

time they make a new resolve that they never will bow to the tyrant. There, too, they listen to nature's teachings, and are repaid by beautiful prospects for their self-denial in foregoing civilized life. She is a harsh teacher indeed, yet her very churlishness is a discipline, and she delights to show to her pupil's wondering gaze the charms of her green woody slopes, her pastures clothed with flocks and capped with clouds, or a turban of snow.

On the hardy hills their children are trained very differently from those of a southern plantation. For an instance, the son of luxury has every whim gratified, every burden lifted, with obsequious servants at every beck and call, his own inflections of injury applauded, but offences against himself mercilessly dealt with. Giving the bridle to his passions, and at length becoming their slave, he goes out to begin the battle of life without muscle or life-force, a straggler in the army of society. The other one, on the contrary, is early inured to toils and danger, perhaps sent afar with the flocks, his sole charge for the season, or accompanying his sire up adventurous heights and along the edge of precipices—gaining a cool nerve in the operation—and sharing with him the labor and glory of the hunt. He braves the cold winds of the highlands, which redden his cheek and brace his energies, and is perfected in the education of manly vigor and rough independence. His face may be homely and his motions ungraceful, but a dancing master is not the highest style of a man. He has a solid basis, on which he can build the adornments of character, a firmness which admits of a polished exterior.

Hardness of body is an important element in the constitution of manhood.—With a stout frame and a strong arm will dwell courage and a sort of moral force, which is altogether different from mere animal courage. This would never face a danger unless conscious of overpowering strength. Brute force unsheathed the Mahometan sword, but it was true courage that won the victories of the Ironsides, and impelled the dauntless effort of the Six Hundred. The enfeebling of the body, too, tends to the weakening of the spirit, as is proved by the effect of dissipation in driving to despair, of disease in quenching military ardor, and of a soft climate in making men even listless and unenterprising.

When poetry and song too, are mingled in this life, and the boy finds out the legends which linger around his home, or the minstrel pours into his soul the fire of patriotism and liberty, what wonder is it that a love of country is awakened in him to life-long activity. With this inspiration breathed into them by bards, whose voices were soon to be hushed by a tyrant king,

the Welsh long maintained their freedom amid the crags and forests of Snowdon, and Scotland, aided by her highlands, the redoubt of the nation, steeped in legendary lore, bade defiance to the same invading monarch. Switzerland, the pet child of liberty, whose mountains were her emancipator, nourished a nation of heroes. Above the minor worthies tower Tell and Walter Furst, with the intrepid Winkelreid, as Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau, lift their heads above the lesser peaks.—The boyhood of these men would differ little from that of their countrymen. Their bows would be always in hand, for hunting was to them at once a sport, a military drill, and a handicraft. Then, when Austria comes up to break the Switzers' bow, they treat her to a fair specimen of an avalanche, followed up with blows from stout clubs and massy pikes, and she retreats in dismay. Poland and Hungary had her Kossuths and Kosciuskos, but her country was open to the invader, and so the former has been partially, the latter wholly, absorbed by the unsuccessful subjectors of the Swiss.

Again, the mountain-swain is away from the enervating power of luxury and vice. The Alpine herdsman is thankful for the shelter of a mountain chalet, content with his crust of black bread and cheese, and thus lives his Arcadian life in peace and security, hampered by neither fashion nor world's opinion, and frequently knitting stockings to eke out a living. The flood of licentious feeling which sometimes sweeps over a nation, spreading its desolation alike over town and country, rages around the base of the mountain, while the lofty inhabitant is safe from its injurious effects. As on the tops of the ridges, sometimes it is clear day while all below is cloud and mist, so in those places is practised a purity of life and simplicity of manners in striking contrast with the follies of our professedly civilized life. The mountain Nestorians were able to preserve, pure and simple, the faith of their first-century forefathers, proving their exemption from the cowardice and soul-slavishness of the corrupted church around them.

Let the mountaineer, then, bless his foster parent for her harsh training, which made him strong in body, and able to achieve and maintain independence. Let him prefer the rugged slopes of his own land, where he is king, lord, and peasant, all in one, to the fertile soils and pleasant pastures of the plain, where, if there is a law to protect, a despotism, in some form or other, so generally prevails.

BASHFUL freshmen are beginning to receive from lonesome Seminarians morsels of manuscript indited with this legend: "Sic transit gloria mundi."

Vide last issue.

REV. E. ROBERTS' LECTURE.

THE closing lecture of the term was delivered in the Baptist Church on Saturday evening, Dec. 4th, by the Rev. E. Roberts, of Bridgewater. Mr. Roberts is recently from Aylesford, England. The subject was, by the force of uncontrollable circumstances, a somewhat denominational one, dealing with some of the past struggles and heroism of British non-conformity. But though not a purely literary theme, it was none the less well received and interesting.

The Lecturer commenced with an account of the rise of the English Episcopacy. It was conceived in the mind of a monarch—Henry VIII—one of the most tyrannical, licentious, intolerant and brutish of English Kings, of whom it was said that "he never spared a man in his wrath, or a woman in his lust." A system which was evolved not from that love of purer forms and knowledge of higher principles of worship and religion; but from the polluted ambition of one who would hold in his own hands both the knout of the despot of Russia, and the scorpion-whip of a monstrous ecclesiastical despotism. The lecturer, with earnest, powerful declamation, entered into the description of the relentless struggle that ensued between the bigoted supporters of priest-craft and King, and the heroes who contended only with spiritual weapons for the freedom of conscience. He spoke of fires that consumed the innocent non-conformist; of gibbets where rotted victims of the Established Church; of loathsome dungeons where the emaciated forms of martyrs and the groans of the suffering invoked God's vengeance, even when the glory of the Protestant Church was brightest, while Elizabeth was Queen, and before her time, in the reign of Henry and the young Edward; while men like Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were in power, and used that power in crushing out of existence the noblest of God's heroes—the Non-conformists. He led us down through the reigns of the weak-kneed, drivelling, pedantic James; of the merry monarch, Charles II.; and brought vividly before our minds the dark scenes of Star-Chamber and High Commission; the expulsion of ministers from their pulpits, and