

skill, knowledge, power, and wisdom of the Creator is understood only by a few. This complicated, mechanism is worthy of our attention. A knowledge of the functions of its organs would be as pleasant interesting and instructive as the knowledge of any other branch of science, if not much more so.

The study of this department of knowledge would dispel the clouds of ignorance and superstition which hover over the minds of many and raise men and women to a better and nobler way of living. It would materially lessen the amount of disease, suffering and premature death. If the study of the physiology and hygiene of our own organizations will enable us to avoid disease, then are we responsible for the suffering which we are compelled to endure through our violation of the laws of health. If one third of the diseases of the human family is hereditary, which is conclusively proved by statistics, how great is the responsibility of parents.

ONE IDEA

I HAVE no doubt but that many of my aged, middle-aged and youthful readers,—for I trust I have some of each class—have spent pleasant afternoons in the course of some defunct rivulet and have been amused by viewing the various triangular, rectangular, quadrangular, globular, and spherical shape which the stones in the bed of that vanished rivulet have assumed, also have discovered some smooth round holes imbedded in the solid rock which look for all the world as if the Naiads had seriously intended running opposition to the pestle and mortar in the nearest village or were boring for some hidden treasure long buried in its rocky grave. They have been led to ask the question what made those curious indentures? If they will only take a sly glance at the bottom of this rocky basin they will discover the vile desperado in the shape of a smooth round stone which being propelled by the motion of the water has done the infamous deed. These wonderful excavations by mineralogists are denominated by the cognomen pot-holes.

Now if we should turn from the contemplation of one of these and the mode of its architecture and consider for a moment what it most resembles in this world of ideas, I do not hesitate in saying that it will be unscrupulously placed upon the shoulders of the man of *one idea*. He is certainly a moral pot-hole with a pebble in it, and as all the waters of the vast Atlantic cannot displace that pebble, so the thunder and lightning of eloquence, or the bursting of the flood gates of truth, or the still small voice of love cannot rout the pebble from the breast of the man of *one idea*; it only will tend to make its

revolutions more rapid, and to enlarge its resting place. He can see nothing save his one idea, and if he cannot find anything in the bible to support it, he will discard the bible rather than that. If the greater part of the descendants of Father Adam do not coincide with him they are at once termed "narrow minded," or as brainless as that anima with long ears whose mellifluous voice makes day hideous.

Man cannot live by bread alone, a variety of nutritious aliment is essentially necessary to his mortal existence. A sailor kept too long on hard tack and salt junk degenerates into scurvy; or a Sprig of the Ould Sod who lives to devour his elysian root, regardless of bread and meat grows up with puisne ocularity, a wry face, and curtailed of his fair proportions. It is precisely thus with the man who gormandizes his mind upon one idea, he becomes an ideal dyspeptic of the idiosyncratical species. A mind that gives itself up to one idea becomes essentially insane, always an extremist, which is ever a nuisance; and an extremist is never a man of a sound mind. As examples take the vegetarian, the ventilationist, many temperance reformers, book farmers and many others who give their whole time and attention to these and nothing more;—peruse all they can on the subject, poke it into every man's face, have no faith in any man who does not believe as they do, consider themselves martyrs only to the cause, when in fact they are suicides. If a person has a cause that he wishes to fail let him put it in the hands of the man of one idea, and its death is inevitable. Men know that he is not trustworthy. If he talks pleasantly they listen with indifference, if he scolds they hiss him, or applaud him as they would the vulgar feats of a clown in a travelling circus. We have only to learn that a man can see nothing but his pet-idea, and we shun him as we would a hydra-headed monster.

ANTIQUITY.

LIKE a green isle in the sea, the present lies between the darkened past and hidden future. On it we live ever attended by hope, the fair, fascinating advocate of the morrow, scattering before us diamond-like promises to enhance our longing for days to come. On it we live refreshed by the experience and memories of the past, as by gales softly wafted from spicey lands, or as the soul exults at the distant strains of some well remembered, some long-wished for melody. The rich and varied treasures garnered in bygone hours become sacred in age. They are parts of the past fringed with the beauteous tints of time. In the twilight reverie there comes o'er

us like a flood the memory of bright hours made brighter by the fellowship of endeared companions; then we feel that

"There is a happiness in past regret,
And echoes of the harshest sound are sweet."

Then all the past seems to gather close about us as the darkening tentlike sky in the shades of evening. Thus we forget the present and live with delight in time which memory alone preserves.

But these pensive, sometimes poetical remembrances of early years are only ripples on the water compared to the rushing mighty billow as it sweeps down the ages. Antiquity inspires us with sublime wonder and the deepest awe. It grasps with almost unyielding firmness the minds of men and exacts a weak obsequious homage. Religious customs and opinions sanctioned by the ages, engrafted more perfectly by each successive generation become a voice with imperative tones that challenge dispute. They assume gigantic and majestic proportions which never fail to impress most deeply. Relics of the earlier ages are eagerly sought after and highly prized, not for their intrinsic worth, but for the history they tell and the emotions they awaken. Ancient manuscripts containing the utterances of early genius are especially valued. To the lover of antiquity these are priceless jewels. Thus men are induced to the laudable search after the treasures and gems of antiquity. And those who have brought to light what was lost, and in a measure called the past from the tomb duly robed in its former raiment justly merit the gratitude of posterity. The results of such labors are of incalculable value. While we are careful that no false veneration for age leads us to accept error nor unjust depreciation to reject truth, we may ever profit richly alike from the wisdom and foolishness of our predecessors. Each is permitted to feel the truth in the words of Southey.

"My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind."

OUR University Calendar for 1876 is now, we are informed, in the hands of the printer.

HARVARD University is about establishing a travelling scholarship, to be competed for by graduates.

THERE are one hundred and seventy-five names on the register of Horton Collegiate Academy this term.

THE citizens of Halifax have not as yet been able to agree upon a site for their contemplated music hall.