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Religious.

A Principle of the Divine Procedure.

HAD the announcement been made for the first time that the Eternal Word was made flesh and dwelling among men, we would naturally expect that He would make fresh disclosures, both of the character of God and the method of His Government. When once the thinking portion of society fully realized that the Divine was habilimented in the nature of the human, born of a woman, made under the law; that He was to tabernacle more than thirty years not only as a citizen of the world and a *teacher of truth*, but also as Sovereign in the realms of nature, they would naturally come to the conclusion that a close scrutiny into His teachings and miracles should at least give a clue to the method of His working, in nature and in grace. Although the record of Christ's sojourn on earth is over eighteen centuries old, it is still fresh to the earnest seeker after truth. Christ is the Living Word whose mission is to convey many of the Divine ideas to man, and although the major part of His revelations refers to His grace, yet if we closely observe the Christ of Palestine, we may discover not a few of His footprints in nature. God has wisely set a limit to His own revelations and to man's discovery. The dependent relation of the finite upon the Infinite must always be sustained, or there is an end to law and government. Hence God can never

reveal Himself fully to man. He must always remain in light which no man can approach, which is the same to the creature as though clouds and darkness ever surrounded His throne. "Who by searching can find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection?" The researches of science may continue as successfully for the next fifty years as they have during the past. New worlds, new laws, new analogies may, and most probably will, be discovered. The range of the philosopher's vision may be extended vastly beyond its present boundaries, and yet, it may be said of all that then lie open to the view, "These are but a portion of His ways, they utter but a whisper of His glory." But while all this is conceded in the premises, God, in human nature, exercising sovereignty over matter and mind, while known in society as Jesus of Nazareth, brings the Divine operations in the universe within such a definite compass that we, as His disciples, can look on, admire, and learn. If a machinist can touch any spring, wheel, or lever in a large and complicated machine, and thus 'cause it to move or stop at will, it furnishes the most conclusive evidence that he not only understands the entire mechanism of the machinery, but also has the whole under perfect control. Christ, when He made the winds and the sea obey Him, when by a word He made eyes for the blind and gave life to the dead, demonstrated, that He not only understood the construction of the universe, but was Sovereign throughout all its realms.

The scientist, in his investigations into nature, discovers certain forces in matter and, concluding that these are traceable to what are known as "primordial atoms," presumes to assert that these latter give "the promise and the potency of every form and quality of life." This is the latest assumption of physical science. According to this theory, a living personal creator has been an awful intruder in the realms of nature during the mysterious processes of development

which matter has been undergoing during the countless ages of the past. The atomic theory either shuts God out of the universe entirely, or else sends Him so far into the mists of the past, that scarcely a trace of His shadow is left for our adoration. But are not the hidings of God strong presumptive evidence of omnipotency and the sublimest wisdom? In the mighty processes of nature, it is a Principle of the Divine Procedure that God never puts forth an immediate creative act when the end aimed at can be reached by subordinate agents, or already existing laws. Given the "primordial atoms," God, henceforth, hides Himself, in a thousand instances, in His laws, in the forces He has given to already existing matter. But, as no philosopher can ever account for these atoms, even in their simple but subtle form, neither can they say but, on their first coming into existence, God was there as their Creator. Let us look at a few of Christ's miracles, as profound illustrations of the above stated principle. Lazarus is to be raised to life, but he is buried in a sepulchre or cave, on the mouth of which a heavy stone has been rolled. Now the Divine act here will be to communicate life to the buried corpse. All the accessories to this can be done by those around him. First, the stone has to be rolled away. He who can raise the dead can do this by a word, but rolling away the stone does not belong to the category of the Divine acts, inasmuch as *that* can be done by His disciples, hence the command "Roll ye away the stone." Mark again, when life is restored to Lazarus he can come forth himself, so the Master calls to him, "Lazarus come forth." Once more, Lazarus stands bound in his grave clothes, outside the sepulchre, and the word is then given to the attendants, "Loose him and let him go." Here we have the hidings of the Divine power among human agents. In the miracle of turning water into wine, pitchers are brought, ordered to be filled with water; the servants are commanded

to draw. The Divine act is again hidden. In the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the loaves and fishes are brought to Jesus; the people are made to sit down; Christ invokes the Divine blessing; He gives to the disciples; the disciples give to the multitude. Where was the exact point at which the multiplication took place? In the case of the man born blind, Jesus spat on the ground; made clay of the spittle; anointed the blind man's eyes. The blind man himself had to go and wash in the pool of Siloam; and, having done this, he returned seeing. Here, the exact point at which the Divine interposition took place is hidden by the means employed. Christ's resurrection furnishes us another striking illustration. There seems to be thus, in the Divine government, what we might term *royal* acts, and acts of *service*. There are those properly belonging to God Himself, and those belonging to His agents—acts proper to the King, and those proper to His ministers and parliament. The laws or forces of nature perform, to our observation, only acts of service, and these, therefore, cover the original creative act. Prof. Tyndall tells us that there are life germs in nature whence have evolved all the present forms of life, that there are processes of development going on which indicate all worlds, at some far back period, to have been in a nebulous state. The forces inherent in this primary matter may have been the progenitors of the changes through which it subsequently passed. Thus "atoms," invisible and undefined, are the almighty and eternal fathers of the present siderial universe, and of the rational and irrational beings which inhabit it, with all their emotions and passions. Granted, for argument's sake that, "given so many life germs and we can rear you a universe," the great problem still remains unsolved. Who gave the germs? whence their forces? their evolutionary tendency? If the primary condition of matter be atoms, what was the primary condition of atoms? Say you

have the pitcher and the water; whence the wine? Given the clay and the pool of Siloam; how did these give eyes to the blind? Say the stone is rolled away from the sepulchre how comes Lazarus forth, a living man? "We see no God in the universe," says the modern scientist. Neither did the Jews see a God at the tomb of Lazarus. They *did* see the stone rolled away. They *did* see Jesus of Nazareth there; but was He not the carpenter's son? They heard a loud voice; but was it not a human voice? How, therefore, he that was dead came forth, was to them an unsolved mystery. Now, all God's revelations to us are through the medium of the creature or the created. We never can see the exercise of the Divine attributes as a Spirit. How can the philosopher see God in nature, while her laws and operations are only the medium through which He conveys knowledge of Himself to finite beings? It is that something, upon which the energy of His nature acts, and, as such, in its elementary forms, may be almost co-existent with Himself, but eternally separated from, and dependent upon Him. A tree grows in the forest. I take my knife and carve my name in its soft, smooth bark, or with the axe hollow its trunk into a canoe, but the impression I made on the tree, or the energy I brought to bear thereon, and myself, are totally and unchangeably different and distinct. A skilful artisan takes wood, brass, steel, paint, &c., and from these materials, constructs a clock which, when wound up, has its motion in itself, and for a time, goes independently of any external agent. Now, God has impressed some of the perfections of His character on the suns and worlds around us, and made them for times, and for seasons, and for days and years. When the modern sage talks of "primordial atoms," it is only like discovering the hair, or mainspring of a watch. The great problem is still in the rear. Who made the spring? who gave it its elasticity? who superintended the construction of the time-piece?

Atoms, according to a distinguished scientist,* “are so light that a million million million million of them would amount to four or five grammes. They are so small that there are nineteen million million of them in a centimetre. They are flying everywhere, and striking each other.” Why, if this description be correct, it will take omnipotence to keep them in order. What overwhelming intelligence, therefore, controlled these atoms, so many, so volatile, so infinitesimally arranged them so as to be formed into suns and stars, into magnetic currents and other attractive forces, into plants and flowers, into animals and men, into thought and feeling and passion, resulting in the towering genius of a Newton, in the magnificent and versatile imagination of a Milton and a Shakespeare? Let the dying echoes of a great speech in Belfast answer. From atoms have evolved all this, forsooth! Yet, the eternal, infinite fountain of this evolved intelligence wisdom, and power, must not be thought of as a living, lovable *person*, far less as the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Pope of science has issued his bull. The syllabus of his latest encyclical, might be thus rendered:—“That which planted the ear must not hear, that which formed the eye must not see, that which reared the universe must not be a personal Deity.” How infinitely grander, and more philosophical is the cosmology of Scripture. “Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended in a measure the dust of the earth, and weighed in a balance the mountains, and the hills in scales.” Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or, who, being His counsellor, hath taught Him? With whom took He counsel, and who instructed Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and showed Him the way of understanding? Behold the nations are as a drop from the bucket, and are reckoned as dust on scales;

* Clerk Maxwell.

lo, islands as an atom He will take up. Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the foundations of the earth? The One sitting on the circle of the earth and its inhabitants are as grasshoppers; the One spreading like a veil the heavens, and He stretches them out like a tent to dwell in; the One bringing princes to nothing, and making the judges of the earth like emptiness. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold, who hath created these things and bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all, by names, by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power, not one is missing. Hast thou not known, or heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding.

A. A. CAMERON.

OTTAWA.

Homeless.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

“Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.”

THOSE have their resting place; when eventide
 Comes with chill dews and thick oppressive gloom,
 In the moist, fragrant earth they each may hide,
 Safe in the shelter of its peaceful home,
 And free from all alarm may make its bed;
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

These, too, the songful denizens of air,
 When daylight dies in the slow-fading west,
 All have their warm, sweet homes, and gently there
 Through the dim hours may nestle in soft rest,
 While round each wind-rocked couch are perfumes shed;
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

No place for Him ! The star-led sages came
 Seeking a King ; yet, o'er no princely dome
 The beauteous herald stayed, with lambent flame
 Gilding the towers of royalty's proud home ;—
 O'er a rude hovel paused the wand'rer fair,
 And, lo ! they found the King they sought for *there*.

No place where He might lay His head to die !
 His was a felon's cross, a felon's doom ;—
 Upraised 'twixt shudd'ring earth and darkened sky
 He bowed His head amid the awful gloom
 That weary head that had not where to rest,
 Like a pale flower drooped o'er His bloody breast.

Yet shall there come a day—it hastens now—
 When He in awful pomp shall come again ;
 And every mortal knee in dust shall bow,
 And every lip confess Him SOVEREIGN then ;—
 Then He who homeless trod Earth's wastes before,
 Earth's King and Lord shall reign for evermore !

The Graves of St. Helena.

GRADUATING ESSAY BY MISS MAGGIE SINCLAIR OF CLASS '74.

AWAY amidst an endless sweep of the Atlantic's billows, a pile of frowning rocks rises crag o'er crag to the clouds. There, in its desolate strength, rests St. Helena as it has rested for ages, firm amid the eternal dash of waves and the mad fury of the winds. A wild storm is raging there. The waves dash themselves in tenfold fury against the rocky walls, and the winds hold fearful revels. Flashes of lurid lightning spring from dark battlements of cloud, and heavy thunder-crashes mingle in the confusion, till one might think the abodes of the lost had cast aside their bars and set their captives free. It is a strange, wild night, a fitting scene to prelude the exit from this world of that fierce spirit that had

ruthlessly trampled kingdoms in the dust, and made his country a chaos of dread and dismay.

Upon that rock as great a warrior as earth has ever known lies grappling with the King of Terrors, fighting the last, most terrible battle of his life. Shall he win or lose? The pallid brow and convulsed lips speak of mortal agony, till now a stranger to the heart of Napoleon. Over the features a shadow of despair is deepening, and pressing out the stern lines of indomitable energy and iron-willed ambition. He, whose arm had waved in triumph over a hundred battle-fields, yields, defeated and crushed, before the mighty victor, death. The writhing agonies of remorse distort the features, while memory, an unwelcome visitant by his dying pillow, is busy with the past. Vividly she pictures the scenes of childhood, e'er he felt the throbbings of that mystic power which was his ruin; and he smiles at the remembrance of these, his happiest, freest days.

The sweet vision passes and another picture is before him. She who was his truest friend, the beautiful Josephine, who was more to him than anything but his passion for glory, is again beside him. Like music her voice falls upon his ear; the sweet smile that had found its way beneath the stony barriers of ambition that walled him in, again beams upon him, and her light hand soothes his tortured brow, as for a moment he forgets how from his pedestal of glory, he flung that frail trusting creature, even though he wept tears of agony over the ruin which he caused. Yet never for a moment did he falter in his purpose to remove every impediment from his upward path. What a strange character was his! With all those elements that make the pleasing companion, the warm friend, the devoted husband, he was yet,

“ Led captive by a mystic power,”

dazzled by visions which disclosed a crown of fame, which

self-sought toil and pain must win. How those lines of the poet-Willis seemed to echo around him all his life :—

“ And though its flame
Consume my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars, I'd bind it on.”

Surely it did, for him, consume love, life, and everlasting hope.

Again the winds hurry by, but he heeds not, or deems it the shout and din of battle. Before him, in terrible array, passes each scene of conquest, Jena, Verona, Austerlitz, Corunna, Waterloo—a hundred fields of fame. One moment the fire of martial pride lights up his eye, but dying moans and execrations from myriads of desolated hearts drown the shouts of victory, and a deluge, as of blood, seems to blot out the awful vision. What wonder if that once iron heart now trembles in memory's presence, and shudders as the curtain is withdrawn which hides the great Hereafter.

“ Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?”

There he lies, the pitiful victim of that mighty passion which had led him to stray so widely.

“ My name shall be storied in record sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth,
And renowned, till the wreck of expiring time,
Be the glorified land of my birth.”

A beautiful dream ! But this rude shock of fate awakes him to the dread reality. Like a whirlwind he had swept across the earth, and now, beyond the horizon, only the blackness of darkness awaits him. With the doors of time shut upon him, and before him the endless despair of the ages, he shrinks back and hesitates to step off the narrow ledge on which he stands. But the last moment comes ; he reels and plunges into the abyss, lost forever to human gaze.

“ How are the mighty fallen ! ” is the astonished exclamation, yet one can almost hear the glad cry of relief from the heart of the nations as the news is echoed far and wide.

Quietly they lay him in a lonely spot where he had loved to pour forth lamentations over the ruin of the superb and costly structure he had raised for himself. There the graceful weeping willow droops above him, pure flowers perfume the air, the wild-bird's song of freedom is warbled gaily, but the sad, weird dirge of the sea sounds on and is never still. Once, an Empire's limits cramped the gigantic aspirations of that imperial spirit, now, a few feet of earth holds the exile, and the clod lies as quietly above him as above the humblest child of earth.

But the winds of St. Helena sweep over another grave, and its dreamless occupant has also won immortal renown. Yet what a contrast does she present to the sleeping warrior, in life and in death. Let us glance back through the years a little while. One August day, about thirty years ago, a vessel might be seen sailing towards a deep, narrow opening in St. Helena's rock-bound coast. Silence reigns there, for a human soul is passing out into the unknown. How swiftly the death dews gather on the white brow ! The tired feet shall never tread the sounding shore, nor the longing eyes beam at sight of earth's familiar prospects. Her barque is nearing a haven, just beyond time's stormy sea, where the blissful rest of paradise is ever unbroken. Tender, loving hands shall bear the clay casket up those desolate heights and lay it in a lowly grave among the rocks. Who is the sweet stranger over whose grave a husband hangs in bitter grief ? The world may not recognise her as one to whom its homage is due, but long will the name of Sarah B. Judson adorn the pages of biography, as one of the fairest and noblest earth has known. Let us, for a moment, lift the veil from the life of this gifted missionary.

Her New Hampshire home had not been one of wealth and ease. Her spirit had never felt the soft breath of luxury fanning it into a dreamy indolence more fatal than the severest trials. But her limited privileges only served to stimulate her native energy and love of learning, while the sweetness of her soul was drawn out and wafted abroad by the adverse winds that blew upon it. Gifted with talents that only wanted cultivation to raise her name to an honoured place in the annals of fame, she turned away from the tempting vision and wept for the desolate lands of India. Her fancy pictured those benighted millions treading on the very verges of black gulfs of despair, from which their puny gods of wood and stone could not save them; and they knew not their danger, for the "day spring from on high" had not yet visited their land. A wail of unutterable despair seemed sounding to her from across the deep, and letting go the clinging hands of friends, she hastened forth on her noble mission.

In her foreign home she toiled, often with tired feet and weary brain, but her soul's high purpose enabled her to brave every danger, and tided her over every obstacle. By the radiance of the heavenly lamp she carried, she walked unharmed amidst deadly evils—the burning climate, the wild denizens of the jungles, and still wilder beings, once created in the image of the most High, but whose cruel hands only His tender pity could now restrain. Not long, however, did that frail hand point to the cross of glory, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," whose beams alone could give joy and peace to "the waste places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty." We wonder that she was called so soon, even while we say reverently, "Just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of Saints." Death had passed her by in many a form, but now "the shadowy paleness" of his presence rested on her brow. The light of the sweet blue eyes burned more dimly, the voice that had so loved to tell

the story of Redeeming grace grew fainter day by day. Anxiously they watched and tended her, and when a home voyage was proposed, in the fond hope that her native air might restore her lost bloom, and the twining arms of friends might hold her back from the grave's portals, she yielded a willing assent, for she could hardly feel that her work was done when, as yet, the light struggled but feebly through the darkness of heathenism. But so it was, "God hath His mysteries of grace—

"Ways that we cannot tell."

She was destined never again to hear the glad welcome of friends, or, with lamp trimmed and burning, return to her beloved mission-field. Out upon the deep she heard the angel messenger say to her "Rise, for the Master calleth thee;" and, no longer with reluctant feet, but eagerly, she obeyed, saying as she went,

"This is not death's dark portal,
'Tis life's golden gate to me."

Now, the mists of earth all cleared from her vision, she felt that her Master could raise up witnesses for Himself, and she longed to "see the King in His beauty."

And, though her form has long mouldered into dust in an Eastern grave, watched only by the silver lamps of heaven, yet, she is not there—the one who vanished so early and left such desolate hearts. Not in the noisome tomb but far away in the land "Beyond the hills where suns go down" would we seek her.

Years have vanished into Eternity, with their strangely mingled burdens, since the unrelenting earth closed over those two eventful lives, and only the immortal histories of their diverse characters and actions remain to us, the one, mighty for evil, the other, for good. The one strained every nerve to the utmost, exerted all the energies of his soul to

gratify a reckless impulse that brought only ruin and death to millions, and to himself. The other, frail in body, but of equally heroic spirit, wore out her brief life, not for self, but for others. That she might raise the fallen up out of their degradation to a purer and higher life, and light their steps to the "Rock of Ages" on which alone they could rest safely after their perilous wanderings, she toiled through such unceasing and appalling difficulties as would have made many a stronger one tremble and turn back. To each it had been said, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and the one chose self. Crushing every human power before him, and daring to measure his strength even with Omnipotence, he was in a moment laid in the dust by the Power he had defied. The other, forgetting self, and heeding her Master's command, "Go teach," went forth, not to win a name, but with an unconquerable spirit and a heart filled with compassion, to serve her Lord and the world. One narrow point of rock could hold both tenements of clay, but the immortal parts can never have communion. Each soul will traverse paths that must eternally diverge, the one ranging through pleasures of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, ever discovering purer and loftier delights, basking in His smile whose word commands those untold enjoyments, in whose banqueting house there is a continual feast, and where eyes beam only in gladness, for "God hath wiped the tears from off all faces." The other—ah! why should imagination strive to pierce the dark mysteries of that other life? Yet who may tell? In that last hour when human aid and sympathy are vain, when only God and "a great cloud of witnesses" see the mighty workings of the soul, it may be that a cry, from that heart which had steeled itself against a myriad voices of agony, ascended to the ear of the all-pitying One. Who can say if that red right hand were not at last raised beseechingly to Him whose "compassions

fail not," and whose blood could make its crimson white as snow. We cannot know. We may not judge. When the books are opened, an assembled universe shall hear the sentence.

We have lingered long by these two, strange graves and now, as we part, we wonder if any will question which was truly great and noble, whose name shines with the fairer lustre on time's annals, whose will be held in perpetual remembrance as the years go by. Surely there can be but one reply—not Napoleon's, whose regal spirit captivated all hearts and made the nations tremble, but the lowly name of Sarah Judson, who, when the trumpet shall sound, will appear with a more magnificent retinue than the fallen emperor ever gloried in, and shall receive a diadem brighter than earth could afford.

Rest on thy billow-rocked isle of the sea,
 Warrior, peacefully rest,
 Low lies the crown of thy pride. No decree
 May restore thy imperial crest.
 Oft may the voyager visit thee there,
 A willow-leaf pluck from thy grave,
 But none shall e'er weep for thee, only a prayer
 For the ruined shall rise o'er the wave.

And thou, whom Jehovah, the Mighty to save,
 Guard'st in thy "cleft of the rock,"
 What though the wild winds above thee do rave,
 Thou heed'st not the hurricane-shock.
 Sweet be thy sleep till the trumpet shall sound,
 Then in thy beauty arise,
 And enter the mansions where pleasures abound,
 In thy glorified home in the skies.

By the Sea.

THE din and confusion of the great city by the sea were dying away with the setting sun. The ebb and tide of human life, which had surged all day through the great thoroughfares, were growing calm and still. Men, wearied with merchandise, found rest for brain and nerve amid the green lanes and shaded homes outside the city. Others forever tired of gold and silver and all things else that perish with the using, sought rest by the sea, the music of whose waves soothes the mind harassed by care.

It is evening in this city by the sea; the stars come out one by one, their brightness is all reflected in the blue waves beneath. Ships that have made long voyages lie at anchor in the harbour, their tall masts like sentinels guarding the city walls. A little child wanders out from her cottage home and walks along the sandy beach, enchanted with the scene. The clear white sands sparkle in the moonlight; to the child they are gems of beauty. She sits down to play with the shining pebbles. The cool wet sand is refreshing to the hot and weary feet. There is no danger now, for the swiftly ebbing tide is far out at sea.

It is a still hour. The child's hands are busy with the sand, but her eyes wander heavenward: there is one brilliant star that seems nearer and brighter than all the rest. Is it the home of the angels? She thinks so and she watches it eagerly; perhaps she will hear their voices. "I'll know their songs," she whispers; she looks again, there are long lines of light reaching from the star down to the water, "silver threads" she calls them. She wanders out a little farther where the rays gleam and sparkle more brightly. "Perhaps I'll get one," she whispers again, and her beautiful hands grasp after the vanishing light. Her feet touch the water; she dare not go farther, but at her side a tangled mass of sea-weed and moss

lies fastened securely to the rocks. How soft it feels, how pretty too! "I'll sit down here and watch that star, it's coming nearer! I'll listen for Janie's voice, she said, she would sing to me from her home in the skies." The child drops down on her mossy bed; her white face gleams with a beauty not her own; her tired eyes watch earnestly the brightening star; how near it seems! She sleeps; the tide is setting landward *now*. On and on it comes. Each wave surges nearer and nearer, the rocks beat it back, but on it comes with rush and roar.

O for some hand to rescue the sleeping child from the wild and angry waves. Only the star keeps watch and ward. One long white-crested billow rises higher and nearer than all the rest; the sea-weed, the moss, the child, are together borne on its bosom, and the receding tide bears them far out to sea. One wild cry, one small white hand lifted heavenward, and all is over. The little wanderer by the sea-shore has gone to the home of the angels, and the star shoots out another ray of brightness because of its added glory.

S. E. D.

Literary.

Webster.

American biography must generally be provincial. Down to the time of the revolution we are confused by having to follow thirteen different threads, and since that time there has attached to all their public men a local rather than a national celebrity. Many men of high talents, worthy to fill the highest places in the national councils have, with the exception of one or two appearances at Washington, passed unknown beyond their own State. In England the case is different. There, locality makes no appreciable difference. Two reasons for this provincialism have been suggested, one, the division of America into States, the other the want of any great and acknowledged centre of national life and thought.

But the fame of Daniel Webster is not confined within State boundaries. It was said of him that his country was "honoured in a citizen who is received with the acclamations of the world." It need not be feared that provincial narrowness will measure the fame of America's greatest statesman, a man so much admired, that his friends could affirm that the word "President" would have dimmed his name. But, when we are told that this man, who for a long time was a Cabinet minister and a master mind of the world, rose from humble circumstances to his high position, we become anxious to observe and study the gradations of his upward career.

In the New Hampshire home of his Puritan parents, Webster spent the early years of his life. Here, during the sum-

mer season, he assisted his father to work his farm and mill, and in the winter months availed himself of the means of education that then lay within his reach, and trudged through the deep eastern snows to a distant school. But straightened circumstances did not allow of higher advantages then, and here we have an instance of the noble resolution possessed by the youth. The saw in his father's mill took about ten minutes to cleave a log, and Webster, having set the mill going, would spend these moments in reading. Thus the youthful sawyer laid the foundation of his future statesmanship. At fourteen he attended a somewhat advanced academy, and there commenced to study with great avidity the Latin and Greek writers and orators. It was there he made his first attempt at public speaking, making a complete failure. Timidity, excitement and a conscious inability to give utterance to his feelings were no doubt the causes of his ill success. He is said to have wept bitterly over his failure, but three years after, while a student at Dartmouth, he made a different figure, and, by his oration, 4th of July, 1800, won at one step a high place as a public speaker. At eighteen, Webster graduated at Dartmouth, after a career which shows that in his classes he was resolved to hold the first place. His intentions had been to commence the study of law at once, but the need of money compelled him to teach school. Though his salary was small, he devoted a large part of it to the education of his brother, who afterwards became a distinguished lawyer. In 1804 he was able to enter the office of a Mr. Gore, in Boston, refusing the Clerkship, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, of the Court of which his father was a Judge. He had begun to feel his power, and though he knew that he would have to wait and hope before the reward of his profession came to him, he preferred the upward though difficult path to the profitable sinecure.

When thirty, he was sent to Congress, and there he soon

took a prominent position, not only from the ability displayed in his speeches, but also from his complete mastery of financial questions and the details of business. From this time, with the exception of a short period of seven years, he remained constantly before the public till his death in 1852. During a part of this time he held office, and here as elsewhere the characteristics of the man were shown. Strict punctuality and attention to business, he followed as a rule of life. He allowed nothing to interfere with his duties as Secretary of State, and worked always with the industry of an apprenticed clerk, acting upon one of his own maxims, "No man knows a thing till he has learned it." He was an instance of what honest application can accomplish. He says himself that many of those sublime passages in his speeches were produced by intense thought and labour. During his public life as well as during his studentship, he was a laborious toiler. How true are the words of Longfellow —

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

How instructive is the life of such a man. Commencing under difficulties, without connections to promote or patrons to recommend him, he fought his way up by his own indomitable will and perseverance. As one of his eulogists said of him, "A section of America rejoiced in the promise of the youth, and America altogether in the performance of the man."

Webster never became President. In 1844 the convention of his party gave Clay the nomination, and Webster supported him, though unsuccessfully. In 1848, his friends again put him forward, but his defeat was certain, owing to the popularity of the hero and conqueror at Buena Vista, General Taylor. In 1852 his name was again proposed, but General

Scott received the nomination. Webster dying in October of the same year, did not live to see the defeat of his rival. He no doubt felt these defeats, but he had a consolation in looking upon his life's work, and his own remark was, "that no one could take from him what he had done for his country." The Americans, republican as they are, have always shown a passion for military men; this too, to the exclusion of old politicians, who had devoted themselves to their country's service in a civil capacity, and were naturally best fitted for the highest office in the nation's gift.

Physically, Webster was a large, powerfully framed man with swarthy face and deep set eyes. On his visit to Paris, an eyewitness writes of him, "He was a thick-set man of the O'Connell type, a genuine countenance for a bluster—one would say—bespeaking more force than taste, but his appearance misrepresents him, for though he wanted not force, still he was never deficient in good taste or refinement of feeling, though certainly no one would read either statesman or orator written in his countenance, however bright his eye or animated his features. His whole frame was too Herculean." Such was a Parisian's judgment concerning the appearance of the "lion of the north"

Probably, Webster was too much the advocate of New England. Massachusetts at one time called loudly for Free Trade, and Webster was her organ; ten years after, when the State had built factories and was filled with engines, spinning jennies and operatives, and found English competition dividing the market, she clamoured for Protection, and Webster was again her spokesman. He has also been criticised for his adhesion to Clay's Slavery Compromise, and to the Fugitive Slave Law by which masters were allowed to follow and recover their runaway slaves in the Free States. But such a law could not at that time be denied to the South. So long as the Government recognized the right to hold slaves as chat-

tel property, it must have secured owners in the possession of that property, while it remained in the country. The law allowed the slave owner to hold the black man like a beast; to sell him, to separate him from his wife and family, to beat and abuse, even to kill him, if no white man witnessed the deed. This being the case, it would be difficult to convince the planters that because a slave had escaped across the the Ohio, from Kentucky, a slave State, into Ohio, a free one, he should therefore be no longer a slave. In Webster's time, public sentiment was not sufficiently strong against slavery to justify a refusal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and he well knew, that, if he in his place in Congress took a determined stand, disruption of the Union would almost inevitably follow. No thought gave him such pain as the anticipation of secession from the Union. Clay's celebrated expression "I would rather be right than be President," will no more immortalize the name of the speaker than Webster's words "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and indissoluble."

Did space permit, we would dwell upon the deeply religious tone of his character. He made a practice of reading the Bible once through every year, and one has said "that after listening half an hour to one of his dissertations on the scriptures it would be impossible not to believe either in their inspiration or in his." While at college he became a professed member of the Christian Church and continued a communicant all through life. Among his last words were, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and welcome me to thyself through Christ Jesus." Just before death he said, "I still live." Truly he lives beyond, while his works live here.

But we have left to the last what gave him his greatest fame as an orator. It was on December the 22nd, 1822, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, that he delivered the first of that remarkable series of orations which has so distinguished him in the eyes of the world. In 1825

he delivered a great address at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument, and another, eighteen years afterward, when it was completed. He also pronounced the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, two old heroes of the Revolution, both active public men, rivals of each other and both Presidents, who by a strange coincidence both died on the same day, and that day the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence. Webster, in his eulogy, after a magnificent passage showing that memory and gratitude are the true monuments of good and great men, concludes one paragraph thus, "Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains ; for with American liberty it rose, and with American liberty *only* can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of that grand choir to-day. 'Their bodies are buried in peace, but, THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.' I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.'" And after looking back at the past and applying its lessons, he points his audience to the responsibilities of the future. Let us, in closing our article, quote these grand words, "And now, fellow citizens, let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours ; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us with their anxious paternal voices ; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future ; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relations we sustain."

ISAAC CAMPBELL.

“Sitting on the north side of a high fence paring sour apples with a rusty knife.”

IF any one were in such unhappy circumstances he had better get out of them as quickly as possible, you say, but if he is there he is there and that's the end of it.

Hold, not so fast! If *you* can't see in the dark it's no reason why a cat can't. You have no right to say a nut is nothing but the shell because *you* can't crack it.

Now I'm going to give a short lecture on this very subject with more in it than firstly, secondly, and thirdly, though I'm not going to tell you how cold it was on the north side of the fence, or how rusty the knife was, how sour the apples were, or whether they were rusty coats, or how cold the poor fellow was, or whether he wore an overcoat; but I'm going to depart unceremoniously from the literal meaning of my text, and take it as a fair type of melancholy and downheartedness, and preach you a short sermon, on what we students call the *blues*. Now you exclaim, as Job did after he had worked out the “*Binomial Theorem*” “Oh! that's simple enough.”

Some people are wonderfully fond of beholding happiness and go mourning all their days, for what? The dear only knows, for I don't.

My dear friend, what is the matter? Just see how dejected he looks as he says “My hopes are all blighted.” Nonsense! I don't believe it. No life is so dark that there is not at least one bright spot in it; my advice is, find *that* and fasten your eyes on it. Take my word for it, by-and-by you'll see the good double if you keep looking at it. If you are always looking on the dark side you'll see it double also. The poet anticipated my sentiments exactly when he wrote,

“Then never get blue.
Better times, they may come by-and-by,

And to-morrow may bring,
 Quite a different thing
 So it's better to laugh
 Than to cry."

A writer says, "If the world is cold, light fires in it." I find it greatly to my comfort and benefit to repeat this two or three times a day, especially at half-past eight as I trudge through snow seventeen degrees above shoetops, and weather twenty degrees below zero. It's a capital plan before facing difficulties to fix your mind's eye on some good old saying ; then shut your bodily eyes upon everything around you,

"And bid farewell to every fear,
 And boldly wade in."

and by the time you have exhausted the subject on hand, you will be away on the far side of all your difficulties. But talk as you will, there are some things in the world not pleasant, for instance it's not very delightful to be bothered with a dozen sewing machine agents in a day, or peel pears to be burnt in the preserving, or darn stockings to be thrown under the stove and scorched before morning. I suppose you think that nothing unpleasant could happen in vacation. Well, I say it's not very nice to go fishing, and, after much mud and tribulation, bring home a string of fish and be greeted by your mother with, "Thank you dear, the poor cat will enjoy them so much." These, and many other things are not pleasant ; and though we are not to hold the bucket upside down and then exclaim, "It's no use crying over spilt milk," yet we should accustom ourselves to look on the bright side. If your front garden won't grow roses, you need not plant burdocks in it. If the sun does not shine very brightly this cold autumn day, you need not put up your blue cotton umbrella to keep off what little warmth there is, and chatter with cold underneath, as you hold a telescope in your icy fingers to see if there is not a cloud rising in the

north-west. But doff that sunshade and let the warm sunbeams strike your mathematical pate.

For my part I'd as soon sit in a smoky kitchen and drink vinegar, as have anything to do with a person who is everlastingly whining.

See that old man, Peter Longface; take a good look at him; he has a sour, cross-grained appearance; he is very thin—all bones in fact, and looks as if he had been pressed between the large leaves of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary all his life. However he is passing and you must speak to him, though you will have the nightmare for a week after.

"Well Sir Peter, how goes the world with you these times. Nice weather eh?" "Nice weather did you say? Too cold! The lumber trade of Canada is ruined and the potatoes are a perfect failure. The financial affairs of this country were never in a worse state. The ministers are degenerating. There is more of vice and misery and crime than there ever was. The buckwheat has failed and I feel sure I'm in for a sickness. You know I'm subject to heart disease. Ah me! I never was lucky; good morning."

Well I'm tired of hearing people speak of luck, luck, everything is luck.

Two people gaze on the falling autumn leaves. One says, "What beautiful leaves, I'll have some to beautify my room." The other mournfully exclaims, "Such is my life, like unto the sere and withered leaf;" and yet when you point out a hemlock to that same person, she will say, "My troubles are like the leaves of yonder tree, everlasting and never ending."

I thought the days of prophecy were past, but it seems that I am mistaken. Some people are always drawing dismal pictures of what will be in some future day, and if they ever do happen to be right, It's, Jacob, what did I tell you, or, Frances Ann, I told you so; and when some totally unexpected calamity happens, they claim to have predicted it also.

The door of the sitting room where Mrs. Fitzgerald sits reading the latest novel, is thrown open in a great hurry by her husband who exclaims, "My dear Marie, Tommy has gone into your studio and completely spoiled your beautiful painting of Magdalene, by painting the eyes a bright green and drawing a large fly on the nose." Down goes the novel—the lady clasps her hands as she excitedly exclaims, "James, I told you how it would be, if you persisted in keeping Tommy so much in the house. Boys should be let run round as much as they like, but you never did mind a word I said to you." "But Marie, Tommy went out to skate half an hour ago on the pond, the ice broke and——," "Not another word, cruel, barbarous to let the dear child go out so much, but I told you how it would be, if you let him race round the country as he has been doing lately. Drowned—killed—murdered—why was my advice not taken?" and away she goes before her husband could tell her how he was fished out, not injured in the least, only a little frightened. Now I expect you'll lose the thread of the argument if I continue it much longer so I'll end with the words of my friend Josh Billings "Laugh every time you feel tickled, and once or twice any way, and black your boots regular Saturday night."

FANNIE CRAWFORD.

The Educated Man.

THERE is, no doubt, a great diversity of opinion with regard to the degree of proficiency to which it is necessary to attain before the title "Educated" is fairly merited. The following has been given as a definition of an educated man:—"One who *knows* what he does know, and knows *hat* he does *not* know," and I think it would be difficult to

improve this definition. The field of knowledge is so vast that it is impossible for any one individual to be intimately acquainted with every part of it. There are many branches of knowledge respecting which nearly all that we can expect to know is, that others have spent their energies in endeavouring to unravel their mysteries, and bring to light their thought-guarded truths. We may, perhaps, become, to some extent, acquainted with the *results* of their enquiries, but we must, however reluctantly, remain ignorant of the process by which they have arrived at their conclusions. An "educated" man is not necessarily one who knows everything, nor even a little of everything. He who legitimately wears this title may, at the same time, quite consistently say, with regard to many subjects, "I do not know." The idea very generally obtains that the best educated man is the one whose knowledge extends over the greatest variety of subjects. But this is a very evident fallacy. How frequently do we find men who have a general acquaintance with a large number of subjects, and yet who are critically acquainted with no one of them, and whose opinions on such subjects are consequently of but little value. The education of such a man does not enable him to draw correct conclusions, nor pronounce an independent judgment upon the subjects of his investigation. He may use his knowledge to illustrate and enforce the ideas of others which he may have adopted, but it does not enable him to open up new fields of inquiry, nor contribute to freshness and originality of thought. It is when a subject is thoroughly mastered that it yields freely its treasures of thought to the mind. It is when we are critically acquainted with all its parts, and when we see its imperfections as well as its excellencies, that we receive the full measure of benefit. It is then that the mind is invigorated and strengthened by its knowledge, and the taste is cultivated by the nice distinctions which the

exactness of the knowledge enables it to make. The education of the mind consists, to a very great extent, in the quickening of the mental perception, and thus increasing its power of analysis in enabling it to distinguish between things that differ, though very closely related. This gives the power of discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, between what is appropriate and what is inappropriate. Without this power no man can properly be said to be "educated." If a person with an entirely untrained mind were suddenly to become the possessor of an amount of knowledge equal to that of the most learned, it would not immediately transform him into an educated man; his judgment would still be unreliable, and his taste uncultivated—we would scarcely mention a conjecture as to the use which he might make of his acquirements. Education is a very desirable thing to whatever extent it may be used; but it is quite a different thing from the mere knowledge of facts, and remembering this distinction we may understand the truth of the saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It gives to an undeveloped judgment a power which it has not the wisdom to direct into proper channels; it gives to blind impulse a force which is only safe in the hands of enlightened reason. The danger is greatest in the case of those who have strong and vigorous acquisitive powers, but who are deficient in the reasoning faculties. All the strength which they derive from their additional acquirements is thrown into their preconceived opinions and adopted ideas, if these *happen* to be correct, the result may not be undesirable, but if incorrect—which is only too frequently the case—the error is perpetuated and extended. There is no error more difficult to correct than that of a man who has adopted an opinion, and having committed himself to its defence, believes it to be correct without being able to distinguish between a sufficient and an insufficient reason. With

such an one reason has no influence. He has never been led to his conclusions by it, and he has no confidence in the results to which it leads others. His ideas are associated by mere similarity of expression or incidental relationship, and not according to any logical sequence. This kind of education gives a wonderful facility for "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," but it is of little service in the discovery of truth.

At such a time as the present, when there is so much investigation, when every department of knowledge must submit to the test of criticism, and when there are so many new theories pressing their claims for our acceptance, it is important that we should be able to judge of their merits, and dispose of them accordingly. And in order that we may be qualified to do so we require the mental discipline which only a thorough acquaintance with at least one or two branches can impart.

R. CLARK.

Firelight Pictures.

SEATED to-night in my study chair,
I watched the firelight glimmer and glow,
And many a picture saw I there,
Of the bright and beautiful long ago.

And many a sad and sorrowful scene
Was darkly, dimly painted there;
And many a sainted form I saw,
As I sat to-night in my study-chair.

There were faces wan and withered and old,
And faces blooming and young and fair;
There were beautiful tresses of flowing gold,
And quiet folds of silvery hair.

And the dear old home of my childhood days,
 With its trellised porch and its poplars tall,
 In the fitful firelight's shadowy blaze,
 I seemed again to see them all.

And I thought I heard the church bells chime,
 As I looked on the picture faint and dim ;
 And the sweet-voiced choir of the olden time,
 Swelling the notes of some saintly hymn.

And the firelight glimmered and glowed again,
 And died at last in its changeful play ;
 But its pictured scenes in my heart remain,
 And never again may pass away.

BELLA SINCLAIR.

Selections from our Composition Classes.

P RIMARY : — Subject,—“The Dog.” The Dog is a friend of man. He is found in the whole world. He eats meat and kills sheep, and saves people. His colour is black, and sometimes curly. A big dog once killed many wolves and then whined because he had killed them all. This is like Alexander who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Some dogs can swim well, like Cæsar who crossed the Rubicon, and then was stabbed and said, “Et tu Brute.” Some dogs guide people across the Alps. These are St. Bernard dogs. Napoleon led people over the Alps too. His other name was the “little corporal.” Some dogs are bad. Sir Isaac Newton’s Diamond threw down a candle and burnt up his papers, and he said “Ah ! Diamond,” etc.

Junior : — Subject—“Intemperance.” But we see that even the greatest men earth has ever seen have fallen victims to

this destroying habit. Alexander the Great overran all the world with his victorious armies; he conquered everything that came before him and then sat down and wept because there remained no other worlds to conquer. Yet all his wonderful abilities were in vain, for he gave way to intemperance and his vast armies were discouraged. * * * *
 To illustrate the latter way of being intemperate, we might mention Cæsar and Napoleon as examples. The intemperate ambition of Cæsar led him to cross the Rubicon and destroy many men and women and children, until, finally, it was the means of his death, for he was stabbed in the heart by his enemies. His last words were "Et tu Brute." Napoleon, too, was intemperate in this way. He was called the "little corporal," but could not be contented until he had killed a million of men to satisfy his ambition. * * * * Sir Isaac Newton is a good example of what we have just said. He was strictly temperate, not only in abstaining from drink, but also in his manners, for one day Diamond, his little dog, upset a candle which burned up some valuable papers, and instead of using violence towards him he simply said, "Ah! Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done."

Senior:—Subject—"Success." By acting in strict conformity to these all-prevailing rules, Alexander was enabled to seat himself upon a pinnacle more exalted than that attained by his equally ambitious compeers. From his brow shone resplendent the concentrated glory of all earth's potentates; a conquered world lay prostrate at his feet. Surely in his case, human ambition had reached satiety. But no! The mental and physical regulations, which had accelerated his progress thus far, were now developed into a consolidated principle, and achievements, conquests, and yet greater success, became to him, necessities. What a picture! the king of an hundred thrones, whose hand grasps the sceptres of

earth, from whose head shine countless diadems—and yet weeping! Omnipotent majesty in tears! And why? because there remained nothing more to conquer. Impelled by like principles, Napoleon's dauntless spirit bade defiance to the rigours of the Alps. His victorious eagles traversed Europe; wherever he led, conquest followed in his wake; so that, in an incredibly short space of time, the "little corporal" held in the balance the destiny of nations.

Cæsar contemplated the Rubicon. Mighty themes coursed their way through his brains. Imperial Rome frowned upon her offspring, but faithful followers were submissive to his will. "The die is cast," he cried, and from the borders of that little stream, step by step, he advanced until, arrayed in imperial purple, he trod the senate of the seven-hilled city, sole dictator of Rome, the director of Emperors and Kings. Throughout his career these principles sustained him, until, standing by Pompey's pillar, he received the fatal stab, and exclaiming "Et tu Brute," he drew about him the regal mantle and expired.

Selected.

Law, Providence and Prayer.

* * * * We question whether much confusion is not inadvertently introduced into our notions of will by our habit, to some extent a necessary one, of speaking of it as one of the faculties of the mind. May it not rather be, like thought, of the very essence of mind itself? Is a power of choice and of action independent of motion more difficult of conception to a being conscious of willing, than a power of attraction as a universal quality of matter to one familiar with the fact of attraction? The one is but in degree, if at all, more wonderful or mysterious than the other. Those who talk glibly of unipotent forces as something co-extensive with or inherent in matter, should not stumble at the idea of an alternative force, not ruled, but ruling; not controlled, but controlling; not effected, but effecting, as a prime characteristic of mind.

Such a view of the nature of the human will, subordinate still as it must ever be to the Supreme will, leaves, if we mistake not, a freer scope for the exhibition of those spiritual manifestations to which we have time barely to refer, but which constitute some of the most interesting and important of all phenomena. This class of phenomena, embracing a large and most interesting mass of facts, equally within the range of observation and experiment, and so equally susceptible of proof, has not, it seems to us, been sufficiently insisted on by the opponents of materialistic philosophy. Take that which we call conversion. Deal with it, not as a reli-

gious dogma, but as a question of fact, and so a proper subject of philosophic investigation. We can scarcely conceive that the thing itself, even in its more marked and striking forms, the occurrence of great and radical changes in all that constitutes the groundwork of character and makes a man what he is morally, can stand in need of proof to any man of observation, brought up in a Christian land. But if so, the proof is readily forthcoming, and good service might, we think, be rendered even to philosophic truth by collecting and putting it into a tangible and indisputable form. We have but space to put a single case, or two, to the believer in the omnipotence of natural law. Here stands before a shop-window, in a village in Bedfordshire, England, a young man of coarse exterior. Some trivial provocation has aroused his anger, and he is pouring forth a volley of oaths so fearful and blasphemous, that even the woman of the shop, herself an abandoned wretch, comes forth and tremblingly reproves him. We wish explained, in harmony with natural laws ascertainable by our faculties, the influences which transform this selfish, half-savage boor into a pure and peaceful citizen, an intelligent defender and martyr of soul-liberty, and a self-sacrificing philanthropist. Again, here, in a Prussian town, is a boy who at ten years of age is a practised thief, stealing repeatedly from his own father, and who, when he reaches manhood, is an adept in vice and an impersonation of meanness, descending even so low as to betray the trust reposed in him by his travelling companions, and purloin from the common purse with which he is intrusted. For the last forty years a wonderful work of philanthropy has been carried on in Bristol, England. Building after building has been erected, in which hundreds and even thousands of destitute orphans have been housed, fed, clothed, and educated; snatched from vortices of guilt and misery, and fitted for lives of honourable usefulness. The one man who is the

life and soul of this great and constantly enlarging work, whose philanthropy originated it, by whose persistent and unbounded self-denial it has been fostered, and to whose unimpeachable integrity the hundreds of thousands of pounds necessary for carrying it on are cheerfully and spontaneously intrusted by people all over the world, is the boy thief and the base young man above described. The lives of John Bunyan and George Muller, and of thousands of other regenerated men, are *facts*, as patent and as worthy of study and explanation as any revealed by microscope or spectro-scope. * * *

PROF. J. E. WELLS, M.A., *in Bib. Sac.*

WE ARE IMMORTAL.—One of the finest things George E. Prentice ever wrote is this inimitable passage: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast on the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its waves and sink again into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts. We are born for a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows will stay for ever in our presence."

Mr. Gladstone's Translation of "Rock of Ages."

Jesus pro me perforatus
Condar intra tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentem
In per sanguinem tepentem
In peccata mi redunda
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec Justus forem
Quamvis tota vi laborem
Nec si fide nunquam cesso
Fietu stillans indefesso
Tibi soli tantum munus
Salva me Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero
Sed me versus crucem gero
Vestimenta nudus, Oro,
Opem debilis, imploro,
Fontem Christi quær immundus
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit
Mortuos cum stau Jubes
Sedens Judex inter nubes
Jesus pro me perforatus
Condar intra tuum latus.

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS:

D. A. MCGREGOR.

D. P. McPHERSON.

BUSINESS EDITOR:

D. D. BURTCH.

THE time has again arrived when THE TYRO, venturing beyond the precincts of its College home, makes its accustomed visits to its friends. The pressure of work during the past term and the consequent difficulty in getting the students to write for the paper, have prevented us from publishing till vacation. Perhaps some may think that a season of such general enjoyment as the present, affords special advantages for this kind of work, and that there can be no difficulty in securing, at such a time, spicy and excellent articles. Our experience, however, has been quite the reverse. We have found that when the toil of the term is ended, and we, like Tantalus, are placed within sight of our promised pleasures and yet not permitted to touch them, the work of editing a college magazine, becomes decidedly dull.

In presenting this number to our readers we would remind them that the object of a college magazine is somewhat different from that of other literary periodicals. We think that its design is not so much the education of the public mind as the formation of a bond of union between students. It aims to supply desirable information to those who are absent, and to sustain the interest which every generous-hearted person must feel in the college which gave to him.

the means of education. It is a medium of communication between educational institutions, so that a familiar acquaintance and friendly interest may be sustained among those who though separated far from each other are yet united in the same purpose, engaged in the same pursuit, and battling with the same difficulties. College journalism is also meant to give to the friends of education a knowledge of the advances which are being made in our institutions of learning. And as we know there are many who watch with generous interest the upward strivings of intellect, many whose earnest cry is, "Let knowledge grow from more to more," we believe that to them a college magazine bearing indications of progress will be an object of no common interest. We present our sincere thanks to our friends of the Alumni who have assisted us with their subscriptions and contributions. To all our readers we send the salutations of the season. Christmas is already past; we wish you a Happy New Year.

Editorial Notes.

POLITICAL OUTLOOK.—In a few days our Province will have decided who are to be her rulers during the next four years. The election contest does not possess that exciting interest which has characterized previous ones. The polling being required to take place on the same day throughout the Province, will always have the effect of lessening the excitement hitherto connected with a general election in which some constituencies returned their representatives before others. The present, however, lacks other essentials of a warm contest. There are no broad issues placed before the country. The Ministry and the Opposition merely dispute about questions of minor administration, as the "surplus," the "half-holiday," "model farm," and "Ryker" investigations. As to the results of the election it would be hazardous to premise with any assurance of opinion. The variableness of public feeling defies prediction as to the result of an election. Yet judging from the results of the Dominion election in January last, from those which have since taken place, and the general conviction of the public mind that the issues are slight, be the right or wrong on

whichever side it may, leads us to conclude that the complexion of the new House will not materially differ from that of the one lately dissolved.

The working of the Dominion Election Act has shown in a palpable manner what, to observing and intelligent men, was very evident before, namely, the amount of bribery and corruption incident to many of our elections. Every one at all conversant with the work of election committees, knows well the influences—not always *intellectually* convincing—which are often used to gain the suffrages of the electors. There are some alarmists who seem to regard the recent revelations of the Election Courts as indicative of a degeneracy in the political purity of our people. We do not think there is any cause for alarm. In the election of last January there was certainly less bribery practised by both parties than in that of 1872. The Courts have merely brought out the facts to open day. Still it is unpleasant to think of so much corruption; and, certainly, if no means can check it, the value of representative institutions will appear less than what nearly all political theorists would lead us to believe. Already some twenty of January's elections have been declared void, and only three of those petitioned against have been sustained upon trial. On account of this *fatality* some croakers point us to England, and say that there the qualifications required of parliamentary aspirants are, "strict integrity, intelligence and purity of principle." We fail to see how Canada will lose by comparison with England in this respect. Many single elections there have cost the candidates more than the sums total proved to have been spent in the last general election here; and as to intelligence, no well-informed person claims that, outside of a score or two of the more prominent men, there is any very extraordinary talent in the remainder of the whole six hundred and fifty eight members of the Common . As to the fact that more of the Ministerial party than of the Opposition have been unseated, no importance can be attached, since it must be remembered that they form nearly three-fourths of the House, and we must, therefore, expect them to suffer much more severely. We notice, also, that so far, nearly all of the unseated members have been returned again—the Reformers having lost one member and the Conservatives having also lost one at the new elections. We have good hopes concerning the success of the Election Law. That it will entirely put a stop to bribery, we do not assert, for no law fully accomplishes its intention, but that it will most decidedly, check corrupt practices, and render the political atmosphere much purer, we see no reason to doubt.

Our Exchanges.

Since the last issue of THE TYRO we have been favoured with many welcome visitants from various seats of learning. We receive with all thankfulness their kindly criticisms and gratulatory expressions, and in return take the same privilege of expressing our opinions about our exchanges. One of the pleasing features noticeable in College journalism is, the interest manifested by the various institutions of learning in each other's welfare. Whatever truth there may be in the expression of England's melancholy muse, that "lands intersected by a narrow frith abhor each other," we feel that colleges thus situated can live in the most perfect concord, and rejoice in each other's prosperity. Nor is it strange that this should be the case since, though occupying different parts of the wide field of labour, our cause is one. There is benefit as well as pleasure to be derived from the interchange of ideas, especially among minds that are grappling with the same subjects of thought. Let us then lift our heads occasionally from the perusal of ancient lore, and take the luxury of a friendly chat through our magazines, the only but excellent medium of communication. We are cheered by the friendly "voices from afar off" that speak to us of common aims and interests, and now in the merriest season of the year, we return warmest greetings.

The first exchange we notice is the *Seminary Budget*, which comes to us in elegant style, and with some excellent matter. "Ideal Womanhood" is good. The ideal of manhood expressed in "co-education" is not so pleasing. We trust the reason is that the ladies are not so well acquainted with the latter. If, however, their ideas are based on facts, we are sorry that the fair ones have been so unfortunate as to form acquaintances only with such naughty boys as would give them such unfavourable impressions. We are sincerely thankful that though the ladies "beg leave to be excused from entering this interesting field of missionary labour," they still strive to evangelize and elevate us by their neat and excellent magazine.

The Alumni Journal is again upon our table. It contains an article strongly opposed to compulsory education, on the grounds that it is against the spirit of the age, that it interferes with personal liberty, is unadvisable—since so much has been accomplished without it—and is impracticable because it will not be carried out. To the first of these objections we would answer, that nothing which is right should be rejected whether opposed to the spirit of the age or not; to the second, that the education of those who are to become her future citizens very properly falls within the jurisdiction of the State; as to the argument founded upon what voluntary education has hitherto done, we think that it offers no reason for refusing

the compulsory system, since the latter might do still more. The fourth argument is certainly the strongest of all. In Ontario a compulsory clause is on our Statute book, but its influence has been scarcely appreciable; yet, as the people become further acquainted with their power, we expect to see the provisions of the law more fully carried out.

The Niagara Index, new in name and form, is but our old friend *The Niagarensis*. In Glimpses of History, Queen Elizabeth is styled "murderer of her guest," a term we are not surprised at in the *Index*, but one not justified by the facts of history. We will not enter into the question at present, further than to observe that while the sentence upon Mary was severe, yet the evidence attesting her guilt is quite conclusive. The new compulsory school law is also strongly opposed. No new argument is advanced.

We always welcome the *Volante*. The last number opens with a thrust at the growing tendency for "spouting," and condemns the practice of so often encouraging young men to speak in public. The writer speaks much truth in what he says; and cites a number of great men of influence and power who had no eloquence, such as Washington, Franklin and Palmerston. It is truthfully remarked that "an easy utterance, a lively verbosity, a knack of stinging invective and that kind of piquant ridicule which always brings down the house, soon come in the mind of a young speaker to be preferred to the profoundest knowledge and the largest grasp of mind." The article has almost the effect of recommending a "hesitancy and stammering" in speaking, and would lead to the inference that deep information and profound thought are inimical to the possession of eloquence. We think such an opinion too extreme, and one not sustained by the history of the greatest speakers.

The *Tripod*, though good in itself, is far too uncharitable. Its "Notes on Exchanges" are more rabidly cruel than critical. After attacking some thirty of its contemporaries right and left, it intimates that owing to postal regulations it must "sadly but firmly" request several of its Exchanges, which it expressly names, not to put in any further appearance. From its severity to others, we would expect itself to be almost immaculate, but find that it has not by any means reached perfection. We are sorry that it refuses to exchange with many College Journals, from whom it might take lessons—

" O' wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

From the *Dartmouth* we learn that their boating crew intend taking a better place in the coming regatta, and that *Dartmouth*

thinks the development of fine physical powers need not prevent a high mental culture. Though thoroughly republican, it speaks of Mr. Bradlaugh as an extremist, and in its notice of his lecture, displays a breadth of view far removed from bigotry. The articles upon Dickens, Thackeray and Burns are nice reading; and altogether, from the large number of articles, and the good thought and spice of many of them, we think the November number of the *Dartmouth* one of its best issues.

We need scarcely refer to the *Vassar Miscellany*—Always so good that references to it become monotonous. The typography of this journal is excellent. In the October number “*Juvenile Literature*,” “*German Element in America*,” and “*De Temporibus et Moribus*,” are articles worth attentive perusal. We wish the *Vassars* pleasant holidays.

The first number of the *Alumnæ Quarterly* of Collegiate Institute, has visited us. It presents a very neat appearance and is readable. There are names attached to some of its articles, however, which seem a little queer when placed under the title *Alumnæ*. We have already learned from our *Vassar* friends to prize *Poughkeepsie Journals*, so that the visits of the *Alumnæ Quarterly* are doubly welcome. Under the protection of such guardians as *Vassar* and Collegiate Institute, highly favoured *Poughkeepsie* thou art certainly well kept.

We heartily welcome to our sanctum the visits of our sage friend the *Owl*. Though we must decidedly differ with it in religious views, yet we thoroughly believe in a free interchange of opinions between those who differ. The *Owl* favours us with quite a lecture on the “*Signs of the Times*,” which it interprets as indicating the speedy return of England to the bosom of “*Holy Mother Church*.” Certainly every good Catholic must wish that such may be the case, and, no doubt, believes that the conversion of England to the “*Ancient Faith*” would be a priceless blessing to England and to the world. But what foundation any intelligent man, Roman Catholic or Protestant, can find upon which to base such a belief, we are utterly at a loss to discover. We certainly do not see anything to inspire us with hopefulness in view of such a change in the present condition of Roman Catholic countries. And the records of the past certainly fail to give us any very comforting assurance of the benefits of Roman Catholicism. It certainly requires a strong faith, but we believe a blind one, to believe, in the light of the present and past, that the “*Ancient Faith*” would prove a modern blessing. Our friends of the *Owl* seem to think, however we may differ with regard to the benefits to be derived from the “*Ancient Faith*,” that they have “*grounds*” for believing that England is about to return to it. But we do not think that very lofty hopes can be built upon the “*grounds*” specified. As “*Signs of the Times*,” two individual converts to

Romanism are mentioned. There are a great many who always have borne the name of Protestant, who have no very decided convictions one way or the other, and it makes little difference which side of the line they are on. If the great tide of religious life in England is setting towards Protestantism, the little spray which the breezes of circumstance throw back will not change the current. We humbly think the Owl is building "Castles in the Air." We wish, however, always to speak as friends, hoping that we may be benefited by an interchange of thought.

We note the following exchanges:—*Bate's Student, Packer Quarterly, Alumnae Quarterly, Aurora, Vassar Miscellany, McKendree Repository, Annalist, Dartmouth, Seminary Budget, College Olio, Alumni Journal, Asbury Review, College Journal, Tripod, Annalist, Central Collegian, College Herald, Queen's College Journal, Hannibal College Enterprise, Delaware College Advance, University Record, Actean Columbian, Williams Review, Archangel, Targum, Ontario Teacher, Dickensonian, University Gazette, Ashbury Review, Tyro, Miami Student, American Journal of Insanity, Lehigh Journal.*

Personals.

At the September examinations in Toronto University, Messrs. N. Wolverton, P. A. McEwen, and J. I. Bates, from our Alma Mater, were among the successful candidates; Mr. Wolverton, in senior matriculation, receiving the Scholarship in Mathematics, and Messrs. Bates and McEwen, honours in the junior year.

Mr. William McBride, at the September examinations in Toronto University, received honours in Classics and Mathematics. He is engaged for the coming year, as first assistant in the Goderich High School.

Mr. D. Reddick was unable to attend the University examinations in September, through ill-health.

Miss M. Fisher is attending the Normal School, Toronto.

Miss Maggie Sinclair, of class '74, is teaching at Goble's Corners, Ont.

Mr. Ira Smith is preaching in Welland, Ont.

Mr. S. O. Wood has been obliged, through ill health, to quit the College. He is at present preaching for the Baptist Church, at Goble's Corners, Ont.

Mr. R. McKillop is pursuing a course of study at McGill College, Montreal.

Mr D. E. Stephenson is teaching at Harwood, north of Cobourg.

Mr. G. F. Baldwin is teaching at Foley, near Oshawa.

Our staff of teachers in the Theological Department is now reinforced by Prof. J. C. Yule, who entered upon his work at the commencement of the past term. Already he has proved an earnest and efficient teacher.

Messrs. D. P. Mc Laurin and D. S. McEwen have laid Cicero and Homer on the shelf, and have undertaken the editorship of the *Kincardine Reporter*. We wish them every success.

Mr. D. B. Stumpf is pursuing a medical course at the Homœopathic Hospital College, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. G. B. Davis is teaching in Minnesota, U.S.

Rev. T. S. Johnston, of Petrolia, has resigned the pastoral charge of the church in the above place, with which he has been connected since he left our College.

Mr. G. W. McKee is in the Bank of Commerce, Woodstock.

Mr. Geo. Clift who has been teacher of Modern Languages during the past year, leaves us at the close of this term. We believe he goes direct to England.

Hymeneal.

GARLOW—SPLITLOG.—By the Rev. J. Vance, Mr. Peter Garlow, of Onondaga, to Miss Sarah Splitlog, of Kansas, N.S.

MCCALL—PAVEY.—At Woodstock, on Wednesday, Sept. 31st, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. Bates, of St. George, assisted by the Rev. C. Goodspeed, of Woodstock, Mr. T. S. McCall, son of S. McCall, Esq., M.P.P., South Norfolk, to Mary E., second daughter of Wm. Pavey, Esq., East Zorra.

FRASER—BEATTIE.—By the Rev. J. L. Campbell, Mr. C. H. Fraser, Wallaceburgh, to Miss Susie Beattie, of the same place.

BARBER—FOWLER.—By the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Alonzo W. Barber, Waterford, to Miss Clarissa Fowler, of Drumbo, Ont.

YULE—REYNOLDS.—By the Rev. T. Baldwin, St. Thomas, Mr. P. M. Yule, Almonte, to Miss Emma Reynolds, Burtch, Ontario.

COLLVER—KITCHEN.—By the Rev. A. Slight, Waterford, Mr. J. S. Collver to Miss Bell Kitchen, both of Bloomsburgh, Ontario.

MCDIARMID—HOWELL.—By the Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. J. D. McDiarmid, Sparta, to Miss Ida Howell, of Brantford.

HEAD—MCGINN.—Mr. S. L. Head, of Glenmorris, to Miss Sophia McGinn, of Montreal.

College Notes.

AFTER the election of officers for the present term in the Adelphian Society, the members, together with a large number of the Professors, and of the members of the Excelsior Society, repaired to the spacious dining hall to make merry at an oyster supper. Ample justice being tendered to the eatables, "the feast of reason: and flow of soul" were inaugurated. The usual loyal toast to Royalty was duly responded to by the whole assembly joining in singing "God save the Queen." A large number of gentlemen were then called upon to answer to the toasts of a varied programme. The speaking, sentiment and song were all good, and after two and a half hours of an exceedingly enjoyable time, the whole party, numbering nearly eighty, sang "Auld lang Syne," and dispersed, all feeling highly pleased with the success of what we hope will be a standing institution in the College.

A SNOW brigade has been organized to keep clear the sidewalk on College Street. Thus far its labours have not been in vain. The ladies are highly pleased with the brigade—at least with its work, and their eulogies tend to inspire its members with energy. The days of modern chivalry are being lived over again. While we write this, we understand that a snow-plough drawn by horse-power will be permanently introduced to clear the walks. Thus modern science ever an enemy to chivalry, again snatches from her a glimmering hope in this her last retreat.

DR. FYFE gave us a very interesting account one evening this

term, of his visit to Auld Scotia, the land of banks and braes and winding streams.

PROF. A. M. BELL entertained us with a lecture on elocution and a choice selection of readings about the middle of the term. Prof. Bell is so favourably known as an elocutionist that we deem it unnecessary to eulogize.

THE REV. MR. GOODSPEED, Woodstock, favoured us with a very interesting and profitable lecture, in the Chapel room of the Institute on the evening of November 27th, under the auspices of the Judson Missionary Society. Subject:—"Causes of the rapid spread of Christianity during the first, second and third centuries."

A VERY successful Union Meeting was given by the Members of the Gleaner and Adelpian Societies, on the evening of the 20th ult. The literary exercises were well prepared and excellent, such as we hope to hear again.

STUDENTS should patronise those who patronise the TYRO. Notice those who advertise in the TYRO.

THE following was the address on one of our *Tyro* exchanges—"Tyro"—Canadian literary Institute, Woodstock, Canada.

"SHINTY" was the favourite game, instead of base ball, this term, until winter cast his whited cloak upon our grounds. This game is very exhilarating indeed, especially, if more than the ball feels the weight of the club.

REV. MR. GOODSPEED was regularly installed as Pastor of the Baptist Church, in this town, on Wednesday evening, October 7th. Drs. Fyfe, Cooper and Castle, and Revs. Bates and Porter conducted the exercises of the evening.

MISS MCPHERSON, the well known children's friend, paid our School a visit in October, and addressed the fair portion of our students for a short time.

THE Inter-Collegiate contest theory is being carried into practice by American institutions. Both East and West, conventions have met, and arranged bases of contest and examination. We think if these Inter-Collegiate contests would result in making similar degrees of the same value throughout the country, that they would accomplish a good object. It is too true that many Colleges grant their degrees far too freely.

A project for an American National University is talked of, but from the difficulty to be met with in carrying it out, and the opposition it at present meets, it will probably fail of accomplishment.