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Religious.

The Student Life and the Higher Life.

BY J. E. WELLS, M.A.

“TO have prayed well is to have studied well,” is an aphorism ascribed, we believe, to Luther. The doctrine seems, certainly, too consonant with the highest view of the two functions to need much argument to establish its truth. Study is the chief means of intellectual, as prayer is of spiritual growth. If, then, the Author of our being holds us responsible for the fullest possible development of the complementary sides of our higher nature, the intellectual and the religious, we should scarcely expect to find any real or necessary antagonism between the two processes. And yet how often do we hear the earnest Christian student bewailing the tendency of intense devotion to study, not only to hinder spiritual growth, but to eat into the very core of the spiritual life. The request which has called forth this brief paper shows that the experience of students in the Canadian Literary Institute is not, in this respect, unlike that of their fellow-workers elsewhere.

First of all, let us observe with emphasis that the difficulty itself, however real, can afford no valid argument against intense and faithful study on the part of the Christian student. Whatever may be the special sphere of his proposed future life, loyalty alike to himself, to society, and to his

Master, demands that he be thoroughly in earnest in his pursuit of that culture which is a prime factor of the largest results, the truest success, the highest usefulness. As a *Christian*, his most important duties, his most solemn obligations, will always be those arising out of his relations to the kingdom of his Master. As a *man*, it behoves him to aim at becoming a man of the very highest type. As a *labourer* in any department of honest toil, he should study to shew himself a workman "needing not to be ashamed." Is he to be a searcher after truth in some field of science, or art, or philosophy? Loyalty to truth and its Author demands that he bring to the search the fullest store of brain power, the widest range of mental vision, and the largest capacity for sustained attention, which faithful culture can bestow. Above all, if he be a Christian soldier set for the defence of the truth in this day of clever scepticism, astute rationalism, and semi-materialistic positivism, he must spare no effort to go forth armed to the teeth, thoroughly furnished for the conflict. The foes of truth are never invincible. The vulnerable heel, or rather the fluttering heart, of error, may always be reached through the stoutest panoply of half truths, provided only the sword be keen enough, the thrust strong enough, and the aim true enough. The stronghold of scripture truth is, on the other hand, impregnable, but the modes of attack upon it are constantly shifting, and the defenders of the citadel have no time to waste in misdirected sallies, or the defence of indefensible outworks. And yet, is it too much to say, that hitherto more than half the strength of the great army of Christian apologists has been wasted in either attacking or defending the wrong positions? The Christian's is indeed a "high calling;" the broadest possible culture and the most thorough possible discipline are furnishings none too expensive. He who lacks opportunity to gain these may still be eminently useful. The field is broad.

But he who, having the opportunity, fails through indolence or any other cause to improve it to the utmost, relying instead upon the mere undisciplined fervour of a "zeal not according to knowledge," is verily guilty in the sight of Him who "has called him to be a soldier." Hence, we repeat, whatever may be the true lesson taught by the difficulty under consideration, it cannot be that the Christian student should deliberately choose mediocrity, or inferiority, and be content to go forth into the world a half-trained weakling, an intellectual sloven.

We pass to a second proposition which we would enunciate with, if possible, still greater emphasis. The Christian soldier, who would accomplish anything in the service of the Master, must have not merely spiritual life, but life developed, *spiritual power*. This is the very fountain of strength. His relations alike to Heaven and to Earth demand that the life from above should inform his whole being, imparting a loftier purpose and an intenser energy to all its powers and activities. That tasting of the "powers of the world to come" must have been faint and unsatisfying indeed, which leaves the soul content without draughts deeper and renewed day by day. The Christian, student or otherwise, whose retrospect does not reveal a process of spiritual growth and much more, that one whose spiritual consciousness bears testimony to chronic feebleness and declension, has indeed need to take alarm and search after causes. And yet, and this is the point we wish to make, experience and the Bible concur in teaching that both feebleness and decline are inevitable unless the spiritual life is constantly fed and nourished. The law of the spiritual kingdom is *growth*. It has been well said, "The infant born into the world is a man in miniature; all the parts of the body and all the faculties of the mind are there in embryo. So the regenerated sinner is the saint in embryo. The new principles are there, the new affections.

are there, the saint is there, but in infancy. He has drawn the first breathings of the new life, and begins his growth towards 'the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

Spiritual growth is, then, the highest duty and the truest and noblest ambition of the young Christian. But growth without cultivation is as impossible in the religious as in the intellectual sphere. Nor is the culture needed any intricate or mysterious process. Its best methods are those which are simple, natural, instinctive. The mind, like the body, is nourished and strengthened by what it feeds upon while gratifying its deepest instincts. The best mental culture is gained in the very process of gratifying the mind's natural curiosity, its inborn and insatiate desire to *know*. So the spirit, which has been admitted to the most intimate and endearing relation to the "Father of Spirits," and which has been awakened to new and vivid and glorious conceptions of those "unseen things" which are "eternal," cannot, if true to its own instincts, fail to delight in stretching forth every day the hands of filial supplication and in meditating upon those ineffably precious truths which have been revealed to its enlightened apprehension. If the Spirit of Christ has taken the "things of Christ," and showed them unto it, what abundant provision is made for its daily food in such themes as immortality, eternity, holiness, heaven, Christ, God, a wealth of bliss and blessedness, which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," and which has "not entered into the heart of man." Can the soul, once conversant with such themes, suffer any inordinate intellectual ambition to lure it from constant and joyous resort to the living springs?

Here, then, are two processes which the Christian student is bound by the strongest motives to carry on side by side. Perhaps the best service we can render is thus to attempt to show the solemn obligations resting upon him in respect to

each, so that in doing the one he must be careful not to leave the other undone. The question recurs: Is there any necessary antagonism between the two, and if so, how is it to be obviated?

In a sense there is such an antagonism. The tendency of intense devotion to study, just as of intense devotion to any other earthly pursuit, however right in itself, is unfriendly to spirituality of mind. There is no secular duty in which we can engage which may not be so performed as to intercept our heavenward prospect, and cast its own earth-shadow upon our spirits. We doubt not that even the most devoted minister of the Gospel may often find a tendency in the zealously followed routine of his most religious duties, to dull his spiritual sensibilities and mar religious enjoyment. This is a part of the inevitable life conflict. The "things seen" are temporal, and the Christian is of the earth. Shall he then fold his hands, and bewail that "the world is no friend to grace?" that it is so difficult to be "in" it and yet not "of" it? Shall he not rather recognize that it is by virtue of these very tendencies rendered all the fitter place of discipline? God's methods are best and wisest, and he does not take his people at once out of the world. The choicest plants in his garden are no hot-house exotics. Those of his right hand's planting, whose fragrance most delights Him, are often the hardy ones, inured to cold and storm on earth before being transplanted to the bowers of perpetual bloom. The fact, then, that diligence in study tends to hinder spirituality of mind, is as much an argument for relaxing diligence in the pursuit of mental culture, as the inevitable spiritual hinderances which beset the father in his daily toil as bread winner for his family, are an argument for his abandoning that toil for a life of religious meditation in cloister or hermitage—no more.

The practical lessons at which we are aiming are, if these

general principles be true, too obvious to need more than the very brief statement which the space at our disposal admits. The culture of the religious life demands *time*, not mere odds and ends, the mere ravellings or fringes of the web of study hours, but a consecrated portion of the freshest moments of the day. If we wish to enjoy and to profit by devotional exercises, we must come to them when the mind is fresh and vigorous, not when the exhausted brain is crying out for rest and repose. In the neglect of this one law may be found no doubt the cause of many spiritual maladies. Let it not be said that their work does not admit of the daily reservation of a sacred hour for the highest and holiest uses. Rather say, there is *no time*, life is too short, and its interests too momentous, for such devotion to any secular duty whatever, as precludes the indispensable hour of devotion and refreshing from on high. Certain it is, that without it the strongest spiritual life will speedily wither and decay.

Again, let this sacred hour be wisely and economically used, not frittered in aimless efforts either to *feel bad* or to *feel good*, but in real communion with the Father of Spirits, and real meditation upon some of those great themes of which the Gospel is so full, and which are the bread of Heaven to the soul. The duty of self-examination must, of course, not be neglected, but there is perhaps in the influence of student life sometimes a tendency to err in the opposite direction. Too much introspection is not always profitable. The Christian sometimes seeks in his own heart for that which can only be found above. He who is continually studying the laws of digestion, and watching for symptoms of internal disorder, will soon have his morbid curiosity gratified, and acquire the dyspepsia he dreads. The same mistake may be made in spiritual matters. Reflection upon the perfections of our Great Model, His infinite condescen-

sion, His ineffable love, His full and free salvation, will generally do more to exalt and purify the soul than the closest analysis of its abounding shortcomings.

Time fails us to speak of active labour for the good of others, as an indispensable means of spiritual growth. The fact is, we suspect, that the energies of the soul thus nourished from on high, will naturally overflow in practical Christian duties and activities. The most successful efforts for the promotion of Christ's kingdom are, doubtless, those which are thus the spontaneous outgoings of the full life within. If the tree brings forth no fruit, it must be because there is no healthy life within it. "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

"How can time be gained for all this attention to spiritual interests, without neglect of study?" I have already pointed out that this question inverts the true order of things. But the interference will be found less real than may be supposed. Success in study depends more upon the activity and freshness of the mind than upon an unduly large number of hours per day devoted to it. Very many students err in spending too many hours over their books. Dreaming, or nodding, or lounging over an open page is not study. The mind needs change, rest, refreshment. One hour of real, vigorous effort, is worth more than several of drowsy half-work. And when is the mind so clear, so calm, so collected and invigorated as when fresh from the presence chamber of the "Father of lights?" There is something in the possession of a calm and quiet conscience, at peace with God and man, which cannot fail to impart unwonted clearness of mental vision to the possessor. He then is prepared to appreciate at least one side of the truth contained in the axiom of the great reformer, "To have prayed well is to have studied well." And, more than that, he is then prepared—and this is undoubtedly the highest attainment—to engage

in his work in such a spirit that the soul is constantly in a prayerful attitude, and has ever a heavenward aspect, open to the reception of the hallowed influences which the Spirit is ready to distil upon it abundantly.

Idolatry and Woman in India.

THERE has been a great deal said, and a great deal more written, on the above question. As on all other questions, so on this, the writers differ very widely. I do not pretend to speak for all India in this article; only for Hindustan in general, and the Telugu country in particular. Among many others, the idea commonly received is, that idolatry separates man and woman, by sinking her lower, comparatively, in the scale of being than him. But I believe God has so made man that he cannot degrade himself, and his children not sink too; nor can he raise himself and degrade them.

If a man's *sons* invariably inherited the qualities of the father, and the *daughters* those of the mother, then such a result might follow: but as the general tendency appears to be the reverse, both become inseparably linked together.

The uneducated wives and daughters of Brahmins are as far superior to the other castes as the Europeans are to them. Why? Because the father has transmitted his intelligence to his child—to his daughter as well as to his son. True, women are in subjection, and very harsh subjection too, for these people have no *refined* modes of torture. In our country, if a man and his wife do not agree, they either scold, quarrel, pout, or do some other very disagreeable thing: in this country, the man *beats* his wife, and the wife runs home to her mother. 3

There are many customs which a superficial survey would set down to woman's degradation, but which are rather the results of their circumstances, and of the different light in which we and they look at things. Work which in our sight would be a sign of degradation, is to them quite honourable and *vice versa*. All work within the caste is honourable to the caste. I have never seen *women* in India doing what I have not seen *men* of the same caste doing.

The custom of the wife always following her lord when travelling, is by no means confined to pagan lands, and is partly due to that instinct which gives the foremost place to the stronger and bolder of any animal, intensified by ignorance and by the closeness with which distinctive lines of any kind are drawn in this country. In India this is the place of women; no Hindu, no matter how high his official position, would dream of walking before me, or even walking by my side. If I stand up, he stands; if I sit down, he will not do so until I ask him.

There is no doubt but that a son is preferred to a daughter; but if this is a result of idolatry, I fear there is considerable of the same feeling in professed Christian lands. The fact that property runs almost exclusively in the male line, and the difficulty in getting females married, together with the miserable life of Hindu widows, makes the birth of a daughter to a Hindu rather a doubtful blessing. That idolatry adds much to this cannot be denied; that it is the sole cause is far from the truth.

As a proof of this, it is well known that among no people are women more systematically bound down than among Mahometans, who cannot, certainly, be fairly classed as idolaters.

I have not been able, as yet, to see that the women are physically inferior to the men. I cannot perceive less intelligence, less thrift, less shrewdness, or knowledge of human

nature. They are naturally as bright, apt to learn, and have just as clear moral perceptions as the men. In this respect, they are as nearly equal as can be.

The fact of the matter is, that Idolatry lays its wide, heavy hand upon *all* alike, and crushes them down *together*. It crushes all the *manhood* out of the men, and all the *womanhood* out of the women. It has withered up all the *purest* and *noblest*, as well as *tenderest*, faculties of their nature. The mother loves her child, yet her love is little more than animal instinct. Love between husband and wife is such a rare thing that it is not supposed to exist at all. Care for the aged is more the result of the fear of their spirits after death than inherent filial affection.

The same may be said of hospitality. The Hindu is hospitable, benevolent or philanthropic, in order either to better his position here or obtain *merit* for the future. All the *man*, the God-like part of his nature, is burned out. Under idolatry, the devilish and brutal propensities of his nature develop, and reproduce each other in an ever-increasing ratio. Civilization alone does little or nothing for them. It tames no passion, roots out no vices, restrains no desires, nor unveils any corruption. It gives no holy purposes, no pure affections, nor noble aspirations. There is nothing in civilization that can warm a frozen heart or quicken a dead spirit; nothing that can *create* a loving principle in the heart and make the golden rule the outgushing of a regenerate nature. It has a magnificent head, but no heart. The Gospel alone can give life, living, eternal life, to a man, a nation, or a race. Jesus alone is the great Life Giver.

McLAURIN.

Ongole, India.

Musings.

WE watch the Christian as, with strong faith and calm brow, he meets the agonies of death. The bonds that bound him to earth are one by one falling from his nerveless limbs; the pulse beats slower and slower; the eyelids droop, for they are too heavy for his strength; the heart throbs, flutters and is still; with a sigh we say he is dead.

In the solemn stillness of the death chamber the mind is impatient of restraint, and fain would it follow the winged spirit in its flight. In such a time we love to muse, and whether our roving minds may find aught of truth—whether a breath from the spirit world may whisper aught of its realities to our souls as we stand so near the margin of the river—we know not; but we know it is good for us to linger near, and the mind loves to follow after the one who has so tranquilly passed over.

From the mortal body the trembling spirit has fled, to wing its way to a world unknown, to gaze upon scenes before unseen, to sing glad hymns before unsung, and to mingle with the throng of spirits. The great realms of space seem no longer void and drear, for now that the veil of the flesh is laid aside, the unclouded eyes find those broad regions peopled with spirit beings like himself. Nor is there in the cloud of flitting spirits any pause for rest. There are dark and malignant spirits, whose flight, swift and terrible as the lurid lightning's stroke, is winged with deadly purpose towards the abodes of the sons of men. Hither and thither, with rapid wing and dire intent, they speed. Ever intent upon the accomplishment of their designs, they throw ten thousand discords among deluded mortals, yet in their own ranks the most perfect harmony dwells.

But sweeping through the ranks of the dark agents of a

darker potentate, are seen spirits of a nobler order, whose work is love, and whose changeless song is peace and good will towards men. Theirs is a matchless beauty, and a celestial glory surrounds them; the vigour of eternal youth marks every action, and a halo of unsullied goodness around their brows draws to them kindred spirits with an irresistible charm. Many are the sons and daughters of men blessed by their ministrations; many a sin have they prevented, and many a sorrow have they taken away. They have brought comfort from heaven on their starry wings to the desolate; they have bound up, with fingers of loving sympathy, the breaking hearts of poor downcast men, and over the darkness of the human mind they have poured the radiance of heaven with its glories and eternal excellencies.

But higher, and yet higher, from earth and its millions, above the malignant powers of the air, into the presence of the Saviour of sinners, who reigns in ineffable glory amid the unnumbered hosts of heaven, the spirit rises. Before him stand the mighty battlements built on the eternal rocks, and lasting as the days of heaven, the star-crowned turrets glittering in their purity, and firm in their power, and the gates that pale the lustre of India's pearls, while over all glory resplendent glows.

Through gates thrown wide by angel hands he passes, and if before he admired, now he is lost. Beneath his feet are the golden streets that, catching the radiance of everlasting day, manifest the wondrous glory of the Great Eternal. A mighty throng, robed in unsullied purity, immortality unfading as the bliss of heaven sitting in undisguised splendour upon every brow, firmly grasp the palms of everlasting triumph; willing fingers strike the strings of golden harps, sending a flood of rapturous music throughout the heavenly streets, while from a thousand hearts filled with unutterable joy a flood of harmony rolls over the ethereal plains, and re-

verberates among the everlasting hills, dying away in sweetest melodies beyond their utmost bounds.

But more glorious than all is One in whom meet all the unsullied beauties of man and the unfathomed glories of Divinity. He smiles, and heaven is filled with radiance. He raises those once pierced hands to bless the adoring throng, and saints and angels join in one joyous burst of acclamation: "To Him that sitteth on the throne be power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessings, for ever and ever."

FRANK DANN.

Religion and Education.

BY A TEACHER.

MANY seem in some way to have acquired the notion that there is no very close relationship between these two things, and that the two need not, and perhaps ought not, to be imparted by the same persons. It is held by some, that the *State* should provide for the intellectual training of her sons, and *perhaps* of her daughters, and that religious people should voluntarily provide for the spiritual wants of the people. It is believed—and we think with reason—that the State cannot provide for the religious wants of a people, without interfering with the religious liberty of a large portion of the community. In regard to this whole subject, there are great diversities of opinion, and though we cannot expect to bring all to our own views, yet we may give our opinion and some may be led to endorse it. None but Infidels deny the benefits of religious instruction in connection with mental training. Man is a religious creature, and his wants must be met in some way. The great question is when, how, and to what extent must they be met?

Some said, in olden times, in answer to these questions: Every school and college should require the Bible to be read every day, and prayers read every evening and morning. And perhaps the pupil should be taught some catechism and made to commit to memory the creed. This was thought to be the perfection of wisdom. And all the national universities in the Fatherland were fenced round with these as a bristling hedge, to keep out error and sin, and keep in orthodoxy and pure religion. Parents and guardians sent their sons, feeling that such an educational Zion, "by wall-surrounded," must be perfectly safe. But alas, they soon found, that all faith leaked out not only of their sons, but of the teachers themselves; instead of being nurseries of truth and faith, and spiritual life, the oldest universities became very hot beds of the broadest rationalism, if not of a yet more barren scepticism. What now was to be done? The Bible, the Prayer Book, the Confession of Faith, and the morning prayers, have all proved unavailing. Many concluded that religious observances in connection with educational institutions are of no value. It is better to have, they thought, purely secular education, and give over the whole matter of education to the State. Now, we are heartily opposed to the views of the Secularists, as we are also to the so called religious education which is imparted in the universities under a State control. Indeed, if we had to choose between the two, we should rather throw in our lot with the Secularists, than with the managers of such schools as Oxford and Cambridge.

We sincerely believe in religious education—we think religion *essential* to a good education, but we have not the slightest faith in the formal reading of prayers daily, or even in reading the Scriptures, as that service is too generally performed. We believe in earnest living Christian teachers, laying themselves out for the spiritual as well as intellectual

welfare of the pupils. Religion is a life and a power which must be felt by teachers and pupils—a life which must be cherished, cultivated and developed by the means which the Scriptures prescribe. And the fewer *forms* connected with religion we have in a school the better. We want the power of godliness much more than the form thereof. This will purify the life; will stimulate and invigorate the intellect, and give tone to the whole mind. We must have schools pervaded by this kind of life, to which religious people may, with some degree of confidence, commit their children when obliged to send them from home to be educated. The majority of the people of Ontario live in the country, where there is nothing above a common school to which they can send their children. Where can they send their boys and girls with an assurance that their moral habits and religious life will be cared for? Grammar schools can do nothing of the kind we now refer to. They neither try to do anything for the religious training of the young; nor could they do it if they tried.

It is well known that the period of life at which young people are most susceptible of religious impressions, is between fourteen and eighteen—the very period when they are in the pursuit of their education. No fact can set before us more strongly than this does, the importance, the almost absolute necessity, of having the pupils surrounded by a warm religious life, while they are pursuing their studies. Their minds are plastic and forming then; and if religion is set aside during this period, how, and when are they to be reached? We have all seen the benefits of direct effort for the conversion of the young in Sabbath schools; it is only for the extension of this same kind of work to boarding schools that we are now contending. And we think there are considerations which give to the well conducted boarding school great advantages over the Sabbath school, in making

permanent impressions upon young minds. We are not now pleading for any sectarian or denominational views. We are contending for views which are held by all Evangelical Christians. All hold that religion is a *life* imparted by the great Head of the Church. All know that a greater proportion of the young are made partakers of this life, than of the more advanced in years; and we are arguing that schools should have a direct reference to these facts, and that parents and guardians who wish well to those committed to their trust, should also bear them in mind, and act in view of them.

“I WILL cast thy sins into the depths of the sea;” not into the shallows, where they can be fished.

WHILE the shepherds found Christ, the wise men missed Him.

ELIHU BURRITT says:—Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven’s sweetest tunes on earth.

THERE is much virtue that is like the juice of the grape, which has to be squeezed before you can get it; not like the generous drops of the honeycomb, distilling willingly and freely.

Literary.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

IT has been observed in the history of letters that great events have produced great men; that important political issues have given birth to intellectual giants. This has been particularly true in the history of our English literature. It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Reformation had, after much conflict and bloodshed, gained a firm footing in England, that William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of modern times, delighted the nation with his poetic philosophy and brilliant dramas. During the reign of Charles I., when the nation was convulsed with civil conflict, and the wars of the Parliament were being carried on with unremitting energy, Milton was revolving many themes as the subject of epic strains, "but had not yet determined 'where to lay the pattern of a Christian hero.'" But after the great Cromwell was dead, and the clouds of battle and of civil discord had rolled away, and England had become once more merry, *Paradise Lost*, the best of modern epic poems, was given to the world.

Perhaps no reign has been more eventful, or has produced more signal effects upon England, than that of Edward III. France and England were then locked in deadly conflict. The old Saxon spirit, which, though long crushed, had never died, was now revived. Norman and Saxon, between whom there had been so many feuds, and such long and bitter animosity, now had a common interest. Together at Calais, Crecy, and Poitiers, they fought and died for the glory of the English name. For fifty years Edward held the throne, and for the greater part of fifty years England was in arms, con-

tending with the wily Scot, or with the impetuous Frank. Though her armies were frequently driven to the closest straits, the nation's heart was often thrilled with shouts of victory. Scotland lay at her feet; France was at her mercy; and the sovereigns of these two countries were captives of the British king. It was among these stirring scenes that GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the father of English poetry," was born and educated. He also participated in them; for, besides occupying positions of trust at home, he entered the army, which was invading France, and was afterwards sent on diplomatic business to foreign courts. We cannot easily estimate the influence which such events necessarily had in the formation and development of the poet's intellectual character. We can only infer it from his productions, and from the manifest effects produced upon the national character. Chaucer was a representative Englishman; and while the nation was slowly developing, his mind readily and decidedly received the impetus given by those great civil commotions. However, it is probable that the name of Chaucer would have been found in political records alone—seldom mentioned by the historian, and entirely unknown by the majority—had it not been for his poetic genius. Many a man has performed honourable and important service for his country, whose name has not outlived his century. But he sought in the Pierian grotto the companionship and inspiration of the Muses, rearing for himself "a monument more enduring than brass, and higher than the regal structure of the Pyramids."

His writings show their author to have been a close student, extensively read in law, philosophy and theology, as well as in the sciences, so far as then known. It would have been impossible for genius alone to have accomplished the work he performed. Indefatigable in his pursuits, deep in his researches, and constant in his efforts, he left many a glittering gem to be admired and used by posterity.

Our author also deserves especial mention as the discoverer of the true scope of English rhythm. At one time the old alliterative verse was used, afterwards the octasyllabic. But Chaucer was the first to employ the decasyllabic, which has justly been called the English heroic measure; for in it the matchless dramas of Shakespeare were written and in it Milton sang his lofty epic strains.

Power of vivid description is one of the prominent characteristics of this ancient bard. His pen-portraits are wonderful. The reader has no difficulty in arranging every person before him. How droll his description of the miller:—

“ He was schort schuldred¹, broode², a thikke knarre³,
 There was no dore that he nolde⁴ heve of harre⁵,
 Or breke it at a rennyng⁶ with his heed.
 His berd, as ony sowe or fox, was reed,
 And thereto brood², as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop⁷ right of his nose he hade
 A wert⁸, and thereon stound a tuft of heres,
 Recde⁹ as the berstles¹⁰ of a sowes ceres.”

Says Professor Craik: “The general Prologue is a gallery of pictures almost unequalled for their air of life and truthfulness.”

He has justly weighed each character, applauding every virtue, and with gentle satire striking at every failing. In his notice of the “pore persoun,” after describing his habits of study, and his faithfulness to his flock, with the following eucumium, which any pastor might covet, simply and beautifully he concludes:—

“ But Criste’s lore¹¹ and His Apostles twelve,
 He taught, and first he followed it himselfe.”

1 Short shouldered.

2 Broad.

3 A thick-set fellow.

4 ne + wolde, would not.

5 Lift off the hinge.

6 Running.

7 Top, summit.

8 Wart.

9 Red.

10 Bristles.

11 Christ’s doctrine.

Not unfrequently a pleasant humour breathes through his verse; sometimes he seriously discourses upon his themes, and sometimes, with a sweet pathos, the old minstrel chants his gentle lay. Master of his art, he sang under the influence of a strong inspiration. Sometimes his harp quivered with subdued emotion—sometimes in overpowering strains, and in the wild notes that nature taught him, he poured forth in song his lofty thoughts.

But he had the skill of a true artist. Possessed of a deep insight into human character, of extensive observation, and a lively imagination, he describes with rare felicity the emotions and motives and principles of his characters; and with a peculiar grace exacts the sympathies of the reader, drawing from every source materials to adorn and beautify his verse. There is nothing overdrawn—nothing not in keeping with the spirit of his age. A true and elevated taste enables him to handle every theme with dignity and address.

Chaucer was undoubtedly the first true poet of whom England could boast. None who preceded him could with any degree of justice be compared to him. For over two hundred years no English poet arose to overleap the mark that he had set. The Bard of the Avon was the first to surpass him, and he owed much to this grand old master.

There are reasons why Chaucer's works are not much read and appreciated to-day. His spelling is very antiquated; the pronunciation of the language has since then greatly changed, while many words and idioms current in his day have become obsolete; hence it is sometimes quite difficult to discover the meaning of some of his finest passages. Moreover, his subjects were not those with which we of to-day have very much sympathy. But it is to be remembered that the English language was just then in the important stage of transition from a synthetic to an analytic tongue. The Norman-French, and the sturdy, vigorous Anglo-Saxon,

were then rivals. Since the conquest, the French had been the language of the courtier, the lawyer and the theologian—the Saxon of the peasant and the churl. But Chaucer chose the Anglo Saxon in which to robe his thoughts, and found it full of life and poetry—possessing capacity for the expression of the sweetest and tenderest, the loftiest and sublimest sentiments. It is now developed and polished, and rendered classic, by the most wonderful productions of human genius. But Chaucer redeemed it from chaos and saved it from decay.

This ancient bard died at a good old age, after having with other mortals shared the ills and joys of life. Fortune had smiled and adversity had frowned upon him. But, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of his life, when age and death came they found the noble spirit as strong and genial as ever. Posterity has not fully recognized his worth. Only the few appreciate his songs. But if there is one in her whole list of worthies to whom England should raise a monument, it is to the name and genius of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first poet of his age, and the admiration of his country.

IRA SMITH.

Vespers.

I SAW sweet Evening kneel
 Beneath the glowing amber of the skies,
 A tender trouble on her lovely face,
 Great pity in her eyes.

For O the flowers! the flowers
 Lay languishing, and like to die too soon,
 Smitten with burning kisses from the lips
 Of Summer's passionate noon.

But now had Evening come
 Among the flowers, and lowly knelt she there,
 And from the fulness of her pitying heart
 Went up a silent prayer.

Tears came instead of words,—
 Tears of most tender pleading,—and they fell
 So softly down upon the fainting flowers
 With some reviving spell.

Then did Heaven make the prayer
 Its own response, for every balmy tear
 Cooled the sweet lips of some poor, drooping flower,
 And to its heart brought cheer.

So the flowers sang a low, soft hymn,
 And swung their fragrant censers gratefully,
 Till all the air grew sweet as angels' breath,
 And rich with harmony.

And Evening rose up glad,
 And from my vision vanished in the skies,
 Bidding the stars look down upon the flowers
 With watchful, loving eyes.

MISS M. MCGINN.

“We have but Faith, we cannot know.”

IF we mean by the word “know” the immediate knowledge that we have of objects different from ourselves, there is, no doubt, more truth in our opinion than we might at first suppose. How little we know beyond the simple fact of our own existence that is not the result of a course of reasoning, or taken upon the testimony of others, perhaps few fully realize. For our knowledge of the events which make up the history of the world we must trust to others. Man must trust his fellow-man. The little that comes under our own immediate observation is scarcely worthy of notice, and indeed, would be very unreliable, if not corrected by comparison with that which we receive from others. We like to see and know for ourselves; but it is just as wise and just as worthy of an intelligent being to believe on sufficient evidence as to believe the report of his own senses. It is a

common saying that "seeing is believing," but we are not always able to distinguish between what we see, and what we only think we see. While in this world, at least, we seem to be required to "walk by faith, not by sight." We know but little, and the more we endeavour to know, the less confidence we are compelled to place in what we thought we knew before. The pursuit of knowledge would seem to lead to the conclusion of the Athenian philosopher, "All that we know is, that nothing can be known." We know but little even of those things with which we are most intimately connected. What is light? Various theories have been suggested. One and then another has given place to something less objectionable, yet we have but theory still. Heat, electricity, and many other phenomena, must be disposed of in a similar manner. What is matter, the earth on which we tread, this planet of *ours*, a part of which we are, that we can touch, penetrate, analyze and investigate with all the powers that we possess? We cannot tell; we know but little about it, and that little is of such an unsatisfactory nature, that some think themselves warranted in believing that it exists only in the mind, that it is a grand universal illusion. We may have a knowledge of phenomena; we may be acquainted with certain forms and qualities, but what it is that assumes these forms and possesses these qualities we are unable to discover. If we know so little about that which is present, and can be submitted to the investigation of every sense that we possess, how much more imperfect must be our knowledge of the distant parts of the universe, which can receive from us but a very partial investigation. How imperfectly we may expect to understand the design which it is intended to accomplish and the end which is to be its final consummation.

The mind is naturally inquisitive, and desires to know not only phenomena, but the causes of phenomena, and this de-

sire may be to a certain extent gratified. But when we have traced cause to effect as far back as the most penetrating mind can reach, faith must take the place of reason, and refer all to a great first cause, by proceeding beyond which we gain nothing but confusion.

It is reason, not knowledge that raises man above the lower orders of creation. This is the great ennobling quality in man's nature. With reason to lead and faith to trust, man reaches his most exalted position as an intelligent being. Though he may not be able thoroughly to understand the phenomena of nature, he can, notwithstanding, recognize in their adaptation to the objects and circumstances with which they are connected, "the handiwork of God," and through them hold intercourse with their author. Though it were possible for us to know all things, to have all possible knowledge placed before us, as in a mirror, every fact brought distinctly before the mind, but separated from everything else as its cause or effect, it would raise us but a very little in the scale of intelligence. Knowledge in itself is of but comparatively little worth. It is not the mere consciousness of the facts, but the relationship that we perceive to exist between the facts, and the inferences that we are able to draw from them that constitute the value of knowledge. Man is endowed with a mind capable of attaining to a wonderful degree of perfection, even in the short time allotted to him in this life. He can compare, analyze and generalize with a great deal of precision, yet his absolute knowledge is very limited indeed. But the want is not of so serious a nature that we should spend our time in grieving on account of our poverty. The author of our nature seems to have recognized the insignificance of knowledge in itself, and left it to be sought for but rarely found. But, in order to secure the pursuit, he has impressed the mind with such an affinity for knowledge, that it is never satisfied but when pressing

towards it. As in the chase it is not the capture of the game that is enjoyed, but the excitement of the pursuit, and the life and vigour that is infused into the system, so in the pursuit of knowledge it is the mental power that is acquired, and the intellectual activity that is induced by the effort to know, that rewards the exertion, and stimulates to still greater effort.

This world seems fitted to be the nursery of faith. Almost every object is one with regard to which it may be exercised. And may not this circumstance be considered as constituting a peculiar adaptation to the requirements of fallen humanity? Sin makes man doubt himself, doubt his fellow creature, and doubt his God. Unbelief is the child of sin. Faith is the offspring of holiness. The man of faith is the man of power; he influences men; he prevails with God; he honours his own nature; he honours the power of truth and right; he honours God who made him as he is. Knowledge, like the distant star, may mark the pole, but faith is the compass that guides to the haven of rest.

F. CLARK.

Ben.

I DON'T believe in Cerberus,
Three-headed dogs are too absurd.
Those Greeks were all so credulous,
I don't take Homer on his word.

But *Ben* is an authentic dog,
An undisputed fact canine,
Perchance a somewhat stumpy one,
Not moulded delicately fine.

His mobile tail and tawny coat
Adorn a dog that is no fool;
In him behold the royal guard,
The standing army of the school.

But yet the cares of school and state
Press lightly on him. Given a bone,
Not *very* bare, and he will gnaw,
Content and happy, though alone.

Politick Ben ! how deep his art !
Should foreign dog assail his path,
He wags a slightly doubtful tail,
But nobly he restrains his wrath.

How mild the unobtrusive sneak,
The downward droop of tail and nose,
Till safe within the shielding gate,
He shouts defiance at his foes.

O students come, and students go,
But Ben remains and changes not,
And in dog-Latin often says,
He couldn't leave, he loves the spot.

But yet, I think, he is so vain—
Not all unlike are dogs and men—
That he expects, in course of time,
To *graduate*—as Doctor Ben.

Or then, perhaps, he'll scorn to wear
The simple name he carries now ;
He'll alter it, I'm very sure,
To Doctor Benjamin Bow-wow.

—*From the Sheaf.*

The Study of Classics.

CICERO, in his distinguished address, delivered in defence of the proposed Manilian Law, said:—*Mihi non tam copia, quam modus in dicendo quærendus est.*—"What I have to seek for is not so much a variety of arguments as moderation in employing them."

This, Messrs. Editors, is somewhat my position in regard to the subject which I have undertaken to discuss in the present article.

No doubt you are already aware that the discussion, concerning the benefits derived from the study of classics, has for some time agitated the literary world. And, while we are cognizant not only of this fact, but also that some of our leading Universities have already taken a step in advance of this, having adopted in lieu of them an extension of their scientific course, and that others have even gone so far as to discard their study altogether, yet we contend that the study of classics strengthens the mind for its search after truth as much if not more than any other department of study.

Various reasons can be given why the study of classics should still be retained as an important part of our present system of education.

It was this that gave the first great literary impetus to the national mind of England, and formed the taste of modern Europe. About the first part of the middle centuries, a new style of architecture, not less than new social institutions, bespoke a fresh posture and tendency in the progressive spirit of the European world; when chivalry was the leading element of society, and the popular mind was occupied with fantastic traditional songs, fairy lays and knightly narratives; in response to the invocation of the learned, which was more importunate for the imitation of the literature of the ancients than of their politics, fine arts or ethics; the lays

of Horace once more stirred the European heart to its depths. In every college was read Virgil's story of Trojan and Hellenic wars, which roused the slumbering energies of a martial Europe. Homer, weaving the beautiful flowers of romance into the woof of ordinary life, bound the European heart once again to the chariot wheels of his poetic eloquence, and as a result, to-day we see Europe, in point of intelligence, infinitely superior to either Asia or Africa.

Classics should be studied not only for their inherent worth, but more especially for the important lessons in simplicity of style, a harmonious completeness of statement, perspicuity of thought and copious diction.

"The ancient languages," says an eminent English divine, "especially Latin and Greek, as mere pieces of invention, are incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages. Their terminational inflections, instead of modern auxiliaries and particles, indicate their superiority." Moreover, if, in connection with the foregoing, we add the exuberance of the Greek, its harmony and sublime imagery, there are sufficient reasons why classics should be studied for their beauties. Viewing them merely as channels of thought and passion, all others are comparatively tame.

Everything that is written is meant both to *please* and *profit*. It is impossible, or at least very difficult, to accomplish the latter independent of the former, and hence the necessity of the cultivation of *style*. This may be defined as the acquirement of those rules and literary habits which long experience has proved to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works which have stood the test of ages and long fascinated the developed mind and cultivated taste, are most to be commended. Whatever, therefore, may be the literary fame of our modern authors, we are not sure that they will stand the test of time, or survive the revolutions of popular taste. The incantations of Virgil are still

as enchanting, and even more admired than they were two centuries ago. Homer is still the bright consummate flower of poetic genius. We can yet study conciseness from Livy; plainness and simplicity from Cæsar; dignified perspicuity and copiousness of diction from Cicero.

The life of every student whose aim is to make the most of himself, must be a life of incessant toil; and nothing is better calculated to inure him to intellectual hardships and secure a solid and vigorous application, and that too at a period of life which materially influences all other periods, than the thorough and untiring energy exercised in the study of classics.

In order to possess a thorough acquaintance with our own mother tongue, it is necessary to have a knowledge of classics, especially with the Latin and Greek, which may almost be termed the parents of our present English language, a great portion of which is derived either directly or indirectly from them.

That the New Testament Scriptures have come down to us through the medium of the Greek language, is, of itself, a sufficient reason why our system of education should be so managed as to maintain a supply of Greek scholars.

In short, it appears to us that innumerable reasons could be given why a certain number of classical scholars should be maintained in this and in any civilized country; that every system of education from which classics are excluded is radically erroneous and perfectly absurd.

D. P. McLaurin.

Selected.

The Maori Character.

WHAT manner of men are they, really and truly, those bronze-skinned aboriginal dwellers in our great New Zealand Colony? Why are they so unlike, not only the natives of Australia, the huge neighbour of their island in the Southern Seas, but all other savages concerning whom we have reliable information, and like only to the grand red men of American romance, as poetical, but far more human than they? When the Maori, having proved themselves impracticable subjects for the extirpation policy, which has been successfully pursued elsewhere, were fighting us a few years ago, with bravery and obstinacy which nobody could deny, we had very vague notions about them. They were to us "anthropophagi and men," who made themselves grotesquely terrible by tattooing carried to a height of barbarous art not to be found elsewhere. Certain samples of their industrial products, which were exhibited in London, displayed solidity and accuracy of workmanship and curious elaborateness of decoration such as we habitually associate with the handiwork of the Chinese and Japanese. We heard of national songs amongst them, leading people who cared about such matters to hope that a sequence of traditions might be made out, which would establish another great difference between them and all the savages of the Southern world by supplying a proximate history of their past. We heard of the upspringing of a wild, passionate, religious enthusiasm, under the direction of a martial leader which had a distant, dwarfed resemblance to the origin of Mohammedanism. But, on the whole, they were "black fellows," and they had had no charming books written about them, except Dr. Hochstetter's, which was originally published at Arkansas, in the German language, and afterwards in the English version at Stuttgart, so that the delightful accounts it gave of the sublime beauty of the interior of the island and of the sunny salubrity of its climate, probably extended to few beyond those who resorted to its pages with a purpose. There were plenty of books and pamphlets about the settlers and the sheep; but the writers generally confined themselves

to assurances that the Maori never came in sight in their respective districts, or to cheerful anticipations of their speedy reduction to "harmlessness," a readily interpreted phrase in the mouths of a certain class of colonists. There has been no gradual preparation of the public mind for such a revelation of the Maori character as that made by the lately published official documents, and for the present attitude of the Maori race, which is quite as surprising as the great social revolution of Japan, and except from the strictly commercial-exporting point of view, much more important to us, the elder brethren of these extraordinary people, towards whom they yearn with a most affecting eagerness. They fought us bravely, for as long as they could, and they are not ashamed of it, nor of their defeat. They do not mourn dumbly, like the Delawares, in stubborn endurance of extinction; but, like men to whom a revelation has been made which they hearkened to with a strong will and lofty intelligence, they have sprung "full statured in an hour" towards the civilization which the conqueror now holds out in the hand that has sheathed the sword. We have destroyed the old things, and they demand of us the new. They ask for guidance, instruction, all the material of civilization, with an astonishing perception of its moral meaning and results. They take so lofty a view of the new bonds between themselves and England, that they unconsciously present a model of government such as old nations are striving after with various fortune; they realize the unseen, they seize upon the abstract ideas of sovereignty, of the complicated bonds of a great political and social community, and they pour out their feelings to the men who are to them the embodiment of these ideas in language full of grave, dignified pathos. Long years of homage in innumerable varieties of idiom have not brought to the Queen of England any words more simply beautiful than those in which she is referred to in a letter written 23rd July, 1872, by one of "her Maori children," to Dr. Featherston, Agent-General for New Zealand, to whose personal influence with the tribes, during his residence in the island for thirty years, much of the present peace, prosperity and extraordinary progress of the Maori is due. We had, during eighteen years' continuous tenure of office as Superintendent, constant official communication with the tribes of the Wellington province, and from 1861 to 1865 maintained peace in this portion of the colony.

It has a strange effect to come in a dry official record on such a passage as this, addressed by any one of the former principal promoters of the Maori-King movement to his "father and friend," now, as his "loving son," has it, "appointed by our Queen to bear the burdens of this island into her presence." " * * * O Sire, salutations! I send greeting to the greatest of our benefactors, to one whose love has been felt by those who are dead and gone, as well as by the living! O Sire, salutations! your letter has been received, and both I and my tribe have seen it. Great is my satisfaction that you should still remember us, residing as you now are in the midst of the great world, and near the fountain of life!"

The celebrated chief, Wi Tako, contributes a letter to this remarkable correspondence, which puts the native character in an unexpected light. Wi Tako withdrew himself in 1862 from all intercourse with Europeans, fortified his pah, raised the rebel flag, moved from place to place attended by a body-guard of one hundred men, and on being invited to meet Sir George Gray at Otako refused to receive the Governor, except in his own pah, and under the "King's" flag. But he ultimately yielded to Dr. Featherston's personal influence, met the Governor on neutral ground, took the oath of allegiance, and became a valuable ally. His letter, which may be taken as widely if not completely representative, shows perfect belief in the wisdom and reliance on something more than the good faith—on the kind, just, brotherly feeling of the English Government. This man and his fellows have entered upon their new allegiance with a chivalrous loyalty that finds highly poetic utterance, and has an underlying note of steadfast patience, entirely acquiescent in the honest working of an unknown, uncomprehended machinery, which is, perhaps, the most utter contradiction of all to our notions of even the noblest savage. The eager, whole-souledness of their aspiration to the civilization of their conqueror is combined with an entire reasonableness quite as curious as an attribute of the state of childhood, whether national or individual. "The fidelity of your native tribes to their absent chief has not diminished. We are greatly rejoiced because your plans are clear and comprehensive. I have told you that the island is at peace. This is the result of the good policy of the Government. They are securing the confidence of the people." Then follows a clear abstract of certain tribal conferences, and reference to the matters to be

brought before the English parliament by "the loving father," who is "yonder seeking out the advantage of this country."

There is quite an Ossianic loftiness about many of the speeches made by the Maori chiefs to Sir George Bowen, Governor of New Zealand, during his "progress" last April, when he travelled overland through the central, once hostile, districts, lately inaccessible to Europeans, from Wellington to Auckland, and visited both shores of the great lake Taupo, the geographical and strategical course of the island, from whence to the chief towns of all the provinces, the mail-coach roads are being rapidly completed. A universal chorus of welcome greeted the Governor; welcome in which there is not a touch of servility, couched in language which must have had a strange effect upon the Master of Blantyre, who was of the Governor's party. It is such as might have been spoken by the Highland chieftains, children of the Mist, when the clans were gathered to declare for the unseen, unknown object of their imaginative romantic loyalty, full of the poetic fervour of one feeling common to all, yet strangely distinct, and true to the spirit of clanship. The "tangi" or lament for an aged chief, at which they assisted, is just like a Highland "coronach," lofty, eloquent, full of poetry, and without the slightest touch of the grotesque. Of what other "savage" death ceremony could that be said? Few more romantic or wonderful spectacles have been witnessed than the *korero*, or conference, at Tokano, the native settlement at the south end of the lake, which was held by the Governor and the great chiefs. The lake, as large as that of Geneva, glittered in the sunshine, surrounded with a noble chain of mountains, with the snow-clad ridge of Ruapehu (9,200 feet high) towering above them, and the great volcano Tongariri (6,200 feet high) sending its clouds of steam and smoke up into the deep blue sky.

With countless flags flying—there was great competition for Union Jacks—and soft-swelling songs of welcome, came the tribes and their chiefs to greet the Governor, to tell him how eagerly they longed for "English education," for the "English tongue," for the faces and voices of their white brethren, for the roads and the laws, and the knowledge of other lands and other people, which he could send them. Among the number of striking phrases, these may be taken at random from many speakers:—"Come, O Governor! and see us. You are the father of the people. We have been

swimming in the ocean, and know not where to go. We feel that we are now touching the shore, and you have come to help and guide us to land. We have long been searching for a proper course to take. We are now beginning to think we have found the right way. We will listen to you, in the hope that our troubles may now end. All the followers of the king will hear what you say to-day. Welcome, my father. There is no knowledge in Hauraki; come and see it. Come hither from the place where you have been laying down life-giving principles of action. Come and see the death of Taraia, and the people who last saw him. His soul has gone, taken hence by the strong hand of death. Himself selected the day of his departure. Had he been bound with chains, it had not been possible to detain him. Though his spirit has fled, his voice still lives, and he bids you all welcome."

All this is blended with keen practical suggestions, shrewd comments on the Governor's admirable speeches, and explicit declarations that they expect the land question to be speedily dealt with (happily the Maori know nothing of the historical precedent furnished by Ireland—if they did, their confidence might be shaken); also very plain intimations that the collective loyalty of the tribes is not to lessen their respective independence. "Let the chiefs of other tribes," says Poihipi Horomatangi, "be responsible for the good conduct of their own people; they must not interfere with us." Paora Rauhihi observes tersely:—"We have long been wishing to see you. I never saw a governor before. Welcome." And one fine old chief, Tahira, made a little speech, which for sense and a lingering pathetic regret is matchless:—"Welcome," said he. "All I can do is to greet you. I cannot make myself one with you so thoroughly as my friends around you have because our thoughts are not yet the same; but when I find that I can dwell quietly and without being disturbed in my own place, then, perhaps, I shall see my way clear to do as others have done. It were better that the position of the land were made clear. My hands are quite clean. I do not know your thoughts. Unite yourselves with us to-day, because it has been through you that this place is what it is."

Every line of the Report is worth reading, and full of suggestion. So these are the Maori, the brown men of the fairest of islands, with the finest climate in the world, who offer an absolute contradiction to the conviction usually produced by

making acquaintance with savage lands, that the natives are blots on the beauty and grandeur of the scene. To read the official reports concerning the Maori of the present day, and Dr. Hochstetter's description of their country, is to have a wide field opened up for speculation upon the future of the race, under its double aspect of romance and reality.

A sad and striking contrast presents itself at the other side of that wide strip of silver sea which divides the Maori from the aborigines of the Australian continent. The Eighth Report of the Board for the Protection of the Aborigines in the Colony of Victoria, is a record of well-sustained, praiseworthy efforts on the part of the gentlemen who have undertaken so humane a task, with satisfactory results as regards the number and condition of the protected persons. But every characteristic which the official records bring out into view in the Maori, is wanting in the Victoria aborigines. These people seem to be hopelessly vagrant by nature, and lamentably unable to resist drink. These are the great obstacles, the deadly enemies the Board have to contend with, and, considering their strength, and the difficulty of making the recipients of such beneficence appreciate its motive or its advantage, it is satisfactory to record that the number of aborigines now settled on the stations under the control of the Board is 567, of whom 327 are males, and 240 females. The Board declares that the number of deaths reported (the total number of aborigines in Victoria is 1638) does not support the conclusion that the aborigines are decreasing at the rate that several estimates would seem to show. It is plain that their task is a hard and a dispiriting one, and the encouragement of freely-expressed public approbation ought to be given to the Board, whose object is, to use the words of their own report, "to rescue the people from misery and degradation, and if they cannot make them useful citizens, to prevent them, at least, from remaining a burden on the state."—*From the Spectator.*

A Recollection.

SOFT fell the twilight from the summer sky,
And gray the garden grew;
Alone we thought we wandered—you and I—
But love went too.

Yet all the while no word of him we spake,
We talked of trees, flowers, birds ;
But still his mystic music seemed to shake
Through all our words.

Through all our talk a tender tremor ran,
Faint, low, and soft, and sweet ;
And when we lightly parted, I began
To think of it.

Each word of yours I counted even as gold
A miser gloateth o'er ;
And twice and thrice the precious sum I told,—
And then once more.

Each look of yours, the flower you gave to me,
These were as jewels then :
Ay, as great jewels ravished from the sea
For lordly men.

The flower has faded in a book—our talk
Has faded too, in part—
But yet I know that in that twilight walk
I lost my heart.

I dream I wander with you even now ;
I see the boughs that blend
Their glorious green o'erhead, and wonder how
Our walk will end ?

The honeysuckle's scent is in the air,
It is the twilight hour,—
I turn and see a face to me more fair
Than any flower.

And in that face I strive to read my fate,
And in those wondrous eyes ;
And trembling in the balance as I wait
My future lies.

Do you e'er dream of it as well as I ?
Do you think of it yet ?
I shall remember it until I die,—
Shall you forget ?

—*Fro u London Society.*

Supposed Discovery of the Queen of Sheba's Palace.

M. MAUCH, an African traveller, thus writes:—"I believe that I have found the real Ophir, in lat. 20 deg. 15 min. S., long. 26 deg. 30 min. E., and I think I possess proofs of the fact. The ruins which have been so often spoken about are composed of two masses of edifice, in a tolerably good state of preservation. The first is on a mountain of granite; and, amongst other constructions, is to be remarked one which is an imitation of the Temple of Solomon, being fortress and sanctuary at the same time, the walls of which are built in wrought granite, without mortar, and still being more than 30 feet high. Beams of cedar served as ceiling to the narrow and covered galleries. No inscription exists, but only some special designs of ornamentation, which announce a great antiquity. The whole western part of the mountain is covered with blocks of great size, which seem to indicate terraces. The second mass of ruins is situated to the south of the mountain, from which it is separated by a low valley; it retains a well-preserved circular form, with walls constructed as a labyrinth, also without mortar; a tower still exists, 30 ft. high, 17 ft. in diameter at the base, and 9 ft. at the top. The circular edifice is accompanied by a large number of others, situated in the front, and which doubtless served as the habitation of the Queen of Sheba's suite. I have drawn, not without difficulty, a general sketch and a plan of this palace. I was confirmed by the natives themselves in the idea that these ruins date from the Queen's time. Forty years since sacrifices were still offered upon the mountain. The natives still call the circular building the House of the Great Princess."

—From *Littell's Living Age*.

The Germans in South Africa.

IF the statement made by the *Telegraph* on Tuesday about Delagoa Bay is true, the German Chancellor has made another hit, and Lord Kimberley will have business on his hands of a very important kind. The statement is, that the German Government either have purchased or

are about to purchase the Portuguese settlement in Delagoa Bay, which would give them the sovereignty over any regions in that corner of Southern Africa not already in possession of European powers, and there are several *prima facie* reasons for believing the report. The Germans, in the first place, would like a colony within a semi-tropical climate very much indeed. The Parliament of Berlin has repeatedly expressed a desire for one, and the Emperor himself is believed to be strongly moved by the vast loss which, as he considers, Germany sustains by the annual emigration to America, a movement which he vainly attempts to check by raising the railway fares and decreasing loss of status to all who avoid military duty. If he could divert this emigration to a colony of his own, it would seem to him less burdensome, more especially as colonies, in the opinion of all continental statesmen, bring with them ships and commerce to the mother country. The selection of Delagoa Bay as a point of settlement, on the other hand, is probably due to three considerations. One is, that the harbour is a splendid one, and situated precisely in the middle of the ordinary route for sailing ships bound to China and the far East, a part of the globe in which many Germans think they have reversionary interests. A second is, that behind the bay lies a vast stretch of habitable country, in which colonization might go on to an almost indefinite extent; and a third, and most important of all, is, that the bay is a natural point of entrance from the outside world to the territories claimed by the Boer or Free Dutch States. These States have repeatedly expressed an inclination to seek support in Europe, and two years ago dispatched agents or envoys to make enquiries both at the Hague and in Berlin—enquiries which were noted at the time by the Colonial Office. Our quarrel with them about the diamond fields, which they claimed as conquerors of the Basutos, did not diminish this readiness, which may have resulted in formal offers of allegiance to the German Empire. If these have been made, and have been favourably regarded, then the possession of Delagoa Bay gives the German Government an immense and fertile territory, partly peopled already by men who know it well; who can, with a little assistance, defend it against all native assaults; and who accept the new dominion with willing and unforced submission. From the bay down to Natal, to the north as far as he pleases, and to the west

as far as he can penetrate, Frederick William may be lord of a splendid domain, at least as large as England, in which white men can work, and plant, and develope, as the Dutch settlers have done, all the physical qualities of the Kentuckians. Where Dutchmen have thriven, Germans can thrive. There is no bigger, or braver, or, if colonial dispatches may be trusted, more cruel man on earth than the Free Dutch settler of South Africa, who, if this report is correct, will be shortly in correspondence with our Government of the Cape in the new character of subject of the great German Empire. As the native is pretty certain to try to play off the new Government against our own, as the Boer is savage at English interference with his slaves, and English claims to "his" diamond fields, and as the German, wherever he is, struggles hard for all he deems his right, it will be well if our colonial office is awake, if boundaries are made pretty distinct, and if we devise for the two Colonial Governments some policy on which they may dwell side by side in peace. We should fight hard for Canada, but we do not want two Canadas on our hands, or the chance of having to resist forays in which German troops took part, and in which the sympathies of our own subjects might possibly be divided. It is one thing to govern South Africa when we are alone on the continent, and quite another thing to let it govern itself when on its remotest frontier stands a jealous, exacting and extremely powerful European State.—*from the Spectator.*

Editorial.

EDITORS :

N. WOLVERTON. P. H. McEWEN. THOS. JOHNSON.

WITH the present number the first year of *The Tyro* closes. It was undertaken with many doubts and misgivings, but now these are gone, and we may safely say it is established. Its circulation in one year has reached nearly six hundred copies, and a not insignificant surplus is in the treasury. There can be no doubt that those who have laboured to sustain it, either as contributors or editors, have been benefitted, and we feel warranted in saying that it has generally pleased. Considering all this, we cannot but pronounce it a decided success so far. Though we may now be pleased with the measure of success that has attended it, yet we would not be satisfied with this in the future. We wish to see it continue advancing. There are a goodly number of names on our list, yet we would remind our readers that some three hundred subscriptions expire with this number. We hope these subscribers will kindly remit the amount for the next year *immediately*, that their copies may not stop, for our terms are *invariably in advance*. We are pleased that it has more than paid all expenses for the first year. This is more than we expected, but in the next year the expenses will not be so heavy, and we hope to see our subscription list so lengthened that, at the end of the year, we can spare a hundred dollars or more from its funds. Let it be distinctly understood that this is an enterprise for the benefit of the school, and not of individual students, and that whatever surplus funds may accumulate shall be used to increase the efficiency of some department.

Supplying.

THE demand for students to supply pulpits has been as great as ever this term. Some twelve or fourteen are called away every Sunday.

We think that this system and its working here needs ventilating a little. Congregations which, from various causes, have not for the time being a pastor, want students to preach to them; and students want to preach the gospel, for that is their life-work, and even while plodding over their books they earnestly long to be engaged in the Master's work. This is well so far; but students begin to find it necessary to count the cost. In the first place, a student who has been toiling all the week feels worn out when Saturday comes, and to pick up the odds and ends that have fallen during the week, and prepare for the Sabbath, is all that he is really able to do; and the Sabbath he needs for rest and devotion. If he can follow this course, when Monday comes he will be strong in body and mind and spiritual life. But when called away to preach, Saturday must be wholly given to preparation or travelling; all day Sunday his mind is intensely active, and at noon or near evening on Monday he returns with the "blues," utterly unfit for the duties of the week. This is the cost on one side, and none but students know how great it is. Now what is the cost on the other side? No student would think for a moment of preaching for money, any more than our devoted ministers, who are wearing away their lives in the cause of Christ, think of their salaries as their recompense; but both students and ministers must live, and of the two we think the student has often the harder time of it. One of our students, who has kept a very careful memorandum of his work, finds that in the last two years he has gone from the Institute to supply pulpits 26 times, preached 52 sermons, travelled 1659 miles, spent 78 days, and received just \$44.28 over his travelling expenses. 85 cents per sermon, or 57 cents per day! As a single instance—and not the worst one we could mention either—a short time since a student travelled forty miles by rail, twenty by stage, and twenty by lumber waggon, preached three times, and had, after his fare was paid, just *ten cents and six big apples!*

If students leave their pressing duties here to labour for the welfare of distant churches, surely those churches should bear a part at least of the burden. While the student is helping them by his presence and labours, they in turn should exercise a liberality that would help him in his struggles for an education.

Co-Education.

MUCH spirit is now being manifested by our American College exchanges in discussing the question of the co-education of the sexes in higher academies and colleges. Some look for the happiest results to follow the general adoption of the system, while some expect the most disastrous; and all seem to take it for granted that it will effect a great revolution in the social system. The arguments pro and con. are not particularly new, and need not be repeated. Suffice it to say that, on every hand, laws are being amended and college doors opened. Some fourteen colleges and universities in the Northern States have, within the last year, so changed their policy that they now give ladies an equal privilege of contending for the highest honours. In Britain the question is also claiming attention. Two ladies succeeded in taking diplomas from Edinburgh University, and began the practice of medicine—one in London, where she met with considerable success. But soon a strong opposition was raised, and the degree of the University denied to the next aspirant. Nothing daunted, however, the lady appealed to the courts of law. There the case turned upon a very nice point,—simply this: could the word *vir*—which, it seems, was used in the statute—be, in any case, applied to a *woman*. As no amount of erudition would make this appear, she lost her case. But even in Britain public opinion is changing, and probably at no distant day the desired equality will be granted.

As for ourselves, we do not hesitate to take the side of those who advocate the change. If a woman desires the advantage of the highest schools, we do not know what right men have to forbid it. And more than this, we believe that colleges and the students, and society that will be moulded by those students, will be benefited by such a step. It is the concurrent testimony of those who have had great experience in teaching that, when ladies and gentlemen meet in the same chapel room, and vie with each other in the same class, the ladies exert a refining influence upon the gentlemen, and they in turn give more substantial and worthy aims to their companions. We are not troubled with those terrible fears that agitate the minds of many. Though an opportunity be given, women will not all become doctors and lawyers and theologians; nor will our homes be left desolate while they squabble on the Exchange; nor will those old words, *wife* and *mother*, lose their sacredness. The Great Master made man and fitted him for one position, and the same hand made woman and fitted her for another, and those positions they will occupy whatever laws may be on the statute book. Possibly a few, who through some misfortune or blighted hopes cannot fulfil woman's

sacred mission at the hearth, may aspire to mount the "stump" or wear the ermine, yet society will be as it is, only better, and the world will move as it does, only on a higher plane, and minds that are refined will become more refined.

The Graduating Class of '73.

Messrs. Thos. Johnson, P. H. McEwen and J. P. McEwen compose the class of '73. From being quite large, the class has decreased to three. Some have gone to the work without completing their course; some have dropped back into the next class to gain the advantage of another year's drill, and some have gone to the University of Toronto. We believe that the class, though small, are men of such a stamp that they will not be lost in the great crowd when they leave the Institute door. Knowing the men, we predict for them a bright and useful future.

Mr. Johnson will settle over the church in the town of Petrolia. His field is a new one, yet very promising. We learn that the little band, numbering only some twenty-five, has already raised the greater part of \$2500 to build a chapel, besides securing the first year's salary of the pastor. The prospects are good, but there is a great amount of work to be done and, we hope, a rich harvest for our brother to reap.

Mr. P. H. McEwen will take charge of the Ormond and West Winchester churches. They are large and well-established churches, with large fields to work. Brother McEwen has spent a summer there, and pastor and people are already mutually attached.

Mr. J. P. McEwen goes to the Osgoode church. This, also, is one of the oldest and largest churches in Eastern Ontario. The charge is one of great responsibility, yet we do not fear for our brother, for he is able and zealous in his Master's work.

We who remain are indeed sorry to see those leave with whom we have been so long and so pleasantly associated, yet from our hearts we bid them God-speed on their mission of love, and may they, at the last great rejoicing, have many stars in their crowns.

Exchanges.

Since our last issue many exchanges have been added to our list. With some of them we are much pleased, and they give us many good suggestions and much amusement, as well as an introduction to many distant schools.

We certainly must place the *Vassar Miscellany*, published by the ladies of Vassar Coll., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., first on our list. As the magazine is published by ladies, we presume its articles, when nothing is said to the contrary, are written by the fair ones; yet it does seem strange to us Canadians to receive mighty, solid articles on such themes as "The Tendency towards Centralization in the United States Government," from the pen of a lady. To the *Vassar Mis.*, and to each and every Miss there, we profoundly bow, "touching our respectful beaver."

The *Packer Quarterly* has just been received. It is good. The ladies of Packer do not give us as heavy material as those of Vassar Coll., yet their magazine is interesting. As far as we can yet judge of the magazines received from American colleges, *Vassar Miscellany* and *Packer Quarterly* are superior to those published by gentlemen students.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* comes from Halifax, N. S. It is our only Canadian College exchange, and for this reason is thrice welcome. In noticing THE TYRO it says: "Three-fourths of the matter in No. 2 is written by the professors, and thus the students do not deserve so much credit as we of Dalhousie." This certainly gives us a poor opinion of their proficiency in mathematics at Dalhousie, for by no law of numbers high or low can we make twelve three-fourths of forty eight.

The following are also on our list:—The *Virginia University Magazine*, *The Tripod*, *The Southern Collegian*, *Madisonensis*, *Analyst*, *College Express*, *College Herald*, *College Argus*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Blackburn Gazette*, *Miami Student*, *Index Niagarensis*, *Dickensian*, *University Missourian*, *The Cornell Era*.

We have received the first few numbers of the *Kansas Evangel*, a new weekly, published by the Baptists of Kansas. It is certainly edited with ability and energy, and promises to be a great help to the Baptist cause there.

Prizes.

THE following are the names of the competitors for the prizes in elocution at the close of the present term:—Messrs. N. Wolverton, W. Tapscott, J. M. White, T. Trotter, G. F. Baldwin and M. P. Campbell.

We understand that four ladies and four gentlemen will contend for the prizes in English composition, but their names have not yet transpired.

It was a grand conception of Michael Angelo to light the whole of St. Peter's vast cathedral by lamps hung in the form of a cross. Even so shall the light of the Cross shine to earth's remotest bounds.

Chips from Exchanges.

Sad tidings reach us from Mercer University, Ga.: "disease and death have scattered its students, its halls are silent, and its doors are closed." Meningitis is the disease whose direful work has broken in upon its exercises. *Bapt.*

The class in logic have been trying to find out where the fallacy lies in the following:

Necessity is the mother of invention. Bread is a necessity, and a steam engine an invention.

Therefore, bread is the mother of the steam engine.—*College Days.*

Two boarding-school misses were overheard conversing the other day: "Have you graduated, Jennie?" "Why, bless you, yes, I graduated last season." "What did you graduate in?" "In the sweetest sky-blue silk you ever saw."

The Swiss Historical Society has declared the story of William Tell a myth.—*Ex.*

Oxford had 2284 students last year.

In the class of '70 at Yale, the average of expenses to each student was \$1,066, and that of '71, \$1,002 a year, \$32,500 was the extreme.—*College Days.*

Near the Village of Milbrook, Ca., were lately discovered the first and only fossil remains of the mammoth within Canadian territory. Three molars were in a good state of preservation: the tusk, considerably decomposed, indicated an original length of ten and a half feet and, in the largest part, a diameter of ten inches.—*College Express.*

This is incorrect for the remains of the mammoth have been found in many places in Canada. Our professor of natural science has quite a collection, and they are well preserved.—*Ed. TYRO.*

Prof. Boise says:—"I am convinced from personal observation, that the best classical schools of Great Britain do day stand below the best in the United States."—*Dartmouth.*

Englishmen and Canadians will certainly smile when they read the above, and hear that it has been going the rounds of the American press. A professor might make such a statement as a joke, or an *American* professor might utter it as bombast, but to hear it re-echoed as a fact is *funny!*—*Ed. TYRO.*

A senior recently asked his chum, who boards at—— Club, what he had for breakfast? "We had meat that we knew not of"—*Hash!*—*Ex.*

The trouble is we know too much of it.—*Ed. TYRO.*

It is said that the epizootic has at last attacked the *ponies* of the students of Harvard.—*Ex.*

U. S. CENSUS.—The complete census returns of the United States show the total population to be 39,558,371, of which 19,193,565 are males, and 18,064,806 females.

Specimen of poetry at Washington University:—

Mary's lamb was white,
With a tendency to flight,
She sent a man to shoot it.
Who found it had the zootie.—*Es.*

Boys' School.

The Trustees of the Institute have decided to use the west building for a boys' school. Arrangements are now being made to accommodate twenty boys for the incoming term. None below thirteen will be admitted. They will be under the tutorship of Mr. George McKee, who will occupy a room in the building. Mr. McKee has been with us one term already, and has shown himself in every way qualified for the position.

The Power of Truth.

THE power of truth was shown by an instance that occurred during the voyage of the Japanese Embassy. Our missionary, Rev. J. Goble, in conversation with an ambassador asked what was his theory of the creation. The reply was that at first there was a great sea of mud, and from the mud grew a mighty reed which in time turned into a god, who then formed the earth and all things from the mud. Our missionary made no reply, but read from Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." So sublime was the thought, so far above the highest conceptions of his ancestors, that the ambassador's faith in their whole system was shaken, and before the voyage ended he embraced Christianity.

Revival.

As we go to press (March 23) a very deep and general awakening is in progress in the school. During the earlier part of the term there seemed to be but little interest, and few signs of an outpouring of the Spirit were manifested; but some three weeks since, a movement began among the ladies, and six or seven professed faith in Christ. Last week the good work began in earnest among the gentlemen, and for many days the power of the Spirit has been felt as we have never felt it before. Though for some months we had not seen the hand of God displayed in any marked degree, yet He has shown us that He hath not forgotten to be gracious. He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Thus far about thirty, we trust, have been brought to Christ, and more are enquiring the way of life.

Personals.

We fear we shall be obliged to forego the pleasure of again seeing with us Mr J. A. McIntyre, who left us some time ago and whom we expected to return, as he has married a wife and "cannot come"

J. E. McEwen of '69 has also voluntarily relinquished the delicious freedom and multifarious privileges of "single blessedness" and entered into a life partnership with Miss Laura Row, of Brockville, Ont. He in company with Mr. D. Row has opened up a harness and general furnishing shop in East Saginaw, Michigan.

Two of our former students, viz : Messrs G. J. Fraser and D. P. McLaurin are engaged as second teachers in the Woodstock High School. By the aid of their efficient services we need not say the school has received an impetus in the right direction which tends materially to its future distinction as a seat of learning.

Peter Carey has been labouring with very great acceptance for the past six months with the Reg. Baptist Church in Sabetha, Kansas.

Rev. J. G. Calder, a graduate of '69 has taken the pastorate of the Park Hill and Ailsa Craig churches. He has a large field of labour, and our prayer is that the Lord may abundantly bless his labours.

Rev. J. W. Clark has settled with the church in Tilsonburg. This village is rapidly rising to be a place of importance, and will make a very important centre for Baptist effort. We wish him much prosperity.

Death.

CAMERON.—The hand of death has again visited us. Another worthy labourer has been called to his great reward. Rev. W. H. Cameron, a graduate of '68, departed this life on Friday, Dec. 12, 1872. His first and last pastorate after his graduation was with the Ancaster church, Jerseyville, where he laboured with very great acceptance until a short time before his decease, when from failing health he was compelled to resign his charge. While able to preach he delighted to tell the "old, old story." This loving message coming from a heart consecrated to his Master's service, and from lips touched with fire from the heavenly altar, was received by many in the love of it, who now remain as living witnesses, but who shall yet be as stars in his crown of rejoicing. A few still remain here who used to meet with him during the last year or two of his course. They can go back in memory and live again those pleasant hours spent in his company, and look forward to an eternal fellowship. The earthly tie is broken. He has gone to enjoy the fellowship of saints, and to live for ever in the pure light of the exalted "Sun of Righteousness." "He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him."

Morsels.

THERE are 175 names on the roll this term—55 ladies and 120 gentlemen. One year ago there were 159; two years ago 134. This is the record of a more rapid growth than, we think, can be shown by any other school on the continent. The work on the new building is progressing. The workmen are now finishing off the inside. It will be completed and ready for occupation next September. The "clergy reserves" are fast disappearing from the east end. The cold got the best of the furnaces many times during the winter. Several stoves had to be brought in, and double windows put on in front. The Southern students think this a desperate cold country. There has been more sickness than usual in the buildings this term. Mr. R. P. Owen, of Texas, has been very low, but is now recovering. Mr. D. McPherson fell in the gymnasium, striking his head on the frozen ground. He was insensible for several hours, but fortunately received no lasting injuries. As a safe-guard against future accidents, a thick coating of saw-dust has been put on the floor. On St. Valentine's day the "powers that be" confiscated a large number of valentines. There are just as many cloves in the pie as ever. That cake that we get on Sunday evenings is like charity, it "is not puffed up," yet the "suffering long" belongs to the students who eat it. Eleven stations are regularly supplied by students this term.

To Contributors.

THE TYRO was established for a definite purpose, viz., to be the organ of *this* school. To preserve to it this character a rule has been established that teachers and students of this Institute, and those who have been teachers and students, may contribute to its pages. We do not expect that the students or the teachers or the alumni alone shall bear the burden or honour, which ever it may be, but we wish to see all unite to make it interesting and prosperous. Upon its inception the aid of the faculty was proffered, and has not been withheld. We are thankful, not only for the excellent articles its members have furnished, but also for valuable hints and encouragements. Thus far we have published several articles from our alumni; we hope to continue this in the future. Our plan is to have, if possible, one article from some member of the faculty, and one or two from alumni, in each number. Will not our old friends bear this in mind, and each one in spare moments work up some subject for THE TYRO. After the unremitting round of class duties is over, systematic reading must take its place, if a person wishes to be in reality a student. Now no course could be better than to choose a theme, read it up, think it up, and then work it up in an article for THE TYRO. This course will benefit not only the writer, but also the numerous readers of our magazine. Will not each one try it?

Things.

The only sure way we know of carrying all before you is to work with a wheelbarrow.

It is now a disputed point whether the word virgin is derived from *vir*, a man and *gin*, a trap, hence virgin a mantrap, or from *vireo*, to be green.

We have the latest translation of the following lines from Virgil:—*Illos pulefactus ad auras reddit equus.* "The horse having been opened returned them at its ears."

Those were good old times when we sat opposite the same lady at table for a whole term. But those times were not to last. The "powers that be" thought that some would not have an opportunity of getting acquainted with some, or that some would get too well acquainted with some, we don't know which, so now two weeks is the maximum time to smile upon one fair one. When the appointed day comes round fate, like a policeman at the corner, says to each lingering one, "pass on."

Societies.

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—*Pres.*, Thos. Johnson; *Vice do.*, D. A. McGregor; *Sec.-Treas.*, G. F. Baldwin; *Critic*, P. H. McEwen; *Marshal*, W. Walls.

GLEANER SOCIETY—*Pres.*, Miss Maggie Sinclair; *Vice do.*, Miss Lillie Latch; *Critic*, Miss M. McGinn; *Librarian*, Miss Ida Merrill; *Sec.-Treas.*, Miss Barbara C. Yule.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY—*Pres.*, C. J. Jamieson; *Vice do.*, J. J. Baker; *Sec.*, A. Kinsman; *Treas.*, J. D. Owen; *Critic*, E. D. Bodwell; *Librarian*, W. Brooks; *Marshal*, B. Bingham.

Commencement Exercises.

CLASS OF 1873.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC—"I waited patiently." *Choir.*

PRAYER.

The conflict and triumph of truth..... *J. P. McEwen.*

MUSIC—(Duet) "Light in the east is glowing."..... *Misses C. McGinn and Rowland.*

The kingdom of Christ contrasted with the kingdoms of this world..... *P. H. McEwen.*

MUSIC—"He that goeth forth and weepeth." *Choir.*

Scriptural Millennium *T. S. Johnson.*

MUSIC—(Duet) "A thousand years." *Messrs. White.*

ADDRESS BY THE PRINCIPAL

MUSIC—Valedictory Hymn (words by Miss McGinn.)*Choir*

Behold, Thy servants stand before Thee now.
 Lord pour the sacred chrism upon each brow ;
 Vouchsafe the blessing that their hearts desire,
 And touch their lips with Thine own altar's fire.

Are they not Thine ambassadors, O King ?
 Thy message to the realms of sin they bring,
 They go to tread the path which Thou hast trod,
 To plead as Thou didst plead with men for God.

Oh! not for them earth's dim and transient fame,
 But on the scrolls of heaven, beneath Thy name,
 May theirs appear, with holy lustre bright,
 Inscribed in lines of never fading light.

Teach them to know Thee, O Thou Crucified !
 And Thy dear cross, as knowing naught beside,
 So shalt Thou their sweet theme forever be,
 So shall their lives be eloquent of Thee.

Once Thou didst bow low in Gethsemane,
 Forsaken in Thy bitter agony.
 Oh! when their spirits are with anguish faint,
 In Thy compassion answer their complaint.

As Thou hast prayed, give them prevailing prayer,
 That, strong-winged, soars to heaven and lingers there,
 Till the desired blessing it obtain,
 Or joyfully descend with holier gain.

And give them tears to weep, tears like to Thine,
 Of yearning love and tenderness divine,
 That at the last rejoicing they may see
 A multitude return, O Lord, to Thee.

So may they follow where Thy feet have trod,
 Until Thy footsteps lead them home to God,
 Then like the stars in glory will they shine,
 Where choirs celestial chant Thy love divine.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Kingston, proposes to publish a paper. We hope soon to see it.

The Standings—Fall Term, 1872.

In the present number we publish the standings of some of the students. This is not customary in college magazines or papers, but they will be interesting to the friends of the school, and beneficial to the students by increasing the spirit of emulation, therefore we have decided to adopt the plan. Owing to the number of students and the great variety of subjects taught, it is not possible to publish *all* their standings. In the Theological department of course no standings are given, and those of the Primary and of the first year in the Higher we cannot publish. Of those in the second, third and fourth years of the Higher department, only the names of those in division "A" in each class will be given. The order in which the names appear indicates their relative positions in the class, and where two or more names are inclosed in brackets, they stand equal. The standing of students depends upon the proficiency shown in the recitations and in the written examinations, three of which are generally held during each term. Each class is arranged in three divisions. Those below 33 per cent. form division "C," those between 33 per cent. and 66 per cent. "B," and those above 66 per cent. "A."

SECOND YEAR.

LATIN, CÆSAR AND GRAMMAR.—W. McGregor, E. D. Bodwell, J. M. White, D. B. Stumpf, T. Trotter. D. Offord, H. W. Hobson, E. C. Kitchen.

GREEK, HARKNESS' INTRODUCTORY.—W. McGregor, E. D. Bodwell, (D. Offord, T. Trotter,) E. Cameron.

BRITISH HISTORY.—D. W. Karn, Geo. Sage, A. McCurdy, Miss E. Gordon, D. Sager, W. Nesbitt, Miss M. Cameron, Miss L. Latimer, Miss F. Crawford, C. Y. Snell, M. Fairchild, Miss Kollmyer.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—J. M. White, D. P. McPherson, D. W. Karn, Miss B. Yule, M. Fairchild, W. Nesbitt, C. C. McLaurin, J. Anderson, M. P. Campbell, Miss L. McCleughan, R. Ritchie.

ROMAN HISTORY.—T. Trotter, D. P. McPherson, E. D. Bodwell, D. W. Karn, Miss B. Yule, W. McGregor, F. Dann.

THIRD YEAR.

EUCLID, BOOK THIRD AND DEDUCTIONS.—D. Reddick, P. A. McEwen, (N. Wolverton, C. Eede,) M. Fairchild, M. W. Kitchen, J. D. Owen.

LATIN, VIRGIL, B. II., and *Cicero Pro Lege Manilia* (completed.)—P. A. McEwen, (A. H. Bodwell, C. Eede, D. Reddick).

LATIN PROSE, ARNOLD.—Ex. 40-60.—Ira Smith, G. F. Baldwin, P. A. McEwen, J. J. White, D. P. McLaurin, W. D. Troy, D. S. McEwen, N. Wolverton, C. Eede.

GREEK, HOMER, ILLAD, B. I.—D. Reddick, A. H. Bodwell.

GREEK GRAMMAR.—F. A. McEwen, C. Eede.

ALGEBRA, COLENSO'S.—D. Reddick, (G. F. Baldwin, D. S. McEwen.)

GRECIAN HISTORY.—Miss B. Yule, A. H. Bodwell, D. Reddick, D. P. McPherson.

FRENCH, FASQUELLE.—T. Trotter, D. W. Karn, Miss Ella Merrill, Miss Allie Sovereign, W. Nesbitt, Miss H. Bowlby.

FOURTH YEAR.

LATIN, LIVY, B. V.—D. P. McLaurin, Ira Smith, W. D. Troy, J. J. White, D. S. McEwen.

LATIN, VIRGIL, B. IX.—D. P. McLaurin, D. W. Troy, D. S. McEwen.

GREEK, XENOPHON ANABASIS, B. V.—J. J. White, (D. S. McEwen, Ira Smith,) W. D. Troy.

FRENCH, CHARLES XII. AND DE FIVAS.—Miss C. McEwen, G. F. Baldwin, C. Eede, A. H. Bodwell, D. W. Troy, Miss M. Sinclair.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Miss E. Crawford, Miss B. Yule, G. Robertson, D. W. Karn, Miss M. Sinclair, R. Ritchie, Miss Cameron, Miss L. Latch, Miss J. Ritchie, Miss C. McEwen.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Miss C. McGinn, G. Robertson, Miss B. Yule, J. J. Baker, C. Y. Snell, Miss M. Sinclair, D. Offord, Miss L. Harris, Miss E. Crawford, Miss E. Gordon, R. Ritchie, D. P. McPherson.

ENGLISH, FOWLER.—(Miss B. Yule, P. A. McEwen), Miss L. Harris, C. C. McLaurin, Miss E. Crawford, D. W. Troy, J. J. White, D. D. Burtch, (C. Eede, J. Anderson,) Ira Smith, Miss C. McGinn, M. P. Campbell, J. A. Baldwin.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—*Class I.*—R. Clark, N. Wolverton, J. J. White, Thos. Trotter, W. T. Tapscott, C. Y. Snell, P. A. McEwen, E. Hooper, G. F. Baldwin, D. Reddick, F. Dann, A. McCurdy, J. M. Kitchen. *Class II.*—A. H. Bodwell, J. J. Baker, E. D. Bodwell, H. W. Hobson, D. B. Stumpf, E. C. Kitchen, E. Cameron.

Canes and Caning.

MADISON UNIVERSITY is convulsed by internal war. Custom, long observed, has become a college law that none but certain of the higher classes shall wear "plugs," and carry canes. The preparatory students of Madison have set this law at defiance, and therefore brought down upon themselves the indignation of the Sophomore class. Apprehending war, the Preps. paraded in force, and, valiant in the defence of their rights, down came the Sophs. upon them. Eight canes were broken—four by the Sophs., and four over their heads. We await further developments.