

enough to attend, and the only regret is that a larger number of members have not answered faithfully to the roll-call.—ED. JOURNAL.

REFLECTIONS ON VISITING FORT HENRY.

BY A STUDENT.

STILL thou standest, proud fort, upon thy noble eminence; still thine ever-watchful eye is gazing upon the waters beyond; still thou imbuest the heart with a thousand melancholy and poetic memories.

As I clamber up the steep hill side to-day dim visions of the past come vividly before me—sad and gloomy spectres haunt, and at last seize, me in their cold and forbidding grasp. As I proceed slowly upward I see in imagination the barbarians of Xerxes swarming on the shores of Greece; the followers of Cæsar upon the shores of Britain; the soldiers of Wolfe on the steeps of Quebec; and many similar scenes engraven on the page of history. As I pause to rest and to look around, the thought strikes me, what will man not attempt for the sake of glory! I behold in the near distance the spires and mansions of a proud city, and instinctively recall to mind the history of a thousand such cities laid in smoking ruins for the sake of glory; and the people who are now crossing the ice in the harbor furnish me with a picture of their fleeing inhabitants. I proceed, and as my feet crush the crisp snow, I imagine I am trampling upon the bones of what history calls heroes, who have died for the sake of glory. The city clock strikes, and, as though the sound of a trumpet had fallen on the still air, I see these so-called heroes suddenly spring up, form in battle array and rush forth to what is called victory—yes, but it is the victory of the sword over reason, the victory of death over life. I reach the summit, and before me is a soldier, mechanically pacing to and fro, guarding the entrance to the fort. Visions of the past are again upon me and I see some dignified spectre guarding the dust of Alexander or of Bonaparte, too sacred for mortal eyes to rest upon. I request admittance. "Not," says the spectre, "without a pass." "What!" I return, "*a pass to see the sacred dust of murderers?*" "You are mistaken," says the spectre, "these men were martyrs to the cause of glory." I turn away with contempt. "Alas," I say to myself, "how vain is the education of mankind! We are taught to abhor the murderer of one, but to worship the slayer of a million. And this is the age of civilization! How delusive! I should prefer to call it the age of barbarism."

Revolving in my mind the dying words of Wolfe, I proceed around the fort, and as I walk over some bare ground with its withered grass, the veil of imagination again enshrouds me, and I am far away. I am standing on some great battle field with its dead yet unburied. Around me they lie in silent heaps, growing ghastly in the pale light of the silent moon, and I hear a voice saying, "We have died for the sake of glory." "Yes," I return, "but your death was an error. You may have died for the sake of

glory, but you have not won it." Proceeding around the fort I observe the polished guns upon the walls, with their gaping mouths, patiently warding off an imaginary enemy. Again I dream of the petty warfare of Indian tribes, the noblest of which are held to be barbaric. Again I dream of the mighty conflicts of nations, which are nothing more than great tribes, and yet are held to be civilized! As I examine the walls and trenches minutely the horrors of the pillage of the ancient city of Jerusalem crowd upon my mind. I imagine I see in yonder ditch men locked together in a death struggle, and others, who, falling wounded, are drowned in rivers of blood. Yet the scenes around Jerusalem were in the year 70 of the Christian era. Those were times of ignorance and barbarism: these are days of education and enlightenment. Horror of horrors! Educated to kill more artistically; enlightened in the art of rendering more poignant every phase of human suffering. As I proceed I notice parts of the wall slightly crumbling, and my mind becomes filled with forebodings of the future of military glory. I am carried far away upon the wings of thought to the golden future when human brotherhood shall be fully recognized. The same sun shines upon me, but I see no longer the fort beside which I stood a moment ago. In vain do I ask where are the monuments which have represented the historical victories of those who died for the sake of glory? A faint whisper alone answers me—they have long since crumbled to dust, and the so-called glory of those for whom they stood has ceased to be worshipped. Brothers the world over have shaken hands, and the doctrine of peaceful arbitrament has obtained a *real* victory over the barbarism of the nineteenth century—over the necessarily bombastic, but unreal, glory of military life.

R.

❖ MEETINGS. ❖

Y. M. C. A.

THE annual meeting of this Association was held on Saturday, March 18th, in Divinity Hall, the President, Mr. R. C. Murray occupying the chair. After the usual opening exercises, reports were heard from the conveners of the different committees.

Mr. J. Hay, Convener of Religious Work Committee, reported that services had been successfully conducted during the winter at Barriefield, and the Grand Trunk Depot. The work in some parts of the city had been discontinued, as the majority of the people had become church-goers. Since the new year a meeting had been held weekly in Colborne street. The internal work of the Association had been very successful. Mr. J. Somerville, Convener of the Devotional Committee, reported that the Friday afternoon prayer meetings held in the Classical room had been very largely attended and intensely interesting. The Bible class on Sabbath mornings had been very instructive and helpful to many. He hoped it would be continued. Mr. N. Campbell, Convener of Committee for