

his capacity. Take another point. Money is the object of the world's pursuit. It is a legitimate object. It gives bread and clothing and homes and comfort. The world has not judged wholly unwisely when it has made the position a man occupies to hinge comparatively, more or less, on his ability to earn money, and somewhat on the amount of his possessions.

IF HE IS MISERABLY POOR

it argues either some defect in his expenditure, or a lack of fitness to cope with men in the battle for gold. When a country boy leaves home it is generally to enter upon some business, the end of which is to acquire property; and he will succeed just in proportion as he has been made to earn and save in his childhood.

If all the money he has had has come of planting a little patch in the spring, and selling its produce after weary months of watching and toil in the fall, or from killing woodchucks at six cents a head, or from trapping muskrats and selling their skins for a shilling; setting snares in the fall for game, and walking miles to see them in the morning before the old folks were up; husking corn for a neighbor on moonlight evenings at two cents a bushel; working out an occasional day that hard work at home has made possible—he is good to make his pile in the world. On the contrary, if the boy never earned a dollar; if parents and friends had always kept him in spending money—pennies to buy candies and fish-hooks, and satisfy his imaginative wants, and he has grown to manhood in the expectancy that the world will generally treat him with similar consideration, he will always be a make-shift; and the fault is not so much his as that of those about him, who never made the boy depend on himself—did not make him wait six months to get money to replace a lost knife. Every one has to rough it one time or another. If the roughing comes in boyhood, it does good; if later, when habits are formed, it is equally tough, but not being educational, is generally useless. And the question whether a young man will succeed in making money or not, depends, not upon where he goes or what he does, but upon his willingness to do "his part," and upon his having earned money, and so gained a knowledge of its worth. Not a little of his valuable experience and knowledge the country boy gets on the old farm, under the tutelage of parents shrewd enough to see the end from the beginning, and to make the labor and grief of children contribute to the success of subsequent life.—*Hearth and Home.*

3. WHY SHOULD I NOT SMOKE?

This question is so often asked by boys, especially of their fathers who do smoke, that it is well to have a few good answers at hand. We find in the *Nation* the following list of derangements which tobacco may produce. It would, of course, be useless to maintain that tobacco produces all of these in any one of its devotees; yet, if we felt that there was a probability of becoming afflicted with any one of them, we would for ever let alone the luxury which might cause such an affliction.

1. Headache over the eyes.
2. Nervous headache without sickness.
3. Nervous headache with sickness of the stomach.
4. Deafness.
5. Partial blindness, or amaurosis.
6. Running at the eyes.
7. Cancer of the lips.
8. Consumption, preceded for years by a cough.
9. Asthma.
10. Dyspepsia.
11. Palpitation of the heart.
12. Paralysis of the upper part of the body.
13. Neuralgia, especially of the face, head, and neck.
14. Swelling of the gums and rotting of the teeth.
15. Enfeeblement of the lymphatics.
16. Enlargement of the glands of the face and neck, making them thick about the cheek and lips.
17. Lethargy.
18. Morbid appetite for spirituous liquors.
19. Morbid appetite for food, especially high-flavoured food.
20. Indistinct taste.
21. Indistinct smell.
22. Imperfect sense of touch.
23. Obtuseness of the moral sense.
24. Uncleanliness of person.
25. Stentorian or snoring sleep.
26. A sense of deadness and of great debility, on first waking from sleep, until one has had a chew or a smoke.
27. Confirmed and incurable disease, and premature death.

To these we would add the mischief done to the salivary glands by the abominable habit of spitting, and the horrible appearance of

floor, car, or steamboat-deck where a smoker has been liberally distributing his saliva, without regard to the comfort of those who are around him.

4. EVILS TO BOYS OF TOBACCO.

A physician of great note has said: "Tobacco has a tendency to soften and weaken the bones of young people; it greatly injures the brain and spinal marrow, and, in fact, the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes frequently, or in any way uses tobacco constantly, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular, as well as mental, power."

XI. Educational Intelligence.

—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE—ANNUAL CONVOCATION.—The annual convocation of University College, Toronto, took place on the 15th ult., Dr. McCaul presided; the first part of the proceedings was the formal introduction of new students to the College by the President. There were forty-seven students admitted—two *ad eundem statum*, forty-one matriculated and four non-matriculants. They were loudly cheered on coming up to the platform, and were welcomed to the college in a few appropriate words by the President.

THE PRIZE POEM.—Mr. J. L. Stuart was then called on to read the prize poem, which was entitled

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

WHERE, unto the world of waters,
Old St. Lawrence rolls his flood,
From those lakes, proud Ocean's daughters,
Skirted by Canadian wood.

Fed by many a distant fountain,
On, through fields of waving grain,
Past Cape Diamond's rocky mountain,
Pouring onward to the main.

Britons there, in battles gory,
And in nobler, peacefui art,
To the tide of Albion's glory
Proud have been to add their part:

Proud to wreath the red cross banner
With our maple chaplets green,
While Britannia's field of honour,
Joining ocean, rolls between.

Noble river! bear thy burdens,
Bear them proudly to the sea!
Loyalty's and labour's guardons
Are the freight embarked on thee.

Bear the islands of the raftsmen,
With their forest-conquered prize;
Soon, by hands of cunning craftsmen,
They shall into navies rise.

Bear the West-land's harvests golden;
Bear the North-land's furry spoil;
Bring back, from the East-land olden,
Wealth to cheer, and hands to toil.

Bind our Provinces together
With indissoluble chain;
Bind them firmly to each other
And the Empire of the main.

Lovely art thou in thy childhood,
As thou sportest, robed in smiles,
'Mongst the flowers, and rocks, and wild-wood,
Of the beauteous Thousand Isles.

Noble art thou, dashing, leaping,
In thy pride of youthful might,
Down the foaming rapids sweeping,
Swift as arrow in its flight.

And a calm majestic river
Art, though rolling in thy prime;
Like to thought that flows for ever,
Vast, resistless, and sublime.

Countless are the generations
Thou hast marked upon thy sands;
We are youngest of the nations,
And the oldest of the lands.

Thou and Time, with tresses hoary,
Ages have together rolled;
Thou couldst tell to us a story,
Such as volumes have not told.

Tell us of the vanished races,
Forest-lords of other days,
With their dim and dusky faces,
Peering through the fields of maize:

How the Nodowa, so noiseless,
Like a serpent, near thee crept;
Made the Huron's hamlet voiceless,
Broke his hatchet while he slept:

How Jacques Cartier from St. Malo,
Came across the distant sea;
And there shone a sacred halo
Round his cross and fleur-de-lis:

How the people brought their ailing
For the pale-faced chief to save,
And, the prayer of faith availing,
Blessed the healing that he gave.

How the sailors, in amazement
Saw, and named Quebec afar;
Off hath, since, its rocky basement
Rolled aback the tides of war

How a people, brave and loyal,
Built their white-faced homes by thee,
E'en to where the Mountain Royal
Towered above the Ville Marie:

Tell of Montcalm, bravely fighting,
Dying bravely, but in vain;
And the smile of triumph, lighting
Wolfe's last gaze on Abraham's plain.

Bravely, by thy silent river,
Climbed the hardy highlandmen—
Well I ween that foemen never
Shall ascend those heights again!

Ah! methought thee half a traitor,
Favouring their silent oars—
Or didst thou foresee a greater
Empire rising on thy shores?

Was thy freedom for another
And a greater destiny?
Did it need a foster-mother
Better far than France could be?

Tell us how thy children bore them—
One to three, they scorned to yield;
When they drove the foe before them,
As on Cryster's bloody field:

How the slave looked Northward to thee,—
Never bondman breathed by thee,—
How, escaped, his glad eye knew thee
As the river of the free.

Ay, we love thee, noble river!
Love thee with a jealous love!
Thou art ours, and ours for ever,
E'en through death our title prove!

Welcome kindly every stranger,
If 'tis peace his white sails bear;
But let him that threatens danger
Of thy sturdy sons beware.

Heaven bless thy sons and daughters,
Till they fill thy banks with song;
Gliding o'er thy summer waters,
Or thy frozen breast along!

Send the husbandman his guardons,
In the fields of golden grain!
Send thee ever costly burdens,
As thou rollest to the main!