

the auspices of the Church of England, for the training of young men for the ministry of the Anglican Church. The Western University has a provincial charter from the Ontario Government. Very naturally the citizens of London desire to gather all their educational threads into a bundle, and in the collecting of them they feel the want of, may we say it, the attracting one : an arts course. To supply this important defect an influential meeting was held in London on the 22nd of last month.

The cause of the arts was advocated ably by many well-known speakers ; the meeting was large and enthusiastically in favour of immediate action being taken to have the arts course established. The following resolution was adopted unanimously :

The Dean of Huron moved, seconded by Rev. J. A. Murray : "That this meeting views with approval the steps taken by his Lordship the Bishop, the Rev. Principal Miller, the Council of Huron College and the Senate of the Western University to establish an arts course, and pledges itself to raise annually a sum of not less than \$5,000 to be applied exclusively for that purpose, of which sum the Senate of the Western University is to act as trustees."

The request is very modest, the City of London, with its 33,000 population, will have no trouble in providing the \$5,000 annually, and the wealthy County of Middlesex will, no doubt, endow one or two chairs in the Western University.

GOD sends His teachers into every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of
Truth

Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

—LOWELL, *Rheecus*.

HEED WELL YOUR CHILD.

REV. B. WAUGH.

Heed well your child ! Great is its share in
things to come :

The sapling of a future tree,
For you its crop of good or ill,
As now you influence its will,
To eat eternally.

Heed well your child ! All bitterness to man
has grown

In youth by some one's fireside,
Untended, selfish and forlorn,
A pleasant toy, or thing to scorn ;
Ennobling loves denied.

Heed well your child ! A holy or an evil
fate

Was born when its young life began ;
A fate to dry or bring the tears,
To awaken or allay the fears
Which shall outlast Time's span.

Heed well your child ! Live life before it
kind and pure,

Surround its educating hour
With lights to childhood's instincts sweet,
And warmth in which its heart may beat
And throb with heavenly power.

Heed well your child ! 'Tis folly deep, and
deeper shame

To leave to gaze on godless gloom
Its little understanding eye.

Be you its sun, be you its skies ;
And save you both the wicked's doom.

Heed well your child ! As that is God's
most clear command,

So with the word the help is given
To penetrate its being's core,
Inspiring life for evermore,
To make a child of heaven.

I HAVE laid it down as a rule in my judgment of men, to observe narrowly whether some (of whom one is disposed to think badly) do not carry all their faults upon the surface. And others (of whom one is disposed to think well) do not carry many more beneath it.

—CHARLES DICKENS.