

constitutes its principal charm as well as one of its perils. It forgets and neglects at vital points a broad view of humanity as such. It leaves little or no common ground for head, heart and hand, for brain and brawn, for head-worker and hand-worker, for the children of art and the children of nature. There is isolation, insulation, and excessive individualism. The writings of the great apostle of culture, the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, furnish illustration of this tendency.

The speaker here gave several quotations from Emerson with comments, the last one was this, "Manners seem to say 'You are you and I am I.' In the most delicate natures fine temperament and culture build this impassable wall. Kings themselves cannot force the exquisite politeness of distance to capitulate, hid behind its shield of bronze."

The speaker said:—Away with this you-are-you-and-I-am-I kind of culture, with its exquisite politeness of *distance* hid behind its shield of bronze. It is not the culture even for a "select few." It has neither strength nor beauty. It is not breadth, it is narrowness; it is not expansion, it is contraction; it is not power, it is peril. This kind of culture if prevailing to any extent would paganize our civilization in a generation or two.

Some metaphysical units underlying such culture have been suggested, which give us the humorous view. These are valuable (!) as definitions:

"*Art* is the joyous externalizing of inwardness.

"*Beauty* is the joyful internalization of outwardness.

"*Poetry* is the hampered soul leaping at verity.

"*Truth* is the so-ness of the as-it-were.

"*Right* is the awful yes-ness of the over-soul meditating on the how-ness of the thing.

"*Society* is the heterogeneous, buying peace with homogeneity.

"*A Thing* is simply an is-ness.

"*Matter* is is-ness possessed of somewhat-ness.

"*Mind* is am-ness.

"*Philosophy* is the mind trying to find out its own little game." (Laughter and applause.)

Ideas, even most universally received religious ideas, have little practical efficiency until they are incarnated in men and women: until people *care a great deal about them*, and feel a resistless impulse to their propagation. This impulse is precisely what many cultivated persons do not feel in regard to any ideas whatever. This is the tendency of culture by itself and when it gets some hold in pew and pulpit in our Congregational churches, we shall but slowly, if at all, propagate the religion of Christ, and the churches will become religio-aesthetic clubs.

A genuine Christian force for culture is its only safeguard from the tendencies now mentioned. It

will destroy daintiness and dilettanteism in culture, and make it glow with helpful influence.

God has given us head, heart and hand; neither can say to the other, "I have no need of thee." Head must keep its exalted position, but hand must have dignity and honor, and heart must be sovereign and director, or free governments cannot stand, and our civilization will grow big with the elements of its own destruction.

REMINISCENCES OF PRINCIPAL BARBOUR.

We republish, from an old Magazine, some reminiscences of the honored Principal of the Congregational College, Montreal, as contained in a letter written 35 years ago. We have not met anything, in a long time, that we think would be more useful and stimulating to young men: and to those, especially, we commend it. After the date of this letter, Dr. Barbour was, for a year or two, much engaged in evangelistic work in Canada; so that he is by no means a stranger to the country. Dr. Barbour is not a party to the republication of this letter; though, on our representation of the good it might do our young men to read it, he did not forbid it. Doubtless, some slight changes of expression would be made here and there, if the Doctor were going over the same ground now; but we are better pleased to reproduce the letter *exactly* as it was written so long ago.—Ed.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, Ohio, U. S.,
April 10th, 1853.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In all likelihood this is not the first letter you have received from an unknown correspondent. I shall not trouble you by begging pardon for addressing you, but will at once lay my story before you, and by the time you conclude its perusal you may be inclined to forgive my rudeness without a formal solicitation.

I was born in the village of Fochabers, Morayshire, in 1827, and was apprenticed to the upholstery business in Aberdeen in 1842. Every one knows the oft-told tale of the young man's insuement into the dissipation of city life; and mine would be but a recital of the awful thoughtlessness, folly, and sin against God, which such a life contains. I hasten to tell you of my deliverance from such a course, and of the share you had in my salvation therefrom, and also, under God, in the safety of my never dying soul. I was led, out of mere curiosity, to go and hear Mr. Morison, of Kilmarnock, preach in St. Andrew's Street Chapel. I went because I heard "a sound" about him, and partly to shuffle up a kind of obedience to my Christian mother's parting advice, "ever to be regular in my attendance at Divine service." I had not been at