

of study per day for four years, "aims to give a general survey of the world of literature in science, history, art and belles lettres; the world which comes within the purview of the student who prepares for and pursues the ordinary college curriculum." It takes up "the outlines of history—ancient, mediæval and modern, . . . the scope and spirit of the ancient and modern literature, and glances at the realms of physical, mental, and moral science."

Any person may become a member of the "Circle," by forwarding his or her name, accompanied by a remittance of fifty cents, the annual admission fee. In communities where a number of persons wish to take up this course of study, they are advised to organize themselves into a "Local Circle" and study together; meeting from time to time to review the work gone over. Thus the course may be made both pleasant and profitable.

Text books upon the various subjects, especially arranged under the supervision of the officers of the Society, are provided by publishers at low rates.

What doors of usefulness are thus opened up to the young people who go forth from these educational institutions from time to time. There are doubtless in all the neighbourhoods to which they will go, many young people who have not been able to enjoy such opportunities as we have here; others whose ambitions to seek an education may never have been aroused. Here are grand opportunities both for doing good and for getting good.

May many more of these "Local Circles" be organized, and the C. L. S. C. continue to bless society as it has already done.

THAT our privileges for the cultivation of the social element do not compare at all favorably with other educational institutions, needs scarcely to be remarked. Receptions used to form a much longed for break in the rigid seclusion enforced by circumstances or design upon the students. These gatherings every month or so were wont to throw a gleam of pleasure into the otherwise dull monotony of class-room and books. Anticipation of the happy night filled the previous days, cherished memories gave to the following weeks a joyous inspiration. Occasionally a social in the church attracted the village and the hill alike. But even this limited means for the forming

of friendship and acquaintance among the members of the institutions is threatened with prohibition. The veto, if not already spoken, hangs on the verge of utterance. During the dark ages such a condition may have been excusable in the most exclusive of the religious orders of that time, but will scarcely in our day be classed delightful in a community of intelligent young men and women.

On a recent Friday evening the church gave a social and a very enjoyable occasion it was. There is certainly, from the students, the heartiest thanks due to those who so kindly gave them this opportunity of enjoying a pleasant hour. We noticed, however, that the members of the Seminary were conspicuous by their absence. Were this absence of constraint, we unhesitatingly criticize the action of the authorities and denounce such policy as unwise and tyrannical.

IN DEMAND—President Sawyer has been invited to give a course of lectures at McMaster Hall, Toronto, in April.

Prof. Higgins has been appointed an examiner in Rochester Theological Seminary.

LONGFELLOW'S HYPERION.

Born of Heaven and Earth—to provide a cool retreat apart from the rush of life's thoroughfare, where, the heated sandal loosed, the weary Pilgrim may make tarry, long or short, and rest,—such we believe to be the signification and the purpose of Hyperion.

Truly, a worthy name of a worthy object! Life, however, restless, impassioned, turbulent, has little to do with halting places.

Were it not wiser then to deck the wayside with flowers, shade with trees its foot-worn sands, breathe the healthful invigorating fragrance ever along the journey—thus to gladden the duties of every day and to help make each life its own cool retreat? Fewer, perhaps, would then sicken at noon day, fewer, in despair, quit their few days. At all events here is the "oasis," despite Time's protests let us rest a while.

Hyperion opens with the tolling of sad bells, the sun of Paul Flemming's life has set in the grave of her whom he loved; as we close its pages the last drops of the bitter draught is drained, he will taste the bitterness no more.