

have shocked the moral sense of Christendom and aroused men to a sense of the dangers which menace the very foundations of society. While the doctrine that "desperate grievances demand desperate remedies," may be true in a qualified sense; yet the important fact ought not to be forgotten, that all true reform should be based upon a firm conviction of right. Gunpowder and dynamite may be useful elements in the department of science and art, but when employed by revolutionary agents to secure political reform, they invariably fail of success. Here principles and not physical force should rule. The enlightenment of the age refuses to be guided by the gleam of the incendiary's torch or the flash of the assassin's steel. The world, though sometimes blind, is not always incorrigibly wicked. Patient persevering agitation will secure what insurrection and blood-shed will fail to accomplish. To-day the pen and not the sword is the dominant power, the philosopher and not the soldier rules, ideas and not gunpowder are the conquering agencies. In view of these facts may we not cherish the hope that the voices from the past reverberating across the centuries in warning and admonition, together with the beneficent influences evolved from the newly awakened life of the present, will so elevate and purify the character of the age, that it will effectually counteract and neutralize, not only the dangerous principles of socialism, but every other power which militates against the spirit of true christian civilization.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the great conservative leader would seem to approve of the voluntary principle in education. Addressing an immense audience at Caernarvon, Wales, he says:—

"I have been greatly gratified by the scheme set on foot by the miners of Wales to endeavor by what they call their farthing scheme, to found and establish bursaries in connection with the colleges. Such efforts as these are efforts of a noble character and reflect the highest honor upon those by whom they are made. I say that self help of that kind is of a hundred times the value of State-imposed taxes, or of the rates you are called on to pay for compulsory education."

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 16.

I remember, I remember, M. Peple. Was he French or Belgian or Swiss? I know not. But what he was, how diminutive he was, how petite, how amusing, how gossipy, how unprofessorial, all this memory holds vivid as yesterday. Long after '58 or '59, when he slipped away unregretted, I know what an evil reputation he had left for the study of French and German. There was a general and particular and universal disgust for those tongues. The mere mention of them revived Peple's name, and that was too much. A story was current in his time showing his diminitiveness. I don't quite believe the story, but here it is. The little man felt much the severity of our winter. To meet it he was wont to wear many coats. He also had a very poor memory. On this account he frequently had to trot quickly down from his class to the Village House for some book or paper he had forgotten. One very cold day, so the story goes, he, as was supposed, appeared before his class, looking somewhat stouter than usual. Then began the removal of overcoats. What was the surprise of the students when it was discovered that after half a dozen coats had been removed Peple himself was *non est inventus*. He had forgotten himself. There was nothing there but overcoats. This accident was gotten over by sending down for the Professor himself, after which the class went on.

Some things I must say in Peple's favor. We have a complex nature. There is thirst for the ludicrous in us. We like comedy. We insist upon the relish which nonsense gives to serious life. These wants of our nature Peple supplied. The trouble was the supply was too great. Satire begat disgust.

All which is only introductory to a short talk on the study of "Modern Languages," in an "Arts Course." What have I said? An "Arts Course?" What is that? A course in