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THE HYMN OF HABAKKUK.

[Through the courtesy of Prof. McCurdy we are enabled to reprint a rhymed version of the Hymn of Habakkuk (Hab. iii.) which appeared at the end of a volume of sermons and expositions published in 1854 by Dr. Young. As the volume is now out of print and very difficult to obtain, we are glad to have the opportunity of presenting to our readers this evidence of the attainments in the field of Hebrew scholarship and of the literary taste of our late Professor in Philosophy.]

From Paran hill Jehovah came ;
From Teman Israel's holy one.

(Pause.)

Then glorious did he make his name,
And wonders by his hand were done,
Refulgent like the sun he beamed,
A radiance from his presence streamed—
Excessive in its blaze that light
Veiled, while it showed the Lord of might.
Before him passed, on wings of gloom,
His messenger, the dread Simoom ;
And close behind his footsteps came
The Pestilence, with breath of flame.
He stood and looked. Before his looks
The nations were asunder driven ;
The everlasting mountains shook ;
The hoary hills were riven.
—I saw the tents of Cush dismayed,
And Midian's curtains were afraid.
—Was the Lord wrath against the sea ?
Wast thou displeased at Jordan's tide,
That on thy steeds of victory,
And in thy chariots thou did'st ride ?
—His brow was made quite bare,
After the oaths which to the tribes he swore.

(Pause.)

Jehovah, when thy might appeared,
The mountains saw thee and they feared.
The earth was rent. The waters poured
In deluge from the sky.
The sun and moon in their abode
Stood still ; while by thine arrows bright,
Thy people forth to victory rode ;
Thy glittering javelin was their light.
Thou didst direct their conquering path,
And thresh the heathen in thy wrath.
Thus to th'appointed ones he brought relief,
And saved the nation which he chose—
Smiting with utter overthrow, the chief
Of all who were his people's foes.

(Pause.)

Forth, whirlwind like, th'oppressor rushed—
Thy feeble flock he would have crushed,
But whelmed beneath the surging wave,
His haughty princes found a grave.
Thy horses through the waters vast,
The deep and boiling waters, passed.
—Now troops once more against us come,
I heard the rumour and was pained.

My cold and quivering lips were dumb ;
No strength within my bones remained.
Dismay and terror filled my mind :
What refuge (thought I) shall we find,
When once the fierce invading band
Has poured its floods upon the land ?
—But though the fig-tree should not blow,
The vine no produce yield,
Nor fruit upon the olive grow,
Nor meat be in the field ;
Flocks in the fold no more abound,
Nor cattle in the stalls be found ;
Yet in the Lord I will rejoice
And praise my God with cheerful voice.
He is my strength,—he clothes my feet
With swiftness, like the light gazelle,
He brings me to a safe retreat,
And makes me there in peace to dwell.

PROFESSOR YOUNG.

Felix opportunitate mortis.

It would be ungracious to refuse THE VARSITY'S request for reminiscences of Professor Young ; though I cannot but think that had I been excused such mercy would have blest those that gave not less than him who took.

For the truth is, so inadequate, so meagre was my acquaintance with my late colleague, that I find nothing to write worthy either of the theme itself or of his students' eagerness to hear of him, while yet to write that nothing costs me serious effort as well as extreme self-reproach, that I deferred till it was too late to use the opportunities offered me.

I can only plead, to excuse in some degree the scantiness of my knowledge, that two things at least I did fully realize, the extreme pressure on Professor Young's time and interests, and the profitlessness to him of conversations in which all that was valuable would have been contributed by himself.

For with regard to this pressure of which I speak I still recollect well the surprise with which I learnt from the late Principal Buchan, himself an intimate friend of Professor Young, that the latter, in addition to his other work, was a voracious reader of fiction and that few good novels passed unnoticed by him.

The distinguished scholar who has dedicated his life to novel reading was not a type unknown to me : there were in the Oxford of my time two or three Fellows of colleges, and these not the least brilliantly gifted, who were understood to follow this vocation in preference to tutorial work. But here was a man who pursued novels as a by-work only, and combined with them not merely professorial lectures but lectures of unusual thoroughness. Naturally the information did not lessen my unwillingness to intrude on one so fully occupied.

A propos of fiction still, I recollect Professor Young delighting my conservative instincts by sturdily denouncing at one of the President's student-parties the scientific disciples of Brewer and "Useful Knowledge" and insisting that fairy tales formed the best education for children.

My first meeting with him was in 1880, at a dinner party given by the President soon after my arrival. I sat next him, and the first question he asked me, I recollect, was of the position of Professor Green in Oxford. The "cult" of