

Seeking thus the light and truth proves its origin divine.

In the earliest writings now extant the impress of its hand is seen. Penned by the leader of an ancient people, their words portray the loftiness and grandeur of the mind which gave them birth. The shepherd boy of Israel, too, as he watched his flocks upon the sunny hillside or beside the flowing stream of his native land, passed the fleeting moments in sweet meditation, while his happy relation to the Great Shepherd is expressed by the words, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

The origin of poetry, then, is coeval with that of man, nay, it is more ancient. E'er yet the light of reason was kindled in the human soul, the poetic sentiment had its birth. Its voice has ever been heard through the passing ages, and now the spark of genius and devotion, viewing the works of his hands, breathes forth the words:—

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good—  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wonderful fair: Thyself how wonderful  
then."

Genuine poetry is liberal and catholic, and embraces all classes of men in the bonds of human charity. Its nature is boundless as the ocean, free as the air we breathe, and pure as the azure depths above us. There is the same human nature for the rich and the poor, the noble and the serf. Others may become the partizans of some particular class, but the poet recognizes a common humanity underlying all social distinctions; and by those simple touches of nature which make the world akin, seeks to restore the ruptured ties of human fellowship. In this, poetry is the handmaid of religion. Both set a value upon man simply as man, and merge the attributes of caste in the more essential attributes of character. The office of each is to allay, not to irritate, the troubles of society—to promote the equality of the human conditions by opening the heart to wider and more fraternal sympathies, rather than to stimulate it to envy and uncharitableness.

In its history, poetry exemplifies the universal law of "Growth and Decline." As in the case of nations which have risen to opulence and renown marks of the highest greatness invariably tell of succeeding decay, so does its success appear. Dramatic and epic verse have played their part upon the stage of human thought, and have now given place to a large extent to the Lyric's bard.

And, yet, whatever be the changes which time may bring, such names as Homer and Milton, Sophocles and Shakespeare, Horace and Tennyson, can never pass away. Never, while society is linked by the kindred ties of thought and

feeling which bind man to his fellow, will such names become unfamiliar to coming generations, and the changes which we now see may be but the gentle undulations of that vast tide of feeling which bears upon its bosom the thoughts and sympathies of men.

### SUCCESS.

The whole history of mankind, individually, may be epitomized into two words, success and failure. It may seem a sweeping assertion, yet it may be taken as the concentrated extract of human experience. Man is a physical, moral, and intellectual being, and, as a consequence, his actions will be of a three-fold character, and, although the two last seem interrelated, yet the latter may be highly developed to the entire neglect of the former. He was created for a purpose, endowed with bodily and mental faculties for attaining the end for which he was created. Failure cannot be considered as one of the elements that should enter into the composition of a true life—an ideal existence. It is certainly the negative of success, the punishment of sluggards, idlers, and all who have not well considered the end and aims of life, and acted on that consideration.

Man was certainly intended to make life the attainment of a noble purpose, otherwise, being and facilities were given him, only to make him miserable, and this we cannot believe. Success may be defined to be the happy or prosperous issue of some course we have marked out for ourselves, the attainment of some object to which we have bent all our energies, the realization of cherished hopes, the gaining the goal for which we run. Truly speaking, it is the measure of a noble life's work and the reward of labour well-done.

Man is a creature of development. The capability of developing power rather than the power developed was given him. He is possessed of reason, of intellect, and all the materials of success, but the workmanship must be his. He must toil, and with the means at his command he can build up an intellectual structure, whose size and grandeur will be just in proportion to the character of the materials employed and the amount of labor bestowed.

Success depends, first, upon the possession of a certain degree of talent. There must be some native genius. Without brains we can hope to do nothing intellectually, and, if we suppose other circumstances to be the same, and the efforts put forth of the same degree, then success will be proportionate to the amount of genius one possesses. Nature is partial and sparing in the bestowment of her

choicest gifts. Few possess the power to become intellectual giants, still less the number who have been so neglected and slighted by her as to be absolutely incapable of improvement, and consequently of achieving something.

With a good share of intellect there must be industry. No loiterer can hope to receive the crown of success. Nature has her laws, and she has a law of labor. Obedience to it, cheerfully given, will reward the obedient, and a true and certain advancement will be made towards the goal of successful issue. Nature is a scene of unceasing activity. Spring succeeds winter, and summer replaces with fruit the flowers of spring, and even evolves the bud germs of another spring. She rests not, neither is weary. Wherever the sluggard looks he sees enough to convince him that he is an idler amidst universal activity, a purposeless, aimless creature, where everything appears to be working for an end.

There must be perseverance. There must be a set purpose, an unalterable will, and then a continuity of action until the end be attained. The mountains were not piled up in one day, nor the everlasting hills, but working through the ages was a spirit of formation, bringing void into form, chaos into order, separating sea and land by bars and barriers which old ocean could not pass. Never, for a moment, was there a cessation of labor, a turning aside for something else, but a continuous, progressive, and certain working out of nature's decrees.

Enthusiasm is a principle of success. One's soul must be in his work. What is cold and lifeless must be animated by our own burning zealous spirit, otherwise, the Scheme will remain frozen up in the Arctic Ocean of formality. But, when the warm sunshine of an enthusiastic spirit streams upon it, the ice of indifference melts away, and the great project for which we are striving comes down into the warm Gulf Stream of whole hearted, whole souled effort, and success is certain. The great inventors, the world's noblest benefactors, are monuments of enthusiasm. Of course, they possessed genius, nature's own endowment, they labored and toiled with unexampled industry, their perseverance in the carrying out of their plans was marvellous, but, most of all, they infused into their work a sublime, life-giving enthusiasm. Persevering, enthusiastic industry, other things being equal, is the secret of success.

Our students have all returned invigorated and refreshed, and have again settled down to the daily routine of toil. Mathematics, Classes, &c., are suffering violence.