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# THE TYRO.

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## Religious.

### Providence.

(REV. JOHN TORRANCE, M.A.)

BY Providence, we mean the power which God puts forth to control the affairs of men for His own glory. All things must ultimately redound to the glory of God, and Providence is that which so regulates all as to secure this end. That there is such a power at work, is evident both from reason and divine revelation. Men cannot do just *what* they please; nor can they do any thing just *when* they please. We do not refer to things which are evidently beyond the power of man, but to such as appear quite easy to accomplish. There are physical impossibilities which no sane man would ever will to do; but we refer to matters about which there is no physical impossibility, yet, it will be found, that men cannot do them, though they may will their execution ever so much. Cowper, no doubt, thought there was nothing to hinder him from committing suicide. He concluded to drown himself. "Without delay, he called a coach, and was driven to Tower Wharf, intending to throw himself into the river from the Custom-house quay; but when he reached it, he found the water low, and a porter seated on a pile of goods, as if keeping watch on purpose. Hopeless of accomplishing his object, he re-entered the coach, closed the shutters, and seized the laudanum. Twenty times he held the bottle to his lips, and as often an unseen hand

seemed to beat it down." He found, in the language of one of his own hymns,—

" God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

Joseph's brethren thought they had got rid of the dreamer, when they sold him to the Ishmaelites; but it was not long till they were found bowing in his presence as his humble servants. Potiphar's wife thought to disgrace him in the eyes of men, when she could not get him to sin against God; but shortly she sees him exalted to the second place of honor in the whole land. Nebuchadnezzar thought to punish Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, when he cast them into the fiery furnace for refusing to acknowledge his authority over their consciences; but while the fire consumed those who cast them in, not a hair of their heads was singed, nor was the smell of fire found upon their garments. Daniel's enemies thought to get rid of him, by getting Darius to pass a cruel and unalterable decree, which would affect him; but the lions, that refused to touch the man of God, tore his accusers to pieces. Haman was determined to have vengeance upon Mordecai, by having him hung; but the gallows was honored with himself as its victim. For a time, the enemies of Christ seemed to prove most conclusively that he was an impostor; but the very cross by which they triumphed, exalted him far above all principalities and powers, gave him a name above every name, and has revolutionized the whole world in his favor. Pilate boasted of his power to crucify Him, or to release Him, but Jesus said unto him: "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." What more shall we say? Time would fail us to recount the whole history of the world, every page of which would go to show that there is a divine hand overruling all things after the counsel of God's will.

Two objections are urged against this doctrine :

*First; It interferes with fixed laws.* In answer to this, we observe: (a) God is the author and agent of all laws. They are but the rules according to which He governs the world, whether physical, intellectual, or moral. Take this law of falling bodies: "*The spaces passed over are proportional to the squares of the times occupied in falling.*" Now, what does this law amount to, aside from an agent? How does a stone come to fall? Has it the power to move? Gravitation makes it fall. Well, what is *gravitation*? We must not allow ourselves to be carried away by a word. Then how has gravitation so nicely arranged the spaces passed over, that they should be proportional to the squares of the times occupied in falling? This gravitation must be wonderfully wise. Who cannot see from this simple case that laws are but rules of the divine procedure? (b) *Fixed laws* may be classed under two heads: (i.) Those which occur so regularly, that we may depend upon them. (ii.) Those which, from their very nature, are unalterable. *Moral laws* belong to the latter class. They are founded upon principles of right, and consequently God himself, from his nature as revealed to us, is governed by them. We say this with all reverence, and because we find it in the record He has given us. There we read: "God cannot lie." Moral laws, then, are, from their very nature, unalterable. *Providence never interferes with these.* All other laws are founded upon *convenience*, and are for the *benefit of God's creatures*. They occur so regularly, that we, for whose benefit they have been instituted, may depend upon them. We call them *fixed*, but, if we mean by that *unalterable*, we misapprehend their nature. These are the laws with which Providence interferes. God having instituted them on the principle of convenience, for the benefit of his creatures, His way of Providence remains perfect, even should He, while pursuing that way, suspend a given law for a special good.

The *second* objection urged against the doctrine of divine providence is: *It interferes with man's responsibility.* In

the course of God's providential dealings with the Israelites, Pharaoh played an important part. So in the death of Christ for the redemption of man, Judas became the betrayer. "How can they be held responsible," asks the objector, "when the providence of God required them to act just so?" All admit that the conduct of these two men was immoral. They violated moral laws. If, then, the providence of God necessitated them to do so, it must interfere with moral law. This we have denied. The simple question is: Can we prove that God never interferes, so as to cause a violation of moral law? James settles this matter with one stroke of the pen. He says: "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." This proves most conclusively that, whatever our ideas of God's Providence, in connection with man's actions, may be, God does not necessitate any man in any way to do wrong. Hence man's responsibility remains unaffected by Providence.

*(To be continued.)*

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### Voices.

There is such a quiet on the river; I seem to hear nothing but the splash, splash, of water against the boat. With every sweep of the waves, as they roll in and pass on, something goes sobbing from my heart. Ah! I know all about it; the passion-surges are leaving my soul at the sound of the flowing river. Down stream floats the skiff, and from among the reeds and sedges on the shore, I hear voices; listen! the wind from land brings nearer, the

"Children's voices, clear and sweet."

Do you hear them, so full of glee, brimming over with gladness, rippling with soul-pleasure? It is impossible not to

hear them ; I am drinking in every liquid tone so eagerly, that anything like a heart-moan has passed away, just like that golden-grey cloud, that, a-while since, hung over the river. The poor nerves that were quivering and throbbing, are stilled, hushed by the shore-lullabys. Look at those white lilies out there. If I could but gather a few. Take care, the boat may tip. Well done ! a whole handful. Just see the golden treasure that has been dropped into each fair bowl. Why did I wish for them ? Because, in some way, I cannot help likening them to the childish forms seen among the grasses—over there ; the rich lining of the blossoms is akin to the murmur of the childish voices heard on the river's edge. Dip ! dip go the oars ! up one billow—there ! down another ; with a few more strokes, the voices full of healing are left far behind ; but upon the dry places of my soul there are still drops of living water falling. You remember the lilies plucked up stream. See ! from their great white chalices flow glimmering drops, and as I watch them roll down, I think they say, " Comfort ye, comfort ye."

The river has many windings, and as we round one of its curves, I hear cries that are piteous in their helplessness, and full of sharp distress. Hear that ! the restless howl of the oppressed, and mingled with it the piercing shriek of the starving. The wind is very changeable. I suppose it is shrieking and howling to be in sympathy with the stricken ones on shore. Ah me ! that bitter, suppressed sobbing is sadder than all the rest ; the fatherless and the orphaned are making their moan, and the wind has joined in the chorus. Shall I put up my hands and close my ears ? that would be no use. The long soughing of the wind, filled with all those weird sounds, must surely pierce even the dull leaden skies. Oh ! the tender ones ! the little children ! Did you think He had forgotten them ? did you forget He had promised to shelter them in the day of the East Wind ?

As I sail on and on, I see a small craft a short way ahead,

in which a woman is seated ; a few more strokes, and I am near enough to see her face, which the yellow sun is caressing so lovingly. He is too ardent, and the little motes that float in his train are sadly dazzling. She raises one hand to keep off the sun-glow as she reads. The face is very calm to look upon ; but you may easily see the shadows have crossed and re-crossed it, although none rest on it now. She does not give a thought to the gurgling river, or to the stirring crowd around her ; she even does not seem to see that stream of topaz-like light playing with the imperial purple and scarlet of the book resting upon her knee. No ; her whole soul is absorbed in the words of the dear old Jeremy Taylor. This is the time to gather up fragments—be still ! I must catch every word.—“ It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous—that, by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out.” She has ceased to read, and has lifted her face ; her true mother-face and her true mother-voice softly repeats, “ Content, Peace.” For a moment the boat and the restful figure are enfolded in the red light ; then gently and swiftly the sweet vision sweeps down into the west, and there is nothing left but a bright line of light across the sea, and nothing heard but the echo of a sweet voice, saying, “ Content, Peace.”

Another bend in the river. What does all this mean ? Look ! the busy mariners have forgotten their richly-laden ships. They seem to have no care about where they are drifting. Who is this man whose words seem to be life and death to them ? They call him a messenger—a disciple of the Lord Jesus. His voice is strong and clear, and reaches far over the waters :—“ Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.” What must they think of that ? hard lines for those whose ships are laden

“ With gold in the ingot, and silk in the bale.”

Again the voice rings out :—“ Speak not evil one of ano-

ther." Once more I hear, "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men." Far and near they are listening to his every tone; he tells of his Lord, who gave Himself a ransom for many; of His death, burial and resurrection from the dead. As I pass through the throng of boats, the last words spoken by the messenger-voice seem to follow me in the shimmering moonlight:—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The river widens, and the air is thick with voices—some filled with tender pity, others ringing with scorn—some overflowing with lamentations—answering voices replete with consolations. Voices, swelling with their own greatness, come rolling on with the billows, rushing over and bearing down with them voices that are very weakness—voices full of evil to come—voices glowing with the brilliant future—voices like the East Wind—voices of perfect calm—voices more full of vileness than the witch's caldron—voices true, patient, loving, hopeful, trustful, God-given.

The myriads of voices have wearied me. I am so tired of voices now, I close my eyes and long for

"The days that are not,"

and the voices that were surely

"Tender and true."

Voices that were brave and cheery when clouds hung lowest and the river was swollen to its utmost; voices that were never lifted up against those who were struggling with the waves and under-currents of the life-stream; voices whose every tone was protection and strength to the weak. Why do I keep repeating to myself those simple words—

"Tender and true?"

because, I suppose, they are as they were,—

"Tender and true."

It is a happy thing to dream of the dear voices gone;—but

the awaking! Ah! that seems more bitter than death itself! the weary stretching out of hands that come back to us empty; the long call for our own, to which only the vague echo replies; and yet I would not be without my "memories dear," for, in very truth,—

" They are poor  
That have lost nothing;"

and I know as surely that

" My happier days are not the days when I forget."  
" The stream runs fast,"

so also does my little remaining strength. I am so weary rowing! I think "the daylight" has indeed passed, for it is growing dark on the river. Can it be, that this time-worn boat, with its weary oarsman, are nearing their haven? It must be so, it grows dark so fast; I almost shiver; the air is cold; I cannot be afraid? O my heart! what is that golden flash of light over there? Did I say that it was a dark river? it is so no longer; the flash of light has burst into a golden glory; the brightness of the city's wall is cast far along the waters. A dark river, a time-worn boat, a weary mariner! O, no! a burnished sea, a golden boat, and one listening—scarcely daring to draw breath—waiting for something surely coming, listening for those whose tread is

" Soft as the fall of foot that is not shod."

Look at the river; the waters are moving sapphire and beryl; the jewel-encrusted foundations of the city are lending their bewildering light. O, where am I? What is that? the onward sweep of approaching voices, the voices longed for, made perfect, recognized. No more stretching of longing hands—no more calls for those who never come.—The glad hand-clasping of angel-touches. The moving upward of a glorious train.—The reaching of the Gates of His Rest, rolled back.—And, at last, the welcome given,—

" Enter; enter into my rest."

GYDA.

### Sparks from my Anvil.

WE often say that God has chosen mountains for the scene of the grand events in His history. Sinai blazes with the glory of His majesty, and trembles with the thunder of His power. The mount of beatitudes glows, with the gracious sunlight of "Blessed, blessed, blessed." Heaven comes down on Tabor to meet and transfigure our Lord in His prayer.

Olivet furnishes a throne for the only coronation our King ever had in His rebellious Kingdom, and will itself be crowned by the touch of His feet. But the greatest event of all did not desecrate any of God's hills. The pollution of the darkest deed of six thousand years must touch none of His mountains or even hills—only a place called Calvary! A mount Moriah abides to mark Abraham's great typical sacrifice, but when the reality comes the event is marked only by a spot we cannot now identify. No hill with that blood upon it must thrust its crimson head up into the pure sky, and into the presence of the Holy one. Why tans? Because, perhaps, God desires to forget. He would have that gracious Son with His smiles of peace and prayers of mercy the only reminder of the deed we did then in that lost spot. Our earth, ever since stained with that blood, He will bathe in a sea of fire, that there may be 'a new Heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

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When some conceited one offered to teach Themistocles an art by which to *remember*, Themistocles replied that he would rather be taught how to forget. Ah, this awful gift of memory! When it has recovered all its native power, what will be its eternity work? To conjure up the haunting ghosts of dead opportunities, murdered hopes, strangled privileges? Or, abundantly to "utter the memory of thy great goodness?" Which shall it be?

Some 'entertained angels unawares.' The light of eternity will make great revelations. Events we think important will shrink into nothing, and what we now call trifles will lift up their mountain heads. And all the while we are doing these deeds, we knew not what we did. We gave a cup of cold water to a pilgrim because we loved the Lord, and lo, we were doing it to himself! But what if a loveless heart murmured at the pilgrim? At the Lord it murmured—and did it 'unawares.' A chance for blessing, and we knew it not! Jesus 'passing by,' but the eyes will not open, the voice was dumb, and no hand stretched out! A chance for eternal life, and we grasped it not!

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Some one asks, "is it possible for me to keep my Christian love glowing in the midst of so much that is freezing? Studies chill my devotion, business damps my ardor, the scorn of the cold world blows upon my zeal, the frost of formalism freezes up the gushing streams that would well from my heart." Well, my friend, if the fire is bright and warm within, all *that* cannot freeze you. The love of Christ within the heart is kindled from the great flame of God's love which eternity cannot cool, and which all the universe cannot quench. Your love is a spark from *that*, and you are a Vestal set to guard the sacred fire. God designs that it shall burn warmly and imperishably there.

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Within our recollection we have not had such severe cold as that of the past winter. And yet, when the cold was the most intense, in one part of Pennsylvania, in the open air, the grass was growing green, and the trees putting forth their buds. And why? Because close at hand a naphtha spring was on fire, flaming up towards heaven, and making a summer all around it. So God would have you and me, not merely ourselves kept from freezing up in this winter of a world, but smiling and warming into a new life every one within our touch.

## Valedictory Hymn for Class '75.

BY MISS M. MCGINN.

THE world with many voices cries to God,  
But dimly knowing wherein lies its grief ;  
Yet He, beholding, comprehends its woe,  
And sends His truth, the sacred, sure relief.

Oh ! mission meet for angels, to bring nigh,  
On swift and joyful wing, the living word ;  
Yet, upon lowlier messengers, the Lord  
Hath this high embassy of love conferred.

Go forth, ye honored ones ! go humbly forth ;  
Be ye the Lord's for ever, His alone ;  
Shine by His splendor, conquer by His might,  
His message speak in clear and certain tone.

Hold fast His word, and know it for the truth,  
The only balm to heal the world's long woe ;  
The only light that can disperse its gloom ;  
The only guide the God-ward path to show.

And be your lives epistles, known and read,  
Whose lives in fairest characters express.  
Your joy and peace in God, that man may yearn  
To find the One who can so richly bless.

Thus lead the way to Heaven—how clear the path !  
For there the hosts of the redeemed have trod,  
Through many tribulations, and through joys  
Not few, for ever brightening up to God.

Oh ! haste, the world is dying of its need ;  
Bear swift the message of redeeming love ;  
Quit you like men, hard toils await you now,  
And, when ye've toiled awhile, sweet rest above.

## Literary.

Inaugural Address, delivered by the President (Mr. D. A. McGregor) of the Adelpnian Literary Society, at the beginning of the present Term.

**G**ENTLEMLN,—Whatever may be the purposes which have determined us to take advantage of the means of education, the question of most vital and general interest to those engaged in its pursuit is, Whether are we to succeed or fail in the present preparation for usefulness, and in the duties of after life? The question is one worthy of thought, and though it can receive the answer of fact only in future time, yet we think it is capable of present solution, and need be involved in no uncertainty.

Man is not a helpless creature bound by the unyielding law of a stern necessity, but a responsible builder of his own fortune, an intelligent bearer of his own fate. Success is not the result of accident. Life is not a lottery. Its highest prizes are not presented for our mere acceptance, but demand for their attainment the most strenuous exertion. Improvement is purchased at no other price than that of labor. Every step in the upward march to the position of perfected manhood is gained by intensest toil. It is therefore evident that the measure of man's success will be the amount of his executive and enduring power. It is true there are many advantages which man may possess, for which he has not laboured, and which if used aright will prove of good service in any undertaking; yet, with every advantage it is possible to possess, one may utterly fail both of individual progress and of social usefulness. The mere possession of means will not secure success; their potency lies in their use. Wealth is a power by which much may be accomplished, and he

who wields it as an instrument of good increases his own strength by the exercise; but he who seeks it as an end, and uses it merely as a staff to lean upon in life's journey, will be crippled and dwarfed by its possession. Great mental endowments may afford the best means for usefulness or for acquiring distinction in any calling; and yet, apart from that fixedness of purpose which admits of no such word as fail, they will insure no marked success. Though they may attract momentary observation by their brilliancy, they will leave no lasting results. The gifts of nature and the advantages of circumstance are by no means to be depreciated; they are high gifts, but there is one thing higher in man and that is the power which uses them and without which they are worthless.

There is no real good secured without labour. Capricious fortune may seem at times to lavish her gifts profusely with perhaps little regard to the character of recipients; yet, even in these cases, how often does she snatch them away just as unexpectedly as she bestowed them, leaving him who trusted in them much more unfitted for life's struggles than if he had never been the recipient of her favours. How often are the propitious breezes of friendly circumstance changed, as in a moment, to the tempestuous blasts of adverse fortune, and then woe to him who with unstrung nerves has drifted out upon the tide of life. It is a law in nature that the effort requisite for the acquisition of an object develops power sufficient to retain it, and he alone is fitted to retain and utilize the means of usefulness in his possession who has obtained them by his own exertions. While the general truthfulness of this principle is evident in the common transactions of life, much more strictly does it hold true in regard to mental acquirements. No rich legacies of mental wealth fall like ancestral heirlooms to the lot of man. Every gain must be a self-made purchase. Every labourer in the field of knowledge receives impartial payment. Prince and peasant stand on equal

footing, and power not pomp, toil not titles, decides the fortunes of the day.

There is always hope for him who actually and earnestly works. Success is conditioned not so much upon external circumstances as upon internal power, and is the legitimate result of honest exertion. He who with a valorous heart steps out into life's conflict determined to be the architect of his own fortune, may assure himself of success. He alone is worthy of success who is willing to obtain it by his own exertions. That is the truest manhood which rises from beneath the strokes of unfriendly fortune, bursting the barriers of obscure position, and gaining by self-imposed toil the heights of influence, the dwelling place of power, where throned monarch in the realm of mind, and wearing only "Duty's iron crown," he may live to honour and to bless mankind. How noble is Tennyson's description of the man—

" Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breaths the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty State's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,  
The pillar of a people's hope—  
The centre of a world's desire."

The world owes more to-day to its earnest workers than to all else who have ever trod its surface. All the achievements of art, all the discoveries of science, all the advances made in everything by which the condition of mankind is improved, are the reward of toil. What though the delicate finger of fashion point with scorn to the sweat of honest labour! What though oft the man of toil may be despised! No matter how humble the sphere of his labour, the very

drops that trickle from his brow proclaim him one of the world's workers, one of nature's noblest, and as such claim for him the highest honour.

" The glorious privilege to do,  
Is man's most noble dower."

And he is recreant to this trust, traitor to his own best interests and to the common cause of humanity who fails to accept the rich inheritance of toil, and to exert his power for good.

But while it is necessary that man should be an active worker in order to fulfil the design of his being, no man need hope for success who does not combine with the energy of action the power of endurance. There is opposition to be met and difficulties to be encountered in every enterprise. The battle of life is by no means one-sided, and he who would be successful in the struggle must endure as well as act. Nor is this part of man's life-work without its benefits. As the best metals are those wrought to their quality and cast only by the glow of the furnace and the hammer of the smith, so the highest development of power and the greatest capacity for usefulness are gained by severest discipline.

" And show  
That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use."

The home of heroism is the heart that endures. It needs a stronger courage and a better disciplined force to bear calmly the enemy's fire till the time for action has come, than to rush with headlong fury against the foe, and how often that resolute endurance turns the tide of battle. The truest evidence of a noble nature is a willingness to do

and to bear under every vicissitude of fortune, and when adversity is nobly borne it gives a lustre and a worth to noble deeds.

“ O life, without thy checkered scenes  
Of good and ill, of weal and woe,  
Success and failure could a ground  
For magnanimity be found.”

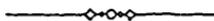
Everything in connection with our life-work proclaims the necessity of endurance. The development of power is gradual and the discipline by which it is secured is severe, so that endurance is necessary even for its acquisition. And since man's faculties are capable of indefinite improvement the limit of his endurance can be the only limit of his growth. His power to act is thus conditioned on his power to endure. Then the great works of life are not those produced by momentary efforts. They are the results of years of incessant toil. Momentary effort can only produce momentary results. The men who are to tell on coming ages must do so by prolonged and painful exertion. The influence of genius apart from endurance is fitful and short-lived at best. Though, for a time, a restless spirit may agitate the surface of the tide of human thought, it soon subsides to its former level, like ruffled waters when the storm is past, while all the time the deep under-currents have remained unchanged. They only who dig deep and broaden the channels of their departure and turn the courses of a people's thought, effect permanent changes. They alone who have done so are the master minds whose power is felt upon succeeding ages—

“ The great of old,  
The dead, but sceptred sovrans who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.”

Endurance is necessary not only in sustaining the burden of self-imposed labour, but also in bearing up under the blows of adverse circumstance. The greatest enterprises

are those which require the patient toil of years, and seldom afford the encouragement of immediate results. The difficulties and direct opposition, which are inevitable to great reforms, declare that man's success depends not less upon his endurance than upon his exertion. The rock-based pillars of liberty and greatness which tower like glorious forms amid the centuries, have not been reared by spasmodic effort. They stand in honour of eternal patience, the grand memorials of "What long-enduring hearts could do." The question of success or failure need not be one of doubt to him who is willing to grapple with difficulty and gain his purpose at the cost of labour. It is with the iron tread of toil that genius marches to the abode of knowledge. Success, the highest honour and noblest reward of all effort, is accorded not to its vacillating suitors, however brilliant be their powers, but to those who,

" Still achieving, still pursuing ;  
Learn to labor and to wait."



### Prometheus.

THIS dawn upon the Caucasus, and on  
A rocky plat, firm bound in ponderous chains  
Of Chalybian iron, Prometheus lies,  
In that last sleep of all the night most sweet.  
And as he wakes, Aurora, rosy-fingered, leaves  
The saffron couch of Tithoneus, her spouse,  
And up the heavens with wingéd speed ascends,  
Her train bedecked with crimson hues as bright  
As her effulgent self.  
Soon Helios follows in his chariot gold,  
And from the glowing axles, whirls the dust  
In glittering streams, afar o'er hill and vale.  
The captive turns, and but a passing glance  
Deigns to bestow upon the landscape, bathed  
In liquid gold ; but on a distant crag  
Fixes his eyes, with gaze as earnest and intent  
As if they'd pierce, like fiery darts of Jove,  
The mountain to its centre.

What means the horror painted on his face,  
 That maniac yell, as if the sufferer were  
 A spirit damned? He stands with knees firm braced  
 Against the rocky wall, and winds the links  
 About his brawny arms, and then with strength  
 Titanic, tugs and strains, to force the firm  
 Embedded staples from their hold. Again  
 He looks. Again, in frenzy of despair,  
 He strives with many a bound to break his chain,  
 Yet is, as often, dashed with ruthless force  
 Upon his rocky bed. At length his struggles cease;  
 The rugged lines, upon his brow raised up  
 By grim despair, now slowly move away.  
 Heroic fortitude his features show,  
 And as he stands erect, his limbs appear  
 Of faultless symmetry. Upon his brow,  
 In characters most plain, divinity is stamped.  
 "Welcome, stern messengers of Jove," he cries,  
 "Your victim bids defiance to your power."

When whirling in mid-air,  
 Two monstrous eagles on expanded wings  
 Cleave, through the great vacuity a way,  
 Their beaks, as crook'd as Berecynthia's horns,  
 Are stained with human blood. Their claws are armed  
 With iron talons sharp, with which they tear  
 His quivering flesh, and seek with anxious eye,  
 Like miser for his hoards, the captive's liver.  
 From morn till eve, their reeking maws are filled  
 With streaming tendons, and their feast ne'er ends  
 Until satiety their appetite has turned  
 To loathing and disgust. A moment then,  
 Upon the cliff's precipitous brink they stand,  
 And lazily unfold their powerful wings.  
 Remain a moment poised, then take their flight  
 For some wild eyrie on the Caspian shore.  
 The nature, which through all the scene, had borne  
 Itself buoyed up with fortitude and scorn,  
 Now leaps the barriers raised by self-restraint,

Like some deep sea,  
 Whose gloomy depths by Neptune's trident stirred,  
 Aloft rears up huge waves with foaming crests,  
 So is his soul, in burning words relieved.  
 Dost think, proud ruler of the heavenly Gods,  
 That thou canst crush this haughty soul of mine?  
 Or wring a tear from eyes that ne'er have wept?  
 Behold, the day draws near. Another turn

Of fortune's wheel, and this chained hand  
 Will tear the diadem from off thy brow,  
 And, mocking all thy might, will hurl thee down  
 From high Olympus, to the lowest pit  
 Of Tartarus; there, amidst the bubbling pools,  
 And boiling sands of Acheron, to spend  
 Eternity in torment. Yes, I'll place  
 Thee 'long with Tantalus, and how I'll laugh,  
 To turn the Ægis with its burning rays  
 Upon thy drooping head; to make thee thirst  
 For one small drop to wet thy parched tongue,  
 And then, ye Gods! to place the coeli draught  
 Against thy lips, and as thy trembling jaws  
 Ope to receive the cup, at once I'll change  
 Its contents into gall. I'll chain thee in  
 The banks of oozing pitch by Phlegethon cast up.  
 Upon thee hunger, gloomy, gaunt, and fierce,  
 Shall close her fangs, and on thy vital gnaw.  
 Before thine eyes I'll cause to pass

A beautiful mirage.

A lovely tree o'ershades thee with her boughs,  
 From which hangs down some golden mellow fruit,  
 (Ah! how thine eyes with greediness will gaze.)  
 An apple, luscious, rich, and sweet I'll pluck,  
 And place it to thy teeth. They ope, they close,  
 But find—Ha! ha!—the fruit to ashes turned.  
 But while he thrs defies Omnipotence,  
 Lo! Night arises from her ocean bed,  
 And in her sable mantle covers up

The earth and poles.

Then Somnus, arm in arm with Morpheus,  
 Approach the couch on which the captive lies.  
 With tender hands they bind his ragged wounds,  
 And soothe his troubled soul with Love,  
 That Panacea for all human ills.

E. R. C.

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### The Language of the Future.

**H**OW many have dreamed of a universal language! How many students, how many travellers, how many merchants, sighing over toils and vexatious while gleaning knowledge or trying to hold communication with their fel-

low men, have dreamed of a universal language; of a time when all men of all countries shall rejoice over the destruction of the barriers that now separate them, and when they shall be able to hold converse in one common tongue; even as the Christian believes that a time will come when all the kindreds of the earth will bow the knee to the one true God. We say, "have dreamed." Is this then only a dream? It may seem like one, yet time has changed many strange dreams of the past into realities.

That the world has stood these many thousands of years notwithstanding its vast Babel of a thousand tongues may be an argument in regard to the time necessary for such a change, but it is not an argument that such will never be. We believe that it is not only possible, but that it is fast becoming a *necessity*. In the ages of the past, when nations lived in comparative ignorance of each other, when each produced within itself all that was necessary to supply its wants, when inter-national commerce was almost unknown, and when no great community of interests bound scientists together as one body, such a language was unnecessary. But now all is different. Commerce, that great power which overcomes every barrier, respecting neither clime nor tongue, has put forth its arms and joined in close relationship all the nations of the earth. National lines divide lands, but the rails of the great world's-highway cross these lines, and declare that there is no separation: oceans sunder continents, but the steamer and the electric wires reunite them still more closely: literature is called German, English or American, yet it is all one common store. Daily are the peoples of the earth being bound more closely together, and the more intimate they become the fewer lines of difference will survive. When, however, we look abroad over the world and count, with Prof. Max. Muller, some 900 distinct languages and 5,000 dialects, differing as widely as do the manners and complexions of those who speak them, we must feel that the task of blending all these diverse ele-

ments into one harmonious whole, or of some most powerful one subduing all others, is a vast one indeed ; yet again, looking at the spirit of the age, active, energetic, powerful in its rapid onward marches, looking at what it is every day accomplishing, we cannot but think that vast as the task is, the power that moves to the work is equally vast.

Even now we see results of this felt necessity in the adoption by almost all civilized nations of one uniform system of reckoning, of a uniform science nomenclature, in the present movement to conform all weights and measures to one standard, but more manifestly still in the rapid and irresistible encroachment one of the great languages of the present day is making upon all others. We believe not only that it will be accomplished, but that it is being rapidly carried on.

A few centuries ago the *learned* had a universal language, the Latin tongue. In court, cabinet and church this was the means of communication among all civilized nations. But its declension was made inevitable by the democratic spirit which has so closely connected the masses with all that pertains to governments. Upon the decline of the Latin, the courts of Europe found in the French a common tongue ; but it in turn has ceased to be a universal means for the interchange of thought. Now, it may be said, the world is without such a convenience. Will 't so remain ? No. Nations, we repeat, must have a means of communication, untrammelled by the intervention of an interpreter.

If then the future will see a universal language, or an approximation thereto, our next question is : What will that language be ? It must be either a blending together of all, or many, of the existing tongues, or some one must subdue all others. The first seems impossible ; the elements are too incongruous : nor do we find that the principle of compromise succeeds to any very great extent in the affairs of the world. An explanation of history must rather be sought in the principle that the weaker goes to the wall, a princi-

ple that will explain more in the history of the world than any other natural cause. The language of the future will be that which has the ability to overpower all others. Such a language must, we apprehend, have the following characteristics:—Inherent superiority; present wide diffusion; facilities for aggression.

The internal qualities which determine the superiority of a language may be briefly stated in four words: Strength, clearness, simplicity, brevity. Space will not permit a close examination of competing languages on these points. The civilization and science of to-day are due mainly to the Latin and Teutonic races, a fact which proves that the languages of these peoples are the foundation from which must be drawn the elements that can give to this restless, advancing, knowledge-seeking age its tongue. "That language," says De Candolle, which is to be dominant must have sufficient of Latin and German forms and words to show a genuine affinity to both these families of speech." Of the English, above all others may this be said. Owing its origin, for the most part, to these two tongues, to the *strength* of the Teutonic dialects it adds the *clearness* of the Latin, and a *brevity* that is all its own. An Englishman in his love of his mother tongue may see greater beauties and perfections in it than there really are, therefore we prefer listening to an eminent foreigner: Jacob Grimm has said—"The English language possesses a power of expression such as was never, perhaps, attained by any human tongue. Its altogether intellectual and singularly happy foundation, and government, and development, have arisen from a surprising alliance between the two noblest languages of antiquity—the German and the Romanesque—the relation of which to each other is well known to be such that the former supplies the material foundation and the latter the abstract notions. Yes, truly, the English language may with good reason call itself a universal language, and seems chosen, like the English people, to rule in future times in a still greater degree in all

corners of the earth. In richness, sound reason, and flexibility no modern tongue can compare with it,—not even the German, which must shake off many a weakness before it can enter the lists with the English.” There is but one drawback, but one glaring defect in our beautiful language, yet that one defect makes it one of the most difficult to be acquired by foreigners, and a life task for even Englishmen themselves. We refer to its orthography. Nothing, we think, could be more entirely void of reason and system than the spelling of the English language. We fail to see how it is possible for a scholar to be sure of the spelling of a word which he hears, if he has never met it before. Words fail us adequately to describe this absurdity.

Our next question is the diffusion of the competing languages. We need, evidently, to confine our attention to but a few cases. The tongues of Asia, Africa and America can never hope to enter the lists. Of the European, the Portuguese, Italian, Russian, French, Spanish, German and English, all put forth pretensions, therefore we will briefly consider these. The following will be found a near estimate of the number of persons who speak these languages:—

PORTUGUESE—In Portugal, Brazil, &c. . . . .	14,000,000
ITALIAN—In Italy, France and Switzerland . . . . .	27,000,000
FRENCH—In France, Belgium, Switzerland and French Colonies . . . . .	40,000,000
SPANISH—In Spain and South America . . . . .	43,000,000
RUSS—The principal of the 24 languages of Russia . . .	51,000,000
GERMAN—In the German Empire, Austria, Belgium, Russia, Finland and Switzerland . . . . .	55,000,000
ENGLISH—In Europe, America, Liberia, Australia and other Colonies . . . . .	79,000,000

From the above table it will be seen that of all these languages, the English is by far the most widely diffused. M. de Candolle has estimated the number of years taken by the different nations to double themselves, as follows:—English, in England 56 years and in America 25 years;

Italians 135 years; Russians, in 100 years; Spaniards in 112 years; Spaniards in South America, in  $27\frac{1}{2}$  years; North Germans in 50 to 60 years; South Germans in 167 years—say 100 years as a man for the Germans; French in 140 years. If we take this table as a foundation we can arrive at something like the following as the number who will speak these languages at the end of the nineteenth century:—Italian 53,000,000; French 72,000,000; Russ 130,000,000; German 157,000,000; Spanish 505,000,000; English 1,837,000,000. Still more strikingly does this show the great advantage in favour of our own tongue.

Lastly we notice the facilities for aggression. History and reason both show that the most effective means for the diffusion of a language are commerce, missionary work, and colonization. It is a well known fact that the commerce of no nations can compare with that of the English speaking peoples, in fact, the commerce of the world is virtually in their hands. It is an equally well known fact that the great missionary work of the world is likewise in their hands, that is, if we except the wide spread ramifications of the Jesuitical efforts, but these have little influence in diffusing their language or colonizing, because all their exertions are directed towards proselyting simply, while the Protestant missionary is everywhere a civilizer, introducing with his civilization his language and literature.

That which has, above all other things, placed the English nation and English language in the foreground among nations is her colonies. France has planted colonies but has lost them, or, like Algeria, they are sickly children of a not over robust parent, who at home is advancing but slowly. Germany, Britain's most powerful rival, is no colonizer. Her people, together with those of France and other countries, go from her shores only to be lost. "In America," says Charles Dilke, "the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they are run into an English mould; Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs

whether they will or no." England, on the other hand, sends forth her sons into every clime, and on every shore they establish New Englands. They have won for their mother tongue the North American continent; have dotted the Southern; have selected the fairest isles of the seas; have almost encircled Africa; have pierced to the heart of Asia; have made the south western continent all their own; and wherever they are they proclaim that their tongue, like their spirit, cannot be subdued.

N. WOLVERTON.

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### The Still and the Deep.

FROM time immemorial, it has been the orthodox fashion to laud silence as a cardinal virtue, and to condemn chatting as a vice, which he who would be counted wise must shun.

We are told to "think much and say little," that "silence is wisdom," that the least said is the easiest mended," and that "still water runs deep." John Ploughman tells us that "an open mouth shows an empty head;" that if the chest had gold and silver in it, it would not always stand open." Polhymnia, the muse of Eloquence, was represented by the ancients with a forefinger upon her lips, to signify that Eloquence itself was enhanced by silence.

Yes, silence has always been looked upon as a diamond of the first water. Happy is he who possesses it! Alas! for the unfortunates who show a proneness to break it; upon their devoted heads descend the fierce invectives of earth's sages. That the failing of Eve's luckless daughters, in this particular, has not been entirely overlooked, appears from the old prayer,—

"From great sins and women's tongues, deliver us."

But the world has been progressing in this respect, as in all others, during the centuries that have passed. How it must rejoice philanthropists, to see the world becoming so rich in these silent ones. They are not as formerly found, like rare plants of the tropics, only in the richest soils. No! but they spring up like our own glorious Canadian thistles, and beautify the most barren spots with their emerald verdure. Is there one in this advanced stage of civilization, so poor as not to be able to count one or two of these individuals among his acquaintances? My friend, ignorance is bliss! but no knowledge is power! Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Herbert Augustus Fitzgerrald.

The gentleman bows very low in recognition of the introduction, then slowly resumes an upright position, and awaits further orders.

His dress is faultless. O, that snowy dickey; that tie arranged with the precision of a right-angled-isosceles-rectilineal-parallelogram. Those tight-fitting kid gloves, which we are always so politely requested to excuse (by way of drawing attention to them, we presume). That shining beaver, placed on the head in such an exact equilibrium between rowdy one-sidedism and straight-laced old-fogyism. All these things, we say, remind us of what Apollo would have been, if he had lived in our day. But further the simile is not true. Apollo was noted for his eloquence; not so Herbert Augustus Fitzgerrald, as you will find on further acquaintance.

He politely hands you a chair, and you enter into conversation with him. That is, you enter, and expect him to follow; but he doesn't come. Summoning all your imaginative reasoning and rhetorical faculties, you floridly begin:

"Stern winter has once more yielded to the charms of spring, Mr. Fitzgerrald."

"Ha! ha! (stroking his moustache) you deal in metaphors, Miss L——."

"Do you not admire figurative language, Mr. Fitzgerrald?"

Do you not think it preferable to the matter-of-fact common-place one so constantly hears ?”

“Ha! ha!” (fingering his watch-chain) O! certainly.”

“Milton deals largely in tropes. I think that this constitutes the chief charm of his writings. How beautifully the first brother in ‘Comus’ is made to converse :

‘Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou, fair morn,  
That won'tst to love the traveller's benison ;  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit shade, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades.’”

“Excuse me, Miss L—— ; can I help you to a glass of lemonade ?”

‘Tis clear that Mr. Fitzgerrald is not a poet ; perhaps he is an artist.

“Do you not think that the art of the poet, and that of the painter, are very nearly allied, Mr. Fitzgerrald ? The one paints, as it were, with a pen, the other with a brush.”

“Really—I have not thought—yes—in fact—very similar, indeed.”

“Would you not love to visit Italy, and gaze upon those wondrous works of Michael Angelo, Rubens, Raphael, Caracci, Guido, De Vinci, and that host of others whose names have become immortal ?”

“Ha! ha! you are enthusiastic, Miss L——.” (A crime of which Mr. Herbert Augustus Fitzgerrald's worst enemy would not have accused him.)

Now my friend, before setting your new acquaintance down as a know-nothing, just pause and remember “that silence is wisdom,” and that “still waters run deep.” Turn again towards this *wise one*—this mortal so *profoundly deep*. Close your eyes and dive for the pearls ; you'll get them if they are there. Seize the longest mental cable you have on hand and begin to measure the unfathomable depths. You cannot see how deep—not quite transparent enough for that—neither will you be able to get sufficiently

near to the edge to let drop the anchor, owing to the softness of the surroundings. Your feet will probably stick fast in the mud before you advance many steps. So my friend there is nothing for it, but to take the word of the proverb. Proverbs never tell aught but truth you know. Yes, "still waters run deep." Mr. Herbert Augustus Fitzgerald is deep—*profoundly so*. "Silence is wisdom,"—he is also *wise*.

My dear friend, you show a commendable spirit in not wishing to appropriate so much wisdom and depth of lore. You are a philanthropist. I shall introduce Mr. Fitzgerald to some one else, in order that the depth may be equally distributed over the surface of the globe, that no one may suffer drowning but that all may be refreshed.

I would next beg leave to make you acquainted with another friend of mine, Miss Theresa Elvise Snobton. This young lady has just returned from a fashionable boarding school where she has been taught to behave as a young lady should. Before entering the drawing room she repeats slowly—papa, prunes, and potatoes, in order that her mouth may wear a charming expression. She bows after the fashion of a dancing master, first position, second position, etc., sinks into a chair, strikes an attitude after the model of Cleopatra, and immediately becomes *still and deep*. Nothing can tempt her to venture further into the realm of words, than to give concise answers to your questions.

The proverb again! Write down the name of Miss Theresa Elvise Snobton among those of the deep and the wise. One more gone to swell the mighty army! Another kindred spirit gone to hold *sweet meditation* with Herbut Augustus Fitzgerald!

There are other friends whom I would like to present to you, did time permit. There is the Rev. Josephus Abijah Bagstock, whose next week's sermon is exceeding interesting—to himself. If you were seated in his vicinity you would hear him indulging in a conversation something like the following with an invisible being no doubt,

"Firstly—From the time of Adam—mumble—mumble.

"Secondly—Man the architect of his own fortune—mumble—mumble.

"Fourthly—Man morally unable—mumble.

"Sixthly—Man *physically, mentally and morally*"—copious mumblings—at which stage if you are wise you will withdraw to a convenient distance, leaving the reverend gentlemen to his meditations, which we doubt not are sweet.

Then, there is Miss Claudia Faithful, who is versed in all branches of mathematics. Speech has always been with her an unknown quantity, the value of which she has never been able to determine. When she has solved the equation, no doubt you will hear from her, but not until then.

There is the charming creature Mr. Fredrick Alphonso Jones, who looks as if he had been popped into a refrigerator, when last year's smirk was just dawning on his visage, and forthwith it had become a fixture.

Can the mind of a seraph imagine a more sublime picture than a solemn conclave of these silent ones? Let us glance at a *social party* composed wholly of individuals of this class. Does it not remind you of the burial of Sir John Moore.

"Not a drum was heard not a funeral note."

Grand and gloomy are the words which rise involuntarily to our lips. There is no small talk! No frivolity! Each one sits a "sceptred hermit wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." The scene is impressive beyond all imagination. If an unfortunate lover of chit-chat falls among these sages, he is ere long awed into silence. After vainly trying to draw some one into conversation, after receiving monosyllabic answers, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, he is still, and his thoughts immediately become deep—too deep for expression—(until he reaches home.)

As we turn sadly from the scene musing on *deep things*, we join our friend Robinson Crusoe in singing—

“O solitude where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face,  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.”

Oh! ye deep ones! ye wondrous wise! Would that like your brother of old, who was the property of Balaam, you too might find a tongue! Have we not been kind to you as we are to all dumb animals? Then, oh! grant us some little kindness in return. Listen to the sublime words of the poet—

“Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,  
Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear its tune,  
Thou’rt standing above ground, mummy,  
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.”

We ask not that the gates be kept always ajar, but that they may sometimes swing back and give us a passing glimpse of the glorious depths and the profound wisdom within.

MISS E. A. CRAWFORD.

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### Surf-Bathing at Orchard Beach.

A MERRY party of us were sitting on the veranda of our hotel one morning in August of 1874, reading, chatting and idly watching the fishing crafts and schooners floating in the harbour. The sun beamed with many a dimpling line on the broad-backed billows which surged against the strand

“With all the tones of water blending.”

The sea air and salty breeze swept over us, bringing that glad sense of bracing buoyancy which such wind imparts, and raising our spirits with its magic influence of brightness and invigoration.

Presently one of our number, ever keen for excitement, proposed as a variation on our usual routine of strolling on the sands, rocking on the waves, fishing, playing croquet, and ardently entering into the great event of the day, namely a plunge in the briny deep, that we should take a trip to Orchard Beach, which was then the centre of much life and gaiety. We eagerly caught at the idea, and after our morning walk to the post, where, as usual, was the decidedly lively clatter and bustle over news from home, we took our bathing-suits and crossed in a small boat to Portland, thence by train we were whirled away to the commotion of far-famed Orchard Beach.

At the station we were met by friends who merrily introduced us to the various attractions of this much patronized sea-side resort.

A more animated, interesting scene cannot be described.

The tide was nearly in, and far as the eye could see heaved the rolling waters.

"Glorious is the breaking deep,  
Glorious, beauteous without ending,  
Songs of ocean never sleep."

And on this bright day the thundering music of the panting surf, the leaping waves, and the spray dancing white and gay in the summer sunshine, sent a thrill of deep thankful joy to our inmost hearts.

The beach was crowded with people, and the bathers were rapidly emerging from the various hotels which line the shore. The dresses and whole appearance of some of these individuals was ludicrous in the extreme. Fat matres-familias, sufficiently passed the hey-day of life to wear the crown of advanced age, nothing daunted by the dashing of the surf, waddled triumphantly forward in their picturesque costumes of variously tinted serge suits and oil-skin caps. Scraggy patres-familias, and maidens in the sere and autumn stage of existence, with lank tresses and an air of general

leanness, followed the worthy example. Sylph-like damsels with health-glowing cheeks, and luxuriant locks, accompanied by fun loving youths plunged gaily into the rolling waters. Little children hopped and pattered round gleefully in close proximity to the shore, where light waves swept off seemingly for the juveniles especial benefit. Now and then timid fathers were coaxed out a short distance, while the billows rested a moment. Vain venture, for without warning in a trice a wave leaped in, and amid shrieks of laughter "the waters wild went o'er their heads." After a glorious plunge the belated warriors rushed hurriedly landward, only to grow bolder, and eventually become the merriest in the watery strife. Hundreds of bathers flocked into the sea, while the beach was lined with laughing spectators. After an ample enjoyment of watching those already submerged in the briny deep, we retired to a hotel, and donned our dresses. To some of our party surf-bathing was a new experience, and never will the pleasure be forgotten. We wandered out beyond the several around us. At a little distance a great billow like a wall, bounded toward us. We boldly stemmed the tide, on it rushed with a furious force, and we were enveloped in the white foam,—a breath, a dim sight of light, then another rush of roaring, seething water—another and another. The experienced ones dived daringly through each successive wave, or sprang up gracefully with that peculiar lightsomeness which the salt water affords; but the poor unfortunate novices were dashed hither and thither, at times grappling vainly with the sands, half choked and wholly blinded or tossed at will in a watery embrace, until they found shelter in friendly arms outspread to protect them from old ocean's battering.

Of all the varied pleasing exercises of a sea side existence, surf-bathing was the "maddest, merriest" sport. However "there's a pang in all rejoicing," and the afterwards when one drags their weary weight, and diminished head, up the sands and meets the company of laughing eyes, the sensa-

tion, although not so enticing, possesses its spice of fun. But putting such minor consideration aside, one of the most pleasurable recreations in the world is surf-bathing at Old Orchard Beach. .

E. E. M.

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### Evening Light.

ALL day the earth lay weeping,  
 Like one who, in his sleeping  
 Dreameth a dreamy dream  
 Of some forgotten sorrow,  
 Or some grief-burdened morrow,  
 Without a gladdening gleam.

The heavens heavy clouded,  
 Earth in her sorrow shrouded,  
 Teiling her to weep on ;  
 Weep, till her heart was lightened ;  
 Weep, till her darkness brightened ;  
 Weep, till her grief was gone.

But now the passion dying,  
 Only the faint, sweet sighing  
 Of her relieved heart,  
 Hints of a tender gladness,  
 Breathes a delicious sadness—  
 Sorrow without a smart.

And, lo ! the clouds are breaking,  
 The sunshine is awaking—  
 Sunshine of eventide ;  
 And with a glorious, tender,  
 And heart-rejoicing splendor,  
 Spreadeth his bright wings wide.

Oh ! how the earth, reviving,  
 Haileth his glad arriving,  
 Laughs in his smile, and sings.  
 Oh ! how the earth rejoices ;  
 One song from many voices,  
 One gladness for all things.

The million rain-drops dancing,  
Seem diamond arrows, glancing  
    From flowers that will be glad ;  
Flowers, in the light delighting,  
Arrows, dazzling and smiting  
    The heart that dares be sad.

In heaven, the clouds have builded  
Temples and towers, gilded,  
    Beside a lake of light.  
Oh ! who will tell their hist'ry ?  
Who will unveil their mystery,  
    Or paint their glory bright ?

Thus, many a man in dying,  
No more in sorrow sighing,  
    Foretastes heaven's holy bliss ;  
Heart-wearing woe forgetting,  
His day dawns at the setting,—  
    His next world enters this.

MISS M. MCGINN.

## Selected.

### Likes and Dislikes.

I SUPPOSE we may admit that we all know people who dislike us, and, candidly, do we wonder at their dislike? Do we ever show them anything likable? Are we not quite aware that in their presence our wit is as pure and graceful as Caliban's? Do we not invariably say the wrong thing? If there is a sore point in their history of which we are entirely ignorant till afterwards, do we not always discover that we pressed hard upon it? If they could only see us as we are when we are with So-and-So, then they would like us. When we are gay, we are sympathetic, we have tact. With our native optimism (so true at bottom!) we say we are "ourselves" then. We may owe our charm as much to the sympathetic presence as we owe our paralysis to the antagonistic one. We see this even more clearly in our companions. There are two whom we like, but they cannot abide each other. They are almost angry even to share our affection. They cannot understand how it can be so; and when we see them together, we are almost tempted to dislike them both! A., our honest, warm-hearted friend, is simply bluff and rude. B., the considerate and courteous, shows merely flat and artificial. Fire and dew are both beautiful in themselves, but they extinguish each other. For this reason many of our deepest attachments remain inexplicable, and sorely tax the general faith in our judgment and good taste. Some natures of the rarest and freshest quality are shut behind a portcullis of reserve and awkwardness, which only one or two hands in a lifetime may find skill to unlock. A man who is known to demand good sense, good manners,

and acute thought in his companions, and whose common acquaintances are decidedly above the average, is discovered to hold as dearest friend one who impresses casual observers almost as a surly boor or an inconsequent madman.

In vain our friend insists that he owes the train of reasoning or the brilliant suggestion which has just delighted us to this mysterious mind, which reserves its wealth for him as the solemn tarn on the mountain top keeps its beauty for the pilgrim who scales its side. We merely smile good-humouredly, setting down the honest declaration as only a phase of that strange whim which sometimes makes men pretend that they have inherited property which they have really acquired themselves. We should always remember on our part, and on that of others, that nobody sees the whole of anybody, and that doubtless somebody is dying for the society of our boor. What is it, which, when we enter a room crowded with strange people, makes us suddenly aware of one particular presence? Perchance the face is not what would have pleased us in description; perhaps the creed or the career is one from which we have hitherto shrunk. Never mind, we feel at once that we grow larger—that we are able to take in something which hitherto we left out—that henceforward there will be a new feature in the portrait of our idol; a new rule, or, generally, new exception in our arguments or our ethics. What are these inexplicable likings? for often they are founded on no apparent sympathy of age or training, of position or intellect, and yet the moment the two draw together, we catch sight of something in common yet as subtle and undefinable as family likeness. As with family likeness, we fancy we find where it lies; it is here, it is there; but no sooner do we fix it, than lo! it is neither here nor there; and yet it is! We can scarcely come nearer to the secret than by that analogy of the family likeness. Is not this mysterious attraction the sign of some relationship more subtle than that of blood, yet the

same kind of tie on a higher level? May there not be within this inherited earthly frame of ours another frame of which it is but the scaffolding, which we are rearing ourselves by the works of our hands, the thought of our brains, and the love of our hearts? And may not these strange "attractions" be the stirring of a kindred not according to this world's genealogy, the recognition of father or mother, brother, sister, or kinsman "in the spirit?" For we cannot doubt that our present is making our future, nor can any thoughtful mind deny that no mediæval idea of torture can equal in agony that of all existing relationships stamped into eternal permanence.—*Good Words*.

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### Speaking Disrespectfully of the Equator.

WE heard a sermon recently on the subject of irrational reverence. It was suggestive and stimulating. It recalled to us the fact that one of the principal objects of American reverence is the Devil. There are multitudes who are shocked to hear his name mentioned lightly, and who esteem such mention profanity. We believe we do no injustice to millions of American people in saying that they have a genuine reverence for the being whom they believe to be the grand source and supreme impersonation of all evil. Of course this respectful feeling has grown out of the association of this being with religion, and is strong just in the proportion that the religion is irrational or superstitious. Now we confess to a lack of respect for the being who played our great grandmother a scurvy trick in the garden, and has always been the enemy of the human race; and we have persistently endeavored to bring him into contempt. It is harmful to the soul to entertain reverence for any being, real or imaginary, who is recognized to be wholly bad. That attitude of the man which defies, rather than deprecates, is a healthy one. If we have an incorrigible devil, who is not fit to live in the society of pure beings,

let's hate him, and do what we can to ruin his influence. Let us, at least, do away with all irrational reverence for him and his name.

There is a good deal of irrational reverence for the Bible. There are men who carry a Bible with them wherever they go, as a sort of protection to them. There are men who read it daily, not because they are truth-seekers, but because they are favor-seekers. To read it is a part of their duty. To neglect to read it would be to court adversity. There are men who open it at random to see what special message God has for them through the ministry of chance or miracle. There are men who hold it as a sort of fetich, and bear it about with them as if it were an idol. There are men who see God in it, and see Him nowhere else. The wonderful words printed upon the starry heavens; the music of the ministry that comes to them in winds and waves and the songs of birds; the multiplied forms of beauty that smile upon them from streams and flowers, and lakes and landscapes; the great scheme of beneficent service by which they receive their daily bread and their clothing and shelter,—all these are unobserved, or fail to be recognized as divine. In short, there is to them no expression of God except what they find in a book. And this book is so sacred that even the form of language into which it has been imperfectly translated is sacred. They would not have a word changed. They would frown upon any attempt to examine critically into the sources of the book, forgetting that they are rational beings, and that one of the uses of their rational faculties is to know whereof they affirm, and to give a reason for the hope and faith that are in them. It is precisely the same irrational reverence that the Catholic has for his church and his priest.

The irrational reverence for things that are old is standing all the time in the path of progress. Old forms that are outlived, old habits that new circumstances have outlawed, old creeds which cannot possibly contain the present life and thought and opinion, old ideas whose vitality has long been expended—these are stumbling-blocks in the way of the world, yet they are cherished and adhered to with a reverential tenderness that is due only to God. A worn out creed is good for nothing but historical purposes, and, when those are answered, it ought to go into the rag-bag. Forgetting those things which are behind, the wise man

will constantly reach toward those that are before. The past is small; the future is large. We travel toward the dawn, and every man who reverences the past, simply because it is the past, worships toward the setting sun, and will find himself in darkness before he is aware. Of all the bondage that this world knows, there is none so chilling or so killing as that which ties us to the past and the old. We wear out our coats and drop them; we wear out our creeds and hold to them, glorying in our tatters.

There is even an irrational reverence for the Almighty Father of us all. We can, and many of us do, place Him so far away from us in His inaccessible Majesty, we clothe Him with such awful attributes, we mingle so much fear with our love, that we lose sight entirely of our filial relation to Him—lose sight entirely of the tender, loving, sympathetic, Fatherly Being, whom the Master has revealed to us.

In the sermon to which we have alluded, the preacher quoted Coleridge's definition of reverence, which makes it a sentiment formed of the combination of love and fear. We doubt the completeness of the definition. Certainly, fear has altogether too much to do with our reverence, but if perfect love casteth out fear, where is the reverence? That is an irrational reverence which lies prostrate before a greatness which it cannot comprehend, and forgets the goodness, the nature of which, at least, it can understand. That is an irrational reverence which always looks up, and never around—which is always in awe, and never in delight—which exceedingly fears and quakes, and has no tender raptures—which places God at a distance, and fails to recognize Him in the thousand forms that appeal to our sense of beauty, and the thousand small voices that speak of His immediate presence.

Are we preaching? Let us stop, then. This is a literary magazine, into which religion should never enter! After all, isn't that one of the old ideas that ought to be discarded? Is the highest life of the soul so alien to literature that it must always be served in a distinct course, on a special platter? Even the ass knows enough not to spit out the flower that crowns his thistle.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

## Editorial.

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### LITERARY EDITORS:

R. CLARK.

C. C. McLAURIN.

### BUSINESS EDITOR:

D. D. BURTCH.

THE editorial work of the TYRO again demands our attention, and we address ourselves to the work with some degree of diffidence when we remember the ability of those who have preceded us in the editorial chair, and what will be required of us if the TYRO is to maintain in the future the reputation which it has won for itself in the past. The task of successfully editing a college paper has become one of no small difficulty, both on account of the circumstances under which the work has to be performed and the object sought to be accomplished. Students who are pursuing their regular course, which usually furnishes quite enough work for ordinary capacity, are not in the most favourable position to manifest that vigor and freshness of thought which are so desirable in the editorial department. Spare moments do not seem to be very fruitful in results however diligently employed. The object which we must constantly keep in view is, to furnish something interesting to every class of our readers—to our own students, to our alumni and alumnæ, to the friends of the Institute, and to our widely scattered and as widely diversified college exchanges. We cannot hope to please all, and least of all ourselves, but we can make an honest effort to discharge the duties of our position in a creditable manner.

Our contributors have rendered the work of editing this

number of the TYRO much more pleasant than usual by furnishing their articles in good time. We trust future editors may be equally favoured.

And now if our subscribers will aid us in our endeavours to increase the subscription list, and thus do *their* part by keeping us out of financial difficulty, the TYRO may be felt less burdensome in the future than it has been in the past. Our prospects are brightening; may no clouds obscure the dawn, but added rays still increase the brightness till the darkness of the future melts into light.



### Editorial Notes.

THE term which is just about past has been exceptional in the history of our College. It opened with a larger number of students than usual, and everything seemed to bid fair for a very prosperous and busy term. But scarcely two weeks had passed by when one of the students was taken down with the scarlet fever, and though it was thought that every precaution was used to prevent it from spreading, in a short time there were four or five additional cases, and the prospect of being able to arrest its further progress seemed almost hopeless. Under the circumstances it was thought best to close for a short time, until those who were unwell should recover and be removed, and to afford an opportunity for purifying the buildings. Accordingly we were invited to accept of a vacation of three weeks, from the tenth of February to the third of March, and though neither the circumstances which gave us the vacation nor the weather during its continuance was favourable to enjoyment, yet we believe nearly all spent a pleasant time. After the re-opening three or four weeks had elapsed, and we were congratulating ourselves upon having successfully eluded the fever, but just when we thought the danger past two of the students were taken with it simultaneously, and in a day or two, two more. However, all are now convalescent, and as they were removed from the building when it was known it was the fever they had, we hope it may extend no farther. Though the term has been considerably broken, there has been a good deal of study done by those who have enjoyed uninterrupted good health.

On account of the loss of time in the middle of the term we are to have no Easter vacation, and the Summer term begins immediately on the close of the present one and continues for ten weeks, being three weeks shorter than summer terms heretofore.

MR. R. W. SAWTELL, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees, has been presented by the Board with a beautiful silver tea service, valued at about a hundred dollars; and Mr. Wm. Pavey, also a member of the Board of Trustees, received at the same time a present of equal value. The presents were intended as a recognition of their valuable services to the Board, especially with reference to the purchase of the Burtch farm for the purpose of enlarging the Institute grounds, and also in disposing again of those parts which were not required for College purposes.

THE subject of Baptism,—its subjects and mode, is at present receiving special attention from the ministers of the various denominations in town. The discussion has been mainly carried on between Rev. C. Goodspeed (Baptist), and Rev. W. T. McMullen (Presbyterian). The cause of truth has an able defender in Mr. Goodspeed.

THE Baptist Church here has been enjoying a very refreshing time for several months past. Nearly one hundred have been added to the Church since Mr. Goodspeed became its pastor last September, and the interest still continues.

### Local Items.

QUITE a change has taken place in the faculty since last term. As was noticed in the last number of the TYRO, Mr. G. Clift has left us and is now in England. His place is filled by Mr. S. J. Taylor, who has gained many friends since he became a teacher in the Institute. Prof. S. J. McKee, on account of ill health, was compelled to give up teaching about the middle of the term. We have been pleased to welcome as a substitute a former teacher, Mr. J. Bats, who has, at a considerable sacrifice of his own interests, left his studies in Toronto University in compliance with the request of the Trustees of the Institute.

The students were favored with the privilege of listening to a lecture from G. W. Ross, M.P., on a very interesting subject, viz: "Elements of National Power." The lecture was excellent, and was spoken highly of by all who heard it. On the occasion the members of the Adelpian Society presented him with four volumes of valuable books. Although, on account of unfavorable circumstances, the audience was not as large as it otherwise would have been, yet a very pleasant time was spent.

PROF. D. C. BELL gave a choice selection of readings from Shakespeare, Macaulay and the Humorists, under the auspices of the Adelpian Society, on April 2nd. Selections from Macbeth and Hamlet were rendered admirably. We hope to hear from him again.

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ON Friday evening, April 9th, the members of the Gleaner Society favored us with a very interesting public entertainment in the chapel room. The exercises consisted of essays, a paper, recitations, music, and a colloquy. The latter was especially good.

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LAST term our library, which is constantly increasing, received a large and valuable addition. Dr. Fyfe, during his European tour last summer, secured for it about 800 volumes of valuable works. This is *one* of the good results of his summer's vacation. Already we have shared in many ways the benefits he has received from the trip.

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MR. HIRAM CALVIN of Port Hope, a former student, has very generously placed at our disposal fifteen dollars annually, to be spent in procuring standard Magazines and Reviews for the Reading Room, with the understanding that they will be preserved, bound, and then placed in the library.

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A NEW society has been organized in connection with the Institute. It is called the "Evangelistic Society," and has for its object the finding of suitable places for preaching stations, and supplying them with services. The following are the officers:— President, Professor Crawford; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Thomas Luckens and A. W. Gower; Secretary, Mr. D. A. McGregor; Assistant Secretary, Mr. A. Grant; Treasurer, Prof. J. C. Yule; Auditors, G. L. Oliver and R. Clark.

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THE usual Adelpian Election Supper was enjoyed at the beginning of this term. After the subject of oysters was thoroughly discussed, many toasts were proposed and ably responded to. The president elect, who was unexpectedly to himself honored with the position, presided efficiently on the occasion.

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THE Gleaners, we understand, have followed the example of the Adelpians in having an Election Supper. It is reported that they spent a pleasant evening. Would it not be well to have a union Election Supper at the beginning of each term?

THE result of the election of officers in each society at the beginning of this term, was as follows :—

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—President, D. A. McGregor ; Vice-President, E. S. Bates ; Critic, E. W. Dadson ; Secretary Treasurer, G. L. Wittet ; Marshall, E. R. Cameron.

GLEANER SOCIETY—President, Miss J. J. McArthur ; Vice-President, Miss F. Crawford ; Critic, Miss S. E. Dorr ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. Forsyth ; Librarian, Miss Ella Sutton.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY—President, H. V. Carter ; Vice-President, D. Cameron ; Critic, W. J. Wallace ; Secretary-Treasurer, A. Mills ; Marshall, J. M. Cameron.

With the close of this term we are again called upon to bid farewell to four of our number who graduate from the theological department. Three of them, Messrs. M. P. Campbell, F. Dann, and E. Hooper, enter immediately upon the work of the ministry. Mr. Campbell begins his labours in Dresden, Mr. Dann in Carlton Place, and Mr. Hooper in Oshawa. From what we know of their ability and energy, we predict for them a prosperous career. Mr. A. M. Turnbull, B.A., who completed a course in the University at Toronto previous to entering the theological department here, intends to prolong his theological course still further at Newton Theological Seminary, Mass.

The following is the programme of the commencement exercises :

#### PROGRAMME.

*Music*—"In God is our trust."—CHOIR.

#### PRAYER.

The Fields White to the Harvest.—E. HOOPER.

*Music*—"Lead Kindly Light."—QUARTETTE.

Christianity Promotes Temporal Prosperity.—F. DANN.

*Music*—"As Pants the Hart."—CHOIR.

Our Bible—The Conservative Power in Society and Morals.—  
M. P. CAMPBELL.

*Music*—Solo—"Consider the Lilies."—Miss A. HUME.

The Relation of the Christian Minister to Society at large.—  
A. M. TURNBULL B.A.

*Music*—Valedictory Hymn.

*Address*—DR. FYFE.

*Music*—"Praise ye the Lord."—CHOIR.

#### BENEDICTION.

### Our Exchanges.

THE *Tripod*, under different editorial management, promises to do better in the future. Its matter is good and its tone is greatly improved. We can now place it among the best.

THE *Niagara Index* notices us rather favourably, but thinks the *Tyro* might dispense with the "Religious" department. It seems to us rather strange that such advice should come from a Theological Seminary such as the *Index* professes to represent. But perhaps the priests don't practise religion till after they leave college. For our part we cannot see how a paper can represent a college which has a theological department, without giving some space to religious matter, and especially if the theological is the leading department. The *Index* manifests considerable ability in its management.

The *Dalhousie Gazette*, one of our best Canadian exchanges, is waging war with nearly all the denominational and college organs in Nova Scotia, over the question of a Provincial University. The question is worthy of discussion, but one which should be discussed while influenced by more friendly feelings than the *Gazette* seems to cherish. There is too much sarcasm and too many bare assertions, made evidently under the influence of a bitter feeling towards other colleges, in the editorials of the *Gazette* to decide so important a question. The following sentences reveal the spirit by which they are influenced in writing on this subject:— "They (the rulers of Acadia College) have a marvelous faculty for making false statements." It accuses an exchange from one of the colleges of, "prevaricating and quibbling and telling deliberate falsehoods in defence of a system which it knows to be injurious to the province." Perhaps an inter-collegiate contest in Nova Scotia, which the *Gazette* condemns so bitterly, would help to decide the matter.

We are still glad to receive the monthly visits of the *Owl*, though it does hoot rather ominously with regard to the future of England. We have lost faith in omens and our superstitious fears don't seem to be very easily aroused, in fact we have examined the creature by day-light, and though it *does* make an ugly noise in the dark we think it is quite harmless during the day. The *Owl* stands in the front rank as a College Magazine. Its articles are generally interesting, and its editorial department is ably conducted; but it seems rather hard to reconcile these things with some of the opinions which it holds; e. g. "that Protestantism is being ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of Catholicism and Infidelity." We quite agree with the *Owl* that

Catholicism and Infidelity are the two extremes. Catholicism is "irrational religion," and Infidelity is "irreligious rationalism." But the religion of Protestantism, by which we mean the distinguishing truths taught by evangelical Protestant denominations, is the religion which God has given to man, adapted to his intellectual as well as to his moral and religious nature. The scriptures themselves invite us to "prove all things," and require us to "hold fast" only "that which is good." They make no unreasonable demands for blind assent. The faith which they required is belief of overwhelming evidence and the reception of clearly revealed and established truth. "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

We do not write to provoke discussion, but to keep the channel of communication open between those who are so widely separated, both by distance and difference of opinion.

We welcome another visitor from Nova Scotia, viz., the *Acadia Athenæum*, published by the students of Acadia College, Wolfville. It makes a very agreeable addition to our Canadian exchanges. Although the subjects of its articles are rather commonplace, yet they are interesting.

The *Quarterly*, from the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, is especially welcomed by us on account of the head master of that school being once a teacher in our college. The *Quarterly* is a credit to the school which it represents.

Volume 1, number 1, of the *Academy*, from the Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines, is received, and with pleasure we enrol it on our list of exchanges.

The editors of the *McKendree Repository*, in the last number, "for the first time" in their editorial career, notice their exchanges. This, and this only, excuses them for what they said about that *Archangel* from Oregon. They are inclined to puff their exchanges. Remember the evil consequences of flattery. The "Tippler's Dream"—poetry, and "The Order of Liberations" in the last number, are good. It has a little too much about themselves to interest foreigners.

The *Archangel* comes to us all the way from Portland, Oregon. The name is more angelic than any other part of it. Its general appearance bears unmistakable evidence that its editors and contributors are of a lower order. It is so small that, like a frog on the edge of a pond, but for the splutter it makes we would have passed it by. No doubt many of our readers have never seen an *Archangel* and would like to get a description of it, but we refrain from doing so until it appears in its new dress, as then we hope to pass a more favorable opinion on it.

WE have received the second number of the *Alumnæ Quarterly*. It presents a very creditable appearance, and its matter is, to say the least, interesting. The first article, "Our Triplicity," is certainly unique. This philosophic explorer finds everything in earth, heaven and hell, arranged in triplets, corresponding to man's three-fold nature as intellectual, emotional, and physical. On reading this article we were very forcibly reminded of the musician mentioned by Mr. Locke, who believed that God created the world in six days and rested the seventh because there were but seven notes in music; and of another who believed there could be only three parts in harmony, viz: bass, tenor and treble, because there are but three persons in the Trinity; and also of the alchemists who explained all the mysteries of nature and religion by salt, sulphur, and mercury. We now understand how it comes that we have just three editors on the TYRO staff.

We note the following exchanges:—*Bat's Student*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Alumnæ Quarterly*, *Aurora*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *McKendree Repository*, *Dartmouth*, *Seminary Budget*, *College Olio*, *Alumni Journal*, *Tripod*, *Central Collegian*, *College Herald*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Delaware College Advance*, *University Record*, *Actean Columbian*, *Archangel*, *Ontario Teacher*, *University Gazette*, *Asbury Review*, *American Journal of Insanity*, *Academy Quarterly*, *Acadia Athenæum*, *Niagara Index*, *Erwing Review*.

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### Personals.

Mr. H. F. McDairmid is head teacher of the public school in Ridgetown, Ont.

Mr. C. H. Fraser is preaching in Bay City, Mich.

Miss E. Comfort is attending the Normal School, Toronto.

Mr. D. W. Troy is in the office of the Brantford *Expositor*.

Rev. M. McGregor, the Evangelist of the Eastern Convention, is preaching with much success in Morrisburg, Ont.

Mr. J. E. Frith is teaching school at Princeton, Ont.

Mr. T. Trotter, on account of ill health, has been compelled to give up study this term.

Mr. R. H. Robertson is teaching school at Springford, Ont.

Mr. C. J. Jamison in a drug store in Ottawa.

Mr. J. T. Moore, M.D., is practising medicine in Port Burwell, Ont.

Mr. James McEwan is teaching in Osgoode, Ont.

Mr. O. C. Edwards, M.D., is practising medicine in Montreal.

Rev. R. B. Montgomery resigned his charge as Pastor of the Baptist church in Oshawa, and has been regularly installed co-pastor with Dr. Cooper, of the church in London. His prospects are encouraging.

Mr. Beecher Bingham is a grocer in Aylmer, Ont.

Miss B. Yule, of class 73, is teaching near Tavistock.

Rev. T. S. Johnston, of class 73, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Baptist church in Parkhill, and has entered upon his work in that place.

Miss M. McIntyre is teaching in Stratford.

Mr. L. Campbell is in the law office of Hardy & Wilkies, Brantford.

Rev. J. Coumts has resigned the pastoral charge of the church in Tiverton where he has laboured since he graduated from our college, on account of being appointed Evangelist by the Western Convention. Already he has laboured with much success in this capacity. The work is an important one and one in which we are glad to say the Canadian Baptists are taking more interest than formerly.

Mr. D. P. McPherson, one of the ex-editors on account of ill health was compelled to give up study, and has been teaching near Paris since the first of January.

We are pleased to learn that Rev. J. S. Ross one of the first graduates of our college, and who has been in California for five years is thinking of returning to Canada, having received a call from a church in Western Ontario. He may be assured that he will receive a warm welcome from the many friends which, by his earnestness in the Master's work, he made previous to his departure to that far off land.

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### Things.

WRITTEN EXAMINATION IN ALGEBRA.—*Question.*—Define the use of the word greater in algebra?

*Answer.*—Greater, not speaking of its numerical value in comparison with others, according as some laws hold good or not.

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How's THIS FOR SIMPLICITY?—"A promiscuous superfluity of glacial excrescences commingled with concomitant icy phenomena, renders the pedestrian liable to an uncongenial proximity with terraqueous combinations."—*Bowdoin Orient.*

SCENE.—Math. Room.—Mr. Smith at the board endeavouring to eliminate  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $u$  from the equations. Professor comes and stands by Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith grows nervous, and “puts it up tighter.” Professor inquires blandly, “What do you want to get rid of now, sir?” Mr. Smith, fearfully bored, replies, “Want to get rid of  $u$ , sir.” Class applauds.—*Ex.*

THERE is nothing like clearness. Not long ago one of our professors addressed his class thus:—“You will find the chapters numbered in Roman letters, that is to say, when we wish to express a *ten*, we write an *X*, that is, one line drawn across the other.”—*Ex.*

SCENE.—Dr. Lattimore’s room.—Dr., gentlemen, you have just seen that carbonic acid will turn blue litmus red. We will now show that respired air contains this acid. Will some one please step forward and blow through this tube?” Mr. C. accepts the invitation and produces the desired result. “There, gentlemen,” adds the Dr., “you see we have proved the assiduity of Mr. C.”—*University Record.*

AN American, teaching English to a German, met his request for a specimen of an English irregular verb, thus: “I go, thou wentest, he departed, we made tracks, you cut sticks, they ske-daddled.”—*Advocate.*

GONE over to the majority, is the way they tell us that a person is dead, at Oxford.—*Ex.*

SELF-MADE men are apt to worship their maker.—*Ex.*

SOPH. (to theatrical chum).—I say, George, here’s a chance for you to immortalize yourself at “Boston.”

CHUM.—How so?

SOPH.—Why, they’re going to bring out the “Prodigal Son,” and they want somebody to take a part of the *fatted* calf.—*Ex.*

## Hymeneal.

BOTSFORD—TOPPING. On the 1st of January, by Rev. C. Goodspeed, Mr. D. Botsford of Amherstburg, to Miss C. Topping daughter of Rev. E. Topping, East Oxford Ont.,

MABEE—RAYMOND. On the 2nd of February, by Rev. T. Sinclair, at the residence of the bride’s Uncle, J. Finch Esq., R. Y. Mabee Esq. of Vittoria, to Leonoria, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Raymond of Berlin Mich.,

### Death.

It is with feelings of sadness that we record the death of Rev. Jno. Ingram, who died at Bloomsburgh on January 21st 1875. He was a student in the Institute for about five years. For eight years he was an earnest minister of the gospel, in the Freewill Baptist denomination. During that time he was instrumental in leading many to the Saviour. He will be greatly missed, especially in the denomination to which he belonged. After suffering severe pain from congestion of the lungs, he went to receive his reward. He leaves a wife and five children, and many friends to mourn his loss.

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### Standings.—Fall Term, 1874.

The highest possible number of marks which a student can receive in a term is 2,300.

The following are the names of the four highest in each year.

#### FIRST YEAR.

J. Fraser, 1879; T. McCleneghan, 1670; C. W. Oliver, 1541; Miss M. Harris, 1505.

#### SECOND YEAR.

Miss Shepherd, 1823; W. H. Cline, 1764; A. Raymond, 1732; J. Zeran, 1732.

#### THIRD YEAR.

W. Nesbitt, 1765; J. J. Baker, 1638; A. O. McKee, 1429; E. R. Cameron, 1413.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

J. D. Cameron, 1660; S. S. Bates, 1435; C. Edde, 1182; A. Grant, 1035.