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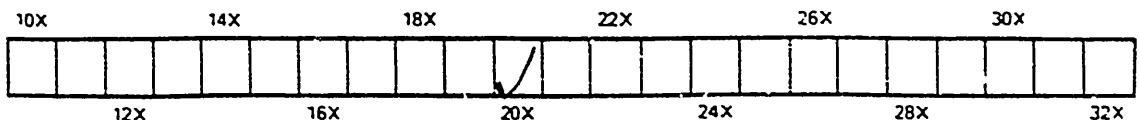
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THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 5

MEANS AND ENDS.

We apply the epithets great and small to almost everything in the universe, material and immaterial. They are applied to material things according as they occupy a relatively greater or smaller portion of space. But when applied to immaterial things, as mind they are used in a figurative sense, and when we say of a man that he has a great mind we do not mean to say that the space occupied by the thinking, perceiving mind of one man is greater than is occupied by that of another, if we can conceive of mind occupying space, or that one man's brain is larger than that of another; but we mean that the thoughts with which the mind is engaged are pure, noble, elevated, and that it is capable of distinguishing things that differ though intimately related. So that it is rather the quality and power of the mind that we mean to describe than any physical peculiarity. We speak of great men when we mean that their actions are great, noble or commendable. And by great actions we do not usually understand that great physical power has been exercised, or that very great skill and dexterity has been manifested in the use of this power; but we understand rather some feature in the character or motives of the individual that prompted him to such a course of action

* and animated him with the courage necessary to pursue that course. It is evident that greatness does not consist in the action, for a simple act is often rendered great by the circumstances under which it is performed. An act though trivial in itself, if performed under circumstances of very great danger and requiring forgetfulness of self and selfish interests, is always considered great and receives merited praise. Or an act performed in accordance with principle in defense of truth and right, which requires moral courage in consequence of being performed in opposition to the opinions and practices of those with whom we associate, is truly great, though it be but the raising of a hand or the utterance of a single word.

All men are more or less ambitious. They seek for greatness, for distinction in some way. Some are satisfied with physical superiority, and their happiness is complete if they can throw a stone farther, jump a wider ditch, or pound a bigger fellow-pugilist than their associates. Others can be satisfied with nothing but intellectual greatness. Nothing else appears worthy of their ambition, and to this everything else must yield. Life, health, even truth and religion are valued only as they contribute to intellectual greatness. And the MAN becomes the slave of intellect. Some wish to be distinguished for goodness, uprightness and honesty. They wish it to be understood that they "Do to others as they would that others would do to them." At the same time if their character for goodness and sincerity should not be recognized, and the fame thereof fail to be spread abroad, and remain known only to themselves, they would consider all their labor lost, and pity the obtuseness of fallen humanity in being unable to appreciate that noblest of all qualities, moral greatness. And some profess to be entirely unconcerned with regard to the estimation in which they may be held by their fellowmen: But if their feelings be analyzed we think it will be found that in reality they hope that their singularity in this respect will win for them the distinction which they could perhaps procure in no other way. Notwithstanding that it is denied by some, we believe there are very few who do not for some reason de-

sire the approbation of their fellow creatures.. By some distinction is sought for its own sake, because it gratifies their vanity. They realize a degree of satisfaction as they consider that they are above the common herd, in being one of those whom the world could scarcely afford to do without. By some it is sought for the advantages and pleasures which it brings, for the power which it gives them over their fellow-men, for the position in society to which it raises them, and the opportunities which it affords them of advancing their own interests, and engaging in those pursuits to which their inclination leads them. Though we believe the greater part of mankind care little for what is really noble, good and true, unless it adapts itself to their own preconceived notions of what this ought to be; yet there are a few who love truth because it is truth. They love it not simply that they may hold it as a final result, an end to which they have attained, but that it may be used as a means of raising themselves in the scale of being, and enabling them to pluck still richer and rarer fruit from the tree of knowledge. There are those who ask, what is good, what is noble, what is true greatness, that we may search for it if haply we may find it? What was the great end for which immortal mind was created and for which its energies should be employed? Revelation answers, "To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." And this answer is equally consistent with the deductions of philosophy and religious truth. If we assume the correctness of this conclusion we may justly infer that man's enjoyment or happiness and God's glory are very intimately connected, that at least it is not improbable that one may depend upon the other. Either they are both legitimate ends for the attainment of which we should exercise our powers and use whatever means may be within our reach, or one is THE end and the other a consequence, a concomitant, or a necessary result of the employment of the means for attaining that end. By some, happiness is considered the end, and pursued accordingly. But our own experience tells us that it cannot be obtained in this manner. It must come, if at all, as the result of energy exercised in pursuit of a nobler

end, and according as we realize that the effort has been successful in securing the desired object. So we may see that happiness is the result of energy though not the object for which that energy has been exercised. Depending upon activity, it is the indirect, not the direct object. Enjoyment appears to result from the voluntary unrestrained exercise of our faculties, just as misery and weariness result from their involuntary and restrained exercise. But there must be some object to influence the will and induce action, and to suppose that happiness is itself that object is to make the effect its own cause. Perhaps it may be thought that the conviction that happiness will be the result of a certain course of action will be sufficient to induce us to pursue that course. But those who act on this principle will certainly meet with disappointment. For this idea supposes that there is no end to be attained apart from happiness itself, and that the operations which we may perform, and the energy which we may put forth are in themselves uninteresting, and would be willingly dispensed with altogether if happiness could be procured without them. And to suppose that it can be obtained from such a course is to suppose that it can arise from that in which there is nothing to produce it. But is it not a fact proved by experience that happiness very often results from a course involving labor and self-denial of the severest and most unpleasant kind? Such is no doubt the case. But the happiness arises not from the means employed, which really give us pain, but from the estimation in which we hold the object attained by those means, and from the conviction that the object is worth the sacrifice that has been made to secure it, that object not being happiness but that which yields happiness. There seems to be something in the very nature of selfishness opposed to happiness. He who labors most diligently for sensual gratification generally succeeds in being most miserable. The miser, instead of satisfying his thirst for gold by grasping all within his reach and holding it with an iron grip, increases the passion until his whole being becomes the slave of tyrannical avarice. He who seeks happiness by self-

gratification only adds fuel to the fire that will eventually envelope him in a flame of passion which will destroy peace and happiness forever, and leave the unhappy victim a charred wreck, abhorred by himself and shunned by others. The tempter in Eden seems to have perceived a vulnerable point in human nature in the selfish principle which had hitherto lain dormant, when he said to our first parents, "Ye shall be as gods." And in yielding to the temptation no doubt pleasure, self-gratification, was the result anticipated. But never were poor creatures more grievously disappointed. They found that they had submitted their neck to the yoke and were become the slaves of those desires to whose usurped authority they had servilely bowed. And ever since, mankind persistently follow the same course and meet with similar disappointment. Having placed before them a false end it naturally produces much confusion in the means by which it is thought to be obtained.

It will no doubt be admitted that the elevation of mankind in the scale of being, the reclaiming of him from the state of moral and intellectual degradation in which he is found, is a worthy end for which to labor. And the field is broad enough to furnish employment to all who desire to be so engaged. It is therefore evident that each individual may be worthily employed in cultivating that part of the field of which he is himself the possessor, and to which he alone has immediate access. And hence the cultivation of our own powers and the perfection of our own nature is a legitimate end for which we should strive. But if this end be desired simply because self is thereby elevated, because it raises the "me" above the "not me," then the "fine gold has become dim." That which was noble has become degraded; selfishness again sways the sceptre. Though the perfection of the individual might be considered an end, as far as the direct benefit to the creature is concerned, yet it must only be regarded as a means to the glory of God. By this means we may manifest the glory of the Creator in the perfection of the creature. And by the enlargement of our capacities we may be enabled to perceive

more of the perfection of His nature and the grandeur of His works, "for whom are all things and by whom are all things." We shall also realize in our own minds more of His greatness, and goodness, and thus be better fitted to render Him "equal praise."

But in the circumstances in which the great majority of mankind are placed they must be satisfied with being a means in a lower or secondary sense; not so much in showing, in the perfection of their own nature, the glory of its author, as in being simply the instrument in bringing others to see the desirableness of pursuing the course that has been found to yield satisfaction to themselves, in endeavoring to show to others the folly of living to self, in placing before them noble ends, and in becoming themselves the heralds that point to these and lead the way.

R. CLARK.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

Storms gather o'er thy path,
 Christian, the sullen, tempest-darkened sky
 Grows lurid with the elemental wrath,—

Say, whither wilt thou fly?

God is my Refuge! let the tempests come,
 They will but speed me sooner to my home.

Night lowers in sullen gloom,
 Christian, a long, dark night awaiteth thee,
 Dreary as Egypt's night of fear and doom,—

Where shall thy refuge be?

God is my Refuge! in the dreary night,
 In Him I dwell, and have abundant light.

Thine is a lonely way,
 Christian, and dangers all thy path infest;
 Pitfalls and snares crowd all thy doubtful way,—

Where is thy place of rest?

God is my Refuge! safe in Him I move,
 And feel no fear beneath His wing of love.

The grave—that dreary place,
 Christian, the lonely dwelling in the dust
 Awaits thee; 'tis the doom of all thy race,—

Where then shall be thy trust?

God is my Refuge! I shall sweetly rest
 On the dear pillow that my Saviour pressed.

Alas! that dreamless sleep,
 Christian, its chains are strong, and hard to break;
 All thy beloved sleep on in silence deep,

And dost thou hope to wake?

God is my Refuge! I shall wake and sing,
 "O grave! where is thy vict'ry? death, thy sting?"

MRS. J. C. YULE.

PRAYER AS A MEANS OF INTELLECTUAL
IMPROVEMENT.

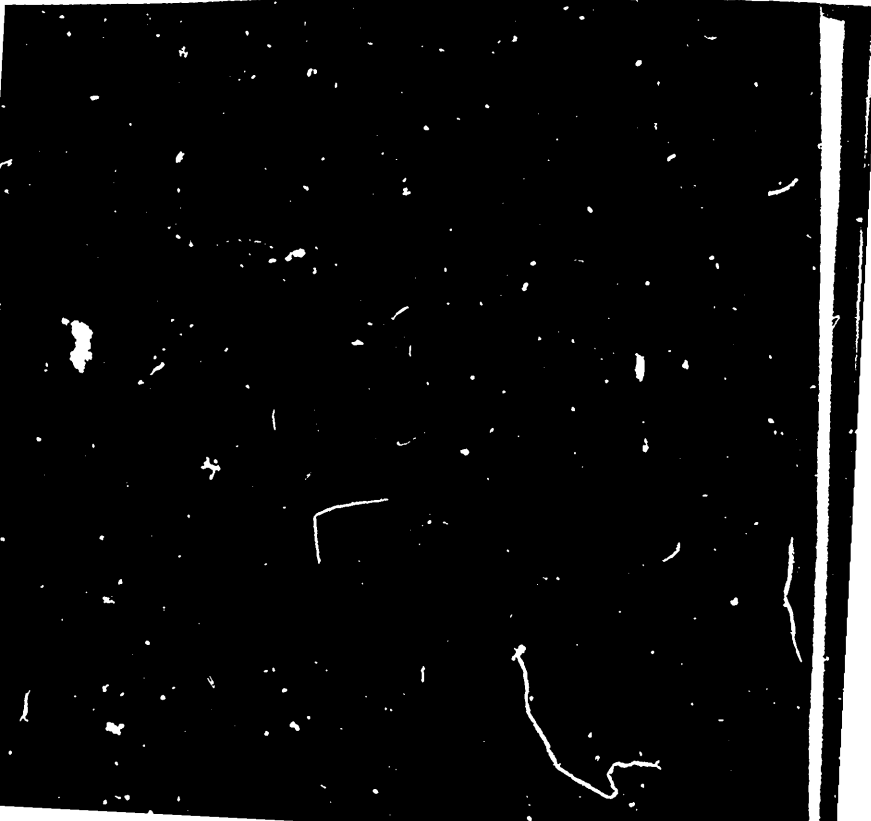
To an earnest christian student one of the most interesting and important subjects of inquiry is, how he may so increase his intellectual power as to have a clear understanding of the ideas presented to him in his text books, and by his instructors; how, when he has grasped these ideas, he may retain them, and then make their mastery and possession a power for influencing other minds. Perhaps the first desire, for the discipline of the schools and the advantages of a liberal education, of which he has ever been conscious, sprang up in his heart in connection with that greatest of all miracles wrought upon him, when "old things passed away and all things became new." This change may well be called "the great awakening," not only of the moral and the religious nature, but of the intellectual as well. It is the rousing of dormant powers; nay, more, the resurrection of the dead. The books of nature and of revelation, hitherto sealed volumes, now lie open before him, and he scans their pages with eager eye and earnest purpose. Often the plan of his whole life is changed. He leaves the shop, the farm, or the counter, and visits, perhaps for the first time, academic groves and classic shades, longing to know all the knowable and to attain all the attainable. For a time he rejoices in his new life and light. He goes constantly to its source, and the supply fails not. Study is a pleasure; each day's acquisitions give new stimulus to patient effort. The prospect widens and grows more attractive as he advances, and he feels that he can never tire. But there comes a time when he forgets that the life which had so roused him, and the light which had so illuminated his darkened understanding, are not his own, not the product of any human factors, but that they are of supernatural origin; a divine gift, not to be bestowed once for his life time, but to be given as sought, daily and hourly. He begins to trust to his own life, and finds it has departed; to his own light, and finds it darkness. Study palls upon him. His heart sinks as clouds obscure his mental vision. He finds himself tempted to return to his for-

mer pursuits. Now what shall he do? He tries various means for the restoration of his intellectual vigor, and for the undimming of his mental eyesight. All seem to fail till at last he looks upward and cries out, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened," then he hears the glad "ΕΡΗΦΑΘΑ," and has again clear vision. He goes back to his books, and finds plain what was before incomprehensible, easily solves problems which before seemed incapable of solution, and he is ready to conclude that either he is dreaming or a miracle has been wrought in his behalf. A miracle, indeed; but such a miracle as is repeated again and again in every academy and college in our land. A prayer test, that if Tyndall himself would try he might cease to be a blind leader of the blind, and might become an inspired teacher of science and philos-

God, and communes with Him face to face. Does any lack wisdom? Let him ask of God. Does any lack understanding? Let him also ask, and it shall be said to him, as to Solomon: "Behold, I have taken thee at thy word; for, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart."


If "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise," what may not that student expect who holds FREQUENT communion with Him who is the Source of Life, the Fountain of Light? Of Him he receives the answer to his anxious inquiry, and though he may not be enabled to understand all mysteries, he can press on cheerfully with the work assigned him, and wait patiently for the time when his powers shall be so enlarged that he shall see as he is seen and know as he is known. Then shall he be satisfied.

H. A. T.



PEACE AND WAR.

I slept and lo! in a dream I saw a strange and wondrous vision. A broad arena lay before me, stretching far out of sight in both directions. To the right it lost itself in blackness of darkness. Clouds of inky hue rested over it. Ever and anon, as I gazed, I saw masses of smoke and dark sulphurous flames roll across the blackness, die out, and then burst forth again. I listened, and heard sounds, which filled my soul with dread; hoarse thunders, groans and shrieks of agony. I saw a river of blood issue from the darkness and slowly roll its sluggish tide at the foot of the arena. As I gazed, horror-stricken, lo! I saw emerging from the distant shadows, from the midst of smoke and flame, a figure; and at the sight of him I trembled. "Begone, dread fiend," I cried, "to your accustomed haunts! Trouble not mortals with your presence! Begone! Back to your dread abode!" But he heeded not. On he came until where the darkness died into faint light he stood revealed in all his horrors. His eyes, like balls of fire, glared savagely; rage, such as Satan might have envied, gleamed on his countenance. In hands which dripped with gore, he grasped weapons of death, and beneath his feet he trampled his murdered victims.



Her robe was snowy white. Her face was like an angel's, so sweet, so mild, so full of sympathy. She wore a garland of those leaves "which are for the healing of the nations." As she advanced, softly swelled the far off music, and I heard low angel voices sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Slowly and softly she glided along the arena until face to face with that dreadful monster of the darkness she paused. And now I saw the inhabitants of the world throng around; again I heard that dreadful voice call, "Mortals of earth, take vengeance on your enemies! Let fierce destruction rage! Man against man, and all against Jehovah. Arise and strive, ye nations! Draw forth the sword! Let carnage go forth, and bloodshed and famine walk the earth!" Then saw I many at these words draw forth their weapons, bathe their hands in the river of blood, and cry, "Let us have war! War is all glorious!"

Then turned I towards that other figure. Not in loud accents did she call. Her eyes rather than her lips did speak her invitation. With tears of love and sweet compassion she gazed upon the throng, and like a refrain to that angel chorus softly whispered, "O cease, you striving children of men! Walk in love as Christ hath loved us." And many I saw, at this, haste to the fair one's side; many who, at first, had list-

ened to War's fierce cry, and had bathed their hands in blood, now cast down their weapons and sought to walk in the paths of Peace. They had proved how bitter a thing it is to fight against man, how mad to fight against God. Then did she point them to a cross, and, as they weeping gazed upon the suffering one who hung thereon, she whispered, "Behold Him whom you have pierced! Seek His forgiveness, then may ye walk within my paths." And they did gain pardon, for none ever failed who asked. And with Peace I saw them tread the arena, away from War and all his horrid thunderings, his fires and bloodshed, his shrieks and dismal darkness, to where the brightness shone. And I watched them till I saw them but dimly, for the glory dazzled my eyes. I saw them enter the pearly gates which opened to receive them, and I heard the gush of sweet music which welcomed them to the city of delights. Gloriously swelled the heavenly anthem, and as it died away, as the "pearly gates" again were closed, methought I heard the whisper, "Peace is within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces."

E. A. C.

MANY THINGS.

PASCAL says that human things must be known to be loved; but Divine things must be loved to be known.

ET TENEO ET TENEOR.—I have a little book which has on its title page a wood cut representing a cross and a hand grasping it, with nothing to support either the hand or the cross, and beneath are the words, ET TENEO ET TENEOR—"I both hold and am held;" I grasp the cross and cling to it, and at the same time I am held by that cross; there is a power in it to hold me. So do I grasp the crucified Saviour and He grasps me; I cling to Him and He holds me. In Christ there is a winning, constraining power which draws me, and being drawn I joyfully run after Him.

THE LOVE OF GOD.—When I think of the love of God I am lost in the thought. I sometimes think I am like one standing on the seashore; the waves can only come to my feet; as they dash in a few drops of the spray fall upon me; but there lies the great ocean of God's love, before me, on either side, stretching further than eyes can reach, boundless in its eternal flow, all untasted, untouched, untried; and I long to plunge in that I may be forever lost in that ocean.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.—A few months ago the Queen's royal yacht, *Alberta*, ran down a small schooner in the British Channel. While the broken and crumbling timbers of the *Mistletoe* were sinking beneath the waves, a sailor laid hold of the bow of the *Alberta* with one hand while with the other he firmly grasped the arm of a woman in a heroic endeavor to save her. All was confusion and terror. The masts and spars and ropes of the sinking vessel were crashing all around him, but still he clung to his precious burden. All the power of his strong arms was exerted to save that life, but in vain. The heart was noble and daring, the arm was that of a powerful man nerved to its utmost; yet in that terrible hour of need he was powerless to save. A falling spar struck that strong arm. Crushed and broken, its muscles relaxed, the hand opened, the burden fell and sank to rise no more. Oh! how often when the Christian has been trying to save men, trying with all his energy and love and strength to lead men into the paths of truth and righteousness, how he has felt himself equally powerless to save; utterly helpless! The hand that has been trying to lift one up towards God has relaxed its hold and dropped powerless by his side. How often have men by a thousand devices striven to save themselves, but in the hour of trial the hand they thought was already grasping life has relaxed its hold, and they have fallen to rise no more. But how different with Him who came to seek and to save the lost! His arm is all powerful. Nothing can crush it; His hand never relaxes; His burden never falls! No one is able to pluck them out of His hands. Yea, He is MIGHTY TO SAVE!

GAMMA.

WHY SHOULD CANADIAN BAPTISTS EDUCATE THEIR CHILDREN ?

Because, first,—Those children are to be one day MEN and WOMEN. In this one fact lies the broadest and deepest necessity for education. As men and women they are endowed with capacities and powers which make them capable of the loftiest pursuits and the most exquisite delights. The broad domains of thought, the realms of intellect, sensibility and fancy, are open before them. God has put into their hands a key to the vast storehouses of human intelligence, a curb for the giant forces of nature, a passport to all the lofty and ennobling influences—whose possession crowns the earnest pursuit of truth and beauty.

But the simple possession of these powers and capacities in their crude forms, does not of itself bring the largest, or indeed any large measure of either pleasure or advantage. All human faculties are made subject to a law of development. Those powers may be strengthened, those capacities enlarged, indefinitely, almost infinitely. The highest results from either are conditioned by the very constitution of our being, upon a process of careful, earnest, prolonged culture.

I like to take the broad ground in this matter. I do not of course deny, or forget, the need of special courses of preparation for special purposes—specific training for specific work. But I confess to a deep distrust of all arguments for higher education which rest upon no broader base than the requirements of any particular sphere or vocation in life. They seem to give a sort of coloring to the very partial and narrow views which are so prevalent in respect to the necessity and worth of higher education. Those views assume various forms. Mr. A., for instance, believes in education for boys. They have the battles of life to fight. They are to be the statesmen, the scholars, at least the bread-winners of the future. There is then need that at their entrance into active

life they should be able to occupy the vantage ground to which a liberal and thorough culture alone can elevate them. And he is determined that his sons shall occupy it. But in respect to the girls his views are quite different. They have not to chaffer in the market, or to advocate useful reforms in the public assembly, or to watch fluctuations on the stock or gold exchange, or to enter the Campus Martius as candidates for civic or parliamentary honors. Theirs is the quieter sphere of the kitchen or the drawing room. If they but understand on the one hand the mysteries of good roasts and omelets, and know well, on the other, the way to the inexhaustible sources of small talk and sentimental commonplace, all the necessary ends of their existence are, so far as he can see, attained.

Neighbor B.'s opinions are quite different. His sturdy boys can carve out their own future without Latin or Algebra. They are brave and stalwart. He has no fears for them. But the woman is, he avers, the weak and dependent moiety of our humanity. She needs all the aids which culture can bestow, in order that she may be the better fitted to please and to captivate those upon whom her future position and weal must depend. His daughters shall be educated. Happy for them if he does not fall into the too common error of mistaking a few ornamental appendages, miscalled accomplishments, often stitched on in the vain hope of hiding the uncultivated mind beneath, for that true culture and refinement which are by no means the invariable concomitants of the ability to finger mechanically the keys of a music board, or multiply commonplace Madonnas.

The injurious tendencies of these defective views of the nature and need of education are often seen in invidious distinctions made between members of the same family. John is designed for the bar, and Henry for the medical profession. They must have a smattering, at least, of Latin, that the one may understand law terms and the other write hieroglyphical prescriptions for the compounding of pills and potions. But

James is to be only a farmer and William a mechanic. Of what use would Mathematics or Latin be to them?

Now without for a moment attempting to controvert the axiom that a knowledge of special subjects is indispensable for certain pursuits, I hold that all such views and reasonings as the above are radically defective as arguments for or against a genuine higher education. When we advocate the claims of education upon such grounds as the pecuniary or social advantages which are its natural but incidental accompaniments, we degrade it to the rank of a means to an end, instead of raising it to its true dignity. as itself, its own great end.

The highest, the crowning reason, why every parent should aim at securing for his child the largest possible measure of cultivation of mind is the very fact that that child has a MIND to be cultivated. Has not mind culture such an intrinsic value as casts entirely into the shade any incidental advantages it may bring with it? Is the necessity of training not written as an immutable law of God upon the human mind in that fact and feature of its constitution which makes a training process the indispensable condition of any high degree of mental power? Surely the parent who fully realizes that the future position of his child, his or her position not merely in "society" or in "life," but in the scale of thinking being—a scale whose gradations even in this world are almost infinite—depends more than upon anything, or everything else, upon the nature of the educational advantages afforded; who realizes that the broad, deep, seemingly impassable gulf which now yawns between the untutored youth, who is scarcely able to know his right hand from his left or to spell out the name of his Maker upon the first page of his bible, and the intellectual giant who weighs the orbs of Heaven in scales and holds sweet communion with the spirits of the great and good throughout all the centuries,—that even this great gulf can be spanned by the diligent use of the educational appliances so freely furnished in these days, will spare no toil or expense, and shrink from no sacrifice in order to bring those appliances within reach of each son and daughter.

But why should Canadian Baptists educate their children ?

Because, second,—They are CHRISTIANS. They claim to have been individually admitted into new and most gracious relations to their Maker and Master. They confess and rejoice that they are laid under the most weighty and solemn obligations to serve to the utmost of their ransomed powers Him whose purchased possession they now are. These obligations are all embracing. They extend not only to all they have but to all they can lawfully procure, not only to all they are but to all He has made them capable of becoming. They demand nothing less than entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit, requiring them not only to devote property, time and talent, but to use faithfully the means He has put within their reach for gaining property, for redeeming time, for improving and developing talent, to be thus devoted. And inasmuch as, by virtue of the far reaching parental relation, not only the child's earthly and eternal destiny, but his future capacity for service, as well, is to a great extent in the hands of its parents, it is manifest that every Christian parent is under obligations equally solemn and weighty with those just mentioned to cultivate and expand to the highest degree the mind, as well as the heart and the conscience, of the immortal nature thus committed to his hands in the plastic stages of infancy and youth. No one can doubt that he who knows most can serve God best ; that he whose mental and moral forces have most discipline and strength can do more work in the Master's vineyard, can more effectually promote and diffuse truth, than he in whom those powers are dwarfed and enfeebled through lack of proper food and exercise. Thus the Christian parents who neglect to secure to their child, so far as God has given them the means, the largest measure of intellectual and moral development of which his or her nature is capable, cannot fail to share largely and most justly with that child the guilt involved in falling short of the highest pitch of elevation and usefulness.

J. E. W.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.

A LESSON IN A DREAM.

The labor of the busy day was done,
And in the twilight's deepening shade I sat
With folded hands, my heart and thoughts at rest.
Like some old half-remembered cradle song
The night breeze murmured, and its low, sweet notes
Lulled my tired soul to stillness. And the stars,
Those tireless watchers of the fateful night,
Laid, one by one their filmy veils aside,
And bent above me with their holy eyes
That seemed to question and reprove, and yet
Withal, to look sweet messages of hope
And heavenly trust and comfort into mine.
Thus sat I in the twilight. And methought
I heard, borne faintly on the passing breeze,
A low, sweet strain of song. So low it was
And soft, I scarcely heard it, yet so sweet
You might have thought heaven's pearly gates were left
Ajar, and these soul-thrilling notes had floated out.
And while I listened wondering, suddenly
One stood beside me. White her vesture was
And clasped with bands of gold. Upon her brow
Of lily whiteness gleamed a starry crown,
And in her hand a glittering gem she bore.
"Mortal," she said, "commissioned by my King,
Heaven's King, thy sovereign Lord, I come to thee.
This hath He sent thee." And upon my brow
The lustrous gem she placed. "Behold how fair!
Its shining depths are founts of golden light.
And brighter and more beautiful 'twill glow
While thou dost wear it. Lay it not aside
Lest all its lustre fade, and thou deplore
Its vanished loveliness with unavailing tears."
Thus spake my visitant, and bending low

Laid her light lips upon my forehead. Then
With pinion spread she rose thro' parted cloud
And starlit ether, while around her clung,
Like golder drapery, heaven's own sunlight fair.
And fainter grew the music, till no more
Its soft vibrations thrilled me. All was still,
And I alone again. But on my brow
The gem remained. Day after day went by
And scill I wore it, still rejoiced to wear
For His dear sake who gave the gift to me.
But once, when worn and wearied with the way,
And trembling 'neath the weight of grief and care,
I cried, impatient, "I will lay it by ;
Its weight oppresses me, I am so tired.
I care not for its beauty. Coronets
Of gems as beautiful on other brows
I see, and I have only one. Its light
Will not be missed." Then carefully
I hid my jewel in the velvet depths
Of a rare casket. There it lay concealed,
Forgotten, almost, as the years rolled by.
But once again, in idle mood I drew
Forth from its hiding place the priceless gem,
Saying, "I will wear it as in other days."
When, lo ! only a rayless stone was there,
A dark, unlovely thing. Its lustrous light
Was quenched forever, and the rust of years
Lay thick upon it. Mournfully I gazed
On my lost treasure. In my heart regret
Struck deep her poisoned arrows. I too well
remembered from whose kind hand had come
The gift, and who had brought it, and the charge
She gave ; and I, remembering, wept.
"Nay, weep not, child of earth," a pitying voice
Beside me murmured. And I, turning, saw
The heaven-sent messenger of other days.
"What thou has seen," she said, "is but a dream,

Yet on thy heart in living lines be engraved
 Its hidden import. In thy waking hours
 Recall and read the lesson. It is this :
 The gem is thy one talent, use it well,
 And in so using it shalt thou be blest.
 But, if thou murmur, if within thy heart
 An envious longing rise for brighter gifts
 Bestowed on others and to thee denied.
 And thou forgetful of thy trust shalt fail
 To use thy gift wisely,—Then beware !
 Lest coming suddenly, thy Lord require
 That which thou canst not give. Once more, farewell.”
 Then from my sight she vanished. I awoke,
 And, lo ! 'twas but a dream.

ETHELIND.

Chicago, Nov. 23rd, 1875.

NUISANCES.

Old Scotch John peeps over my shoulder as I write and says : “ Ah ! me bonny lassie, ye dinna intend tae write on that subject, dae ye ? even if ye dae begin wi' yoursel' it's too big a thing althegither. Everything in this world is a nuisance that I've seen an' mony things that I ha' haird tell o'. Sae bide a wee till ye get mair sense, an' write a pretty piece on “ Hame, sweet Hame,” or a guid love story, but dinna tell about baithers an' nuisances ; we ha' plenty wi'oot ha'ing them wrote by the yaird for us. But I'll bid ye the day ;” and Scotch John left.

After he was gone I thought that I would follow his advice, and began a touching description of home, sweet home. I first tried a humorous description, then a pathetic one, and then a combination of both, but I came to the conclusion that even home, sweet home, under some circumstances might be

a nuisance. Then I concluded to write a love and murder story, that would make the hair of the bravest stand on end, and the hardest heart melt to pity. So I drew the following scene:—

Angelica Varcelona, a beauty of the first type, raven locks, dreamy blue eyes, trimmings to match. Falls desperately in love with with a young Irishman named Patrick. Patrick is arrested and confined in an underground cell on suspicion of being a Fenian. Angelica hears of it and rescues him by making a rope of her beautiful hair and drawing him from his prison. Angelica's old aunt, who does not like Patrick, takes her lovely niece to New Zealand. On the way the ship is wrecked and the aunt is drowned. Angelica is rescued by Patrick who has been on the vessel all the time, hid in a tar barrel. Last scene—grand wedding—green flags—God save the Queen—Union jack—honeymoon—cheering in the gallery and all that kind of thing. After I had drawn out this scene I felt that it might not have the desired effect on the youthful mind, and that even love stories might sometimes be nuisances. In fact my first subject had a fatal fascination for me, of course it was quite natural that I should like nuisances, —people generally like their "opposites;" it is the case at the Institute anyway. But I must begin my subject or this production will be like a large frame and no picture, a pretty head with no face. I must commence as I do when I write "poetry," and divide my subject into heads of so many feet each.

I suppose anything that gives you an unpleasant feeling is a nuisance; from a cold shower bath to a sum in cube root, or from a warm-hearted, Irishman to a cold-blooded Yankee pedler. Let me describe an example of what I call a nuisance: It is a cold, dark night; the wind moans in pathetic sobs through the leafless branches of the orchard trees. I draw the curtains, put on a brisk, cheerful fire, sink into the soft cushions of the rocking-chair, and give myself up to unalloyed pleasure. The room slowly floats away, and a grand old air castle floats before me. Soft, lulling music quivers

forth on the scented breeze. The waves of the lake, imagination, are lined with purple and gold. I hear the splash of oars, and a knock at the door. A lady enters. "What more delightful," you exclaim, "than a companion when you are alone!" Ah, my friend, listen! Instead of the soft music and gay surroundings of the air castle, I find myself face to face with a lady whom, to say the least, I do not like, who says she will stay the evening with me, and as she sees I am idle, will teach me a new way "to turn the heel of a stocking." "Oh, knitting is a nuisance!" I exclaim. "Ah, child, you have yet to learn the many nuisances of life. I wish for my own sake there were none; but, ah me!" and she gave a long sigh. Not so fast, old woman, if there were not nuisances in this world you would not be here; but I am afraid I would lose some of my chief joys, for one person's nuisance is another person's pleasure all the world over. For instance, when I was young (some 30 years ago) we had an Irishman working for us, and if the parson had asked me for an example of perfection, I, in my innocence, would have pointed to Irish Kelly, for he could give me such jolly rides on a wheelbarrow of carrots, tell such yarns, teach a mischief-loving child how to play tricks,—in short he was my "beau ideal;" and yet my father called him a nuisance. And so you see such things as nuisances have to be tolerated in this world or it would be rather insipid. But some people seem to encounter more in a day than other people do in a year. Life is called the pendulum between a smile and a tear, but some people swing decidedly to the teary side. One of the greatest arts in this world is to convert a nuisance into a blessing, Making cabbages into roses is nothing to it.

Suppose you are a highly practical girl, full of common sense. You are sitting, towards evening, in the garden forming plans for action. What can be more of a nuisance than to have a sentimental chap come and talk of moonshine, molasses, and Molly Darling, and yet it may be a perfect pleasure. Put away your plans for the present, and throw yourself with zest into the subject on hand. Talk about the silver

thread of friendship, and the golden thread of something else, and I will venture to say you will enjoy the nuisance immensely. Don't think me sentimental; I am not.

Toothache—that may be considered the crown of all nuisances. No one pities you. Who ever heard of any one dying of toothache? So they leave you, repeating Burns' lines,—

“Oh, thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance and reel.”

Cats—But I see a lady taking her favorite in her arms and sharpening its claws; a chap snapping his fingers and putting his tabby on the defensive, so I will desist.

Imagine yourself a young man of gentlemanly appearance, undeniable charms, and that you are in love (perhaps it does not require imagination,—so much the better). You are walking at moonlight beneath the shade of the maple trees with ONE by your side. You wonder if she loves you, but of course she does. You feel sure she is admiring your large, dark eyes that have such a sweet yet thoughtful expression. You begin—“Stars are shining, Molly Darling.” Your manly voice rolls forth on the soft evening air. You fancy her little hand trembles in yours. You hear a foot-fall, and a chum of yours steps up on the other side of your fair one and offers his arm, and—and—she accepts; and is soon gayly chatting with your companion. Your heart dies within you and you call “Mollie” a nuisance. Ah! I see I have reached a climax, and will make my bow.

FANNIE L. CRAWFORD.

THE GARDEN AND THE FOUNTAIN.

Adown from dimly fabled days of eld
There comes this tale, longwhile unchronicled.
A beautiful garden that with lavish gift
Of bud and blossom, graced a gentle rise,
Lading the air with fragrance delicate,—
Saw o'er the way another spot so rich
In Eden beauty that it seemed a place
For weary ones to rest in and be glad ;
For there amid its fluttering birds of song
And bright-hued flowers, a fountain sent its streams
To frolic with the golden beams of light
In graceful curves and leaping gleams of spray.
Sighing it murmured, " Would that I, too, had
A fountain. Then would blossom my flowers
Peerless as those by streams of Paradise."
The gardener heard, and glad he came full soon,
And chose a spot to work out his design ;
And with a ruthless hand he swiftly plucked
The clinging tendrils of the wandering vines
From their supports, and crushed to earth alike
The humble plant and rare exotic. Then
In troubled, tremulous tones, entreating cried
The Garden, " Oh, my flowers ! my rare, choice vines !
The air is filled with dying fragrance. Crushed,
And torn they lie. Why hast thou thus destroyed
My glorious crown of beauty ?" Quick replied
The gardener then, " Wouldst thou not have a fount ?"
" Thou knowest I would," came back in faltering tones.
Deep down he digged into the fruitful earth,
Heaping it round until the once fair flowers
Lay hid. Then, moaning, querulous, cried again
The Garden, " Oh, my fruits and flowers, my vines !
Cruel ! Thou hast destroyed the very soil
That gave them me." Again a calmful voice

Replied, "Wouldst thou a fountain have?" "Ay, ay;
But must my pleasant places thus be changed
Into a woful waste?" "So must it be,"
Came the firm-voiced reply. But soon again
Broke forth in accents anguished, "Stay thine hand,
My deep foundation stone thou breakest now.
Alas! the passer-by no more shall pause
To smile in gladness on me. Years shall pass,
But sound of human footsteps never more
Shall lightly echo where my wastes lie bare.
Oh, my lost loveliness! Woe, woe to me!"
And yet again the tender voice replied,
"Be patient, what I do thou knowest not now,
But thou shalt know hereafter." So awhile
Unsparring blow on blow fell heavily.
But lo! once when upspringing day had sent
Her messengers with golden robes to greet
The earth, they lingered long and lovingly
Where late frowning garden had repelled
Their visits, now a radiant scene,
Surpassing all that erst had goodly seemed,
Smiled back their greetings, and a fountain rare
Sent a new grace into the happy spot;
And from its bounteous store supplied each flower
And vine with never-failing nourishment.

O soul! on whom the heavy hand of woe
Hath lain until thou art crushed unto the earth,—
Be patient, yet a little while, and thou
Shalt know that this thy pleading prayer for more
Of Heaven's best graces has been answered thee.
And thou shalt bless the hand that laid thee low,
When thy calamity is overpast.

MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

THE PRESENT THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Theologians proper have now a building of their own. They may well term it "Divinity Hall," for we think it is worthy of the name. It indeed reflects great credit on the Institute Trustees, but especially on the worthy principal, Dr. Fyfe. A stranger to visit this department and notice the large and comfortable rooms, two of which are appropriated to the use of each couple of students, will be fully assured that Dr. Fyfe cares well for his 'boys.' There are also two commodious classrooms in the building, which add still to the students' convenience and comfort, as they have only to step out of their study room into the class-rooms for the greater part of their recitations. The students likewise display good taste in the neat and cosy furnishings of their rooms.

While continued and important improvement is being made in every branch of the Literary Department every term, the Theological is also in the van. The present Theological staff is too well known to require eulogy; but it is with reluctance and sorrow we chronicle the continued illness of Prof. Yule, which prohibits his labor of love as a Theological teacher. We hope, if God wills it, he may yet recover health to pursue his glorious life-work; but if not, he is wholly resigned to higher decrees and meekly bows to the rod of his omniscient Father. We understand that the Rev. John Torrance, M. A. of Yorkville will take Prof. Yule's position at New Year. It is well known that Mr. Torrance has a thoroughly cultivated, well arranged, metaphysical mind, and is consequently well qualified for the Professorship. The future is indeed full of promise for this department. We congratulate the present theological students upon the increased facilities they enjoy, over former students, for a thorough training for preaching the gospel of peace to the sons of men. But we cannot understand the reason why Woodstock Theological class-rooms are not sufficiently spacious (?), the professors not sufficiently erudite in Theology, Church History and Christian Evidence (?), and the curriculum not sufficiently.

extended (?) to ACCOMMODATE and instruct SOME, who owe, for various causes, a deep debt of gratitude to our worthy Alma Mater; but who are now seeking an aristocratic (?) theological training in the commercial State of our friendly Republic. We have no desire to wantonly wound the feelings or touch the pride of any INNOCENTS, but we think a little plain, truthful speech is always in keeping; and besides, we adhere to the truth of that good old maxim, "Honor to whom honor is due."

Look over the college curriculum of each and tell us where in Woodstock lacks. This will indeed be difficult to do—if impossibilities are counted difficult. It may be true that as a rule American professors receive higher remuneration for their services, but high salary must not be taken as a criterion of superior professorship. This will be readily admitted. But we have men who labor—yes, who are overtaxing themselves—not for pecuniary profit, but to elevate the department from a worthy and honorable standard to a still more worthy grade, in order to fit men in the true sense of the term to preach Christ to rich and poor, to the lettered and unlettered. They are teaching Canadian students in order that THEY may TEACH as well as please and amuse. And it is a well known fact that Canadian preachers—yes, and Canadian students—are prized and their preaching appreciated in the United States. But let it be distinctly understood that we do not presume to underrate either the talent or talent training of American institutions; but we wish to be understood when we lay claim to a just right to stand at least upon the same educational level with them. We are certainly satisfied with nothing less. We could easily, did space and circumstances permit, point out marked features of superiority in the Theological system at Woodstock over that of many of the colleges in the States, but we forbear. Surely of such a Department the Baptists of Canada should feel proud and grateful of. Let hundreds of the churches ask themselves what their history would be to-day, were it not for the powerful and hallowed influence of this Theological institution.

Then, in return it is nothing but the bounden duty of these and all the churches to give liberally of what God has given them to the support of the department. And not alone should they give in money, but in men—yes, worthy, whole-souled, God-fearing men, whose one aim is the glory of God in the salvation of sinners. The ministry of Christ demands just as good men as the Law or the Medical profession—yes, and better,—the best men.

VENI ET VIDI.

Editorial Department.

—O—

LITERARY EDITORS,

J. ANDERSON.

G. L. WITTET.

BUSINESS EDITOR,

G. B. DAVIS.

Since we sent our last *Tyro* out many changes have taken place among us. When we returned from our summer vacation to commence the work of another year we missed many old and pleasant faces, but were greeted by a goodly number of new ones. The college was also considerably changed. One of the buildings had been fitted up expressly for the Theological students, (see page 209) and the main building had undergone a thorough refitting. New teachers had taken charge of some of the departments, and the year was to be divided into four terms instead of three. How these changes would affect the efficiency of our college was freely discussed, but with a considerable difference of opinion, especially with respect to the change in the terms. It is now pretty generally believed that these alterations were wisely made, as we have just closed a term which competent judges pronounce, in a

literary point of view, the most successful term the Institute has ever passed.

In looking abroad we notice much activity in educational circles both at home and in the United States. Our Public Schools are being greatly improved, and a very important step is about to be taken in the appointment of a Minister of Education. Colleges and Collegiate Institutes are being established in several places, while our Universities are more largely attended than ever. In the United States great enthusiasm is being manifested in the Centennial movement, All seem unanimous in the determination that the beginning of the second century of their national existence shall find their colleges in a position to give a thorough and liberal education at the least possible expense. The movement is very promising, and reflects great credit on its promoters. We are pleased to join other friends of education in wishing it every success.

In presenting this number of the TYRO, we embrace the opportunity to thank our subscribers and friends for their kindness, and to solicit a continuance of the same. And now a "Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all."

LOCAL ITEMS.

WE are pleased to note the visit Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, made us during the term. After assembling in the lecture-room, a very appropriate address was read by Dr. Fyfe, to which the Hon. gentleman replied in a most able and complimentary speech. He concluded by asking a half-holiday for the students, which was duly granted.

PROF. TAVERNER of Knox College, Toronto, delivered a course of lectures on Elocution to a large class of our students.

ON the evenings of the 10th and 11th of Dec. a party was held by the ladies of the Institute, to which the gentlemen were invited. Owing to the number of gentlemen students, a part were invited each evening. All enjoyed themselves.

PROF. A. M. BELL gave us an evening among the best authors.

MANY very fine residences were erected in town during the summer.

THE Port Dover & Lake Huron R. R. has been opened for traffic between Woodstock and Port Dover.

THE Credit Valley R. R., it is hoped, will soon be ready for use. Woodstock will then be as well supplied with R. R. facilities as any town in the Dominion.

THE time when our townspeople loved "darkness rather than light" has evidently passed, as the gas-works are rapidly approaching completion.

BASE BALL was a failure among us last term.

PROHIBITION.—Our Dominion Parliament, almost unanimously, passed a test Bill against the liquor traffic.

WE clip the following from the Brantford Expositor: "We notice that at the examinations at the Toronto University the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock, stood highest among the Colleges, and Upper Canada College next."

DOUBLE windows have been put in the Institute buildings. Both the ladies' and gentlemen's departments are now very comfortable.

STUDENTS would do well to consult our business directory, and purchase from those who advertise in the Tyro.

AT the September examination for matriculation at the Toronto University, those of our boys who presented them-

selves for examination took honors. One, Mr. J. D. Cameron, taking a double scholarship.

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

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—President, J. E. Trotter; Vice-President, W. Tapscott; Critic, E. W. Dadson; Secretary-Treasurer, G. B. Davis; Marshal, A. McDonald.

GLEANER SOCIETY.—President, Fannie Crawford; Vice-President, Ida Fitch; Critic, Mrs. Nott; Secretary-Treasurer, Rebecca J. Bessey; Librarian, Effie Story.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.—President, Allan Raymond; Vice-President, E. P. Parry; Critic, Harry V. Carter; Secretary-Treasurer, T. R. Urquhart; Marshal, A. E. Fitch; Librarian, J. E. Burt.

JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—President, Robert Clark; Vice-President, Sophia G. Brown; Secretary-Treasurer, Fannie Crawford.

Prof. J. E. Wells delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Paul the Enthusiast," under the auspices of the last mentioned Society.

OUR EXCHANGES.

"TRINITY TABLET" AND "BILLIARDS."—In one of the October numbers of *Trinity Tablet* there appeared a lengthy article in favor of "billiard-rooms in Colleges." Listen to the *Tablet*: "We notice in many of our exchanges reports of the opening of billiard rooms free to all students."

We are glad that the exchanges on our table, with the exception of the *Tablet* and another, are of a different order, and do not speak in favor of billiards. We are inclined to think our exchanges are right, and afraid that some of the exchanges on the *Tablet's* table are wrong, if, as the *Tablet* asserts, they speak in favor of billiards.

If billiards are finding their way into our colleges, we had better rise up as one man and declare a war of extermination against the enemy.

The faculty that allows billiard rooms in the college, or permits their pupils to go where they are, must have a morbid sense of right and wrong. The *Tablet* says: "Many of us remember that cards were forbidden us because men gambled by means of cards, but now we are amused at the shortsightedness of those parents who restrain cards from their houses and compel their unfortunate children to seek them elsewhere accompanied by all their vices. Dancing was once forbidden us because it is sometimes surrounded with immoralities and connected with impure surroundings. In all these things we have learned wisdom, but to billiards we have succumbed at last."

Is it true that the children of those parents who restrain cards from their houses are "unfortunate" and "compelled to seek them elsewhere?" Is it not the strangest kind of reasoning to say that the child who never saw billiards or cards at home is *compelled* to go somewhere to play a game? Perhaps the wise *Tablet* will tell us why it is that children who never see cards at home are compelled to go to the rum-den where they can have a game of cards accompanied by all the pollution and blasphemy found in these "breathing places of hell?" By the same reasoning the child who never saw a glass of wine or other intoxicating liquor at home would be "compelled" to go to the low-grog shop to get it.

But the fact is this,—the great majority of drunkards who reel and stagger upon the earth *took their first glass at home*. The great majority of those who spend their days and nights in gambling-dens played their first game of cards *at home*. On the other hand, the majority of those who never saw wine on the home table live sober lives respected by all.

The majority of those "unfortunate children" who never saw a deck of cards at home have occupied positions of respectability which the habitual player never occupied, and never can. The majority of those who never danced at home

have seldom been cursed by the fascinations of the modern ball-room.

Now, we ask, have not dancing, billiards and cards been among the most fruitful sources of evil? And yet our friends of the *Tablet*, who by the way are much wiser than their fathers, rejoice that many colleges are opening their doors for their admission. Let the faculties that bring billiards into their colleges know that we expect to see their students come forth from their halls ignorant, and only able to play fop. Over the door of such a college we may read, "Here young men are trained to gamble, to blaspheme, and for the commission of every description of crime, and fitted at last for DEATH ETERNAL." And yet the *Tablet* in the profundity of its wisdom rejoices that billiards are being introduced among the young men of our colleges. Let parents who think of bringing billiards or cards into their houses know that when they do so they open the door to ruin and invite their sons and daughters to walk in the ways of darkness and death. And yet the *Tablet* thinks this is a step in the right direction. Is the *Tablet* not aware that "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Our friend *The Dartmouth* in the very excellent issue of December 2, 1875, after a short quotation from the *Trinity Tablet*, says: "Poor young men! You are indeed to be pitied." We think that if there is any class of young men on the earth who are to be pitied it is that class who can spend three weeks at college and make no advancement. It is indeed a sad thing to listen to the wail of the *Tablet*. But we do not wonder at their having made no progress, if they spend their time in games and songs. Remember the "grass-hopper and the bee."

Yes, *Tablet*, fool away another three weeks of precious time and make no advancement. Perhaps you had better try once more to advocate billiard rooms in colleges.

The Alumni Journal is on our table. It presents a very neat appearance; and for the most part the reading matter is very

excellent. The "Address of the Hon. Henry S. Greene, delivered before the law class of the Wesleyan Law School, June 16th, 1875," is very fine, and would well repay any one to read and study. We think a good deal of "The Alumni Journal," and hope that it will always be found on our table.

The Packer Quarterly has again visited us in its usual good dress. Although the "fall dresses" of the fair editors were "covered with dust hunting on the top shelves of libraries for classical dictionaries," the magazine is up to its usual standard of "very good." You have done well, ladies.

Some rude editors made the remark: "We are aware that in perusing its columns we are feeding upon light food—some might call it pap." We have no doubt but the editors of "Packer Quarterly," who sent us such an excellent paper, could make some very good "pap" for those boys. We hope to hear from Packer Quarterly again.

The Ontario Teacher is always a welcome visitor. Its pages are interesting and instructive. The Selected Department is rather long. Why not have more from the pens of *Ontario teachers*? The editor's remarks on Mr. Ireland's article are just and to the point.

The Tyro, of Po'keepsie, comes fresh from the hands of its lively editors. It reminds us of a rippling rivulet of pure water. While its music neither moves our whole soul nor paralyzes our intellect, we partake and are refreshed. You speak well, ladies; but don't, O don't "pour cold water and brass keys down our backs!" We would say more if it were not so near 1876.

The University Record is among our best exchanges. The reading matter is first class. To all who want good reading we would say: "Subscribe for 'The University Record.' Pay for it, read it, send it to your neighbors."

The following exchanges have been received during the term, viz: Acadia Athenaeum, Alumni Journal, Archangel,

Asbury Review, Bates Student, Bowdoin Orient, Brantford Expositor, College Mirror, College Olio, Dartmouth, Dalhousie Gazette, Irving Union, Niagara Index, Ontario Teacher, Packer Quarterly, Queen's College Journal, Qui Vive, Trinity Tablet, Tripod, Tyro, University Record, Volante, Woodstock Review, Woodstock Sentinel, and Woodstock Times,

PERSONALS.

Prof J. C. Yule has returned from his trip to Manitoba, but we fear not much improved in health.

Mrs. Nott, our present governess, has made a very favorable impression on our school.

The Rev. C. Goodspeed, M. A., teaches some classes in theology this term.

Rev. T. S. Johnson, of '73, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Sarnia Baptist Church. We wish him success in his new field of labor.

Miss Comfort teaches in St. Thomas.

Mr. A. W. Challen has a situation in the ladies' department of J. White & Co.'s establishment of this town.

Miss Bella Sinclair teaches in Chicago.

Rev. C. Keetch, of '77, has just closed a series of very successful meetings at Burgessville.

Messrs. N. Wolverton, Ira Smith, C. Eede, E. R. Cameron, and J. J. White visited Alma Mater during the term.

Miss Maggie Sinclair teaches at Goble's Corners.

Mr. W. H. Cline is laboring in Listwold.

Rev. G. F. Robertson has taken the pastorate of the Baptist church in Arthur.

Mr. J. E. Trotter leaves us for the winter. He has taken charge of the Parkhill church.

Messrs. D. A. McGregor, C. C. McLaurin, and A. Grant, return to their studies at the beginning of the New Year, after a very successful season of labor.

Mr. G. W. Clarke is laboring as a missionary in Hong Kong.

Mr. D. DeCcw is in the vicinity of Port Stanley "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

FUN.

One of our freshmen says he can't talk much, but that he has an aunt who can.

"What is ratio?" asked a professor of a student, who replied, "Ratio, sir; ratio is proportion." "And what is proportion?" "Proportion, sir; why, proportion is ratio." "And pray, sir, what are they both together?" "Excuse me, sir, I can answer but one at a time."—*Ex.*

At a recent trial, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the examining counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" he asked. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the barrister. "Well enough," responded the lady "to see that you are neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."—*Christian at Work.*

We learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are friends to the temperance movement and want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?—*Ex.*

Two reasons why some persons don't mind their own business: One is, they haven't any business; and the other, they haven't any mind.—*Ex.*

Junior Class. Prof.—“Mr. P.—, translate!” Student—“I pass, Professor.” Prof.—“I order you up, Mr. P.—.” Another student, well versed in the art—“You can't order up a man after he's passed,” Professor promises to think it over.—*Collegian*.

“Professor,” said a bright Freshman the other day, “I have found classical authority for ‘ponying.’” Prof.—“Have you, indeed! Let me hear it.” Freshman—“Horace says, *pono me*.”—*Dartmouth*.

HYMENEAL.

STEWART—MCGINN.—On the 13th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, 27 Lorne Avenue, Montreal, by the Rev. John Gordon, assisted by the Rev. J. P. McEwen and the Rev. Geo. Grafftey, J. W. A. Stewart, son of Rev. A. Stewart, of the Grand River Indian Mission, to Mary, third daughter of the late Thomas McGinn, of Montreal.

DAYFOOT—PHILP.—On the 29th ult., at the house of the bride's father, in the town of Woodstock, by the Rev. Dr. Fyie, assisted by Rev. C. Goodspeed, M. A., John B. Dayfoot, Esq., of Georgetown, to Miss Emily A. Philp, of Woodstock.

GRAFFTEY—STEWART.—At Oshweken, on 31st ult., by Rev. Geo. Grafftey, of Kingston, assisted by the bride's father, William K. Grafftey, of Montreal, to Emma, third surviving daughter of Rev. A. Stewart, Grand River Indian Mission.

CAMPBELL—RUSHTON.—On Tuesday, June 22nd, by the Rev. C. Sinclair, of Ridgeway, at his residence, Mr. A. P. Campbell, of Morpeth, to Miss Sarah A. Rushton, eldest daughter of Oxley Rushton, Esq., of Howard.

HOAG—ECCLES.—At Strong's Hotel, London, on 9th inst., by Rev. George Sutherland, Fingal, Mr. Thomas Hoag, Springfield, to Miss Mary E. Eccles, of Iona.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our sad duty to record the death of one of our class-mates, Mr. D. Offord. After having spent some time in preliminary studies he entered Theology, and had his health been spared he would have graduated with the class of '76. His illness was long and severe, but the God whom he loved enabled him to bear all with fortitude and patience and at last depart in the full triumphs of faith. On the 11th of October he fell asleep in Christ, and on the 13th his remains were followed to their last resting place by a large number of students and others. He left a wife and three children to mourn his early departure.

 STANDINGS.

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

FIRST YEAR.

Mr. J. H. Innis 1941, Miss C. Dolson 1655, Mr. W. W. Carter 1569, Miss Siple 1500, Mr. Preston 1499, Mr. J. McColl 1422, Miss Harvie 1394, Miss Silverthorn 1380, Miss Hay 1347.

SECOND YEAR.

Miss White 1782, Mr. A. McDonald 1561, Miss McGregor 1514, Mr. E. P. Parry 1494, Miss Ida Merrill 1463, Mr. J. E. Morgan 1428, Mr. A. Raymond 1423, Miss Bessey 1419.

THIRD YEAR.

The following students received the highest number of marks in this year. Maximum 2200. J. E. Trotter 1802,

Miss K. Merriman 1671, Miss S. Shepherd 1651. Algebra—P. C. McKillop, W. Tapscott, J. Zeran, T. Trotter. Geometry—P. C. McKillop, Miss S. Shepherd, W. Tapscott, Miss K. Merriman, Geo. Chittendon, A. O. McKee. Roman History—Miss S. Shepherd, A. Best, Miss K. Merriman, Miss F. Crawford, J. H. Innis, P. K. Dayfoot, D. Laing, T. Urquhart, (J. Lindsay, Geo. Chittendon) R. W. Harrold. Latin, Cicero—J. H. Best, (J. Trotter, F. Tapscott,) J. Zeran, P. C. McKillop, O. H. Garrett, Geo. Chittendon, P. K. Dayfoot, D. Laing. Latin Prose Composition—W. Tapscott, F. Tapscott, J. Trotter, O. H. Garrett, J. Zeran. Greek, Homer—J. Trotter, A. O. McKee, J. Zeran, O. H. Garrett, Geo. Chittendon. Greek Grammar—A. O. McKee, J. Zeran, J. Trotter, O. H. Garrett. Second French—F. Tapscott, W. Tapscott, Miss F. Crawford. Natural Philosophy—A. O. McKee, J. Trotter, A. Best, Miss M. E. Smith, Miss C. Cody, P. C. McKillop, Miss F. Crawford, W. Tapscott, Miss A. McLaughlin, Miss M. McGregor, T. Urquhart. Zoology—J. Trotter, F. Tapscott.

FOURTH YEAR.

The following students received the highest number of marks in this year. Maximum 2200. J. J. Baker 1804, G. B. Davis 1748, J. M. White 1521. Algebra—J. M. White, A. O. McKee, J. J. Baker. Trigonometry—G. B. Davis, J. J. Baker, J. M. White, T. Trotter. Latin, Livy, Book V.—J. J. Baker, J. M. White, G. B. Davis. Greek, Xenophon, Book V.—J. J. Baker, J. M. White, G. B. Davis. Latin Prose Composition—J. J. Baker, J. M. White. Greek Prose Composition—J. J. Baker. Mental Philosophy—G. B. Davis, D. Laing, J. H. Best, D. D. Burtch. French, Antonia Roche—Miss S. Shepherd, Miss K. Merriman, A. O. McKee. German—G. B. Davis. German, Schiller's, Wilhelm Tell—Miss S. Shepherd, L. Davis. Hebrew—J. J. Baker, D. P. McPherson, J. Trotter, D. D. Burtch, J. M. White, W. McGregor. Chemistry—Miss S. Shepherd. English Composition—T. Trotter, G. B. Davis, J. J. Baker, J. M. White.

The following are the successful competitors for prizes for the college year ending June 28th, 1875;

FIRST YEAR.

Proficiency—Miss E. B. Cascadden; Mathematics—Miss E. B. Cascadden; English and Latin—Miss E. B. Cascadden.

SECOND YEAR.

Proficiency	(Gentlemen)	Mr. W. H. Cline
"	(Ladies)	Miss M. E. Ferris
Mathematics	(First)	" M. E. Ferris
"	(Second)	Mr. P. C. McKillop
Latin	(First)	" J. E. Trotter
"	(Second)	" F. Tapscott
Greek	(First)	" J. E. Trotter
"	(Second)	" D. Grant
French		" F. Tapscott

THIRD YEAR.

Proficiency		Mr. J. D. Cameron
Latin	(First)	" J. D. Cameron
"	(Second)	" W. Nesbitt
Greek		" J. J. Baker

FOURTH YEAR.

Latin		Mr. S. S. Bates
Hebrew		" S. S. Bates

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Elocution	(First)	Mr. W. T. Tapscott
"	(Second)	" H. C. Speller
English Prose Composition	(First)	" J. J. Baker
" " "	(Second)	" E. R. Cameron

CLOSING EXERCISES, DEC. 21, 1875.

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PROGRAMME.

P R A Y E R.

- 1.—MUSIC, Trio,.....
MESSRS. DADSON, BAKER AND WHITE.
 - 2.—ESSAY, "The influence of Literary Men upon Society,"
R. CLARK.
 - 3.—MUSIC, Duett,.....
MISSES BESSIE AND HEWITT.
 - 4.—READING, "Rhymes of the River,".....
MISS S. C. BELL.
 - 5.—MUSIC, Quartette,.....
MISSES HEWITT & FITCH AND MESSRS. MCARTHUR & DADSON
 - 6.—DIALOGUE, "Cranmer,".....
ADELPHIAN SOCIETY.
 - 7.—MUSIC, Instrumental Trio,.....
MISSES BESSIE, BIGELOW AND McLAUGHLIN.
 - 8.—SHEAF (Paper).....
MISS F. CRAWFORD.
 - 9.—MUSIC, Quartette,.....
MISSES HEWITT & FITCH AND MESSRS. WHITE & MCARTHUR
 - 10.—ORATION, "Patriotism versus Canadian,".....
D. P. MACPHERSON.
 - 11.—MUSIC, Duett,.....
MISSES BESSIE AND HEWITT.
 - 12.—DIALOGUE, "Spectre Bridegroom,".....
EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.
 - 13.—MUSIC, Trio,.....
MESSRS. DADSON, BAKER AND WHITE.
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