

The fire of classic eloquence has long since burned out. "The heroic lay is tuneless now." The light which was wont to shine forth amid the surrounding darkness, from the ancient schools of philosophy, has long since ceased to shine. Yet the languages of those former nations still live in the inimitable literature which has come down to us, photographed on the productions of lofty genius. Whilst we are in possession of this literature, the name dead languages must, we think, be considered a misnomer.

### NEW ACADEMY BUILDING.

On the evening of Friday the 12th, the New Academy Building was opened for the reception of boarders. About 75 or 80 students in conjunction with several members of the Building Committee assembled on the occasion in the new dining hall to partake of the wholesome substantial with which the well regulated tables were neatly spread.

After tea remarks were offered by Dr. Sawyer, Rev. S. W. DeBlois, Prof. Tufts, Mr. James Morse, and Mr. Mark Curry, members of the above Committee.

The addresses were apt and pleasing and judging from the applause at frequent intervals, must have been highly appreciated by the students. We doubt not that their appeals found a response in the breasts of all present. The dining room is a very commodious and neat apartment and when illuminated presents a very inviting appearance. The boarding system is constructed on principles similar to Harvard Institution, and will we think prove successful. It is at present under the control of a Managing Committee. The Steward and Matron seem quite competent for the responsible position held by them.

We would likewise inform the friends of the Institution that it is the intention of the Committee to give a public dinner at the close of this term about the 16th or 17th of December. Persons who purpose attending the Academic Examinations and Sophomore Exhibition will have the opportunity of participating in the enjoyments of this social gathering. Further notice will be given.

### LONDON UNIVERSITY.

We quote the annexed paragraph concerning the matriculation to London University for this year from the "*Illustrated London News*." It gives the candidates with their standing, who passed the examination in the colonies.

"Dominion of Canada. Honours

Division (the number prefixed to the name, indicates the number in the original honours list, immediately after which that name would have been placed, had the candidate been examined in England): 10. \*J. G. Schurman, Acadia College. 38. \*A. W. Marling, University College, Toronto, and Collegiate Institute, Hamilton: 36. J. Brown, St. Catherine's Collegiate Institute.

Second Division; T. H. Smyth, University College, Toronto.

Mauritius, First Division: J. Bouché, Royal College, Mauritius

Tasmania: Honours Divisions. 56. C. J. Pike, High School, Hobart Town."

"\* Obtained number of marks qualifying for a prize."

### THOUGHT GERMS.

THE realm of human thought lies as much within the broad domain of reality as the vast extent of nature. Its laws, though working by methods peculiar to themselves, are as invariable; its conditions as marked; its forces as mighty, as those that operate on matter. We dwell in this mysterious world, and it in us. Can you explain the paradox? Yet so fine is its essence, so delicate its affinities, that it eludes the mere physical grasp, defies the keenest most penetrating gaze of mortal vision, and baffles the dearest touch of sense. "From that mystic region" says one "and from that alone, all wonders, all poesies, and religious and social systems have proceeded; the like wonders and greater and higher lie slumbering there; and brooded over by the spirit of the waters, will evolve themselves, and rise like exhalations from the deep." The subtle intellect alone can pierce the mazy windings of that sphere and explore its deep dark hidden recesses. Although the worlds of mind, and matter are vastly and essentially different, yet they are most intimately connected. The light and shadow of the one, project themselves upon the other. The impress of creative hands, is seen in both. "Mind and matter divide the universe." Mind binds us to the finite, and links us to the infinite. Mind is the grand energizer. It is the life of thought. It breathes its quickening principle into dead matter, and transforms it into the medium of action and the embodiment of power. It has an eye that gazes into a region invisible to the mere sense. It has a hand that grasps the eternal. It drinks at the endless fountain of knowledge. It draws its inspiration from the skies. It plants itself on the solid rock of truth. Thought, the creation of mind overarches and encircles all we see or feel. It is higher than mountains, deeper than seas. In the words of Tennyson it binds the world as with chains of gold about

the feet of God. It brings the soul and body into a conjunction with each other, so vital that they mutually react, so mysterious that the points in which these two touch; the process by which ideas traverse the avenues of sense; the merging of the physical into the mental, and of the mental into the physical form one of the most profound secrets. The channels through which ebb and flow the currents of reciprocal influence, conduct that potent something none the less surely though unseen by us. The delicate links of sympathy, between the material and the immaterial are none the less binding because they escape the grossness of human perception: for behind the screen there is a hand, and there is a power. That hand is law; that power is God. He is the final cause of all that lies within our consciousness. Hence we can trace a oneness, a unity in everything. The universe is a gigantic mass of subtle and striking analogies. They sleep in the light of closing days, and roll in the torrent, broad, deep, and dark. They whisper in the evening breeze, and ride in the fleet winged tempest. They dwell in the quiet fields and in the lightning's flash. They sparkle in the summer wave, and moan in the wintry "white lipped sea." Of all analogies, none are more curious and more pleasing, than those between thought and nature. Just as the tiny bud enfolds the full blown flower, so thought lies wrapped in thought. Ideas form the seed of ideas. As the thistle-down borne away on the sportive winds, finds a resting place in some far off soil, and there grows and spreads, so "a word a thought pass out over the nations and wing their flight down the ages. They become seeds of thought to millions of minds and many generations." They contain the latent germs of good or evil. They flourish either as fragrant flowers or as deadly weeds. Mighty conceptions may slumber in them like giant oaks in little acorns. These germs may shoot into full and vigorous life at once, or centuries may revolve, ere they burst the bud. But take historical illustrations of what I affirm. The grim war-hardened soldier Hamilcar plants in the breast of his boy an oath of eternal enmity to a hated foe, and from that thought of vengeance, ripens an immediate harvest of bitter hate, that feeds the mad infuriate rage of Hannibal, through a bloody life. Regulus gives counsel to the fathers in Rome, that he knows will cost him his head in Carthage, and in that patriotic self-sacrifice, and in that grand noble advice were sown germs in the Roman nation, that at once budded into unwavering resolution and dauntless spirit. Martin Luther fearlessly confronting the learning and arrogance of Catholic Germany, on being asked if he would retract