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THE TYRO.

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THE PRELUDE.

The voice of the singer is silent now ;
His fingers pass over the keys ;
The notes of the organ are sweetly low,
Now dying away on the breeze.

The quaver, the swell, and the joyous tone,
In concord their music prolong ;
And twilight is sweetened amid the strain :
The singer commences his song.

O sweet was the prelude he played to-night ;
But sweeter the song that is heard ;
The sadness of mortals is hushed to rest,
Deep joy in each spirit is stirred.

The tones are all tenderly sweet, for now,
Not sounds that are carelessly wrong ;
But perfect the harmony sounding far :
The prelude is heard through the song.

O Christian ! play well, play thy prelude now,
'Tis short, for it ceases with Time ;
The song will be sung through eternity,
Though endless, all perfect, divine.

Play carefully now, let no harshness mar
The music, the righteous may own,
For mortals so eagerly watch each day
To witness a harsh, ruffled tone.

O sweeten thy prelude with God's high praise,
And strengthen by might from above,
That mortals, while list'ning, may deeply long
To play the same music of love.

Harmonious then be the chords you strike,
All perfect in praise, though not long,
For oft in the music that floats thr' heaven,
The prelude is heard through the song.

IDA.

JEROME SAVONAROLA.

The golden beams of the sun sinking down to the western horizon light up a fair scene, where noble Florence rests under the heights of Fiesole, in the valley of the river Arno.

Lying on either side of the river, spanned by four fine bridges, and covering with her beautiful suburbs the rising ground and softly undulating hills for miles around, the lovely Queen of Tuscany presents to the King of Day charms worthy the golden glory he showers upon her, ere sinking behind the blue Appenines, he bids the world and Florence 'good night.'

Over such a scene we might linger long and unwearingly, but we may turn away without even a sigh to enter and explore the somewhat gloomy streets, lined with massive buildings, behind whose thick walls are concealed attractions for the lover of art, student of history, such as for centuries have filled the mouths of travellers, poets, and orators with loudest praise.

Here are the grand cathedral, "Il Duomo," and other fine churches, rich in works of art; palaces and libraries famed for their rare contents; galleries of painting and statuary, the work of the world's masters; collections of bronzes, gems, and mosaics, all combining to throw their charm over the visitor, and to furnish an almost unexhaustible source of pleasure and profit.

But again we turn—for are not all these but evidences of the cunning hand, the giant intellect, the divinely-breathed soul—and Florence holds up before us a long list of illustrious names, whose claim to celebrity the world acknowledges in its familiarity with them. Suffice it to name four: Dante, "Il Divino Poeta," as the Florentines call him; Michael Angelo, under whose chisel cold, shapeless marble grew into forms of grandeur and beauty; Quorenzo, "the magnificent," greatest of Medici, beneath whose fostering hand arts and literature had a noble development; and Jerome Savonarola, the brave reformer and eloquent preacher.

Having chosen the latter as the subject of this sketch, we shall proceed, not forgetting the merits of the noble company in which he is found, to unfold some of the reasons why he is to be considered worthy of such a high place in the record.

Though his name is inseparably connected with Florence, he was born at Ferrara, Sept. 21, 1452. The child of noble parents, he received a liberal education at home, and became thoroughly versed in the philosophy both of the Schoolmen and of Ancient Greece; but moved by a strong inclination towards asceticism, he withdrew from secular affairs, and entered a convent of the Dominican Order at Bologna.

Having completed his studies, he made his first appearance as a preacher at Florence, in 1482, only to meet with a decided failure.

Seven years later he was called to the pulpit of San Marco, and, having in the meantime overcome most of the defects that had told so strongly against his first efforts, his ability and enthusiasm carried all before them.

The moral condition, not only of Florence, but also of all Italy, at this time was morally deplorable. Long rent by the fierce conflicts of opposing factions, and corrupted by the influence of rulers, spiritual and temporal, whose names are synonymes for iniquity and crime, the land was a very hot-bed of sin. Even the splendid revival of arts and literature in this century had only served to make more dangerous the wanton Vice, who disported herself all the more publicly for her beautiful guise, that only concealed her utter vileness without making it any the less contaminating.

Savonarola set himself boldly and zealously to strip the tinsel and trappings from the foul wanton, and to uproot the evils that threatened to overcome the city and state, and prevent the growth of everything pure and virtuous.

Taking for his theme the terrible denunciations and wars of the Apocalypse, he proclaimed in the ears of the terrified people the certainty of their doom unless they would repent and turn to God. Nor did he spare the clergy, but, even to the Pope himself, attacked them for their corruption, and proclaimed boldly their sad departures from purity and holiness.

Under his leadership reforms were begun in both state and church, the Pope even approving so far as to name him first General Vicar of the Dominican Order. Swayed by his influence, multitudes forsook their evil ways, and soon his party, The Piagnoni, or Weepers, gained the ascendancy in the State.

He would seem at this point to have turned aside from his work as a reformer of morals to decidedly political preaching and measures; and having once left his high moral ground, he was caught by the strong current of popular feeling, and gradually involved in the political complications, which undoubtedly led to his imprisonment and death.

Having once gained control of the masses, who believed him to be inspired, and revered him as their friend and deliverer from the power of the haughty nobles, he must continue by some means to retain the mastery, or else his hopes would

never be realized. No wonder then, that having once taken this position, it could soon be said of his utterances to the masses: "All the pregnancy of his preaching lay in his strange assertion of supernatural claims, in the denunciatory visions, in the false certitude, which gave his sermons the interest of a political bulletin. The effect was inevitable. No man ever struggled to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering vitiation; his standard must be their lower needs, and not his own best insight."

A Republic was formed by the Piagnoni, "which was to be the model of a Christian Commonwealth, of which God Himself was the chief ruler and His Gospel the sovereign law." All forms of vice were suppressed in the city, and incited by the enthusiastic devotion of Savonarola, women gathered in the public square to throw down their ornaments as an offering to God, and men burned great heaps of books and writings tainted with licentiousness and immorality.

At length, in 1495, these measures, coupled with his extravagant assumptions as a prophet and interpreter, drew upon him the attention of the Pope, and he was cited to answer the charge of heresy at Rome.

Disregarding this citation, he was forbidden to preach, but refused to obey either this command or a subsequent summons from the papal court. Difficulties now arose in the Republic, and in the strife with the Medicean party, who conspired to regain the control of affairs, Savonarola lost ground by permitting the execution of some conspirators, in violation of his own laws. At this critical moment Rome issued a sentence of excommunication against him, and though he refused to hold it valid, because he considered the censure unjust, it served to turn the scale, and the next year, 1498, his opponents came into power.

Savonarola was ordered to cease preaching, by the Council, and was also bitterly denounced by a Franciscan monk, Francesco da Puglia, who sought to compass his ruin. An appeal to the ordeal of fire made by his opponent was avoided by the raising of difficulties on the part of Savonarola and his friends,

and a complete change taking place in the feelings of the people, he was brought to trial before the Council for heresy and misleading the people by false prophecies.

His confession published by this Council was such as seriously to damage his reputation as a sincere and upright man. But when it is known that half the examiners were his bitterest enemies, that he confessed under the agony of torture, and that his removal, in some way, had become a political necessity to his opponents, we may well regard their correctness with suspicion. The only heresy proven was his disobedience to the Pope's mandate, and disregard of the sentence of excommunication. He retracted his prophetic claims, but never wavered in his assertion that he sought the good of Florence, the church, and the world, first of all, though the ambition to lead the reform he could not deny.

His fellow-monks bore testimony to "an unimpeachable purity and consistency in his life which had commanded their unsuspecting veneration;" yet against all this, sufficient was extracted from Savonarola to give some show of justice to an act already determined, namely, his condemnation and execution.

The Council and Pope united in this sentence, and their common enemy, really the enemy of oppression and licentiousness, was executed and burned with two companions, in 1498. He died a professed Catholic, accepting the last absolution from the papal commissary; and it is stated to be still a question with Catholics whether he should be regarded as a confessor of the truth or a fanatical forerunner of the Reformation.

It is exceedingly difficult, in this age and these changed times, to form a just estimate of Savonarola and his work. One thing is certain, that of all the forerunners of the Reformation, none surpassed him in enthusiasm for some, at least, for the great principles of God's Word, or for boldness in attacking the corruption and abounding wiles of a dissolute age.

His position at the outset was exactly similar to that of Luther, and his stand against the Pope's authority quite as firm; and humanly speaking, had the circumstances been dif-

ferent, the results of his genius and zeal would have equalled those of the great Saxon. But we can readily see there were elements in the case unfitting both Savonarola and his nation for the great work, that could be done only "when the fullness of time was come."

He turned aside from his work of religious and moral reform to secure political power for the accomplishment of a work which only the power of the living truth could effect. And while we see in this his great mistake and weakness, we may well incline to excuse it as the natural result of the age and his training, and regret that so many in all ages have been in error on the same question. It is the verdict of the last fifteen centuries: CHURCH AND STATE MUST BE SEPARATED.

Savonarola's zeal, boldness, and devotion for the truth, are exemplary and worthy the imitation of every man who would a great work for God. Through all his labors the same high purpose of bringing men to conform to its precepts seems to have animated his breast, and his last thoughts were those of grief and self-abasement, that because of his being lifted up by success, he had brought disgrace on a good cause.

In the confinement of his cramped cell, he continued to pour out his soul before God, mourning over his wanderings from the right course. Though about to suffer by an unjust sentence, he does not appear to have thought or spoken of himself as a martyr.

As is well said by one whose description of his life and work leaves little to be desired: "The idea of martyrdom had been to him a passion, dividing the dream of the future, with the triumph of beholding his work achieved. And now in place of both had come resignation, which he called by no glorifying name. But therefore he may the more fitly be called a martyr by his fellow-men to all time. For power rose against him, not because of his sins, but because of his greatness,—not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble. And through that greatness of his he endured a double agony: not only the reviling and the torture and the death throb, but also

“the agony of sinking from the vision of glorious achievement into that deep shadow, where he could only say, *I count as nothing; darkness encompasses me; yet the light I saw was the true light.*”

How true of us all at our best, “now we know in part,” but how blessed too, the thought that the eyes, straining through the mists and darkness of the present, shall one day, with unclouded vision, see the King in His glory, and then, “because we see Him as He is, we shall be like Him,”—transformed in beholding.

A. T.

THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

Should a Christian be cosmopolitan? How far is he required to seek the interests of his native land apart from the interests of any other country? I do not mean *antagonistic to*, but *apart from* the interests of other countries.

I suppose it will be agreed by all, that the *honour* of God is man's noblest aim. Worldlings may and do demur at this view, and say that it would be selfish on the part of God to make His own glorification the ultimate aim and duty of all His creatures. But this arises from a deep seated and unconscious mistake in our inner being. God put this mistake in the following words in Scripture—“Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.” In discussing this question we must keep two things in mind: First, that we cannot add to or detract from God's essential glory—it must then be His declarative glory, or the glory which accrues to Him from the *manifestation* of His perfections before the whole universe—we can only increase its manifestation: Second, that it is extremely unlikely that in all the created universe

our world only should be peopled with sentient, reasoning, God-praising beings. Is it not reasonable to suppose that around those millions of suns twinkling in the night, myriads of planets should roll, peopled by unsinning beings cognisant of all which transpires in the universe? If this is so, then God is related, and is (I speak reverently) under obligation to reveal himself, to the constituency of which this world is but a mere speck.

Again, the self glorification of a man is a poor, mean and unworthy object, *only* because it is the exhibition of moral deformity, depravity, defilement, and corruption, and that to a very small circle indeed. Man is innately conscious of this, hence the natural shrinkage from it. But with God it is very different. If He would exhibit to an appreciative universe the highest possible type of moral perfection—if He would show them the grandest exhibitions of unmeasured power—the sublimest reaches of matchless wisdom—the most exquisite blendings of justice and mercy—then He could not do otherwise than reveal Himself. To give the highest possible direction to the minds of His creatures—to open up before them the only inexhaustible field for the exercise of their faculties, and to secure their highest good and surest happiness, God was shut up to revealing His own perfection. If then the glory of God is not only man's most reasonable duty, but also his highest good, it follows that everything which interferes with this is wrong, and everything which tends to promote it is right and wise just in proportion as it secures this object.

The next question is: Is the division of men into nations in accordance with God's plan? and does He intend that it shall minister to His glory and the good of His creatures? It may be true, and doubtless is, that few nations, if any, think of this, nor are they governed in the remotest degree, in their actions, by this consideration. But God is a Sovereign Being, and rules the world according to the counsels of His own will. We think it is God's will that men should be divided into nations, and that this division helps to secure God's design concerning the world.

If this be so, then it is the Christian's duty to seek the real interests of his country to the extent of his ability. We know that space or distance interferes with the transmission of force, either physical, intellectual, or moral. The throb along the Atlantic Cable very sensibly diminishes as it reaches Newfoundland—the electric thrill of the orator's presence is lost when his words are transferred to writing, and a man's moral influence is as wide as its strength. Few men can influence the whole world directly. To attempt to do so would be to fritter away what influence they have. But every man can influence the world indirectly by acting upon the *parts* of which it is composed. This evidently is the way in which most Christians can work. It has been said that a Christian should be Cosmopolitan in his ideas. This is true as far as he is a citizen of the world, but there are senses in which it cannot be so, because he must be a citizen of a country too. He may be as Cosmopolitan as he pleases in his sympathies, but in the carrying out of his benevolent schemes and plans he must necessarily be more restricted. As a Christian, by his Master's orders he is bound to work for the whole world. Within that limit, as a citizen, he is bound to do all he can for the country of his birth, or the country which God by His providence indicates as his abode.

But is it not a man's duty at times to leave his country for another? No doubt of it at all. But I think a Christian man should be careful, and should be very certain that he has the path of duty very clear before him, before he leaves the sphere in which God places him. Is his own ease and freedom the criterion, or does it altogether depend upon the price of corn and potatoes?

Much has been written in praise of the Pilgrim Fathers for their fortitude and heroism in *leaving* their country to face the wilds of America and the still wilder Aborigines, in order to secure for *themselves* a liberty which they were unwilling to accord to others. It appears to me that the men who remained behind and encountered and conquered with pen and sword the enemies of social and religious liberty, were infinitely their

superiors. It is on the same principle that the one who enters boldly into the conflict with sin and error is a much nobler being than the one who hides himself in a monastery or convent. Many noble, regal souls have *come out* of such places, but *few* are found in them.

From this it seems very clear to me that a man should have a very clear and well defined reason for leaving his country, that is his native land, as presumably the one in which God intended him to work. Especially does it seem unreasonable to leave the smaller and weaker for the larger and stronger. The tendency of such a course would be an undue concentration of force. Mighty empires are not the rule in God's government of the world. Special work has been done by empires specially prepared for that work, but this has been the exception rather than the rule.

Now, the practical question for us as Canadians is: What are our obligations to Canada apart from any and every other country? Has she a part to play in God's government of the world? We fully believe she has. We believe she is peculiarly fitted to fulfil a great mission. Her soil and climate are fitted to produce the perfection of physical manhood; her political system, free from the hide-bound Conservatism of England on the one hand, and the no less to be dreaded Communist tendencies of the United States on the other, has in it an elasticity of strength full of hope for the future; her Educational and Judicial systems are surpassed by none; and Religious Institutions are alike free from State control and the grasping cupidity of the ecclesiastico rabble. Is it not each true man's duty to conserve the good, to reform the evil, to strengthen the weak, and to build up and perfect the institutions of such a country? Is it manly, is it Christian, to be continually sighing after the supposed advantages to be had in a neighboring country? Is it not best and noblest even to deny ourselves a few advantages, in order that our bone, our muscle, and our brain should be given to make our own country nobler and better? Is it better to loll in ease among luxuries, for which others toiled and bled, than amid the toil and smoke of battle to secure similar blessings for ourselves?

If your country has given you birth, food, and an education till you begin to feel the stirrings of noble purposes and high aims within you, till you stand on a higher plain than your fellows,—is it honest to run off with those talents and aims and expend them on another countr, ?

Are there smiling farms on the other side of the line ? Make yours the most beautiful on the continent. Are her Colleges and Seminaries superior to yours ? Then coin your heart's blood if need be, and place *your* country's in the front rank.

Much depends in this matter upon the leading minds in a country. Let our representative men think much about their country, talk much about it, and direct the attention of young men to its advantages. Young people are generally in an uneasy mood—pluming their wings for flight. In this stage let the advantages of some distant part of their own country be pointed out. Let some hitherto unknown region be brought before their attention. A great deal depends on the direction in which a leading mind looks. Thoughts follow the lead of the eye, and the affections follow the lead of the thoughts, and the tongue will invariably speak out the whole. Let us then concentrate our thoughts more upon the beautiful land God has given us. Let us search out her excellencies, and point them out to those who cannot see them without help. Let us each and all strive to make our country better for our being born in it. Let no amount of greenbacks tempt us across the border, nor any prospect of ease induce us to desert our posts.

Let it be our ambition, our holy, Christian ambition, to make our country, the freest, the purest, the best on the face of the earth. Let us do all we can to realize in her experience the truth of God's word, which tells us that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a disgrace to any people. And so working through her upon the universe at large, make the most of ourselves in glorifying God here on the earth, so that we may enjoy Him in Heaven.

Yours loyally,

JOHN McLAURIN, Cocanada, India.

C O U R T - I N G .

GUSSIE PACKARD.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
 This court is adjourned, sir, I say ;
 Will you please be so kind as to leave,
 And not stay around in my way ?
 It is almost one in the morning,
 And you've not begun with your plea ;
 If you will persist in such waiting,
 Just find some girl besides me.
 The witnesses all have been questioned,
 Till not one is left in the stand ;
 Even the lamp's going out ;—
 (Be so kind as to let go my hand,)
 I'll have you to know there's another
 Entitled to offer a plea,
 And he's getting quite tired of waiting ;
 (In that, he is so much like me.)
 This court has met times without number,
 And adjourned, just waiting for you ;
 And the very next case on the docket,
 Is a suit quite touching and new.
 So, I think that for proper evidence,—
 I mean for the lack, you know,
 I'll dismiss this suit for the other ;
 And now, if you please, you may go.
 What's that ? " Object to the verdict,
 As directly opposed to the law ?"
 Most learned sir, will you kindly
 Point out to this court the flaw ?
 " You think that I've over-persuaded
 The court, for one side of the case."
 How do you dare, you villain !
 To tell me that to my face.

You say that the bribes I've offered,
(Of the *takingest* smiles and ways,)
Have kept the whole court in my favor,
For, lo, these many long days ;
That the reason you never have offered
Your plea to the court for defense,
Was because you knew 'twas directly
Opposed to the court's common sense ;
That you don't see the use of pleading
A case that the court *will* dismiss.
So you'll take my advice,—*and me with it*,
For better or worse, with this kiss.
You are fined for contempt of court, sir ;
You thought that court was adjourned ?
Well, now, if this isn't court-ing,
There are some things I never have learned.

—*Alumni Journal.*

WHY SHOULD CANADIAN BAPTISTS EDUCATE THEIR CHILDREN ?

[CONCLUDED.]

Because, third, they are a body of Christians claiming a *distinctive character* and a *special mission*. That character is, they aver, the result of the exceptional closeness with which they adhere to the New Testament teachings, and follow the New Testament models, in regard to Church membership, government and ordinances. That mission is, they hold, the diffusion and perpetuation of these New Testament doctrines and practices as nearly as possible in their original simplicity and purity. That every Baptist parent should then earnestly desire and pray that his children may become, not only useful and devout Christians, but sound, genuine Baptists; Baptists by conviction, and not by inherited prejudice, is but the logical outcome of sincerity in his professions. Hence we may discover one or two reasons why the members of Baptist Churches should, even more than others, possess the largest possible measure of intelligence and culture.

(1.) Baptist Churches are more *individualizing* than others; that is, they give more power to each private member, and thus throw upon each a heavier responsibility than the more elaborate ecclesiastical systems. The ideal Baptist Church is not only a body in which every individual member is a baptized believer, and a distinct spiritual power, but a body whose oneness of faith and practice, of polity and ordinances, is the result simply and solely of personal convictions, convictions reached in each case by independent and prayerful study of the one text-book. Do members of other churches train their children at the fireside, in the Sabbath School, from the pulpit, in the doctrines of the church of their fathers? The true Baptist, on the other hand, while always ready to give to every one that asks, a reason for his faith and practice, is yet bound ever to say, even to his child, "To the law and to the testimony! If we speak not according to these there is no life in

us." Of course we do not claim that this ideal is, or ever will be, fully realized. We suppose as a matter of fact, very many, probably most, of our church members are Baptists for no other reason than that such were their parents or friends. But it would be strange, if we have correctly stated the principle underlying our church organization, if we could not safely claim that the Baptist body has in its membership a much larger proportion than any other, of those whose church relations are the result of personal study and conviction.

Hence we see the necessity that Baptists, more than any other body, should be an intelligent people. A Baptist who is such for no better reason than that his father and mother before him were so, might almost as well be a member of any other evangelical church. There is probably, it is true, a blessing attached to the possession of truth even in minor matters, however we may have come by it. But to the aggressive power of the body, for attack upon what it regards as the mischievous errors of other bodies, it is evident that the addition of such material brings no corresponding increase. Baptists and Baptist Churches fail largely in their mission if they do not stimulate earnest inquiry and careful study of the Scriptures in the communities where they exist. And this spirit of research enfolds the very life principle of education.

(2.) Again, Baptist Church policy demands large intelligence for its successful working. Of course the highest and the indispensable conditions of success are spiritual conditions. That mighty Christian love which subdues all things unto itself must permeate the whole brotherhood. It must be its inspiration, imparting life and breath, or rather living and breathing through it, else like all other democratic systems, however beautiful in conception, however symmetrical in its proportions, it is unfit for human conditions and uses. But it is none the less true that in conjunction with this indispensable depth of piety, a good degree of breadth of view, of liberality and expansiveness of thought, is eminently needful. None know this better than pastors. Cases are continually arising which involve broad principles, or render necessary nice but real distinctions. How many grating frictions and

unseemly bickerings might be avoided, how much more real progress made, had individual church members but been trained to a capacity for broader views, to a power of discerning more clearly the difference between real principles and moral obligations on the one hand, and personal prejudices and crotchets of conscience on the other? How shall the state of our churches be improved in this respect? Evidently by pastors and parents seeing to it, as far as in them lies, that the next generation of Baptists shall bring to the aid of the Church and the work of the Master minds liberalized and hearts enlarged by a better culture.

Once more, *Baptists need the aid of sound learning in the defence and propagation of their distinctive views.* Those views are neither popular nor attractive. It is not in the nature of things that they should be, inasmuch as their very enunciation is a bold charge of error laid at the door of every great evangelical church in Christendom. Hence, like all other unpopular truths, they must fight their way to general acceptance. But the true Baptist believes those distinctive truths to be of real importance to the progress of religion and highest well being of the race. He believes them to involve the correct observance of gospel ordinances, the true principles of church order and discipline, the due cultivation of Christian individuality, and above all, the spirituality, the divine inner life, of the church. Hence he esteems them worth fighting for. To him is committed a dispensation of important truth. How valuable then that mental power, which is the result of mind culture, in the doing of this great work. How necessary is it to aid him in distinguishing between what is vital to the system and what only accidental; between sound argument and sounding rhetoric; between earnestness and passion; between a large, loving zeal for truth and the narrow, unreasoning bigotry of a sect.

Then again, liberal culture is essential to the Baptist to enable him to maintain the line of defence to which he is constantly driven. He has need to be master not only of general principles, but of nice distinctions. The controversy ranges all the way down from questions of authenticity and genuineness

of manuscript to the shade of a meaning in word, or the force of a prefix, or a preposition. It embraces the history and the traditions of eighteen centuries. Can there, he who claims that God has called Baptists to such a defence of important doctrines, doubt that he in so doing lays them under the most solemn obligations to summon all the forces of disciplined intellect to their aid. Unto them and their children descends the sacred duty as well as the precious promise.

Is it now asked, What is the nature and what the extent of the education which Baptists are thus sacredly bound to secure, as far as possible, to their children? That is a matter of detail for the individual judgment and conscience. It is a variable quantity to be determined by varying conditions. We have been seeking to lay down general principles. Is it asked again, What is the best means for securing such a culture? We can answer that only generally by saying: See to it first of all that the child is placed under the satest, most healthful, moral and religious influences; and secondly, that the modes and the instruments of education are not lifeless and mechanical, but living and powerful, stirring mightily all the mental forces, stimulating curiosity, compelling effort, and holding up truth as the highest, the only, soul satisfying reward.

And these principles, be it observed, are all embracing. They know no distinctions of sex, or of calling. Whenever a Baptist Christian finds himself entrusted with the guardianship of an immortal mind in its unfolding stages there, in that very fact, should he recognize a solemn obligation laid upon him to develop the powers of that mind to the utmost possible extent for itself, for truth, for God. The prospective vocation matters not. The time is, we trust, not far distant when truth shall be able to summon her ablest defenders from the plough and the anvil as well as from the college and the pulpit. Of this good time coming we are not even now without some foreshadowings. In the gradual decrease of the hours of manual toil through the introduction of labor saving machinery and in the constantly growing power of science to employ natural forces for the saving of human muscle, we see a promise and pledge of great things in the future. Is there any

reason in the nature of things why the farmer or mechanic should not be the man of science and the philosopher as well?

Does anyone doubt whether the Bible countenances such extreme views in regard to the value and duty of mental culture? Our space will not permit us in reply to point to the many specific passages which inculcate the obligation to serve God with our *best*, or to show that the Bible has always proved the most powerful stimulus to intellectual achievement, quickening every mental faculty by the grand truths it reveals and the profound trains of thought it sets in motion; or to cite the example of the great Teacher himself, and show how inimitably adapted is almost every word in His discourses to arouse thought, to stimulate enquiry, to awaken entirely new conceptions of truth and duty, of our relations to things seen which are temporal and to things unseen which are eternal; to send, in short, thrills of grander and profounder life pulsing through every nerve and fibre of our intellectual being.

Do Canadian Baptists still need such hints as the foregoing? Where is there a church which has not in it those within whose reach God has placed means and opportunities, who yet seem entirely indifferent to the intellectual culture of their children? If these views be sound, what more pitiable mistake can be made than that of the parent who thinks a store of hoarded gold a better legacy for his child than a liberal culture? What injustice more cruel than that of the father who says in effect, "This son shall have thrown open to him the avenues that lead to higher usefulness, to intellectual power, and to the widest and most elevated range of earthly pleasures, while this other must find his equivalent in a pile of filthy lucre;" or, "My sons shall have all the aids to a higher and better life which the best collegiate course can give, and my daughters must take their offset in dainty laces and camel hair shawls." May the Baptists of this new Dominion have grace to prove themselves ever worthy of the mantle of their fathers' which has fallen upon them, and to transmit it untarnished to a Baptist posterity more holy, more earnest, and better educated than themselves.

J. E. W.

INDEPENDENCY OF JUDGMENT IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

An independent judgment! How often is such a sentiment uttered, and thought of, without its significance being comprehended? In this age of freedom, when liberty asserts its rights in governments national and social, in the realms of the press and of speech, in fact, in every department of human activity, it is not to be wondered at, that everybody should feel as if he had a right to be, and were, free to form a judgment of his own. Such a notion, however, reminds us of Alexander, who, while he conquered the world, was conquered by *himself*. This youth of thirty might have transmitted from abroad to his friends at home the results of victories—which, in far reaching consequences and in extent of conquest, far surpassed those of the Roman conqueror—in the laconic words of the latter: “*Veni, vidi, vinci;*” yet he was seized, manacled, and led to a disgraceful death by his *own passions*. Is it not thus in our case with respect to the formation of judgments in religious matters? The free thinker boasts that he is bound by neither dogma, nor creed, nor any written revelation. He possesses *reason*; and this is an all-sufficient guide, whatever men may say. He has his own notions of what is right; and why should not his own—what he himself has wrought out, indeed, what he feels rising spontaneously, as he imagines—why should not these ideas of right be as good, if not better, than those of any others? Let not our readers fancy that we are here describing a merely speculative class, whose masters were the sages of ancient Greece. We are really speaking of the masses by whom we are surrounded. Nor do we mean only those who make no profession of a living union with Christ, for too much of the same spirit will be found at work within the pale of orthodoxy. “What do you *think?*” is the form of a question very common amongst us all; yet a moment’s reflection will serve to show that it bears on its very face the impress of those who think they can form their own judgments with respect to religion. It is true, Jesus once put

this question himself—"What think ye of Christ?" but mark, it was put to the Pharisees, a class of people who had all but lost the simple word of God by the web of their own *thoughts* which they had woven over it. How different was his treatment of the lawyer who inquired concerning what he should do to inherit eternal life. This was a question with respect to truth. Hence his question in reply is not "What *thinkest* thou?" but, "What is *written* in the law? how *readest* thou?" Notwithstanding our boasted freedom, independency of judgment in religion is only a myth. Such there is not under the sun, for the simple reason there is no pure independence among sublunary beings. It is ignorance of this simple fact that leads men to talk of their *own notions*, and especially of their putting any confidence in what they deem their own ideas.

We say there is no such thing as pure independence of judgment in religious matters among men, because, in the first place, *man comes into this world in possession of a depraved nature.* This is by no means a universally received dogma. We cannot appeal to consciousness for its proof, because we can only be conscious of what *is*, and not of what *was*. Memory may give us testimony as to the past, but it can only go as far back as consciousness had had an experience. This may lead us pretty well into childhood, yet there is quite an interval between birth and the first remembrances of consciousness concerning which memory can give us no information. The universality of experience from the first dawn of consciousness through to the end of life ought to have some weight in determining the condition of the subject before. The great oak with its innumerable leaves and branches contains nothing in kind which did not exist in miniature in the embryo within the acorn. Multiplication has taken place, but nothing more. May we not reason in the same way with respect to our own moral nature? That piece of pasture ground looks perfectly free from all kinds of weeds; but let the plough turn to the summer sun and rains the underlying soil, and soon we shall have an abundant harvest of foul vegetation. Now we know that neither plough, nor sun, nor rain, nor air sowed the seeds. They were there indigenous, only waiting for the appropriate

conditions to enable them to show themselves. Would not universal experience—universal as to time and as to space—indicate that it was somewhat similar with the human heart?

We have, however, direct and clear testimony on this point in the word of God. Not to multiply quotations, take the language of Paul to the Ephesians. Greatly did he glory in the mercy of God, as exhibited in the salvation of the Gentiles. Recounting the spiritual blessings with which they had been blessed in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and wishing, by way of contrast, to throw additional glory around those blessings, he gives them an opportunity to glance at the horrible pit whence they had been taken. He says: "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins: Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind: and were *by nature* the children of wrath, even as others." We want it observed that the Apostle does *not* say, "and were *by practice* the children of wrath." This he had before asserted in unmistakable terms, giving a full account thereof; and then he adds this as an additional fact: "and were *BY NATURE* the children of wrath." Thus, like the Psalmist, who, having confessed his sin, said: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," he follows up the stream to its fountain, i.e. traces the fruit to its legitimate root—a corrupt, depraved nature. Moreover, it will be noticed that he does not attribute this evil nature simply to those whom he addresses, but makes it a universal fact by the additional phrase: "Even as others."

With this single fact before us, where is there room for independency in the realms of religious thought? Is that man independent whose every moral faculty is by his very nature perverted? Is that man capable of an independent judgment, whose understanding is by nature darkened? Is that man capable of an independent *act*, whose will is by his very nature powerless for good? Is that man capable of independ-

ently forming attachments, whose affections are by his very nature entwined about sin? As well may we talk of the galleyslave's being free to walk this broad earth of ours at pleasure, while he is bound to his oars, as to talk of man's being capable of originating an independent thought, who is by his very nature a child of wrath, a slave of sin, and a victim of hell's delusive dreams.

We say there is no such thing as pure independence of judgment in religious matters among men, because in the second place, *man is constitutionally biased*. When the Scriptures teach, and observation corroborates the fact, that all men come into this world with depraved natures, it does not follow that each man is guilty of the whole catalogue of crime, nor that he has a desire to violate every command of the Decalogue. It is true as the Master taught, that "from within, out of the heart of men proceed" every evil thing. It is true as the Apostle quotes from the Psalmist, that "there is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that seeketh after God; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." All this is true, while it is not intended to be taught that each individual is guilty of, or has a special inclination for, all the evils charged upon mankind in these places. The carnal mind is the soil in which the seeds lie, and the soil is suitable for the production of the fruit, but the growth of this or that evil depends largely upon circumstances. One very important circumstance is that to which we are now directing attention, viz: The transmission of moral qualities from parent to child either mediately or immediately. These qualities are, in common language, said to be constitutional. Like begets like, moral as well as physical. This is no new notion to the masses, though they may not be acquainted with this way of stating it. How common the remark: "It is an easy matter to tell whose child that is. He is just his father or his grandfather over again." This remark, it must be borne in mind, is not made with reference to the child's looks, but with reference to his disposition. Indeed we may here appeal directly to every one's own consciousness in proof of the statement, that we naturally possess stronger inclinations for some evils than we do for others.

We individually have sins which do more easily beset us than others. Of course, many of our besetting sins, as they are called, arise from development, and not because we are naturally biased thereto. A sin from which we shrink in abhorrence to-day may be fondly embraced in a short time, just through familiarity. As Pope says :—

“ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be dreaded, needs but to be seen ;
But, seen too off, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Aside, however, from such besetting sins, we know that we are influenced by others which are ours by heritage. Well then, where is our independence ? Where is the equilibrium so essential to an unbiased judgment respecting right and wrong ? We have weighed our course of conduct in the balance, and the scale has gone down on the side of right. We feel quite flattered ; but we have not taken into consideration how much of natural depravity, and how much of constitutional proclivity for a given evil, have secretly influenced the scale which favored us. If we only saw how much we were influenced by these every day, we would see how utterly unfit we are to arrive at a correct moral judgment of ourselves.

Again : *Man is powerfully influenced by his early training.* Take a street arab whose father and mother are confirmed drunkards and blasphemers, and whose whole associations are of the same type. Such a lad may learn from the immediate consequences of drunkenness that it is an evil ; but what of profanity ? What is there in him, or about him, while he is being brought up in such a school, to give him the least idea of profanity's being an evil ? Perhaps the reader is ready to say that this is an extreme case. It cannot be an extreme case with reference to the point in hand. We are simply showing the power of early training, and whatever may be taught the influence is the same. Solomon recognized this when he wrought into his proverbs the following : “ Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Take a Scriptural case. Saul of Tarsus

had his mind thoroughly cultivated, having enjoyed the best literary advantages of his day. At the feet of Gamaliel he learned all the marvellous things of the Jewish religion. He was an apt scholar, and eagerly drank in the sectarian spirit of that people, for which they were then so noted. He joined himself to the strictest sect of that religion, and soon graduated a thorough Pharisee. Now mark. That man, whose reverence for the holy scriptures amounted to a superstition—that man whose reverence for his God could not be challenged—that man could stand by the clothes of those who were stoning to death him whose countenance but a moment before had shone like an angel's; that man could steel his heart against the most pitiful pleadings of husbands and brothers, against the bitter cries of orphan children, and against the doleful lamentations of brokenhearted mothers; that man could stain his hands with the blood of his fellow-countrymen—male and female—whose only crime was their acceptance of Jesus of Nazareth as their Messiah; and that man—with that adamant heart—could in all sincerity, lift those bloody hands to Him whose love for human kind had sent to earth His only Son to suffer, bleed and die for sinful man, and cry, "I thank thee, O God, that I am not as other men, extortioners, adulterers, or dupes of this impostor Jesus; and especially I thank thee that thou dost permit me to do such service for thee as that in which I am now engaged." "Such a man is a fiend," cries the reader. Not at all: he is Saul of Tarsus, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; so zealous for his own, that he would put down all opposition by force; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. Such is the man. How, then, can his conduct towards the sect everywhere spoken against be explained? This part of his life will stand as an everlasting monument to the mighty power of early training over the human mind and heart. When he reasoned in his own mind respecting these people who were preaching the gospel of the crucified One, he was not capable of drawing a sound conclusion, because his early prejudices, the prejudices of his whole education, were blind-

ing his eyes. Is this not the case with many to-day? If we be at all candid with ourselves, we shall admit that we are immensely controlled by the training of our youth. Where then is our independency of judgment?

Once more: *Man is strongly influenced by public opinion.* Perhaps we had better said, by the conduct of the public as far as it relates to moral questions. We are all shortcoming creatures, and it consequently becomes us to be lenient towards the erring. They who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Moreover, this principle of forbearance is inculcated in the word of God. With regard to those who are without the Church, the Apostle says: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." So with respect to those within the Church the same Apostle says: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Thus forgiveness is enforced. Then, when we mingle amongst society, we find that wherever sin does not immediately and personally affect the people themselves, they are wonderfully lenient, wonderfully forgiving. A closer examination, however, will disclose the fact that this spirit does not arise so much from a disposition to forgive, as from the lax views they have of sin. It is not so much that we should forgive, as it is that the fault or mishap, as they call it, is not of much importance. Evil is common, and therefore we get to think it is not so bad. Thus we find the moral sense of the mass very blunt, and we find it no difficult matter for a man to pass among the crowd as respectable. Moreover, if a man has some special failing, who is free? Has he not also some redeeming qualities? Thus the public act on the principle of compensation. A good trait will counterbalance, yea, more than compensate for a bad one, especially if the bad one do not give us personal annoyance. Now much of this may in a certain sense be right. but here lies the mischief; we transfer this mode of procedure to God. Insensibly we come to look upon the Divine government as carried on in the same way. "Because sentence against an evil work

is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Because the evil deed is not immediately followed by punishment, we soon get to think that it is not such a very great evil deed after all. Thus we are influenced in our notions of right and wrong by the conduct of the public with respect to such.

What shall we say, then, of man who by his very nature is corrupt, who has a constitutional bias towards some evil, who is mightily influenced by his early training, and who is insensibly drawn into the notions of the mass? What shall we say of his independence? Can such an one draw a correct conclusion with respect to a question in morals? From all this we see the truth of the Master's statement, "Without me ye can do nothing."

J. T.

THE NUN.

A TALE OF CHICAGO.

BY ISABELLA SINCLAIR.

'Twas Sabbath eve, the half-descended sun
Hung like a meteor in the western sky,
And lengthening shadows from the hill-sides told
Of fast-approaching night. The city lay
In the sweet Sabbath stillness hushed to rest
As if no sound of revelry, no voice of woe,
No breath of lips profane, had ever roused
The slumbering echoes of those silent streets.
Her countless spires, those voiceless monitors
That ever bid us look from earth away,
And point us upward to the world of light,
Were tipped with glory; and the wide expanse

Of park and garden, palace, hut and hall,
Bathed in the yellow glow of sunset, seemed
A vision fair of poe.'s fancy, or a dream
Of Moslem's Paradise. The sound of bell:
Sweet bells and many-toned, salutes mine ear.
Whence comes the music? 'Tis the vesper-call.
From the gray towers of yonder church it comes,
The Jesuit Church. "And I will go," I said,
For one I knew and loved, a fair young girl,
On that sweet Sabbath eve, would take the veil
And pass beyond the ken of such as I.
I went. I saw the splendid farce begin,
Loud anthems pealed and swinging censors flashed,
As she, the doomed one, faltering, trod the aisle.
She passed along, but at a pillared niche
Graced with rare flowers and costly gifts, she paused,
Bowing in prayer before some saintly shrine.
But one she saw not knelt near her there,
And he too prayed, not to the saints, but her.
"O, Ida! my lost darling, hear me now,
Ere the dark deed is done that veils thy life,
Thy bright young life in loneliness and gloom.
Thy mother on her dying pillow lies
And mourns her lost one, mourns her all the day.
And in the fitful slumbers of the night
She calls thy name. O, for her sake return.
Thy gray-haired sire, with weight of years bowed down,
Will not be comforted, O, must he pass
In lonely sorrow to the silent grave,
Uncheered, untended by his daughter's love?
And I, oh, Ida, must that convent-call,
Dreary and dark and cheerless as the grave,
Hold all my life, for thou art all to me.
Oh, by the love of her who bore thee, by the tears
Thy father weeps in silence and alone,
By all thou lovest, by thy hopes of heaven,
Renounce this falsehood, fly this fatal snare,
Return with me to life and hope, return!"

He ended, and the kneeling maiden rose,
Her white face whiter than the marble form
That claimed her worship, yet no ray of hope
Beamed from her eyes that never turned aside
To rest on him who breathed that passioned prayer.
She passed along, with many a soulless rite
And mockery of prayer and chanted psalm.
They riveted the chains that bound her life
And made her, as they said, the Bride of Heaven.
What more remains to tell? The world went on
As it had done; the yellow sunlight glowed;
Days came and went; naught spake of chance or change:
But one fair home is silent, tenantless,
For lovely Rosehill holds the twin-made grave
Of Ida's parents. Of their grief they died,
And he who mourned with them their daughter's fate
Followed them to their long last resting-place,
Wept as they weep whose hearts are turned to stone,
Then to the joyless, desolate world went back
To battle with his life-work as he might.
O mighty Rome, thy hoary head shall bow,
Proud arbitress of countless destinies,
Thy own dark doom is sealed; a few more years
Shall see thy sceptre in the dust, thy crown
Of glory riven, thy purple robe of power
Rent from the and thy million bondslaves *free*,
The Lord hath said it, and it *shall* be so.

Chicago, March 13th, 1876.

OUR OPINION OF MUSIC.

"Your opinion, indeed," were the words that fell from a pair of pouting lips, and mischievous eyes looked into ours as their owner added, "the opinion of one who knows what they were talking about might be worth something, but yours," and the speaker finished the sentence with an amused laugh. We had been trying to defend ourself from the charge of not knowing what music is. We are now going to give our notion of it, and, if you, kind reader, do not, in your "heart of hearts," agree with us, then we shall be willing to admit that there is something wanting in our "make up" with regard to music. To the question, "What is Music?" we have all heard and seen a thousand replies. Someone, poetically inclined, has defined it as "the melodious wing that wafts and warms poetry on its mission—that will not let it droop—that will not let it die," Fuller says that poetry is music in words, and music is poetry in sound. Granting that these are correct definitions, were we very far wrong in refusing to admit that the words, "perfectly delightful," and "heavenly," are fitting expressions to be used in describing the singing of a celebrated *artiste*, the discussion of whose merits and demerits called forth the remark with which our article begins? Of course our taste isn't cultivated, doubtless that is why we failed to be "carried away" by the agonizing, musical gymnastics of the fancy singer; but, from the first formal bow, to the initiatory scream, to the long-draw-out, deafening, don't-stop-to-breathe finale with which the performance terminated, we were in agony. We felt like screaming ourself, or wishing for some one to cry fire or murder, and thus end the entertainment. There is something in the dazzling light of the room, the tossing millinery and the distorted features of the performers that we cannot associate with music according to our idea of it. We listened a few Sundays ago to a solo rendered by the leader of a Baptist choir; and, although listening attentively, we caught only one intelligible word among the various up and down pitches of the singer. That word was "spin." Atter-

ward we learned or guessed, that the solo was, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin," &c. Now how were we to *consider* when we could not understand a single word of what was being sung? Do you wonder that the elegantly rendered piece of music failed to affect us? Are you surprised that the old song of our childhood, "Rock of Ages," sung an hour afterward by the congregation, so filled our heart with tenderness that our lips refused to utter the words? Does it not seem a sacrilege to find the grand old hymns of your childhood, which you always associate with familiar tunes, as old and as grand, set to a new air, which to your ears is nothing but a succession of quirks and quavers sung by a professional choir? We hear a great deal now-a-days about the good that is being done through the singing of gospel hymns. These "services of song" are becoming a large part of religious worship. The singers of a fashionable church will say, "Yes, these simple tunes please the common people, but those who understand music must have something finer. You go to that church and learn how 'cultivated taste' is suited by, listening to a number of young ladies sing out in agouy, "Oh, for a man—" "Oh, for a man—" "Oh, for a mansion in the skies." Had they not completed the line, we might imagine that the wail was but the echo of their own heart's longing. Think of that grand old hymn, "The Messiah," being tortured into "The Lord is in his hol—the Lord is in his hol—is in—the Lord is in his hol." How can a congregation hear without protest such a travesty as this: "Stir up this stu—" cries bass to treble; "Stir up this stu—" rejoined the treble to the bass; tenor and alto cried "Stir up this stu—" and only when the culinary controversy reached its height, involving all parties in the strife, did it issue in the peaceful and religious petition, "Stir up this stupid soul to pray." The ludicrous side of such a performance will get the better of us, and if our Puritan ancestors had not implanted within us a strong sense of the propriety of observing becoming decorum in meeting, we would have had to yield to our inclination to laugh. Yet one who knows what music is will exclaim in tones of rapture, "Oh! enchanting! estatic!"

and, if you show no enthusiasm, will add sympathetically, "You don't know what is lost to your life in not being able to appreciate music." Still we contend that we *do* appreciate music of a certain kind. Luther says that music is the art of the prophets. Which of the wise ancients sang as sing the musical artists of our nineteenth century? If the *meaning* of song goes deep, how can one be impressed by what is to them utterly unintelligible? "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," says the poet. These grand compositions have an opposite effect upon us—a proof that we are not savages—not uncivilized, though perhaps uncultivated.

Some one says, "Music once admitted into the soul becomes a sort of spirit, it never dies." We realize that now as never before. If this is music then, we understand why we were affected in much the same manner as was the poor clergyman after hearing the song of the car conductor :

"Punch, brothers, punch ; punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare,"

His brain was not any more tortured by that "pink trip slip" than is ours by the ear-piercing, heart-rending screams of the singers of these "lovely" solos, duetts, trios and quartettes. What element of melody have the fashionable scores of these rays of science to charm the ear much less to reach the heart! The sounds that go up and down the ladder of song, now swelling like a boarding-house gong, now dying away in a quiver, like the "Sad moaning of November winds in the blank midnight." It is unfortunate that we cannot appreciate music, and of course we blush while we confess it, but the simple tunes we learned at school so long ago are even yet sweeter to us, and no music ever pleased us better than the strains that proceeded from the "ungodly fiddle" our grandfather played, or the Jew's harp melody with which our neighbor's son serenaded us in the days of "long ago." "Auld lang syne"—we hear it to-day sweet as when first sung in its birth-place on the heather hills—music that charms alike the dweller in the hall and the hovel. "Home, sweet home"—the wanderer on a foreign shore hums it to-night, and forgetting the

strange scenes around him, is a child again in his boyhood home. "When shall we meet again"—tremulous lips that sang it a year ago now answer from the other shore, "Soon shall we meet again. "Annie Laurie"—the army sang it the night before the battle; men of all lands were there,

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

Far away from its island home we hear the strains of "Erin go bragh." Wherever the light-hearted Frenchman goes, the ear of the listener is charmed by the strains of "La Belle France," and the sturdy German wipes a tear-drop from his eye as the organ-grinder on the street plays a song of the "Faderland." Ah, they can never die, those sweet and simple melodies that linger round the heart like childhood's dream of heaven. From what do they derive their immortality if not from the tunes by which we remember them? As it is the sentiment, rather than the words, that has made "A man's a man for a' that" a watchword for the generations, and given such a charm to "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and Gray's Elogy, so it is the old familiar airs—the music, not the words—that becomes a part of ourselves, inseparable from us. Then there are all those sacred tunes, heard first in the quaint little village church at home. "Old Hundred," "St. Thomas," "Martyrdom," "Boylston," "Corinth," and a host of others that haunt the memory yet. Is there anything nearer your heart to-day than these same old strains? Can they ever die? To us this is music. Have you not some of these old tunes laid up in your heart, carefully hidden like keepsakes of the past—precious links in the golden chain that bind us to that past? Think of them now, and bless God for the memory of those dear old strains which your mother—the old fashioned mother it may be—gently sang, as with touch as gentle she wiped away your childish tears and soothed the sorrows of your boyish heart. Weary years have passed since then. The old arm-chair has long been vacant. Its occupant now sings the "new, new song" on the other shore, time has begun to efface the images of former things from your mem-

ory, but the old tunes are all there yet—at times forgotten it may be, but the school boy whistling them as he passes on the street awakes an echo in your heart; unconsciously you begin to hum the old songs, you live over again the scenes of the past; the old tune has for a time charmed you back to your former, it may be to your better, self. You understand such music as this. It is heart-born. Then fret not when told that you cannot appreciate music. Become not alarmed though some one hint that even heaven will become irksome to you, because your taste for music has not been cultivated. If the singing of this fashionable music is to be a part of the enjoyment of the "better land," let us hope that in some one of the many mansions there will be a company of old-fashioned people, who, with old-fashioned voices, will sing the dear old-fashioned tunes.

OLD HUNDRED.

THE RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

Most strange!

Most queer,—although most excellent a change!
 Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!
 My fettered thoughts have now a wider range,
 And like my legs are free;
 No longer huddled up so pitiably;
 Free now to pry and probe, and peer and peer,
 And make these mysteries out.
 Shall a *free-thinking* chicken live in doubt?
 For now in doubt undoubtedly I am;
 This problem's very heavy on my mind,
 And I'm not one to either shirk or sham;
 I wont be blinded, and I wont be blind.

Now let me see :
 First, I would know how did I get in there ?

Then, where was I of yore ?
 Besides, why didn't I get out before ?

Dear me !
 Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more),
 Enough to give me *pip* upon the brain.

But let me think again :
 How do I know I ever was inside ?
 Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
 Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
 To think that I could dwell
 In such a paltry, miserable cell

As that old shell.
 Of course I couldn't ! How could I have lain,
 Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
 And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
 In there ?

I meet the notion with profound disdain ;
 It's quite incredible ; since I do declare,
 (And I'm a chicken, that you can't deceive),
 What I can't understand I wont believe.

Where did I come from, then ? Ah, where, indeed !
 This is a riddle, monstrous hard to read.

I have it ! Why of course
 All things are moulded by some plastic force
 Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
 Fortuitously concurrent anywhere.

There, now !
 That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear ?
 My mother cackling at me ! Just her way,
 So prejudiced and ignorant *I* say,
 So far behind the wisdom of the day :
 What's old I can't revere.

Hark at her: "You're a silly chick, my dear,
 That, quite as plain, alack!
 As is the piece of shell upon your back!"
 How bigoted! Upon my back, indeed!
 I don't believe it's there,
 For I can't see it; and I do declare,
 For all her fond deceiving,
 What I can't see I never will believe in.

—Selected.

"LA R'VEILLE."

'Tis a clear, frosty night in December. The starlight glistens on the snow. The ice crackles under the step, and the breath freezes on the air. 'Tis a night for the sleigh-bells to ring out their merriest jingle, and for a hearty greeting to fall on the ear with a more than usually cheerful sound.

The old-fashioned little church at Lichfield has put on its most hospitable appearance—an appearance at best certainly not imposing, for it is a rustic, dingy little place. However, it has done its best to be cheerful. Its huge stove glows with genial warmth, if not with polish, and through its four windows streams the brilliancy of its seven lamps.

You smile, reader, but still in this humble place the sovereign of the heavens deigns to meet with man, and listen to his poor petitions. Listen to the song of praise rising like precious incense from a rude censor. Softly, in low, quivering tones, it rises at first, then louder and louder it swells, as one and another join in the strain:

"Come, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy praise."

Deep, solemn, touching old hymn! The little church rings with the melody, and the clear air bears its echo upwards towards the heavens—a sweet tribute of thanksgiving to the Omnipotent.

The hour of prayer and praise is ended. The honest farmers press around the minister to wish him good e'en, in their kindest manner. For a few moments the air resounds with hearty greetings and the merry jingle of bells, but soon the old meeting house, notwithstanding its hospitable air, is left almost tenantless.

Three individuals still remain. One is the old man who has charge of the church, the others are deacon McDonald and deacon Smily. That is deacon Caleb McDonald who stands at the left side of the stove—a tall, fat old gentleman, in a large overcoat. He is about sixty years of age, a model picture of a sturdy Scotch-Canadian farmer. You would not call his face handsome, yet it is one of which the deacon need not be ashamed. A large, well-shaped mouth, with an expression made up of two parts Scotch caution and three parts American shrewdness, a long nose, and sharp, gray eyes, which have a faculty for looking in all directions at the same time, without given their owner the disadvantage of a squint. These eyes have won for the deacon a notoriety among the small boys of the neighborhood, among whom he is known by the name of "Caleb the Faithful Spy;" and certainly very few things escape his observation. Many a fine lark has been entirely brought to naught by his quick-sightedness.

Yes, Caleb McDonald is a clever, shrewd old gentleman, but he is not a general favorite. "The Faithful Spy" is the most complimentary of his numerous titles. He is also known as "Old Screw," "Stingy Caleb," and "Skin-flint,"—names of whose uncomplimentary character there can be no doubt. The fact is, that when the deacon began life with the wide world as a potato garden and his hands as working capital, a dollar was a large sum; and now that he has become the richest farmer in the township, a dollar is still a dollar, and is not to be lightly parted with.

Though mankind in general, and beggars and collectors for charitable purposes in particular, do not give the deacon a high name for liberality, still he does help to support his own church. When he sells his wheat, instead of putting all the proceeds into the bank, as we must confess he sometimes feels

his evil genius prompting him to do, he silences the wicked one immediately, and with a comfortable sense of having gained a moral victory over the sins of the flesh, he lays aside the sum for the *cause*. Now if the gift is valued by the amount of sacrifice and moral effort required to give it, deacon McDonald's moderate donation must be exceedingly precious. In addition to this yearly amount, the deacon generally gives twenty-five cents towards a donation for the minister, and if potatoes are plentiful and the deacon finds it rather difficult to dispose of his, the minister is sent a bag or two. If a storm comes on and blows some plums off the deacon's trees, they are placed in the garret to ripen, and the minister is sent a share of them. In short, whenever a chance occurs of showing the minister's family a kindness of this description, the deacon always improves it.

Caleb McDonald is an honest man; he never cheats anyone, though he understands how to drive a clever bargain. He is a deacon of Lichfield church, gives a sum in *hard cash* every year towards *the cause*, gives twenty-five cents now and then towards a donation for the pastor, and occasionally sends a present to the minister's family. He owns the best two hundred acre farm in the neighborhood, has the best house, orchard and cattle in the county, and a good many thousands lying snugly in the bank. In fact he is an eminently respectable member of society. Why do they call him "old skinflint?"

Well, we have given you an introduction to deacon McDonald, with an appendix; and now it is time we took a look at his companion, deacon Smily—quite another person. Small, wiry, with a smart, elastic step, and a face the perpetual picture of his name; a small mouth, the corners of which have a decided propensity to curve upward; a pair of laughing black eyes, and a shock of curly brown hair, dashed here and there with silver. Everyone agrees with the boys that deacon Smily is a "regular brick." We shall not praise him too much for his liberality—though his hand is as open as his heart—because it probably costs him less to hand over twenty-five dollars than it does deacon McDonald to unclasp his fingers from *twenty-five cents*. There is less *high moral effort* wanted.

The two old farmers were soon seated in deacon Smily's sleigh. Deacon McDonald often takes a seat with his friend, as by this arrangement his horses are fresh for the morning's work. "Brother," said deacon Smily, when they had driven on quickly for a few moments, "I have a few calls to make if you do not object. I promised to see poor Martha Monrow, and, by the way, you are a deacon, and might come along. She'd be delighted to see you. Here we are at the place," and in a moment the lithe little man was standing at the door, with a basket on his arm, and his burly companion by his side.

The door was opened by a tidy Scotch woman, who heartily welcomed deacon Smily, and though she looked surprised at the sight of his companion, she gave them both a cordial invitation into a neat little room, at the one end of which was the sick girl's bed. Poor Martha was indeed a sufferer. For five long years had she been a prisoner to her couch, but she still was cheerful. Christianity was a power with her, which held firmly to her one bright hope after all other hopes had taken wing and fled. Deacon Smily immediately crossed the room and spoke to the invalid: "Well, Martha, how do you feel to-day?" At the first sound of the cheery voice, the sick girl's pale face lighted up, and she stretched out her hand eagerly to the visitor. "I have had one of my bad spells to-day, but I am better now, thank you." Her eyes fell on the second visitor, and deacon Smily said, "Martha, this is deacon McDonald; you remember him, don't you?" "O yes, very well," and with one of her brightest smiles, she held out her hand to the deacon. 'Twas a thin white hand, and somehow as his large hand closed upon it, a strange feeling came over him. Deacon McDonald had a warm corner in his heart, and that pale-faced, gentle sufferer seemed to reach it by the shortest way. The last time he had seen her she was a rosy, romping girl, and now upon her pale face there was plainly written the sufferings of the years gone by. Something like remorse, too, mingled in his thoughts. He had done nothing during all these years to help her to bear her heavy burden. He stood quietly by while Deacon Smily spoke to her comforting and

tender words. He saw her eyes brighten at the sight of the ripe golden pears which the deacon had brought her, and all this time feelings which long had slumbered in Caleb McDonald's heart awoke and swelled and surged in his breast. He had a sister once, who died long, long ago; faded away day by day until she became too frail and beautiful for earth, and took her flight for the regions of bliss. 'Twas long since he had thought of her, but now memory was fresh and vivid. As he followed deacon Smily from the sick girl's room, he brushed something like a tear from his cheek, and inwardly determined that one of the boxes of peaches in his cellar should find its way to the invalid on the morrow.

The avenue, once opened to the deacon's heart, was not quickly closed. A visit to Widow Martin determined him to send her a load of wood. As he followed deacon Smily from one scene of suffering to another, and marked the glow of sunshine this good man's presence cast over the most dismal scenes, an enthusiasm began to kindle in his breast. The tiny spark of Christianity, which had been almost smothered by worldliness, now began to brighten into a ruddy blaze: the slumberer was awakening.

'Twas late before Caleb McDonald went to bed that night. He sat in his large arm-chair, and the fire-light from the large wide hearth shone upon a ponderous volume on his knee. Over his countenance stole a softened expression as he read with a new interest the old, old story of Him who was rich yet for our sakes became poor.

Since that night many have been the blessings invoked upon Caleb McDonald's head, and "Old Skin-flint" is a title no longer used. The deacon's head is growing whiter, his step more uncertain; before many suns roll round, he will pass from this to the other side. But he is happy in the thought, and in that day many will rise up to call him blessed.

EMILY A. CRAWFORD.

Editorial Department.

LITERARY EDITORS,

J. ANDERSON,

G. L. WITTET.

BUSINESS EDITOR,

G. B. DAVIS.

—o—

OLD Winter is dead. Upon her tombstone we write: Here lies the Winter of 1875-6. She was noted for her mildness. Her charity to the many poor, whom hard times had stripped of clothing and deprived of fuel, shall ever be remembered. Not a month of her life passed without some modest violet or more brilliant crocus spreading out its petals along her path. Farewell, old Winter, farewell!

Welcome, vigorous, joyous Spring! All nature rouses herself from her long dormancy, and we go out to greet her. The classes in Zoology and Botany spread out over this Garden of Canada in search of fossil rock and early flowers. Base-ball! base-ball! scarcely waits for the ringing of the last bell before it bawls out from fifty throats. West end vs. East end, Upper Flat vs. Lower Flat, Theology vs. Literary, Outside Students vs. inside Students. The ladies may see them from the reading room windows. Base-ball! base-ball!

The bell; tea sweetened by the presence of the ladies; chapel services; study hours, all follow in regular order. College life grows monotonous. Why do we thus shut ourselves up, and plod away, and "burn the mid-night oil" for four or seven long years? Is this a waste of time and vitality? How will it affect our after life? We look up to our Alumni and see them honorably holding positions of honor. They look to us and say, "Student, learn to labour and to wait." We toil on.

OUR ALMA MATER continues to give birth to healthy, rotund children; and, when they are four years old, the ravenous appetite they have for *certificates, honors, scholarships*, and gold and silver medals, is to be accounted for only by the fact that they were disciplined by so stern a mother "somewhere in the wilds of Canada."

Having said *so much*, we make our bow.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Vassar College girls are organizing base-ball clubs for the coming season.

Germany has sixty thousand schools and six million scholars.

"My Dear Cousin," is the way lovers address each other here.—*Marietta College Ohio.*

A couple of Sophs. had a Leap Year Party in the building the other evening.—*Ohio.*

O tempora! O mores! Our ladies rarely recognize even their brothers here.—*Ed.*

One of our young ladies met her father at the depot the other day, as he was passing through, and, according to his request, had a cheap boy to carry a package up town. Now, it happened a certain young gent, an admirer of said young lady, insisted on attending her to the train, and playing the part of that "cheap boy." Thus far, all well, but oh, *Laws!* wasn't it a sight for the boys, standing around, to hear the old gent say as the train was starting: "Here, my boy, is twenty-five cents. Carry the bundle up for her."—*Irving Union.*

Ohio sends a lady to represent her oratorical ability at the Inter-State Contest—Baldwin University, Wittenburg College, Oberlin College, Western Reserve College, Ohio University,

Otterbien University, Buchtel and Hailderburg Colleges, sent forth their brightest stars, which were eclipsed by the brilliant and beautiful oration, "Goethe's Margaret and Helena," delivered by Miss Laura Kent, of Antioch College.

Out of forty-nine students who swore off smoking on March 1st, not half a one has stuck to his pledge.—*Niagara Index*.

The Faculty of Michigan University numbers fifty, and the students in all the departments number 1,069.

OUR EXCHANGES.

When pressed with hard study and weary with mental toil, it is pleasant to come out from among the great grinding wheels of mathematics and classics to spend a time with our exchanges.

While we are reading we feel that there are others who are engaged in the very same work—studying the same subjects, and having the same aims. Imperceptibly but surely we find the bonds of friendship drawing around us closer and closer.

The March number of the *Bates Student* is on our table. We are well pleased with its contents.

The College Ohio comes to us in its new cut. We think that the editors show marked ability in getting up a beautiful paper. Most of its articles are good.

Alumni Journal still retains the vigor and freshness of its youth. It will repay any one to carefully read its contents.

Bowdoin Orient.—We were preparing our quill to write something about that "Letter never sent home," when we noticed that the eagle-eyed *Tablet* had not let it pass. So "we ought to and per force do, subside."

The *University Record* has taken to itself a new name, viz: "The Rochester Campus." Well, that will do.

What has become of *The Packer Quarterly*, and *The Tyro* of Po'keepsie? Have the fair editors gone to the Centennial? We want to hear from you, ladies.

The *College Mirror* reflects great honor upon the Ohio University. Its columns are filled with choice articles, and the tone of the whole paper is not excelled by any of our exchanges.

"THE TYRO ON BILLIARDS.—The *Tyro* is a small sized periodical—a cross between a magazine and a newspaper—published tri-yearly in a place called Woodstock, somewhere in the wilds of Canada. This somewhat limited number of issues per year, is, upon the whole, a matter of congratulation and thanksgiving to the college world, and perhaps more especially to the extended orbit in which it revolves as the sole luminary,

"Life is too short and an editor's time too precious to go over the *Tyro's* tirade, sentence by sentence, but the sum of it was that parents who allowed, and professors who encouraged the sinful practice of billiard playing, were only directing their son's and student's steps into ways that led to everlasting death.

"Alas! alas! is there no help for us? Will not the editor of the *Tyro* pray for us? But seriously, any man who writes and believes such stuff as the above, must be by far more ignorant, weak-headed and simple, than we are willing to believe can exist in this nineteenth century of enlightenment.

"Conscientious scruples are one thing, but such a bigoted assertion of arbitrary asininity merits contempt unutterable.

"The article wound up as follows: 'Yes, TABLET, fool away weeks of precious time and make no advancement. Perhaps you had better try once more to advocate billiard rooms in colleges,'

"No. After such a squelcher we ought to and per force do, subside. *Vale, Tyro, Vale.*"

Thank you, *Tablet*, for spreading so widely the fact that we are "ignorant, weak-headed and simple" in the art of Billiard playing. Three weeks of the term had passed away, and you

said you had learned nothing—except how to play Billiards, may we not add. “*We ought to and per force do, subside.*” That’s right, put away the Billiards; and when you are no longer “ignorant, weak-headed and simple” in geography, come up and see us. Don’t be afraid of the bears. They won’t bite you. We’ll show you some games fit for students, refreshing, invigorating, out in the open air, unconnected with gambling, drinking, blaspheming, the blackest crimes and *death eternal.*

Since we last noticed our exchanges, we have received the *Tyro*, published at Woodstock, Ont. Its articles are, as a rule, good; it contains a large amount of reading matter, and is got up very neatly.—*Queen’s College Journal.*

The *Tyro* for December, 1875, is on our table. We deem it a valuable exchange. It is a neat pamphlet of forty pages, and well filled with readable matter.—*Arcadia Athenæum.*

We are in receipt of the December number of the *Tyro*, published by the Adelpian Literary Society, of Woodstock, Ont., It is a spicy little pamphlet of 50 pages, jammed full of profitable reading matter.—*Brainerd Tribune.*

“The pious *Tyro*, from Woodstock, Ont., has arrived. This paper is about the worst specimen of a College journal that we receive. The December-number contains nothing very readable, if we except the *Tyro’s* long tirade against the *Tablet*, and that, to say the least, is extremely amusing. Our pious brothers of the *Tyro* are afflicted, sore in mind, shocked, scandalized, dumb-founded, and unhappy, because the *Tablet* happened to remark that billiards were becoming quite fashionable in American colleges. Whereat the *Tyro* pharisaically exclaims: “If billiards are finding their way into our colleges, we had better rise up as one man and declare a war against the enemy.” Sit down, Mr. Tyro. That *shot* would have made only for an unfortunate *kiss*. *Draw* in your pious indignation, bring *chalk* to the rescue, and the enemy you so much dread will go down *en masse*. You *count* at ran-

dom, *scratch* like thunder, and put altogether too much *english* on that last attempt at *caroming*. However, you did nicely *scram* off the *Tablet*."—*Niagara Index*.

Thank you, *Index*, after reading your article on "*Infidelity in the Colleges*" we are only too pleased to be distinguished from all the rest as "pious."

"The *Niagara Index* with its sectarian spirit, burns *fiercer* than the flames of Hades. Infidelity in Colleges! Beautiful cloak for spiritual insanity to wrap around its mumbling self! What manner of infidelity does the *Index* rant about."—*Illini*.

The following exchanges have been received during the term, viz: College Olio, Bates Student, The Dartmouth, Queen's College Journal, Qui Vive, Niagara Index, Irving Union, Rochester Campus, Acadia Athenaeum, Asbury Review, Dalhousie Gazette, Trinity Tablet, College Mirror, Bowdoin Orient, Alumni Journal, Ontario Teacher.

PERSONALS.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. N. Wolverton has been awarded the first prize for reading by the Literary and Scientific Society of the Toronto University College; and that he is also one of the editorial staff of the paper about to be issued.

Mr. G. F. Baldwin is teaching at Foley.

Mr. D. Reddick is still teaching at Ayr.

Mr. W. Nesbit matriculated at Osgood Hall with first-class honors.

Mr. D. B. Stumpf graduated at Cleveland ^{*Hornesfeldts*} Medical College, carrying away with him the best scholarship of the senior year.

A. P. McDiarmid, B. A., has accepted a call from Clarence Baptist Church.

Mr. I. Campbell eloquently replied to the toast, "The Learned Professions," at the oyster supper of the Adelphean Society.

WHATNOT.

Prof.—“What is the feminine of monk?” Pupil—“Monkey.”

A Seminarian in quoting Scripture in favor of marriage, got sadly mixed: “Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to the roof of his mouth.”

It is decided that women cannot practice law in Wisconsin; but the judge who decided it crawled under his barn last week, and has not been heard of since.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING.—If men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity; sugar a luxury. Vicious men are the saltpetre; hard, stern men the rock-salt; nice family men the table-salt. Old maids are the brown sugar; good-natured matrons, the loaf-sugar; pretty girls, the fine, pulverized, white sugar. Pass the sugar, please.

A darkey who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him; so when he scrambled out of the water, and was asked how it happened, he answered, “I donno 'zactly; but 'pears as ef the shore kinder histed and frowed me.”—*Rochester Campus*.

To square any number with one half annexed, multiply the whole number by the next consecutive number and annex one fourth: *e. g.* The square of seven and a half is equal to 7×8 plus $\frac{1}{4} = 55\frac{1}{4}$.

As $\frac{1}{2} = .5$ and $\frac{1}{4} = .25$, then to square any number whose unit's figure is five, multiply the part to the left of units by the next consecutive number and annex 25 to the product: *e. g.* to square 35, take 3×4 with 25 annexed, $= 1225$.

Also when two numbers to be multiplied have the part to the left of units the same and the sum of the units 10, multiply the part to the left of units by the next consecutive number and annex the product of the units, *e. g.* $37 \times 33 = 3 \times 4$ with 3×7 annexed $= 1221$.

A white minister at a colored wedding said: “On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it.” To this unclerical remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied: “On such occa-

ions it is customary to give the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."—*Ex.*

A Scottish student supposed to be deficient in judgment was asked by a Professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.—*Ex.*

A scholastic Professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said: "Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will no longer be Miss B." "I really hope I shant," demurely responded the girl, modestly casting down her eyes.—*Ex.*

Pupil—"If the master undertakes to pull my ears, he'll have his hands full; you'll see if he don't." Seatmate—"Well, Jim, you *have* got monstrous ears, I declare."

If what the farmers hereabouts say be true, we will have, in the spring-time, a freshet, the epizootic, any quantity of potato-bugs, an earthquake, meningitis, and hard times in general. The almanac is silent on these points, and we're happy.—*Ex.*

CHINESE PROVERBS.

He who rides a tiger has need of great care to dismount.

Man's life is like a white colt passing a crack.

The stingy man hoards up the iron he scrapes off a needle's point.

To feel after a pin on the bottom of the ocean [i. e. to do some very absurd thing].

To look at the heavens from the bottom of a well [contracted ideas].

To cut off a hen's head with a battle axe [needless bravery].

He desires to hide his tracks, and walks upon the snow.

If you want to catch a tiger's cub, you must go into the tiger's den.

To ride a fierce dog to catch a lame rabbit [useless power over a contemptible enemy].

To use a locust's shank for the shaft of a carriage. [An inefficient person doing important work.]

To shoot a sparrow with a cannon. To fell a tree to catch a blackbird. [Absurdities.]

There is no one to sweep a common hall.

Though a snake get into a bamboo tube, it is hard to change its wriggling disposition.

Heaven never sent the man but Earth provided a grave for him.—*Mirror*.

“Did you break that window?” “To be sure I did,” replied Pat; “and didn’t ye see me runnin’ home after the money to pay for it?”

“Eliza,” said a clergyman to one of his parishioners, whom he saw with her hair in curling papers; “if God had designed your hair to curl He would have curled it for you.” “He did, sir, when I was a child,” was the reply; “but He thinks now I am old enough to do it myself.”

HYMENEAL.

DANN—ALLEN.—On the 5th of January, Rev. F. Dann, of '75, now pastor of Sarnia Township Church, to Miss C. Allen, of St. Marys, by the Rev. J. Cooper, D.D., of London.

PENNAL—PARKER.—On the 2nd February, Mr. T. Pennal, of Abbbville, South Carolina, to Miss M. Augusta, eldest daughter of G. L. Parker, Esq., of Buckingham, Que., by the Rev. F. Home, of the St. Andrews Presbyterian Church.

MCDIARMID—MITTEN.—H. F. McDiarmid to Miss K. Mitten, at the residence of the bride's father, Palmyra, by Rev. E. Turner.

OBITUARY.

Since our last issue, we have been called upon to follow to the grave the mortal remains of Prof. J. C. Yule, of the Theological Department. Some fourteen years ago he came to the Institute as a student for the ministry. To spend and be spent for the Master was his one desire, and the more effect-

ually to serve Him, he spared no pains to fit himself for his work. As a student here he was noted for his indefatigable plodding, and unconquerable determination to understand thoroughly as far as he went. Nothing was done in haste. The utmost care was taken with every subject undertaken. In this way a rare taste was cultivated, and the power of discrimination developed to no ordinary degree. He felt that he was not *quick* in acquiring knowledge, and determined to make up for this lack by unceasing application, and no man was ever more faithful to his determination. He became thorough, also through seeking out everything for himself as far as possible. His motto evidently was to ask no one for the information he could acquire for himself. There is no doubt but that we remember better what it has cost us some trouble to get. What we dig out for ourselves, we shall be likely to hold with a firm grasp. As a consequence, Prof. Yule, as a student, always stood high in his classes, and was held in the highest esteem by his teachers and classmates. Anxious for the highest possible training, he took the Arts course in the University of Toronto. Here he spent six years of continuous study. As might be expected, he graduated with honors—taking medals in both classics and metaphysics. He also took the pass and honor work in Oriental languages throughout his course. In this way his mind was highly disciplined, and richly stored with such knowledge as he felt would be needed in the work of the ministry.

In the midst of all his plodding, he never forgot the one thing needful. If he was studious with respect to his immediate work in college, he was no less devoted and successful as an active member in the church. To live the gospel he embraced was no less his aim than to fit himself for further usefulness. He thoroughly appreciated the apostolic injunction: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." His greatest anxiety at all times was to feel that *every thing* he did was just what the Lord would have him do. No man was ever more mindful of his conscience. Having

enlightened his judgment to the best of his ability, the mandate of conscience was never disregarded. We often thought he was conscientious to a fault, but surely the word "fault" is misplaced in such a connection. To-day he is no doubt reaping the rich reward of his fidelity while here. During his course in Toronto, he superintended a mission at York Mills—some seven miles from the city. He superintended the Sunday School, taught the Bible class, and looked after the preaching for the space of five years. All his spare time from his studies was spent in working up this mission. He visited the people from house to house to get the children to the school and the people to the church. Many a time has he walked out and back those seven miles through the worst of weather, besides walking about for miles through the neighborhood to visit the people. When he first went there there was no school, and the church was about defunct, and the building fast falling into decay. Now there is a flourishing school, and a prosperous church meeting in a comfortable building, while there is a settled pastor, who not unfrequently visits the baptismal waters. Quite often Brother Yule would have to preach himself, besides all his other work. Moreover, all this work was undertaken and carried out perfectly voluntarily on his part. It was without money and without price. It was a work and labor of love, and the Lord blessed him in it.

His constitution, however, was not able to stand such increasing mental and physical labor. About the time he graduated, it began to decline. The theological department of our Institute was very much in need of an additional professor about this time, and he was at once sought to fill the new position. All were delighted at the thought of securing his able services in the department of Greek Exegesis and Evidences, and when he accepted the position the highest expectations were awakened with respect to the success which would attend his efforts. The Lord, however, had other things arranged. Prof. Yule had no more than fairly started into his work, when strong indications of that fatal disease—con-

sumption—set in. It did its work effectually and rapidly, but it could not take him by surprise as to his preparation for another world. Although he longed to stay and work here for the Master, when he became conscious that he must go, he at once set his house in order. Having lived as he lived, it was a small matter for him to be ready. Deliberately and calmly he laid aside his earthly tabernacle, and passed away to be with Christ, which is far better. Never did a corpse more clearly suggest those priceless words: "He giveth his beloved sleep." The Church, the Institute, and the Denominations have sustained a great loss in his departure; while his beloved wife—well, we shall not attempt to describe her loss, for language is too poor to express it. She, however, has our most heartfelt sympathy and prayers. J. T.

STANDINGS.

The following students received the highest number of marks in their years. Maximum, 2200.

FIRST YEAR.

J. H. Innis 1656, T. P. Hall 1656, R. P. Preston 1554, Miss Forrest 1312, Miss Dolson 1312, Miss B. Hewitt 1296, J. McColl 1267, Miss Harvie 1244, Miss Silverthorn 1225, Miss Lizzie Wells 1215, Miss Siple 1212.

SECOND YEAR.

Miss White 1751, Miss C. Bell 1670, Miss McGregor 1576, E. P. Parry 1573, Miss I. Merrill 1500, A. McDonald 1474, Miss Bessey 1344, T. R. Urquhart 1294, J. E. Morgan 1281, Miss Wright 1268, A. Raymond 1260, Miss Bigelow 1232.

Those averaging above 70 per cent. in each class:—Eng. Composition—(Miss R. Bessey, J. C. Dunlop, E. P. Parry), (Miss E. Barnes, J. McDonald), Miss M. McGregor, Miss I. Merrill, T. R. Urquhart. Geometry—Miss C. E. Bell, Miss M. McGregor, T. R. Urquhart, Miss S. White, Miss F. Wright, J. E. Morgan, J. McDonald, D. D. McArthur, (J. C. Burt, E. P. Parry). Arithmetic—Miss S. White, Miss M.

McGregor, N. H. Merry, Miss. C. E. Bell, L. H. Patten, E. Wallace, A. Raymond, E. Best. Algebra—L. Davis, N. H. Merry, Miss C. E. Bell, Miss I. Merrill, H. C. Spellar, A. A. Gower. Latin—(Miss S. White, E. P. Parry,) J. Doolittle, J. E. Morgan, J. C. Burt, A. McDonald. Greek—E. P. Parry, A. McDonald, J. C. Dunlop. French—Miss I. Merrill, Miss E. Bigelow, Miss S. White, A. Raymond, Miss E. Barnes, Miss M. McGregor, N. H. Merry.

THIRD YEAR.

F. Tapscott 1742, Miss Shepherd 1627, J. Zeran 1522. Miss M. E. Smyth 1508, P. C. McKillop 1493, Miss Merriman 1460, D. Laing 1354, G. Chittendon 1347, J. H. Best 1302, Miss McLaughlin 1296, W. Tapscott 1204.

Those averaging above 70 per cent. in each class:—Eng. Composition—D. Laing, F. Tapscott, (J. H. Best, G. Chittendon,) W. Tapscott, R. K. Dayfoot, P. C. McKillop. Roman History—Miss Merriman, (Miss Shepherd, Miss M. E. Smyth,) D. Laing, J. Lindsay, D. Chittendon. Nat. Philosophy—P. C. McKillop, F. Tapscott, J. Zeran, W. Tapscott. Latin—Cicero—Miss Shepherd, Miss Merriman. Greek—Iliad, book I.—F. Tapscott. Geometry—Miss Shepherd, P. C. McKillop, O. H. Garrett, G. Chittendon, W. Tapscott, Miss M. E. Smyth, Miss Merriman. Zoology—F. Tapscott. French—Chas. XII.—Miss McLaughlin, Miss M. E. Smyth, F. Tapscott. Mechanics—(A. McDonald, A. McKellar) (Miss M. E. Smith, W. E. Norton,) E. Best. Greek Grammar—G. B. Davis, J. Zeran, P. C. McKillop, O. H. Garrett.

FOURTH YEAR.

J. J. Baker 1673, G. B. Davis 1537, J. M. White 1290.

Those averaging above 70 per cent. in each class:—Eng. Composition—J. J. Baker 170, J. M. White 161, G. B. Davis 80, half term. Trigonometry—J. M. White 136, J. J. Baker 122, G. B. Davis 82, half term. Latin—J. J. Baker 273, G. B. Davis 260, J. M. White 240. Greek—J. J. Baker 261, J. M. White 210, G. B. Davis 209. Algebra—J. J. Baker 187, J. M. White 143. Logic—J. H. Best 90, G. B. Davis 85, J. Zeran 80, O. H. Garrett 75, G. Chittendon 75. Hebrew—J.

J. Baker 400, J. M. White 400. Intellectual Philosophy—J. H. Bést 255, D. Laing 250, G. B. Davis 248, D. D. Burtch. Evidences of Christianity—D. Laing, J. Zeran, J. H. Best. Chemistry—Miss Shepherd. German—G. B. Davis; special class, Miss Shepherd, L. Davis. Eng. Authors—G. B. Davis, Miss Kate Merriman, D. Laing. Geology—G. B. Davis, D. D. Burtch.

OFFICERS OF SOCIETIES.

THE result of the election of officers in each of our societies for the past term was as follows :

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—President, E. W. Dadson, B. A.; Vice-President, G. B. Davis; Critic, R. Clark; Sec.-Treasurer, John A. McDonald; Marshal, P. K. Dayfoot.

CLERANER SOCIETY.—President, Miss M. McGregor; Vice-President, Miss Bessey; Critic, Mrs. Nott; Sec.-Treasurer, Miss McLaughlin; Librarian, Miss F. Wright.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.—President, L. H. Patten; Vice-President, S. Clark; Critic, E. Wallace; Sec.-Treasurer, J. J. Hinman; Marshal, J. H. Doolittle; Librarian, K. F. Hendry.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

PROGRAMME.

1—Music.....“Kyrie Eleison,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

2—“Christianity the best Philanthropy,”.....

CHARLES Y. SNELL, Painsboro', N. S.

3—Music.....“Gloria,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

4—“True Science an aid to the Gospel,”.....

ROBERT CLARK, Embro.

5—Music.....“Et Incarnatus,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

6—“Is the world getting worse and worse?”.....

JAMES ANDERSON, Notfield.

7—Music.....“Sanctus,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

8—“Hope in Man fed by Christianity alone,”.....

EBENEZER WILLIAM DALSON, B.A., Toronto.

9—Music.....“Valedictory Hymn,”.....

CHOIR.

10—ADDRESS BY DR. FYFE.....

11—Music.....“Dona Nobis Pacem,”.....*Mozart*

CHOIR.

BENEDICTION.

VALEDICTORY HYMN.

BY MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

Glad murmurings rise from festive throngs,
 The laugh of happy hearts I hear;
 Earth echoes back her children's songs,
 And joy-notes wander far and near.

Yet, list! a wailing undertone
 Quivers through all the troubled air,—
 'Tis sorrow's never-ceasing moan,
 The dreary dirge-notes of despair.

And with those grief-wrung notes of pain
 There mingles still the dying wail
 Of those who pass where hope is vain,
 Where prayer can nevermore avail.

O, chosen, consecrated band!
 Go quickly at your Master's call;
 Tell the glad tidings o'er the land,
 "There's room in Jesus' love for all."

"Room for the throbbing heart of grief;
 Rest for the way-worn wanderer there;
 Hope for the lost one,—sure relief
 For all who need his tender care."

Swerve never from your chosen way,
 Though earth may lure your weary feet
 Oft-whiles 'mong easeful bowers to stray,
 Her siren tones are false as sweet.

O, fear not! Night comes apace—
 Death's endless, rayless, hopeless night!
 Fear not; your King, of His sweet grace,
 Will bless you with prevailing might.

And His own hand each brow shall crown,
 His voice with tender welcome greet,
 When ye shall lay your trophies down
 In loving worship at His feet.