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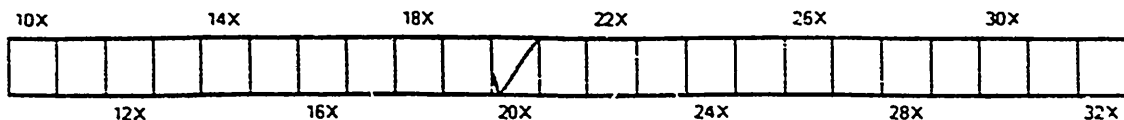
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THE TYRO.

VOL. I.

WOODSTOCK, JULY, 1873.

No. 4.

Religious.

Evening Meditations.

'T WAS night. I left the lonely watch of the sick-room and wandered out for an hour's meditation. I sat me down and breathed the prayer, "Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths, lead me in thy truth and teach me." There was not a cloud in the sky; the stars were again "marshalled on the nightly plain." They appeared just the same as last night; just the same, doubtless, as they did thousands of years ago, when they looked down upon Judea's hills, and upon that Eastern housetop where David was walking to and fro, while his mind wandered among the worlds above him, and he said, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

I asked, Who set those lights in the dome of the sky? And my mind went back: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." Jesus, then, made those star-worlds, and put them there. How powerful and glorious is Jesus! And my soul sang:—

"My God, I am thine ; what a comfort divine !
What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine !"

Slowly sinking behind the hill in the west, was one star
brighter than the rest, and I thought of the "Star that never
sets," the Star

"———First in night's diadem,
* * * * *

The Star—the Star of Bethlehem."

The trees on the hillside were still, and in mind I saw
the withering leaf of last autumn. It fluttered awhile in
the November winds, then was nipped from the stalk by the
winter's frost, and was borne slowly down—down, until it
nestled among those that had fallen before it ; and I thought
"We all do fade as a leaf." I saw

"Childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow."

There was the bud of childhood, the green leaf of manhood,
and the withering, trembling leaf of old age, fluttering for
a while in the autumn winds, then nipped by the frost of
death, and borne slowly down—down, and rested in the
valley beside those laid there before. "We all do fade as a
leaf."

The murmuring stream was near. It was rippling, gur-
gling, gurgling along, ever along. I wondered how long it
had thus murmured on ; how many drops had flowed by,
and where would these be by to-morrow night ; and how
long it would take them to reach the great ocean. Then I
thought of the great stream of Time. How long has it been
flowing ? How many drops of existences have rippled,
gurgled by ? How long will it take those that are now
flowing by, among which I am one, to murmur on to the great
ocean of Eternity ? Truly, "time is short."

“ How swift, alas ! the moments fly !
 How rush the years along !
 Scarce here, yet gone already by—
 The burden of a song.”

But I thought, too, of the “ pure river of water of life,” of which if a man drink he shall never die, and my heart sang :

“ Shall we gather at the river
 Where bright angels’ feet have trod ;
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God ?”

And the remark of Dr. Warren, of Boston, at Woodstock, at the time of the designation of Rev. Jno. McLaurin for the Teloogoos, came to mind. After the singing of that beautiful song by that vast assembly, his deep-toned voice broke the silence that followed, “ worth more than millions of gold.”

I looked down upon the town: the lights, one after another, were being put out; the old mill, too, near by, was still for the night; and I thought of the day when “ those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,” * * * when “ man goeth to his long home.”

But yonder is one light still burning; there is the room of the sick. Oh, how hard comes the breath! for death has been seeming near. How pained is the fevered brow! But the mind breaks free from these scenes below, and goes away beyond yon dome, to that “ Home of the Soul” where there shall be no fading leaves, but where “ the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.” Where there shall be no murmuring stream of time, but “ a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.” Where there shall be no putting out of lights in the windows, no shutting of doors in the street, no ceasing of labour for the night, for “ there shall be no night

there," and "they shall praise Him for ever." Where there shall be no sick rooms, no heavy breathing, no aching fevered brows, no curse, and no more death.

"O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

"O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hand,
To meet one another again."

J. J. WHITE.

Heart Pictures.

MRS. J. C. YULE.

TWO pictures strangely beautiful I hold
In memory's chambers, stored with loving care
Among the precious things I prized of old,
And hid away with tender tear and prayer.
The first, an aged woman's placid face,
Full of the saintly calm of well-spent years,
Yet bearing in its pensive lines the trace
Of weariness and care, and many tears.

We sat together in our Sabbath place
Through the hushed hours of many a blessed day;
And sweet it was to mark the gentle grace
Of that bowed head with those who knelt to pray,
Or lifted face when swelled the sacred psalm,
And the rich promise of God's word was shed
Upon our waiting hearts like heavenly balm,
While all our souls with angels' meat were fed.

There came a day when missing was that face;
The head so often bowed in prayer was gone;
The lifted eyes were dim, with praise
Beyond the stars in saintly beauty shone—

Another crowned one swelling Heaven's high train,
 Another loved one missed at our low shrine,
Hers, the deep calm of Heaven's eternal gain,
 A tearful trust, a tender memory, *mine*.

The other picture is a gentle child—
 A lovely boy, with curls of clustered gold,
 And calm dark eyes that seldom more than smiled,
 As though his life had grown too grave, and old,—
 Too full of weighty thought and lofty quest,
 And earnest searchings after things unseen;
 And yet the quiet child seemed strangely blest,
 As one who inly feels Heaven's peace serene.

So close beside me in his Sabbath place
 He sat or stood, my hand I might have laid
 Upon his sunny curls, or dropped a kiss
 Upon his fair white temples, while he prayed.
 Frail, beauteous child! upon his little feet—
 Though all unheard by love's quick ear attent—
 E'er then, death's chilling waters darkly beat,
 And with his childish hymns their murmurs blent.

One Sabbath day there was an empty seat—
 I could not see for blinding tears that hour—
 But by-and-by, where living waters meet
 In God's fair Paradise, I marked my flower,
 And ceased to weep. Henceforth, with loving care
 These precious pictures in my heart I shrine,
 Food for sweet thought, incentive to sweet prayer,
 My own, until I reach their home and mine.

Peace at any Price.

NO one will deny that war has a glory; a glory, too,
 which has special attractions for thousands. It is very
 natural to resent an injury; yet only the mean-spirited
 can feel a pleasure in resentment. But let an individual or
 national struggle, waged in behalf of right and liberty, oc-

cur, and immediately a deep chord of the soul vibrates with martial feeling.

The instance of the hero of Israel's fights, commanding, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon," forbids the conviction that war is in no case justifiable. The noble death of Nelson, stricken down at his post; or the youthful Hedley Vicars charging a host of Russians with a mere handful of men, adds a genuine and undying lustre to the fame which surrounds these honoured names. Havelock, in the relief of Lucknow, may be considered to have earned the richest chaplet which crowns the brow of chivalry; and to the justice and glory of war, to have added the characteristic of tender mercy.

It is in the consideration of such instances as these that war appears to men clad in envious splendour. A dazzling mantle of glory is thrown around the monster, which conceals its true form.

Whatever may be said respecting the justice or the injustice of war in ages gone by, it seems pretty clear that whenever war is declared in the present age, there is a flagrant violation of right on one side or the other, or both. All nations are composed of men similarly constituted, and possessing equal natural rights. The king or nation which wages war for purposes of self-aggrandizement, or to force its views upon others, is guilty of tyranny—a thing obnoxious to all laws, human and divine. Fame, or the desire of obtaining any object which is prompted by selfishness, must not be regarded as having any weight in the opposite scale. We cannot, then, attempt to justify war when the maintenance of an honourable peace is possible.

As to the glory of war and bloody victory considered in themselves, it is outweighed in true worth by a single disinterested action in behalf of a helpless fellow-being. The best warriors and statesmen perceive true glory to exist in

peace, and advocate the declaration of war only when peace can be thereby obtained. They perceive that peace achieves greater victories for men than war. To convince of this it may be asked, what can be of more importance to India at the present time than peace? By it can the treasures of that sunny clime be brought into the mart of the world. By it, caste, that terrible barrier to Christian enterprise, must fall. And by it, and it alone, can this nation of heathen nations receive the riches of the blessings of the Gospel of Christ. This is also equally applicable to Japan and China. The force of arms was necessary to throw open their gates. Now, however, that the barriers to European enterprise have been in a great measure removed, these nations are open to the benefits of Christian civilization, and peace will achieve for them the greatest victories. Peace is the silver cord which alone can bind a nation in unity and harmony; which can draw together the peoples of the earth in brotherhood. It is the only state in which men can fully enjoy the blessings of the Christian dispensation.

The time is not long since gone by since arms was the chief profession, and war the especial recreation of nations. We are too apt to look upon these times with favouring eye, and think men have terribly degenerated, that the age of chivalrous deeds is gone, that noble actions and brave hearts belong to the past. If, however, we could see the whole picture, the bloodshed, the misery and the woe connected with glorious war, we would be otherwise affected, and understand that the glories of peace are infinitely above those of war.

There are many criticisms of the attitude which England has now for a long time assumed when the peace between nations was being disturbed. Many assert that her martial spirit has left her; that her glory is departing. But this is a grand mistake. It is not that she fears for herself, for her

sons of to-day are possessed of as strong arms and brave hearts as those in the age of chivalry. But in this is the secret revealed. Her aim is peace. She sees true dignity existing in this, and consequently waives the claims of ambition, conquest and fame. In effect she says, let *right* be guarded, and *honour* will take care of itself. Let peace be preserved, and useful knowledge will flourish, wealth will abound, commerce will be extended, and a kindlier feeling will exist between the nations.

It is gratifying to every worker for the best interests of fallen humanity, to see other nations besides England adopting the like sentiments. We cannot too confidently expect that the time will soon arrive when all nations will see the folly of war, and be led to adopt peace as their motto. It will be a glorious time when this blessing shall be universally enjoyed. The very earth will feel that the curse lies lighter upon her, and that she is returning to her primeval purity. The sun, long wearied with the sad spectacle of bloodshed and misery, will lend his cheering rays more freely, and will gladden nature, radiant with the smiles of peace. No picture can be drawn with charms sufficient to represent what our earth would be, had not war entered into it. No jarring sound of strife would be heard, but, on the other hand, all would be vocal with praise to the great Creator. The whole earth would declare His glory, and the voice of many waters would proclaim a mighty God in whose hand is peace.

What a contrast a state of war presents in comparison with the bliss of peace! It takes away all happiness from the habitations of men. The sword reeking in human blood sends multitudes prematurely to the bar of justice, makes mourning widows, hungry and unprotected orphans. War causes the rights of the innocent and defenceless to be trampled in the dust. It transforms men who should be

lovers of right and mercy into demons, whose only pleasure consists in wickedness and self-gratification.

There is truly, then, sufficient cause for everyone professing the name of Christian to work earnestly for the furtherance of peace. And there is also sufficient foundation for us to rest our hopes upon, that its victory is sure, for the promise is that men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

P. A. McE.

Organ Chant.

A LONE, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the past
day!

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
And pray that for the love of Christ our sins be washed
away.

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
For the spirit craves a shrine where to worship and to
pray.

Alone, with God, alone, rings the mighty anthem-tone,
The vesper-chant of nations at the closing of the day.

Alone, with God, alone, sounds the voice of ages flown
As the sun in march sublime keeps upon his onward way.
Alone, with night, alone! Yet with God upon His throne,
The evening turns to morning! the night into the day!

Alone, with God alone, we bow before His throne,
And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the past day!
Alone, with God, alone! Yet with Christ upon His throne,
We feel that for the love of Him our sins are washed
away.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Veterans.

DEEDS of heroism never fail to give us higher conceptions of humanity, as well as to fill us with admiration of the noble souls who perform them. There is, it is true, a morbid desire to bear of marvellous adventure, of crazy daring, of foolhardy recklessness; but there is also a higher tribute which the heart of true manhood instinctively pays to bravery when it rises into the sphere of self-forgetting devotion in a good cause. When we behold one sacrificing his own comfort to the interests of the many, braving peril that others may escape it, facing death to save a stranger's life, we heartily join to do him honour. A nation delights to sing the praises of her heroes—those who have fought her battles, won her victories, guarded her shores, and vindicated her honour. Well may the laurel crown their brows! Well may a nation shout when her conquering heroes come! Yet mournfully proudly may she bear in solemn pomp the remains of the dead patriot to his glorious tomb.

It is with feelings kindred to these that we contemplate the work of those old soldiers who for many long years have borne the banner of the Cross. Their work is almost done; their thin grey hairs and faltering voices proclaim that they are near to their reward. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, each of them exclaims, as he surveys the past, the present, and the future, "I am *now* ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." The memories of many battles fought and many victories won crowd upon their minds. Alone they have stood in the midst of enemies as "sheep in the midst of wolves;"

alone they have stormed the fortifications of the Evil One ; alone, yet not alone, they have preached the wonders of redeeming love.

Many of those devoted men entered our country when it was a howling wilderness. They have preached when their lives were in jeopardy. They have laboured when the Devil's minions threatened them. They have blessed when others cursed. They have wept when others raged. They have prayed when others blasphemed. They have been "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren." They are the tried champions of imperishable truth. They have never turned their back upon the enemy. Though sometime they may have faltered or stumbled, their fidelity to their principles has inspired confidence in others. In their purity they have shone ; in their zeal they have laboured ; in their love for souls they have not held their lives dear unto them. Wealth and fame and honour they have never sought. They left all long years ago to follow Jesus. Their ambition has been to carry the Gospel into destitute places, to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel, to lead the sinner to the Saviour. Footsore and weary they have traversed the rough by-paths ; but their songs rang through the forest aisles, and the boughs of the towering trees were to them the arches of Jehovah's temple.

Destitute of scientific lore, "they have been wise in winning souls ;" unskilled in the subtleties of philosophers, they have been actuated by the noblest principles. Their sunburnt faces brought joy into the log cabin, and light into the distant settlements "The solitary places were glad for them." Poor, they made many rich ; feeble, "they strengthened the weak hands and confirmed the feeble knees." They were the men for the times, God's honoured ambassa-

dors; men who loved their toil,—it was for Jesus; men who smiled at danger,—“the love of Christ constrained them;” men whose convictions were positive,—“Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!” Their eloquence was rude, but it was earnest. Their preaching was simple, but it was full of “the mystery of godliness.” Their system of theology was the Bible; their instructor, “the Holy Spirit of promise;” their Council Chamber, “the Throne of Grace.”

These are the holy men of God,—the fathers in Israel, who have borne the burden and heat of the day; the Elijahs and Johns of the past and passing generation; whose clarion notes woke the echoes of the forest and the wilderness; these the heroes in many a battle against the powers of darkness.

We would honour those whom God has honoured. We almost covet their toils and their privations, for the Master has smiled approval on their self-denying labour. THEY ARE TRULY GREAT—great in faithful effort and holy living,—“great in the kingdom of Heaven.” They are among earth’s benefactors, above the heroes of the fight. They are the peers of philanthropists, the bravest of the brave. O, weave for them your richest chaplets; crown them with the greatest honours. Soon their warfare will be over, and their last victory won; soon will they rest from their labours, and their works shall follow them.

CADET.

Save the Children.

THERE is probably no sphere of Missionary labour fuller, either of hope for the future, or of blessing in the present, than that of those who are striving to snatch little children from the slums of filth and hot-beds of vice

in which they swarm by thousands in great cities. The children of this world have ever been wiser than the children of light. Were Christian philanthropists found using but a tithe of the shrewd foresight and judicious adaptation of means to ends which are everywhere conspicuous in the struggles for wealth and position, much greater success could scarcely fail to attend their labours of love. If in the case of children even of virtuous parents, it is often true that

“The springtime of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled, in most,
By budding ills which need a prudent hand
To check them ;”

what can be expected in the case of those whose eyes first open on scenes of filth and misery, who are swaddled in cradles of infamy, and educated in streets and cellars dark, damp and foul with human depravity? Prevention is ever not only easier, but infinitely better than cure. The strength of manhood redeemed from shame and crime to virtue and God, is an excellent trophy of the power of Gospel grace, but alas! almost as rare as excellent. Hoary hairs are ever a crown of glory if found in the paths of righteousness, but how much more glorious when they adorn the brow of a victor whose whole life has been spent in the race—whose retrospect from the long-desired goal falls upon no wasted or worse than wasted years, of wandering in by-paths of vice, or wallowing in sloughs of degradation.

More is perhaps being done just now in the way of preventing crime, by saving those who are in process of training for criminals, than at any previous period in the world's history. Christian men and women; moved by Christ-like compassion, are treading the narrow lanes of such cities as London and New York on missions of the truest love: full of noble zeal, like their Master—like Him, too, shrinking not

from outward contact with sin and pollution—the world's greatest heroes, we verily believe, in the sight of the great cloud of witnesses who, bending over the battlements of Heaven, rejoice over every new child-victim snatched by them from the jaws of temporal and eternal death—they may be seen here and there threading fearlessly the narrow alleys, plunging into the midst of the untold horrors of human dens underground, or climbing by rickety ladders to festering, loathsome garrets, and ever and anon emerging again to the light with another immortal waif rescued from the thick, choking waters of the great dead sea of human misery. Noble band of human saviour:; all hail! Would that the servants of Christ all over Christendom would arise in the spirit and power of their Master and rush to your aid. Could but the masses of abandoned and orphaned, or worse than orphaned, children, in London for instance, be reached within the next five years, and scattered over the rural districts of this Dominion, who can estimate the effects upon the social and moral character of the great city, and through it of the nation, twenty years hence?

This is the good work in which a few noble Miss Ryes and McPhersons are engaged. Do you shudder at the thought of the self-sacrifice involved in such a work—the constant contact with rudeness and filth and general repulsiveness? True, there is much of all this. But has not such a work also large compensations, and a peculiar blessedness? The children in question are not your rosy-cheeked prattlers, with eyes sparkling with intelligence, and hearts swelling with love, whom it can scarcely cost the most destitute of sensibility: pang to caress. But is it no joy for the Christian heart to observe the slow and steady growth and unfolding of the first seeds of thought and virtuous feeling germinating in the hitherto barren, weed-choked soil? To watch the first gleams of intelligence stealing over brows beclouded with

ignorance, and struggling with the thick larkness seated there? To catch the first bright flashes of eyes lighted by new and holy thoughts, enkindled by yourself? To submit to the rude but hearty embrace of rugged natures, to whom loving and being loved are sensations alike novel and transporting? Is it nothing to be an humble follower in the footsteps, and a sharer in the heavenly motives and impulses and joys of Him who, amidst the half-shocked amazement of His own disciples and the sneers of captious bystanders, took in his arms and blessed—not only, in all probability, the trim and dainty scions of wealthy, or the sweet prattlers of virtuous households, but the begrimed, neglected offspring of poverty, perhaps of shame? Blessed indeed are they who can find it in their hearts to go and do likewise. Such a blessing is being now tasted by many generous souls in this and the mother land. It was the privilege of the writer to visit, not long since, a house for destitute orphans, mainly managed and supported by a good brother in one of our thriving towns. As we listened to the joyous shout of welcome which greeted this brother's approach, and noted the smiles of glad eyes and the murmur of grateful voices as the little ones, rescued but yesterday from the gutters and cellars of the great British Babylon, clustered around their benefactor, we could scarcely restrain a feeling akin to envy. We doubt whether the marts of the civilized world can offer any other investment capable of repaying to a generous, Christian heart so large a percentage of elevated and unselfish gratification as that in which this gentleman had invested a few hundreds. The stock is unlimited. Will there not be many others to bid for shares in similar enterprises?

ZETA.

Literary.

Poetry.

IN one of the marvellous tales contained in one of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," we are told of a robbers' cave whose heavy stone doors were wont to fly open at the sound of the magic words "Open Sesame." As they opened, the untold treasures of the cavern were revealed—gold, silver, pearls and diamonds in rich profusion.

The realm of poetry is like that cave of treasures. The magic word which will open it is not known to all men; but those who have seen within the gates know what stores of delight are laid up there; and after they have gazed, they carry a joy on their faces which others cannot comprehend. For to these others the door remains closed; for to them there is no charm in poetry. In their estimation it is merely a peculiar arrangement of words in lines, containing a regular number of syllables, and terminating in the recurrence of similar sounds. How poor their view! Truly they see only the cold stone door; the rich interior is concealed from their sight.

If the ability to arrange words in the form of verse were all that is implied in the poet's art, the most contemptible rhymester would be worthy of being classed with Spenser, Milton and Shakespeare. No; there must be something infinitely higher than this in poetry, or he who called it "the divinity of all arts" must have greatly overrated its value.

It is true that the poet generally chooses to express himself in verse; but the verse is, after all, only the form of expression. The thought expressed is that in which the poetry lies. The charm of a diamond ring centres not in the setting of gold, but in the sparkling jewel, so the charm of

the poem must centre in the beauty of the thought, and not in the rhythm of the verse. The setting of the diamond is beautiful, but in a lesser degree ; so the verse, if smooth and harmonious, possesses a beauty not to be despised. In the English language we have a few examples of sweet, true poetry in the form of prose. Among these are Dickens' " Wild Night at Sea," and his " Death of Little Nell."

Every science and every art has its own particular province. Thus, astronomy treats of the heavenly bodies, botany of plants, and metaphysics of the human mind. The art of painting teaches us to figure upon canvas the images of natural objects. But what is the province of poetry ? Of what does the poet speak ? Truly his is a wide field. His science embraces all others. With the astronomer he can contemplate the immensity of the universe. He sees " the world a spot, a grain, an atom, with the firmament compared." Soaring in imagination far beyond the regions penetrated by the astronomer's gaze, he sings of worlds unknown ; far-off planets are by him peopled, and brought nigh unto us. Like the botanist, he speaks of plants. The

" Wee modest crimson-tipped flower "

is made the subject of his song ; and often he pauses in his sublimest musings to admire the fairy drapery of the forest trees. Like the metaphysician, he speaks of the mighty passions and gentle emotions of the human mind. The poet seems to have no limit to his subjects. All spheres are included in his. Everything, great or small, may form a theme " for his discourse." He finds " tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." His imagination, like the fairy chariots of old, stops not before barred doors, nor does distance weaken its flight. The poet confines himself not to earth. Milton stayed not outside the pearly gates, but traversed the golden

streets of heaven itself. Dante was not intimidated by the dire sight of the infernal regions, but penetrated them to their profoundest depths.

While the poet speaks on the same subjects as the philosopher, how different is his discourse. The philosopher addresses himself to the head, the poet to the heart. As the player of the harp sweeps his hands over the chords of his instrument, so the poet sweeps his hand over the chords of the heart. Now he touches a joyful note, and immediately our whole nature vibrates in unison with it. Who could resist the innocent gladness, the youthful joy, breathed in the first stanzas of Tennyson's "May Queen?"

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new-year;
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May."

Then the poet touches a melancholy chord, and the tears are ready to flow. The glad new-year is gone; the rosy cheeks are pale. Hark! how weak the voice and how sad the words:

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see;
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me."

When the poet touches a martial chord, immediately we are filled with patriotic fire. The clash of arms seems to surround us; our country's heroes are before us, and we are almost ready to exclaim with them, "Give us liberty, or give us death."

But now his music breathes a solemn, mysterious tone, and we are filled with awe. We are transported to heaven itself, and

“Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from the blest voices uttering joy—heaven rang
With jubilee, and the loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions.”

While the sphere of poetry is very extensive, each poet has his own position in it. It is too vast for one to fill with his song. The eagle alone is able to soar to the highest crag; the robin must content itself with the tree-top. But, has not the pretty robin admirers as well as the bold eagle? We are lovers of variety, and therefore we can enjoy the grand swelling anthems of Milton, which seem to issue from the very orchestra of heaven; the free, untamed songs of Burns and Moore; the exquisite notes of Tennyson, and the martial strains of Scott.

Truly the poet's is a wondrous power. His is the highest kind of teaching. “Poetry delineates the tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, and through the brightness of its prophetic vision helps faith to lay hold on the future life.”

MISS E. CRAWFORD.

Industry and Perseverance Necessary to Success.

REV. E. CHESNEY.

MAN at the creation was designed for work. Anterior to the fall it was enjoined upon him by the Great Creator. His faculties are all given to him in an undeveloped state, and the law that governs their development is exercise. As the germ that shoots forth from the acorn must develop and expand for many years before it becomes the stately, majestic king of trees, so with man. To him belong mighty powers in embryo, for he is the adumbration

of the Great Eternal. He possesses a mind, the vastness of which has not yet been comprehended, and gigantic powers that have never been realized. As one who has never seen or had described to him the rose, can form no conception of its loveliness and beauty from the appearance of the fast closed bud; so, in order to appreciate man in all the grandeur and stateliness of his manhood, there must be an unfolding of the characteristics of his nature to our view, so that we can look upon them and appreciate their value. This can only be brought about by a slow process of development; and development is effected only by the exercise of the powers already unfolded. The earth has never yet possessed a fully developed manhood. Life is too short for its accomplishment. But there has been such a manifestation of human powers as to indicate the greatness of their possessor. Wonderful as have been man's achievements, they have only shadowed what he is destined to accomplish. In the province which belongs to the sciences, man has long since crossed the boundary line. The barriers which for so long seemed insurmountable, have been overcome by his powerful skill. Man has bridged the mighty ocean with the steam vessel; he has made the lurid lightnings carry his messages from nation to nation. He has penetrated the deep, dark caverns of the earth, and carried his exploring pursuits to distant worlds and spheres. He has converted the bright luminaries of heaven into gilded mile-stones, and planted his fame upon the highways of the skies. His investigations have been turned in every direction. The physical, the moral, and the intellectual have passed under his investigating hand, and have contributed to his knowledge and power. There is, however, a vast expanse of unexplored territory before him still, which his position among the intelligences of the universe, and his own necessities call upon him to investigate. The man who has made the

greatest attainments is capable of greater still. What he has done has not exhausted his powers, but has prepared him for more stupendous undertakings. In fulfilling the end of life, man may take advantage of the wisdom and experience of others, and thus facilitate his undertakings. Humanity, however, should know no stand-still; and he who is awake to the end of his being will not be unmindful of this fact.

But how is man to attain the standard of a fully developed manhood? We answer, *by industry*—by an undaunted, persevering spirit, that looks upon difficulties with a sneer, and says they shall be overcome; by not yielding to circumstances, but by causing circumstances to bend to his will. The man who does not live in the constant possession of a spirit like this can never succeed. It is by industry that a man must raise himself to the dignity that is worthy of his race. Industry has inscribed success upon the monuments of her children, and has rewarded their toils a thousand times by the blessings she has bestowed. Labour is a blessing; never a curse. The physical, moral, and intellectual powers can never be healthy without it. There is, furthermore, a dignity about the man who raises himself to a position of honour by his own efforts, which another can never realize. Our powers require to be employed in the pursuit of some important end, and when those powers are not thus engaged, discontentment and unhappiness ensue; and the tendency is to engage in trifles, and acts of debauchery and vice. A certain writer has said: "It is this intolerable vacuity of mind that carries the indolent and the rich to the gaming-table and the horse-race. It is this that leads them to engage in contests and pursuits that bear no proportion to the expense and solicitude with which they are sought." The confirmation of this statement is seen in the events of every-day life, for

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

Without employment there can be no real happiness, and the more significant our employment the better. Our success in any science or art, whatever our natural talents, must all be the reward of industry and toil. Instances are many of men of great natural genius “whose beginnings promised much, but degenerated wretchedly as they advanced; because they trusted to genius alone, and made no efforts to improve.” We have no records upon the pages of history of any that ever rose to eminence without possessing an undaunted, independent spirit. Where do we find men of equal endowments of a Demosthenes or a Cicero; and where one that overcame so many difficulties as the former? His health was naturally feeble, his gestures ungraceful, and his voice harsh and tuneless. Yet, by his industry, combined with perseverance, he overcame the most of the disadvantages, and became one of the most influential men of Ancient Greece. So great was his success as an orator, that by his Philippics he made the heart of the great Macedonian king to quail, and all Greece to tremble. His dauntless bravery, the stainless purity of his public and private life, his splendid and distinguished endowments, his services as a statesman and administrator, entitled him to a place among the highest and noblest men of antiquity. Yet, if he had remained where he was, and had never put forth his persevering efforts for improvement, how much would his country have been benefited by his genius, and how much would the world have heard of his fame? And the same holds true of others. If it had not been for industrious habits and perseverance, what would the world have heard of Napoleon, the humble Corsican youth? Of Stephenson, the great railway projector? Of John Jacob Astor, the princely merchant of New York, who was at one time a poor, humble boy at Waldorf? Of Rufus Choate, the renowned lawyer?

and a host of others who rose above circumstances to exalted positions of honour and trust ?

Now, if it was by industry and perseverance that these men became renowned—and none ever rose to eminence without it—is not the position taken fully proved ? Is not this sufficient reason why they should be practised by all the aspirants after honor and fame ? They constitute the only royal road to manhood and honor. They should be practised by the Christian in forwarding the interests of his Master's kingdom ; by the philanthropist in alleviating the sufferings of humanity ; by the physician in making himself proficient in his calling ; by the young stripling at law that he may attain the object of his ambition, so that his counsel may be sought in after life, and his name honored and revered on account of his uprightness ; by all, because of the shortness of life, and the momentous concerns that depend upon our efforts. Let, then, the motto of all be, " Work and persevere," and then the reward is certain.

Up in the Trees.

WOULD we were there in the woods together—
 Two little birds in the midsummer weather!
 Out of the winter, away from the sorrow,
 With—think of it!—never a thought of the morrow!
 Up in the trees whose branches are swinging,
 They sit in the soft airs, singing, singing
 A song in which youth and passion are blended,—
 That is always beginning, and never ended!

Look at them there now, sitting, sitting
 Where owls are hooting and bats are fitting :—
 One is singing, the other is sleeping,
 While the lady moon through the leaves is peeping !
 And now look at us,—whose years are doubled,
 We have missed so much, and have been so troubled,—
 Would we were there in the woods together—
 Two happy birds in the midsummer weather!
 —*From Public Opinion.*

Selected.

More to Follow.

A BENEVOLENT person gave Mr. Rowland Hill a hundred pounds to dispense to a poor minister; and thinking it too much to send him all at once, Mr. Hill forwarded five pounds in a letter, with simply these words: "More to follow." In a few days the good man received another letter by the post—and letters by the post were rarities in those days; this second messenger contained another five pounds with the same motto, "And more to follow." A day or two after came a third and a fourth, and still the same promise, "And more to follow;" till the whole sum was received, and the astonished minister was made familiar with the cheering words, "And more to follow."

Every blessing that comes from God is sent with the self-same promise, "And more to follow." "I forgive you your sins, but there's more to follow." "I justify you in the righteousness of Christ, but there's more to follow." "I adopt you into my family, but there's more to follow." "I educate you for heaven, but there's more to follow." "I give you grace upon grace, but there's more to follow." "I have helped you on to old age, but there's more to follow." "I will uphold you in the hour of death, as you are passing into the world of spirits, my mercy shall still continue with you, and when you land in the world to come there shall still be MORE TO FOLLOW."—*Feathers for Arrows.*

Spectrum Analysis.

THE Spectroscope has proved the most prolific instrument of discovery that has been devised since the invention of the telescope. Its range of investigation is indicated by the fact that it is used not only as an independent instrument, but also as an attachment to both the telescope and the microscope. Through its agency the full import of that early fiat of the Almighty, "Let there be light," is just beginning to be understood, for light, commissioned to be the painter of nature, is also becoming its delineator, dis-

closing new wonders in its mysterious constitution, and revealing changes that are taking place at the origin of this subtle agent, and along the line of its propagation. For ages it has been bringing its hieroglyphic messages to the world, but only just now has man become able to interpret them. Dispersed by the prism of the spectroscope it displays its recently deciphered characters. Wollaston saw these in 1802, but could not read them. In 1814 Fraunhofer examined them more carefully and mapped them, having doubtless a strong suspicion of their scientific importance. Later came several able physicists, who made many painstaking researches to clear up the mystery; but all remained in obscurity till 1859, when Kirchoff gathered together many isolated facts relating to absorption, and, generalizing the fact that a gas absorbs precisely those rays which it emits when made self-luminous, enunciated the law that "The relation between the power of emission and the power of absorption of one and the same class of rays is the same for all bodies at the same temperature." Since, the physicists have not only analyzed terrestrial substances, but they have also determined in part the physical constitution of the sun, the planets, stars, comets and nebulae. By spectrum analysis it has been ascertained that the sun contains many substances in common with the earth; that Uranus is probably in part self-luminous; that Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn have an atmosphere containing aqueous vapour, while the moon has none; that comets appear to consist of an aggregate of minute solid particles, rendered luminous on approaching the sun; and that many of the unresolved nebulae, floating on the outskirts of the universe, are still in their original condition of glowing gas. The credit of these wonderful discoveries belongs principally to European investigators. Secchi of Rome, Angstrom of Upsala, Kirchoff of Germany, Janssen of Paris, and Lockyer, Roscoe and Huggins of England, have been indefatigable workers. America has, however, one representative who compares favourably with these noted names of the old world. To Prof. Young, of Dartmouth College, belongs the considerable credit of being the only American who is recognized abroad as an original investigator with the spectroscope. In the latest and best work on "Spectrum Analysis," by Dr. Shellen, frequent reference is made to the investigations of Prof. Young. He is admitted to be the best authority in this country on the physical constitution of the sun.

The total eclipse of the sun in 1868, '69 and '70 were observed with great interest by those desirous of obtaining evidence tending to establish the principles upon which spectrum analysis proceeds. It is evident that if the dark lines of the solar spectrum are occasioned by the absorption of rays of corresponding refrangibility by vapours surrounding the incandescent nucleus of the sun, then when the nucleus is eclipsed and its light intercepted the glowing vapour should give a reversed spectrum, bright lines taking the place of the dark ones, according to well-established law of luminous gases. The observations in 1868 and 1869 were not altogether satisfactory; for, while the dark lines disappeared during total obscuration, they were not replaced by bright ones. But in 1870, Prof. Young went to Spain to observe the eclipse of that year, and had the satisfaction and the honour of seeing what man had never seen before—the dark lines of the solar spectrum replaced for a few seconds by the bright lines of the luminous vapour.

On the 28th of September of the same year, Prof. Young succeeded in making the first photograph of the prominences on the sun's limb in bright sunshine. Though the plate was only half an inch in diameter, yet the forms of the prominences could be clearly discerned, so that the possibility of photographing them has been fully established by this experiment.

He also devoted much time to the observation of solar storms, during one of which a mass of hydrogen gas was observed to shoot up from the surface of the sun, a distance of 60,000 miles in half an hour.

Spectrum analysis is still in its infancy; and it is to be hoped that more American scientists will be found, who will reflect upon us equal credit with Prof. Young, and that an intelligent public will be liberal in furnishing investigators with the necessary appliances. H. S. C.—*Tripod*.

Then and Now.

THE following extract is from a letter written by a prominent citizen of Haverhill, Mass., to a gentleman then in Lisbon, Portugal. It sounds queerly at the present time! Only God can see the end from the beginning. The letter came to our hands well authenticated, and so far as we know has never been published before. It is dated Feb. 12th, 1812:

"I think of nothing interesting to add; I will however just observe that religious enthusiasm still continues to prevail here. Believe me, unaccountable as it may appear to you, that what I am about to repeat to you is true. A daughter of the late Moses Atwood, deceased, by the name of Harriet, and a young Miss Hazeltine, of the Hazeltine family of Bradford, young (about 17 or 18 years old) and totally inexperienced in the school of human nature, are about to embark with their companions (to whom they have but yesterday allied themselves by marriage)—yes, I say that these four foolish and inexperienced young people are about to embark, and will actually sail for the far distant shores of Hindostan, and, marvellous to tell—to teach that numerous and ancient people the right way to heaven! Why disturb that or any other people about their religious opinions? We, like all other people under heaven, are tenacious of our own religious opinions. It is of no consequence whether my neighbour believes in 'one God or twenty gods,' so long as he does not rob my pockets. It is unnecessary for me to dwell longer on this subject, as you can easily anticipate what further might be added."

Observe, "these four foolish and inexperienced young people" are now known to the world under the following illustrious names: ADONIRAM JUDSON and ANNE HAZELTINE JUDSON, SAMUEL NEWELL and HARRIET ATWOOD NEWELL.--*Macedonian*.

DR. HENRY SCHLIERMANN'S excavations on what he believes to be the site of ancient Troy have brought to light a series of objects which suggest to his mind an entirely new interpretation of the word *glaukopis* as applied by Homer to the Goddess Athene. These objects, which have been found at various depths down to 53 feet beneath the surface, are (1) terracotta vases, ornamented with an owl's face and a helmet; (2) similar vases, ornamented with figures composed of the body of a woman with the head of an owl; (3) numbers of small figures with owls' faces, and being for the rest of female form. If he is right in taking these figures to be archaic representations of Athene, the protecting deity of Troy, the literal interpretation of *glaukopis* as the "owl-faced" will be obvious. The locality and depth of the find, and the presence of the helmet, satisfy him that he is right. That the figures of the goddess actually had an owl's head instead of that of a female in the early Homeric times, would be a startling announcement, were we not aware of the fact that a very archaic figure of *Dea Veter* at Phigaleia had, according to Pausanias, the head and mane of a horse.—*Littell's Living Age*.

Editorial.

EDITORS:

IRA SMITH, P. A. McEWEEN, I. CAMPBELL.

WITH this number the TYRO begins its second year. It becomes our pleasing duty to thank our subscribers for their patronage. We feel not a little gratified to know that the enterprise has, in every way, proved a success. We have endeavoured to make the TYRO the organ of the school and the exponent of our principles, and through it to acquaint our readers with the position, interests and progress of our *Alma Mater*. The object of the Magazine is to encourage literary effort among the students, to keep alive the interest of those who have gone from us, and to widen the influence of the school.

Our success has in no small degree been owing to our Printers, Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, who have been uniformly prompt and obliging. The appearance of the Magazine will sufficiently proclaim the merits of their work.

When our subscription list has become large enough, the TYRO will be published as a Quarterly. We hope that in the next issue the Editors may be able to announce the determination of the Society to increase the number of yearly publications. But this will greatly depend upon the promptness of our friends, whose patronage we confidently expect, and the interest which they take in our enterprise.

We call upon all the "old students" to assist us in this enterprise, both by extending the subscription list and by contributing to the pages of the TYRO. We invite all our

readers to look at our terms and to send us clubs. Let each student endeavour to get up at least one club-list in his own neighbourhood during the vacation.

One of the Editors will remain in Woodstock all summer, and will be glad to be troubled with subscriptions.

Individualism in the Scholar.

THE general culture of the present age is often freely proclaimed at the expense of individual improvement. While it is our easy boast that a philosopher of five centuries ago would be amazed at the scientific truths taught in our common schools, we are in no small danger of losing the independence of thought, the power of personal investigation which he possessed, at whose comparative ignorance we smile. Absorbed by the glowing of the heavens we may forget to climb upward toward them. It is natural to praise the elaborate frieze and well-turned cornice, while the strong foundations supporting the structure are forgotten.

We repeat and vegetate only while labouring under the pleasing delusion that we think and live. We may joyfully reap the advantages of genius, but it is quite another thing to have the inspiration of genius. The very inheritance of the great opportunities of learning what others have gained, is as fatal to real energy and development of mind as the inheritance of great pecuniary wealth to the promotion of physical or business energy.

In reading works which reveal to us the wisdom of six thousand years, we are far from becoming masters of the knowledge which so many centuries have gathered. It is one thing to placidly contemplate, complacently absorb what others have learned and taught, but quite another to grasp their thought, make it live and reproduce itself in our own thinking. The tree that reproduces must enter fully into the conditions of soil, position, heat and light. So if a mind really knows, it will reproduce; its knowledge is measured by the growths which are stimulated by contact with other minds.

A man may admire a deep thought, may praise it and be subdued by it, but only a deep intellect can receive a great deep thought. We really receive no new thought except by struggle and conflict we fasten on our minds according to the pattern of the new thought, making it part and parcel of our existence, living and walking on in its inspiration. Thought cannot be communicated to minds that do not think. The power of old sages, at whose mistakes and crudities we laugh, may be a far-off thing to us. It is their power, rather than their knowledge, we are to covet.

Therefore we find the professions, and our Colleges and Seminaries, abundantly supplied with paupers who, halt and lame and blind in intellect, depend on the bounties, the helps which richer, nobler minds have stored; persons "incompetent to get their own mental living." So a characteristic of the times is a strong tendency to imitate. The preacher in his study works over and adapts to his own use the products of others, more royal souls; in his pulpit he ventures from no path which he has not explored with safe guidance by a stronger, bolder hand. The painter becomes a copyist of Rubens and Claude. The teacher finds scraps of knowledge which he asserts and distributes according to his personal tastes, and calls the product "his system."

" *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, et turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici ?*"

Conceit makes a show of capacity at the bar and on the bench. The scholar develops in the recitation room imitative faculties at the expense of competent mental vigour. The last thought is the greatest to such minds, because room must be made for it at the expense of all that has preceded it. The last argument to which they have listened is the only one which sways them; like the Hibernian who, hearing the counsel for the plaintiff, declared, "surely he has won the case." and then, after the plea of the defendant's counsel, was glowingly sure that "he has won the case."

As among men in working circles there are many who seem only

digesting machines, so it may be said of many scholars, that they are acquiring only immense capabilities for mental digestion. We are to strive for individual power, for living manhood—such a *cultus* as shall enable the scholar, at each step, to say with fresh confidence, “I am a man ; I am my own master.”

“Addictus jurare in verbis nullius magistris.”

Our educational discipline is not promoted by feasting on the hard-earned bounties of other minds. Schools lamentably succeed in hindering intellectual development under pretence of furnishing helps to the mind. It requires no small native vigour to resist such exposure and live. That was a decisive test, certainly, which that ancient city devised, of exposing its children in order to learn with what resisting power their constitutions were endowed. Time works changes. The Spartan moors and heights are exchanged for schools and colleges.

They who pass through the educational ordeals devised by the nineteenth century without having intellect, thought, power, perishing in the process, are few. It is refreshing to find some vigorous natures that “leave school with the possibility of being men if not scholars.” The test of the value of study is not what store of facts, what lists of authors it can enable you to produce, but what kind of men does it make ; how well does it succeed in imparting that very inspiration to life which makes those men you study the beacon lights, the great names for all ages.—*The Bates' Student.*

The Institute.

THE Canadian Literary Institute has become so well known to the majority of our readers that we think it almost superfluous to occupy much space in treating of it, but its advance has of late been so marked, and the changes consequent upon this so extensive, as to justify a short notice.

Since 1863 there has been a steady increase in the numbers in attendance. In the Summer Term, of course, the number is always less, but that is largely owing to the absence of the young men engaged on mission fields, who return in the Fall. Since 1863, the increase has equalled one hundred-and five per cent. ; and since 1868, fifty-three per cent. The aggregate attendance for the college year

1863-64, was 228; for 1868-69, 304; and the year just closing, 466. Of this latter number 309 are gentlemen, and 157 ladies.

It is unnecessary to ask the cause of this. All who are acquainted with the Institute know that its character as a school of healthy moral discipline, and thorough instruction, and especially the success of those who have passed through it, have made it what it is. Those who have completed the Theological course, most of whom are now preaching, show by their ability, zeal, and success, that the Institute must have had something to do in preparing them for their work, while the *pleasing* success which has met those sent to the Toronto University shows that it is taking a high position as a school for literary training. As an evidence that this is being recognized by the public, we need only state that there are at present in attendance from fifteen to twenty young men, preparing for the professions of Law, Medicine, and Engineering. A curriculum which embraces a thorough course in Mathematics, Classics, Natural Science, Metaphysics, Ethics, History, English, Music and Drawing, is full enough for any who wish a good thorough education; while it affords an ample basis for those to build upon who wish to take a more special course.

Last term some were refused admission for want of room, but as the new building will be completed by the opening of next term this difficulty will be removed; yet we anticipate that a very few years will see the present increased accommodation too limited for the increased number of students.

Mr. Sawtell, Treasurer of the Institute, has favoured us with the following statement relative to its financial position:—

Many of our readers are already aware that the Trustees of the Institute have been engaged the last two years in enlarging and otherwise improving the property. We are now happy to inform them and others, that the last scaffolding has been removed, and the new building will be ready for occupation in September next. The Regular Baptist denomination in Ontario and Quebec may feel proud of the fact, that it owns a property worth at least \$50,000, on which, when completed this fall, we trust there will be no debt, and not a fraction of which has been received either from municipal grant or legislative subsidy. For extent, healthy location, appearance, and general arrangements, the Institute is equal to any similar institution in the Province. It contains thirty-six acres within the corporation, and commands a fine view of the town and surrounding country, giving ample room for lawns, pleasure grounds, gardens, orchards, and pasturage, as well as a fine play-ground.

Since this time last year, the main building has been enlarged, and a complete system of heating with hot air introduced, costing together nearly \$6,000. The building, now nearly finished, is a handsome three-story structure, of white brick, with freestone window sills and iron caps, which, with a bay window in each wing, give the western

facade a lively appearance. It is situated one hundred feet east of the main building, and is attached only by a covered passage. In addition to rooms for sixty-five lady students, it contains handsome drawing and reception rooms, also suites of rooms for one of the professors, and for the lady teachers.

On the west side of the main building there is a small two-story structure, giving accommodation to about twenty, which it is hoped some time not far distant to assimilate in dimensions and appearance to the one before referred to, to be occupied by boys in primary classes.

Great credit is due to the Principal and Trustees for the energy and labour bestowed in this great work. The income is rapidly advancing, the disbursement of which must necessarily add largely to the trade of the town. The following figures show the extent and increase of receipts:—Ministerial education, year ending July 1870, \$2,765. Already received since July 15th, 1872, \$2,603, which by the 15th of next month will probably exceed \$3,200.

Board and Tuition, year ending July 1870, \$10,407. Up to this date (June 14th) it has reached the sum of \$14,200 in eleven months. In addition to the foregoing, upwards of \$13,000 have been paid since July last for building and enlargement purposes, making a total of nearly \$30,000 in eleven months.

The Summer's Work.

EVERY summer many of the students for the ministry spend four or five months in preaching to churches or on mission fields. When the school was first organized, only nine weeks were devoted to this work—so short a time that comparatively little could be done. The present system has in every respect proved much more satisfactory, giving students an opportunity of earning a little money to help them through the next year, or of recuperating health which may have been impaired, besides affording ample time for becoming acquainted with their fields, for discovering and supplying their necessities, and for following up any hopeful indications.

The student does not go to assume a pastorate or to exercise authority. He goes simply as an evangelist of the Lord Jesus Christ, to proclaim glad tidings of great joy, to gather in the wandering and the erring, to go into highways and hedges, the lanes and the alleys, compelling starving souls to come in to the Gospel feast—to preach the Gospel to the poor. They go to sow, and they hope to reap. They set out with many doubts, and fears, and misgivings, crying, "Who is sufficient?"—almost ready to play a Jonah's part. But many have realized the blessedness and sweetness of the promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The constant, heavy drill of the College is apt to dry up the fountains of soul happiness, to throw a chill upon the heart that should be warm, to weaken our sympathy with our life-work, to divest us of that zeal which should clothe us as a cloak. But the summer's work rekindles the apparently dying flame, revives our interest in the work of saving souls, while it tends to deepen our sympathy with our blessed calling, our soul-ennobling labour. On these fields many learn valuable lessons which could never be found in Broadus or any system of Homiletics. We there discover our own weaknesses, and become acquainted with our own selves; while the seven months intervening before next year's work give us ample time for considering the various moves we have made, for criticising our past efforts, for investigating the causes of our failures, and for repenting of any injudiciousness, want of forethought, or folly. We can thus, in some degree at least, check any evil habit that we may find growing upon us, ere it be too late, guard against our errors and when, in the future, we may be placed in similarly difficult positions, we may be enabled to enter with confidence upon a course of action.

It is a lamentable fact that sometimes the conceit of ministerial students considerably exceeds their ability, until taught by painful experience that, even after the greatest care and most faithful labour their grandest efforts once in a while result in little more than complete failures. On the other hand, some enter the lists with the greatest timidity, and are utterly wanting in self confidence, almost shrinking from a work which brings with it such awful responsibility and which requires of him who undertakes it no indifferent order of intellectual power. Such require severe tests and trying duties which cannot be shirked, to draw out the good that may be in them, and to cause them to respect their own powers of mind. On most of these fields the student missionary is alone, where he can take counsel with none but his Master and lean upon nothing but the arm of Omnipotence.

So far the record of the students' work has been encouraging and satisfactory. Many new interests have been started and weak churches built up; many souls have learned to trust the Saviour, and glorious revivals have attended these efforts. It is, moreover, a pleasing fact that the people, almost without exception, hold the names of those who have served them in grateful remembrance.

Our efforts we confess to be weak and our experience limited. But, if we are what we profess to be, we work for something higher than the world's empty honours, and the favours of the crowd. A life of earnest, faithful labour for Jesus, though obscure, is to be preferred to the most glorious name. The Master's final "Well done, good and faithful servant," is more to be coveted than the plaudits of admiring multitudes.

We are pleased to learn that upon many fields our fellow-students

are at present meeting with tokens of Divine favour. May their harvests be abundant and their rejoicings great.

Communications.

CROSSING THE HERRING POND.

WE have received a letter from our excellent friend, "Twist," who has taken the position of our "foreign correspondent." Our space will permit us to present only extracts from the letter:—

London, June 11th, 1873.

Saturday, May 17th, saw the good ship *Circassian*, the latest addition to the Allan Line, swing out from her moorings at Quebec, with her bow pointing eastward, having on board 90 cabin and 30 steerage passengers. When fairly in the stream and with full steam on, we soon lost sight of the Canadian Gibraltar. I suppose the correct thing to do at the time was to meditate on Wolfe's great attack and victory. But if any of the passengers were so employed, their meditations were suddenly interrupted by the bell ringing for lunch.

Monday, 19th, about noon, brought us in sight of Newfoundland. I find on referring to my note book, that we were being dandled up and down by the long swell peculiar to the ocean, which made me feel peculiar. I had got through the first course of dinner, when it occurred to me that possibly I was missing some beautiful scenery, so I made my way on deck as quickly as possible. No doubt you will conclude that I am fond of scenery, when I tell you that I was enticed back to that saloon only once again on the whole voyage.

One morning I was up at four, and it being very cold, I got near the smoke stack. Beside it, I found a poor fellow asleep. In a little he awoke, and pulling an old book, which proved to be a Hebrew Bible, from his breast, began chanting to himself. Soon the steerage passengers began coming up, when the Jew put away the book, but kept on chanting, first up and then down, repeating his words very quickly. Notwithstanding the jibes of his fellow-passengers, he kept this up for an hour. And the passage had so worked on his feelings that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. Had he been reading of the promised Messiah?

On Tuesday, we passed a large number of icebergs. We saw one precisely like the head of a lion—the upper lip just reaching the water. The waves came dashing and circling and eddying round his nostrils, but he sat serenely in his icy grandeur, and though the water was raging about him, "he never stirred a hair." Another resembled representations of the Roman Coliseum, and others, again, assumed a variety of grotesque forms, but all were majestically beautiful.

Saturday, May 24th, was indeed a glorious day, and, like loyal subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, we resolved to celebrate her natal day. When we came up from breakfast, a large poster announced a concert that evening by the "Royal Circassian Opera Troupe." The exercises, in which your correspondent participated, consisted in music on the piano, solos, choruses, readings and a stump speech. The manager of the G.W.R. was our chairman, and he contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening by singing an original song, prepared expressly for the occasion. A collection of over £4 was taken up for seamen's orphans. After the concert, the captain set off a number of rockets from the deck. Fireworks are beautiful on land, but doubly so at sea.—On Sunday, 25th. we had a genuine blow—now we were away up on the top of the waves—now in the hollow of the sea—then the receding waves would rush away, hissing and fizzing and effervescing like a huge Seidlitz powder. The sea remained rough until Wednesday morning, when we entered Loch Foyle. O, what a pleasure it was to see land again, which was increased by knowing that this was "ould Ireland." The first question asked the messenger sent on board was, "Is the Pope dead?" And then we were surprised to hear of the political shuffle in France.

TWIST.

Editorial Notes.

MANY friends of the Institute are anxiously looking forward to the time when it shall be in possession of University powers. But does it require them? The best college in the Dominion does not possess such powers. But would it not be well for the Legislature to induce all colleges possessing such powers to surrender them, and establish a University system for the country, with as many teaching institutions as the people may be able to support? The standard of education would then be uniform, and degrees of equal value, and the slightest prejudice could not reasonably exist. Such a system would create a healthy rivalry among the colleges, and under such a stimulus the standard would never be suffered to fall. Under such a *regime* that college which has the best staff of teachers, and can offer the greatest facilities and the most advantages, will be the one which will have the largest patronage and the greatest honour.

If some such scheme as we have hinted at should not be consummated, we hope that the Institute will never ask for University powers until it is able to furnish as thorough and extensive a course as is found in the University of Toronto. If men are to have the honours of Universities conferred upon them, let them earn them by hard labour, and merit them by thorough scholarship.

WHILE some Faculties have altogether abolished prizes, others adhere to the opinion that they are beneficial in other respects, as

well as in maintaining an honourable rivalry among students. In the Institute a few prizes are offered yearly, but their value is small, and the competition corresponds. In older and wealthier institutions prizes and scholarships are given in every course and every subject. In many instances generous persons deposit a certain amount, the income of which is to be perpetually distributed, according to the desire of the donor. Sometimes this income is at the disposal of the Faculty, and can be offered as they prefer.

There are many young men who thirst for knowledge; but their expenses at college so far exceeds their income, that they are disheartened at the outset. If they could uninterruptedly pursue their course, they might stand at the head of their classes, and in the future, by their ability, make their mark. The task of supporting one's self at college is herculean, as only those realize who have tried it. But many instances might be cited in which men have maintained themselves at the University of Toronto, for instance, by the scholarships they have won. They have been able to get into active life the sooner, with the consciousness that though poor, in the world of thought they were honoured, and their ability appreciated. And we have men here who, while feeling that poverty is no disgrace, realize that it is a great inconvenience. But if prizes and scholarships were offered, they could work with some prospect of reaching the object of their ambition, and of soon being in positions where they could maintain themselves.

Again, a good list of prizes would be an inducement to many more to take a regular, thorough and complete course. One trouble in connection with the Institute has been, that many who have attended, at the end of a term or a year have thought themselves efficiently educated, and have gone out into the world *as representatives of Institute scholarship*, forsooth: This should be remedied; and by the founding scholarships with strict conditions, it might be to a great extent.

Again, proficiency and thoroughness in scholarship would be demanded. Smatterers and drones would stand nowhere. The men who are in earnest would have an additional incentive to seek accuracy and thoroughness—to lay the broad and solid foundations of good scholarship. And though every man could not expect to win, every man who had done his best would have the satisfaction of having gained a store of knowledge and of discipline, which would serve him throughout life.

In what way could the friends of Baptist education invest a small portion of their means more usefully than in arranging a series of prizes and scholarships in connection with the Institute? A beginning has already, as we have said, been made. Annual prizes are now offered in Elocution, Reading and English Composition. Who will encourage the teachers, and promote good scholarship by extending the number to the Classics, the Mathematics, the Sciences, etc.?

Some generous friend to us unknown used to give some handsome awards for general proficiency, and good, no doubt, resulted. Will he not again to the front and provoke others to good works?

We hope to have the pleasure of greeting many new faces next September. Those who come will receive a hearty welcome, both from teachers and students. Persons who propose to attend need fear no initiatory ceremonies. We consider that they belong to the barbarous customs.

We hope that every student will come with the determination to work. The college is no place for pleasure. Parties and holidays must be left at home. We have no time to lose here. That student who does not work will fail to gain the respect of his classmates, and feel his stay here most irksome. We wish to see no drones nor fops nor swells: we are happy to greet M+N—persons who will be a credit to themselves, to their class and the Institute.

Every student should come determined to pursue a full course, to do his best, and to stand in class A in every subject. It is a grand mistake for a person to imagine that he can lay a good foundation in a year. The culture and development of the mind is a slow process. Severe discipline, close application, and faithful and constant labour are pre-requisites to education.

Again we promise a hearty welcome to any who may join our number, hoping that their connection with the school may be as pleasant and happy as our own.

* * * In the present number the Editorial Department has considerably overrun its proper limits, owing to many items of interest connected with the school, which require notice. We have endeavoured to furnish our readers with as much news of the Institute as possible. We trust that this may not be a blemish in the present issue.

Canadian College Notes.

THE Vestalians Sisters sang at the Commencement Exercises of Victoria College, Cobourg.

THE Convocation of the University of Toronto was held June 10th. The Senate will meet some time in July, under the working of the University Bill passed last session of the Legislature.

We understand that there is a talk of publishing an Intercollegiate Journal for Ontario. Such an enterprise would meet with favour and success.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., of Oxford, and REV. GEO. P. YOUNG, M.A., of Edinburgh, Lecturer on Metaphysics in University College, Toronto, received the honorary degree of M.A. from the University of Toronto at the recent Convocation.

THE friends of Knox College, Toronto, are making a noble effort to replace the old and dilapidated structure which at present bears that name, by a building which will be a credit both to the City of Toronto and the Presbyterian denomination. Already between \$50,000 and \$60,000 have been subscribed.

THE students and graduates of the Provincial Normal School are calling loudly for a change in the Faculty of Instruction of that institution. It seems that the storm has been gathering for some time. The only Normal School in the Province should be provided with the ablest instructors and educators of the country.

WE are pleased to learn that a Young Men's Christian Association has been formed among the students of University College, Toronto, of which Mr. J. C. Yule, a former student of this Institute, is President. This is a move in the right direction, with the prospect of doing much good. Some of the best young minds of the country congregate there; and if they are only led to consecrate their powers to Christ, what a healthful influence will they exert throughout the country! Men with great and cultivated gifts and lofty piety are required by the present age. Such men will be centres of the most powerful and healthy influence. Christianity adorns the cultured mind and adds dignity to greatness.

Local Items.

AN organ in our chapel would greatly improve the quality of the music.

THE rostrum and the barn on it, called a desk, are eyesores to all lovers of good taste. Can't "the powers that be" give us a wider platform and a smaller and neater reading desk? There is a great waste of lumber in the present structure.

WE see by our exchanges that the "base ball fever" has been raging among the colleges "on the other side." We have seen symptoms of it here.

THE trees in the park need special attention. Trimming and digging about the roots would make them more thrifty and beautiful.

FOUR students presented themselves before the Ministerial Committee this term.

DRILL.—A new feature presents itself in our Institute life. Not behind any of our countrymen in zeal and fidelity to our Queen and country, a drill association has been organized. The company perform drill twice a week, which affords excellent exercise and diversion. Our small brigade presents as much as it is able of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

BOYS' SCHOOL.—This department is to be worked up as soon as

means can be raised for that purpose. The west building is at present occupied by "the little ones." Boys over thirteen are admitted.

CHANGE.—Next term the Ladies Department will be removed to the east building, and the main building is to be entirely occupied by gentlemen, so that there will be accommodation for 200 boarders.

LATIN GRAMMAR CLASS.—*Tutor*: Miss B——, will you give us an example of a transitive verb governing an object? *Miss B——*: "*Amo puerum.*" *Small Boy* (in an audible whisper): "*Quis puer est?*"

VIRGIL CLASS.—Written examination. *Ques.*: "Write a short note on Neoptolemus." *Ans.*: "Neoptolemus was the grandson of Priam and Hecuba was the son of Achilles and daughter of Laomedon his mother."

WE understand that Mrs. REVELL, our excellent teacher of Instrumental Music, is to have an assistant next term. Mrs. R. has been successful in no small degree in building up the reputation of the Musical Department of the school, and it is gratifying that it has become so large that the services of an assistant teacher are required.

AT the close of last term, Mr. Thomas Trotter obtained the first prize in Declamation, and Messrs Wolverton and M. P. Campbell the second prizes.

THE subject of the English prose composition was "Doubt Fatal to Success." Mr. R. Clark obtained the first, and Mr. Walls the second prize. The same subject was given to the ladies, and Miss Emily Crawford obtained the first, and Miss C. V. McGinn the second prize.

THE commencement exercises of the Theological Class, 1873, were very interesting. The excellent addresses of the graduating students were well delivered. The lecture room was crowded to its utmost.

AT the end of last term, Mr. and Mrs. Luckens resigned their position of steward and matron, after a very pleasant connection with the Institute. Mr. Luckens has enrolled himself as a student, and we give him a hearty welcome to our number. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker occupy the place thus left vacant. We wish them every success in their efforts to give satisfaction—a task not always easy in their department.

PRIZE POEM.—F. Nisbet, Esq., of this town, has kindly offered a prize of \$5.00, to be competed for at the end of the Winter Term, for the best poem written by the students. Conditions to be made by the Faculty.

SOCIETIES.

JUNSON.—At the end of last term the President and the Secretary left for their fields of labour, and Professor McKee has been elected President, and Miss B. C. Yule, Secretary.

ADELPHIAN.—President, J. E. Bates; Vice-President, P. A.

McEwen ; Critic, D. W. C. Troy ; Secretary and Treasurer, D. P. McPherson ; Marshal, G. L. Wittet.

GLEANER.—President, Miss Yule ; Vice President, Miss Harris ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss F. Crawford ; Librarian, Miss Barnes.

EXCELSIOR.—President, E. V. D. Bodwell ; Vice-President, E. Cameron ; Secretary, H. W. Hobson ; Treasurer, A. Kinsman ; Marshal, L. Sovereign.

LECTURES.

REV. D. M. WELTON, of Windsor, N.S., delivered a very interesting and instructive address, May 30th, before the Judson Missionary Society.

REV. A. H. MUNRO, of Toronto, delivered an excellent lecture before the same Society, on Friday evening, June 27th. It was full of thought and interest. The appreciation of the audience was evinced by their undivided attention. We hope we may often have the privilege of hearing Mr. Munro in our lecture room.

THE PUBLIC MEETING

is to be held on Wednesday evening, July 9th, 1873.

Exercises to commence at 8 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

ANTHEM—"How beautiful upon the mountains.".....Choir.

PRAYER.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

MUSIC—(Instrumental Duet).....Misses Raymond and McLaughlin.

THE SHEAF—(Paper)..... Editress, Miss Cameron.

DIALOGUEMessrs. Cameron, Baker, Bodwell and others.

MUSIC—(Vocal).....Messrs. J. M. White and T. Trotter.

THE ORACLE—(Paper)..... Editor, D. Reddick.

MUSIC—(Instrumental Duet),..... Misses Merriman and Olcott.

READING..... T. Trotter.

COLLOQUY—Waiting { Miss Gordon.
Miss F. Crawford.

MUSIC—(Vocal Duet) "Music, and her sister, Song," Misses Merrill
and Adams.

ORATION.....Ira Smith.

MUSIC—"God Save the Queen.".....Choir.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We call special attention to the advertisements in the present number of the "TYRO."

Go to R. G. Chambers for clothing, if you want a perfect fit and a good article.

Nicholson holds out special inducements to students. Every student should get his photo. taken before he leaves school.

Mr. Anderson always keeps on hand a good and cheap assortment of stationery and books.

T. & J. Grant can furnish you with boots in which good quality and neatness are combined.

Mr. James Vannevar, of Toronto, keeps a large assortment of new and second-hand books at as low rates as any bookseller in Ontario. Orders promptly filled by express or mail.

Exchanges.

The Bates Student, College Herald, Tripod, Vassar Miscellany, Targum, College Herald, College Times, Dalhousie Gazette, Kansas Evangel, Virginia University Magazine, The Owl, Niagarensis, Madisonensis, Cornell Era, Annalist, Williams Review, The Packer Quarterly, College Express, University Missourian, College Journal, Central Collegian, The Hesperian Student, American Journal of Insanity, Miami Student, College Argus, Trinity Tablet, Woodstock Sentinel, Times, Review, Ontario Teacher.

Clippings.

ONE of the many curiosities of the Vienna Exhibition is a German translation of Homer's "Iliad" in stenography by Professor Schreiber, of Vienna. It consists of 600 microscopic pages, condensed into so minute a compass as to go into a nutshell. The Roman writer, C. J. Solinus (300 years B. C.) in his "Polyhistor," speaks of a copy of Homer so small that the "Iliad" could be contained in a nutshell, and Pliny affirms that Cicero had seen the work.—*Graphic*.

The Council of the Royal Irish Academy are prepared to offer, out of the Cunningham Fund, two premiums of £50 each, for the best reports or essays on the present state of the Irish language and literature, written and unwritten, in the Provinces of Munster and Connaught respectively.—*Public Opinion*.

Miss Rothschild, who was recently married, and is now the Hon. Mrs. Yorke, with her sister, completed about two years ago a translation of the Old Testament Scriptures, but which was printed only for private circulation. It was the work of several years, during which time the translators almost altogether eschewed fashionable life.—*Public Opinion*.

The Company of Fishmongers have granted fifty guineas to the Pure Literature Society, to enable them to continue their grants of libraries to working-men's institutes and other institutions.—*Ib.*

We (*Athenæum*) hear a characteristic story of Dickens. An Oxford undergraduate, with the natural modesty of the race, sent to the editor of *Household Words*, at the end of the Crimean war, a copy of verses on the return of the Guards, with this note: "Sir,—Understanding that you insert Rhymes in your Serial I send you some." To which Dickens answered, "Sir,—We do not insert Rhymes without Reason."

HONORARY DEGREES.—It is said that a movement is on foot in the English Universities to put an end to the bestowal of honorary degrees to titled persons whose only claim to University honours is that they have a prefix to their names. It seems that there are now on the list of the Oxford Doctors of Civil Law not a few illustrious and distinguished persons, whose knowledge of the law is nothing at all. The members of the University think that for the sake of learning, this ought not to be; and it is likely that in future neither princes nor peers will be made into D.C.L.'s unless they do something besides coming into the world to make them worthy of the honour.—*Globe.*

Cornell University. Thirty thousand dollars have been given by Mr. Sage, of Brooklyn, for the building of a chapel. Another gift of \$30,000 has been made to endow a lectureship on moral and religious subjects.—*Bates Student.*

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from the tables of mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Price from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of the class of inferior scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where *Æschylus* and *Political Economy* injure one, late hours and rum-punches use up a dozen, and the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of *Euclid*. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is, as the early flower, exposed to untimely frosts. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice are named legion. A few hours' sleep each night, high living and plenty of "smashes" make war upon every function of the body. The brain the heart, the lungs, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtaken and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young man, right about!—*Scientific American.*

The Wit and Humour of the Colleges.

ZOOLOGY CLASS.—*Professor*—"Mr. B., please give the common names for the different varieties of the *felis catus*." *Mr. B.*—"The Maltese, the white cat, the black cat, and the—the—Tom cat." *Professor*—"Sit down."—*Tripod*.

During the cold, cloudy weather we had some time ago, several of the ladies in middle college were heard to exclaim, "O, for a little sun."—*Ex.*

A man grew eloquent in a Sunday School Convention and soared into statistics: "My beloved fellow-workers, there are in the Sunday Schools of this State two hundred thousand children *omitting fractions*."—*Vass. Miscellany*.

A student here, who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that, just as he "kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man's boot.—*Chronicle*.

A professor observing a student with something in his mouth like tobacco, cried out, "*Quid est hoc?*" when the student replied, "*Hoc est quid.*"—*Ex.*

The following disquisition on dogs is given by a schoolboy: "Dogs is usefuller as cats. They bite 'em. Dogs foller boys and catches a hog by the ear. Hogs rarely bite. People eat hogs, but not Jews, as they and all other animals that doesn't chew the cud isn't clean ones. Dogs sometimes git hit with boot-jacks for barking nights. Sleepy people git mad and throw 'em at 'em. Dogs is the best animal for man. They do more for man than ground-hogs or koons, or even gotes. Gotes smell. The end."—*Ex.*

Not long since, some Harvard students were serenading a boarding-school, when, seeing some heads at the window, after singing, they waited for comments. They heard, "Arrah, but don't they sing swately, Maggie?"—*Ex.*

In a Latin class, a few days since, a young lady was called up for the declension of a certain word. She boldly proceeded: "*Hic, hæc, hoc, HUG-US, HUG-US HUG-US,*" which latter was received with joyful applause by the boys.—*Ex.*

CHEMISTRY.—*Prof.*—"Mr. —, please hand me that ewer." *Student*—"Sir?" *Prof.*—"That ewer there." *Student*—"Yes, Sir, I'm here." *Prof.* (getting his bile roiled)—"On the table." *Student*—"On the table?" *Prof.* (bile very much roiled)—"Don't you see that ewer on the table?" *Student*—"I *aint* on the table." *Prof.* (ready to burst)—"Can't you see that ewer full of A. S.?"

Student feels greatly insulted, and leaves the room to lay before the President his grievances.—*Prof.*, very much discomfited, goes for the ewer himself.—*Ex.*

In our Geology class a certain "junior," noted for his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, startled the class with the profound question, "Professor, can blind fish see?" Beautiful display of ivories followed.—*Tripod.*

A clergyman lately said that the modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but of hem and sham.—*Ex.*

Personals.

MR. J. J. WHITE has accepted a call from the Baptist Church in Avoca, N. Y. We trust that his harvest may be abundant.

REV. A. A. CAMERON.—We are pleased to learn that the Church in Ottawa, of which Mr. C. is pastor, is about to build a larger place of worship.

REV. W. D. BALLANTYNE, B.A., formerly a teacher in this Institution, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Whitby.

REV. M. MCGREGOR has accepted a call from the Baptist Church in Beamsville.

MR. JOHN H. THOMPSON paid the Institute a visit in May. He is engaged in the hardware business in Steubenville, O.

MR. THOMAS PUTNAM is studying medicine with Dr. Nichols, in Brantford.

MR. JAMES NORTHRUP is in the music business in Aylmer.

We regret that MR. D. W. KARN has been compelled, through ill health, to abandon his studies.

REV. R. B. MONTGOMERY has accepted a call from the Oshawa Church, and has entered upon his labours.

REV. H. BOLTON has temporarily discontinued preaching on account of ill health.

MR. O. C. EDWARDS has graduated in medicine at McGill College, and has passed his examination before the Medical Council of Ontario. He sailed in the *Circassian* for London, where he intends to attend the hospitals.

MR. P. H. McEWAN called at the Institute on his way East.

At the end of last term MR. WEATHERALL was made the recipient of a small present from the students as a token of their esteem and appreciation.

MR. GEO. DICKSON, B. A., formerly a teacher in this school, is Principal of the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont.

MR. ISAAC PATTEN, M. D., is practising in Jerseyville.

MR. THOS. JOHNSON, Theol. '73, was ordained in Petrolia, May 21st.

CAMPBELL.—The chapel occupied by the Baptist Church, Chatham, of which Rev. L. Jno. Campbell is pastor, was recently totally destroyed by fire. The Music Hall has been rented for a year, and vigorous efforts are being made to erect a new building next year.

The record of our students at the University is very gratifying. At the recent Convocation Messrs. Torrance, Dadson and Turnbull received the degree of B. A. Mr. Torrance received a silver medal in metaphysics and a prize for Oriental languages for the 3rd year. In the 2nd year, Mr. A. P. McDiarmid and Mr. M. S. Clark each received a General Proficiency Scholarship.

In 1st year, Mr. P. S. Campbell received a General Proficiency.

[Under this head we are glad to note any change of address or business or any matter of interest connected with our Alumni. By forwarding the necessary material they will greatly oblige the Editors.]

Marriages.

By the Rev. Wm. Lacy, March 25th, 1873, EDGAR BYRON HINMAN to LUCINA ISABELLA BATTELL.

By Rev. Wm. Fraser, assisted by Rev. James Coutts, May 26th, 1873, REV. J. P. McEWEN, THEOL. Class. '73, to MISS KATE KIP-PEN.

By Rev. Duncan McDonald, M.A., May 13th, 1873, REV. ROBERT ROSS to MISS CHRISTINA CURRIE.

Obituaries.

We are called upon to chronicle the death of REV. GEO. REEKS, of Minnesota, who was a member of the first graduating class from this school. His fall was early, but he had waged the battle nobly and faithfully. May the God of the fatherless and the widow guide and protect the bereaved family with his own kind hand.

DIED, on the 15th of May, 1873, deeply regretted by all who knew her, Millie Barker, aged twenty-one years and eight months. Miss Barker entered the Institute in January of the present year, but, before long, was compelled to leave, on account of the delicacy of her health. After a short rest, she was sufficiently better to accept an easy position as teacher at some distance from home; there she died, after a brief illness, far from her dearest earthly friends, but not without the presence of the Heavenly Friend whom she had long served.

Her sweet soul sighed itself to rest,
After brief toil, on Jesus' breast.

Another name on the list of our departed, this one also belonging to a most amiable and excellent girl, Eliza Smith, who left us about a year ago, well and happy, and early this year laid her young head down to die. On the day of her burial, another daughter was carried from the same house, to be laid in the grave with her sister.

Clubs.

Single copies 50 cts per annum.
 One copy..... 20 cts.

Any person securing six names and sending us \$3.00 will receive a free copy for one year.

Any person sending us twenty names or over and fifty cents accompanying each name will receive 20 per cent. and a free copy for one year.

☞ Be careful in giving P. O. Address—Address "TYRO," C. L. Institute, Woodstock, Ont.

The Standings.—Winter Term, 1873.*

SECOND YEAR.

LATIN, VIRGIL, ÆNEID, BK. II, 600 LINES.—W. McGregor, J. V. Teetzel, E. D. Bodwell (J. M. White, T. Trotter, W. Walls), D. B. Stumpf, R. McKillop, E. Cameron, H. A. Eberle, G. Oliver.

GREEK, HARKNESS' FIRST BOOK, completed, and XENOPHON'S ANABASIS, BK. I., CAP. VII.—(W. McGregor, Thos. Trotter,) E. Cameron, E. D. Bodwell.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—I. Campbell, D. P. McPherson, J. V. Teetzel, J. M. White, Miss B. Yule, Geo. Wittet, Miss E. Nesbitt, W. Nesbitt, T. Comport, Miss A. McCleneghan, James Anderson, M. P. Campbell, Miss A. Fairchild, Miss I. Carroll, Miss R. Fairchild, Miss J. Martin.

ALGEBRA, TODHUNTER'S Complete.—J. J. Baker, D. B. Stumpf, Miss M. McArthur, Thomas Trotter, J. M. White, Miss Sinclair, Miss E. Crawford, C. J. Jamieson.

GEOMETRY, BK. I. and DEDUCTIONS.—DIV. I.—A. S. West, Miss L. Latch, G. Sage, Miss M. Sinclair (W. Hillis, Miss E. Crawford), A. W. Smith, Miss M. McArthur, C. Y. Snell.

DIV. II.—(J. J. Baker, D. B. Stumpf,) A. McKee, T. Trotter, E. Cameron, W. Nesbitt, H. A. Eberle, G. Oliver, D. W. Troy,

* This list only contains the names of those who are in First Class A.

C. J. Jamieson, T. Lockhart, Miss E. Nesbitt, Miss C. McGinn, E. D. Bodwell, D. A. McGregor.

ARNOLD'S LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION, EX. 1—20.—W. McGregor, J. V. Teetzel, E. D. Bodwell (J. M. White, T. Trotter, W. Walls), D. B. Stumpf, R. McKillop, E. Cameron, H. A. Eberle, G. Oliver.

FIRST FRENCH (DE FIVAS).—Miss J. McArthur, Miss Sovereign, Miss Bowlby, Miss Ella Merrill, R. McKillop.

THIRD YEAR.

GEOMETRY, BOOK IV. and DEDUCTIONS.—P. A. McEwen.

LATIN, HORACE, ODES, BOOK I.—P. A. McEwen, D. W. Troy, W. T. Tapscott.

GREEK HISTORY and LITERATURE.—D. P. McPherson, Miss B. Yule, P. A. McEwen, A. H. Bodwell, *F. Dann, C. C. McLaurin.

CHEMISTRY.—J. V. Teetzel, H. A. Eberle, Miss M. McArthur, Jas. Anderson, C. J. Jamieson.

LATIN, ARNOLD'S PROSE COMPOSITION, completed.—P. A. McEwen, N. Wolverton, G. F. Baldwin.

GREEK, LUCIAN, CHARON and LIFE.—*P. A. McEwen, G. F. Baldwin, *C. Eede, D. A. McGregor, *D. W. Troy, C. C. McLaurin.

GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION (ARNOLD), 1—20.—G. F. Baldwin, *C. Eede, D. A. McGregor, A. H. Bodwell, *Geo. Robertson, C. C. McLaurin, N. Wolverton, R. McKillop, *M. P. Campbell.

SECOND FRENCH (DE FIVAS).—D. W. Troy, P. A. McEwen, C. Eede, Miss C. McGinn, Miss Sinclair, Miss Cameron, Miss Harris.

HAMILTON'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND—(I. Campbell, J. V. Teetzel.)

FOURTH YEAR.

TRIGONOMETRY, CHERRIMAN'S.—N. Wolverton.

LATIN, HORACE, ODES, BOOK III.—Ira Smith, N. Wolverton.

GREEK, HOMER'S ILLAD, BOOK VI.—Ira Smith.

GREEK, TIMON.—Ira Smith.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Miss B. Yule, Mr. Wittet, Miss Latch, F. Dann, Miss M. Sinclair, C. Y. Snell, Miss C. McGinn, D. Offord, Miss M. McArthur, G. J. S. Ling.

ALGEBRA, COLENZO.—(J. V. Teetzel, I. Campbell.)

GEOLOGY.—Miss Yule, Miss E. Crawford, Miss M. Sinclair, Miss Cameron, Miss L. Latch.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—R. Clark, N. Wolverton, W. Walls, R. McKee, Isaac Campbell, D. S. McEwen, P. A. McEwen, F. Dann, G. Mason, R. McKillop, C. Y. Snell, G. Wittet.