

Your calm repose, amid the world's unrest,  
Are words by which God hath Himself express'd,  
And lead the seeking mind to Him again.

Fair family of God, your lovely forms  
Make deserts like to Eden's blissful bowers ;  
In deep ravines and over mould'ring towers  
Your beauty shines, like sunbeams, 'mid the showers,  
Like wreaths of rainbow, 'mid the frown of storms.

Choice leaves in nature's volume, in the hours  
Of converse with you, the wrapt soul ascending,  
With thoughts of you and the hereafter blending,  
Looks up to yon bright world of bliss unending,  
With the sweet prospect of unwithering flowers.

NEMO.

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The *Tyro* is still improving. The leading article in the last number, a commentary on the Lord's Prayer, has many beautiful passages. We are glad to record the success of our Canadian brothers, and wish them still greater prosperity.—*Western Collegian*.

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At a recent examination at a college not a thousand miles from New York, the question, "Did Martin Luther die a natural death?" was cleverly answered, "No; he was excommunicated by a bull!"—*Ex.*

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The *Magenta* publishes the following letter from President White, of Cornell University, which corrects some erroneous ideas concerning the lady students of that institution, as well as some concerning co-education in general:

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1874.

Dear Sir,—I have heard of but a single instance, among the young women of our University, of inability to keep up with the class. As a rule, the young women average about ten per cent. better on the examination papers than do the young men.

The one young woman who took a degree at the last commencement stood easily among the first fifteen in a class of a hundred.

But the young women have done better than that; they have raised the average of conscience and manliness and decency *more* than ten per cent.

As to health, they seem quite as well as the young men; certainly they present a smaller number of excuses.

I remain, very truly yours,

AND. D. WHITE.