained angels unawares.' The light of eternity will make great revelations. Events we think important will shrink into nothing, and what we now call trifles will lift up their mountain heads. And all the while we are doing these deeds, we knew not what we did. We gave a cup of cold water to a pilgrim because we loved the Lord, and lo, we were doing it to himself! But what if a loveless heart murmured at the pilgrim? At the Lord it murmured—and did it 'unawares.' A chance for blessing, and we knew it not! Jesus 'passing by,' but the eyes will not open, the voice was dumb, and no hand stretched out! A chance for eternal life, and we grasped it not!

Some one asks, "is it possible for me to keep my Christian love glowing in the midst of so much that is freezing? Studies chill my devotion, business damps my ardor, the scorn of the cold world blows upon my zeal, the frost of formalism freezes up the gushing streams that would well from my heart." Well, my friend, if the fire is bright and warm within, all *that* cannot freeze you. The love of Christ within the heart is kindled from the great flame of God's love which eternity cannot cool, and which all the universe cannot quench. Your love is a spark from *that*, and you are a Vestal set to guard the sacred fire. God designs that it shall burn warmly and imperishably there.

Within our recollection we have not had such severe cold as that of the past winter. And yet, when the cold was the most intense, in one part of Pennsylvania, in the open air, the grass was growing green, and the trees putting forth their buds. And why? Because close at hand a naphtha spring was on fire, flaming up towards heaven, and making a summer all around it. So God would have you and me, not merely ourselves kept from freezing up in this winter of a world, but smiling and warming into a new life every one within our touch.

Valedictory Hymn for Class '75.

BY MISS M. MCGINN.

THE world with many voices cries to God,
But dimly knowing wherein lies its grief ;
Yet He, beholding, comprehends its woe,
And sends His truth, the sacred, sure relief.

Oh ! mission meet for angels, to bring nigh,
On swift and joyful wing, the living word ;
Yet, upon lowlier messengers, the Lord
Hath this high embassy of love conferred.

Go forth, ye honored ones ! go humbly forth ;
Be ye the Lord's for ever, His alone ;
Shine by His splendor, conquer by His might,
His message speak in clear and certain tone.

Hold fast His word, and know it for the truth,
The only balm to heal the world's long woe ;
The only light that can disperse its gloom ;
The only guide the God-ward path to show.

And be your lives epistles, known and read,
Whose lives in fairest characters express
Your joy and peace in God, that man may yearn
To find the One who can so richly bless.

Thus lead the way to Heaven—how clear the path !
For there the hosts of the redeemed have trod,
Through many tribulations, and through joys
Not few, for ever brightening up to God.

Oh ! haste, the world is dying of its need ;
Bear swift the message of redeeming love ;
Quit you like men, hard toils await you now,
And, when ye've toiled awhile, sweet rest above.

Literary.

Inaugural Address, delivered by the President (Mr. D. A. McGregor) of the Adelphian Literary Society, at the beginning of the present Term.

GENTLEMEN,—Whatever may be the purposes which have determined us to take advantage of the means of education, the question of most vital and general interest to those engaged in its pursuit is, Whether are we to succeed or fail in the present preparation for usefulness, and in the duties of after life? The question is one worthy of thought, and though it can receive the answer of fact only in future time, yet we think it is capable of present solution, and need be involved in no uncertainty.

Man is not a helpless creature bound by the unyielding law of a stern necessity, but a responsible builder of his own fortune, an intelligent bearer of his own fate. Success is not the result of accident. Life is not a lottery. Its highest prizes are not presented for our mere acceptance, but demand for their attainment the most strenuous exertion. Improvement is purchased at no other price than that of labor. Every step in the upward march to the position of perfected manhood is gained by intensest toil. It is therefore evident that the measure of man's success will be the amount of his executive and enduring power. It is true there are many advantages which man may possess, for which he has not laboured, and which if used aright will prove of good service in any undertaking; yet, with every advantage it is possible to possess, one may utterly fail both of individual progress and of social usefulness. The mere possession of means will not secure success; their potency lies in their use. Wealth is a power by which much may be accomplished, and he

who wields it as an instrument of good increases his own strength by the exercise; but he who seeks it as an end, and uses it merely as a staff to lean upon in life's journey, will be crippled and dwarfed by its possession. Great mental endowments may afford the best means for usefulness or for acquiring distinction in any calling; and yet, apart from that fixedness of purpose which admits of no such word as fail, they will insure no marked success. Though they may attract momentary observation by their brilliancy, they will leave no lasting results. The gifts of nature and the advantages of circumstance are by no means to be depreciated; they are high gifts, but there is one thing higher in man and that is the power which uses them and without which they are worthless.

There is no real good secured without labour. Capricious fortune may seem at times to lavish her gifts profusely with perhaps little regard to the character of recipients; yet, even in these cases, how often does she snatch them away just as unexpectedly as she bestowed them, leaving him who trusted in them much more unfitted for life's struggles than if he had never been the recipient of her favours. How often are the propitious breezes of friendly circumstance changed, as in a moment, to the tempestuous blasts of adverse fortune, and then woe to him who with unstrung nerves has drifted out upon the tide of life. It is a law in nature that the effort requisite for the acquisition of an object develops power sufficient to retain it, and he alone is fitted to retain and utilize the means of usefulness in his possession who has obtained them by his own exertions. While the general truthfulness of this principle is evident in the common transactions of life, much more strictly does it hold true in regard to mental acquirements. No rich legacies of mental wealth fall like ancestral heirlooms to the lot of man. Every gain must be a self-made purchase. Every labourer in the field of knowledge receives impartial payment. Prince and peasant stand on equal

footing, and power not pomp, toil not titles, decides the fortunes of the day.

There is always hope for him who actually and earnestly works. Success is conditioned not so much upon external circumstances as upon internal power, and is the legitimate result of honest exertion. He who with a valorous heart steps out into life's conflict determined to be the architect of his own fortune, may assure himself of success. He alone is worthy of success who is willing to obtain it by his own exertions. That is the truest manhood which rises from beneath the strokes of unfriendly fortune, bursting the barriers of obscure position, and gaining by self-imposed toil the heights of influence, the dwelling place of power, where throned monarch in the realm of mind, and wearing only "Duty's iron crown," he may live to honour and to bless mankind. How noble is Tennyson's description of the man—

“ Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope—
The centre of a world's desire.”

The world owes more to-day to its earnest workers than to all else who have ever trod its surface. All the achievements of art, all the discoveries of science, all the advances made in everything by which the condition of mankind is improved, are the reward of toil. What though the delicate finger of fashion point with scorn to the sweat of honest labour ! What though oft the man of toil may be despised ! No matter how humble the sphere of his labour, the very

drops that trickle from his brow proclaim him one of the world's workers, one of nature's noblest, and as such claim for him the highest honour.

“ The glorious privilege to do,
Is man's most noble dower.”

And he is recreant to this trust, traitor to his own best interests and to the common cause of humanity who fails to accept the rich inheritance of toil, and to exert his power for good.

But while it is necessary that man should be an active worker in order to fulfil the design of his being, no man need hope for success who does not combine with the energy of action the power of endurance. There is opposition to be met and difficulties to be encountered in every enterprise. The battle of life is by no means one-sided, and he who would be successful in the struggle must endure as well as act. Nor is this part of man's life-work without its benefits. As the best metals are those wrought to their quality and cast only by the glow of the furnace and the hammer of the smith, so the highest development of power and the greatest capacity for usefulness are gained by severest discipline.

“ And show
That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use.”

The home of heroism is the heart that endures. It needs a stronger courage and a better disciplined force to bear calmly the enemy's fire till the time for action has come, than to rush with headlong fury against the foe, and how often that resolute endurance turns the tide of battle. The truest evidence of a noble nature is a willingness to do

and to bear under every vicissitude of fortune, and when adversity is nobly borne it gives a lustre and a worth to noble deeds.

“ O life, without thy checkered scenes
Of good and ill, of weal and woe,
Success and failure could a ground
For magnanimity be found.”

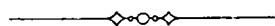
Everything in connection with our life-work proclaims the necessity of endurance. The development of power is gradual and the discipline by which it is secured is severe, so that endurance is necessary even for its acquisition. And since man's faculties are capable of indefinite improvement the limit of his endurance can be the only limit of his growth. His power to act is thus conditioned on his power to endure. Then the great works of life are not those produced by momentary efforts. They are the results of years of incessant toil. Momentary effort can only produce momentary results. The men who are to tell on coming ages must do so by prolonged and painful exertion. The influence of genius apart from endurance is fitful and short-lived at best. Though, for a time, a restless spirit may agitate the surface of the tide of human thought, it soon subsides to its former level, like ruffled waters when the storm is past, while all the time the deep under-currents have remained unchanged. They only who dig deep and broaden the channels of their departure and turn the courses of a people's thought, effect permanent changes. They alone who have done so are the master minds whose power is felt upon succeeding ages—

“ The great of old,
The dead, but sceptred sovrans who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

Endurance is necessary not only in sustaining the burden of self-imposed labour, but also in bearing up under the blows of adverse circumstance. The greatest enterprises

are those which require the patient toil of years, and seldom afford the encouragement of immediate results. The difficulties and direct opposition, which are inevitable to great reforms, declare that man's success depends not less upon his endurance than upon his exertion. The rock-based pillars of liberty and greatness which tower like glorious forms amid the centuries, have not been reared by spasmodic effort. They stand in honour of eternal patience, the grand memorials of "What long-enduring hearts could do." The question of success or failure need not be one of doubt to him who is willing to grapple with difficulty and gain his purpose at the cost of labour. It is with the iron tread of toil that genius marches to the abode of knowledge. Success, the highest honour and noblest reward of all effort, is accorded not to its vacillating suitors, however brilliant be their powers, but to those who,

" Still achieving, still pursuing ;
Learn to labor and to wait."



Prometheus.

'TIS dawn upon the Caucasus, and on
A rocky plat, firm bound in ponderous chains
Of Chalybian iron, Prometheus lies,
In that last sleep of all the night most sweet.
And as he wakes, Aurora, rosy-fingered, leaves
The saffron couch of Tithoneûs, her spouse,
And up the heavens with wingéd speed ascends,
Her train bedecked with crimson hues as bright
As her effulgent self.
Soon Helios follows in his chariot gold,
And from the glowing axles, whirls the dust
In glittering streams, afar o'er hill and vale.
The captive turns, and but a passing glance
Deigns to bestow upon the landscape, bathed
In liquid gold ; but on a distant crag
Fixes his eyes, with gaze as earnest and intent
As if they'd pierce, like fiery darts of Jove,
The mountain to its centre.

What means the horror painted on his face,
 That maniac yell, as if the sufferer were
 A spirit damned? He stands with knees firm braced
 Against the rocky wall, and winds the links
 About his brawny arms, and then with strength
 Titanic, tugs and strains, to force the firm
 Embedded staples from their hold. Again
 He looks. Again, in frenzy of despair,
 He strives with many a bound to break his chain,
 Yet is, as often, dashed with ruthless force
 Upon his rocky bed. At length his struggles cease;
 The rugged lines, upon his brow raised up
 By grim despair, now slowly move away.
 Heroic fortitude his features show,
 And as he stands erect, his limbs appear
 Of faultless symmetry. Upon his brow,
 In characters most plain, divinity is stamped.
 "Welcome, stern messengers of Jove," he cries,
 "Your victim bids defiance to your power."

When whirling in mid-air,
 Two monstrous eagles on expanded wings
 Cleave, through the great vacuity a way,
 Their beaks, as crook'd as Berecynthia's horns,
 Are stained with human blood. Their claws are armed
 With iron talons sharp, with which they tear
 His quivering flesh, and seek with anxious eye,
 Like miser for his hoards, the captive's liver.
 From morn till eve, their reeking maws are filled
 With streaming tendons, and their feast ne'er ends
 Until satiety their appetite has turned
 To loathing and disgust. A moment then,
 Upon the cliff's precip'tous brink they stand,
 And lazily unfold their powerful wings.
 Remain a moment poised, then take their flight
 For some wild eyrie on the Caspian shore.
 The nature, which through all the scene, had borne
 Itself buoyed up with fortitude and scorn,
 Now leaps the barriers raised by self-restraint,

Like some deep sea,
 Whose gloomy depths by Neptune's trident stirred,
 Aloft rears up huge waves with foaming crests,
 So is his soul, in burning words relieved.
 Dost think, proud ruler of the heavenly Gods,
 That thou canst crush this haughty soul of mine?
 Or wring a tear from eyes that ne'er have wept?
 Behold, the day draws near. Another turn

Of fortune's wheel, and this chained hand
 Will tear the diadem from off thy brow,
 And, mocking all thy might, will hurl thee down
 From high Olympus, to the lowest pit
 Of Tartarus; there, amidst the bubbling pools,
 And boiling sands of Acheron, to spend
 Eternity in torment. Yes, I'll place
 Thee 'long with Tantalus, and how I'll laugh,
 To turn the Ægis with its burning rays
 Upon thy drooping head; to make thee thirst
 For one small drop to wet thy parchéd tongue,
 And then, ye Gods! to place the cooling draught
 Against thy lips, and as thy trembling jaws
 Ope to receive the cup, at once I'll change
 Its contents into gall. I'll chain thee in
 The banks of oozing pitch by Phlegethon cast up.
 Upon thee hunger, gloomy, gaunt, and fierce,
 Shall close her fangs, and on thy vitals gnaw.
 Before thine eyes I'll cause to pass

A beautiful mirage.

A lovely tree o'ershades thee with her boughs,
 From which hangs down some golden mellow fruit,
 (Ah! how thine eyes with greediness will gaze.)
 An apple, luscious, rich, and sweet I'll pluck,
 And place it to thy teeth. They ope, they close,
 But find—Ha! ha!—the fruit to ashes turned.
 But while he thus defies Omnipotence,
 Lo! Night arises from her ocean bed,
 And in her sable mantle covers up

The earth and poles.

Then Somnus, arm in arm with Morpheus,
 Approach the couch on which the captive lies.
 With tender hands they bind his ragged wounds,
 And soothe his troubled soul with Love,
 That Panacea for all human ills.

E. R. C.

The Language of the Future.

HOW many have dreamed of a universal language! How many students, how many travellers, how many merchants, sighing over toils and vexatious while gleaning knowledge or trying to hold communication with their fel-

low men, have dreamed of a universal language ; of a time when all men of all countries shall rejoice over the destruction of the barriers that now separate them, and when they shall be able to hold converse in one common tongue ; even as the Christian believes that a time will come when all the kindreds of the earth will bow the knee to the one true God. We say, "have dreamed." Is this then only a dream ? It may seem like one, yet time has changed many strange dreams of the past into realities.

That the world has stood these many thousands of years notwithstanding its vast Babel of a thousand tongues may be an argument in regard to the time necessary for such a change, but it is not an argument that such will never be. We believe that it is not only possible, but that it is fast becoming a *necessity*. In the ages of the past, when nations lived in comparative ignorance of each other, when each produced within itself all that was necessary to supply its wants, when inter-national commerce was almost unknown, and when no great community of interests bound scientists together as one body, such a language was unnecessary. But now all is different. Commerce, that great power which overcomes every barrier, respecting neither clime nor tongue, has put forth its arms and joined in close relationship all the nations of the earth. National lines divide lands, but the rails of the great world's-highway cross these lines, and declare that there is no separation : oceans sunder continents, but the steamer and the electric wires reunite them still more closely : literature is called German, English or American, yet it is all one common store. Daily are the peoples of the earth being bound more closely together, and the more intimate they become the fewer lines of difference will survive. When, however, we look abroad over the world and count, with Prof. Max. Muller, some 900 distinct languages and 5,000 dialects, differing as widely as do the manners and complexions of those who speak them, we must feel that the task of blending all these diverse ele-

ments into one harmonious whole, or of some most powerful one subduing all others, is a vast one indeed ; yet again, looking at the spirit of the age, active, energetic, powerful in its rapid onward marches, looking at what it is every day accomplishing, we cannot but think that vast as the task is, the power that moves to the work is equally vast.

Even now we see results of this felt necessity in the adoption by almost all civilized nations of one uniform system of reckoning, of a uniform science nomenclature, in the present movement to conform all weights and measures to one standard, but more manifestly still in the rapid and irresistible encroachment one of the great languages of the present day is making upon all others. We believe not only that it will be accomplished, but that it is being rapidly carried on.

A few centuries ago the *learned* had a universal language, the Latin tongue. In court, cabinet and church this was the means of communication among all civilized nations. But its declension was made inevitable by the democratic spirit which has so closely connected the masses with all that pertains to governments. Upon the decline of the Latin, the courts of Europe found in the French a common tongue ; but it in turn has ceased to be a universal means for the interchange of thought. Now, it may be said, the world is without such a convenience. Will it so remain ? No. Nations, we repeat, must have a means of communication, untrammelled by the intervention of an interpreter.

If then the future will see a universal language, or an approximation thereto, our next question is : What will that language be ? It must be either a blending together of all, or many, of the existing tongues, or some one must subdue all others. The first seems impossible ; the elements are too incongruous : nor do we find that the principle of compromise succeeds to any very great extent in the affairs of the world. An explanation of history must rather be sought in the principle that the weaker goes to the wall, a princi-

ple that will explain more in the history of the world than any other natural cause. The language of the future will be that which has the ability to overpower all others. Such a language must, we apprehend, have the following characteristics :—Inherent superiority ; present wide diffusion ; facilities for aggression.

The internal qualities which determine the superiority of a language may be briefly stated in four words : Strength, clearness, simplicity, brevity. Space will not permit a close examination of competing languages on these points. The civilization and science of to-day are due mainly to the Latin and Teutonic races, a fact which proves that the languages of these peoples are the foundation from which must be drawn the elements that can give to this restless, advancing, knowledge-seeking age its tongue. "That language," says De Candolle, which is to be dominant must have sufficient of Latin and German forms and words to show a genuine affinity to both these families of speech." Of the English, above all others may this be said. Owing its origin, for the most part, to these two tongues, to the *strength* of the Teutonic dialects it adds the *clearness* of the Latin, and a *brevity* that is all its own. An Englishman in his love of his mother tongue may see greater beauties and perfections in it than there really are, therefore we prefer listening to an eminent foreigner : Jacob Grimm has said—"The English language possesses a power of expression such as was never, perhaps, attained by any human tongue. Its altogether intellectual and singularly happy foundation, and government, and development, have arisen from a surprising alliance between the two noblest languages of antiquity—the German and the Romanesque—the relation of which to each other is well known to be such that the former supplies the material foundation and the latter the abstract notions. Yes, truly, the English language may with good reason call itself a universal language, and seems chosen, like the English people, to rule in future times in a still greater degree in all

corners of the earth. In richness, sound reason, and flexibility no modern tongue can compare with it,—not even the German, which must shake off many a weakness before it can enter the lists with the English.” There is but one drawback, but one glaring defect in our beautiful language, yet that one defect makes it one of the most difficult to be acquired by foreigners, and a life task for even Englishmen themselves. We refer to its orthography. Nothing, we think, could be more entirely void of reason and system than the spelling of the English language. We fail to see how it is possible for a scholar to be sure of the spelling of a word which he hears, if he has never met it before. Words fail us adequately to describe this absurdity.

Our next question is the diffusion of the competing languages. We need, evidently, to confine our attention to but a few cases. The tongues of Asia, Africa and America can never hope to enter the lists. Of the European, the Portuguese, Italian, Russian, French, Spanish, German and English, all put forth pretensions, therefore we will briefly consider these. The following will be found a near estimate of the number of persons who speak these languages :—

PORTUGUESE—In Portugal, Brazil, &c	14,000,000
ITALIAN—In Italy, France and Switzerland	27,000,000
FRENCH—In France, Belgium, Switzerland and French Colonies	40,000,000
SPANISH—In Spain and South America	43,000,000
RUSS—The principal of the 24 languages of Russia . . .	51,000,000
GERMAN—In the German Empire, Austria, Belgium, Russia, Finland and Switzerland	55,000,000
ENGLISH—In Europe, America, Liberia, Australia and other Colonies	79,000,000

From the above table it will be seen that of all these languages, the English is by far the most widely diffused. M. de Candolle has estimated the number of years taken by the different nations to double themselves, as follows :—English, in England 56 years and in America 25 years ;

Italians 135 years; Russians, in 100 years; Spaniards in 112 years; Spaniards in South America, in $27\frac{1}{2}$ years; North Germans in 50 to 60 years; South Germans in 167 years—say 100 years as a man for the Germans; French in 140 years. If we take this table as a foundation we can arrive at something like the following as the number who will speak these languages at the end of the nineteenth century:—Italian 53,000,000; French 72,000,000; Russ 130,000,000; German 157,000,000; Spanish 505,000,000; English 1,837,000,000. Still more strikingly does this show the great advantage in favour of our own tongue.

Lastly we notice the facilities for aggression. History and reason both show that the most effective means for the diffusion of a language are commerce, missionary work, and colonization. It is a well known fact that the commerce of no nations can compare with that of the English speaking peoples, in fact, the commerce of the world is virtually in their hands. It is an equally well known fact that the great missionary work of the world is likewise in their hands, that is, if we except the wide spread ramifications of the Jesuitical efforts, but these have little influence in diffusing their language or colonizing, because all their exertions are directed towards proselyting simply, while the Protestant missionary is everywhere a civilizer, introducing with his civilization his language and literature.

That which has, above all other things, placed the English nation and English language in the foreground among nations is her colonies. France has planted colonies but has lost them, or, like Algeria, they are sickly children of a not over robust parent, who at home is advancing but slowly. Germany, Britain's most powerful rival, is no colonizer. Her people, together with those of France and other countries, go from her shores only to be lost. "In America," says Charles Dilke, "the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they are run into an English mould; Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs

whether they will or no." England, on the other hand, sends forth her sons into every clime, and on every shore they establish New Englands. They have won for their mother tongue the North American continent; have dotted the Southern; have selected the fairest isles of the seas; have almost encircled Africa; have pierced to the heart of Asia; have made the south western continent all their own; and wherever they are they proclaim that their tongue, like their spirit, cannot be subdued.

N. WOLVERTON.

The Still and the Deep.

FROM time immemorial, it has been the orthodox fashion to laud silence as a cardinal virtue, and to condemn chatting as a vice, which he who would be counted wise must shun.

We are told to "think much and say little," that "silence is wisdom," that the least said is the easiest mended," and that "still water runs deep." John Ploughman tells us that "an open mouth shows an empty head;" that if the chest had gold and silver in it, it would not always stand open." Polhymnia, the muse of Eloquence, was represented by the ancients with a forefinger upon her lips, to signify that Eloquence itself was enhanced by silence.

Yes, silence has always been looked upon as a diamond of the first water. Happy is he who possesses it! Alas! for the unfortunates who show a proneness to break it; upon their devoted heads descend the fierce invectives of earth's sages. That the failing of Eve's luckless daughters, in this particular, has not been entirely overlooked, appears from the old prayer,—

"From great guns and women's tongues, deliver us."

But the world has been progressing in this respect, as in all others, during the centuries that have passed. How it must rejoice philanthropists, to see the world becoming so rich in these silent ones. They are not as formerly found, like rare plants of the tropics, only in the richest soils. No! but they spring up like our own glorious Canadian thistles, and beautify the most barren spots with their emerald verdure. Is there one in this advanced stage of civilization, so poor as not to be able to count one or two of these individuals among his acquaintances? My friend, ignorance is bliss! but no knowledge is power! Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Herbert Augustus Fitzgerrald.

The gentleman bows very low in recognition of the introduction, then slowly resumes an upright position, and awaits further orders.

His dress is faultless. O, that snowy dickey; that tie arranged with the precision of a right-angled-isosceles-rectilineal-parallelogram. Those tight-fitting kid gloves, which we are always so politely requested to excuse (by way of drawing attention to them, we presume). That shining beaver, placed on the head in such an exact equilibrium between rowdy one-sidedism and straight-laced old-fogyism. All these things, we say, remind us of what Apollo would have been, if he had lived in our day. But further the simile is not true. Apollo was noted for his eloquence; not so Herbert Augustus Fitzgerrald, as you will find on further acquaintance.

He politely hands you a chair, and you enter into conversation with him. That is, you enter, and expect him to follow; but he doesn't come. Summoning all your imaginative reasoning and rhetorical faculties, you floridly begin:

"Stern winter has once more yielded to the charms of spring, Mr. Fitzgerrald."

"Ha! ha! (stroking his moustache) you deal in metaphors, Miss L——."

"Do you not admire figurative language, Mr. Fitzgerrald?"

Do you not think it preferable to the matter-of-fact common-place one so constantly hears ?”

“Ha ! ha !” (fingering his watch-chain) O ! certainly.”

“Milton deals largely in tropes. I think that this constitutes the chief charm of his writings. How beautifully the first brother in ‘Comus’ is made to converse :

‘Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou, fair moon,
That wont’st to love the traveller’s benison ;
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit shade, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades.’”

“Excuse me, Miss L——; can I help you to a glass of lemonade ?”

’Tis clear that Mr. Fitzgerrald is not a poet ; perhaps he is an artist.

“Do you not think that the art of the poet, and that of the painter, are very nearly allied, Mr. Fitzgerrald ? The one paints, as it were, with a pen, the other with a brush.”

“Really—I have not thought—yes—in fa-ct—very similar, indeed.”

“Would you not love to visit Italy, and gaze upon those wondrous works of Michael Angelo, Rubens, Raphael, Caracci, Guido, De Vinci, and that host of others whose names have become immortal ?”

“Ha ! ha ! you are enthusiastic, Miss L——.” (A crime of which Mr. Herbert Augustus Fitzgerrald’s worst enemy would not have accused him.)

Now my friend, before setting your new acquaintance down as a know-nothing, just pause and remember “that silence is wisdom,” and that “still waters run deep.” Turn again towards this *wise one*—this mortal so *profoundly deep*. Close your eyes and dive for the pearls ; you’ll get them if they are there. Seize the longest mental cable you have on hand and begin to measure the unfathomable depths. You cannot *see* how deep—not quite transparent enough for that—neither will you be able to get sufficiently

near to the edge to let drop the anchor, owing to the softness of the surroundings. Your feet will probably stick fast in the mud before you advance many steps. So my friend there is nothing for it, but to take the word of the proverb. Proverbs never tell aught but truth you know. Yes, "still waters run deep." Mr. Herbert Augustus Fitzgerrald is deep—*profoundly* so. "Silence is wisdom,"—he is also *wise*.

My dear friend, you show a commendable spirit in not wishing to appropriate so much wisdom and depth of lore. You are a philanthropist. I shall introduce Mr. Fitzgerrald to some one else, in order that the depth may be equally distributed over the surface of the globe, that no one may suffer drowning but that all may be refreshed.

I would next beg leave to make you acquainted with another friend of mine, Miss Theresa Elvise Snobton. This young lady has just returned from a fashionable boarding school where she has been taught to behave as a young lady should. Before entering the drawing room she repeats slowly—papa, prunes, and potatoes, in order that her mouth may wear a charming expression. She bows after the fashion of a dancing master, first position, second position, etc., sinks into a chair, strikes an attitude after the model of Cleopatra, and immediately becomes *still and deep*. Nothing can tempt her to venture further into the realm of words, than to give concise answers to your questions.

The proverb again! Write down the name of Miss Theresa Elvise Snobton among those of the deep and the wise. One more gone to swell the mighty army! Another kindred spirit gone to hold *sweet meditation* with Herbut Augustus Fitzgerrald!

There are other friends whom I would like to present to you, did time permit. There is the Rev. Josephus Abijah Bagstock, whose next week's sermon is exceeding interesting—to himself. If you were seated in his vicinity you would hear him indulging in a conversation something like the following with an invisible being no doubt.

“Firstly—From the time of Adam—mumble—mumble.

“Secondly—Man the architect of his own fortune—mumble—mumble.

“Fourthly—Man morally unable—mumble.

“Sixthly—Man *physically, mentally and morally*”—copious mumblings—at which stage if you are wise you will withdraw to a convenient distance, leaving the reverend gentlemen to his meditations, which we doubt not are sweet.

Then, there is Miss Claudia Faithful, who is versed in all branches of mathematics. Speech has always been with her an unknown quantity, the value of which she has never been able to determine. When she has solved the equation, no doubt you will hear from her, but not until then.

There is the charming creature Mr. Fredrick Alphonso Jones, who looks as if he had been popped into a refrigerator, when last year’s smirk was just dawning on his visage, and forthwith it had become a fixture.

Can the mind of a seraph imagine a more sublime picture than a solemn conclave of these silent ones? Let us glance at a *social party* composed wholly of individuals of this class. Does it not remind you of the burial of Sir John Moore.

“Not a drum was heard not a funeral note.”

Grand and gloomy are the words which rise involuntarily to our lips. There is no small talk! No frivolity! Each one sits a “sceptred hermit wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.” The scene is impressive beyond all imagination. If an unfortunate lover of chit-chat falls among these sages, he is ere long awed into silence. After vainly trying to draw some one into conversation, after receiving monasyllabic answers, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, he is still, and his thoughts immediately become deep—too deep for expression—(until he reaches home.)

As we turn sadly from the scene musing on *deep things*, we join our friend Robinson Crusoe in singing—

“O solitude where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face,
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.”

Oh ! ye deep ones ! ye wondrous wise ! Would that like your brother of old, who was the property of Balaam, you too might find a tongue ! Have we not been kind to you as we are to all dumb animals ? Then, oh ! grant us some little kindness in return. Listen to the sublime words of the poet—

“Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear its tune,
Thou’rt standing above ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.”

We ask not that the gates be kept always ajar, but that they may sometimes swing back and give us a passing glimpse of the glorious depths and the profound wisdom within.

MISS E. A. CRAWFORD.

Surf-Bathing at Orchard Beach.

A MERRY party of us were sitting on the veranda of our hotel one morning in August of 1874, reading, chatting, and idly watching the fishing crafts and schooners floating in the harbour. The sun beamed with many a dimpling line on the broad-backed billows which surged against the strand

“With all the tones of water blending.”

The sea air and salty breeze swept over us, bringing that glad sense of bracing buoyancy which such wind imparts, and raising our spirits with its magic influence of brightness and invigoration.

Presently one of our number, ever keen for excitement, proposed as a variation on our usual routine of strolling on the sands, rocking on the waves, fishing, playing croquet, and ardently entering into the great event of the day, namely a plunge in the briny deep, that we should take a trip to Orchard Beach, which was then the centre of much life and gaiety. We eagerly caught at the idea, and after our morning walk to the post, where, as usual, was the decidedly lively clatter and bustle over news from home, we took our bathing-suits and crossed in a small boat to Portland, thence by train we were whirled away to the commotion of far-famed Orchard Beach.

At the station we were met by friends who merrily introduced us to the various attractions of this much patronized sea-side resort.

A more animated, interesting scene cannot be described.

The tide was nearly in, and far as the eye could see heaved the rolling waters.

“Glorious is the breaking deep,
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
Songs of ocean never sleep.”

And on this bright day the thundering music of the panting surf, the leaping waves, and the spray dancing white and gay in the summer sunshine, sent a thrill of deep thankful joy to our inmost hearts.

The beach was crowded with people, and the bathers were rapidly emerging from the various hotels which line the shore. The dresses and whole appearance of some of these individuals was ludicrous in the extreme. Fat matres-familias, sufficiently passed the hey-day of life to wear the crown of advanced age, nothing daunted by the dashing of the surf, waddled triumphantly forward in their picturesque costumes of variously tinted serge suits and oil-skin caps. Scraggy patres-familias, and maidens in the sere and autumn stage of existence, with lank tresses and an air of general

leanness, followed the worthy example. Sylph-like damsels with health-glowing cheeks, and luxuriant locks, accompanied by fun loving youths plunged gaily into the rolling waters. Little children hopped and pattered round gleefully in close proximity to the shore, where light waves swept off seemingly for the juveniles especial benefit. Now and then timid fathers were coaxed out a short distance, while the billows rested a moment. Vain venture, for without warning in a trice a wave leaped in, and amid shrieks of laughter "the waters wild went o'er their heads." After a glorious plunge the belated warriors rushed hurriedly landward, only to grow bolder, and eventually become the merriest in the watery strife. Hundreds of bathers flocked into the sea, while the beach was lined with laughing spectators. After an ample enjoyment of watching those already submerged in the briny deep, we retired to a hotel, and donned our dresses. To some of our party surf-bathing was a new experience, and never will the pleasure be forgotten. We wended out beyond the several around us. At a little distance a great billow like a wall, bounded toward us. We boldly stemmed the tide, on it rushed with a furious force, and we were enveloped in the white foam,—a breath, a dim sight of light, then another rush of roaring, seething water—another and another. The experienced ones dived daringly through each successive wave, or sprang up gracefully with that peculiar lightsomeness which the salt water affords; but the poor unfortunate novices were dashed hither and thither, at times grappling vainly with the sands, half choked and wholly blinded or tossed at will in a watery embrace, until they found shelter in friendly arms outspread to protect them from old ocean's battering.

Of all the varied pleasing exercises of a sea side existence, surf-bathing was the "maddest, merriest" sport. However "there's a pang in all rejoicing," and the afterwards when one drags their weary weight, and diminished head, up the sands and meets the company of laughing eyes, the sensa-

tion, although not so enticing, possesses its spice of fun. But putting such minor consideration aside, one of the most pleasurable recreations in the world is surf-bathing at Old Orchard Beach. .

E. E. M.

Evening Light.

ALL day the earth lay weeping,
Like one who, in his sleeping
Dreameth a dreamy dream
Of some forgotten sorrow,
Or some grief-burdened morrow,
Without a gladdening gleam.

The heavens heavy clouded,
Earth in her sorrow shrouded,
Telling her to weep on ;
Weep, till her heart was lightened ;
Weep, till her darkness brightened ;
Weep, till her grief was gone.

But now the passion dying,
Only the faint, sweet sighing
Of her relieved heart,
Hints of a tender gladness,
Breathes a delicious sadness—
Sorrow without a smart.

And, lo ! the clouds are breaking,
The sunshine is awaking—
Sunshine of eventide ;
And with a glorious, tender,
And heart-rejoicing splendor,
Spreadeth his bright wings wide.

Oh ! how the earth, reviving,
Haileth his glad arriving,
Laughs in his smile, and sings.
Oh ! how the earth rejoices ;
One song from many voices,
One gladness for all things.

The million rain-drops dancing,
Seem diamond arrows, glancing
 From flowers that will be glad ;
Flowers, in the light delighting,
Arrows, dazzling and smiting
 The heart that dares be sad.

In heaven, the clouds have builded
Temples and towers, gilded,
 Beside a lake of light.
Oh ! who will tell their hist'ry ?
Who will unveil their mystery,
 Or paint their glory bright ?

Thus, many a man in dying,
No more in sorrow sighing,
 Foretastes heaven's holy bliss ;
Heart-wearing woe forgetting,
His day dawns at the setting,—
 His next world enters this.

MISS M. MCGINN.

Selected.

Likes and Dislikes.

I SUPPOSE we may admit that we all know people who dislike us, and, candidly, do we wonder at their dislike? Do we ever show them anything likable? Are we not quite aware that in their presence our wit is as pure and graceful as Caliban's? Do we not invariably say the wrong thing? If there is a sore point in their history of which we are entirely ignorant till afterwards, do we not always discover that we pressed hard upon it? If they could only see us as we are when we are with So-and-So, then they would like us. When we are gay, we are sympathetic, we have tact. With our native optimism (so true at bottom!) we say we are "ourselves" then. We may owe our charm as much to the sympathetic presence as we owe our paralysis to the antagonistic one. We see this even more clearly in our companions. There are two whom we like, but they cannot abide each other. They are almost angry even to share our affection. They cannot understand how it can be so; and when we see them together, we are almost tempted to dislike them both! A., our honest, warm-hearted friend, is simply bluff and rude. B., the considerate and courteous, shows merely flat and artificial. Fire and dew are both beautiful in themselves, but they extinguish each other. For this reason many of our deepest attachments remain inexplicable, and sorely tax the general faith in our judgment and good taste. Some natures of the rarest and freshest quality are shut behind a portcullis of reserve and awkwardness, which only one or two hands in a lifetime may find skill to unlock. A man who is known to demand good sense, good manners,

and acute thought in his companions, and whose common acquaintances are decidedly above the average, is discovered to hold as dearest friend one who impresses casual observers almost as a surly boor or an inconsequent madman.

In vain our friend insists that he owes the train of reasoning or the brilliant suggestion which has just delighted us to this mysterious mind, which reserves its wealth for him as the solemn tarn on the mountain top keeps its beauty for the pilgrim who scales its side. We merely smile good-humouredly, setting down the honest declaration as only a phase of that strange whim which sometimes makes men pretend that they have inherited property which they have really acquired themselves. We should always remember on our part, and on that of others, that nobody sees the whole of anybody, and that doubtless somebody is dying for the society of our boor. What is it, which, when we enter a room crowded with strange people, makes us suddenly aware of one particular presence? Perchance the face is not what would have pleased us in description; perhaps the creed or the career is one from which we have hitherto shrunk. Never mind, we feel at once that we grow larger—that we are able to take in something which hitherto we left out—that henceforward there will be a new feature in the portrait of our idol; a new rule, or, generally, new exception in our arguments or our ethics. What are these inexplicable likings? for often they are founded on no apparent sympathy of age or training, of position or intellect, and yet the moment the two draw together, we catch sight of something in common yet as subtle and undefinable as family likeness. As with family likeness, we fancy we find where it lies; it is here, it is there; but no sooner do we fix it, than lo! it is neither here nor there; and yet it is! We can scarcely come nearer to the secret than by that analogy of the family likeness. Is not this mysterious attraction the sign of some relationship more subtle than that of blood, yet the

same kind of tie on a higher level? May there not be within this inherited earthly frame of ours another frame of which it is but the scaffolding, which we are rearing ourselves by the works of our hands, the thought of our brains, and the love of our hearts? And may not these strange "attractions" be the stirring of a kindred not according to this world's genealogy, the recognition of father or mother, brother, sister, or kinsman "in the spirit?" For we cannot doubt that our present is making our future, nor can any thoughtful mind deny that no mediæval idea of torture can equal in agony that of all existing relationships stamped into eternal permanence.—*Good Words*.

Speaking Disrespectfully of the Equator.

WE heard a sermon recently on the subject of irrational reverence. It was suggestive and stimulating. It recalled to us the fact that one of the principal objects of American reverence is the Devil. There are multitudes who are shocked to hear his name mentioned lightly, and who esteem such mention profanity. We believe we do no injustice to millions of American people in saying that they have a genuine reverence for the being whom they believe to be the grand source and supreme impersonation of all evil. Of course this respectful feeling has grown out of the association of this being with religion, and is strong just in the proportion that the religion is irrational or superstitious. Now we confess to a lack of respect for the being who played our great grandmother a scurvy trick in the garden, and has always been the enemy of the human race; and we have persistently endeavored to bring him into contempt. It is harmful to the soul to entertain reverence for any being, real or imaginary, who is recognized to be wholly bad. That attitude of the man which defies, rather than deprecates, is a healthy one. If we have an incorrigible devil, who is not fit to live in the society of pure beings,

let's hate him, and do what we can to ruin his influence. Let us, at least, do away with all irrational reverence for him and his name.

There is a good deal of irrational reverence for the Bible. There are men who carry a Bible with them wherever they go, as a sort of protection to them. There are men who read it daily, not because they are truth-seekers, but because they are favor-seekers. To read it is a part of their duty. To neglect to read it would be to court adversity. There are men who open it at random to see what special message God has for them through the ministry of chance or miracle. There are men who hold it as a sort of fetich, and bear it about with them as if it were an idol. There are men who see God in it, and see Him nowhere else. The wonderful words printed upon the starry heavens; the music of the ministry that comes to them in winds and waves and the songs of birds; the multiplied forms of beauty that smile upon them from streams and flowers, and lakes and landscapes; the great scheme of beneficent service by which they receive their daily bread and their clothing and shelter,—all these are unobserved, or fail to be recognized as divine. In short, there is to them no expression of God except what they find in a book. And this book is so sacred that even the form of language into which it has been imperfectly translated is sacred. They would not have a word changed. They would frown upon any attempt to examine critically into the sources of the book, forgetting that they are rational beings, and that one of the uses of their rational faculties is to know whereof they affirm, and to give a reason for the hope and faith that are in them. It is precisely the same irrational reverence that the Catholic has for his church and his priest.

The irrational reverence for things that are old is standing all the time in the path of progress. Old forms that are outlived, old habits that new circumstances have outlawed, old creeds which cannot possibly contain the present life and thought and opinion, old ideas whose vitality has long been expended—these are stumbling-blocks in the way of the world, yet they are cherished and adhered to with a reverential tenderness that is due only to God. A worn out creed is good for nothing but historical purposes, and, when those are answered, it ought to go into the rag-bag. Forgetting those things which are behind, the wise man

will constantly reach toward those that are before. The past is small; the future is large. We travel toward the dawn, and every man who reverences the past, simply because it is the past, worships toward the setting sun, and will find himself in darkness before he is aware. Of all the bondage that this world knows, there is none so chilling or so killing as that which ties us to the past and the old. We wear out our coats and drop them; we wear out our creeds and hold to them, glorying in our tatters.

There is even an irrational reverence for the Almighty Father of us all. We can, and many of us do, place Him so far away from us in His inaccessible Majesty, we clothe Him with such awful attributes, we mingle so much fear with our love, that we lose sight entirely of our filial relation to Him—lose sight entirely of the tender, loving, sympathetic, Fatherly Being, whom the Master has revealed to us.

In the sermon to which we have alluded, the preacher quoted Coleridge's definition of reverence, which makes it a sentiment formed of the combination of love and fear. We doubt the completeness of the definition. Certainly, fear has altogether too much to do with our reverence, but if perfect love casteth out fear, where is the reverence? That is an irrational reverence which lies prostrate before a greatness which it cannot comprehend, and forgets the goodness, the nature of which, at least, it can understand. That is an irrational reverence which always looks up, and never around—which is always in awe, and never in delight—which exceedingly fears and quakes, and has no tender raptures—which places God at a distance, and fails to recognize Him in the thousand forms that appeal to our sense of beauty, and the thousand small voices that speak of His immediate presence.

Are we preaching? Let us stop, then. This is a literary magazine, into which religion should never enter! After all, isn't that one of the old ideas that ought to be discarded? Is the highest life of the soul so alien to literature that it must always be served in a distinct course, on a special platter? Even the ass knows enough not to spit out the flower that crowns his thistle.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS :

R. CLARK.

C. C. McLAURIN.

BUSINESS EDITOR :

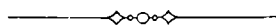
D. D. BURTCH.

THE editorial work of the TYRO again demands our attention, and we address ourselves to the work with some degree of diffidence when we remember the ability of those who have preceded us in the editorial chair, and what will be required of us if the TYRO is to maintain in the future the reputation which it has won for itself in the past. The task of successfully editing a college paper has become one of no small difficulty, both on account of the circumstances under which the work has to be performed and the object sought to be accomplished. Students who are pursuing their regular course, which usually furnishes quite enough work for ordinary capacity, are not in the most favourable position to manifest that vigor and freshness of thought which are so desirable in the editorial department. Spare moments do not seem to be very fruitful in results however diligently employed. The object which we must constantly keep in view is, to furnish something interesting to every class of our readers—to our own students, to our alumni and alumnæ, to the friends of the Institute, and to our widely scattered and as widely diversified college exchanges. We cannot hope to please all, and least of all ourselves, but we can make an honest effort to discharge the duties of our position in a creditable manner.

Our contributors have rendered the work of editing this

number of the TYRO much more pleasant than usual by furnishing their articles in good time. We trust future editors may be equally favoured.

And now if our subscribers will aid us in our endeavours to increase the subscription list, and thus do *their* part by keeping us out of financial difficulty, the TYRO may be felt less burdensome in the future than it has been in the past. Our prospects are brightening; may no clouds obscure the dawn, but added rays still increase the brightness till the darkness of the future melts into light.



Editorial Notes.

THE term which is just about past has been exceptional in the history of our College. It opened with a larger number of students than usual, and everything seemed to bid fair for a very prosperous and busy term. But scarcely two weeks had passed by when one of the students was taken down with the scarlet fever, and though it was thought that every precaution was used to prevent it from spreading, in a short time there were four or five additional cases, and the prospect of being able to arrest its further progress seemed almost hopeless. Under the circumstances it was thought best to close for a short time, until those who were unwell should recover and be removed, and to afford an opportunity for purifying the buildings. Accordingly we were invited to accept of a vacation of three weeks, from the tenth of February to the third of March, and though neither the circumstances which gave us the vacation nor the weather during its continuance was favourable to enjoyment, yet we believe nearly all spent a pleasant time. After the re-opening three or four weeks had elapsed, and we were congratulating ourselves upon having successfully eluded the fever, but just when we thought the danger past two of the students were taken with it simultaneously, and in a day or two, two more. However, all are now convalescent, and as they were removed from the building when it was known it was the fever they had, we hope it may extend no farther. Though the term has been considerably broken, there has been a good deal of study done by those who have enjoyed uninterrupted good health.

On account of the loss of time in the middle of the term we are to have no Easter vacation, and the Summer term begins immediately on the close of the present one and continues for ten weeks, being three weeks shorter than summer terms heretofore.

MR. R. W. SAWTELL, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees, has been presented by the Board with a beautiful silver tea service, valued at about a hundred dollars; and Mr. Wm. Pavey, also a member of the Board of Trustees, received at the same time a present of equal value. The presents were intended as a recognition of their valuable services to the Board, especially with reference to the purchase of the Burtch farm for the purpose of enlarging the Institute grounds, and also in disposing again of those parts which were not required for College purposes.

THE subject of Baptism,—its subjects and mode, is at present receiving special attention from the ministers of the various denominations in town. The discussion has been mainly carried on between Rev. C. Goodspeed (Baptist), and Rev. W. T. McMullen (Presbyterian). The cause of truth has an able defender in Mr. Goodspeed.

THE Baptist Church here has been enjoying a very refreshing time for several months past. Nearly one hundred have been added to the Church since Mr. Goodspeed became its pastor last September, and the interest still continues.

Local Items.

QUITE a change has taken place in the faculty since last term. As was noticed in the last number of the TYRO, Mr. G. Clift has left us and is now in England. His place is filled by Mr. S. J. Taylor, who has gained many friends since he became a teacher in the Institute. Prof. S. J. McKee, on account of ill health, was compelled to give up teaching about the middle of the term. We have been pleased to welcome as a substitute a former teacher, Mr. J. Bates, who has, at a considerable sacrifice of his own interests, left his studies in Toronto University in compliance with the request of the Trustees of the Institute.

The students were favored with the privilege of listening to a lecture from G. W. Ross, M.P., on a very interesting subject, viz: "Elements of National Power." The lecture was excellent, and was spoken highly of by all who heard it. On the occasion the members of the Adelphian Society presented him with four volumes of valuable books. Although, on account of unfavorable circumstances, the audience was not as large as it otherwise would have been, yet a very pleasant time was spent.

PROF. D. C. BELL gave a choice selection of readings from Shakespeare, Macaulay and the Humorists, under the auspices of the Adelphian Society, on April 2nd. Selections from Macbeth and Hamlet were rendered admirably. We hope to hear from him again.

ON Friday evening, April 9th, the members of the Gleaner Society favored us with a very interesting public entertainment in the chapel room. The exercises consisted of essays, a paper, recitations, music, and a colloquy. The latter was especially good.

LAST term our library, which is constantly increasing, received a large and valuable addition. Dr. Fyfe, during his European tour last summer, secured for it about 800 volumes of valuable works. This is *one* of the good results of his summer's vacation. Already we have shared in many ways the benefits he has received from the trip.

MR. HIRAM CALVIN of Port Hope, a former student, has very generously placed at our disposal fifteen dollars annually, to be spent in procuring standard Magazines and Reviews for the Reading Room, with the understanding that they will be preserved, bound, and then placed in the library.

A NEW society has been organized in connection with the Institute. It is called the "Evangelistic Society," and has for its object the finding of suitable places for preaching stations, and supplying them with services. The following are the officers:— President, Professor Crawford; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Thomas Luckens and A. W. Gower; Secretary, Mr. D. A. McGregor; Assistant Secretary, Mr. A. Grant; Treasurer, Prof. J. C. Yule; Auditors, G. L. Oliver and R. Clark.

THE usual Adelphian Election Supper was enjoyed at the beginning of this term. After the subject of oysters was thoroughly discussed, many toasts were proposed and ably responded to. The president elect, who was unexpectedly to himself honored with the position, presided efficiently on the occasion.

THE Gleaners, we understand, have followed the example of the Adelphians in having an Election Supper. It is reported that they spent a pleasant evening. Would it not be well to have a union Election Supper at the beginning of each term?

THE result of the election of officers in each society at the beginning of this term, was as follows :—

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—President, D. A. McGregor ; Vice-President, S. S. Bates ; Critic, E. W. Dadson ; Secretary-Treasurer, G. L. Wittet ; Marshall, E. R. Cameron.

GLEANER SOCIETY—President, Miss J. J. McArthur ; Vice-President, Miss F. Crawford ; Critic, Miss S. E. Dorr ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. Forsyth ; Librarian, Miss Ella Sutton.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY—President, H. V. Carter ; Vice-President, D. Cameron ; Critic, W. J. Wallace ; Secretary-Treasurer, A. Mills ; Marshall, J. M. Cameron.

With the close of this term we are again called upon to bid farewell to four of our number who graduate from the theological department. Three of them, Messrs. M. P. Campbell, F. Dann, and E. Hooper, enter immediately upon the work of the ministry. Mr. Campbell begins his labours in Dresden, Mr. Dann in Carlton Place, and Mr. Hooper in Oshawa. From what we know of their ability and energy, we predict for them a prosperous career. Mr. A. M. Turnbull, B.A., who completed a course in the University at Toronto previous to entering the theological department here, intends to prolong his theological course still further at Newton Theological Seminary, Mass.

The following is the programme of the commencement exercises :

PROGRAMME.

Music—"In God is our trust."—CHOIR.

PRAYER.

The Fields White to the Harvest.—E. HOOPER.

Music—"Lead Kindly Light."—QUARTETTE.

Christianity Promotes Temporal Prosperity.—F. DANN.

Music—"As Pants the Hart."—CHOIR.

Our Bible—The Conservative Power in Society and Morals.—
M. P. CAMPBELL.

Music—Solo—"Consider the Lilies."—MISS A. HUME.

The Relation of the Christian Minister to Society at large.—
A. M. TURNBULL B.A.

Music—Valedictory Hymn.

Address—DR. FYFE.

Music—"Praise ye the Lord."—CHOIR.

BENEDICTION.

Our Exchanges.

THE *Tripod*, under different editorial management, promises to do better in the future. Its matter is good and its tone is greatly improved. We can now place it among the best.

THE *Niagara Index* notices us rather favourably, but thinks the TYRO might dispense with the "Religious" department. It seems to us rather strange that such advice should come from a Theological Seminary such as the *Index* professes to represent. But perhaps the priests don't practise religion till after they leave college. For our part we cannot see how a paper can represent a college which has a theological department, without giving some space to religious matter, and especially if the theological is the leading department. The *Index* manifests considerable ability in its management.

The *Dalhousie Gazette*, one of our best Canadian exchanges, is waging war with nearly all the denominational and college organs in Nova Scotia, over the question of a Provincial University. The question is worthy of discussion, but one which should be discussed while influenced by more friendly feelings than the *Gazette* seems to cherish. There is too much sarcasm and too many bare assertions, made evidently under the influence of a bitter feeling towards other colleges, in the editorials of the *Gazette* to decide so important a question. The following sentences reveal the spirit by which they are influenced in writing on this subject :— "They (the rulers of Acadia College) have a marvelous faculty for making false statements." It accuses an exchange from one of the colleges of, "prevaricating and quibbling and telling deliberate falsehoods in defence of a system which it knows to be injurious to the province." Perhaps an inter-collegiate contest in Nova Scotia, which the *Gazette* condemns so bitterly, would help to decide the matter.

We are still glad to receive the monthly visits of the *Owl*, though it does hoot rather ominously with regard to the future of England. We have lost faith in omens and our superstitious fears don't seem to be very easily aroused, in fact we have examined the creature by day-light, and though it *does* make an ugly noise in the dark we think it is quite harmless during the day. The *Owl* stands in the front rank as a College Magazine. Its articles are generally interesting, and its editorial department is ably conducted ; but it seems rather hard to reconcile these things with some of the opinions which it holds ; e. g. "that Protestantism is being ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of Catholicism and Infidelity." We quite agree with the *Owl* that

Catholicism and Infidelity are the two extremes. Catholicism is "irrational religion," and Infidelity is "irreligious rationalism." But the religion of Protestantism, by which we mean the distinguishing truths taught by evangelical Protestant denominations, is the religion which God has given to man, adapted to his intellectual as well as to his moral and religious nature. The scriptures themselves invite us to "prove all things," and require us to "hold fast" only "that which is good." They make no unreasonable demands for blind assent. The faith which they required is belief of overwhelming evidence and the reception of clearly revealed and established truth. "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

We do not write to provoke discussion, but to keep the channel of communication open between those who are so widely separated, both by distance and difference of opinion.

We welcome another visitor from Nova Scotia, viz., the *Acadia Athenæum*, published by the students of Acadia College, Wolfville. It makes a very agreeable addition to our Canadian exchanges. Although the subjects of its articles are rather commonplace, yet they are interesting.

The *Quarterly*, from the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, is especially welcomed by us on account of the head master of that school being once a teacher in our college. The *Quarterly* is a credit to the school which it represents.

Volume 1, number 1, of the *Academy*, from the Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines, is received, and with pleasure we enrol it on our list of exchanges.

The editors of the *McKendree Repository*, in the last number, "for the first time" in their editorial career, notice their exchanges. This, and this only, excuses them for what they said about that *Archangel* from Oregon. They are inclined to puff their exchanges. Remember the evil consequences of flattery. The "Tippler's Dream"—poetry, and "The Order of Liberations" in the last number, are good. It has a little too much about themselves to interest foreigners.

The *Archangel* comes to us all the way from Portland, Oregon. The name is more angelic than any other part of it. Its general appearance bears unmistakable evidence that its editors and contributors are of a lower order. It is so small that, like a frog on the edge of a pond, but for the splutter it makes we would have passed it by. No doubt many of our readers have never seen an *Archangel* and would like to get a description of it, but we refrain from doing so until it appears in its new dress, as then we hope to pass a more favorable opinion on it.

WE have received the second number of the *Alumnæ Quarterly*. It presents a very creditable appearance, and its matter is, to say the least, interesting. The first article, "Our Triplicity," is certainly unique. This philosophic explorer finds everything in earth, heaven and hell, arranged in triplets, corresponding to man's three-fold nature as intellectual, emotional, and physical. On reading this article we were very forcibly reminded of the musician mentioned by Mr. Locke, who believed that God created the world in six days and rested the seventh because there were but seven notes in music ; and of another who believed there could be only three parts in harmony, viz : bass, tenor and treble, because there are but three persons in the Trinity ; and also of the alchemists who explained all the mysteries of nature and religion by salt, sulphur, and mercury. We now understand how it comes that we have just three editors on the TYRO staff.

We note the following exchanges :—*Bate's Student, Packer Quarterly, Alumnæ Quarterly, Aurora, Vassar Miscellany, McKendree Repository, Dartmouth, Seminary Budget, College Olio, Alumni Journal, Tripod, Central Collegian, College Herald, Queen's College Journal, Delaware College Advance, University Record, Actean Columbiana, Archangel, Ontario Teacher, University Gazette, Asbury Review, American Journal of Insanity, Academy, Quarterly, Acadia Athenæum, Niagara Index, Ewing Review.*

Personals.

Mr. H. F. McDairmid is head teacher of the public school in Ridgetown, Ont.

Mr. C. H. Fraser is preaching in Bay City, Mich.

Miss E. Comfort is attending the Normal School, Toronto.

Mr. D. W. Troy is in the office of the Brantford *Expositor*.

Rev. M. McGregor, the Evangelist of the Eastern Convention, is preaching with much success in Morrisburg, Ont.

Mr. J. E. Frith is teaching school at Princeton, Ont.

Mr. T. Trotter, on account of ill health, has been compelled to give up study this term.

Mr. R. H. Robertson is teaching school at Springford, Ont.

Mr. C. J. Jamison in a drug store in Ottawa.

Mr. J. T. Moore, M.D., is practising medicine in Port Burwell, Ont.

Mr. James McEwan is teaching in Osgoode, Ont.

Mr. O. C. Edwards, M.D., is practising medicine in Montreal.

Rev. R. B. Montgomery resigned his charge as Pastor of the Baptist church in Oshawa, and has been regularly installed co-pastor with Dr. Cooper, of the church in London. His prospects are encouraging.

Mr. Beecher Bingham is a grocer in Aylmer, Ont.

Miss B. Yule, of class 73, is teaching near Tavistock.

Rev. T. S. Johnston, of class 73, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Baptist church in Parkhill, and has entered upon his work in that place.

Miss M. McIntyre is teaching in Stratford.

Mr. L. Campbell is in the law office of Hardy & Wilkies, Brantford.

Rev. J. Coutts has resigned the pastoral charge of the church in Tiverton where he has laboured since he graduated from our college, on account of being appointed Evangelist by the Western Convention. Already he has laboured with much success in this capacity. The work is an important one and one in which we are glad to say the Canadian Baptists are taking more interest than formerly.

Mr. D. P. McPherson, one of the ex-editors on account of ill health was compelled to give up study, and has been teaching near Paris since the first of January.

We are pleased to learn that Rev. J. S. Ross one of the first graduates of our college, and who has been in California for five years is thinking of returning to Canada, having received a call from a church in Western Ontario. He may be assured that he will receive a warm welcome from the many friends which, by his earnestness in the Master's work, he made previous to his departure to that far off land.

Things.

WRITTEN EXAMINATION IN ALGEBRA.—*Question*.—Define the use of the word greater in algebra?

Answer.—Greater, not speaking of its numerical value in comparison with others, according as some laws hold good or not.

HOW'S THIS FOR SIMPLICITY?—"A promiscuous superfluity of glacial excrescences commingled with concomitant icy phenomena, renders the pedestrian liable to an uncongenial proximity with terraqueous combinations."—*Bowdoin Orient*.

SCENE.—Math. Room.—Mr. Smith at the board endeavouring to eliminate x , y , and u from the equations. Professor comes and stands by Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith grows nervous, and “puts it up tighter.” Professor inquires blandly, “What do you want to get rid of now, sir?” Mr. Smith, fearfully bored, replies, “Want to get rid of u , sir.” Class applauds.—*Ex.*

THERE is nothing like clearness. Not long ago one of our professors addressed his class thus:—“You will find the chapters numbered in Roman letters, that is to say, when we wish to express a *ten*, we write an X, that is, one line drawn across the other.”—*Ex.*

SCENE.—Dr. Lattimore’s room.—Dr., gentlemen, you have just seen that carbonic acid will turn blue litmus red. We will now show that respired air contains this acid. Will some one please step forward and blow through this tube?” Mr. C. accepts the invitation and produces the desired result. “There, gentlemen,” adds the Dr., “you see we have proved the assiduity of Mr. C.”—*University Record.*

AN American, teaching English to a German, met his request for a specimen of an English irregular verb, thus: “I go, thou wentest, he departed, we made tracks, you cut sticks, they ske-daddled.”—*Advocate.*

GONE over to the majority, is the way they tell us that a person is dead, at Oxford.—*Ex.*

SELF-MADE men are apt to worship their maker.—*Ex.*

SOPH. (to theatrical chum).—I say, George, here’s a chance for you to immortalize yourself at “Boston.”

CHUM.—How so?

SOPH.—Why, they’re going to bring out the “Prodigal Son,” and they want somebody to take a part of the *fatted* calf.—*Ex.*

Hymeneal.

BOTSFORD—TOPPING. On the 1st of January, by Rev. C. Goodspeed, Mr. D. Botsford of Amherstburgh, to Miss C. Topping daughter of Rev. E. Topping, East Oxford Ont.,

MABEE—RAYMOND. On the 2nd of February, by Rev. T. Sinclair, at the residence of the bride’s Uncle, J. Finch Esq., R. Y. Mabee Esq. of Vittoria, to Leonoria, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Raymond of Berlin Mich.,

Death.

It is with feelings of sadness, that we record the death of Rev. Jno. Ingram, who died at Bloomsburgh on January 21st 1875. He was a student in the Institute for about five years. For eight years he was an earnest minister of the gospel, in the Freewill Baptist denomination. During that time he was instrumental in leading many to the Saviour. He will be greatly missed, especially in the denomination to which he belonged. After suffering severe pain from congestion of the lungs, he went to receive his reward. He leaves a wife and five children, and many friends to mourn his loss.

Standings.—Fall Term, 1874.

The highest possible number of marks which a student can receive in a term is 2,300.

The following are the names of the four highest in each year.

FIRST YEAR.

J. Fraser, 1879 ; T. McCleneghan, 1670 ; C. W. Oliver, 1541 ; Miss M. Harris, 1505.

SECOND YEAR.

Miss Shepherd, 1823 ; W. H. Cline, 1764 ; A. Raymond, 1732 ; J. Zeran, 1732.

THIRD YEAR.

W. Nesbitt, 1765 ; J. J. Baker, 1638 ; A. O. McKee, 1429 ; E. R. Cameron, 1413.

FOURTH YEAR.

J. D. Cameron, 1660 ; S. S. Bates, 1435 ; C. Edde, 1182 ; A. Grant, 1035.

THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, JULY, 1875.

No. 4.

Religious.

Providence.

REV. JNO. TORRANCE, M.A.

IN our last, we first showed what we understood by the providence of God. We then examined two objections commonly raised against the doctrine, viz. : it interferes with fixed laws, and with the responsibility of man. With respect to the first objection, we noticed that fixed laws were (*a*) those which occur so regularly that we may depend upon them, and (*b*) those which, from their nature, are unalterable. Moral laws belong to the latter, and with them Providence never interferes. All other laws belong to the former. They are founded upon convenience, and are for the benefit of God's creatures, and are consequently subject to be counteracted by the Law-giver.

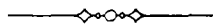
Moreover, since Providence never interferes with moral laws, it cannot interfere with man's responsibility. The 13th verse of the 1st chap. of James' letter settles this : "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God : for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." Now, whether we succeed in throwing any light on this subject or not, we wish the reader to fix this passage upon his mind, because it is worth more than all we can communicate, were we

to write for a week. It is plain, simple, and unambiguous. It is the emphatic assertion of the Spirit, and proves most conclusively that, whatever our ideas of God's providence in connection with man's action may be, God does not necessitate any man in any way to do wrong. Hence man's responsibility remains unaffected by any of God's actions. To make this point as plain as possible, let us notice what is said in Eccl. vii. 29: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." From this passage we learn that God is clear from having anything to do with man's being by nature a child of wrath. We also learn that man has been his own destroyer: "*They* have sought out many inventions." Here departure from the right is charged home upon man. Man is a sinner by his own act, not by any act of God. Paul says: "The carnal mind is enmity against God." He does not speak of this or that individual mind, but of *mind* in general, and characterizes it as *carnal*. *Carnal* is here used in opposition to *spiritual*—what we possess by the first birth against what we possess through the second or new birth. Men, then, come into the world possessors of minds which are enmity against God. Man having brought himself into a state of sin and misery, and possessing a mind willing to remain in that state, it cannot be shown that God is under any obligation to prevent this evil from bringing forth its legitimate fruits. According to the natural laws of mind, blessings bestowed should beget in the heart of the receiver gratitude to the giver. Now suppose these blessings, freely bestowed, produce the contrary effect through the depravity of our nature for which we ourselves are responsible, is God to blame? Wherein lies his *obligation* to bring influences to bear to reduce this hatred in man to love? He is under no such obligation. All acts of sin spring from one source, enmity against God. Christ has enumerated the principles which lead to all acts of sin, and has pointed out whence all arise. "For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetous-

ness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come from within and defile the man.”—Mark vii., 21, 22. Here the *heart*—the seat of the affections—the seat of the enmity against God—is the root whence all evil grows. From this it must appear, that all God has to do in order to the commission of any given evil by an individual, is to withhold his *restraining influences*. Now, let us see these remarks as applied to a given case. Take Pharaoh. Out of God’s mercy he is spared, watched over, and raised to the throne of Egypt. Through God’s loving kindness this kingdom has been raised to the position of a first-class Power. Indeed we may say, it was *the* kingdom of its time. Through Joseph’s wisdom—God-given wisdom—it became the greatest kingdom then known; and it is by the goodness of God that Pharaoh becomes its monarch. What effect has all this prosperity upon the monarch? With a heart naturally insubordinate to the will of God, prosperity rendered it still more haughty. Hence his language as found in Ex. v., 2: “Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.” He determined not to let Israel go; and when he was made feel the power of the Almighty, the mercy extended always made him the more resolute in his determination. Now, there is nothing uncommon in all this. God was good to Pharaoh, but Pharaoh, instead of repenting as he ought, continued to grow more and more obdurate under the mercy. But are we not told that God hardened the heart of Pharaoh? Granted; but how? He simply heaped blessings upon him, and gave him warnings of his power over him, and then left the natural heart to use these as it saw fit. The result was, it turned all these blessings into curses and steeled itself thereby—a result happening every day in a thousand instances. God is pouring out his blessings upon the unconverted with a liberal hand. Health and strength, civil and religious privileges, and almost every blessing heart could desire, flow like a mighty river through our midst from the throne of the Most High, yet what

is the result? Why, with heads erect, like gods of all the earth, we stalk about, asking ourselves the question, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey his voice?" And then, forsooth, if matters of religion are pressed home upon our attention by christians, we have the audacity to cast the blame upon God by saying, all our actions are fixed by his decrees, and we cannot come unless he drag us to Christ! What vile ingratitude! What base heartlessness! What impertinence! God loads us with mercies, leaves the carnal mind to bring forth its natural fruit, turns these evils to his own glory, then we turn round and say: His providence interferes with our responsibility! How false! The fact is, God *does not interfere* with us, but leaves us to ourselves, and then uses our evil conduct for the furtherance of his own glory.

A man is guilty of murder. The grave-digger makes two dollars out of the affair, and the undertaker makes something, and the dry goods merchant has a profit from the garments of mourning. What would we think of the murderer's pleading guiltless on the ground of these persons' making so much out of the transaction? God's providence in no other way interferes with our actions to make them evil, hence it in no way interferes with man's responsibility.



Too Weak to Pray.

"**T**OO weak to pray,"—Ah! wild the pain
That rends my heart with this sad tone,
"Too weak to pray," how deep the grief
To stand in darkness, all alone.

To feel the heart forsaking Christ,
To feel that love once deep and strong
Is growing cold, and dying now
Beneath the power of sin and wrong.

Too weak to *trust*, I've often been
When stern misfortune held her sway,
Too weak to say "Thy will be done ;"
But ne'er till now, too weak to pray.

For in the hour when grief's dark stream
Was wide and deep and strong in might,
I raised to heaven my streaming eyes,
I breathed His name—*He* sent me light.

Too weak to *hope*, I sometimes feel
When musing o'er my sinful way,
Too weak to lift my eyes above,
When clouds shut out each cheering ray.

But, even then, low in the dust
My hands clasped wildly o'er my breast,
A broken prayer—but One could here :
"A troubled heart—Lord give it rest."

But now, e'en now, my anguished soul
How vainly dost thou strive to rise ;
For strength, with all thy hope, is gone
When prayer, sweet source of comfort, dies.

I loathe, sad heart, this cage of sin
That shuts thee fast from light of day.
But O, not mine the power to free ;
Mine, but to mourn—"too weak to pray."

- **I** D. A.

Thoughts on the Present State of Christ's Cause.

THIS age of ours is replete with important peculiarities. It behoves us to be on our guard, that we may candidly examine matters, a hasty and prejudiced view of which will be fraught with disastrous consequences both to ourselves, and especially to the cause of Christ. It were folly to close our eyes to those distinctive features which God himself has undoubtedly impressed so vividly upon these times of peculiar moment.

We would direct attention only to those which are immediately connected with the aims and labours of the disciples of Jesus.

The decline of sacerdotalism in the ministry, and the God begotten thirst for the living streams of the Word, are perhaps the most momentous characteristics of our times which effect the cause we hold so dear,

The decline of sacerdotalism in our ministry.

No one, who has the love of the living Redeemer in his heart, can fail to see with joy that the minister of the Lord Jesus is fast withdrawing from any semblance of priestly functions. The last vestiges of Romanism are being slowly but surely obliterated from true Protestant denominations.

The separation, once so complete, between the ministry and membership is being gradually removed. That exclusiveness, which would hinder one from trespassing on the domain of the other, is giving place to a grand *fellowship* of service.

In the worship of the Holy One of Israel we are all "kings and *priests* unto God," "a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual service, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

The worship of the weakest believer, the humblest priest, comes up before the throne of God with as sweet a savour as that of the strongest and noblest.

And again our pastor worships not, offers no sacrifices for us, he stands not as a meditator, for there is "one meditator between God and man;" but "by him (*i.e.* Christ) let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his names."

Again, Sabbath-schools have been among God's greatest instruments for bringing into activity that species of priestly sacrifice spoken of by the apostles. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifice God is well pleased." These have made the ministry less of a dignified profession, but have invested it with more power.

From the pulpit, too, once a *sacred* desk filled only by those who had been publicly set apart for their important office, sounds the gospel from the lips of the lay brother.* "The ministry, itself, as a sphere of service, has greatly broadened, and thus affords scope for varieties of capacity and culture, for which there was no room under the notion that no service is ministerial save that of preaching from the pulpit, with text and regular divisions, firstly and fifthly, and an *amen* at the end. The privilege of this service is no longer limited to the pastor of the Church."

The God begotten thirst for the living streams of the Word.

The Word of God has never, perhaps, since the times of Christ, His apostles and their immediate followers, been so universally regarded as the only rule of practice for the church of Christ, as at the present time. "It is written" is becoming the motto of thousands of Christians who before looked with indifference upon the word of Jehovah, in many cases, perhaps, because the only door into the treasure-house, "Jesus only," had not been thrown open to them. It has been suggested that the ministers of our day have grown careless, or are too much inclined to preach Jesus, the sum and substance of the gospel, as an abstract truth. Many indeed have been enlightened or at least awakened to the truth that Christ must be held up as a living personal Redeemer. Bunyan's characters receive their force and grandeur from the fact of shadowing forth living truths. So the truth as it is in Jesus is living. Christ is a personal Saviour who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Hence, when the soul receives the gospel, it receives not an abstract truth, but a Christ, and hence life. "He that hath the Son hath life."

*From J. A. Smith's "Patmos."

Such teaching is calculated to lead hearers to look more into the *words* of the living Redeemer, once dead but now alive forever more, who said, "the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life," as if he had said, "you need my words to quicken and feed you since they are spirit and life."

Again, how often during the public instruction through the word, is the rustling of the leaves of God's book heard, as, like the Bereans, people "search the scriptures daily whether these things are so."

Another means in God's hands, by which this desire to know the mind of Jesus is strengthened, is the assertion and proving of its superiority over all other books, by constantly noticing in its interpretation how plainly the hand of God guided the pen of the writer.

This peculiar characteristic of our day, we cannot say has not belonged so pre-eminently to other periods on account of the want of the right presentation of the truth, for no doubt God in "*the fullness of time*" has wrought out His own designs in this respect; but we surely are not oblivious of the truth, that especially in our day the plain, simple truths of the gospel are taking root in more hearts in proportion than at any other period for centuries.

" Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy Sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there."

—E.H.

The Christian's Motto.

Et Teneo et Teneor.

HOLD it high, hold it high to the gaze of the world,
The bright Cross of Glory.
With your banner, O soldier of Jesus, unfurled,
Tell the wonderful story.

There are mountains of sin towering up to the skies.
Art thou worn and weary ?
Dost look with dismay to these sumits ? Arise !
Though the way is so dreary.

The feet, with the gospel of peace that are shod
Shall slip and fail never.
"How beautiful !" List ! 'Tis the word of thy God,
And it standeth forever !

Adown the dark valleys that know not their doom,
Where cruelty reigneth,
Flash the glorious light of the cross o'er the gloom ;
Fear not—He sustaineth.

He will keep thee, the promise is sure, on the height,
In the valey so lowly.
Thou shalt hold and be held—from the cross is thy light,
O thou messenger holy.

—M.S.
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Waiting.

PERHAPS of all the lessons to be learned in this life, none is more difficult than learning to wait patiently. We judge of a person's skill and industry by the activity and perseverance with which he labors to accomplish his end, but his power of endurance is not manifested until, his labor over, he waits the result. All along the way of life there are periods of waiting, some in prosperity, some in reverses, some in joy, others in grief and pain. In many instances those hours of waiting are

reached land somewhere. Waiting for a physician after an accident or during an illness, when a moment's delay may be at the sacrifice of life, tries fully our patience. With what anxious suspense must the convicted await the verdict of the jury during a trial! fortune, character, perhaps life itself, depend on its decision, and while it deliberates, what moments of alternate hope and fear must come to those who wait. We cannot attempt even to imagine the feelings of those concerned as the moment when the final decision which shall seal their fate has arrived. The waiting has been tedious, the fearing and hoping painful, yet the final moment must be dreaded, and should the sentence of death be pronounced, and a time set to the limit of life, what must the waiting then be!—waiting for death. It is seldom that time then seems to pass too slowly; but is the waiting not more painful from the fact that every moment brings the dread event nearer? Yet there have been and there are those who can patiently and fearlessly await the approach of the grim monster. Such times as these are the waiting moments that tax the christian's courage. There are times, too, of pleasure when it is difficult to wait, such as some promised enjoyment, the arrival of a friend, or the starting in business. In many, many trifling circumstances in life we are called upon to wait, and even in these we feel it hard, but how much more difficult it is to stand quietly and firmly, and wait the result of life's work. There are those who can sit down and with folded hands wait for the turning of fortune's wheel, but such are the drones in the human hive. The active busy man who struggles and toils, endures heat and cold, exhausts body and mind, bears praise and blame, yet toils on patiently; and, the task ended, can quietly wait and bear unmoved the suspense that precedes the knowledge of the result of his labor, ready if failure is the result, to renew the work, *he* is the patient man. And how many there are who thus labor and wait. The result of their toil may never appear to them, others in ages yet to come, are to reap the fruit of their industry and toil, still they

are not cast down, they work on cheerfully and wait patiently. What a triumph of patient endurance is the electric telegraph that to-day confers upon mankind such untold blessings! What well-earned glory does the inventor deserve! Coldly and doubtingly received at first, Professor Morse was compelled to struggle with difficulties, to contend with rivals, and to encounter neglect. The public seemed indifferent. There was none of the loud applause that now seems natural should attend the birth of so brilliant a discovery, yet the inventor saw further, and during those four weary years of patient waiting and persistent entreaty he never lost courage, and now the civilized world is full of memorials testifying to the merit of that patient worker. What hopeful endurance also was manifested by Cyrus W. Field ere he succeeded in binding together, as with chains, the two great nations of the earth! With the eyes of the nations looking down upon him, looking coldly on his failure, he untiringly renewed the effort and the third time succeeded in laying under the waters of the ocean, the wire which almost renders the celestial vision—"there is no more sea" a thing of reality. Many such instances might be quoted, but these are sufficient.

To each person there is an assigned place in life—the active have their duties to perform, the healthy their work to do, for the talented there is room for labor, but there are some who seem to have no part in the great struggle but simply to wait God's will. Some have been denied the physical power necessary to labor, others lack mental ability, while many stricken ones lie day after day and year by year on beds of suffering stricken down mid-way in life and forced to be a burden on others till death. The mind and brain may be active and healthy, the spirit willing but the flesh weak. A life-work, perhaps, had been all planned out; many bright castles had been built in the "fairy realm of future land;" many years of hard labor and weary, diligent study were spent to fit them for the station they expected to fill in life, and just at the time, when, with tools all ready to enter upon the work—just when

hours of the keenest agony, and patience becomes the highest virtue. Take for instance during war. In what agony and suspense must those wait for news after the battle, who have husbands, fathers, or brothers, dear to them as life itself, on the bloody field. Wait and hope we sometimes say. Ah! those who know not what such suspense is can little imagine the anxiety of those who wait. Or a ship has sailed for a distant port, laden with human lives; she goes on proudly and fearlessly over the calm ocean, the waves roll gently on as if no angry storm could ever wake them from their gentle motion into fearful unrest. The voyagers know no danger, the friends on shore feel no fear. Soon a little cloud is seen which gradually thickens, spreads, and soon fills the sky with blackness, the winds howl, the waves give forth a fearful roar, strange hissing blasts tear away the sail as they pass, masts snap with a noise like thunder, and death stares with his icy glance on all sides; 'tis at such a moment as this that we feel the weariness of waiting: we fear to wait, the delay is for life or for death, and as we stand in silence waiting the end, have they not more than ordinary calmness who can wait unmoved? And to the loved and loving ones left behind how terribly filled with anxiety must be the days until news has arrived of the vessel's fate—days pass and no tidings reach them—they fear, then hope—then fear, and hope again, and when the tidings of shipwreck and loss of life have come, how bitter the waiting for information of those who may have the future looked brightest—when the sun of hope shone out full and strong upon the path that they thought lay all marked out before them—the strong hand of disease and pain fell heavily on them, and they were called upon to give up all their hopes, and bear as patiently as they could the unforeseen barrier to their progress. To wait without murmuring under such a disappointment as this needs, no ordinary patience and fortitude. To such in their weary hours of inactivity and suspense, where physical powers lie prostrate, there is comfort in the line—

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

And yet what hours will such spend in silent mourning as to why this was so ! How hard to see the silver lining in the dark cloud which has drawn its sable mantle over the brightness which had heretofore clothed that life ! And yet we know that "He who doeth all things well" ordered even this in wisdom, and it is the sufferer's place to stand and wait, believing that in so doing he is truly serving Him who did afflict. How many, also, have started out in the Christian life, strong in the love they bore for their Saviour, full of desire to work for Him, willing to consecrate their all to Him, and serve Him by yielding up their life for His sake, if need be, and yet how many such have, ere they had begun the work they hoped to do, seen all their plans frustrated, and been compelled to stand aside and wait ; yet even these may truly serve. "Man purposes but God disposes." How truly the poet has said :—

"God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell."

Some are permitted to toil in the sunny vineyard, to gather in the grapes, and prune the vine ; some sow the seed and are allowed to gather up the golden grain, while others must stand by and be merely lookers on, glad even to catch a passing glimpse of others more favored than they. How often from their lips must come the wondering "Why ? Why are we compelled to stand idle while others do the work ?" We struggle long and complainingly under the disappointment, and is it not a triumph of grace when we are enabled to sit patiently and meekly down and wait till the dross shall be purged away, the gold melted, or God's purposes fulfilled. It is hard to hold the proud will in subjection, to still the rebellious murmuring, and hush the petulant, "Wherefore," the "How long O Lord." When these have been restrained and we patiently stand and wait, then we truly serve—we also serve.

There are some who seem to rise to heights that are almost sublime, they catch the brilliant rays of the sun and

dwell under the smile of peace and happiness, while others have to plod wearily on through a land of shadows where only mists and clouds arise, yet all are filling the station in life designed them by the Great Master. Though no opportunity may come to us to do a wonderous deed ; though we may not occupy a high position in life, yet there are niches to be filled, and there may be one for us. We may not send relief to nations in distress, but at home we may give the cup of cold water, or bathe the fevered brow of some lowly sufferer, or speak a cheering word to some desponding one, and in so doing shall serve the end for which we were created, and shall truly receive our reward.

We should wait cheerfully, hopefully, prayerfully, then, at life's stations, fretting not that at times we must only stand and suffer, remembering that often through suffering we grow stronger in the faith, that "neath God's chastening rod we may grow holy," often through poverty and pain *here*, the wealth and joy *hereafter* are gained. It is often the sorrows of earth that create the desire for heaven, it is not necessarily so, but scarcely any but the despairing can prevail to overleap the immeasurable distance that stretches out between God's paradise and these hearts of ours. "The happy look at things on their own level, the sorrowful look up ; our thoughts settle where our hope is fixed."

"The Cross of Calvary is the key
That ope's the pearly gate.
God loveth all, both great and small,
Who labor, pray and wait.

"And waiting serve as He has planned
Till Eden's light falls clear,
And Angels cry from out the sky,
The Master draweth near."

J. E. N.

Literary.

Canadian Literature.

There are few countries in the world where the educational interests of the people are studied with more assiduity and success than in Canada. Our system of schools and colleges being founded on the systems of Germany, Scotland and the New England States, partakes of their several advantages. The standard of our teachers and professors compares very favorably with those of other countries; and the consequence of having such a system and such teachers is that, in Ontario at least, our percentage of educated people is high and knowledge is very generally diffused. But for a people reared amid such educational advantages, it has often been remarked that Canada has produced few authors of any note. The reason of this has often been asked, and it is, perhaps, a somewhat difficult question to answer. If we take the United States, a country similar to our own, in government, in people, and in education, we find that the same dearth of literary men exists there. An attempt, plausible enough, has been made to account for this, on the score that the American Republic is comparatively young as a nation. If this reason is applicable to the United States, it is much more so to Canada. Other reasons can also be adduced. The national character of the Canadians has, heretofore, been necessarily practical. There is little literary leisure amongst a people engaged in clearing forests, in toiling for very existence, and in laying the foundations of towns and cities. And when once the mind has become devoted to practical pursuits, it too often entertains contempt for literature and art. And, lastly, we think that one of the great reasons for the non-existence of a Canadian home literature is to be found in the oppressive copy right laws which have, until lately, been in force in Canada. These laws have operated strongly against the interests of the booksellers, and hence, through them, of the authors. And to this suicidal law is partly due the

absence of a great home literature ; and to it is also ascribed the flooding of the country with American works and reprints, sometimes vicious, and very often worthless.

It is, therefore, interesting to mark some individuals, who, though bound by such fetters, have endeavored to burst them and show what a Canadian can do as a historian, novelist or poet.

In speaking of literary Canadians, we are apt often to forget the names of French Canadians. Our general ignorance of the French language, our political hostility in the past to Lower Canada, and the contempt we feel for the "slow" *habitàns* of Quebec, account for this. But when we consider, on the one hand, the "slowness" of the average French Canadian, and when we contemplate, on the other, the comparatively large number of them, which has attained literary eminence, we must be convinced that their natural genius is great, and that it lies dormant until awakened by education. This is further attested by the smallness of the number which is known as the really educated and reading class, we believe, only some thirty or forty thousand out of a population of a million in round numbers. Yet out of this small numbet have sprung writers of no mean talent and no secondary fame. "Quebec" as a writer in the *Canadian Monthly* truly asserts "is the most historical portion of the North American Continent." Upon the basis of this interesting history many authors have written. Garneau, the Canadian Giuzot, has taken high stand as an able historian. Tassé, a writer of great descriptive power, has depicted the life and adventures of the bold Canadians who first discovered and explored the Mississippi. Historical novels, founded on early Canadian history, abound. In this field of literature, Chauveau and DeBoucherville have won great fame. While Bouressa, who wields with equal facility the pen or brush, has written a tale on the expulsion of the French families from Acadia, on which Longfellow has founded his "Evangeline." In poetry, Crémagie, of Quebec, Fréchette, the most rising of the young French Liberals in the House of Commons, and Lemay, of Laval University, have acquired deserved distinction. Lastly, we may mention the name of De St. Maurice, whose elaborate and polished work on Mexico under the rule of Maximilian was so Parisian in its style and language, that, the idea of supposing the author to be a Canadian, was flatly denied in England and France.

But turning from French-Canadian authors to Anglo-Canadian writers, we meet with names far more familiar to us. In the department of history, we find the name of Judge Haleburton, whose "History of Nova Scotia" and "Conquest of Canada" are well and accurately written, but are somewhat out of date. His "Sam Slick," however, has immortalized his name. This work was immensely popular in its day, and is now widely known and read. It is, in our opinion, superior to Mark Twain or Artemus Ward. Judge Haleburton's works were introduced to the world by Joseph Howe, the great journalist and politician of Nova Scotia, himself an author of merit. John Foster Kirke, of Ottawa, has, according to critics, ranked himself with Prescott and Motley by his history of "Charles the Bold." Mr. Todd, the late librarian of the House of Commons, has written a work on Parliamentary Law, the most valuable compendium and work of reference, on the subject, in the English language. In fiction, English Canadians have not greatly distinguished themselves. Our chief novelists are ladies—Madame Leprolion, Mrs. Noel and Mrs. Moodie. The racy sketches and tales by Mrs. Moodie, especially, are well known in America and England. In poetry, however, we find quite a galaxy of Canadian talent, of which, it seems, we are most unpatriotically ignorant. Dr. Clarke, himself a Canadian author, says on this point: "The sensational and amatory fervor of a Byron—the social and patriotic songs of a Burns—and the stilted ambiguity of a so-called philosopher Tupper—are familiar as nursery rhymes, whilst we overlook the efforts and genius of our native poets to the astonishment of English and foreign critics." Truly a prophet has no honor in his own country.

Charles Heavysage, in his "Jephtha's Daughter" and other poems, has displayed great dramatic power, and all his works bear the stamp of originality. Some passages in his "Jephtha's Daughter" are not inferior to the tragedies of Shakespeare, such, at least, is the judgment of competent critics. Maclachlan, "the Scottish Bard," an imitator of Burns and the Lake School, is far better known to Canadians than their other poets. Charles Sangster and Charles Mair—the Canadian Swinburne—are authors of merit, and have set the music of words to our noble Canadian scenery. In speaking of Canadian authors, we might also mention the names of

Dr. MaCaul, a classical scholar of great research ; of Dr. Wilson, well known for his works on Canada and Scotland, and also of Goldwin Smith, one of the most brilliant of British political writers. But these authors are not native, nor so thoroughly naturalized as those whom we have noticed. While writing these pages, the news came of the death of Sir William Logan, whose long and honorable career has reflected so much honor on his native country. He was not exactly a literary man, yet, as the greatest man whom Canada has produced, and as the Franklin of Canada, we cannot forbear casting our humble wreath of *immortelles* on the grave of him of whom Canada was so justly proud.

We think that the names we have mentioned are good evidence to show that Canadian Literature is not a thing of the imagination, but that it is in existence and progressing. It is emphatically the duty of every Canadian to assist Canadian authors, and we appeal to the Canadian youth to patronize our home literature, and to aid not only in forming a national literature but also in building up a national spirit. In short, our system of education, the excellence of our press, and the high standard of our professional men, must and will, with proper encouragement, result in a national literature. And, even now, we certainly compare favorably with our neighbors across the line.

When we consider what hindrances all Canadian literary efforts have met ; when we see the effects of former injurious copyright laws, oppressive both to the author and publisher ; when we consider the shortness of the period of our Federal existence (for as a Confederation we are but eight years old) ; when we remark the invariable discouragement which has greeted Canadian native works—a discouragement which helped to build up an American literature at the expense of our own—when we consider all these things as operating against any system of letters, we almost marvel that we have a literature at all. We think that as the copyright laws or (to use J. S. Mill's phrase) "taxes on brain's" are being removed by legislation, and as our people are becoming more educated and truly patriotic, we may surely reckon on the establishment of a national Canadian literature, which will take its proper place amongst us in influencing the masses and establishing on a sounder basis our great Confederation.

J. D. CAMERON.

A Professor's Dream.

In an old arm chair sat the sage teacher of mathematics. His hands were folded with algebraical precision, and his nose was turned up in a knowing kind of way, as much as to say, "*I've* had my mind disciplined." Where, oh where were the Professor's thoughts? Not in this world, for his eyes were shut. Had he ascended the golden stair, counting the steps as he went; and was he now sipping ambrosial sweets in the amaranthine bowers of Paradise?—(see Milton). Don't laugh when I tell you that the Professor was in fairy land—yes in fairy land. He was not wafted there on angel's feathery wings, but he proceeded thither in boots seven by eighteen, over the "*pons-assinorum*." He walked on till he came to a pump; then he sat down to rest. He measured it and found out how many such pumps it would take to supply the world, if it yielded six pails a day; and also, what the population of the world would be in one thousand years, if six persons were drowned each day drawing the water. Soon the enraptured Professor saw towering before him, the solid castle of mathematics. His eyes fairly glistened when he saw the exact measurement written upon each stone. Of course we all know there are such things as *keys* to open the castle of mathematics, and such things as *ponies* to carry one round the premises, but Prof. Q. Brute scorned all help, he cared not if he had to limp, he cared not if he made himself so thin, that he could calculate to crawl through the key hole—not he—but what does it matter as long as he was happy. He gave three knocks on the door, at the same time counting how long it would take the sound to travel to Venus. Soon Miss Martha Matics came to the door. She was a fit subject for a painter's brush; that is to say, she would send a painter into fits. Her hair was grayish red, and curled tightly to her pate, each ringlet containing a nice little rule, to subtract one-fourth of the brains of the person who spoke to her. Prof. Q. Brute bowed very low, and asked if things had been A 1 since he left. She said decimal twenty-five—asked him in and shut the door. The overjoyed Professor was then conducted through every room, and as he passed along, he counted the window panes, and measured the ceiling. The walls were huge black-boards, and the wood-boxes were filled with chalk.

At length they came to the dining-hall. Miss Martha Matics asked Prof. Q. Brute if his brain had thawed after the effect of the last knotty problem in 9th Algebra. He said four by twenty-seven : she said seventeen by thirty. Then they sat down to dinner. First there was snail soup, made from that poor creature that mathematicians have kept crawling up, and falling down a well for the last twelve years, (hope it will not be dished up again.) In the vegetable line they had roots of all kinds—square and cube—and for dessert they had a dish of very tough *dates*, and afterwards they increased the stock by a ten-fold ratio. It was nearly two o'clock, and as Prof. Q. Brute had the preceeding evening prepared a surprise for his class, in the form of a written examination, he concluded he had better set out for home. “Il faut que je parte” said he, and methodically imprinting a kiss on the square knotty forehead of Miss Martha Matics, by the formula as given in Todhunter page forty seven, he took his departure. He was just going through the twenty-third proposition of the first book, when two o'clock rang from the college bell, and the Professor awoke and found, alas 'twas but a dream. Short, but uncommon sweet, said the Professor, smacking his lips—but ah me, such is life. F. C——.

Beauty is not Purity.

WITHIN the calm and quiet shade
 Where fairest flowers grow,
 There is a fount more clear, more pure
 Than aught else earth can show.

Beside that fount a maiden stood,
 While glowed the sun with heat,
 She sought a spring to quench her thirst,
 A place to rest her feet.

Fast in her hand a cup she held—
 A cup of purest gold ;
 But when she from the fount would drink,
 No water would it hold.

Then back she shrank, and wept aloud.
Full filled she was with fears,
To see that which no water held,
Now almost filled with tears.

Then prostrate, low upon the earth
Her comely form she cast,
And cried in bitter agony—
“ I perish sure, at last.”

Hard by that fount a goblet old
Lay rusting on the ground ;
But even this would water ^{old},
If only used when found.

This also now the maiden spied,
As on the earth she lay,
And fretting, moaning, weeping loud,
By one was heard to say—

“ From vessels foul I cannot drink
When one so pure have I ;
Before from that my thirst I quench,
Resolved I am, to die.”

A gentle footstep now is heard
Far distant in the grove.
No savage now disturbs the calm,
A messenger of love.

Full soon a man the maid espied,
Not comely to behold,
But worn with care and pierced by grief ;
His garments too were old.

Soon o'er her trembling form he bowed,
Then weeping, turned away,
And stooping, picked the goblet old
From out the damp, dark clay.

Up in the air he held it high—
High o'er the maiden's head,
And looking kindly in that face,
To her he calmly said ;—

“ Maiden, arise ! Why weepest thou ?
For whom pray, dost thou seek ?
The prince's son with jeweled hands,
Or meekest of the meek ?”

“ Behold this vessel o’er thy head,
 This fountain clear, hard by,
 The man who drinks from *this* of *that*,
He shall not surely die.”

The maid arose, she looked, she saw,
 O, who the truth will hear !
 Not in his hand that goblet old,
 But one as crystal clear.

And he who plain not long before,
 When worn so much with care ;
 Now seemed to her—a princess rich,
 The fairest of the fair.

Now from his hand the cup she takes,
 Which willingly he gives,
 Of living water from that fount ;
 She tastes, she drinks, and lives.

NEMO.



Heroism.

Where is that individual, within the whole range of our acquaintance, who does not love to gain the approbation of his fellow men, or who is he that is not prompted, to some extent at least, in many of his actions, by a desire to be esteemed and honored by those around him ? If we glance over the pages of the world’s past history, we read of many a one who has spent the whole of a long and toilsome life, in endeavouring to climb the steep and rugged hill of fame. Bent upon gaining a position from which they could exercise a powerful influence over the politics of their day, could command the applause of listening Senates, the adulation of courtiers, or the praise and admiration of the world, men have devoted their whole energies to the arduous task, and have scrupled not to sacrifice fortune, health and even principle, in order to accomplish the one great object of their lives. We read, for example, of the famous though unfortunate Thomas à Becket, who, from being one of the despised and oppressed Englishmen of his day, rose to fill the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, then the highest dignitary of the

Romish Church in England. We read of Cardinal Wolsey, at first the humble teacher of a few pupils, then a priest, and in a few years more, Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England, living in splendour, rivalling that of the king himself, and making the first nobles of England do him homage. And again, in later times, we find Sir Wm. Pitt, the Great Commoner, beginning his career as a humble Cornet in a regiment of Life Guards, but for frame and power, he presses on with untiring zeal until he gains a seat on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor of Britain. In reading the records of the past however, we many observe another motive which has often influenced men during their earthly career, viz., an intense desire to achieve some deeds of valour and daring, so that the world may talk of them as heroes, and their names be handed down to posterity as synonymous with bravery and patriotism.

Actuated by this motive, we find men engaging in adventurous pursuits, cheerfully enduring every hardship, and braving every danger, in order to earn for themselves a place on the list of heroes, or call forth a word of praise from the lips of their sovereign. In Ancient Greece, at the time of the Olympic games, men came from all parts of that country to participate in these exhibitions of bodily strength and activity in which the competitors often risked their very lives to achieve victory; and yet the prize was merely a garland of leaves. But it was not for this alone that each competitor toiled so hard and risked so much. He knew that his native city regarded it as the highest honor for one of her sons to gain a prize at the Olympic games, and would shower rich rewards upon the fortunate victor. He knew that poets would immortalize his name in song, and sculptors would send his statue to adorn Olympia or his native city. And in the time of Chivalry, when the tournament was the favorite amusement of the age, steel-clad knights on their charges strove for hours together in those dangerous encounters which so often ended fatally; and though the victor never escaped without many severe bruises, yet he deemed it an ample reward to receive, amid the cheers of the spectators, the victor's crown from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty. In these days, poets and minstrels praised the valorous knight in their songs, and recounted his deeds throughout the land, and where was the knight who would not dare to encounter suffering and danger in their most terrible forms, in order to acquire such an enviable distinction?

But a hero, in the popular sense of the term, generally implies more, than one who has distinguished himself in an atheletic game, mock encounters, or other sports of peaceful times ; it implies one who, for his country and his king has fought with their enemies on the field of battle, and who has stained his hands and steeped his sword in their blood, and thus maintained or enhanced the glory of his country's arms. As examples of such men we are accustomed to point to Hannibal, Alexander, or Ceasar of ancient days, and Charlemange, Marleborough and Bonaparte of modern times. Such men as these, some historians love to praise in glowing terms, and to hold up to the world as patterns of all that is great and worthy of admiration. But when we submit the character and actions of these men to a critical examination, much of the brilliant colouring disappears from our view, and too often we discover that selfishness and ambition formed the mainspring of their glorious deeds. Unrobed, unmasked, they stand before us, no better, often much worse than many of their more humble fellow-men. The model hero of the stage appears behind the curtain as a brutal husband, an unnatural father, or a rebellious son ; and we are forced to admit that the glory of such a hero is really far from being enviable. And though it is true, that in the list of the brave, we can discover some truly noble men, yet they are few and far between, and it only adds to our regret to find, that among so many of these whom the world calls heroes, so few are really deserving of the name.

There is another class of men, however, whom the muse of history has often passed unnoticed, but who, in our humble estimation, are as worthy of heroic honors as the proudest hero that ever shed his blood in defence of his country or his king. They are those who have perilled or devoted their lives to benefit their suffering fellow-creatures, not through love of honor or distinction, but through feelings of pure and disinterested benevolence and sympathy. Such a man was the noble John Howard, who in the reign of George III., made a tour among the prisons of Europe, exposing himself to all the deadly fevers and plagues that lurked within these loathsome dungeons in which thousands of his fellow-creatures were confined, and treated with shocking cruelty. From prison to prison the brave philanthropist went on, ministering much to the comforts of the inmates by alleviating their sufferings, and using all the means

within his reach to secure for them better treatment, and more comfortable prisons, untill the fell destroyer, fever marked him for his victim, and another life was sacrificed for the sake of suffering humanity.

And who has not heard of that brave and noble-minded lady, Florence Nitingale, who, like an angel of mercy, and with a mother's tenderest care, nursed the sick and wounded that crowded the hospitals of Constantinople during the Crimean War? And again, on that wild September morning, when the keeper of an English lighthouse discovered a vessel wrecked upon the rocks, and saw the huge waves breaking over her, threatening every moment to engulf the unhappy crew, and making assistance almost impossible, see his heroic daughter spring into the boat and earnestly implore her father to help her save the drowning sailors. Roused by the determined bravery of his child, he takes his place in the boat, and they strike out for the ship. Soon they reach the ill-fated vessel, nine of her crew are saved from a watery grave, and as they are landed safe on shore Grace Darling has achieved a glorious deed and built for herself an everlasting name. Here we have examples of true heroes, and how different the motives which animated their noble breasts from those which formed the mainspring of the deeds of Bonaparte or any of his class of heroes! The latter impelled by selfishness and unbounded ambition, and regardless of the rights or condition of others, aimed only to gain glory and power for themselves; while the former sought neither glory nor power, but having hearts that burned with love and sympathy for their distressed fellow-men, were animated by an ardent desire to do them good, and cheerfully devoted their lives for their benefit.

—M.S.C

Selected.

Jaded and worn, over-anxious and over-wrought, the doctor threw himself into the easy-chair in his library, and thus bemoaned himself : " Ah, me ! ah, me ! What a dark and dreary world is this ! An hospital on a gigantic scale ! No brightness, no beauty, nothing but pain, disease, and deathshade. I toil day after day, and often night after night, to lessen the sum of human misery, but I make no sensible impression upon the enormous mass. Vain is the light of Medical knowledge, the darkness thickens, the shadows deepen, and the gloom of the sepulchre settles down on all things. I have battled with my little stock of skill and strength against the all-devouring monster, but I feel utterly spent. My heart sickens. I see no end to this dreary warfare, no hope of ultimate victory ! God help me, and help poor humanity !" Soon the doctor's eyes fell on a black morocco bag which lay by the side of his chair. It contained his valuable instruments, the keen weapons which he wielded in his hand-to-hand fight with death, weapons which even that day had stood him in good stead. They were fearsome things to handle, the mere sight of them would startle timid mortals, but it suited his present morbid frame of mind to examine them. As he opened the bag an almost celestial fragrance streamed forth and filled the room, and, to the doctor's utter amazement, he saw a company of lovely roses hiding away his cruel knives, even as the daisies and the green-sward daintily conceal the abode of death. Nestling in all their confiding loveliness by the side of those keen horrors of surgery, which divide the joints and marrow, they smiled upon him as peace smiles when it leads the war-horse to the pasture, and breaks the bow, and cuts the spear in sunder. When Samson found honey in the lion's carcase he was not one half so surprised as was this master of the healing art when he found the loveliest of flowers as much at home among instruments of steel as if she were a queen surrounded by a body guard of valiant men, all holding swords most sharp and glittering. White and damask, and creamy yellow, and one or two pink buds veiled in moss, there they lay smiling upon him with a beauty and grace, which were enhanced by their incongruous surroundings. Greatly wondering whence they came, the good man sat and gazed at them. Then came a troop of cheering thoughts like good angels to minister to him ; his eyes were filling and his heart was melting, the roses were discoursing sweetness,

their perfume was persuasion, their blushing beauty was eloquence. Nay, think not that we are sentimental ; have ye never read the poet's lines wherein he saith :—

“ Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers ;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book ;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
In loveliest nook ? ”

Have ye not heard of the language of flowers ? If there be sermons in stones, shall there not be homilies in roses ? If ye inquire how the floral apostle discoursed, we fear the tale will be marred in telling, but to the physician's heart the lesson was on this wise. “ O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ? Was thy soul so taken up with the thorn as to forget the rose, of which the thorn is but a necessary accompaniment ? It is not true that pain and death are sole occupants of this world ; sweet consolations yet remain to us. The earth is not given over to the briar and the thorn—there are roses still, and these not only in king's gardens, but in the tiny plats around the cottages of the poor ; roses not here and there, rare as rubies, but in ruddy clouds, plentiful as the rosy beams of the morning, smiling on every land from the expanse of the earth as the stars from the firmament of heaven. * * *

Thou seest us nestling here among the cold stern implements of steel, and we are here to remind thee that side by side with suffering thou wilt find God's choicest comforts, even as at the touch of the spear there ran adown the cross a blood-red stream, which withered the thorns of Golgotha and covered Calvary with roses. The Rose of Sharon bloomed amid the flashing swords of Gethsemane, the scourges of Pilate's hall, and the nails, the sponge, and lance of the mount of doom. Where hearts are broken with contrition and bosoms torn with anguish, there doth that “ plant of renown ” still shed its balmy fragrance. Look not for the purest joys in the house of feasting, but know that the wise man found it better to go to the house of mourning. There is a solemn and mysterious happiness hidden away in the depths of sorrow like the pearl in the heart of the sea ! Yea, and it would never be known among men were there not sufferers, who, like the hardy divers of the eastern ocean, plunge beneath the billows. He was blessed, indeed, whose mother bore him with sorrow ; there is a peace born of affliction which is like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Between the paroxysms of pain there are intervals of delicious rest such as cannot be conceived of by those who have never known the throb of agony.”
—*Sword and Trowel.*

Estray.

No one could say who owned that mule. Small boys had pelted him with liberal hand, and the police had made glorious but unsuccessful efforts to ensnare his wayward steps and turn him over to the pound master.

A grey mule, well put together for an animal of the kind. The rotundity of form which distinguishes the well-fed mule was lacking. A bite of grass here and there, an occasional thistle head, a nibble at a passing load of hay, may blunt the edge of hunger, but will not produce plumpness or good nature. He had wandered from home—this mule—started out with a desire, perhaps, of seeing strange towns, meeting with strange adventures, and of seeing the world. His owner had been left one mule less, and, mayhap he had searched long and diligently, had been patient and hopeful, trusting that the wheel of time would turn, and return the mourned estray. Down street, around the corner, the gas light playing for a moment on his faded coat, and the mule crowded close to the fence and peered over with hungry eyes at the juicy green grass. Thus have we raised the curtain of fact and introduced to orchestra, parquette, boxes and gallery, the leading character playing not the rôle of the old man, but the rôle of the old mule. In the parlour sat the lovers. She was beautiful, he was worth 500 shares of Lake Shore Stock, and was interested in a bridge contract where there was a chance for a splendid grab. He loved, and he trusted that she reciprocated. He had come prepared to announce his love, and she blushed as she read the fact in his eyes. "My dear Isabella," he commenced, as he tenderly pressed her soft fingers, "I think you ——" "Gee-hau ! 'Gee-hau !' roared the wayward mule, rendered melancholy by the sight of the bountiful supper just beyond his nose. The fair Isabella sprang up in alarm, and it was several minutes before the young man with Lake Shore Stock could quiet her. "It is nothing but a mule," he explained, as he looked from the open window ; and he scowled darkly at the wanderer, and made threatening gestures. She sat down again, and the painful silence was at length broken by his grasping her hand and saying : "I have to-day been analyzing my feelings towards you, and I find that ——" "Oh ! hoo-hau, Gee-hau-gee-hau !" announced the harmless, houseless mule, as he caught the scent of roses and tulips from the lawn. He saw things as a mule sees them, he hungered as mules hunger.

"It's that beast again !" whispered Lake Shore Stock, as the fair Isabella uttered a little shriek of alarm. He went to the window and ordered the grey haired out-cast to move on, to leave that locality without any unnecessary delay, and secure standing room on the common.

They sat down again. He had something of interest to com-

municate, and she had a curiosity to know what it was. Minutes ticked away before he looked into her lustrous eyes again. He thought he saw the light of love shining brightly, and stole his arm along the sofa and said: "You must have seen—you must know that I—"

"O-h-h ! gee-gee-ah-ah ! ah-ah !" came a voice from beneath the window. It was not the voice of a drifting sailor, going down to a dark deep grave after a valiant struggle for life. It was not the voice of a child crying out as it stumbled through the darkness, longing for the strong arm of a father to enfold it. It was the voice of the old grey mule, quivering strangely as hunger brought up recollections of corn cribs and timothy hay. A smile flitted across her face. The human soul is so constructed that one may smile at a victorious, exultant champion, or a down-cast, discouraged mule.

Lake Shore Stock approached the window again and as he brandished his fists in the air, he warned the intruder to dissolve in the dim distance, under penalty of being found dead with a severed jugular.

When a rubber ball is flattened it will spring back to its original shape as soon as the pressure is removed. When a lover's declaration has been thrice broken in upon, his thoughts are slow in gathering. They sat there and gazed at the opposite wall, as if waiting for a railroad train, but she glanced up coyly and lovingly whispered: "you were about to say something !" "I was," he whispered in return, reaching out for her hand, "the public have acknowledged me as your—your favoured suitor for months past, and this fact emboldened me to—"

"Hip-hup-hau-gee-hau-ah !" came a voice on the night breeze—a voice which halted and gasped and hesitated as if the owner had risen from beside the grave of a loved, lost friend. It was not the voice of troubadour warbling words of anguish set in rhyme. It was not the voice of a lone night bird calling for its lost mate. It was the voice of that same mule calling to the lilac bushes to come a little nearer—to come and get a bite.

"Is that an odious cow?" she softly enquired. "No ! its a blasted mule !" he replied. "Such language, sir !" she said as she rose up ; "Such a mule, madam !" he replied, pointing to the window, "I'll kill the man—the mule—that has dared come between us !" he shouted, as he rushed from the mansion. He pelted that age-worn mule with lawn ornaments ; he pelted him with a picket torn from the fence ; he pursued his retreating form and battered it with stones picked from the street or found lying alongside the curbstone.

Halting under a lone tree on the dreary common—gazing through the deep shadows of night to discover why pursuit

was at last abandoned, the old grey mule seemed to realize that, even as a mule, it was safe to have an accident insurance ticket in his pocket, and he sighed, and gasped, and tremulously soliloquized, "Gee-hau-gee-ah-r-r-rau-gee-hau !" and the shadows grew deeper, the night breeze sighed with renewed loneliness, the stars nestled behind the clouds to sleep, and he felt that he was a mule, loved by none.—*Canadian Illustrated News*.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

(The following is an old Latin version.)

N OLO vivere semper, volo non manere
 Ubi tempestates veniunt veloces.
 Dies pauci, dolores et sunt multe ;
 Quis felix ? Nemo. Oportet nunc luctari.

Nolo vivere semper in malis et peccatis,
 Mihi corruptis tentationes durae,
 Gaudium enim peccatis absolutis
 Lacrymis admixtum satis nunquam adest.

Nolo vivere semper, mors ergo me juvabit,
 Mortuus Iesus, quamobrem tristis ego ?
 Sepulcrum dulce ! dicit mihi deus
 Sanctus sis et felix ; tibi sum Salvator.

Vult vivere nemo deo et absenti,
 Absenti coelo, absentibus angelis ;
 Hic pax nulla, fontes gaudiorum
 Absunt in terra, nunquam hic videbo.

Saeculorum sanctos hic videbo nunquam,
 Fratres, Salvatorem nisi moriturus.
 Morior, nunc audio carmina sanctorum,
 Facies diei meae est pax animae.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct ; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS.

J. J. BAKER.

E. R. CAMERON.

BUSINESS EDITOR.

W. H. CLINE.

THE fact has thrust itself very strongly upon our attention while discharging our editorial duties, that a change might be made in the management of the TYRO, which would be beneficial in more ways than one. We have noticed that a number of our exchanges have ladies as well as gentlemen on their editorial staff, and the thought has occurred to us, Why not have ladies on the TYRO staff? It is well known to all Adelphoi, that considerable trouble is experienced every term in electing editors, and when elected the staff is so small as to be altogether inadequate to the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them. Moreover, as the editors have usually more than the ordinary quota in addition to this special work, they often feel that in issuing the TYRO they do an injustice to themselves as well as to the paper. Now we think it would be a step in the right direction, if the by-law respecting TYRO editors were thrown out, and the Gleaner Society be requested to furnish two literary editors. It would not only make the work much easier for all, but we feel confident would greatly enhance the value and usefulness of the paper.

SPELLOZOOTIC.

We beg the pardon of all our exchanges for not having an article in this number on the spellozootic. We know it is asking a great favour, but in all charity, grant us forgiveness.

It is not our fault we assure you. If ever a human being pled and argued with a determination to conquer, we have. In every favourable light possible, the subject was held up before the school. We introduced a motion in one society that a deputation be sent to the Ladies Department to throw them the glove of defiance. When this was objected to, we moved that two Adelphoi choose sides and we have a contest among ourselves. At last when this motion was lost, in the blind fury of desperation we challenged any member of the society, every member, the whole school; for the coming TYRO had to have at least two pages on a spelling match, or the paper would be a total failure, and cover its editors with infamy. If you but knew how mortified we feel at this, especially, when all our exchanges give glowing accounts of their matches, with all the polysyllabic words in Worcester brought in so ingeniously, that one would think they were the ordinary vehicles for conveying their ideas, you could not have the cruelty to refuse.



College Journalism.

Journalism within late years has become an important feature of our seats of learning; and we think the papers emanating from our colleges and universities have been marked by that liberality of sentiment, courteous behavior, and friendly criticism that should be expected from well educated and refined men. The greatest drawback to the popularity of these journals is the bitter personalities which disfigure the columns of a few. It certainly will not tend to elevate the tone of college papers, if some editors demean themselves by flinging abuse at one another like that which characterizes the blustering organ of a political party. When stinging invective and dark inuendos crop to the surface so often, it is very evident the writers are

animated by anything but a charitable and gentlemanly spirit. We think those journals, which have too much respect for themselves to countenance any such articles in their columns, should strongly express their disapproval of them in others, and thus raise college journalism to the position it should, and is expected to hold.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

The battle of Lexington is ended. At least we hope so. During the last few months the United States has been the scene of the fearful carnival of death. Now at length from the reeking battle-field we may collect the broken verses, hacked metres, mangled lines, chopped-off feet, which in that dreadful carnage were scattered far and wide by the mighty strokes of the—quill.

It is invigorating to read the gushing effusions poured forth from bursting hearts, and the graphic verses of the bard, who sings,—

“ In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not.”

It is still more invigorating when the reader thinks he has at last found a short, pithy article on the battle, to read as follows:—“This engagement, in which was struck the first blow in that great and glorious struggle for national freedom; this engagement which electrified Europe, and roused in martial bosoms the chivalry of ancient days; this engagement which was the death-knell to England’s greatness, deserves to be commemorated age after age, as long as the world shall last. The true-born and patriotic American looking back to that day pregnant with such great results, and as with trembling heart and bated breath he scans the battle-plain, how he adds his strength to each blow hurled on the blood-thirsty invader, that would ravage the lands and desecrate the hearth-stones of his ancestors. Although some Englishmen will not acknow-

ledge us as victors in this memorable conflict, none have or ever will deny that Godfrey's Parer expeditiously removes Corns, Bunions, and all other excrescences incident to humanity."

CHANGE.

There is something in human nature, we cannot tell what, that will not endure sameness. This dissatisfaction is manifested in the smallest affairs as well as in the greatest. It is a fact that cannot be denied that nature is not always a true guide. Every change that takes place is not a change for the better; yet we feel that some reform must be made, and are not satisfied until the promptings of nature are carried out. The Israelites were not satisfied after they had been ruled for a time by judges, and demanded a king, for the simple reason that they might be like other nations. Again there are thousands in England at the present day who are strongly in favor of a Republic, and a great number in the United States in favor of a Monarchy, yet every persons can see that each country has wonderfully prospered under its own government.

Even we ourselves are not outside of this dissatisfied class. We think our form of government is second to none, still we find that many of the leading men in the country cry out for independence.

But, as we have said before, this spirit manifests itself even in the smallest affairs; most people cannot wear the same style of hat two seasons.

We are sorry to say that this feeling shows itself to a great extent in our colleges, and the results arising therefrom are far from being always favorable. Students are not different from ordinary mortals, and we find that in first becoming acquainted with any person, we are far more apt to find out their faults than their excellencies. But after we have become better acquainted with them, remembering that they are mortals, we overlook their faults and learn to love them.

This desire for change is especially injurious in colleges, and we doubt whether any college will be prosperous which is continually changing officers and teachers.

We cannot tell how, but it is a fact that the faults of a new teacher or officer are soon known beyond the college walls, and they have an influence which does not at all advance the interests of the institution. If smallness of salary is, as we are in many cases led to believe, the cause of the frequent changes that occur, we deem the reason insufficient.

How much better would it be to advance the salary one half, rather than suffer the change.

THE BEHEMOTH.

We have heard of the Cardiff Giant, and the thousands who went many miles to behold the bones of that monster; we have also heard of so many thousands being deceived in that they saw nothing but a work of art. We have heard and read, too, of the Mastodon and other monsters whose bones were by no means hewn out by any clever American.

The Behemoth, the bones of which were exhibited in Woodstock on the 29th of May, is no humbug. We are not prepared to prove the statement made by its owners—viz., that it is the Behemoth spoken of by Job, but we can testify as to its size. It is, as is claimed, the largest skeleton of a land animal in the world. The horns at present are over eight and a half feet in length, and it is believed that they were at least two feet longer. The jaw bones are five and a half feet long, and the teeth weigh from five to seven pounds each; the shortest rib is five feet in length; only the short ones are preserved. The animal must have stood, when alive, about twenty feet high, thirty long, and weighed over one hundred tons. This skeleton was found in the County of Monck, near the town of Dunville. It was thought by some that these bones, being found in Canada, should be kept here. This is our opinion also, and we think Canadians are being badly duped when they permit them, for the small sum of \$3,000, to be taken out of Canada.

Our Exchanges.

The last number of the *Mckendree Repository* contains some very good articles. We mention, "Life,—its Conditions and Destiny,"—prose; and "Be the First,"—poetry. It says that the Archangel is evidently prepared with much care and study. If it does not use the words *care* and *study* in a very restricted sense, we have always been mistaken as to their meaning. At any rate, we would advise the *Mckendree Repository* to study carefully hereafter the pages of the Archangel, or have nothing to say about it.

The "Qui vive" comes for the first time as an exchange for the Tyro. The only criticism we have to make concerning it is that too large a proportion of its pages is taken up with reviews of society meetings. A concise, pointed criticism on such a subject may be allowable in a college paper, but to devote a third of the literary matter to such an object appears to us very injudicious.

The Academy's intentions are good. We are not of the number "who care not to see it prosper."

The last number of the *Olio* is not at all up to the standard. Those articles on Hope, and Tobacco, partake too much of the purile efforts of juniors.

The *Tripod* in speaking of the Tyro says:—"The April number fails to be as interesting as some of the other numbers, since it contains too much of literary saw-dust, to the exclusion of editorials, locals, and college views." If the *Tripod* will inform us how we are to please everybody, we shall be happy to do so. We are always glad to hear from the *Tripod*.

The *Seminary Budget* shows taste and careful study; its articles are pleasing, but not profound. We think the fair editresses must have very beautiful hands, their hand-shaking is so pleasing.

The *Archangel* is again on our table. We think the poem entitled "Oregon" contains many additions to the usual num-

ber of poetic licenses. On the whole we would strongly advise the Archangel to plume well his wings before he attempts to do any more flying.

We forgive the *Queen's College Journal* for having so much to say about themselves, considering it is the last number for this year. Its hints on University Consolidation are good.

The *Central Collegian* has a good tone, and is well written. We think if it were gotten up in magazine style it would present a much better appearance.

What has become of the Vassar Miscellany and Parker Quarterly. We do not wish to lose any of our exchanges.

We have received the following:—Alumni Journal, Madis-
onensis, Academy, Trinity Tablet, Dartmouth, Ontario Teacher,
University Record, Irving Union, College Olio, Seminary Bud-
get, Archangel, Tripod, Central Collegian, Mckendree Reposi-
tory, Bowdoin Orient, Annalist, Volante, Queen's College
Journal, Acadia, Athenæum, Dalhousie Gazette, Hannibal Col-
lege Enterprise, Bates Student, Owl, College Herald, Qui Vive,
Asbury Review, Niagara Index, Ewing Review, Delaware
College Advance.

Locals.

The Base Ball Club was organized at the beginning of the term and the following officers elected: Pres. J. M. White; Vice, E. R. Cameron Sec. and Treas, H. V. Carter; Field Captain, S. S. Bates; Custodian, J. J. Baker. Before the warm weather came on our Campus was the scene of some interesting matches, but during the last few weeks the balls and bats have been little called for. In the only two games played between the Adelprians and Excelsiors the latter were victorious.

We must compliment the Faculty on the improved appearance of the grounds. The grass has been cut and the use of a lawn mower for a few hours would make them quite presentable.

The Adelprian and Gleaner Societies held their first union meeting for the term, in the lecture room on the 26th ult. Although got

np so near the end of the term the meeting was a complete success. Special mention should be made of the Sheaf which was well read, aud contained many excellent articles. Since union meetings are always well attended and give entire satisfaction, why not have two or three at least in each term ?

The town council of Woodstock deserve praise for the energy they have displayed in beautifying the streets, by setting out shade trees. We hope this spirit of enterprise will not languish until the sidewalks have been improved.

Although the excrcises of the Judson Missionary Meeting, held on Friday evening July 2nd were all prepared on short notice, nevertheless they were highly pleasing and instructive.

We think the meeting was more interesting than a lecture would have been and that all were well satisfied.

This term, as usual, the Excelsiors gave a public meeting in the lecture room. We are always glad to here from the Excelsiors, they give us plenty of fun, but a superabundance of personals.

We give below, a list of the officers in each society elected at the beginning of this term :

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—Pres. S. S. Bates ; Vice-Pres. D. Laing ; Critic, J. E. Trotter ; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. Lockheart ; Marshal F. Tapscott.

GLEANER SOCIETY—Pres. Miss E. Crawford ; Vice-President Miss McGregor ; Critic, Miss S. E. Dorr ; Editress, Miss J. J. McArthur ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss E. Whiting ; Librarian, Miss K. Merri-
man.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY—Pres. H. V. Carter ; Vice-Pres. E. Wallace ; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Baldwin ; Critic, D. Grant ; Marshall, E. P. Parry ; Librarian, W. Merry.

The following is the programme of the public meeting :

PRAYER.

Address—By President of Adelphian Society.....S. S. BATES.

Solo and Chorus—"No Friendly Voice to Greet Me."....DANKS.

Misses Stewart and Bessie and Messrs. White and Cline.

Recitation--"De Profundis.".....Mrs. BROWNING.

Miss J. J. McArthur.

Instrumental Duo—"Unr Perle de Varsovie.".....SMITH,

Misses McLaughlin and Hooker.

Paper—"The Oracle," By Adelpian Society.....J. E. TROTTER.

Song—Ring on Sweet Angelus.....GOUNOD

Miss Ida Fitch.

Dialogue—From Nicholas Nickleby.....EX. SOCIETY.

Duett—"Onward Boatlet".....KUCK EN

Misses Stewart and Bessie.

Essay—"Light and Shade.".....MISS E. CRAWFORD

Piano Solo—"Theme Allemand.".....LEYBACH.

Miss. K. Merriman.

Colloquy—Misses E. Merril, T. Crawford, L. Harris, E. Fitch.

Song—"I Love My Love,".....PINSUTI.

Miss M. Cameron.

Oration—"Life in Earnest,".....W. T. TAPSCOTT.

Duett—"Slowly and Softly Music Should Flow,".....GLOVER.

The Misses Fitch.

Clippings.

A good story is told by the *Buffalo Commercial*, of a prominent clergymen in that city, who recently preached in Dunkirks, taking his text from the account of the miraculous draught of fishes. The lesson he sought to impart, was that of the duty of instant, unquestioning obedience to divine commands, and in the course of his remarks, he used this illustration: "When the Lord said unto Moses, 'Get thee to Horeb,' Moses did not hesitate, *but immediately got.*"—*Ex.*

Fresh from Erin—"Well Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?"

"Och, docthor dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics is very distressin' indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and me toes is swiled as big as a goose hen's egg, so when I stand up, I fall down immediately."

One of the Freshmen says, "I tell you what I am going to do when I get more money. I am going down to one of the Hotels and get a good square meal, just to see how it seems."—*Record.*

An exchange desires to know, if water-melons can be grown to advantage, near a Seminary containing one hundred and fifty students studying for the ministry.

Names suitable :—

For an Auctioneer's wife—	Biddy :
“ a General's	“ —Sally :
“ “ Sport's	“ —Betty :
“ “ Fisherman's	“ —Nettie :
“ “ Shoemaker's	“ —Peggy :
“ “ Teamster's	“ —Carrie :
“ “ Lawyer's wife	“ —Sue :
“ “ Printer's	“ —Em :
“ “ Druggist's	“ —Ann Eliza :
“ “ Carpet-man's	“ —Mattie :— <i>Ex.</i>

“ A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent. He did it, and presented a bill in full, for fifty-nine francs and eleven centimes to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying, that the committee would require a complete detail, the painter produced it as follows :

	frs.	cts.
Corrected and renewed the ten commandments.....	5	12
Embellished Pontius Pilate, and put a ribbon in his bonnet.....	3	02
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter, and mended his coat.....	3	20
Replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel.....	4	18
Washed the servant of the High Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks..	5	12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, and cleaned the moon.....	7	14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory, and restored souls.....	3	06
Revived the flame of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned.....	7	17
Rebordered the robe of Herod, and readjusted his wig.....	4	00
Put new spatter dashes on the son of Tobias, and dressing on his sack....	2	00
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him.....	3	04
Put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah.....	2	04
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs.....	3	02
Decorated Noah's Ark.....	3	00
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal son, and cleaned his ears.....	4	00

59 11

—*Acta Columbiana.*

Personals.

Miss Sara. E. Dorr, our present governess, leaves at the end of this term. She has won the esteem of all, during the two years she has been amongst us, and departs accompanied by our best wishes for her future welfare.

Miss Philp leaves this term. Her stay has been short, but to us both pleasant and profitable.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, steward and matron are going to Port Hope.

The vacancy caused by Miss. Dorr's leaving, will be filled by Mrs. Sarah L. Nott. She comes to us highly recommended.

Miss Ottie A. Smith, from St. Johns, New Brunswick, will teach drawing and painting next year. She is a graduate of the Boston School of Art.

Miss. Maria E. Revell is engaged as assistant in music for next year.

Rev. Robert Pickard, B.A., and wife, take Mr. and Mrs. Hooker's place. We wish them every success in their arduous undertaking.

With pleasure we give a list of honors awarded at the late Convocation of Toronto University, to former students of the Institute.

Mr. J. C. Yule, at present a teacher in our Theological Dept. received the degree of M.A. Mr. A. P. McDiarmid received the degree of B.A., and a silver medal in Metaphysics and Ethics. Mr. E. Harris—Scholarship in classics, and a prize in Oriental Languages. Mr. J. W. A. Stewart,—Scholarship in Metaphysics and Ethics. Mr. P. S. Campbell,—General-Proficiency Scholarship.

We also notice the gold medal in Metaphysics and Ethics, was awarded to Mr. T. Carscadden, formerly a teacher in the Institute.

Prof. S. J. McKee, was compelled by ill health to give up teaching last term. We are glad to learn that his health is improving, and that he intends to resume his classes in the autumn.

Mr. Will. J. Wallace is in Scott and White's drug-store, town.

Mr. Isaac Campbell took the first and second prizes at a spelling match held in Wickliffe Hall, Brantford.

Mr. Ross, a graduate from the Theological Dept., paid us a visit this term. He has been laboring for the last ten years, in Mendoceno Co. Cal. He now returns to take charge of the Tiverton Baptist Church. We wish him all success.

Miss. Emily Crawford graduates this term.

Mr. D. Reddick is teaching at Ayr.

Mr. John M. White, through ill health, has been unable to attend college this term.

Mr. D. B. Stumf, will graduate an M.D. next year, at the Cleveland College of Homeopathy,

We feel assured we express the mind of the Baptist Denomination when we offer our congratulation to Prof. Jno. Crawford on his receiving the title of D.D. This degree was conferred at the last

convocation of Acadia College, N.S. We know of no person more deserving, upon whom this dignity could have been bestowed. He has ever been a diligent student, an acceptable teacher, a fluent speaker, a subtle reasoner, and in argument a man of might, when Baptist principles have been at stake.

The following is a list of the students who have gone out to preach during the summer months, in various parts of Ontario and Quebec. A. M. Turnbull, B.A., St. Andrews ; M. P. Campbell, Thurso and Dresden ; F. Dann, Sarnia ; E. Hooper, Oshawa, (graduates.) E. W. Dadson, B.A., Buckingham ; W. McGregor, Port Elgin ; A. W. Gower, Daywood and Cape Rich ; J. McDonald, Sydenham ; J. W. Best, Woodslee ; Alex. Best, Woodville and Manilla ; G. Everton, Fullerton ; J. W. A. Stewart, Osgoode ; Ira Smith, Welland ; A. Grant, Pembroke ; T. Luckens, East Zorra ; C. Y. Snell, Beachville ; Thos. Trotter, Komoka ; D. D. Burtch, 2nd Lobo ; A. P. McDairmid, B.A. Clarence ; C. C. McLaurin, Clarenceville ; P. A. McEwan, Arnprior ; D. A. McGreger, Cornwall ; N. Wolverton, Sarnia ; J. Dunlop, Bristol ; J. A. Zeran, McNabb ; W. Grant, West Flamboro ; S. C. Keech, Burgesville ; D. Cameron, McNabb ; T. Williamson, Cote St. George ; G. L. Willet, Wallaceburgh, S. A. Freshney, Bloomsburgh ; C. Mason, Bobcaygeon. G. L. Oliver, Petrolia ; D. P. McPherson, Roxborough ; J. Anderson, Waterdown ; Thos Howland, Moore ; John Munroe, Gobles ; Robert Clark, Dalesville ; Charles Eede, Hull ; W. T. Tapscott, Walkerton ; J. E. Trotter, Paisley ; J. McCallum, Osnabruck.

Hymeneal.

Campbell—Bartlett. On the 9th June, by the Rev. A. A. Cameron of Ottawa, the Rev. M. P. Campbell of Dresden, to Miss J. E. Bartlett, late of London, England.

Obituary.

Ours is the sad duty to notice the demise, on the 15th of May last, of the late father Bates. In him the Institute has lost one of its most devoted servants. Since the time when he first became inter-

ested in its welfare, he has furthered its progress by the earnest advocacy of its claims upon the Baptist denomination, and by liberal donations of money as far as his circumstances would permit. At the final examinations of each term he was always present to mark the progress of the students, and by a word of encouragement to spur them on to greater diligence. His death leaves a blank in the Christian Ministry, which only those who have been intimately acquainted with him truly realize, and in conjunction with all who have been in any way associated with him, we offer our tribute of respect to his memory.

Standings.—Winter Term, 1875.

The following students received the highest number of marks in their respective years. Maximum 2,300.

FIRST YEAR.

J. W. Foshay, 1946 ; Miss Lyon, 1928 ; Miss Cascadden, 1736 ; A. McDonald, 1605.

SECOND YEAR.

Miss Shepherd, 2,000 . Miss Hatch, 1961 ; W. H. Cline, 1861 ; J. Yeran, 1745.

THIRD YEAR.

J. D. Cameron, 1611 ; W. Nesbitt, 1568 ; E. R. Cameron, 1513 ; H. M. Bouslaugh, 1348.

FOURTH YEAR.

S. S. Bates, 1619 ; C. Eede, 885.

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Dressmaking and Merchant Tailoring

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OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL,

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Our goods this season have been chiefly purchased direct from the **BRITISH FRENCH, GERMAN, SWISS and AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.**

We have an immense advantage over the trade of Woodstock, by keeping a resident buyer in Manchester, England, who keeps us constantly supplied with decidedly the **BEST VALUE** in Dry Goods and Millinery that can be purchased for Cash.

Our stock is now complete, and is considerably over \$100,000. Ladies will find our Dress Goods Department thoroughly well assorted in the

MOST FASHIONABLE GOODS,

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Gentlemen will please examine our extensive stock of *Worsted Coatings, Tweeds, Broadcloths, Doeskins, Overcoatings, Vest Patterns,* and *Haberdashery*, previous to making selections elsewhere, and it will be to their advantages.

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We have engaged the services of an experienced *American Dress and Mantle Maker*, who has given first-class satisfaction, and as yet we have no alterations. Give Mrs. Dewar a fair trial, and we feel assured that she will give you satisfaction.

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We have imported a large lot of French and English Flowers and Feathers, Fancy Streamers, Hats, Bonnets, Ornaments, Clasps, &c., which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

Our Show Rooms will be open this month, when we will exhibit the choicest productions of the *French Modiste*.

Gents will please bear in mind, that we have the Largest Stock and Newest Styles of Hats and Caps in Town; also, American Collars and Cuffs, Fancy Bows and Windsor Scarfs, English and Scotch Tweeds.

A Cutter that has been on the premises for over Five Years, which is a guarantee that he gives the *Most General Satisfaction*.

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THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 5

MEANS AND ENDS.

We apply the epithets great and small to almost everything in the universe, material and immaterial. They are applied to material things according as they occupy a relatively greater or smaller portion of space. But when applied to immaterial things, as mind they are used in a figurative sense, and when we say of a man that he has a great mind we do not mean to say that the space occupied by the thinking, perceiving mind of one man is greater than is occupied by that of another, if we can conceive of mind occupying space, or that one man's brain is larger than that of another; but we mean that the thoughts with which the mind is engaged are pure, noble, elevated, and that it is capable of distinguishing things that differ though intimately related. So that it is rather the quality and power of the mind that we mean to describe than any physical peculiarity. We speak of great men when we mean that their actions are great, noble or commendable. And by great actions we do not usually understand that great physical power has been exercised, or that very great skill and dexterity has been manifested in the use of this power; but we understand rather some feature in the character or motives of the individual that prompted him to such a course of action

and animated him with the courage necessary to pursue that course. It is evident that greatness does not consist in the action, for a simple act is often rendered great by the circumstances under which it is performed. An act though trivial in itself, if performed under circumstances of very great danger and requiring forgetfulness of self and selfish interests, is always considered great and receives merited praise. Or an act performed in accordance with principle in defense of truth and right, which requires moral courage in consequence of being performed in opposition to the opinions and practices of those with whom we associate, is truly great, though it be but the raising of a hand or the utterance of a single word.

All men are more or less ambitious. They seek for greatness, for distinction in some way. Some are satisfied with physical superiority, and their happiness is complete if they can throw a stone farther, jump a wider ditch, or pound a bigger fellow-pugilist than their associates. Others can be satisfied with nothing but intellectual greatness. Nothing else appears worthy of their ambition, and to this everything else must yield. Life, health, even truth and religion are valued only as they contribute to intellectual greatness. And the MAN becomes the slave of intellect. Some wish to be distinguished for goodness, uprightness and honesty. They wish it to be understood that they "Do to others as they would that others would do to them." At the same time if their character for goodness and sincerity should not be recognized, and the fame thereof fail to be spread abroad, and remain known only to themselves, they would consider all their labor lost, and pity the obtuseness of fallen humanity in being unable to appreciate that noblest of all qualities, moral greatness. And some profess to be entirely unconcerned with regard to the estimation in which they may be held by their fellowmen. But if their feelings be analyzed we think it will be found that in reality they hope that their singularity in this respect will win for them the distinction which they could perhaps procure in no other way. Notwithstanding that it is denied by some, we believe there are very few who do not for some reason de-

sire the approbation of their fellow creatures.. By some distinction is sought for its own sake, because it gratifies their vanity. They realize a degree of satisfaction as they consider that they are above the common herd, in being one of those whom the world could scarcely afford to do without. By some it is sought for the advantages and pleasures which it brings, for the power which it gives them over their fellow-men, for the position in society to which it raises them, and the opportunities which it affords them of advancing their own interests, and engaging in those pursuits to which their inclination leads them. Though we believe the greater part of mankind care little for what is really noble, good and true, unless it adapts itself to their own preconceived notions of what this ought to be; yet there are a few who love truth because it is truth. They love it not simply that they may hold it as a final result, an end to which they have attained, but that it may be used as a means of raising themselves in the scale of being, and enabling them to pluck still richer and rarer fruit from the tree of knowledge. There are those who ask, what is good, what is noble, what is true greatness, that we may search for it if haply we may find it? What was the great end for which immortal mind was created and for which its energies should be employed? Revelation answers, "To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." And this answer is equally consistent with the deductions of philosophy and religious truth. If we assume the correctness of this conclusion we may justly infer that man's enjoyment or happiness and God's glory are very intimately connected, that at least it is not improbable that one may depend upon the other. Either they are both legitimate ends for the attainment of which we should exercise our powers and use whatever means may be within our reach, or one is THE end and the other a consequence, a concomitant, or a necessary result of the employment of the means for attaining that end. By some, happiness is considered the end, and pursued accordingly. But our own experience tells us that it cannot be obtained in this manner. It must come, if at all, as the result of energy exercised in pursuit of a nobler

end, and according as we realize that the effort has been successful in securing the desired object. So we may see that happiness is the result of energy though not the object for which that energy has been exercised. Depending upon activity, it is the indirect, not the direct object. Enjoyment appears to result from the voluntary unrestrained exercise of our faculties, just as misery and weariness result from their involuntary and restrained exercise. But there must be some object to influence the will and induce action, and to suppose that happiness is itself that object is to make the effect its own cause. Perhaps it may be thought that the conviction that happiness will be the result of a certain course of action will be sufficient to induce us to pursue that course. But those who act on this principle will certainly meet with disappointment. For this idea supposes that there is no end to be attained apart from happiness itself, and that the operations which we may perform, and the energy which we may put forth are in themselves uninteresting, and would be willingly dispensed with altogether if happiness could be procured without them. And to suppose that it can be obtained from such a course is to suppose that it can arise from that in which there is nothing to produce it. But is it not a fact proved by experience that happiness very often results from a course involving labor and self-denial of the severest and most unpleasant kind? Such is no doubt the case. But the happiness arises not from the means employed, which really give us pain, but from the estimation in which we hold the object attained by those means, and from the conviction that the object is worth the sacrifice that has been made to secure it, that object not being happiness but that which yields happiness. There seems to be something in the very nature of selfishness opposed to happiness. He who labors most diligently for self-gratification generally succeeds in being most miserable. The miser, instead of satisfying his thirst for gold by grasping all within his reach and holding it with an iron grip, increases the passion until his whole being becomes the slave of tyrannical avarice. He who seeks happiness by self-

gratification only adds fuel to the fire that will eventually envelope him in a flame of passion which will destroy peace and happiness forever, and leave the unhappy victim a charred wreck, abhorred by himself and shunned by others. The tempter in Eden seems to have perceived a vulnerable point in human nature in the selfish principle which had hitherto lain dormant, when he said to our first parents, "Ye shall be as gods." And in yielding to the temptation no doubt pleasure, self-gratification, was the result anticipated. But never were poor creatures more grievously disappointed. They found that they had submitted their neck to the yoke and were become the slaves of those desires to whose usurped authority they had servilely bowed. And ever since, mankind persistently follow the same course and meet with similar disappointment. Having placed before them a false end it naturally produces much confusion in the means by which it is thought to be obtained.

It will no doubt be admitted that the elevation of mankind in the scale of being, the reclaiming of him from the state of moral and intellectual degradation in which he is found, is a worthy end for which to labor. And the field is broad enough to furnish employment to all who desire to be so engaged. It is therefore evident that each individual may be worthily employed in cultivating that part of the field of which he is himself the possessor, and to which he alone has immediate access. And hence the cultivation of our own powers and the perfection of our own nature is a legitimate end for which we should strive. But if this end be desired simply because self is thereby elevated, because it raises the "me" above the "not me," then the "fine gold has become dim." That which was noble has become degraded; selfishness again sways the sceptre. Though the perfection of the individual might be considered an end, as far as the direct benefit to the creature is concerned, yet it must only be regarded as a means to the glory of God. By this means we may manifest the glory of the Creator in the perfection of the creature. And by the enlargement of our capacities we may be enabled to perceive

more of the perfection of His nature and the grandeur of His works, "for whom are all things and by whom are all things." We shall also realize in our own minds more of His greatness, and goodness, and thus be better fitted to render Him "equal praise."

But in the circumstances in which the great majority of mankind are placed they must be satisfied with being a means in a lower or secondary sense; not so much in showing, in the perfection of their own nature, the glory of its author, as in being simply the instrument in bringing others to see the desirableness of pursuing the course that has been found to yield satisfaction to themselves, in endeavoring to show to others the folly of living to self, in placing before them noble ends, and in becoming themselves the heralds that point to these and lead the way.

R. CLARK.



GOD OUR REFUGE.

Storms gather o'er thy path,
Christian, the sullen, tempest-darkened sky
Grows lurid with the elemental wrath,—

Say, whither wilt thou fly?

God is my Refuge! let the tempests come,
They will but speed me sooner to my home.

Night lowers in sullen gloom,
Christian, a long, dark night awaiteth thee,
Dreary as Egypt's night of fear and doom,—

Where shall thy refuge be?

God is my Refuge! in the dreary night,
In Him I dwell, and have abundant light.

Thine is a lonely way,
Christian, and dangers all thy path infest;
Pitfalls and snares crowd all thy doubtful way,—

Where is thy place of rest?

God is my Refuge! safe in Him I move,
And feel no fear beneath His wing of love.

The grave—that dreary place,
Christian, the lonely dwelling in the dust
Awaits thee; 'tis the doom of all thy race,—

Where then shall be thy trust?

God is my Refuge! I shall sweetly rest
On the dear pillow that my Saviour pressed.

Alas! that dreamless sleep,
Christian, its chains are strong, and hard to break;
All thy beloved sleep on in silence deep,

And dost thou hope to wake?

God is my Refuge! I shall wake and sing,
“O grave! where is thy vict'ry? death, thy sting?”

MRS. J. C. YULE.

PRAYER AS A MEANS OF INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

To an earnest christian student one of the most interesting and important subjects of inquiry is, how he may so increase his intellectual power as to have a clear understanding of the ideas presented to him in his text books, and by his instructors; how, when he has grasped these ideas, he may retain them, and then make their mastery and possession a power for influencing other minds. Perhaps the first desire, for the discipline of the schools and the advantages of a liberal education, of which he has ever been conscious, sprang up in his heart in connection with that greatest of all miracles wrought upon him, when "old things passed away and all things became new." This change may well be called "the great awakening," not only of the moral and the religious nature, but of the intellectual as well. It is the rousing of dormant powers; nay, more, the resurrection of the dead. The books of nature and of revelation, hitherto sealed volumes, now lie open before him, and he scans their pages with eager eye and earnest purpose. Often the plan of his whole life is changed. He leaves the shop, the farm, or the counter, and visits, perhaps for the first time, academic groves and classic shades, longing to know all the knowable and to attain all the attainable. For a time he rejoices in his new life and light. He goes constantly to its source, and the supply fails not. Study is a pleasure; each day's acquisitions give new stimulus to patient effort. The prospect widens and grows more attractive as he advances, and he feels that he can never tire. But there comes a time when he forgets that the life which had so roused him, and the light which had so illuminated his darkened understanding, are not HIS OWN, not the product of any human factors, but that they are of supernatural origin; a divine gift, not to be bestowed once for his life time, but to be given as sought, daily and hourly. He begins to trust to his own life, and finds it has departed; to his own light, and finds it darkness. Study palls upon him. His heart sinks as clouds obscure his mental vision. He finds himself tempted to return to his for-

mer pursuits. Now what shall he do? He tries various means for the restoration of his intellectual vigor, and for the undimming of his mental eyesight. All seem to fail till at last he looks upward and cries out, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened," then he hears the glad "ΕΡΗΡΗΑΘΑ," and has again clear vision. He goes back to his books, and finds plain what was before incomprehensible, easily solves problems which before seemed incapable of solution, and he is ready to conclude that either he is dreaming or a miracle has been wrought in his behalf. A miracle, indeed; but such a miracle as is repeated again and again in every academy and college in our land. A prayer test, that if Tyndall himself would try he might cease to be a blind leader of the blind, and might become an inspired teacher of science and philos-

PEACE AND WAR.

I slept, and lo! in a dream I saw a strange and wondrous vision. A broad arena lay before me, stretching far out of sight in both directions. To the right it lost itself in blackness of darkness. Clouds of inky hue rested over it. Ever and anon, as I gazed, I saw masses of smoke and dark sulphurous flames roll across the blackness, die out, and then burst forth again. I listened, and heard sounds, which filled my soul with dread; hoarse thunderings, groans and shrieks of agony. I saw a river of blood issue from the darkness and slowly roll its sluggish tide at the foot of the arena. As I gazed, horror-stricken, lo! I saw emerging from the distant shadows, from the midst of smoke and flame, a figure; and at the sight of him I trembled. "Begone, dread fiend," I cried, "to your accustomed haunts! Trouble not mortals with your presence! Begone! Back to your dread abode!" But he heeded not. On he came until where the darkness died into faint light he stood revealed in all his horrors. His eyes, like balls of fire, glared savagely; rage, such as Satan might have envied, gleamed on his countenance. In hands which dripped with gore, he grasped weapons of death, and beneath his feet he trampled his murdered victims.

God, and communes with Him face to face. Does any lack wisdom? Let him ask of God. Does any lack understanding? Let him also ask, and it shall be said to him, as to Solomon: "Behold, I have taken thee at thy word; lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart."

If "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise," what may not that student expect who holds FREQUENT communion with Him who is the Source of Life, the Fountain of Light? Of Him he receives the answer to his anxious inquiry, and though he may not be enabled to understand all mysteries, he can press on cheerfully with the work assigned him, and wait patiently for the time when his powers shall be so enlarged that he shall see as he is seen and know as he is known. Then shall he be satisfied.

Her robe was snowy white. Her face was like an angel's, so sweet, so mild, so full of sympathy. She wore a garland of those leaves "which are for the healing of the nations." As she advanced, softly swelled the far off music, and I heard low angel voices sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Slowly and softly she glided along the arena until face to face with that dreadful monster of the darkness she paused. And now I saw the inhabitants of the world throng around; again I heard that dreadful voice call, "Mortals of earth, take vengeance on your enemies! Let fierce destruction rage! Man against man, and all against Jehovah. Arise and strive, ye nations! Draw forth the sword! Let carnage go forth, and bloodshed and famine walk the earth!" Then saw I many at these words draw forth their weapons, bathe their hands in the river of blood, and cry, "Let us have war! War is all glorious!"

Then turned I towards that other figure. Not in loud accents did she call. Her eyes rather than her lips did speak her invitation. With tears of love and sweet compassion she gazed upon the throng, and like a refrain to that angel chorus softly whispered, "O cease, you striving children of men! Walk in love as Christ hath loved us." And many I saw, at this, haste to the fair one's side; many who, at first, had list-

ened to War's fierce cry, and had bathed their hands in blood, now cast down their weapons and sought to walk in the paths of Peace. They had proved how bitter a thing it is to fight against man, how mad to fight against God. Then did she point them to a cross, and, as they weeping gazed upon the suffering one who hung thereon, she whispered, "Behold Him whom you have pierced! Seek His forgiveness, then may ye walk within my paths." And they did gain pardon, for none ever failed who asked. And with Peace I saw them tread the arena, away from War and all his horrid thunderings, his fires and bloodshed, his shrieks and dismal darkness, to where the brightness shone. And I watched them till I saw them but dimly, for the glory dazzled my eyes. I saw them enter the pearly gates which opened to receive them, and I heard the gush of sweet music which welcomed them to the city of delights. Gloriously swelled the heavenly anthem, and as it died away, as the "pearly gates" again were closed, methought I heard the whisper, "Peace is within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces."

E. A. C.

MANY THINGS.

PASCAL says that human things must be known to be loved; but Divine things must be loved to be known.

ET TENEOR ET TENEOR.—I have a little book which has on its title page a wood cut representing a cross and a hand grasping it, with nothing to support either the hand or the cross, and beneath are the words, ET TENEOR ET TENEOR—"I both hold and am held;" I grasp the cross and cling to it, and at the same time I am held by that cross; there is a power in it to hold me. So do I grasp the crucified Saviour and He grasps me; I cling to Him and He holds me. In Christ there is a winning, constraining power which draws me, and being drawn I joyfully run after Him.

THE LOVE OF GOD.—When I think of the love of God I am lost in the thought. I sometimes think I am like one standing on the seashore; the waves can only come to my feet; as they dash in a few drops of the spray fall upon me; but there lies the great ocean of God's love, before me, on either side, stretching further than eye can reach, boundless in its eternal flow, all untasted, untouched, untried; and I long to plunge in that I may be forever lost in that ocean.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.—A few months ago the Queen's royal yacht, *Alberta*, ran down a small schooner in the British Channel. While the broken and crumbling timbers of the *Mistletoe* were sinking beneath the waves, a sailor laid hold of the bow of the *Alberta* with one hand while with the other he firmly grasped the arm of a woman in a heroic endeavor to save her. All was confusion and terror. The masts and spars and ropes of the sinking vessel were crashing all around him, but still he clung to his precious burden. All the power of his strong arms was exerted to save that life, but in vain. The heart was noble and daring, the arm was that of a powerful man nerved to its utmost; yet in that terrible hour of need he was powerless to save. A falling spar struck that strong arm. Crushed and broken, its muscles relaxed, the hand opened, the burden fell and sank to rise no more. Oh! how often when the Christian has been trying to save men, trying with all his energy and love and strength to lead men into the paths of truth and righteousness, how he has felt himself equally powerless to save; utterly helpless! The hand that has been trying to lift one up towards God has relaxed its hold and dropped powerless by his side. How often have men by a thousand devices striven to save themselves, but in the hour of trial the hand they thought was already grasping life has relaxed its hold, and they have fallen to rise no more. But how different with Him who came to seek and to save the lost! His arm is all powerful. Nothing can crush it; His hand never relaxes; His burden never falls! No one is able to pluck them out of His hands. Yea, He is MIGHTY TO SAVE!

GAMMA.

WHY SHOULD CANADIAN BAPTISTS EDUCATE THEIR CHILDREN ?

Because, first,—Those children are to be one day MEN and WOMEN. In this one fact lies the broadest and deepest necessity for education. As men and women they are endowed with capacities and powers which make them capable of the loftiest pursuits and the most exquisite delights. The broad domains of thought, the realms of intellect, sensibility and fancy, are open before them. God has put into their hands a key to the vast storehouses of human intelligence, a curb for the giant forces of nature, a passport to all the lofty and ennobling influences—whose possession crowns the earnest pursuit of truth and beauty.

But the simple possession of these powers and capacities in their crude forms, does not of itself bring the largest, or indeed any large measure of either pleasure or advantage. All human faculties are made subject to a law of development. Those powers may be strengthened, those capacities enlarged, indefinitely, almost infinitely. The highest results from either are conditioned by the very constitution of our being, upon a process of careful, earnest, prolonged culture.

I like to take the broad ground in this matter. I do not of course deny, or forget, the need of special courses of preparation for special purposes—specific training for specific work. But I confess to a deep distrust of all arguments for higher education which rest upon no broader base than the requirements of any particular sphere or vocation in life. They seem to give a sort of coloring to the very partial and narrow views which are so prevalent in respect to the necessity and worth of higher education. Those views assume various forms. Mr. A., for instance, believes in education for boys. They have the battles of life to fight. They are to be the statesmen, the scholars, at least the bread-winners of the future. There is then need that at their entrance into active

life they should be able to occupy the vantage ground to which a liberal and thorough culture alone can elevate them. And he is determined that his sons shall occupy it. But in respect to the girls his views are quite different. They have not to chaffer in the market, or to advocate useful reforms in the public assembly, or to watch fluctuations on the stock or gold exchange, or to enter the Campus Martius as candidates for civic or parliamentary honors. Theirs is the quieter sphere of the kitchen or the drawing room. If they but understand on the one hand the mysteries of good roasts and omelets, and know well, on the other, the way to the inexhaustible sources of small talk and sentimental commonplace, all the necessary ends of their existence are, so far as he can see, attained.

Neighbor B.'s opinions are quite different. His sturdy boys can carve out their own future without Latin or Algebra. They are brave and stalwart. He has no fears for them. But the woman is, he avers, the weak and dependent moiety of our humanity. She needs all the aids which culture can bestow, in order that she may be the better fitted to please and to captivate those upon whom her future position and weal must depend. His daughters shall be educated. Happy for them if he does not fall into the too common error of mistaking a few ornamental appendages, miscalled accomplishments, often stitched on in the vain hope of hiding the uncultivated mind beneath, for that true culture and refinement which are by no means the invariable concomitants of the ability to finger mechanically the keys of a music board, or multiply commonplace Madonnas.

The injurious tendencies of these defective views of the nature and need of education are often seen in invidious distinctions made between members of the same family. John is designed for the bar, and Henry for the medical profession. They must have a smattering, at least, of Latin, that the one may understand law terms and the other write hieroglyphical prescriptions for the compounding of pills and potions. But

James is to be only a farmer and William a mechanic. Of what use would Mathematics or Latin be to them?

Now without for a moment attempting to controvert the axiom that a knowledge of special subjects is indispensable for certain pursuits, I hold that all such views and reasonings as the above are radically defective as arguments for or against a genuine higher education. When we advocate the claims of education upon such grounds as the pecuniary or social advantages which are its natural but incidental accompaniments, we degrade it to the rank of a means to an end, instead of raising it to its true dignity, as itself, its own great end.

The highest, the crowning reason, why every parent should aim at securing for his child the largest possible measure of cultivation of mind is the very fact that that child has a MIND to be cultivated. Has not mind culture such an intrinsic value as casts entirely into the shade any incidental advantages it may bring with it? Is the necessity of training not written as an immutable law of God upon the human mind in that fact and feature of its constitution which makes a training process the indispensable condition of any high degree of mental power? Surely the parent who fully realizes that the future position of his child, his or her position not merely in "society" or in "life," but in the scale of thinking being—a scale whose gradations even in this world are almost infinite—depends more than upon anything, or everything else, upon the nature of the educational advantages afforded; who realizes that the broad, deep, seemingly impassable gulf which now yawns between the untutored youth, who is scarcely able to know his right hand from his left or to spell out the name of his Maker upon the first page of his bible, and the intellectual giant who weighs the orbs of Heaven in scales and holds sweet communion with the spirits of the great and good throughout all the centuries,—that even this great gulf can be spanned by the diligent use of the educational appliances so freely furnished in these days, will spare no toil or expense, and shrink from no sacrifice in order to bring those appliances within reach of each son and daughter.

But why should Canadian Baptists educate their children ?

Because, second,—They are CHRISTIANS. They claim to have been individually admitted into new and most gracious relations to their Maker and Master. They confess and rejoice that they are laid under the most weighty and solemn obligations to serve to the utmost of their ransomed powers Him whose purchased possession they now are. These obligations are all embracing. They extend not only to all they have but to all they can lawfully procure, not only to all they are but to all He has made them capable of becoming. They demand nothing less than entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit, requiring them not only to devote property, time and talent, but to use faithfully the means He has put within their reach for gaining property, for redeeming time, for improving and developing talent, to be thus devoted. And inasmuch as, by virtue of the far reaching parental relation, not only the child's earthly and eternal destiny, but his future capacity for service, as well, is to a great extent in the hands of its parents, it is manifest that every Christian parent is under obligations equally solemn and weighty with those just mentioned to cultivate and expand to the highest degree the mind, as well as the heart and the conscience, of the immortal nature thus committed to his hands in the plastic stages of infancy and youth. No one can doubt that he who knows most can serve God best ; that he whose mental and moral forces have most discipline and strength can do more work in the Master's vineyard, can more effectually promote and diffuse truth, than he in whom those powers are dwarfed and enfeebled through lack of proper food and exercise. Thus the Christian parents who neglect to secure to their child, so far as God has given them the means, the largest measure of intellectual and moral development of which his or her nature is capable, cannot fail to share largely and most justly with that child the guilt involved in falling short of the highest pitch of elevation and usefulness.

J. E. W.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.

A LESSON IN A DREAM.

The labor of the busy day was done,
And in the twilight's deepening shade I sat
With folded hands, my heart and thoughts at rest.
Like some old half-remembered cradle song
The night breeze murmured, and its low, sweet notes
Lulled my tired soul to stillness. And the stars,
Those tireless watchers of the fateful night,
Laid, one by one their filmy veils aside,
And bent above me with their holy eyes
That seemed to question and reprove, and yet
Withal, to look sweet messages of hope
And heavenly trust and comfort into mine.
Thus sat I in the twilight. And methought
I heard, borne faintly on the passing breeze,
A low, sweet strain of song. So low it was
And soft, I scarcely heard it, yet so sweet
You might have thought heaven's pearly gates were left
Ajar, and these soul-thrilling notes had floated out.
And while I listened wondering, suddenly
One stood beside me. White her vesture was
And clasped with bands of gold. Upon her brow
Of lily whiteness gleamed a starry crown,
And in her hand a glittering gem she bore.
"Mortal," she said, "commissioned by my King,
Heaven's King, thy sovereign Lord, I come to thee.
This hath He sent thee." And upon my brow
The lustrous gem she placed. "Behold how fair!
Its shining depths are founts of golden light.
And brighter and more beautiful 'twill glow
While thou dost wear it. Lay it not aside
Lest all its lustre fade, and thou deplore
Its vanished loveliness with unavailing tears."
Thus spake my visitant, and bending low

Laid her light lips upon my forehead. Then
With pinion spread she rose thro' parted cloud
And starlit ether, while around her clung,
Like golden drapery, heaven's own sunlight fair.
And fainter grew the music, till no more
Its soft vibrations thrilled me. All was still,
And I alone again. But on my brow
The gem remained. Day after day went by
And still I wore it, still rejoiced to wear
For His dear sake who gave the gift to me.
But once, when worn and wearied with the way,
And trembling 'neath the weight of grief and care,
I cried, impatient, "I will lay it by ;
Its weight oppresses me, I am so tired.
I care not for its beauty. Coronets
Of gems as beautiful on other brows
I see, and I have only one. Its light
Will not be missed." Then carefully
I hid my jewel in the velvet depths
Of a rare casket. There it lay concealed,
Forgotten, almost, as the years rolled by.
But once again, in idle mood I drew
Forth from its hiding place the priceless gem,
Saying, "I will wear it as in other days."
When, lo ! only a rayless stone was there,
A dark, unlovely thing. Its lustrous light
Was quenched forever, and the rust of years
Lay thick upon it. Mournfully I gazed
On my lost treasure. In my heart regret
Struck deep her poisoned arrows. I too well
remembered from whose kind hand had come
The gift, and who had brought it, and the charge
She gave ; and I, remembering, wept.
"Nay, weep not, child of earth," a pitying voice
Beside me murmured. And I, turning, saw
The heaven-sent messenger of other days.
"What thou hast seen," she said, "is but a dream,

Yet on thy heart in living lines be engraved
Its hidden import. In thy waking hours
Recall and read the lesson. It is this :
The gem is thy one talent, use it well,
And in so using it shalt thou be blest.
But, if thou murmur, if within thy heart
An envious longing rise for brighter gifts
Bestowed on others and to thee denied,
And thou forgetful of thy trust shalt fail
To use thy one gift wisely,—Then beware !
Lest coming suddenly, thy Lord require
That which thou canst not give. Once more, farewell.”
Then from my sight she vanished. I awoke,
And, lo ! 'twas but a dream.

ETHELIND.

Chicago, Nov. 23rd, 1875.

NUISANCES.

Old Scotch John peeps over my shoulder as I write and says: “Ah ! me bonny lassie, ye dinna intend tae write on that subject, dae ye ? even if ye dae begin wi' yoursel' it's too big a thing althegither. Everything in this world is a nuisance that I've seen an' mony things that I ha' haird tell o'. Sae bide a wee till ye get mair sense, an' write a pretty piece on “Hame, sweet Hame,” or a guid love story, but dinna tell aboot baithers an' nuisances ; we ha' plenty wi'oot ha'ing them wrote by the yaird for us. But I'll bid ye the day ;” and Scotch John left.

After he was gone I thought that I would follow his advice, and began a touching description of home, sweet home. I first tried a humorous description, then a pathetic one, and then a combination of both, but I came to the conclusion that even home, sweet home, under some circumstances might be

a nuisance. Then I concluded to write a love and murder story, that would make the hair of the bravest stand on end, and the hardest heart melt to pity. So I drew the following scene:—

Angelica Varcelona, a beauty of the first type, raven locks, dreamy blue eyes, trimmings to match. Falls desperately in love with a young Irishman named Patrick. Patrick is arrested and confined in an underground cell on suspicion of being a Fenian. Angelica hears of it and rescues him by making a rope of her beautiful hair and drawing him from his prison. Angelica's old aunt, who does not like Patrick, takes her lovely niece to New Zealand. On the way the ship is wrecked and the aunt is drowned. Angelica is rescued by Patrick who has been on the vessel all the time, hid in a tar barrel. Last scene—grand wedding—green flags—God save the Queen—Union jack—honeymoon—cheering in the gallery and all that kind of thing. After I had drawn out this scene I felt that it might not have the desired effect on the youthful mind, and that even love stories might sometimes be nuisances. In fact my first subject had a fatal fascination for me, of course it was quite natural that I should like nuisances,—people generally like their “opposites;” it is the case at the Institute anyway. But I must begin my subject or this production will be like a large frame and no picture, a pretty head with no face. I must commence as I do when I write “poetry,” and divide my subject into heads of so many feet each.

I suppose anything that gives you an unpleasant feeling is a nuisance ; from a cold shower bath to a sum in cube root, or from a warm-hearted Irishman to a cold-blooded Yankee pedler. Let me describe an example of what I call a nuisance : It is a cold, dark night ; the wind moans in pathetic sobs through the leafless branches of the orchard trees. I draw the curtains, put on a brisk, cheerful fire, sink into the soft cushions of the rocking-chair, and give myself up to unalloyed pleasure. The room slowly floats away, and a grand old air castle floats before me. Soft, lulling music quivers

forth on the scented breeze. The waves of the lake, imagination, are lined with purple and gold. I hear the plash of oars, and a knock at the door. A lady enters. "What more delightful," you exclaim, "than a companion when you are alone!" Ah, my friend, listen! Instead of the soft music and gay surroundings of the air castle, I find myself face to face with a lady whom, to say the least, I do not like, who says she will stay the evening with me, and as she sees I am idle, will teach me a new way "to turn the heel of a stocking." "Oh, knitting is a nuisance!" I exclaim. "Ah, child, you have yet to learn the many nuisances of life. I wish for my own sake there were none; but, ah me!" and she gave a long sigh. Not so fast, old woman, if there were not nuisances in this world you would not be here; but I am afraid I would lose some of my chief joys, for one person's nuisance is another person's pleasure all the world over. For instance, when I was young (some 30 years ago) we had an Irishman working for us, and if the parson had asked me for an example of perfection, I, in my innocence, would have pointed to Irish Kelly, for he could give me such jolly rides on a wheelbarrow of carrots, tell such yarns, teach a mischief-loving child how to play tricks,—in short he was my "beau ideal;" and yet my father called him a nuisance. And so you see such things as nuisances have to be tolerated in this world or it would be rather insipid. But some people seem to encounter more in a day than other people do in a year. Life is called the pendulum between a smile and a tear, but some people swing decidedly to the teary side. One of the greatest arts in this world is to convert a nuisance into a blessing, Making cabbages into roses is nothing to it.

Suppose you are a highly practical girl, full of common sense. You are sitting, towards evening, in the garden forming plans for action. What can be more of a nuisance than to have a sentimental chap come and talk of moonshine, molasses, and Molly Darling, and yet it may be a perfect pleasure. Put away your plans for the present, and throw yourself with zest into the subject on hand. Talk about the silver

thread of friendship, and the golden thread of something else, and I will venture to say you will enjoy the nuisance immensely. Don't think me sentimental ; I am not.

Toothache—that may be considered the crown of all nuisances. No one pities you. Who ever heard of any one dying of toothache? So they leave you, repeating Burns' lines,—

“ Oh, thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance and reel.”

Cats—But I see a lady taking her favorite in her arms and sharpening its claws ; a chap snapping his fingers and putting his tabby on the defensive, so I will desist.

Imagine yourself a young man of gentlemanly appearance, undeniable charms, and that you are in love (perhaps it does not require imagination,—so much the better). You are walking at moonlight beneath the shade of the maple trees with ONE by your side. You wonder if she loves you, but of course she does. You feel sure she is admiring your large, dark eyes that have such a sweet yet thoughtful expression. You begin—“ Stars are shining, Molly Darling.” Your manly voice rolls forth on the soft evening air. You fancy her little hand trembles in yours. You hear a foot-fall, and a chum of yours steps up on the other side of your fair one and offers his arm, and—and—she accepts ; and is soon gayly chatting with your companion. Your heart dies within you and you call “ Mollie ” a nuisance. Ah ! I see I have reached a climax, and will make my bow.

FANNIE L. CRAWFORD.

THE GARDEN AND THE FOUNTAIN.

Adown from dimly fabled days of eld
There comes this tale, longwhile unchronicled.
A beautiful garden that with lavish gift
Of bud and blossom, graced a gentle rise,
Lading the air with fragrance delicate,—
Saw o'er the way another spot so rich
In Eden beauty that it seemed a place
For weary ones to rest in and be glad ;
For there amid its fluttering birds of song
And bright-hued flowers, a fountain sent its streams
To frolic with the golden beams of light
In graceful curves and leaping gleams of spray.
Sighing it murmured, “ Would that I, too, had
A fountain. Then would blossom my flowers
Peerless as those by streams of Paradise.”
The gardener heard, and glad he came full soon,
And chose a spot to work out his design ;
And with a ruthless hand he swiftly plucked
The clinging tendrils of the wandering vines
From their supports, and crushed to earth alike
The humble plant and rare exotic. Then
In troubled, tremulous tones, entreating cried
The Garden, “ Oh, my flowers ! my rare, choice vines !
The air is filled with dying fragrance. Crushed,
And torn they lie. Why hast thou thus destroyed
My glorious crown of beauty ?” Quick replied
The gardener then, “ Wouldst thou not have a fount ?”
“ Thou knowest I would,” came back in faltering tones.
Deep down he digged into the fruitful earth,
Heaping it round until the once fair flowers
Lay hid. Then, moaning, querulous, cried again
The Garden, “ Oh, my fruits and flowers, my vines !
Cruel ! Thou hast destroyed the very soil
That gave them me.” Again a calmful voice

Replied, "Wouldst thou a fountain have?" "Ay, ay;
But must my pleasant places thus be changed
Into a woful waste?" "So must it be,"
Came the firm-voiced reply. But soon again
Broke forth in accents anguished, "Stay thine hand,
My deep foundation stone thou breakest now.
Alas! the passer-by no more shall pause
To smile in gladness on me. Years shall pass,
But sound of human footsteps never more
Shall lightly echo where my wastes lie bare.
Oh, my lost loveliness! Woe, woe to me!"
And yet again the tender voice replied,
"Be patient, what I do thou knowest not now,
But thou shalt know hereafter." So awhile
Unsparring blow on blow fell heavily.
But lo! once when upspringing day had sent
Her messengers with golden robes to greet
The earth, they lingered long and lovingly
Where late frowning garden had repelled
Their visits, now a radiant scene,
Surpassing all that erst had goodly seemed,
Smiled back their greetings, and a fountain rare
Sent a new grace into the happy spot;
And from its bounteous store supplied each flower
And vine with never-failing nourishment.

O soul! on whom the heavy hand of woe
Hath lain until thou art crushed unto the earth,—
Be patient, yet a little while, and thou
Shalt know that this thy pleading prayer for more
Of Heaven's best graces has been answered thee.
And thou shalt bless the hand that laid thee low.
When thy calamity is overpast.

MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

THE PRESENT THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Theologians proper have now a building of their own. They may well term it "Divinity Hall," for we think it is worthy of the name. It indeed reflects great credit on the Institute Trustees, but especially on the worthy principal, Dr. Fyfe. A stranger to visit this department and notice the large and comfortable rooms, two of which are appropriated to the use of each couple of students, will be fully assured that Dr. Fyfe cares well for his 'boys.' There are also two commodious classrooms in the building, which add still to the students' convenience and comfort, as they have only to step out of their study room into the class-rooms for the greater part of their recitations. The students likewise display good taste in the neat and cosy furnishings of their rooms.

While continued and important improvement is being made in every branch of the Literary Department every term, the Theological is also in the van. The present Theological staff is too well known to require eulogy; but it is with reluctance and sorrow we chronicle the continued illness of Prof. Yule, which prohibits his labor of love as a Theological teacher. We hope, if God wills it, he may yet recover health to pursue his glorious life-work; but if not, he is wholly resigned to higher decrees and meekly bows to the rod of his omniscient Father. We understand that the Rev. John Torrance, M. A. of Yorkville will take Prof. Yule's position at New Year. It is well known that Mr. Torrance has a thoroughly cultivated, well arranged, metaphysical mind, and is consequently well qualified for the Professorship. The future is indeed full of promise for this department. We congratulate the present theological students upon the increased facilities they enjoy, over former students, for a thorough training for preaching the gospel of peace to the sons of men. But we cannot understand the reason why Woodstock Theological class-rooms are not sufficiently spacious (?), the professors not sufficiently erudite in Theology, Church History and Christian Evidence (?), and the curriculum not sufficiently

extended (?) to ACCOMMODATE and instruct SOME, who owe, for various canses, a deep debt of gratitude to our worthy Alma Mater ; but who are now seeking an aristocratic (?) theological training in the commercial State of our friendly Republic. We have no desire to wantonly wound the feelings or touch the pride of any INNOCENTS, but we think a little plain, truthful speech is always in keeping ; and besides, we adhere to the truth of that good old maxim, "Honor to whom honor is due."

Look over the college curriculum of each and tell us wherein Woodstock lacks. This will indeed be difficult to do—if impossibilities are counted difficult. It may be true that as a rule American professors receive higher remuneration for their services, but high salary must not be taken as a criterion of superior professorship. This will be readily admitted. But we have men who labor—yes, who are overtaxing themselves—not for pecuniary profit, but to elevate the department from a worthy and honorable standard to a still more worthy grade, in order to fit men in the true sense of the term to preach Christ to rich and poor, to the lettered and unlettered. They are teaching Canadian students in order that THEY may TEACH as well as please and amuse. And it is a well known fact that Canadian preachers—yes, and Canadian students—are prized and their preaching appreciated in the United States. But let it be distinctly understood that we do not presume to underrate either the talent or talent training of American institutions ; but we wish to be understood when we lay claim to a just right to stand at least upon the same educational level with them. We are certainly satisfied with nothing less. We could easily, did space and circumstances permit, point out marked features of superiority in the Theological system at Woodstock over that of many of the colleges in the States, but we forbear. Surely of such a Department the Baptists of Canada should feel proud and grateful of. Let hundreds of the churches ask themselves what their history would be to-day, were it not for the powerful and hallowed influence of this Theological institution.

Then, in return it is nothing but the bounden duty of these and all the churches to give liberally of what God has given them to the support of the department. And not alone should they give in money, but in men—yes, worthy, whole-souled, God-fearing men, whose one aim is the glory of God in the salvation of sinners. The ministry of Christ demands just as good men as the Law or the Medical profession—yes, and better,—the best men.

VENI ET VIDI.

Editorial Department.

LITERARY EDITORS,

J. ANDERSON.

G. L. WITTET.

BUSINESS EDITOR,

G. B. DAVIS.

Since we sent our last TYRO out many changes have taken place among us. When we returned from our summer vacation to commence the work of another year we missed many old and pleasant faces, but were greeted by a goodly number of new ones. The college was also considerably changed. One of the buildings had been fitted up expressly for the Theological students, (see page 209) and the main building had undergone a thorough refitting. New teachers had taken charge of some of the departments, and the year was to be divided into four terms instead of three. How these changes would affect the efficiency of our college was freely discussed, but with a considerable difference of opinion, especially with respect to the change in the terms. It is now pretty generally believed that these alterations were wisely made, as we have just closed a term which competent judges pronounce, in a

literary point of view, the most successful term the Institute has ever passed.

In looking abroad we notice much activity in educational circles both at home and in the United States. Our Public Schools are being greatly improved, and a very important step is about to be taken in the appointment of a Minister of Education. Colleges and Collegiate Institutes are being established in several places, while our Universities are more largely attended than ever. In the United States great enthusiasm is being manifested in the Centennial movement. All seem unanimous in the determination that the beginning of the second century of their national existence shall find their colleges in a position to give a thorough and liberal education at the least possible expense. The movement is very promising, and reflects great credit on its promoters. We are pleased to join other friends of education in wishing it every success.

In presenting this number of the TYRO, we embrace the opportunity to thank our subscribers and friends for their kindness, and to solicit a continuance of the same. And now a "Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all."

LOCAL ITEMS.

WE are pleased to note the visit Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, made us during the term. After assembling in the lecture-room, a very appropriate address was read by Dr. Fyfe, to which the Hon. gentleman replied in a most able and complimentary speech. He concluded by asking a half-holiday for the students, which was duly granted.

PROF. TAVERNER of Knox College, Toronto, delivered a course of lectures on Elocution to a large class of our students.

ON the evenings of the 10th and 11th of Dec. a party was held by the ladies of the Institute, to which the gentlemen were invited. Owing to the number of gentlemen students, a part were invited each evening. All enjoyed themselves.

PROF. A. M. BELL gave us an evening among the best authors.

MANY very fine residences were erected in town during the summer.

THE Port Dover & Lake Huron R. R. has been opened for traffic between Woodstock and Port Dover.

THE Credit Valley R. R., it is hoped, will soon be ready for use. Woodstock will then be as well supplied with R. R. facilities as any town in the Dominion.

THE time when our townspeople loved "darkness rather than light" has evidently passed, as the gas-works are rapidly approaching completion.

BASE BALL was a failure among us last term.

PROHIBITION.—Our Dominion Parliament, almost unanimously, passed a test Bill against the liquor traffic.

WE clip the following from the Brantford Expositor: "We notice that at the examinations at the Toronto University the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock, stood highest among the Colleges, and Upper Canada College next."

DOUBLE windows have been put in the Institute buildings. Both the ladies' and gentlemen's departments are now very comfortable.

STUDENTS would do well to consult our business directory, and purchase from those who advertise in the TYRO.

AT the September examination for matriculation at the Toronto University, those of our boys who presented them-

selves for examination took honors. One, Mr. J. D. Cameron, taking a double scholarship.

THE result of the election of officers in each of our societies for the past term was as follows :—

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—President, J. E. Trotter ; Vice-President, W. Tapscott ; Critic, E. W. Dadson ; Secretary-Treasurer, G. B. Davis ; Marshal, A. McDonald.

GLEANER SOCIETY.—President, Fannie Crawford ; Vice-President, Ida Fitch ; Critic, Mrs. Nott ; Secretary-Treasurer, Rebecca J. Bessey ; Librarian, Effie Story.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.—President, Allan Raymond ; Vice-President, E. P. Parry ; Critic, Harry V. Carter ; Secretary-Treasurer, T. R. Urquhart ; Marshal, A. E. Fitch ; Librarian, J. E. Burt.

JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—President, Robert Clark ; Vice-President, Sophia G. Brown ; Secretary - Treasurer, Fannie Crawford.

Prof. J. E. Wells delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on “Paul the Enthusiast,” under the auspices of the last mentioned Society.

OUR EXCHANGES.

“TRINITY TABLET” AND “BILLIARDS.”—In one of the October numbers of *Trinity Tablet* there appeared a lengthy article in favor of “billiard-rooms in Colleges.” Listen to the *Tablet* : “We notice in many of our exchanges reports of the opening of billiard rooms free to all students.”

We are glad that the exchanges on our table, with the exception of the *Tablet* and another, are of a different order, and do not speak in favor of billiards. We are inclined to think our exchanges are right, and afraid that some of the exchanges on the *Tablet's* table are wrong, if, as the *Tablet* asserts, they speak in favor of billiards.

If billiards are finding their way into our colleges, we had better rise up as one man and declare a war of extermination against the enemy.

The faculty that allows billiard rooms in the college, or permits their pupils to go where they are, must have a morbid sense of right and wrong. The *Tablet* says: "Many of us remember that cards were forbidden us because men gambled by means of cards, but now we are amused at the shortsightedness of those parents who restrain cards from their houses and compel their unfortunate children to seek them elsewhere accompanied by all their vices. Dancing was once forbidden us because it is sometimes surrounded with immoralities and connected with impure surroundings. In all these things we have learned wisdom, but to billiards we have succumbed at last."

Is it true that the children of those parents who restrain cards from their houses are "unfortunate" and "compelled to seek them elsewhere?" Is it not the strangest kind of reasoning to say that the child who never saw billiards or cards at home is *compelled* to go somewhere to play a game? Perhaps the wise *Tablet* will tell us why it is that children who never see cards at home are compelled to go to the rum-den where they can have a game of cards accompanied by all the pollution and blasphemy found in these "breathing places of hell?" By the same reasoning the child who never saw a glass of wine or other intoxicating liquor at home would be "compelled" to go to the low-grog shop to get it.

But the fact is this,—the great majority of drunkards who reel and stagger upon the earth *took their first glass at home*. The great majority of those who spend their days and nights in gambling-dens played their first game of cards *at home*. On the other hand, the majority of those who never saw wine on the home table live sober lives respected by all.

The majority of those "unfortunate children" who never saw a deck of cards at home have occupied positions of respectability which the habitual player never occupied, and never can. The majority of those who never danced at home

have seldom been cursed by the fascinations of the modern ball-room.

Now, we ask, have not dancing, billiards and cards been among the most fruitful sources of evil? And yet our friends of the *Tablet*, who by the way are much wiser than their fathers, rejoice that many colleges are opening their doors for their admission. Let the faculties that bring billiards into their colleges know that we expect to see their students come forth from their halls ignorant, and only able to play fop. Over the door of such a college we may read, "Here young men are trained to gamble, to blaspheme, and for the commission of every description of crime, and fitted at last for DEATH ETERNAL." And yet the *Tablet* in the profundity of its wisdom rejoices that billiards are being introduced among the young men of our colleges. Let parents who think of bringing billiards or cards into their houses know that when they do so they open the door to ruin and invite their sons and daughters to walk in the ways of darkness and death. And yet the — *Tablet* thinks this is a step in the right direction. Is the *Tablet* not aware that "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Our friend *The Dartmouth* in the very excellent issue of December 2, 1875, after a short quotation from the *Trinity Tablet*, says: "Poor young men! You are indeed to be pitied." We think that if there is any class of young men on the earth who are to be pitied it is that class who can spend three weeks at college and make no advancement. It is indeed a sad thing to listen to the wail of the *Tablet*. But we do not wonder at their having made no progress, if they spend their time in games and songs. Remember the "grass-hopper and the bee."

Yes, *Tablet*, fool away another three weeks of precious time and make no advancement. Perhaps you had better try once more to advocate billiard rooms in colleges.

The Alumni Journal is on our table. It presents a very neat appearance; and for the most part the reading matter is very

excellent. The "Address of the Hon. Henry S. Greene, delivered before the law class of the Wesleyan Law School, June 16th, 1875," is very fine, and would well repay any one to read and study. We think a good deal of "The Alumni Journal," and hope that it will always be found on our table.

The Packer Quarterly has again visited us in its usual good dress. Although the "fall dresses" of the fair editors were "covered with dust hunting on the top shelves of libraries for classical dictionaries," the magazine is up to its usual standard of "very good." You have done well, ladies.

Some rude editors made the remark: "We are aware that in perusing its columns we are feeding upon light food—some might call it pap." We have no doubt but the editors of "Packer Quarterly," who sent us such an excellent paper, could make some very good "pap" for those boys. We hope to hear from Packer Quarterly again.

The Ontario Teacher is always a welcome visitor. Its pages are interesting and instructive. The Selected Department is rather long. Why not have more from the pens of *Ontario teachers*? The editor's remarks on Mr. Ireland's article are just and to the point.

The Tyro, of Po'keepsie, comes fresh from the hands of its lively editors. It reminds us of a rippling rivulet of pure water. While its music neither moves our whole soul nor paralyzes our intellect, we partake and are refreshed. You speak well, ladies; but don't, O don't "pour cold water and brass keys down our backs!" We would say more if it were not so near 1876.

The University Record is among our best exchanges. The reading matter is first class. To all who want good reading we would say: "Subscribe for 'The University Record.' Pay for it, read it, send it to your neighbors."

The following exchanges have been received during the term, viz: Acadia Athenaeum, Alumni Journal, Archangel,

Asbury Review, Bates Student, Bowdoin Orient, Brantford Expositor, College Mirror, College Olio, Dartmouth, Dalhousie Gazette, Irving Union, Niagara Index, Ontario Teacher, Packer Quarterly, Queen's Collge Journal, Qui Vive, Trinity Tablet, Tripod, Tyro, University Record, Volante, Woodstock Review, Woodstock Sentinel, and Woodstock Times,

PERSONALS.

Prof J. C. Yule has returned from his trip to Manitoba, but we fear not much improved in health.

Mrs. Nott, our present governess, has made a very favorable impression on our school.

The Rev. C. Goodspeed, M. A., teaches some classes in theology this term.

Rev. T. S. Johnson, of '73, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Sarnia Baptist Church. We wish him success in his new field of labor.

Miss Comfort teaches in St. Thomas.

Mr. A. W. Challen has a situation in the ladies' department of J. White & Co.'s establishment of this town.

Miss Bella Sinclair teaches in Chicago.

Rev. C. Keetch, of '77, has just closed a series of very successful meetings at Burgessville.

Messrs. N. Wolverton, Ira Smith, C. Eede, E. R. Cameron, and J. J. White visited Alma Mater during the term.

Miss Maggie Sinclair teaches at Goble's Corners.

Mr. W. H. Cline is laboring in Listwold.

Rev. G. F. Robertson has taken the pastorate of the Baptist church in Arthur.

Mr. J. E. Trotter leaves us for the winter. He has taken charge of the Parkhill church.

Messrs. D. A. McGregor, C. C. McLaurin, and A. Grant, return to their studies at the beginning of the New Year, after a very successful season of labor.

Mr. G. W. Clarke is laboring as a missionary in Hong Kong.

Mr. D. DeCow is in the vicinity of Port Stanley "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

FUN.

One of our freshmen says he can't talk much, but that he has an aunt who can.

"What is ratio?" asked a professor of a student, who replied, "Ratio, sir; ratio is proportion." "And what is proportion?" "Proportion, sir; why, proportion is ratio." "And pray, sir, what are they both together?" "Excuse me, sir, I can answer but one at a time."—*Ex.*

At a recent trial, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the examining counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" he asked. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the barrister. "Well enough," responded the lady "to see that you are neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."—*Christian at Work.*

We learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are friends to the temperance movement and want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?—*Ex.*

Two reasons why some persons don't mind their own business: One is, they haven't any business; and the other, they haven't any mind.—*Ex.*

Junior Class. Prof.—“Mr. P.—, translate!” Student—“I pass, Professor.” Prof.—“I order you up, Mr. P.—.” Another student, well versed in the art—“You can’t order up a man after he’s passed,” Professor promises to think it over.—*Collegian*.

“Professor,” said a bright Freshman the other day, “I have found classical authority for ‘ponying.’” Prof.—“Have you, indeed! Let me hear it.” Freshman—“Horace says, *pone me*.”—*Dartmouth*.

HYMENEAL.

STEWART—MCGINN.—On the 13th inst., at the residence of the bride’s mother, 21 Lorne Avenue, Montreal, by the Rev. John Gordon, assisted by the Rev. J. P. McEwen and the Rev. Geo. Grafftey, J. W. A. Stewart, son of Rev. A. Stewart, of the Grand River Indian Mission, to Mary, third daughter of the late Thomas McGinn, of Montreal.

DAYFOOT—PHILP.—On the 29th ult., at the house of the bride’s father, in the town of Woodstock, by the Rev. Dr. Fyte, assisted by Rev. C. Goodspeed, M. A., John. B. Dayfoot, Esq., of Georgetown, to Miss Emily A. Philp, of Woodstock.

GRAFFTEY—STEWART.—At Oshweken, on 31st ult., by Rev. Geo. Grafftey, of Kingston, assisted by the bride’s father, William K. Grafftey, of Montreal, to Emma, third surviving daughter of Rev. A. Stewart, Grand River Indian Mission.

CAMPBELL—RUSHTON.—On Tuesday, June 22nd, by the Rev. C. Sinclair, of Ridgetown, at his residence, Mr. A. P. Campbell, of Morpeth, to Miss Sarah A. Rushton, eldest daughter of Oxley Rushton, Esq., of Howard.

HOAG—ECCLES.—At Strong’s Hotel, London, on 9th inst., by Rev. George Sutherland, Fingal, Mr. Thomas Hoag, Springfield, to Miss Mary E. Eccles, of Iona.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our sad duty to record the death of one of our class-mates, Mr. D. Offord. After having spent some time in preliminary studies he entered Theology, and had his health been spared he would have graduated with the class of '76. His illness was long and severe, but the God whom he loved enabled him to bear all with fortitude and patience and at last depart in the full triumphs of faith. On the 11th of October he fell asleep in Christ, and on the 13th his remains were followed to their last resting place by a large number of students and others. He left a wife and three children to mourn his early departure.



STANDINGS.

The following students received the highest number of marks in their years. Maximum 2200.

FIRST YEAR.

Mr. J. H. Innis 1941, Miss C. Dolson 1655, Mr. W. W. Carter 1569, Miss Siple 1500, Mr. Preston 1499, Mr. J. McColl 1422, Miss Harvie 1394, Miss Silverthorn 1380, Miss Hay 1347.

SECOND YEAR.

Miss White 1782, Mr. A. McDonald 1561, Miss McGregor 1514, Mr. E. P. Parry 1494, Miss Ida Merrill 1463, Mr. J. E. Morgan 1428, Mr. A. Raymond 1423, Miss Bessey 1419.

THIRD YEAR.

The following students received the highest number of marks in this year. Maximum 2200. J. E. Trotter 1802,

Miss K. Merriman 1671, Miss S. Shepherd 1651. Algebra—P. C. McKillop, W. Tapscott, J. Zeran, T. Trotter. Geometry—P. C. McKillop, Miss S. Shepherd, W. Tapscott, Miss K. Merriman, Geo. Chittendon, A. O. McKee. Roman History—Miss S. Shepherd, A. Best, Miss K. Merriman, Miss F. Crawford, J. H. Innis, P. K. Dayfoot, D. Laing, T. Urquhart, (J. Lindsay, Geo. Chittendon) R. W. Harrold. Latin, Cicero—J. H. Best, (J. Trotter, F. Tapscott,) J. Zeran, P. C. McKillop, O. H. Garrett, Geo. Chittendon, P. K. Dayfoot, D. Laing. Latin Prose Composition—W. Tapscott, F. Tapscott, J. Trotter, O. H. Garrett, J. Zeran. Greek, Homer—J. Trotter, A. O. McKee, J. Zeran, O. H. Garrett, Geo. Chittendon. Greek Grammar—A. O. McKee, J. Zeran, J. Trotter, O. H. Garrett. Second French—F. Tapscott, W. Tapscott, Miss F. Crawford. Natural Philosophy—A. O. McKee, J. Trotter, A. Best, Miss M. E. Smith, Miss C. Cody, P. C. McKillop, Miss F. Crawford, W. Tapscott, Miss A. McLaughlin, Miss M. McGregor, T. Urquhart. Zoology—J. Trotter, F. Tapscott.

FOURTH YEAR.

The following students received the highest number of marks in this year. Maximum 2200. J. J. Baker 1804, G. B. Davis 1748, J. M. White 1521. Algebra—J. M. White, A. O. McKee, J. J. Baker. Trigonometry—G. B. Davis, J. J. Baker, J. M. White, T. Trotter. Latin, Livy, Book V.—J. J. Baker, J. M. White, G. B. Davis. Greek, Xenophon, Book V.—J. J. Baker, J. M. White, G. B. Davis. Latin Prose Composition—J. J. Baker, J. M. White. Greek Prose Composition—J. J. Baker. Mental Philosophy—G. B. Davis, D. Laing, J. H. Best, D. D. Burtch. French, Antonia Roche—Miss S. Shepherd, Miss K. Merriman, A. O. McKee. German—G. B. Davis. German, Schiller's, Wilhelm Tell—Miss S. Shepherd, L. Davis. Hebrew—J. J. Baker, D. P. McPherson, J. Trotter, D. D. Burtch, J. M. White, W. McGregor. Chemistry—Miss S. Shepherd. English Composition—T. Trotter, G. B. Davis, J. J. Baker, J. M. White.

The following are the successful competitors for prizes for the college year ending June 28th, 1875,

FIRST YEAR.

Proficiency—Miss E. B. Cascadden; Mathematics—Miss E. B. Cascadden; English and Latin—Miss E. B. Cascadden.

SECOND YEAR.

Proficiency	(Gentlemen)	Mr. W. H. Cline
"	(Ladies)	Miss M. E. Ferris
Mathematics	(First)	" M. E. Ferris
"	(Second)	Mr. P. C. McKillop
Latin	(First)	" J. E. Trotter
"	(Second)	" F. Tapscott
Greek	(First)	" J. E. Trotter
"	(Second)	" D. Grant
French		" F. Tapscott

THIRD YEAR.

Proficiency		Mr. J. D. Cameron
Latin	(First)	" J. D. Cameron
"	(Second)	" W. Nesbitt
Greek		" J. J. Baker

FOURTH YEAR.

Latin		Mr. S. S. Bates
Hebrew		" S. S. Bates

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Elocution	(First)	Mr. W. T. Tapscott
"	(Second)	" H. C. Speller
English Prose Composition	(First)	" J. J. Baker
" " "	(Second)	" E. R. Cameron

CLOSING EXERCISES, DEC. 21, 1875.

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PROGRAMME.

P R A Y E R.

- 1.—MUSIC, Trio,.....
MESSRS. DADSON, BAKER AND WHITE.
- 2.—ESSAY, "The influence of Literary Men upon Society,"
R. CLARK.
- 3.—MUSIC, Duett,.....
MISSES BESSIE AND HEWITT.
- 4.—READING, "Rhymes of the River,".....
Miss S. C. BELL.
- 5.—MUSIC, Quartette,.....
MISSES HEWITT & FITCH AND MESSRS. McARTHUR & DADSON
- 6.—DIALOGUE, "Cranmer,".....
ADELPHIAN SOCIETY.
- 7.—MUSIC, Instrumental Trio,.....
MISSES BESSIE, BIGELOW AND McLAUGHLIN.
- 8.—SHEAF (Paper).....
Miss F. CRAWFORD.
- 9.—MUSIC, Quartette,.....
MISSES HEWITT & FITCH AND MESSRS. WHITE & McARTHUR
- 10.—ORATION, "Patriotism versus Canadian,".....
D. P. MACPHERSON.
- 11.—MUSIC, Duett,.....
MISSES BESSIE AND HEWITT.
- 12.—DIALOGUE, "Spectre Bridegroom,".....
EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.
- 13.—MUSIC, Trio,.....
MESSRS. DADSON, BAKER AND WHITE.



THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, APRIL, 1876.

NO. 6

THE PRELUDE.

The voice of the singer is silent now ;
His fingers pass over the keys ;
The notes of the organ are sweetly low,
Now dying away on the breeze.

The quaver, the swell, and the joyous tone,
In concord their music prolong ;
And twilight is sweetened amid the strain :
The singer commences his song.

O sweet was the prelude he played to-night ;
But sweeter the song that is heard ;
The sadness of mortals is hushed to rest,
Deep joy in each spirit is stirred.

The tones are all tenderly sweet, for now,
Not sounds that are carelessly wrong ;
But perfect the harmony sounding far :
The prelude is heard through the song.

O Christian ! play well, play thy prelude now,
'Tis short, for it ceases with Time ;
The song will be sung through eternity,
Though endless, all perfect, divine.

Play carefully now, let no harshness mar
The music, the righteous may own,
For mortals so eagerly watch each day
To witness a harsh, ruffled tone.

O sweeten thy prelude with God's high praise,
And strengthen by might from above,
That mortals, while list'ning, may deeply long
To play the same music of love.

Harmonious then be the chords you strike,
All perfect in praise, though not long,
For oft in the music that floats thrc' heaven,
The prelude is heard through the song.

IDA.

JEROME SAVONAROLA.

The golden beams of the sun sinking down to the western horizon light up a fair scene, where noble Florence rests under the heights of Fiesole, in the valley of the river Arno.

Lying on either side of the river, spanned by four fine bridges, and covering with her beautiful suburbs the rising ground and softly undulating hills for miles around, the lovely Queen of Tuscany presents to the King of Day charms worthy the golden glory he showers upon her, ere sinking behind the blue Appenines, he bids the world and Florence 'good night.'

Over such a scene we might linger long and unwearyingly, but we may turn away without even a sigh to enter and explore the somewhat gloomy streets, lined with massive buildings, behind whose thick walls are concealed attractions for the lover of art, student of history, such as for centuries have filled the mouths of travellers, poets, and orators with loudest praise.

Here are the grand cathedral, "Il Duomo," and other fine churches, rich in works of art; palaces and libraries famed for their rare contents; galleries of painting and statuary, the work of the world's masters; collections of bronzes, gems, and mosaics, all combining to throw their charm over the visitor, and to furnish an almost unexhaustible source of pleasure and profit.

But again we turn—for are not all these but evidences of the cunning hand, the giant intellect, the divinely-breathed soul—and Florence holds up before us a long list of illustrious names, whose claim to celebrity the world acknowledges in its familiarity with them. Suffice it to name four: Dante, "Il Divino Poeta," as the Florentines call him; Michael Angelo, under whose chisel cold, shapeless marble grew into forms of grandeur and beauty; Quorenzo, "the magnificent," greatest of Medici, beneath whose fostering hand arts and literature had a noble development; and Jerome Savonarola, the brave reformer and eloquent preacher.

Having chosen the latter as the subject of this sketch, we shall proceed, not forgetting the merits of the noble company in which he is found, to unfold some of the reasons why he is to be considered worthy of such a high place in the record.

Though his name is inseparably connected with Florence, he was born at Ferrara, Sept. 21, 1452. The child of noble parents, he received a liberal education at home, and became thoroughly versed in the philosophy both of the Schoolmen and of Ancient Greece; but moved by a strong inclination towards asceticism, he withdrew from secular affairs, and entered a convent of the Dominican Order at Bologna.

Having completed his studies, he made his first appearance as a preacher at Florence, in 1482, only to meet with a decided failure.

Seven years later he was called to the pulpit of San Marco, and, having in the meantime overcome most of the defects that had told so strongly against his first efforts, his ability and enthusiasm carried all before them.

The moral condition, not only of Florence, but also of all Italy, at this time was morally deplorable. Long rent by the fierce conflicts of opposing factions, and corrupted by the influence of rulers, spiritual and temporal, whose names are synonymes for iniquity and crime, the land was a very hot-bed of sin. Even the splendid revival of arts and literature in this century had only served to make more dangerous the wanton Vice, who disported herself all the more publicly for her beautiful guise, that only concealed her utter vileness without making it any the less contaminating.

Savonarola set himself boldly and zealously to strip the tinsel and trappings from the foul wanton, and to uproot the evils that threatened to overcome the city and state, and prevent the growth of everything pure and virtuous.

Taking for his theme the terrible denunciations and wars of the Apocalypse, he proclaimed in the ears of the terrified people the certainty of their doom unless they would repent and turn to God. Nor did he spare the clergy, but, even to the Pope himself, attacked them for their corruption, and proclaimed boldly their sad departures from purity and holiness.

Under his leadership reforms were begun in both state and church, the Pope even approving so far as to name him first General Vicar of the Dominican Order. Swayed by his influence, multitudes forsook their evil ways, and soon his party, The Piagnoni, or Weepers, gained the ascendancy in the State.

He would seem at this point to have turned aside from his work as a reformer of morals to decidedly political preaching and measures; and having once left his high moral ground, he was caught by the strong current of popular feeling, and gradually involved in the political complications, which undoubtedly led to his imprisonment and death.

Having once gained control of the masses, who believed him to be inspired, and revered him as their friend and deliverer from the power of the haughty nobles, he must continue by some means to retain the mastery, or else his hopes would

never be realized. No wonder then, that having once taken this position, it could soon be said of his utterances to the masses: "All the pregnancy of his preaching lay in his strange assertion of supernatural claims, in the denunciatory visions, in the false certitude, which gave his sermons the interest of a political bulletin. The effect was inevitable. No man ever struggled to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering vitiation; his standard must be their lower needs, and not his own best insight."

A Republic was formed by the Piagnoni, "which was to be the model of a Christian Commonwealth, of which God Himself was the chief ruler and His Gospel the sovereign law." All forms of vice were suppressed in the city, and incited by the enthusiastic devotion of Savonarola, women gathered in the public square to throw down their ornaments as an offering to God, and men burned great heaps of books and writings tainted with licentiousness and immorality.

At length, in 1495, these measures, coupled with his extravagant assumptions as a prophet and interpreter, drew upon him the attention of the Pope, and he was cited to answer the charge of heresy at Rome.

Disregarding this citation, he was forbidden to preach, but refused to obey either this command or a subsequent summons from the papal court. Difficulties now arose in the Republic, and in the strife with the Medicean party, who conspired to regain the control of affairs, Savonarola lost ground by permitting the execution of some conspirators, in violation of his own laws. At this critical moment Rome issued a sentence of excommunication against him, and though he refused to hold it valid, because he considered the censure unjust, it served to turn the scale, and the next year, 1498, his opponents came into power.

Savonarola was ordered to cease preaching, by the Council, and was also bitterly denounced by a Franciscan monk, Francesco da Puglia, who sought to compass his ruin. An appeal to the ordeal of fire made by his opponent was avoided by the raising of difficulties on the part of Savonarola and his friends,

and a complete change taking place in the feelings of the people, he was brought to trial before the Council for heresy and misleading the people by false prophecies.

His confession published by this Council was such as seriously to damage his reputation as a sincere and upright man. But when it is known that half the examiners were his bitterest enemies, that he confessed under the agony of torture, and that his removal, in some way, had become a political necessity to his opponents, we may well regard their correctness with suspicion. The only heresy proven was his disobedience to the Pope's mandate, and disregard of the sentence of excommunication. He retracted his prophetic claims, but never wavered in his assertion that he sought the good of Florence, the church, and the world, first of all, though the ambition to lead the reform he could not deny.

His fellow-monks bore testimony to "an unimpeachable purity and consistency in his life which had commanded their unsuspecting veneration;" yet against all this, sufficient was extracted from Savonarola to give some show of justice to an act already determined, namely, his condemnation and execution.

The Council and Pope united in this sentence, and their common enemy, really the enemy of oppression and licentiousness, was executed and burned with two companions, in 1498. He died a professed Catholic, accepting the last absolution from the papal commissary; and it is stated to be still a question with Catholics whether he should be regarded as a confessor of the truth or a fanatical forerunner of the Reformation.

It is exceedingly difficult, in this age and these changed times, to form a just estimate of Savonarola and his work. One thing is certain, that of all the forerunners of the Reformation, none surpassed him in enthusiasm for some, at least, for the great principles of God's Word, or for boldness in attacking the corruption and abounding wiles of a dissolute age.

His position at the outset was exactly similar to that of Luther, and his stand against the Pope's authority quite as firm; and humanly speaking, had the circumstances been dif-

ferent, the results of his genius and zeal would have equalled those of the great Saxon. But we can readily see there were elements in the case unfitting both Savonarola and his nation for the great work, that could be done only "when the fullness of time was come."

He turned aside from his work of religious and moral reform to secure political power for the accomplishment of a work which only the power of the living truth could effect. And while we see in this his great mistake and weakness, we may well incline to excuse it as the natural result of the age and his training, and regret that so many in all ages have been in error on the same question. It is the verdict of the last fifteen centuries : CHURCH AND STATE MUST BE SEPARATED.

Savonarola's zeal, boldness, and devotion for the truth, are exemplary and worthy the imitation of every man who would a great work for God. Through all his labors the same high purpose of bringing men to conform to its precepts seems to have animated his breast, and his last thoughts were those of grief and self-abasement, that because of his being lifted up by success, he had brought disgrace on a good cause.

In the confinement of his cramped cell, he continued to pour out his soul before God, mourning over his wanderings from the right course. Though about to suffer by an unjust sentence, he does not appear to have thought or spoken of himself as a martyr.

As is well said by one whose description of his life and work leaves little to be desired : "The idea of martyrdom had "been to him a passion, dividing the dream of the future, "with the triumph of beholding his work achieved. And now "in place of both had come resignation, which he called by "no glorifying name. But therefore he may the more fitly "be called a martyr by his fellow-men to all time. For power "rose against him, not because of his sins, but because of "his greatness,—not because he sought to deceive the world, "but because he sought to make it noble. And through that "greatness of his he endured a double agony: not only the "reviling and the torture and the death throb, but also

“the agony of sinking from the vision of glorious achievement
“into that deep shadow, where he could only say, *I count as*
“*nothing; darkness encompasses me; yet the light I saw was the*
“*true light.*”

How true of us all at our best, “now we know in part,”
but how blessed too, the thought that the eyes, straining
through the mists and darkness of the present, shall one day,
with unclouded vision, see the King in His glory, and then,
“because we see Him as He is, we shall be like Him,”—
transformed in beholding.

A. T.

THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

Should a Christian be cosmopolitan? How far is he required to seek the interests of his native land apart from the interests of any other country? I do not mean *antagonistic to*, but *apart from* the interests of other countries.

I suppose it will be agreed by all, that the *honour* of God is man's noblest aim. Worldlings may and do demur at this view, and say that it would be selfish on the part of God to make His own glorification the ultimate aim and duty of all His creatures. But this arises from a deep seated and unconscious mistake in our inner being. God put this mistake in the following words in Scripture—“Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.” In discussing this question we must keep two things in mind: First, that we cannot add to or detract from God's essential glory—it must then be His declarative glory, or the glory which accrues to Him from the *manifestation* of His perfections before the whole universe—we can only increase its manifestation: Second, that it is extremely unlikely that in all the created universe

our world only should be peopled with sentient, reasoning, God-praising beings. Is it not reasonable to suppose that around those millions of suns twinkling in the night, myriads of planets should roll, peopled by unsinning beings cognisant of all which transpires in the universe? If this is so, then God is related, and is (I speak reverently) under obligation to reveal himself, to the constituency of which this world is but a mere speck.

Again, the self glorification of a man is a poor, mean and unworthy object, *only* because it is the exhibition of moral deformity, depravity, defilement, and corruption, and that to a very small circle indeed. Man is innately conscious of this, hence the natural shrinkage from it. But with God it is very different. If He would exhibit to an appreciative universe the highest possible type of moral perfection—if He would show them the grandest exhibitions of unmeasured power—the sublimest reaches of matchless wisdom—the most exquisite blendings of justice and mercy—then He could not do otherwise than reveal Himself. To give the highest possible direction to the minds of His creatures—to open up before them the only inexhaustible field for the exercise of their faculties, and to secure their highest good and surest happiness, God was shut up to revealing His own perfection. If then the glory of God is not only man's most reasonable duty, but also his highest good, it follows that everything which interferes with this is wrong, and everything which tends to promote it is right and wise just in proportion as it secures this object.

The next question is: Is the division of men into nations in accordance with God's plan? and does He intend that it shall minister to His glory and the good of His creatures? It may be true, and doubtless is, that few nations, if any, think of this, nor are they governed in the remotest degree, in their actions, by this consideration. But God is a Sovereign Being, and rules the world according to the counsels of His own will. We think it is God's will that men should be divided into nations, and that this division helps to secure God's design concerning the world.

If this be so, then it is the Christian's duty to seek the real interests of his country to the extent of his ability. We know that space or distance interferes with the transmission of force, either physical, intellectual, or moral. The throb along the Atlantic Cable very sensibly diminishes as it reaches Newfoundland—the electric thrill of the orator's presence is lost when his words are transferred to writing, and a man's moral influence is as wide as its strength. Few men can influence the whole world directly. To attempt to do so would be to fritter away what influence they have. But every man can influence the world indirectly by acting upon the *parts* of which it is composed. This evidently is the way in which most Christians can work. It has been said that a Christian should be Cosmopolitan in his ideas. This is true as far as he is a citizen of the world, but there are senses in which it cannot be so, because he must be a citizen of a country too. He may be as Cosmopolitan as he pleases in his sympathies, but in the carrying out of his benevolent schemes and plans he must necessarily be more restricted. As a Christian, by his Master's orders he is bound to work for the whole world. Within that limit, as a citizen, he is bound to do all he can for the country of his birth, or the country which God by His providence indicates as his abode.

But is it not a man's duty at times to leave his country for another? No doubt of it at all. But I think a Christian man should be careful, and should be very certain that he has the path of duty very clear before him, before he leaves the sphere in which God places him. Is his own ease and freedom the criterion, or does it altogether depend upon the price of corn and potatoes?

Much has been written in praise of the Pilgrim Fathers for their fortitude and heroism in *leaving* their country to face the wilds of America and the still wilder Aborigines, in order to secure for *themselves* a liberty which they were unwilling to accord to others. It appears to me that the men who remained behind and encountered and conquered with pen and sword the enemies of social and religious liberty, were infinitely their

superiors. It is on the same principle that the one who enters boldly into the conflict with sin and error is a much nobler being than the one who hides himself in a monastery or convent. Many noble, regal souls have *come out* of such places, but *few* are found in them.

From this it seems very clear to me that a man should have a very clear and well defined reason for leaving his country, that is his native land, as presumably the one in which God intended him to work. Especially does it seem unreasonable to leave the smaller and weaker for the larger and stronger. The tendency of such a course would be an undue concentration of force. Mighty empires are not the rule in God's government of the world. Special work has been done by empires specially prepared for that work, but this has been the exception rather than the rule.

Now, the practical question for us as Canadians is: What are our obligations to Canada apart from any and every other country? Has she a part to play in God's government of the world? We fully believe she has. We believe she is peculiarly fitted to fulfil a great mission. Her soil and climate are fitted to produce the perfection of physical manhood; her political system, free from the hide-bound Conservatism of England on the one hand, and the no less to be dreaded Communist tendencies of the United States on the other, has in it an elasticity of strength full of hope for the future; her Educational and Judicial systems are surpassed by none; and Religious Institutions are alike free from State control and the grasping cupidity of the ecclesiastico rabble. Is it not each true man's duty to conserve the good, to reform the evil, to strengthen the weak, and to build up and perfect the institutions of such a country? Is it manly, is it Christian, to be continually sighing after the supposed advantages to be had in a neighboring country? Is it not best and noblest even to deny ourselves a few advantages, in order that our bone, our muscle, and our brain should be given to make our own country nobler and better? Is it better to loll in ease among luxuries, for which others toiled and bled, than amid the toil and smoke of battle to secure similar blessings for ourselves?

If your country has given you birth, food, and an education till you begin to feel the stirrings of noble purposes and high aims within you, till you stand on a higher plain than your fellows,—is it honest to run off with those talents and aims and expend them on another country?

Are there smiling farms on the other side of the line? Make yours the most beautiful on the continent. Are her Colleges and Seminaries superior to yours? Then coin your heart's blood if need be, and place *your* country's in the front rank.

Much depends in this matter upon the leading minds in a country. Let our representative men think much about their country, talk much about it, and direct the attention of young men to its advantages. Young people are generally in an uneasy mood—pluming their wings for flight. In this stage let the advantages of some distant part of their own country be pointed out. Let some hitherto unknown region be brought before their attention. A great deal depends on the direction in which a leading mind looks. Thoughts follow the lead of the eye, and the affections follow the lead of the thoughts, and the tongue will invariably speak out the whole. Let us then concentrate our thoughts more upon the beautiful land God has given us. Let us search out her excellencies, and point them out to those who cannot see them without help. Let us each and all strive to make our country better for our being born in it. Let no amount of greenbacks tempt us across the border, nor any prospect of ease induce us to desert our posts.

Let it be our ambition, our holy, Christian ambition, to make our country, the freest, the purest, the best on the face of the earth. Let us do all we can to realize in her experience the truth of God's word, which tells us that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a disgrace to any people." And so working through her upon the universe at large, make the most of ourselves in glorifying God here on the earth, so that we may enjoy Him in Heaven.

Yours loyally,

JOHN McLAURIN, Cocanada, India.

C O U R T - I N G .

GUSSIE PACKARD.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
This court is adjourned, sir, I say ;
Will you please be so kind as to leave,
And not stay around in my way ?
It is almost one in the morning,
And you've not begun with your plea ;
If you will persist in such waiting,
Just find some girl besides me.
The witnesses all have been questioned,
Till not one is left in the stand ;
Even the lamp's going out ;—
(Be so kind as to let go my hand,)
I'll have you to know there's another
Entitled to offer a plea,
And he's getting quite tired of waiting ;
(In that, he is *so* much like me.)
This court has met times without number,
And adjourned, just waiting for you ;
And the very next case on the docket,
Is a suit quite touching and new.
So, I think that for proper evidence,—
I mean for the lack, you know,
I'll dismiss this suit for the other ;
And now, if you please, you may go.
What's that ? “ Object to the verdict,
As directly opposed to the law ? ”
Most learned sir, will you kindly
Point out to this court the flaw ?
“ You think that I've over-persuaded
The court, for one side of the case.”
How do you dare, you villain !
To tell me that to my face.

You say that the bribes I've offered,
(Of the *takingest* smiles and ways,)
Have kept the whole court in my favor,
For, lo, these many long days ;
That the reason you never have offered
Your plea to the court for defense,
Was because you knew 'twas directly
Opposed to the court's common sense ;
That you don't see the use of pleading
A case that the court *will* dismiss.
So you'll take my advice,—*and me with it*,
For better or worse, with this kiss.
You are fined for contempt of court, sir ;
You thought that court was adjourned ?
Well, now, if this isn't court-ing,
There are some things I never have learned.

—*Alumni Journal.*

WHY SHOULD CANADIAN BAPTISTS EDUCATE THEIR CHILDREN ?

[CONCLUDED.]

Because, third, they are a body of Christians claiming a *distinctive character* and a *special mission*. That character is, they aver, the result of the exceptional closeness with which they adhere to the New Testament teachings, and follow the New Testament models, in regard to Church membership, government and ordinances. That mission is, they hold, the diffusion and perpetuation of these New Testament doctrines and practices as nearly as possible in their original simplicity and purity. That every Baptist parent should then earnestly desire and pray that his children may become, not only useful and devout Christians, but sound, genuine Baptists; Baptists by conviction, and not by inherited prejudice, is but the logical outcome of sincerity in his professions. Hence we may discover one or two reasons why the members of Baptist Churches should, even more than others, possess the largest possible measure of intelligence and culture.

(1.) Baptist Churches are more *individualizing* than others; that is, they give more power to each private member, and thus throw upon each a heavier responsibility than the more elaborate ecclesiastical systems. The ideal Baptist Church is not only a body in which every individual member is a baptized believer, and a distinct spiritual power, but a body whose oneness of faith and practice, of polity and ordinances, is the result simply and solely of personal convictions, convictions reached in each case by independent and prayerful study of the one text-book. Do members of other churches train their children at the fireside, in the Sabbath School, from the pulpit, in the doctrines of the church of their fathers? The true Baptist, on the other hand, while always ready to give to every one that asks, a reason for his faith and practice, is yet bound ever to say, even to his child, "To the law and to the testimony! If we speak not according to these there is no life in

us." Of course we do not claim that this ideal is, or ever will be, fully realized. We suppose as a matter of fact, very many, probably most, of our church members are Baptists for no other reason than that such were their parents or friends. But it would be strange, if we have correctly stated the principle underlying our church organization, if we could not safely claim that the Baptist body has in its membership a much larger proportion than any other, of those whose church relations are the result of personal study and conviction.

Hence we see the necessity that Baptists, more than any other body, should be an intelligent people. A Baptist who is such for no better reason than that his father and mother before him were so, might almost as well be a member of any other evangelical church. There is probably, it is true, a blessing attached to the possession of truth even in minor matters, however we may have come by it. But to the aggressive power of the body, for attack upon what it regards as the mischievous errors of other bodies, it is evident that the addition of such material brings no corresponding increase. Baptists and Baptist Churches fail largely in their mission if they do not stimulate earnest inquiry and careful study of the Scriptures in the communities where they exist. And this spirit of research enfolds the very life principle of education.

(2.) Again, Baptist Church policy demands large intelligence for its successful working. Of course the highest and the indispensable conditions of success are spiritual conditions. That mighty Christian love which subdues all things unto itself must permeate the whole brotherhood. It must be its inspiration, imparting life and breath, or rather living and breathing through it, else like all other democratic systems, however beautiful in conception, however symmetrical in its proportions, it is unfit for human conditions and uses. But it is none the less true that in conjunction with this indispensable depth of piety, a good degree of breadth of view, of liberality and expansiveness of thought, is eminently needful. None know this better than pastors. Cases are continually arising which involve broad principles, or render necessary nice but real distinctions. How many grating frictions and

unseemly bickerings might be avoided, how much more real progress made, had individual church members but been trained to a capacity for broader views, to a power of discerning more clearly the difference between real principles and moral obligations on the one hand, and personal prejudices and crotchets of conscience on the other? How shall the state of our churches be improved in this respect? Evidently by pastors and parents seeing to it, as far as in them lies, that the next generation of Baptists shall bring to the aid of the Church and the work of the Master minds liberalized and hearts enlarged by a better culture.

Once more, *Baptists need the aid of sound learning in the defence and propagation of their distinctive views.* Those views are neither popular nor attractive. It is not in the nature of things that they should be, inasmuch as their very enunciation is a bold charge of error laid at the door of every great evangelical church in Christendom. Hence, like all other unpopular truths, they must fight their way to general acceptance. But the true Baptist believes those distinctive truths to be of real importance to the progress of religion and highest well being of the race. He believes them to involve the correct observance of gospel ordinances, the true principles of church order and discipline, the due cultivation of Christian individuality, and above all, the spirituality, the divine inner life, of the church. Hence he esteems them worth fighting for. To him is committed a dispensation of important truth. How valuable then that mental power, which is the result of mind culture, in the doing of this great work. How necessary is it to aid him in distinguishing between what is vital to the system and what only accidental; between sound argument and sounding rhetoric; between earnestness and passion; between a large, loving zeal for truth and the narrow, unreasoning bigotry of a sect.

Then again, liberal culture is essential to the Baptist to enable him to maintain the line of defence to which he is constantly driven. He has need to be master not only of general principles, but of nice distinctions. The controversy ranges all the way down from questions of authenticity and genuineness

of manuscript to the shade of a meaning in word, or the force of a prefix, or a preposition. It embraces the history and the traditions of eighteen centuries. Can then, he who claims that God has called Baptists to such a defence of important doctrines, doubt that he in so doing lays them under the most solemn obligations to summon all the forces of disciplined intellect to their aid. Unto them and their children descends the sacred duty as well as the precious promise.

Is it now asked, What is the nature and what the extent of the education which Baptists are thus sacredly bound to secure, as far as possible, to their children? That is a matter of detail for the individual judgment and conscience. It is a variable quantity to be determined by varying conditions. We have been seeking to lay down general principles. Is it asked again, What is the best means for securing such a culture? We can answer that only generally by saying: See to it first of all that the child is placed under the satest, most healthful, moral and religious influences; and secondly, that the modes and the instruments of education are not lifeless and mechanical, but living and powerful, stirring mightily all the mental forces, stimulating curiosity, compelling effort, and holding up truth as the highest, the only, soul satisfying reward.

And these principles, be it observed, are all embracing. They know no distinctions of sex, or of calling. Whenever a Baptist Christian finds himself entrusted with the guardianship of an immortal mind in its unfolding stages, there, in that very fact, should he recognize a solemn obligation laid upon him to develop the powers of that mind to the utmost possible extent for itself, for truth, for God. The prospective vocation matters not. The time is, we trust, not far distant when truth shall be able to summon her ablest defenders from the plough and the anvil as well as from the college and the pulpit. Of this good time coming we are not even now without some foreshadowings. In the gradual decrease of the hours of manual toil through the introduction of labor saving machinery and in the constantly growing power of science to employ natural forces for the saving of human muscle, we see a promise and pledge of great things in the future. Is there any

reason in the nature of things why the farmer or mechanic should not be the man of science and the philosopher as well?

Does anyone doubt whether the Bible countenances such extreme views in regard to the value and duty of mental culture? Our space will not permit us in reply to point to the many specific passages which inculcate the obligation to serve God with our *best*, or to show that the Bible has always provided the most powerful stimulus to intellectual achievement, quickening every mental faculty by the grand truths it reveals and the profound trains of thought it sets in motion ; or to cite the example of the great Teacher himself, and show how inimitably adapted is almost every word in His discourses to arouse thought, to stimulate enquiry, to awaken entirely new conceptions of truth and duty, of our relations to things seen which are temporal and to things unseen which are eternal ; to send, in short, thrills of grander and profounder life pulsing through every nerve and fibre of our intellectual being.

Do Canadian Baptists still need such hints as the foregoing ? Where is there a church which has not in it those within whose reach God has placed means and opportunities, who yet seem entirely indifferent to the intellectual culture of their children ? If these views be sound, what more pitiable mistake can be made than that of the parent who thinks a store of hoarded gold a better legacy for his child than a liberal culture ? What injustice more cruel than that of the father who says in effect, “ This son shall have thrown open to him the avenues that lead to higher usefulness, to intellectual power, and to the widest and most elevated range of earthly pleasures, while this other must find his equivalent in a pile of filthy lucre ;” or, “ My sons shall have all the aids to a higher and better life which the best collegiate course can give, and my daughters must take their offset in dainty laces and camel hair shawls.” May the Baptists of this new Dominion have grace to prove themselves ever worthy of the mantle of their fathers’ which has fallen upon them, and to transmit it untarnished to a Baptist posterity more holy, more earnest, and better educated than themselves.

J. E. W.

INDEPENDENCY OF JUDGMENT IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

An independent judgment ! How often is such a sentiment uttered, and thought of, without its significance being comprehended ? In this age of freedom, when liberty asserts its rights in governments national and social, in the realms of the press and of speech, in fact, in every department of human activity, it is not to be wondered at, that everybody should feel as if he had a right to be, and were, free to form a judgment of his own. Such a notion, however, reminds us of Alexander, who, while he conquered the world, was conquered by *himself*. This youth of thirty might have transmitted from abroad to his friends at home the results of victories—which, in far reaching consequences and in extent of conquest, far surpassed those of the Roman conqueror—in the laconic words of the latter : “ *Veni, vidi, vinci* ;” yet he was seized, manacled, and led to a disgraceful death by his *own passions*. Is it not thus in our case with respect to the formation of judgments in religious matters ? The free thinker boasts that he is bound by neither dogma, nor creed, nor any written revelation. He possesses *reason* ; and this is an all-sufficient guide, whatever men may say. He has his own notions of what is right ; and why should not his own—what he himself has wrought out, indeed, what he feels rising spontaneously, as he imagines—why should not these ideas of right be as good, if not better, than those of any others ? Let not our readers fancy that we are here describing a merely speculative class, whose masters were the sages of ancient Greece. We are really speaking of the masses by whom we are surrounded. Nor do we mean only those who make no profession of a living union with Christ, for too much of the same spirit will be found at work within the pale of orthodoxy. “ What do you *think* ?” is the form of a question very common amongst us all ; yet a moment’s reflection will serve to show that it bears on its very face the impress of those who think they can form their own judgments with respect to religion. It is true, Jesus once put

this question himself—"What think ye of Christ?" but mark, it was put to the Pharisees, a class of people who had all but lost the simple word of God by the web of their own *thoughts* which they had woven over it. How different was his treatment of the lawyer who inquired concerning what he should do to inherit eternal life. This was a question with respect to truth. Hence his question in reply is not "What *thinkest* thou?" but, "What is *written* in the law? how *readest* thou?" Notwithstanding our boasted freedom, independency of judgment in religion is only a myth. Such there is not under the sun, for the simple reason there is no pure independence among sublunary beings. It is ignorance of this simple fact that leads men to talk of their *own notions*, and especially of their putting any confidence in what they deem their own ideas.

We say there is no such thing as pure independence of judgment in religious matters among men, because, in the first place, *man comes into this world in possession of a depraved nature*. This is by no means a universally received dogma. We cannot appeal to consciousness for its proof, because we can only be conscious of what *is*, and not of what *was*. Memory may give us testimony as to the past, but it can only go as far back as consciousness had had an experience. This may lead us pretty well into childhood, yet there is quite an interval between birth and the first remembrances of consciousness concerning which memory can give us no information. The universality of experience from the first dawn of consciousness through to the end of life ought to have some weight in determining the condition of the subject before. The great oak with its innumerable leaves and branches contains nothing in kind which did not exist in miniature in the embryo within the acorn. Multiplication has taken place, but nothing more. May we not reason in the same way with respect to our own moral nature? That piece of pasture ground looks perfectly free from all kinds of weeds; but let the plough turn to the summer sun and rains the underlying soil, and soon we shall have an abundant harvest of foul vegetation. Now we know that neither plough, nor sun, nor rain, nor air sowed the seeds. They were there indigenous, only waiting for the appropriate

conditions to enable them to show themselves. Would not universal experience—universal as to time and as to space—indicate that it was somewhat similar with the human heart?

We have, however, direct and clear testimony on this point in the word of God. Not to multiply quotations, take the language of Paul to the Ephesians. Greatly did he glory in the mercy of God, as exhibited in the salvation of the Gentiles. Recounting the spiritual blessings with which they had been blessed in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and wishing, by way of contrast, to throw additional glory around those blessings, he gives them an opportunity to glance at the horrible pit whence they had been taken. He says: "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins: Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind: and were *by nature* the children of wrath, even as others." We want it observed that the Apostle does *not* say, "and were *by practice* the children of wrath." This he had before asserted in unmistakable terms, giving a full account thereof; and then he adds this as an additional fact: "and were *BY NATURE* the children of wrath." Thus, like the Psalmist, who, having confessed his sin, said: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," he follows up the stream to its fountain, he traces the fruit to its legitimate root—a corrupt, depraved nature. Moreover, it will be noticed that he does not attribute this evil nature simply to those whom he addresses, but makes it a universal fact by the additional phrase: "Even as others."

With this single fact before us, where is there room for independency in the realms of religious thought? Is that man independent whose every moral faculty is by his very nature perverted? Is that man capable of an independent judgment, whose understanding is by nature darkened? Is that man capable of an independent *act*, whose will is by his very nature powerless for good? Is that man capable of independ-

ently forming attachments, whose affections are by his very nature entwined about sin? As well may we talk of the galley slave's being free to walk this broad earth of ours at pleasure, while he is bound to his oars, as to talk of man's being capable of originating an independent thought, who is by his very nature a child of wrath, a slave of sin, and a victim of hell's delusive dreams.

We say there is no such thing as pure independence of judgment in religious matters among men, because in the second place, *man is constitutionally biased*. When the Scriptures teach, and observation corroborates the fact, that all men come into this world with depraved natures, it does not follow that each man is guilty of the whole catalogue of crime, nor that he has a desire to violate every command of the Decalogue. It is true as the Master taught, that "from within, out of the heart of men proceed" every evil thing. It is true as the Apostle quotes from the Psalmist, that "there is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that seeketh after God; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." All this is true, while it is not intended to be taught that each individual is guilty of, or has a special inclination for, all the evils charged upon mankind in these places. The carnal mind is the soil in which the seeds lie, and the soil is suitable for the production of the fruit, but the growth of this or that evil depends largely upon circumstances. One very important circumstance is that to which we are now directing attention, viz: The transmission of moral qualities from parent to child either mediately or immediately. These qualities are, in common language, said to be constitutional. Like begets like, moral as well as physical. This is no new notion to the masses, though they may not be acquainted with this way of stating it. How common the remark: "It is an easy matter to tell whose child that is. He is just his father or his grandfather over again." This remark, it must be borne in mind, is not made with reference to the child's looks, but with reference to his disposition. Indeed we may here appeal directly to every one's own consciousness in proof of the statement, that we naturally possess stronger inclinations for some evils than we do for others.

We individually have sins which do more easily beset us than others. Of course, many of our besetting sins, as they are called, arise from development, and not because we are naturally biased thereto. A sin from which we shrink in abhorrence to-day may be fondly embraced in a short time, just through familiarity. As Pope says :—

“ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be dreaded, needs but to be seen ;
But, seen too off, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Aside, however, from such besetting sins, we know that we are influenced by others which are ours by heritage. Well then, where is our independence? Where is the equilibrium so essential to an unbiased judgment respecting right and wrong? We have weighed our course of conduct in the balance, and the scale has gone down on the side of right. We feel quite flattered ; but we have not taken into consideration how much of natural depravity, and how much of constitutional proclivity for a given evil, have secretly influenced the scale which favored us. If we only saw how much we were influenced by these every day, we would see how utterly unfit we are to arrive at a correct moral judgment of ourselves.

Again : *Man is powerfully influenced by his early training.* Take a street arab whose father and mother are confirmed drunkards and blasphemers, and whose whole associations are of the same type. Such a lad *may* learn from the immediate consequences of drunkenness that it is an evil ; but what of profanity? What is there in him, or about him, while he is being brought up in such a school, to give him the least idea of profanity's being an evil? Perhaps the reader is ready to say that this is an extreme case. It cannot be an extreme case with reference to the point in hand. We are simply showing the power of early training, and whatever may be taught the influence is the same. Solomon recognized this when he wrought into his proverbs the following : “ Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Take a Scriptural case. Saul of Tarsus

had his mind thoroughly cultivated, having enjoyed the best literary advantages of his day. At the feet of Gamaliel he learned all the marvellous things of the Jewish religion. He was an apt scholar, and eagerly drank in the sectarian spirit of that people, for which they were then so noted. He joined himself to the straitest sect of that religion, and soon graduated a thorough Pharisee. Now mark. That man, whose reverence for the holy scriptures amounted to a superstition—that man whose reverence for his God could not be challenged—that man could stand by the clothes of those who were stoning to death him whose countenance but a moment before had shone like an angel's; that man could steel his heart against the most pitiful pleadings of husbands and brothers, against the bitter cries of orphan children, and against the doleful lamentations of brokenhearted mothers; that man could stain his hands with the blood of his fellow-countrymen—male and female—whose only crime was their acceptance of Jesus of Nazareth as their Messiah; and that man—with that adamant heart—could in all sincerity, lift those bloody hands to Him whose love for human kind had sent to earth His only Son to suffer, bleed and die for sinful man, and cry, "I thank thee, O God, that I am not as other men, extortioners, adulterers, or dupes of this impostor Jesus; and especially I thank thee that thou dost permit me to do such service for thee as that in which I am now engaged." "Such a man is a fiend," cries the reader. Not at all: he is Saul of Tarsus, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; so zealous for his own, that he would put down all opposition by force; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. Such is the man. How, then, can his conduct towards the sect everywhere spoken against be explained? This part of his life will stand as an everlasting monument to the mighty power of early training over the human mind and heart. When he reasoned in his own mind respecting these people who were preaching the gospel of the crucified One, he was not capable of drawing a sound conclusion, because his early prejudices, the prejudices of his whole education, were blind-

ing his eyes. Is this not the case with many to-day? If we be at all candid with ourselves, we shall admit that we are immensely controlled by the training of our youth. Where then is our independency of judgment?

Once more: *Man is strongly influenced by public opinion.* Perhaps we had better said, by the conduct of the public as far as it relates to moral questions. We are all shortcoming creatures, and it consequently becomes us to be lenient towards the erring. They who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Moreover, this principle of forbearance is inculcated in the word of God. With regard to those who are without the Church, the Apostle says: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." So with respect to those within the Church the same Apostle says: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Thus forgiveness is enforced. Then, when we mingle amongst society, we find that wherever sin does not immediately and personally affect the people themselves, they are wonderfully lenient, wonderfully forgiving. A closer examination, however, will disclose the fact that this spirit does not arise so much from a disposition to forgive, as from the lax views they have of sin. It is not so much that we should forgive, as it is that the fault or mishap, as they call it, is not of much importance. Evil is common, and therefore we get to think it is not so bad. Thus we find the moral sense of the mass very blunt, and we find it no difficult matter for a man to pass among the crowd as respectable. Moreover, if a man has some special failing, who is free? Has he not also some redeeming qualities? Thus the public act on the principle of compensation. A good trait will counterbalance, yea, more than compensate for a bad one, especially if the bad one do not give us personal annoyance. Now much of this may in a certain sense be right. but here lies the mischief; we transfer this mode of procedure to God. Insensibly we come to look upon the Divine government as carried on in the same way. "Because sentence against an evil work

is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Because the evil deed is not immediately followed by punishment, we soon get to think that it is not such a very great evil deed after all. Thus we are influenced in our notions of right and wrong by the conduct of the public with respect to such.

What shall we say, then, of man who by his very nature is corrupt, who has a constitutional bias towards some evil, who is mightily influenced by his early training, and who is insensibly drawn into the notions of the mass? What shall we say of his independence? Can such an one draw a correct conclusion with respect to a question in morals? From all this we see the truth of the Master's statement, "Without me ye can do nothing."

J. T.

THE NUN.

A TALE OF CHICAGO.

BY ISABELLA SINCLAIR.

'Twas Sabbath eve, the half-descended sun
Hung like a meteor in the western sky,
And lengthening shadows from the hill-sides told
Of fast-approaching night. The city lay
In the sweet Sabbath stillness hushed to rest
As if no sound of revelry, no voice of woe,
No breath of lips profane, had ever roused
The slumbering echoes of those silent streets.
Her countless spires, those voiceless monitors
That ever bid us look from earth away,
And point us upward to the world of light,
Were tipped with glory ; and the wide expanse

Of park and garden, palace, hut and hall,
Bathed in the yellow glow of sunset, seemed
A vision fair of poet's fancy, or a dream
Of Moslem's Paradise. The sound of bells,
Sweet bells and many-toned, salutes mine ear.
Whence comes the music? 'Tis the vesper-call.
From the gray towers of yonder church it comes,
The Jesuit Church. "And I will go," I said,
For one I knew and loved, a fair young girl,
On that sweet Sabbath eve, would take the veil
And pass beyond the ken of such as I.
I went. I saw the splendid farce begin,
Loud anthems pealed and swinging censors flashed,
As she, the doomed one, faltering, trod the aisle.
She passed along, but at a pillared niche
Graced with rare flowers and costly gifts, she paused,
Bowing in prayer before some saintly shrine.
But one she saw not knelt near her there,
And he too prayed, not to the saints, but her.
"O, Ida! my lost darling, hear me now,
Ere the dark deed is done that veils thy life,
Thy bright young life in loneliness and gloom.
Thy mother on her dying pillow lies
And mourns her lost one, mourns her all the day.
And in the fitful slumbers of the night
She calls thy name. O, for her sake return.
Thy gray-haired sire, with weight of years bowed down,
Will not be comforted, O, must he pass
In lonely sorrow to the silent grave,
Uncheered, untended by his daughter's love?
And I, oh, Ida, must that convent-call,
Dreary and dark and cheerless as the grave,
Hold all my life, for thou art all to me.
Oh, by the love of her who bore thee, by the tears
Thy father weeps in silence and alone,
By all thou lovest, by thy hopes of heaven,
Renounce this falsehood, fly this fatal snare,
Return with me to life and hope, return!"

He ended, and the kneeling maiden rose,
Her white face whiter than the marble form
That claimed her worship, yet no ray of hope
Beamed from her eyes that never turned aside
To rest on him who breathed that passioned prayer.
She passed along, with many a soulless rite
And mockery of prayer and chanted psalm.
They riveted the chains that bound her life
And made her, as they said, the Bride of Heaven.
What more remains to tell? The world went on
As it had done; the yellow sunlight glowed;
Days came and went; naught spake of chance or change:
But one fair home is silent, tenantless,
For lovely Rosehill holds the twin-made grave
Of Ida's parents. Of their grief they died,
And he who mourned with them their daughter's fate
Followed them to their long last resting-place,
Wept as they weep whose hearts are turned to stone,
Then to the joyless, desolate world went back
To battle with his life-work as he might.
O mighty Rome, thy hoary head shall bow,
Proud arbitress of countless destinies,
Thy own dark doom is sealed; a few more years
Shall see thy sceptre in the dust, thy crown
Of glory riven, thy purple robe of power
Rent from the and thy million bondslaves *free*,
The Lord hath said it, and it *shall* be so.

Chicago, March 13th, 1876.

OUR OPINION OF MUSIC.

“Your opinion, indeed,” were the words that fell from a pair of pouting lips, and mischievous eyes looked into ours as their owner added, “the opinion of one who knows what they were talking about might be worth something, but yours,” and the speaker finished the sentence with an amused laugh. We had been trying to defend ourself from the charge of not knowing what music is. We are now going to give our notion of it, and, if you, kind reader, do not, in your “heart of hearts,” agree with us, then we shall be willing to admit that there is something wanting in our “make up” with regard to music. To the question, “What is Music?” we have all heard and seen a thousand replies. Someone, poetically inclined, has defined it as “the melodious wing that wafts and warms poetry on its mission—that will not let it droop—that will not let it die,” Fuller says that poetry is music in words, and music is poetry in sound. Granting that these are correct definitions, were we very far wrong in refusing to admit that the words, “perfectly delightful,” and “heavenly,” are fitting expressions to be used in describing the singing of a celebrated *artiste*, the discussion of whose merits and demerits called forth the remark with which our article begins? Of course our taste isn’t cultivated, doubtless that is why we failed to be “carried away” by the agonizing, musical gymnastics of the fancy singer; but, from the first formal bow, to the initiatory scream, to the long-draw-out, deafening, don’t-stop-to-breathe finale with which the performance terminated, we were in agony. We felt like screaming ourself, or wishing for some one to cry fire or murder, and thus end the entertainment. There is something in the dazzling light of the room, the tossing millinery and the distorted features of the performers that we cannot associate with music according to our idea of it. We listened a few Sundays ago to a solo rendered by the leader of a Baptist choir; and, although listening attentively, we caught only one intelligible word among the various up and down pitches of the singer. That word was “spin.” Atter-

ward we learned or guessed, that the solo was, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin," &c. Now how were we to *consider* when we could not understand a single word of what was being sung? Do you wonder that the elegantly rendered piece of music failed to affect us? Are you surprised that the old song of our childhood, "Rock of Ages," sung an hour afterward by the congregation, so filled our heart with tenderness that our lips refused to utter the words? Does it not seem a sacrilege to find the grand old hymns of your childhood, which you always associate with familiar tunes, as old and as grand, set to a new air, which to your ears is nothing but a succession of quirks and quavers sung by a professional choir? We hear a great deal now-a-days about the good that is being done through the singing of gospel hymns. These "services of song" are becoming a large part of religious worship. The singers of a fashionable church will say, "Yes, these simple tunes please the common people, but those who understand music must have something finer. You go to that church and learn how 'cultivated taste' is suited by, listening to a number of young ladies sing out in agony, "Oh, for a man—" "Oh, for a man—" "Oh, for a mansion in the skies." Had they not completed the line, we might imagine that the wail was but the echo of their own heart's longing. Think of that grand old hymn, "The Messiah," being tortured into "The Lord is in his hol—the Lord is in his hol—is in—the Lord is in his hol." How can a congregation hear without protest such a travesty as this: "Stir up this stu—" cries bass to treble; "Stir up this stu—" rejoined the treble to the bass; tenor and alto cried "Stir up this stu—" and only when the culinary controversy reached its height, involving all parties in the strife, did it issue in the peaceful and religious petition, "Stir up this stupid soul to pray." The ludicrous side of such a performance will get the better of us, and if our Puritan ancestors had not implanted within us a strong sense of the propriety of observing becoming decorum in meeting, we would have had to yield to our inclination to laugh. Yet one who knows what music is will exclaim in tones of rapture, "Oh! enchanting! estatic!"

and, if you show no enthusiasm, will add sympathetically, "You don't know what is lost to your life in not being able to appreciate music." Still we contend that we *do* appreciate music of a certain kind. Luther says that music is the art of the prophets. Which of the wise ancients sang as sing the musical artists of our nineteenth century? If the *meaning* of song goes deep, how can one be impressed by what is to them utterly unintelligible? "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," says the poet. These grand compositions have an opposite effect upon us—a proof that we are not savages—not uncivilized, though perhaps uncultivated.

Some one says, "Music once admitted into the soul becomes a sort of spirit, it never dies." We realize that now as never before. If this is music then, we understand why we were affected in much the same manner as was the poor clergyman after hearing the song of the car conductor :

"Punch, brothers, punch ; punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare,"

His brain was not any more tortured by that "pink trip slip" than is ours by the ear-piercing, heart-rending screams of the singers of these "lovely" solos, duetts, trios and quartettes. What element of melody have the fashionable scores of these rays of science to charm the ear much less to reach the heart! The sounds that go up and down the ladder of song, now swelling like a boarding-house gong, now dying away in a quiver, like the "Sad moaning of November winds in the blank midnight." It is unfortunate that we cannot appreciate music, and of course we blush while we confess it, but the simple tunes we learned at school so long ago are even yet sweeter to us, and no music ever pleased us better than the strains that proceeded from the "ungodly fiddle" our grandfather played, or the Jew's harp melody with which our neighbor's son serenaded us in the days of "long ago." "Auld lang syne"—we hear it to-day sweet as when first sung in its birth-place on the heather hills—music that charms alike the dweller in the hall and the hovel. "Home, sweet home"—the wanderer on a foreign shore hums it to-night, and forgetting the

strange scenes around him, is a child again in his boyhood home. "When shall we meet again"—tremulous lips that sang it a year ago now answer from the other shore, "Soon shall we meet again. "Annie Laurie"—the army sang it the night before the battle; men of all lands were there,

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

Far away from its island home we hear the strains of "Erin go bragh." Wherever the light-hearted Frenchman goes, the ear of the listener is charmed by the strains of "La Belle France," and the sturdy German wipes a tear-drop from his eye as the organ-grinder on the street plays a song of the "Faderland." Ah, they can never die, those sweet and simple melodies that linger round the heart like childhood's dream of heaven. From what do they derive their immortality if not from the tunes by which we remember them? As it is the sentiment, rather than the words, that has made "A man's a man for a' that" a watchword for the generations, and given such a charm to "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and Gray's Elegy, so it is the old familiar airs—the music, not the words—that becomes a part of ourselves, inseparable from us. Then there are all those sacred tunes, heard first in the quaint little village church at home. "Old Hundred," "St. Thomas," "Martyrdom," "Boylston," "Corinth," and a host of others that haunt the memory yet. Is there anything nearer your heart to-day than these same old strains? Can they ever die? To us this *is* music. Have you not some of these old tunes laid up in your heart, carefully hidden like keepsakes of the past—precious links in the golden chain that bind us to that past? Think of them now, and bless God for the memory of those dear old strains which your mother—the old fashioned mother it may be—gently sang, as with touch as gentle she wiped away your childish tears and soothed the sorrows of your boyish heart. Weary years have passed since then. The old arm-chair has long been vacant. Its occupant now sings the "new, new song" on the other shore, time has begun to efface the images of former things from your mem-

ory, but the old tunes are all there yet—at times forgotten it may be, but the school boy whistling them as he passes on the street awakes an echo in your heart; unconsciously you begin to hum the old songs, you live over again the scenes of the past; the old tune has for a time charmed you back to your former, it may be to your better, self. You understand such music as this. It is heart-born. Then fret not when told that you cannot appreciate music. Become not alarmed though some one hint that even heaven will become irksome to you, because your taste for music has not been cultivated. If the singing of this fashionable music is to be a part of the enjoyment of the “better land,” let us hope that in some one of the many mansions there will be a company of old-fashioned people, who, with old-fashioned voices, will sing the dear old-fashioned tunes.

OLD HUNDRED.



THE RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

Most strange!

Most queer,—although most excellent a change!
 Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!
 My fettered thoughts have now a wider range,
 And like my legs are free;
 No longer huddled up so pitiably;
 Free now to pry and probe, and peer and peer,
 And make these mysteries out.
 Shall a *free-thinking* chicken live in doubt?
 For now in doubt undoubtedly I am;
 This problem's very heavy on my mind,
 And I'm not one to either shirk or sham;
 I wont be blinded, and I wont be blind.

Now let me see :
First, I would know how did I get in there ?
Then, where was I of yore ?
Besides, why didn't I get out before ?

Dear me !
Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more),
Enough to give me *pip* upon the brain.

But let me think again :
How do I know I ever was inside ?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell

As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't ! How could I have lain,
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
In there ?

I meet the notion with profound disdain ;
It's quite incredible ; since I do declare,
(And I'm a chicken, that you can't deceive),
What I can't understand I wont believe.

Where did I come from, then ? Ah, where, indeed !
This is a riddle, monstrous hard to read.

I have it ! Why of course
All things are moulded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
Fortuitously concurrent anywhere.

There, now !
That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear ?
My mother cackling at me ! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant *I* say,
So far behind the wisdom of the day.
What's old I can't revere.

Hark at her: "You're a silly chick, my dear,
 That, quite as plain, alack!
 As is the piece of shell upon your back!"
 How bigoted! Upon my back, indeed!
 I don't believe it's there,
 For I can't see it; and I do declare,
 For all her fond deceiving,
 What I can't see I never will believe in.

---Selected.

"LA R'VEILLE."

'Tis a clear, frosty night in December. The starlight glistens on the snow. The ice crackles under the step, and the breath freezes on the air. 'Tis a night for the sleigh-bells to ring out their merriest jingle, and for a hearty greeting to fall on the ear with a more than usually cheerful sound.

The old-fashioned little church at Lichfield has put on its most hospitable appearance—an appearance at best certainly not imposing, for it is a rustic, dingy little place. However, it has done its best to be cheerful. Its huge stove glows with genial warmth, if not with polish, and through its four windows streams the brilliancy of its seven lamps.

You smile, reader, but still in this humble place the sovereign of the heavens deigns to meet with man, and listen to his poor petitions. Listen to the song of praise rising like precious incense from a rude censor. Softly, in low, quivering tones, it rises at first, then louder and louder it swells, as one and another join in the strain:

"Come, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy praise."

Deep, solemn, touching old hymn! The little church rings with the melody, and the clear air bears its echo upwards towards the heavens—a sweet tribute of thanksgiving to the Omnipotent.

The hour of prayer and praise is ended. The honest farmers press around the minister to wish him good e'en, in their kindest manner. For a few moments the air resounds with hearty greetings and the merry jingle of bells, but soon the old meeting house, notwithstanding its hospitable air, is left almost tenantless.

Three individuals still remain. One is the old man who has charge of the church, the others are deacon McDonald and deacon Smily. That is deacon Caleb McDonald who stands at the left side of the stove—a tall, fat old gentleman, in a large overcoat. He is about sixty years of age, a model picture of a sturdy Scotch-Canadian farmer. You would not call his face handsome, yet it is one of which the deacon need not be ashamed. A large, well-shaped mouth, with an expression made up of two parts Scotch caution and three parts American shrewdness, a long nose, and sharp, gray eyes, which have a faculty for looking in all directions at the same time, without given their owner the disadvantage of a squint. These eyes have won for the deacon a notoriety among the small boys of the neighborhood, among whom he is known by the name of "Caleb the Faithful Spy;" and certainly very few things escape his observation. Many a fine lark has been entirely brought to naught by his quick-sightedness.

Yes, Caleb McDonald is a clever, shrewd old gentleman, but he is not a general favorite. "The Faithful Spy" is the most complimentary of his numerous titles. He is also known as "Old Screw," "Stingy Caleb," and "Skin-flint,"—names of whose uncomplimentary character there can be no doubt. The fact is, that when the deacon began life with the wide world as a potato garden and his hands as working capital, a dollar was a large sum; and now that he has become the richest farmer in the township, a dollar is still a dollar, and is not to be lightly parted with.

Though mankind in general, and beggars and collectors for charitable purposes in particular, do not give the deacon a high name for liberality, still he does help to support his own church. When he sells his wheat, instead of putting all the proceeds into the bank, as we must confess he sometimes feels

his evil genius prompting him to do, he silences the wicked one immediately, and with a comfortable sense of having gained a moral victory over the sins of the flesh, he lays aside the sum for the *cause*. Now if the gift is valued by the amount of sacrifice and moral effort required to give it, deacon McDonald's moderate donation must be exceedingly precious. In addition to this yearly amount, the deacon generally gives twenty-five cents towards a donation for the minister, and if potatoes are plentiful and the deacon finds it rather difficult to dispose of his, the minister is sent a bag or two. If a storm comes on and blows some plums off the deacon's trees, they are placed in the garret to ripen, and the minister is sent a share of them. In short, whenever a chance occurs of showing the minister's family a kindness of this description, the deacon always improves it.

Caleb McDonald is an honest man; he never cheats anyone, though he understands how to drive a clever bargain. He is a deacon of Lichfield church, gives a sum in *hard cash* every year towards *the cause*, gives twenty-five cents now and then towards a donation for the pastor, and occasionally sends a present to the minister's family. He owns the best two hundred acre farm in the neighborhood, has the best house, orchard and cattle in the county, and a good many thousands lying snugly in the bank. In fact he is an eminently respectable member of society. Why do they call him "old skin-flint?"

Well, we have given you an introduction to deacon McDonald, with an appendix; and now it is time we took a look at his companion, deacon Smily—quite another person. Small, wiry, with a smart, elastic step, and a face the perpetual picture of his name; a small mouth, the corners of which have a decided propensity to curve upward; a pair of laughing black eyes, and a shock of curly brown hair, dashed here and there with silver. Everyone agrees with the boys that deacon Smily is a "regular brick." We shall not praise him too much for his liberality—though his hand is as open as his heart—because it probably costs him less to hand over twenty-five dollars than it does deacon McDonald to unclasp his fingers from *twenty-five cents*. There is less *high moral effort* wanted.

The two old farmers were soon seated in deacon Smily's sleigh. Deacon McDonald often takes a seat with his friend, as by this arrangement his horses are fresh for the morning's work. "Brother," said deacon Smily, when they had driven on quickly for a few moments, "I have a few calls to make if you do not object. I promised to see poor Martha Monrow, and, by the way, you are a deacon, and might come along. She'd be delighted to see you. Here we are at the place," and in a moment the lithe little man was standing at the door, with a basket on his arm, and his burly companion by his side.

The door was opened by a tidy Scotch woman, who heartily welcomed deacon Smily, and though she looked surprised at the sight of his companion, she gave them both a cordial invitation into a neat little room, at the one end of which was the sick girl's bed. Poor Martha was indeed a sufferer. For five long years had she been a prisoner to her couch, but she still was cheerful. Christianity was a power with her, which held firmly to her one bright hope after all other hopes had taken wing and fled. Deacon Smily immediately crossed the room and spoke to the invalid: "Well, Martha, how do you feel to-day?" At the first sound of the cheery voice, the sick girl's pale face lighted up, and she stretched out her hand eagerly to the visitor. "I have had one of my bad spells to-day, but I am better now, thank you." Her eyes fell on the second visitor, and deacon Smily said, "Martha, this is deacon McDonald; you remember him, don't you?" "O yes, very well," and with one of her brightest smiles, she held out her hand to the deacon. 'Twas a thin white hand, and somehow as his large hand closed upon it, a strange feeling came over him. Deacon McDonald had a warm corner in his heart, and that pale-faced, gentle sufferer seemed to reach it by the shortest way. The last time he had seen her she was a rosy, romping girl, and now upon her pale face there was plainly written the sufferings of the years gone by. Something like remorse, too, mingled in his thoughts. He had done nothing during all these years to help her to bear her heavy burden. He stood quietly by while Deacon Smily spoke to her comforting and

tender words. He saw her eyes brighten at the sight of the ripe golden pears which the deacon had brought her, and all this time feelings which long had slumbered in Caleb McDonald's heart awoke and swelled and surged in his breast. He had a sister once, who died long, long ago ; faded away day by day until she became too frail and beautiful for earth, and took her flight for the regions of bliss. 'Twas long since he had thought of her, but now memory was fresh and vivid. As he followed deacon Smily from the sick girl's room, he brushed something like a tear from his cheek, and inwardly determined that one of the boxes of peaches in his cellar should find its way to the invalid on the morrow.

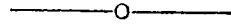
The avenue, once opened to the deacon's heart, was not quickly closed. A visit to Widow Martin determined him to send her a load of wood. As he followed deacon Smily from one scene of suffering to another, and marked the glow of sunshine this good man's presence cast over the most dismal scenes, an enthusiasm began to kindle in his breast. The tiny spark of Christianity, which had been almost smothered by worldliness, now began to brighten into a ruddy blaze: the slumberer was awakening.

'Twas late before Caleb McDonald went to bed that night. He sat in his large arm-chair, and the fire-light from the large wide hearth shone upon a ponderous volume on his knee. Over his countenance stole a softened expression as he read with a new interest the old, old story of Him who was rich yet for our sakes became poor.

Since that night many have been the blessings invoked upon Caleb McDonald's head, and "Old Skin-flint" is a title no longer used. The deacon's head is growing whiter, his step more uncertain ; before many suns roll round, he will pass from this to the other side. But he is happy in the thought, and in that day many will rise up to call him blessed.

EMILY A. CRAWFORD.

Editorial Department.



LITERARY EDITORS,

J. ANDERSON,

G. L. WITTET.

BUSINESS EDITOR,

G. B. DAVIS.



OLD Winter is dead. Upon her tombstone we write: Here lies the Winter of 1875-6. She was noted for her mildness. Her charity to the many poor, whom hard times had stripped of clothing and deprived of fuel, shall ever be remembered. Not a month of her life passed without some modest violet or more brilliant crocus spreading out its petals along her path. Farewell, old Winter, farewell!

Welcome, vigorous, joyous Spring! All nature rouses herself from her long dormancy, and we go out to greet her. The classes in Zoology and Botany spread out over this Garden of Canada in search of fossil rock and early flowers. Base-ball! base-ball! scarcely waits for the ringing of the last bell before it bawls out from fifty throats. West end vs. East end, Upper Flat vs. Lower Flat, Theology vs. Literary, Outside Students vs. inside Students. The ladies may see them from the reading room windows. Base-ball! base-ball!

The bell; tea sweetened by the presence of the ladies; chapel services; study hours, all follow in regular order. College life grows monotonous. Why do we thus shut ourselves up, and plod away, and "burn the mid-night oil" for four or seven long years? Is this a waste of time and vitality? How will it affect our after life? We look up to our Alumni and see them honorably holding positions of honor. They look to us and say, "Student, learn to labour and to wait." We toil on.

OUR ALMA MATER continues to give birth to healthy, rotund children; and, when they are four years old, the ravenous appetite they have for *certificates, honors, scholarships*, and gold and silver medals, is to be accounted for only by the fact that they were disciplined by so stern a mother "somewhere in the wilds of Canada."

Having said *so much*, we make our bow.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Vassar College girls are organizing base-ball clubs for the coming season.

Germany has sixty thousand schools and six million scholars.

"My Dear Cousin," is the way lovers address each other here.—*Marietta College Ohio*.

A couple of Sophs. had a Leap Year Party in the building the other evening.—*Ohio*.

O tempora! O mores! Our ladies rarely recognize even their brothers here.—ED.

One of our young ladies met her father at the depot the other day, as he was passing through, and, according to his request, had a cheap boy to carry a package up town. Now, it happened a certain young gent, an admirer of said young lady, insisted on attending her to the train, and playing the part of that "cheap boy." Thus far, all well, but oh, *Laws!* wasn't it a sight for the boys, standing around, to hear the old gent say as the train was starting: "Here, my boy, is twenty-five cents. Carry the bundle up for her."—*Irving Union*.

Ohio sends a lady to represent her oratorical ability at the Inter-State Contest—Baldwin University, Wittenburg College, Oberlin College, Western Reserve College, Ohio University,

Otterbien University, Buchtel and Hailderburg Colleges, sent forth their brightest stars, which were eclipsed by the brilliant and beautiful oration, "Goethe's Margaret and Helena," delivered by Miss Laura Kent, of Antioch College.

Out of forty-nine students who swore off smoking on March 1st, not half a one has stuck to his pledge.—*Niagara Index*.

The Faculty of Michigan University numbers fifty, and the students in all the departments number 1,069.

OUR EXCHANGES.

When pressed with hard study and weary with mental toil, it is pleasant to come out from among the great grinding wheels of mathematics and classics to spend a time with our exchanges.

While we are reading we feel that there are others who are engaged in the very same work—studying the same subjects, and having the same aims. Imperceptibly but surely we find the bonds of friendship drawing around us closer and closer.

The March number of the *Bates Student* is on our table. We are well pleased with its contents.

The College Olio comes to us in its new cut. We think that the editors show marked ability in getting up a beautiful paper. Most of its articles are *good*.

Alumni Journal still retains the vigor and freshness of its youth. It will repay any one to carefully read its contents.

Bowdoin Orient.—We were preparing our quill to write something about that "*Letter never sent home*," when we noticed that the eagle-eyed *Tablet* had not let it pass. So "*we ought to and per force do, subside*."

The *University Record* has taken to itself a new name, viz: "The Rochester Campus." Well, that will do.

What has become of *The Packer Quarterly*, and *The Tyro* of Po'keepsie? Have the fair editors gone to the Centennial? We want to hear from you, ladies.

The *College Mirror* reflects great honor upon the Ohio University. Its columns are filled with choice articles, and the tone of the whole paper is not excelled by any of our exchanges.

“THE TYRO ON BILLIARDS.—The *Tyro* is a small sized periodical—a cross between a magazine and a newspaper—published tri-yearly in a place called Woodstock, somewhere in the wilds of Canada. This somewhat limited number of issues per year, is, upon the whole, a matter of congratulation and thanksgiving to the college world, and perhaps more especially to the extended orbit in which it revolves as the sole luminary,

“Life is too short and an editor's time too precious to go over the *Tyro's* tirade, sentence by sentence, but the sum of it was that parents who allowed, and professors who encouraged the sinful practice of billiard playing, were only directing their son's and student's steps into ways that led to everlasting death.

“Alas! alas! is there no help for us? Will not the editor of the *Tyro* pray for us? But seriously, any man who writes and believes such stuff as the above, must be by far more ignorant, weak-headed and simple, than we are willing to believe can exist in this nineteenth century of enlightenment.

“Conscientious scruples are one thing, but such a bigoted assertion of arbitrary asininity merits contempt unutterable.

“The article wound up as follows: ‘Yes, TABLET, fool away weeks of precious time and make no advancement. Perhaps you had better try once more to advocate billiard rooms in colleges,’

“No. After such a squelcher we ought to and per force do, subside. *Vale, Tyro, Vale.*”

Thank you, *Tablet*, for spreading so widely the fact that we are “ignorant, weak-headed and simple” in the art of Billiard playing. Three weeks of the term had passed away, and you

said you had learned nothing—except how to play Billiards, may we not add. “*We ought to and per force do, subside.*” That’s right, put away the Billiards; and when you are no longer “ignorant, weak-headed and simple” in geography, come up and see us. Don’t be afraid of the bears. They won’t bite you. We’ll show you some games fit for students, refreshing, invigorating, out in the open air, unconnected with gambling, drinking, blaspheming, the blackest crimes and *death eternal*.

Since we last noticed our exchanges, we have received the *Tyro*, published at Woodstock, Ont. Its articles are, as a rule, good; it contains a large amount of reading matter, and is got up very neatly.—*Queen’s College Journal*.

The *Tyro* for December, 1875, is on our table. We deem it a valuable exchange. It is a neat pamphlet of forty pages, and well filled with readable matter.—*Arcadia Atheneum*.

We are in receipt of the December number of the *Tyro*, published by the Adelpian Literary Society, of Woodstock, Ont., It is a spicy little pamphlet of 50 pages, jammed full of profitable reading matter.—*Brainerd Tribune*.

“The pious *Tyro*, from Woodstock, Ont., has arrived. This paper is about the worst specimen of a College journal that we receive. The December-number contains nothing very readable, if we except the *Tyro’s* long tirade against the *Tablet*, and that, to say the least, is extremely amusing. Our pious brothers of the *Tyro* are afflicted, sore in mind, shocked, scandalized, dumb-founded, and unhappy, because the *Tablet* happened to remark that billiards were becoming quite fashionable in American colleges. Whereat the *Tyro* pharisaically exclaims: “If billiards are finding their way into our colleges, we had better rise up as one man and declare a war against the enemy.” Sit down, Mr. Tyro. That *shot* would have made only for on unfortunate *kiss*. *Draw* in your pious indignation, bring *chalk* to the rescue, and the enemy you so much dread will go down *en masse*. You count at ran-

dom, *scratch* like thunder, and put altogether too much *english* on that last attempt at *caroming*. However, you did nicely *carom* off the *Tablet*."—*Niagara Index*.

Thank you, *Index*, after reading your article on "*Infidelity in the Colleges*" we are only too pleased to be distinguished from all the rest as "pious."

"The *Niagara Index* with its sectarian spirit, burns *fiercer* than the flames of Hades. Infidelity in Colleges! Beautiful cloak for spiritual insanity to wrap around its mumbling self! What manner of infidelity does the *Index* rant about."—*Illini*.

The following exchanges have been received during the term, viz: College Olio, Bates Student, The Dartmouth, Queen's College Journal, Qui Vive, Niagara Index, Irving, Union, Rochester Campus, Acadia Athenaeum, Asbury Review, Dalhousie Gazette, Trinity Tablet, College Mirror, Bowdoin Orient, Alumni Journal, Ontario Teacher.

PERSONALS.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. N. Wolverton has been awarded the first prize for reading by the Literary and Scientific Society of the Toronto University College; and that he is also one of the editorial staff of the paper about to be issued.

Mr. G. F. Baldwin is teaching at Foley.

Mr. D. Reddick is still teaching at Ayr.

Mr. W. Nesbit matriculated at Osgood Hall with first-class honors.

Mr. D. B. Stumpf graduated at Cleveland Medical College, carrying away with him the best scholarship of the senior year.

A. P. McDiarmid, B. A., has accepted a call from Clarence Baptist Church.

Mr. I. Campbell eloquently replied to the toast, "The Learned Professions," at the oyster supper of the Adelpian Society.

WHATNOT.

Prof.—“What is the feminine of monk?” Pupil—“Monkey.”

A Seminarian in quoting Scripture in favor of marriage, got sadly mixed: “Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to the roof of his mouth.”

It is decided that women cannot practice law in Wisconsin; but the judge who decided it crawled under his barn last week, and has not been heard of since.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING.—If men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity; sugar a luxury. Vicious men are the saltpetre; hard, stern men the rock-salt; nice family men the table-salt. Old maids are the brown sugar; good-natured matrons, the loaf-sugar; pretty girls, the fine, pulverized, white sugar. Pass the sugar, please.

A darkey who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him; so when he scrambled out of the water, and was asked how it happened, he answered, “I donno 'zactly; but 'pears as ef the shore kinder histed and frowed me.”—*Rochester Campus*.

To square any number with one half annexed, multiply the whole number by the next consecutive number and annex one fourth: *e. g.* The square of seven and a half is equal to 7×8 plus $\frac{1}{4} = 55\frac{1}{4}$.

As $\frac{1}{2} = .5$ and $\frac{1}{4} = .25$, then to square any number whose unit's figure is five, multiply the part to the left of units by the next consecutive number and annex 25 to the product: *e. g.* to square 35, take 3×4 with 25 annexed, $= 1225$.

Also when two numbers to be multiplied have the part to the left of units the same and the sum of the units 10, multiply the part to the left of units by the next consecutive number and annex the product of the units, *e. g.* $37 \times 33 = 3 \times 4$ with 3×7 annexed $= 1221$.

A white minister at a colored wedding said: “On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it.” To this unclerical remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied: “On such occa-

ions it is customary to give the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."—*Ex.*

A Scottish student supposed to be deficient in judgment was asked by a Professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.—*Ex.*

A scholastic Professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said: "Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will no longer be Miss B." "I really hope I shant," demurely responded the girl, modestly casting down her eyes.—*Ex.*

Pupil—"If the master undertakes to pull my ears, he'll have his hands full; you'll see if he don't." Seatmate—"Well, Jim, you *have* got monstrous ears, I declare."

If what the farmers hereabouts say be true, we will have, in the spring-time, a freshet, the epizootic, any quantity of potato-bugs, an earthquake, meningitis, and hard times in general. The almanac is silent on these points, and we're happy.—*Ex.*

CHINESE PROVERBS.

He who rides a tiger has need of great care to dismount.

Man's life is like a white colt passing a crack.

The stingy man hoards up the iron he scrapes off a needle's point.

To feel after a pin on the bottom of the ocean [i. e. to do some very absurd thing].

To look at the heavens from the bottom of a well [contracted ideas].

To cut off a hen's head with a battle axe [needless bravery].

He desires to hide his tracks, and walks upon the snow.

If you want to catch a tiger's cub, you must go into the tiger's den.

To ride a fierce dog to catch a lame rabbit [useless power over a contemptible enemy].

To use a locust's shank for the shaft of a carriage. [An inefficient person doing important work.]

To shoot a sparrow with a cannon. To fell a tree to catch a blackbird. [Absurdities.]

There is no one to sweep a common hall.

Though a snake get into a bamboo tube, it is hard to change its wriggling disposition.

Heaven never sent the man but Earth provided a grave for him.—*Mirror*.

“Did you break that window?” “To be sure I did,” replied Pat; “and didn’t ye see me runnin’ home after the money to pay for it?”

“Eliza,” said a clergyman to one of his parishioners, whom he saw with her hair in curling papers; “if God had designed your hair to curl He would have curled it for you.” “He did, sir, when I was a child,” was the reply; “but He thinks now I am old enough to do it myself.”

HYMENEAL.

DANN—ALLEN.—On the 5th of January, Rev. F. Dann, of ’75, now pastor of Sarnia Township Church, to Miss C. Allen, of St. Marys, by the Rev. J. Cooper, D.D., of London.

PENNAL—PARKER.—On the 2nd February, Mr. T. Pennal, of Abbville, South Carolina, to Miss M. Augusta, eldest daughter of G. L. Parker, Esq., of Buckingham, Que., by the Rev. F. Home, of the St. Andrews Presbyterian Church.

MCDIARMID—MITTEN.—H. F. McDiarmid to Miss K. Mitten, at the residence of the bride’s father, Palmyra, by Rev. E. Turner.

OBITUARY.

Since our last issue, we have been called upon to follow to the grave the mortal remains of Prof. J. C. Yule, of the Theological Department. Some fourteen years ago he came to the Institute as a student for the ministry. To spend and be spent for the Master was his one desire, and the more effect-

ually to serve Him, he spared no pains to fit himself for his work. As a student here he was noted for his indefatigable plodding, and unconquerable determination to understand thoroughly as far as he went. Nothing was done in haste. The utmost care was taken with every subject undertaken. In this way a rare taste was cultivated, and the power of discrimination developed to no ordinary degree. He felt that he was not *quick* in acquiring knowledge, and determined to make up for this lack by unceasing application, and no man was ever more faithful to his determination. He became thorough, also through seeking out everything for himself as far as possible. His motto evidently was to ask no one for the information he could acquire for himself. There is no doubt but that we remember better what it has cost us some trouble to get. What we dig out for ourselves, we shall be likely to hold with a firm grasp. As a consequence, Prof. Yule, as a student, always stood high in his classes, and was held in the highest esteem by his teachers and classmates. Anxious for the highest possible training, he took the Arts course in the University of Toronto. Here he spent six years of continuous study. As might be expected, he graduated with honors—taking medals in both classics and metaphysics. He also took the pass and honor work in Oriental languages throughout his course. In this way his mind was highly disciplined, and richly stored with such knowledge as he felt would be needed in the work of the ministry.

In the midst of all his plodding, he never forgot the one thing needful. If he was studious with respect to his immediate work in college, he was no less devoted and successful as an active member in the church. To live the gospel he embraced was no less his aim than to fit himself for further usefulness. He thoroughly appreciated the apostolic injunction: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." His greatest anxiety at all times was to feel that *every thing* he did was just what the Lord would have him do. No man was ever more mindful of his conscience. Having

enlightened his judgment to the best of his ability, the mandate of conscience was never disregarded. We often thought he was conscientious to a fault, but surely the word "fault" is misplaced in such a connection. To-day he is no doubt reaping the rich reward of his fidelity while here. During his course in Toronto, he superintended a mission at York Mills, some seven miles from the city. He superintended the Sunday School, taught the Bible class, and looked after the preaching for the space of five years. All his spare time from his studies was spent in working up this mission. He visited the people from house to house to get the children to the school and the people to the church. Many a time has he walked out and back those seven miles through the worst of weather, besides walking about for miles through the neighborhood to visit the people. When he first went there there was no school, and the church was about defunct, and the building fast falling into decay. Now there is a flourishing school, and a prosperous church meeting in a comfortable building, while there is a settled pastor, who not unfrequently visits the baptismal waters. Quite often Brother Yule would have to preach himself, besides all his other work. Moreover, all this work was undertaken and carried out perfectly voluntarily on his part. It was without money and without price. It was a work and labor of love, and the Lord blessed him in it.

His constitution, however, was not able to stand such increasing mental and physical labor. About the time he graduated, it began to decline. The theological department of our Institute was very much in need of an additional professor about this time, and he was at once sought to fill the new position. All were delighted at the thought of securing his able services in the department of Greek Exegesis and Evidences, and when he accepted the position the highest expectations were awakened with respect to the success which would attend his efforts. The Lord, however, had other things arranged. Prof. Yule had no more than fairly started into his work, when strong indications of that fatal disease—con-

sumption—set in. It did its work effectually and rapidly, but it could not take him by surprise as to his preparation for another world. Although he longed to stay and work here for the Master, when he became conscious that he must go, he at once set his house in order. Having lived as he lived, it was a small matter for him to be ready. Deliberately and calmly he laid aside his earthly tabernacle, and passed away to be with Christ, which is far better. Never did a corpse more clearly suggest those priceless words: “He giveth his beloved sleep.” The Church, the Institute, and the Denominations have sustained a great loss in his departure; while his beloved wife—well, we shall not attempt to describe her loss, for language is too poor to express it. She, however, has our most heartfelt sympathy and prayers. J. T.

STANDINGS.

The following students received the highest number of marks in their years. Maximum, 2200.

FIRST YEAR.

J. H. Innis 1656, T. P. Hall 1656, R. P. Preston 1554, Miss Forrest 1312, Miss Dolson 1312, Miss B. Hewitt 1296, J. McColl 1267, Miss Harvie 1244, Miss Silverthorn 1225, Miss Lizzie Wells 1215, Miss Siple 1212.

SECOND YEAR.

Miss White 1751, Miss C. Bell 1670, Miss McGregor 1576, E. P. Parry 1573, Miss I. Merrill 1500, A. McDonald 1474, Miss Bessey 1344, T. R. Urquhart 1294, J. E. Morgan 1281, Miss Wright 1268, A. Raymond 1260, Miss Bigelow 1232.

Those averaging above 70 per cent. in each class:—Eng. Composition—(Miss R. Bessey, J. C. Dunlop, E. P. Parry), (Miss E. Barnes, J. McDonald), Miss M. McGregor, Miss I. Merrill, T. R. Urquhart. Geometry—Miss C. E. Bell, Miss M. McGregor, T. R. Urquhart, Miss S. White, Miss F. Wright, J. E. Morgan, J. McDonald, D. D. McArthur, (J. C. Burt, E. P. Parry). Arithmetic—Miss S. White, Miss. M.

McGregor, N. H. Merry, Miss. C. E. Bell, L. H. Patten, E. Wallace, A. Raymond, E. Best. Algebra—L. Davis, N. H. Merry, Miss C. E. Bell, Miss I. Merrill, H. C. Spellar, A. A. Gower. Latin—(Miss S. White, E. P. Parry,) J. Doolittle, J. E. Morgan, J. C. Burt, A. McDonald. Greek—E. P. Parry, A. McDonalk, J. C. Dunlop. French—Miss I. Merrill, Miss E. Bigelow, Miss S. White, A. Raymond, Miss E. Barnes, Miss M. McGregor, N. H. Merry.

THIRD YEAR.

F. Tapscott 1742, Miss Shepherd 1627, J. Zeran 1522. Miss M. E. Smyth 1508, P. C. McKillop 1493, Miss Merriman 1460, D. Laing 1354, G. Chittendon 1347, J. H. Best 1302, Miss McLaughlin 1296, W. Tapscott 1204.

Those averaging above 70 per cent. in each class:—Eng. Composition—D. Laing, F. Tapscott, (J. H. Best, G. Chittendon,) W. Tapscott, R. K. Dayfoot, P. C. McKillop. Roman History—Miss Merriman, (Miss Shepherd, Miss M. E. Smyth,) D. Laing, J. Lindsay, D. Chittendon. Nat. Philosophy—P. C. McKillop, F. Tapscott, J. Zeran, W. Tapscott. Latin—Cicero—Miss Shepherd, Miss Merriman. Greek—Iliad, book I.—F. Tapscott. Geometry—Miss Shepherd, P. C. McKillop, O. H. Garrett, G. Chittendon, W. Tapscott, Miss M. E. Smyth, Miss Merriman. Zoology—F. Tapscott. French—Chas. XII.—Miss McLaughlin, Miss M. E. Smyth, F. Tapscott. Mechanics—(A. McDonald, A. McKellar) (Miss M. E. Smith, W. E. Norton,) E. Best. Greek Grammar—G. B. Davis, J. Zeran, P. C. McKillop, O. H. Garrett.

FOURTH YEAR.

J. J. Baker 1673, G. B. Davis 1537, J. M. White 1290.

Those averaging above 70 per cent. in each class:—Eng. Composition—J. J. Baker 170, J. M. White 161, G. B. Davis 80, half term. Trigonometry—J. M. White 136, J. J. Baker 122, G. B. Davis 82, half term. Latin—J. J. Baker 273, G. B. Davis 260, J. M. White 240. Greek—J. J. Baker 261, J. M. White 210, G. B. Davis 209. Algebra—J. J. Baker 187, J. M. White 143. Logic—J. H. Best 90, G. B. Davis 85, J. Zeran 80, O. H. Garrett 75, G. Chittendon 75. Hebrew—J.

J. Baker 400, J. M. White 400. Intellectual Philosophy—J. H. Bést 255, D. Laing 250, G. B. Davis 248, D. D. Burtch. Evidences of Christianity—D. Laing, J. Zeran, J. H. Best. Chemistry—Miss Shepherd. German—G. B. Davis; special class, Miss Shepherd, L. Davis. Eng. Authors—G. B. Davis, Miss Kate Merriman, D. Laing. Geology—G. B. Davis, D. D. Burtch.

OFFICERS OF SOCIETIES.

THE result of the election of officers in each of our societies for the past term was as follows :

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—President, E. W. Dadson, B. A.; Vice-President, G. B. Davis; Critic, R. Clark; Sec.-Treasurer, John A. McDonald; Marshal, P. K. Dayfoot.

GLEANER SOCIETY.—President, Miss M. McGregor; Vice-President, Miss Bessey; Critic, Mrs. Nott; Sec.-Treasurer, Miss McLaughlin; Librarian, Miss F. Wright.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.—President, L. H. Patten; Vice-President, S. Clark; Critic, E. Wallace; Sec.-Treasurer, J. J. Hinman; Marshal, J. H. Doolittle; Librarian, K. F. Hendry.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

PROGRAMME.

1—Music.....“Kyrie Eleison,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

2—“Christianity the best Philanthropy,”.....

CHARLES Y. SNELL, Parrsboro', N. S.

3—Music.....“Gloria,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

4—“True Science an aid to the Gospel,”.....

ROBERT CLARK, Embro.

5—Music.....“Et Incarnatus,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

6—“Is the world getting worse and worse?”.....

JAMES ANDERSON, Notfield.

7—Music.....“Sanctus,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

8—“Hope in Man fed by Christianity alone,”.....

EBENEZER WILLIAM DADSON, B.A., Toronto.

9—Music.....“Valedictory Hymn,”.....

CHOIR.

10—ADDRESS BY DR. FYFE.....

11—Music.....“Dona Nobis Pacem,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

BENEDICTION.

VALEDICTORY HYMN.

BY MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

Glad murmurings rise from festive throngs,
The laugh of happy hearts I hear ;
Earth echoes back her children's songs,
And joy-notes wander far and near.

Yet, list ! a wailing undertone
Quivers through all the troubled air,—
'Tis sorrow's never-ceasing moan,
The dreary dirge-notes of despair.

And with those grief-wrung notes of pain
There mingles still the dying wail
Of those who pass where hope is vain,
Where prayer can nevermore avail.

O, chosen, consecrated band !
Go quickly at your Master's call ;
Tell the glad tidings o'er the land,
" There's room in Jesus' love for all."

" Room for the throbbing heart of grief ;
Rest for the way-worn wanderer there ;
Hope for the lost one,—sure relief
For all who need his tender care."

Swerve never from your chosen way,
Though earth may lure your weary feet
Oft-whiles 'mong easeful bowers to stray,
Her siren tones are false as sweet.

O, linger not ! Night comes apace—
Death's endless, rayless, hopeless night !
Fear not ; your King, of His sweet grace,
Will bless you with prevailing might.

And His own hand each brow shall crown,
His voice with tender welcome greet,
When ye shall lay your trophies down
In loving worship at His feet.

