


Prof. Ambrose, is one of our teachers, and well deserves the praise bestowed on him. As long as "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" vibrates in the hearts of music-loving people, the composer's name will be remembered. He has been connected with the W. L. College for some time, and we hope that he may live many years to delight humanity with his lovely strains.

+fireside Musings.+

FTER the busy day is over, my weary body finds rest in the cosy arm-chair by the blazing wood-fire. The crackling logs whispering of sylvan forests, draw my mind from its house, and goes, fancy free, wheresoever it wills. Now it follows the dancing light as it plays its pranks up and down the room, sketching the oddest pictures; now it watches the wreathing flames as they devour the pine knot. Work has not gone well to-day and a tinge of disappointment mingles with my dreams. I think of the toilers of earth who are always walking beside the grave of their hopes.

At this moment what are people thinking and doing the world over? In a mansion in Germany, a sick monarch lies, manfully striving to trim the lamp of life, against the attack of enemies and disease. A heroic wife cheers him, though her heart is ready to sink. Dark plans are made to place an ungrateful son on the throne and thrust the royal family into obscurity.

With the flash of lightning the mind is listening to the speeches in the Women's Congress in Washington. Mrs. Devereaux Blake, is on the platform and electrifies the audience with her eloquence thrilling the hearts of her hearers and inspiring them to noble actions. Then Miss Willard, the queen of her country, relates with matchless pathos the woes of drunkards' widows and children. The familiar face of Mrs. Bessie Starr Keefer,

beams on us, and she amuses everybody with her caustic remarks.

With the shift of the kaleidoscope, I am struggling through one of those continental storms that have made graves for many. I feel the stinging snow in my face; I stumble and fall over the drifts, my hand holding the hand of some little child. Now we are lost! No, this is the track, then all is dark. A warm feeling sweeps over me and we sink down to sleep in the snow, when I start with a shriek to find that I have been dozing, and the fire is gone out. The clock strikes twelve and calls out its warning to retire.

Another night, and I am in the same cozy spot before the blazing fire. I toss my books aside to dream of heroes and their deeds. Naturally, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon have always been held up as patterns for the school-boy; but heroism does not lie in the breast of one who butchers mankind to open his way to fame. Abram Lincoln and James Garfield, who prepared their lessons by the light of a pine knot in order to fit themselves to make a name in the world, are the really brave men. Those who battle successfully with poverty and raise themselves to positions to benefit others, are the models for our young people.

We wonder, after reading the lives lead by the poets of Queen Annie's time, why they were not discouraged. It would seem that the poverty they endured, only intensified their efforts to write some immortal poem. The pleasant articles we read so carelessly, have been composed with the gnawing pain of hunger. But few were able to survive it, and only such veterans as Johnson, came through the struggle, but bearing many wounds.

As the fire-light leaps up and down the wall, my mind instantly travels to Egypt, to the hot, burning sands where our Gordon died. Although he did not die on the battlefield, our age is not without its heroes behind the cannon. The late Rebellion in the North West furnished proof of the bravery of our Canadian boys. Their names, and Gordon's, are sacred to us and we wreath around them the never-fading flowers of affection.