

OUR LITTLE ENEMIES.



PROF. Glasmacher's recent lecture on "Microbes" was certainly a very interesting and valuable contribution to the programme of the Scientific Society. The students of the advanced English course knew Mr. Glasmacher as a thoroughly informed man and excellent Professor in classical and modern literature but after listening to his remarks on a special branch of a special science they were able to form a slight idea of the breadth of his knowledge. The Professor treated his subject clearly and exhaustively, explaining the structure, nature, development, and classification of microbes, and exposing the latest scientific theories for the explanation and treatment of diseases depending on Pasteur's law that every disease has its own special microbe. By the aid of numerous plates the structure and habits of microbes were graphically represented.

Mr. Glasmacher directed his remarks chiefly to the effects of microbes on the human organism, and while dwelling upon the appalling frequency and influence of those microscopic creatures gave some wholesome advice whereby the danger might be partly averted. In concluding the lecturer dealt a severe blow to the modern scientific movement and its pretended independence of a Creator. By patient investigations and experiments Pasteur exploded the theory of spontaneous generation and showed the absolute necessity of a Creator to bring life into existence. Though the lecture was quite lengthy the greatest interest was manifested throughout, and the thanks of the large audience present were cordially extended to Professor Glasmacher for his scientific treat. Would it be asking too much to request another such lecture on an allied subject before the close of the year?



BY THE OTTAWA.



WATCHED the sun roll up Night's robe of mist
And spread his beams o'er little gems of dew,
Ther, musing as I roamed, while day was new,
Viewed th' Ottawa by fair Aurora kissed.
The fitful ripple seemed to whisper, "Hist !
To thee the sky is only bright and blue,
But there are bands of angels floating through
The ortive light, with choral songs, O list !"

I listened—and the wavelets, on the shore
Breaking in joy, made gentle melody.
Methought glad tidings to my feet they bore
Of Irish vales, away beyond the sea.
But soon, I knew, they sung to me, that o'er
Time's river lies a bright futurity.