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THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, JULY, 1874.

No. 1.

Religious.

A Night on the Ocean.

OUR ship had been sailing before a light breeze, which went to rest as the sun descended, apparently into his watery grave, leaving the great deep around us without even a zephyr playing over its glassy surface. A feeling of intense lonesomeness and awe deeply impressed our minds, as we looked in vain over the broad expanse of placid ocean for even a distant sail, and became conscious that we were alone with Him who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand.

As the evening shades gathered around us, loneliness gave place to gratitude; for star after star appeared, until the whole heavens, as far as the eye could reach, were decked with countless numbers of those sparkling orbs. To add grandeur to the scene, the full-orbed moon arose from her eastern chamber, casting a silvery mantle over the wide waste of water, and causing it to sparkle as if bespangled with the richest gems. Heaven was above us with its glittering host; Heaven seemed beneath us, for the great deep, as a mirror, reflected all its glories; and Heaven was within us, for we looked from the sparkling deep and the starry heavens up to their Great Creator, and—though we felt as

nothing amidst the glories which He had created—yet we could say :

“ That mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend.”

As we paced the deck on that glorious night, the mind wandered as unchecked by limit as the broad expanse above us. On the rapid wings of thought it darted farther back than the creation of the Universe, when God was wrapped in the solitude of His own greatness. We read the eternity of His existence in His works around us. As old as the ocean may be, yet there was a time when there was no deep for the darkness to cover. Ere the creation of man, those brilliant gems illumined the canopy of heaven, yet before they sang together, God was. The time will come when the great deep will be dried up, and those systems of worlds will all pass away. But Deity will exist: from everlasting to everlasting He is God—the Eternal One !

We thought of His power and His infinitude, until the reason became overpowered, and the mind wearied in searching out God. Whence came these ponderous spheres? Out of what were they created? What supports them in the fluid ether? If their velocity is so great, why do they not dash through the immensity of space? Who can tell their number or define their limits? Revelation alone gives a satisfactory solution to all our queries. From that old book, the Bible, we learn that by the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. He bade them spring forth from nothing, and hurled them on their course supported by nothing, marking their bounds, and controlling their motions by the coercive fiat of His own omnipotence. “ He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.” Fancy sought in vain to find their utmost reach. She soared to the most distant star visible from earth, and beheld far be-

yond, innumerable myriads of planetary systems rolling in the immeasurable expanse. These spacious heavens, like the Infinite one, are unlimited. He fills the immensity above, and the great depths beneath.

As we looked at the reflected grandeur of the moon, increasing in splendour as she ascended the arch of heaven, looking proudly upon us, as if conscious that she was the Queen of Night; as we viewed the glittering orbs that filled the crystal concave with a flood of brilliancy, and as we beheld all this scene of magnificence reflected in the ocean beneath, we thought of the Creator's glory and wisdom which are so beautifully reflected in all His works. Truly, the heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork, and His path is in the mighty waters.

Our thoughts turned from the magnitude and mysteries of creation, to meditate upon the greater mystery of God manifest in the flesh. We could not but ask, as we thought of the child Jesus in Bethlehem's manger—the homeless wanderer among the mountains of Palestine—the condemned sufferer dying the shameful death of the cross. Can this helpless infant be the creator of this vast universe? Is it possible that the "man of sorrows" is the perfect Deity? Who can believe that He who is in death's severest agony, is the self-existent and omniscient Jehovah? Faith, like the magnetic needle, when slightly affected by counteracting influences, wavered, but soon regained its true position. It beheld the star that heaven lent to guide to the spot where the infant Saviour lay. It listened with the wondering shepherds to the angelic messenger declaring the birth of Christ the Lord, and heard the multitude of heavenly choristers chanting the praises of God and His good will to man. It witnessed the sick restored to health, the blind for the first time looking upon the loveliness of heaven and earth, the deaf

hearing, the dumb singing, the lame rejoicing, and the dead brought back to life. It viewed the God-man stepping from wave to wave over the boisterous billows and calming the raging sea. It recalled the wonderful scenes in connection with His death, His triumphant resurrection and glorious ascent from Olivet, while angels declared that in like manner He would come again—and we exclaimed, “Lord, it is enough, thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!”

With gratitude, love, and praise, we considered the object of the mission of this wonder-working God to earth, Condescension as infinite as the heavens! Love boundless as the ocean! Praise him ye heaven of heavens. Join in one song of praise ye children of men. Let the whole earth become vocal with thanksgiving, for the great Creator of all worlds visited earth for us. He who guides planets in their rapid and extended course, and bounds tempestuous oceans by the word of His power, was led as a criminal to crucifixion, and submitted to that death of shame, that we might remain with Him shining as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

C. Y. SNELL.

Self-Consecration.

O LORD! before Thine altar now,
I kneel in reverential prayer;
The sacred chrism is on my brow,
The consecrating seal is there.

I bring no offering rich and rare,
No glittering children of the mine;
No sapphire crown of flowerets fair
I lay in homage at Thy shrine.

I bring the life Thyself hast given—
My swiftly passing span of years;
I here devote them all to heaven,
And consecrate the gift with tears.

I bring Thee this poor stam'ring tongue,
That scarce can lisp Thy love divine ;
My harp all tuneless and unstrung—
Yea, all I am and have are Thine.

Renouncing all this world's vain show,
Content to share a lowly lot :
Content, Lord, if Thou will'st it so,
To live unknown and die forgot.

I only ask, that I may be
In love, and faith, and duty, strong ;
May walk the narrow way to Thee,
Nor think the toilsome journey long.

I only ask, when I must fall—
Cut down by death's relentless power,
Or long forewarned, or swift the call,
Be with me in the solemn hour.

Thy gentle voice is in mine ears,
And all my spirit's pulses thrill ;
Speak, Lord, Thy willing servant hears,
And waits to know and do Thy will.

I hear the voice of solemn psalm,
I see the clouds of incense rise,
My faith is fixed—my heart is calm,
For God accepts the sacrifice.

Self-Sacrifice.

AMONG the Berkshire hills of New England is a hamlet of exceeding beauty, overshadowed on all sides by the enduring granite—"rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," its sterner aspect relieved by the soft fresh foliage of the maple and pine.

Noisy streams of living water are found among these hills, that go leaping downward and onward, until, in the valley below, they reach the broad and beautiful Connecticut. There is a home among the shadows of these hills, made all

glorious by the life begun and ended there; it is an humble brown cottage with no outward adorning but the clinging ivy and the fragrant honey-suckle. Here, with all nature to inspire her with noble thoughts, Mary Lyon spent the first years of her life. Her parents did not know, but God foreknew how much she would need a constitution that could bear great responsibility, and a temperament so buoyant and cheerful that it could furnish its own sunshine, when clouds should veil the skies. For this purpose, in His kindness, He assigned to her childhood its rural home, in a kind of sacred retirement, sheltered from the evil influences of luxury and sloth. She early conceived the idea of a thorough education. But how could it be obtained? There were in the land one hundred and twenty colleges for boys, but not one founded distinctly for girls. Academies and private schools abounded—she could attend these and did. God endowed her with a vigorous intellect, keen penetration, and sound judgment; an intense energy pervaded her whole nature—she knew no such thing as failure in any undertaking.

To reach the heights of truth she sacrificed social advantages, and even refused herself sufficient time for rest—four hours' sleep in twenty-four is short measure, and it made the last long sleep come so much the sooner. She accomplished her object, finished her course at the Academy, made great proficiency in the Sciences, Mathematics, and Latin, and was ready for her life-work—teaching! She saw her brothers go to Amherst and Harvard Universities to complete a four years' course of study—her own mind longed for such an opportunity for development, but there was none. Not a college then opened wide its doors to admit ladies to its higher courses of study. The cultivation of the mind of woman was not *then* regarded as being of equal importance with that of the mind of man.

On this subject Miss Lyon took a decided position, not as

a champion for the "rights of woman," but as a Christian philanthropist looking to the welfare of society; as a modest, genial woman—seeing clearly that the world needed thoroughly educated, efficient women, whose influence should permeate all the ranks of human society, elevating and enriching it by culture and refinement. She therefore determined to give her life to the founding of an institution, which should in all respects be a college for the higher education of girls. This she accomplished, not by the lifting up of her voice in the streets, or of the discussion of the subject publicly, but in a quiet way, she appealed to the generous and noble-minded of her time to aid her in this work. She had great faith in God, and a calm reliance upon His strong hand to help her. The means for her cherished object were not withheld; in a year she had at her command twenty-five thousand dollars, with which to commence her work; in the following two years the amount was increased to fifty thousand: she selected her grounds, and appointed responsible men to superintend the erection of the buildings; it is said that the very bricks were consecrated by her prayers. As the building rose in fair and comely proportions, she declared it to be for Christ and the world! that no denomination should claim it for theirs, and no sectarianism should engender strife beneath its shadow.

The year 1837 saw the buildings completed, and the school opened with seventy-five pupils.

Men of sound judgment and generous hearts accepted the guardianship of the School, and cordially furnished her the benefit of their counsels and practical skill in finances.

Among the funds donated were the offerings of persons of very moderate means, and they were *all* the *gifts* of the earnest-hearted and benevolent. On surveying the finished buildings, Mary Lyon said, "The stones and bricks speak a language which vibrates through my very soul; the enter-

prise may have to struggle through embarrassments for years, *but it will live*. Had I a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for its sake. Did I possess the greatest fortune, I could relinquish it all and become poor, if its prosperity demanded it."

Thus she began, and for twelve years she was permitted to reduce her cherished views of education to practice.

Does any one ask, did she succeed? Did ever devotion or self-sacrifice fail? What did she aim to accomplish? Simply this, to make her pupils intelligent, self-reliant Christian women; to send them into the world, free from selfishness, and controlled by the principle of love to Christ. Such as should adorn their country, and be a blessing to the Church and the world. She sought to produce a reformation in characters that had been trained in homes of luxury and indolence, by inducing them to substitute for narrow worldly, self-seeking motives of action, considerations of the noblest and loftiest kind. She taught them that if they were Christ's, they were not their own, and that as freely as they had received, so they were under obligation to bestow freely upon others, and to give their lives an offering unto the Lord.

The intellectual training extended over a course of three years, now lengthened to four, "and includes not only the English studies, but Latin, French, Greek, and German. Also the Natural Sciences, Art, and Music, and all for the very small sum of one hundred and fifty dollars per year, board included." It has no endowment, and is self-sustaining—"The Lord is its keeper." It is now thirty-seven years since Mary Lyon laid the foundations of Mount Holyoke Seminary; it has made a good record, its numbers have increased to three hundred yearly; its graduates number fifteen hundred; "the teachers it has sent out have encircled the globe. More than one hundred of its graduates have been and are now engaged in Foreign Missionary work." Other pupils

have gone forth to establish schools like this for the daughters of the West—two Seminaries are found in Ohio and one in Michigan—founded upon the same principles, doing the same work as the old institution in the East. And, to-day, the daughters of far-off Persia lift up their hands in blessing upon her who sent one of her most valued teachers to carry to them the “good news of salvation,” and also to establish a Holyoke Seminary on Oriental soil, for their uplifting and enlightenment.

Who shall say that Mary Lyon lived in vain or that her toil and self-sacrifice were for nought? She is dead, but “her memory is fragrant still. The Seminary where she taught is hallowed by her influence. The spiritual quickening generated by her clear mind and noble soul is felt to this day, in all the ranks of society.”

Her spirit lives in the school. “It was thought that no person living could carry it forward when she was called from her labours, but it is *now* just what she intended it to be, what she constantly prayed it might be—stronger than when she left it,” independent of her or any other human being, prospering in the favour of God, and in the confidence of all the Churches.

“ Pure as the white marble, rising
O'er the sleeping dust,
Is *her* memory, who is dwelling
Now among the just.
Grow the singing pines forever,
Round' the sacred spot ;
Give her of the fruits of labour
Which her hands have wrought.”

S. E. D.

There's Crape on the Door.

'T WAS evening in the great city. Daylight was gradually passing away, and twilight as calmly and silently throwing its mantle o'er us unawares. Just pause a moment! What a glorious sunset! How could any one, with such a transporting scene before him, deny the presence of a God? In His majesty and love, He seems represented there. Yon crimson clouds, like piles of fiery fury, rise up before, heap on heap, and above them a soft blue expanse, like a fairy lake, kissing with its limpid waters the margin of that burning mass. Higher up, we behold mountains of fleecy clouds, rolled up together, as if, on the other verge of those smiling waters, there might be an immense cataract causing the foam-piles thus to gather. Beautiful! beautiful! was the exclamation. What pen fails not? what pencil is not laid aside, with a sigh, when attempting to portray? The scene was, indeed, enchanting; and as we gazed, the thankfulness of our hearts ascended as incense to the God of love, who so bountifully scatters universal blessings.

On such an evening, we started for a ramble; but, before proceeding far, changed our course. Turning into a byway to our left, we happened on an old dilapidated house. Drawing nearer, and observing more closely, we involuntarily started. "There was crape on the door." Entering the house, within was not at all inviting, but repulsive in the extreme. Every article of furniture declared, in language more forcible than words, "The drunkard's home." Three or four ragged children were sitting in a corner sobbing bitterly, not so much from grief, methinks, as from hunger; for surely the blossom of love in their young hearts had long ere this been nipped by the chilling frosts of unkindness. The poor broken-hearted mother's cup of misery seemed running over. But, "there was crape on the door."

What was the cause? We pass into a low dark room; and there, on a pallet of straw, see ye not the work of the Great Destroyer? The bloated face, repulsive in life, was still more so when the cold hand of death shaded it. Gaze on the corpse! And is this the work of the glittering cup? Treacherous cup! Where, now, is the once manly form, that so proudly led the maiden of his choice to the sacred altar, and there swore to protect and love her? Where the noble brow and the eye shadowed by no shame? Wine cup where? Gradually he changed, till his once firm step became unsteady, his brow sullen, and his eye bespoke the demon passion that raged within. But now he was gone irreclaimably "beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns;" and they—his wife and children—left penniless on the world. Wonder not, nor censure, if these helpless ones mourn their very existence. Crape on the door is sad indeed, at any time; but when, amid all the remembrances of the departed life which it betokens, not a hope lingers, how deplorable!

"There's Crape on the Door." Again we enter. This time it was a babe. Death had set its seal on the fair brow, so like a lily's leaf in its pure beauty. The light of the once clear blue eyes is for ever quenched, and the soft eyelids closed tranquilly over them. The dimpled hands are folded gently on its bosom, the innocent heart within has ceased its throblings, and the golden curls kiss the same brow—only so cold! Sadly they mourn. They miss the merry prattle. The hope of their hearts has been suddenly taken away; and they, too, are grief's victims. But mourn not, my friends. To you it is not permitted to raise the veil off the future. And it is well that it is so; for, could you do this, you might discern in the distance many a thorny and slippery pathway in a life's journey to your little one. God knew best, and in love took your delicate bud from earth to blossom in heaven. Then,

"Mourn not though the loved one go
Early from this world of woe."

For there is sweet consolation in the words, "The earlier death, the sooner immortality."

"There's Crape on the Door." Enter; look on that cold, pallid face. See what there may be read. Tale of sorrow! An outcast, you say? Yes, an outcast. Poor erring sister! How my heart aches to learn of your departure from the paths of virtue! Once she was as pure as that tender babe. In fondest hopes of her future a mother built an airy castle, and a father's eye kindled to behold her lovely form. But in an erring moment she fell. The fair castle was laid in ruins, and fond hearts were crushed beneath the blow. She would have returned, so these colourless lips seemed to whisper; but the world was so harsh, so relentless, so uncharitable, that her poor heart trembled; and up over the door of her hopes were written the words, "No return." Those who should have been the means of her redemption drew their mantle more closely around them, and passed on—O deluded and unsympathising world, when wilt thou exchange thy blindness and cruelty for charity, which extends the warm hand of fellowship to all? Would that it were now! Why should we act so unfeelingly, when He who is the just Judge of the world, while incarnate, found it in His heart to forgive the vilest? Yes, it seemed to be His heart itself to relieve the distressed, and reclaim the wandering.

"There's Crape on the Door." Entering, we find ourselves within a mansion of elegance. The finger of wealth had embellished all the surroundings. Luxury reigns supreme. On an elegantly-carved stand rests the burnished casket. Naught but wealth could command such. We gaze again upon the dead. The eyes are, indeed, closed; but weary, oh! so weary with some vain struggle, seems the brow. The lips are parted, as if even yet expressing some unsatisfied longing. Gold was gained; but, dread thought! the soul was lost. Boundless wealth could not bribe the messenger of death, not even to grant a few short years. Most willingly would he have made the exchange; but

death had come, and his victim must go. Sadly he must have learned that these words were applicable to him—

“ Slave of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I bear to see thee shine,
Whom I have bought so dear?”

But far away from the city of which we speak, in a quiet country village, whose chief charm is the sweet peace which every habitation bespeaks, “There was Crape on a Door.” Within, all is sad. The house is silent. We look around, and wonder why that aged occupant, whose years have stolen upon her so gently, is holding converse with grief alone. “Why is it thus?” she murmured so in her anguish. We ask no questions. Soon we hear heavy footsteps slowly coming up the gravelled pathway; and, as they are mounting the stone steps, we look up in amaze. Why should tears gush forth from eyes unused to weep? and strong arms tremble, as they reverently bear the casket in, and place it silently down? Let us look in. We have gazed on that sweet face before. We have heard pleasant words from these cold lips, and seen them wreathed in smiles. We knew how precious the jewel was that this still clay once contained; and, bathed in tears, we turn away, in unutterable sorrow, to think of the doubly-crushing bereavement which has fallen upon the once happy home. An absent mother returns with the bitter consciousness that now she is written childless. Deeply they mourn, as we also do; yet through their tears they see the gain of their loved one. They feel, as they gaze on the form, so beautiful even in death, that her voice, so sweet on earth, is tuned to a nobler song above—a song of praise to the Redeemer she loved while here, and shall still delight to serve in heaven.

Yes, there will be crape on the door for all of us. Then let us strive to live that we may not fear the approach of that dread moment. Let us work manfully onward, “heart within and God o’er head,” until we arrive at our journey’s

end. In this way we shall be the better prepared for the undying life above, where there's no "Crape on the Door," but our existence is one long day, with the dear Saviour who gave His life for us.

E. N.

On the Death of a Beloved Teacher.

CHRIST hath taken home his own,
 From this wilderness so lone ;
 Angels bright, who always wait,
 Welcomed her at heaven's gate.

Day by day a voice said "Come,
 Enter thine eternal home ;"
 Asking not, if we can spare
 One so dear, for realms more fair.

Had He asked us, well we know,
 We should cry, Oh ! spare this blow.
 Yes, with streaming eyes would say—
 Lord, we love her, let her stay.

Who can view her vacant chair,
 Without wishing she were there ?
 God forgive our murm'ring heart,
 Teach us how to bear our part :

Yes, our part of grief and woe ;
 She knows none of these, ah, no !
 Though our hearts are filled with pain,
 None can wish her back again.

Saviour, teach us how to know,
 Thou can't heal our every woe ;
 Speak to these sad hearts of ours,
 Words of cheer like summer showers.

When our strength is almost gone—
 Silenced is our praise and song,
 She her spirit's aid may lend,
 For she's now our angel friend.

IDA FITCH.

Literary.

Ten Years' Progress in Canada.

THE CENSUS OF 1871.

THE Official Census of the Dominion of Canada was last taken in 1871. Some exceedingly interesting facts, based on this enumeration, have been published this year, by John Costley, Esq., of Halifax, Secretary of Statistics. A comparison of these facts with the Census Reports of 1861, shows the rapid growth that our young country has made during the last decade in material wealth, population, commercial progress, and religious advancement. The design of this article is to call attention to a few of these facts,

Territorially.

On the morning of the first day of July, 1867, the booming of cannon, the pealing of bells, the displaying of banners, and the observance of a general holiday, proclaimed the consummation of the Confederation Act. On that day the important Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were joined to the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the whole dignified with the title of the "Dominion of Canada." Without the shedding of a drop of human blood, a new Empire sprang into existence, and a nation was "born in a day!" The subsequent accessions of territory have been of yet vaster magnitude. Prince Edward Island on the East, British Columbia on the West, and the great North-West, now combine with the Provinces above named, to lay in the northern part of America, the foundation of an Empire greater in area than the United States, vaster than the continent of Europe, with room in it to sustain two hundred millions of human beings.

Population.

This vast country is only yet beginning to be settled. Compared with the whole, we have only threaded along its frontiers. In 1861, the population of the first four Provinces above named, was 3,090,561. In the year 1871, the population of Ontario, was 1,620,851; of Quebec, 1,191,516; of New Brunswick, 285,594; and of Nova Scotia, 387,800; total, 3,485,761; thus showing, during these ten years, a net increase of 395,200 or 12·21 per cent. The increase in our population would doubtless be much larger, were it not for the constant stream of emigration passing from Canada to the United States. Now, however, that we have obtained possession of the North-West—that the character of its rich soil and bracing, healthy climate are beginning to be known—that the facilities for reaching that magnificent country are ever increasing—that the subject of immigration is enlisting so much attention, we may not only expect in future to find this egress largely checked, but we may expect also, yearly increasing accessions to our numbers from the old world.

Original of Nationality.

Mixed races will ultimately, when fused and moulded into one, develop the strongest and highest type of national character. This is forcibly illustrated in the history of England. The fiery Celt, the bold Dane, the solid Saxon, and the chivalrous Norman, each united to form the sturdy, all but ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon. In this country—losing sight of the Aborigines, who are melting away before the approach of civilization, losing sight also of some traces of other nationalities, too small to constitute a component part of the general population—the origin of races in Canada are as follows, viz.:—French extraction, (chiefly in Quebec) 1,082,940, or 31·1 per cent.; Irish, 846,414, or 24·2 per cent.; English, 706,369, or 20·2 per cent.; Scotch, 549,946, or 15·8 per cent.;

German, 232,613, or 6·6 per cent.; and about 2 per cent. from the United States.

Trade and Commerce.

In this respect we have the startling announcement made that, in proportion to the population, the trade of the Dominion is larger than that of either Great Britain or the United States. The amount of tonnage that enters the different ports of Great Britain, including both the Coast and Foreign trade, is in the proportion of a little over one ton to every individual in the country. In the United States, the proportion is about the same; while in the Dominion, during the year 1872, no less than 6,571,333 tons of shipping entered its ports, or an average of nearly two tons to each of the population. This speaks volumes, and predicts the future commercial position which our country is destined to hold.

Religious Denominations.

This portion of the Census Reports is replete with interest. However great the material prosperity, or unbounded the resources, yet it is righteousness alone which "exalteth a nation." A two-fold classification is made, the *minor* and the *leading* denominations. Classed among the minor religious bodies are, the Lutherans, numbering in all 37,935; the Congregationalists, who amount, all told, to but 21,829, of whom 12,858 are in Ontario; 5,240 in Quebec; 2,538 in Nova Scotia; and 1,193, in New Brunswick. Belonging to the "Christian Conference," there are 15,153 located chiefly in Ontario; 6,179 Adventists; 1,701 Christian Brethren; 2,229 Plymouth Brethren; 604 Moravians; 534 Mormons; 18 Greeks; 1,115 Jews; 7,345 Quakers; 854 Swedenborgians; 2,275 Unitarians; 4,869 Universalists; 409 Deists; 20 Atheists; and 5,146, who profess to be of no religion whatever.

The Leading Denominations fall at once into two classes,

viz. :—the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. The former numbered in 1861, in the four Provinces, 1,372,384, and in 1871, they numbered 1,492,029, or a net increase of only 8·7 per cent. in the ten years. There is but one other leading denomination, whose growth has been less in proportion to its numbers than the Catholics. That religious body is the Church of England. The growth in the population of Canada in the decade above named, is 12·21 per cent.; during the same time the Romish Church grew but 8·7 per cent.—the Church of England only 6·2 per cent. Neither of these bodies has at all kept pace with the increase of the country.

Arranged in the order of their increase, the leading Protestant denominations appear as follows:—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Church of England. Of the latter there were in 1861, 465,407, in 1871, 494,049, or as stated above, a gain in the ten years of only 6·2 per cent.

The Presbyterians in all their branches, *i. e.*, Canadian Presbyterian, Church of Scotland, Reformed Presbyterians, &c., numbered, in 1871, in the aggregate 543,719, being a gain in the ten years of 15·2 per cent.

The Methodists of all classes, numbered in 1871, 567,091, being an increase for the preceding decade of 27 per cent. The subdivisions of this religious body are Wesleyans, 378,543; Episcopal Methodists, 93,958; Primitive Methodists, 24,121; and the New Connexion, 32,436.

The growth of the Baptist body has been second only to that of the Methodist; while it is the conviction of the writer that this growth with us has been much more thorough and substantial. In 1861, the Baptists of the Dominion numbered 189,080; in 1871, they reached the respectable number of 225,747, or a net gain of 19 per cent. In the Lower Provinces, our number in 1871, was 143,890; in Ontario, 73,171; and in Quebec, 8,679. The percentage of increase from 1861

to 1871, we have found to be among the principal denominations to be as follows :—

| | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| Methodists..... | 27 per cent. |
| Baptists..... | 19 " " |
| Presbyterians..... | 15·2 " " |
| Roman Catholics..... | 8·7 " " |
| Church of England... . | 6·2 " " |

We will rejoice at these evidences of our denominational increase. In this we have a guarantee that our land will no more be cursed with a State Church, nor lorded over by haughty hierarchies. But rapid as is the extension of our principles now throughout the world, we would not grow one inch faster than we can grow *well*. We would not for the sake of a temporary triumph—for the purpose of merely swelling our numbers—build wood, hay stubble, but, like wise master-builders, lay on the foundation, only the gold, the silver, and the precious stones.

As a nation, we are only commencing; our future progress in every department of prosperity will far outstrip the past.

When the shrill whistle of the iron horse will startle the herds of buffaloes now quietly feeding in the rich pastures of the Saskatchewan—when the iron road built across the continent shall become the highway of the nations, and through its gateways will pour the commerce of Britain, China and Japan—when our great prairies will be laden beneath golden harvests, their streams dotted with towns and thronging cities—when our vast inland lakes will be fully utilized, and our mines of untold wealth developed—*then* the mould now given to our plastic institutions will be *felt*, the germs and seeds of organizations now being planted will have grown up colossal, the persons now acting in a truer sense than the Ghost in Hamlet, will leave their graves once

more, go forth among men, and in giant forms will live again in the influences they have exerted upon others.

“ We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time—
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime !”

J. L. CAMPBELL.

Recollections of John Bright and C. H. Spurgeon.

THESE men still retain that high position which years ago they attained as public speakers. The one as a politician, the other as a Minister of the Gospel.

In some respects these men are similar—in appearance, in the common-sense way of speaking, and in the naturalness of their style. It is easy however to see many differences without alluding to their spheres of action. The effect produced on hearing them is the same in kind, though in one it is patriotic fire, in the other, religious fervour. Each compels you to admire him as a man, while at the same time he makes the critic forget his criticism; such forgetfulness as occurred to critics on the first appearance of J. B. Gough in Exeter Hall, London. Two gentlemen were seated in the waiting crowd, all of whom seemed discussing the reported merits of the temperance orator, when one promised to communicate his opinion to the other after he had heard the lecturer speak for five minutes, affirming positively that he would pronounce him a failure or a success, before a London audience in that time. It suffices to say that the promise was forgotten, and only recollected when spoken of on their way home.

In the Town Hall, Birmingham, John Bright is no stranger. When cleared of the seats, this hall gives standing room to over 7,000 persons. On an evening of the year '67,

still distinctly remembered, I found myself in a densely-packed crowd, awaiting the appearance of the speaker. Presently several men took their seats in front of the orchestra, among whom was John Bright. The chairman commenced to speak, which, though well enough, the audience tolerated only for a few seconds. The standing mass began to grow impatient, and cries of Bright! Bright! soon drowned the voice of the speaker, and, to save time, he resumed his seat. On Mr. Bright rising, the cheering began, which, if eloquence depended on the good-will of the audience, would insure success more than is ordinary. Curiosity at first riveted the attention to watch the man, note his expressions, gesture, voice, &c. But this soon ended, and the pressure of the crowd, bent neck and weary limbs, began to be thought of, only soon to be forgotten again. The speaker needed a little time to gather interest, and then all went on as he willed it. The praise of noble plans, and eulogy on measures passed, were cheered involuntarily, or the condemnation of the unworthy conduct of some noble lord was followed by indignant groans. The effort on the speaker's part seemed small, yet the effect was great. The words flowed as smoothly as oil, but were as powerful as a cataract. The sentiment was such that every heart seemed touched; the remedy for wrongs known and felt was brought out so clearly that the hand was raised to clap, and the lungs were inflated in readiness to cheer before the last words of the sentence had quite left the lips of the speaker. Then he would raise a small card from his hat on the table, with his left hand, which doubtless he had as a reference.

This is too good to last long, was the thought, when about the middle of the oration. But it was to grow from good to better, till uneasiness was caused by the conviction that the hour of departure must soon come. The peroration was all that could be expected, even when expectation ran so high.

The last words were repeated again and again that night and the next day, the tone imitated, the sensation reproduced, the very gesture seemed to be indelibly stamped upon the remembrance. The words were these :

“ ‘There is on earth, yet an auguster thing
Veiled though it be, than parliament or king.’ ”

“That is the conscience of each man. It is at the bar of this tribunal that I now plead, and a small, yet an exultant voice within me says, I shall not plead in vain.” This was followed by a voice by no means small that spoke to him from without, and echoed the same sentiment.

At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, one summer evening, the usual service was to take place. The audience-room was filled to its utmost capacity. Some sympathy was felt for the preacher who had to hold together so many, and so manage affairs that such a numerous body would not factionize. One might expect to see the pastor extremely worn out by excessive labour, and with face furrowed by church cares, or church wars. If such were the case, the expectation was wrong, and the sympathy needless. The preacher stepped forward at the time of commencement, looking hearty and strong, with a merriness of expression that set all sympathy at rest, and even made one feel that there was a shallowness, until the mind and soul were exhibited in words and tones that entirely satisfied to the contrary. The hymn was read with feeling and effect, the chapter also, easily and well, with occasional unceremonious and forcible remarks of such a nature as to make the hearers think still more of the Scriptures before them. The preaching was in the ordinary style, without any apparent use of notes—the preacher having no desk before him. Both professor and worldling might enjoy a share in the feast. One great point of attraction seemed to be a natural interestingness about the man, just as some

others are uninteresting whatever their knowledge may be or whatever attempt they may make to engage attention.

The tone and voice so clear and full, the address so lively, the matter so rich yet easily understood, not being aimed too high, all combined to satisfy one that the popularity of the preacher was well sustained, and could be easily accounted for. The hearer, for the first time, may be disappointed; but this is a benefit, as our esteem for the man then springs from personal appreciation and not from reputation.

About this time Mr. Spurgeon had been spoken of by many as being anything but a servant of God. His ability was not questioned, but his commission was doubted. The sermon proper was ended, and after a pause he alluded to these charges, which had troubled him until he found satisfaction in contemplating the great work God had wrought by him. His accusers must be exposed, a proof demanded, or an attempt made to establish his high commission. All who heard that sermon did not need a proof of the latter. The sympathy of the congregation was not over-estimated when, in conclusion, the words of the apostle burst from his lips:—"If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you: for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord."

The assembled thousands, the hundreds of communicants, were evidence of the truth of this assertion, which found an echo in the hearts of all present. The words spoken then and in such a manner, made an impression not soon to be obliterated. The speaking of these two great men produces the same emotional thrill. A knowledge of words and the human mind, with the power to utilize that knowledge, is essential to every orator, and is displayed by both Bright and Spurgeon. Though the work of the one is more important than that of the other, yet we can think of them together,

admire and study their superior ability, and wish them yet many years of usefulness, the one as a promoter of the temporal, the other of the eternal welfare of our fallen race.

E. HOOPER.

The Wreck of the Ville du Havre.

ALL day, a heavy mist-like shadow lay
 Athwart the wave's eternal rise and fall,
 But in the quiet hour of dying day,
 Some hidden hand swept back the dreary pall.

Afar upon the lone unbounded main—
 Now trembling on a billow's emired crest,
 Now hid within some ocean-vale again—
 A ship is speeding through the wave's unrest.

Light are the fearless footsteps echoing there,
 Gay are the voices—glad the laugh and song,
 And softly sweet the thankful evening prayer,
 Rising like incense from the mingled throng.

Yet songs are heard that are not gay nor glad ;
 Low voices, tremulous and touched with pain,
 Shadows in wistful eyes grown dim and sad
 With backward gazings that are all in vain.

For, ever at the pensive evening time
 They weep and sadly murmur—" One day more
 Between us and our own beloved clime ;
 Alas ! we near a friendless, foreign shore."

Peace reigns supreme. And soft the dreamy sleep,
 That lulls to rest alike the grave and gay,
 The watchers, free from care, their vigils keep,
 And count the weary hours till dawn of day.

No shadow of the coming woe descends
 In the still midnight hour—the sleepers there
 Are happy, dreaming each of home and friends,
 As darkened hours to early matins wear.

But hark ! What means that shriek of wild despair,
 Dread as the trumpet-tone that wakes the dead,

Ringing one moment through the startled air?
Now, all is peaceful as the grave's low bed.

Where is the gallant vessel, homeward bound,
Spurning the perils of the treach'rous deep?
O'er all the broad expanse, no sight—no sound!
The cruel sea doth well her secret keep.

Did surging tempest o'er the waters steal,
And dash her madly on some hidden reef?
Or lurid lightning-flash dire vengeance deal,
And wring from hearts that cry so strange and brief?

Or did some demon, in that midnight hour—
As fable tells of in the olden time—
Call from the darkling depths with voice of power,
And lure them to his sunless ocean-clime?

Ah, no! the raging winds had fled afar,
Into the dark and distant realms of night:
Sparkled the bending blue with many a star,
That gemmed the ocean with reflected light.

Let us retrace night's footsteps—'tis the time
When only those who guide the good ship's way
Gaze on this scene, so wondrous, so sublime;
Charmed, they forget their longing for the day.

But see! They start! No storm-clouds o'er them lower,
Then why that look of fear? With lightning speed,
A vessel bears upon them—God of Power!
Behold and save them in their hour of need.

Swiftly! so swiftly! nearer still, and wild
She comes like some weird furious thing of woe,
Blanched are the lips that even now have smiled,
The voice's hoarse that laughed one hour ago.

There! There! She strikes! One awful thunder-crash
Startles the sleepers. See! They crowd the deck!
Oh, now breaks forth that cry, swift as a flash
'Tis done—the ship reels on the wave, a wreck.

“Launch out the life-boat! Haste! No moment lose!”
Brave are the hearts that hasten to obey;
“Save whom you may—no time is this to choose.”
Hope springs exultant as they speed away.

'Tis needless haste in vain ; a broken mast
 Reels o'er the sinking ship—wild cries of pain
 Tell the new horror—as they stand aghast—
 To those who wait. Oh ! must they wait in vain ?

Again a mast sweeps down—again that cry
 Of agony ! Oh for some power to stay
 Destruction's arm. His victims lifeless lie—
 Surely he now is satisfied with prey.

And woman—"weak and wav'ring"—none more calm
 In this wild hour than she. Her voice is heard
 In prayer—her words of hope are healing balm,
 To many a heart with wild misgivings stirred.

"Who stilled the storm and whispered words of hope
 To men distressed and dying ? He will hear :
 The gates of everlasting day will open
 To all who trust Him. Vanish every fear."

"Courage, dear mother, but a moment more,
 And we together enter into rest."
 Such were the words of one, who saw before,
 Only the home Elysian of the blest.

So they are calmed and comforted, as those
 Who look beyond—the frightful way between—
 And see, as pearly gates do half enclose,
 Heaven's plains and hills in everlasting green.

Twelve fleeting minutes passed, and then, like lead,
 The ship down-sank into the mighty deep.
 Weep, ye bereft, o'er that lone ocean-bed,
 Yet there "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Brothers and sisters parted by the sea—
 A husband left—a wife beneath the wave—
 All were not lost. Aid came at length. Ah me !
 Some now would welcome e'en that quiet grave.

The laugh of childhood echoes never more
 In many a home—hushed are loved words of grace ;
 Where all was musical with joy of yore,
 Silence and sadness claim a dwelling-place.

The years may come and go—joy-crownèd years
To many, but for the beloved ones—low
Where lies the *Vile du Harre*—bitter tears,
From hearts whose wound time healeth not, will flow.

ZAIDEE.

The English Puritans.

A SKETCH.

GREAT movements in the world have far-reaching causes. The revolution that startles us to-day, owes its existence and all its best marked features to elements that have been working in the social fabric for many generations.

The savage cry of the mob, ending in the sanguinary carnival of crime, is only the reaction against oppression and wrong that have long rankled in the breasts of the now infuriated and passion-blinded people, whose resentment of tyranny's lash has been deepened by tales of bitter wrong, endured by sires and grandsires before them.

The nation rising in its majesty to assert that oft subverted principle—freedom, the right of every man—and carrying it out to its legitimate results, though kingdoms totter and crowns topple, is but the tremendous recoil that follows when the pressure applied to crush this vital truth is removed.

The history of such periods is very interesting, for the march of events is so accelerated that we often see the work of a century done in a day; but if we wish to estimate truly the importance of these rapid movements, we must go back and notice the causes productive of such startling effects, the principles at stake in the struggle, and the steps by which the final result was reached.

History has made familiar to us the period when the Puritans played such an important part in shaping the destinies of their country; and perhaps no more worthy material for study is presented, whether we look at the rapidly-enacted scenes of the struggle ending with the common-

wealth, or examine the principles for which these men left workshop and home to make a final appeal to the sword, for what all else had failed to obtain.

But history has too often said a great deal more about the men and their appearance than their principles.

In all probability most people are more familiar with the caricatures of the Puritans than with the truths for which they contended; and it has never been the case that when men could not appreciate or combat truth, they have set about abusing the vehicle in which it came. When we look carefully into the matter, we find that much as appearances may have been against them, they were men of sterling principle, uncompromising in their dealings with evil and zealous in upholding the honour and welfare of their country. Indeed, as we read the account of their struggle, and the mighty tasks to which they addressed themselves, we are reminded of the "Heroic Age" of the ancients; and if their achievements earn not for this age the title "heroic," they certainly proclaim these men to be such stuff as heroes are made of.

While as yet within the pale of the church, and unknown by the name Puritan, these men began to be felt in Parliament and Pulpit by their fearless denunciations of arbitrary measures affecting their religious interests and beliefs. Bishop Hooper, in 1550, refused to be inducted in the robes and dress of a Romish priest; and Elizabeth's commoners presented respectful but sturdy remonstrances against the Act of Conformity. Thus, a controversy about vestments and church forms gradually passed into a great national struggle, induced by arbitrary measures to produce conformity on the one hand, and determined resistance to such aggression on the other.

Accepting the Scriptures as the standard of doctrine and discipline, it is not to be wondered at that they would not accept the views of the Court clergy, who still regarded the Church of Rome as the true church, the Pope as a Christian bishop, and the Sovereign as having authority to determine the belief and usage of the Church in his own dominions.

They denounced the garb of the Romish priest as "idolatrous gear," and took measures to purge the Church of all they believed to partake of the same nature.

It has been said, "we detect an excess of scrupulousness in the Puritans," and knowing as we do the tendency of human nature to go to extremes, we are not surprised that amid the turmoil and confusion of the times—with great evils before them, they took measures which can hardly be justified; but it is true also that many of the so-called "innocent pastimes" which they repressed, were scenes of debauch, and too often celebrated on the Lord's day, and other customs that would not now be tolerated, but which found a revival after the restoration, they rightly prohibited.

All these things had their root in principles of the highest significance. "They were speaking and acting in view not of this world but of the next; the frown of the monarch was sunshine to that of the Almighty." And so we find them again and again "on pain of their sovereign's displeasure," remonstrating and petitioning about their grievances. When James I. was striving to enforce conformity, a petition signed by eight or nine hundred clergymen was presented, and in response the King appointed the celebrated conference of Hampton Court.

But, instead of the fair hearing their grievances demanded, James permitted four of their number to appear in his presence before a large concourse of the Court clergy, and at length, after abusing and browbeating them when they presented their case, bade them to "begone with their snivelling;" "For," said he, "if that is all your party have to say, I will make them conform themselves, or else hurry them out of the land, or do worse."

Yet, when we examine the petition, we find requests, some of which the church afterwards acceded to, and all of which are moderate in tone, or, at least, appear so to those not be-

longing to the Establishment. They desired that baptism should in no case be administered by women, and that the sign of the cross be omitted. They took exception to reading lessons from the Apocrypha, the wearing of cap and surplice, and bowing at the name of Jesus. They wished the sanctity of the Lord's day more strictly enforced, the church service abridged, and psalmody improved. Non-residence was unlawful. Every clergyman should be capable of preaching, and so employed, at least, once on each Lord's day. These, however, were refused by the king whose sentence the Court clergy approved in such language as that—"The world had seen no such king since Christ's time,"—"His majesty had spoken by the spirit," and more of a like character. Thus the struggle went on gradually, growing more serious, and taking a wider range, until it assumed the character of a struggle for civil liberty, though still retaining much of the religious element.

It was a maxim with the Puritans, that nothing could be law in England except as made to be such by Act of Parliament, and this brought them continually into conflict with their kings, who sought, when a refractory parliament had been dismissed, to govern by the Star Chamber, or the machinations of such men as Buckingham and Strafford. The disregard of this principle at last brought King and Parliament to antagonism and strife, resulting most disastrously for the former, and bringing into authority those who so long had struggled for a full enjoyment of their rights.

Under these circumstances, we find that many reforms in religion and government were carried out, which they had not even dared to suggest when in danger of his majesty's displeasure; and by the rashness and hot-headed zeal of some, things assumed such a shape, that it required the firm hand of the usurping Cromwell to quell disorder and hold in check those who might otherwise have so retaliated upon their

oppressors [as to exterminate them. Banished, persecuted, and harrassed as they had been, we do not wonder that acts tyrannical and inexcusable should have been committed when the position was changed, but their moderation in the treatment of the Established clergy, and toleration of the church, contrast most favourably with the conduct of these latter when in power. An eloquent writer says: "The rule of the Independents, notwithstanding its occasional arbitrariness and severity, was more just and tolerant than any rule that had been known in England since the conquest." Moreover, we can hardly believe that men so moderate in their requests, and so faithful in their charges, as we have seen the petitioners to have been, could so soon change into the blood-thirsty and violent prelates they are often represented as being when their fortune changed.

We see that both in Church and State, they sought to purify and elevate the people, and whatever else may be charged against them, it can never be said they forgot that they were Englishmen still, for none sought more heartily or successfully to secure the respect of other nations by a policy that commended itself to all beholders by its purity and vigour.

They were men who felt that evils which threatened the existence of the nation, must be stamped out; and if, in pursuing this course, they went too far, we are sure that it was the greatness of the danger they saw, that made them take measures which a later time would lead them to modify and relax. At this distant day, far removed from the danger and confusion, we can see their mistakes, and much that mars their record; but the sincerity of the men, in behalf of England and England's liberty, who abolished the Star Chamber and impeached Strafford, cannot be questioned. To the patriots of 1640 we owe much that is now the boast of our country, and secures the liberties of a people ever vigilant in securing and watching over them. And when we ask

what is the key to all this? Why have they been so felt in history? The answer is that, guided by such principles as we have pointed out, Christian, not only in name, they must be felt. Vital godliness tells, the world over, in every department of life. Cant and hypocrisy were only too marked in many professed Puritans, though many who repeat the charge themselves know nothing of the power of Divine Truth, and regard its manifestations as only fanaticism. Trench says, "there ever hang on the skirts of a noble movement, be it in literature, politics, or higher things yet, those who contribute their all to bring contempt upon it," and so Puritanism "has been wounded in the house of her friends;" men defamed Truth and travestied Religion by dressing them in garments they never wear; but allowing for all this, we cannot escape the conclusion that the grand results achieved were only victories of truth lodged in the hearts of men who were not lacking in boldness to make it known. Surprised prelacy and orthodox laity might sneer at Parson Holdfast, or Goodman Contend-for-the-Faith, but they both lacked the mettle to denounce and combat the errors creeping over the land. We see the influence of these men falling like a mighty dam across the stream of imperious licentiousness that was wasting the best life of England, working devastation in every quarter, covering with a foul deposit the whole social fabric, clogging and suppressing every movement for good, and bearing away in its *rush* the wreck of many a noble nature, that else had been an ornament and blessing to society. The work was great and enough was accomplished to make us feel to this day its effects in a liberty, civil and religious, the ægis of many happy millions. The lesson is plain to every one who would, as they did, fight and overcome evil. The Truth of God must be at the basis of every movement, and the guiding principle is carrying it to completion. There is much in our own day that will never

give way until the magic influence of Truth is applied, but when this is done, certain downfall awaits the powers that seek to repress and defeat the Truth; and that it shall prevail we know, for we read, "He who is the Truth shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." Be it yours to bring about the downfall of error and the triumphant in coming of the day when the prophecy shall be fulfilled. If you would tell on the ages, you must do it by telling for God.

A. M. T.

Horse-Racing.

IT is morning—our village is all commotion—flags are waving from hotel windows—men and women with confectionery for sale are standing at the street corners. As I love to watch the tide of people, I conceal myself beneath a tree by the river. But why all this unusual confusion? You must know that it is the day of the annual races!

Beneath the drooping willow branches I peep forth upon a scene all gaiety. Gentlemen and young ladies sweep by me, perfuming the air with attar of roses, and saying by their looks—as did the pin-cushion—"we are pretty without, and no one cares to look within." Troops of children come skipping by, and now and again I can hear whispers of "I wonder what old Henderson will say? Do you think he will find us out?" and other remarks, which clearly showed that the "young hopefuls" had played truant in order to enjoy the races. Men and women of the lowest and most vagrant occupations are continually passing; fortune-tellers, gamblers, organ-grinders, and horse-bettors, form the strange medley; also second-hand circuses, where you can see lions and tigers at remarkably low prices. Tents are carried past, which are to be erected (so the placards say) expressly as ice-

cream establishments for the gentry; in other words, as drinking saloons for the horse-jockeys, who may, perhaps, be called the horse-race aristocracy.

As I thus watch the throng, suddenly my attention is drawn to a long lank man passing near. He is evidently a tinker. He stops just beyond my hiding-place, and makes a long, low whistle, at which signal a woman approaches from an opposite hedge, dragging a child after her. Listen till I describe them. The woman is tall and erect: her movements have a certain kind of dignity in them; when she speaks, her eyes flash; and an expression of cunning, hate, and low wickedness mars all her romantic beauty. Her dress is of that fantastic style generally worn by gypsies. What a contrast the child presents! She is a perfect fairy, her flaxen hair clings to her head in shining curls, and,

“ Within her humid melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beams,
That tremble on the azure streams.”

She is all innocence and beauty. Sin had not yet traced its dark lines upon her lovely face. Have they stolen that child from a fond mother, or is she really their own? We know not. In a low and tremulous voice she begs to be allowed to remain near the beautiful tree until their return. But no! She must be trained in all kinds of wickedness. Oh that some kind hand might lead that child, and set her feet in the right way. They pass on, the man angry, the woman unrelenting and cruel, and are quickly lost to sight.

Now a dashing youth saunters by with his hands in his pockets. He is the only son of a grand old family. The year before, he had completed a creditable college course, and had come home to enjoy himself after his application to study. Of course he attended the annual races. His parents were of that class which can not see anything wrong in such plea-

tures. The accompanying temptations, however, were too much for the enthusiastic youth. He began the downward course by betting a sum on the chances of a certain horse. He won, and could not refuse to join in the carouse of the evening. Ah, Hubert! Hubert! in one year how great the change! You are now on the highway to ruin and a drunkard's doom. He calls aloud to a jockey close by, "Tom, will you come here a minute." The jockey advances; deceit and debauchery are plainly depicted in his countenance. He holds a whip in one hand, and a leather-strap in the other. As he approaches, Hubert Weston says, "I say Tom, I've half a mind not to go to the races to-day. If I go I'll get into trouble, so I think I'll leave town and visit my aunt in the country." "Come, Master Hubert, cheer up! I am afraid the sermon yesterday has disturbed your mind; pluck up, old boy. Come, I'll bet twenty dollars agin the 'Rising Sun,' eh?" The temptation overcame him; he yielded, and in company with the horse-jockey passed on to the races. Soon the scene became all confusion, so that I could not hear anything distinctly. At length all had passed; the sounds became fainter and fainter, until all was quietness.

It is evening—the races are over, and the people are returning home. Concealed under the same tree I watch them returning. The scene is quite a different one from that of the morning. The reckless crowd seem tired and dispirited. Some few, however, appear to have been highly delighted with the entertainment, and talk loudly of the merits of the several horses. Some of the would-be-respected ones drive past in their carriages; but the scene in general is an unruly rabble, composed of scolding women, squalling children, and drunken men filling the air with oaths and threats.

But see! Yonder comes a small crowd, moving slowly; so slowly. What can it mean? They are bearing something on a litter. Nearer and nearer they come, until at length I

behold the body of Hubert Weston. In the excitement of the race he lost his self-control, and advancing too near was trampled under the horses' feet.

There is deep grief in the home at Weston. Like a dark pall the calamity has fallen upon the household of Hubert's father. Both father and mother weep long and bitterly over their erring child; and at twilight, when the stars peep forth and the summer leaves flutter in the cool breezes, a young girl enters the darkened room at Weston, and, ah, Hubert! couldst thou but have seen the stony tearless gaze of that dear one who loved thee best, thy heart would have felt the bitterest pangs of anguish.

It is sad to see the young, the gay, and the thoughtless engaged in such wicked pastimes, but it is almost heart-rending to see the professed followers of Christ encouraging and abetting the institution of such whirlpools of misery and crime. Is earth so dear, or its sinful pleasures so sweet, that to gain them we forfeit the offer of heaven? One of the subjects now engaging much attention is woman's rights. Sisters, it is your right to earnestly warn your brothers to avoid places of such doubtful character. Wives, it is yours to show your husbands the evil in such amusements, and to affectionately counsel your sons to avoid the very appearance of evil. When the pilot sees before him the waves breaking upon the cruel rocks, he calls out to the wheelsman, "Sheer off." There is a lurking danger in horse-racing. Many a one, starting fair in life, has found to his bitter cost that cruel rocks are there. The duty of the Christian is clear: he should cry, "Sheer off." We frequently hear people say, "We don't see any harm in horse-racing." Do you see any good in it? Whatever is not productive of good is productive of evil. This being so, we should consider long and well before entering a doubtful course. We should always avoid the appearance of evil.

FANNIE CRAWFORD.

Selected.

Father O'Flynn.

(*Kerry Air.*)

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
 Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
 Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus.—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin,
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tندرest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
 Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
 Faix and the divils and all at divinity:
 Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.
 Come, I vinture to give ye my word,
 Never the likes of his logic was heard,
 Down from mythology
 Into Thayology,
 Troth! and Concology, if he'd the call.

Chorus.— Here's a health to you, etc.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
 All ould sinners are wishtful to pray wid you,
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
 You've such a way wid you, father, avick!
 Still, for all you've so gintle a soul,
 Gad! you've your flock in the grandest control,
 Checking the crazy *wans*,
 Coaxin' onaisy *wans*,
 Liftin' the lazy *wans* on wid the stick.

Chorus.—Here's a health to you, etc.

And though quite avoidin' all fo'rish frivolity,
 Still at all saisions of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, father, wid you ?
 Once the bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest,—
 " Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity,—
 Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too ?"
Chorus.—Here's a health to you, etc.

—*London Spectator.*

Death is Life.

WHAT a volume of truth and mysterious meaning lies hidden in those beautiful words of Colton : " Life is the jailer of the soul in this corrupt prison, and its only deliverer is death, and what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life." It is hard for man to realize the sublime truth of these words; so weak is his nature, so narrow is his understanding, and so finite is his mind, that he seems almost incapable of grasping an idea so obscure and discordant with the feelings, and the practices of his life. Yes, verily death is life. Even now the signet of death, which is painted upon all things, is only the semblance of life. Death leads to another life, a higher, a nobler and a better one. The spirit that has been scattering the seed into the world's great harvest field, wings its way to a brighter world to gather the golden grain. The " children of Nature " that now seem dead are only sleeping; in another season they will awake and put on new emblems of life and beauty. So it is when our loved ones are passing from us; when the eye has grown dim, the cheek has grown pale, and the voice has grown silent, we say, " It is death ! " But nay, it is only life; the spirit has put off mortality, and has put on the mantle of immortality, the mystic blade that loosed the transient thread, sent the immortal soul—not into the realms of death, but into those of life—into the presence of that great and eternal God, who lives forever and ever. Thus it is with those who have the " vestal star of faith " beaming upon their brows.

We have not life until we are taken from this world of death, and called up higher—to the " Eternal City," where there is no more death, neither sorrow, but all is life eternal and glory everlasting. Verily, " death is the crown of life."—*Chaplet.*

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS :

P. A. McEWAN. H. F. McDIARMID.

BUSINESS EDITOR :

S. S. BATES.

WE again present *The Tyro* to its readers. This number commences a new volume, and we trust it may prove interesting and beneficial to all. Our subscription list needs special attention. Would those whose subscriptions ran out with the last number issued, be kind enough to favour us still further with their patronage? Our object is to make the Magazine as good in a literary point of view, and as replete with news and occurrences in connection with our seat of learning, as we possibly can. On the other hand, we look for the active support of all those who should have our interests at heart.

We have been much pleased with the many friendly expressions of exchanges anent *The Tyro*; and here we would express our best wishes in their behalf. As we write, it is not likely that many of our American brothers are thinking much about editorials or college work generally. It is the Fourth of July—the proudest day in the year to all true Americans. In our school, and especially in the ladies' quarters, there is quite a display of "Stars and Stripes," "Union Jacks," &c.

While we think *our* flag unrivalled by land or sea, and our country as *the* country, we would extend to our brothers across the line, the hand of true friendship, and wish them enjoyment in their national holiday, and prosperity as a nation.

We are advocates of peace, as long as peace can be honourably maintained; and would indeed be sorry to see ruthless and bloody war defile our borders. Pure administration of Government, and friendly connection with the Republic, both of which we now enjoy, should render us a happy and prosperous people.

Editorial Notes.

THE following is a list of the names of the theological students who are labouring during the summer months in various destitute parts of Ontario and Quebec. To meet the desire of many who may wish to know for various reasons where these are engaged, we annex to each name the place of location. In this list, it will be noticed, are not included the names of those theological students who have attended the school during the term now about to close, and who may intend to occupy their time, during the short vacation in other places, seeking their services:—

E. Dadson, B.A., Haldimand; A. M. Turnbull, B.A., Ottawa; R. McKillop, Arnprior; Thos. Howland, Pakenham; A. P. McDiarmid, Clarence; C. C. McLaurin, Cumberland; P. S. Campbell, North Nation Mills, (Que.); D. A. McGregor, St. Andrews, (Que.); F. Dann, Dalesville, (Que.); M. P. Campbell, Clarenceville, (Que.); A. H. Putnam, Sherbrooke; S. C. Keetch, South Gower; J. W. A. Stewart, West Winchester; E. T. Fox, Midland; J. W. McCallum, Sullivan; Thos. Luckens, Owen Sound; Jas. Anderson, St. Marys; Thos. Williamson, King; W. Tapscott, Bobcaygeon; D. P. McLaurin, Waterdown; Ira Smith, Welland; D. S. McEwen, Wallaceburgh; J. Best, Wilkesport; T. Trotter, Onondaga; E. Hooper, Lobo; C. Y. Snell, Beechville; Robert Clark, Teeswater; Geo. Oliver, Glammis; D. Offord, Wingham; G. F. Robertson, Woodsley; John McLagan, Goderich; D. P. McPherson, Coquerelle, (Que.); A. Grant, Pembroke; J. Zeran, Osnabrock; W. Grant, Flamboro'; Geo. Mason, East Williams; C. Eede, Barrie.

We earnestly trust that the smile of God's countenance is resting upon each of these, and that they may be enabled faithfully to discharge the trust of preaching a free gospel to hungry souls.

ALUMNI MEETING.—We are almost too late in being able to give an account of the late meeting of the Alumni; we are pleased however to do so. To the Alumni it was undoubtedly the great-

est pleasure to meet and renew ties of friendship formed years ago, and also to form new acquaintances among the present students. On our part we felt the pleasure equally great, and could wish for more frequent visits of the Alumni.

At dinner, toasts gave way to impromptu speeches—a much better plan on such occasions, both as regards entertainment and interest. Much interest was manifest in the welfare of our esteemed Principal, Dr. Fyfe, and, before leaving the dining hall, he was presented by the Alumni with a touching address from the President, Rev. J. L. Campbell, accompanied by \$160.00 in gold.

The exercises of the evening were excellent. They consisted of an Address from the President, an Oration by Rev. D. Baldwin, an Essay by Miss Isabella Sinclair, a second Oration by Mr. R. Laidlaw, and a Scientific Paper by Rev. J. Torrance, M.A. Music was furnished by Messrs. J. M. White and J. J. Baker. The audience was exceedingly large.

We hope the time will soon come when the meetings of the Alumni will be annual, instead of triennial. The interim is so long, that the desire to come together, instead of being intensified, is lessened.

In this connection we would humbly remind the good Alumni and Alumnae of that most excellent resolution in their last business meeting—"A more hearty support of *The Tyro*." Do not fear in the least to give us your *heartly* support; all articles and communications will be thankfully received.

LECTURES.—Rev. H. D. Johnson favoured us at the commencement of the term, with his lecture on "Man the Architect of his Own Fortune."

Rev. Alex. McDonald, missionary to Manitoba, gave us a lecture on Manitoba, on the evening of the 7th July.

UNIVERSITY HONOURS.—A number of our former students have again distinguished themselves at the Annual Examinations of the Toronto University. In the graduating class, Mr. J. C. Yule, received two silver medals, one in Classics and one in Metaphysics and Ethics. In the second year, Mr. E. Harris, received the second scholarship in Classics, and a prize in Oriental Languages; Mr. J. W. A. Stewart, the scholarship in Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, and Mr. P. S. Campbell, the second scholarship in General Proficiency. The University College prize in Natural Theology and Evidences, was awarded to Mr. A. P. McDiarmid, and the second year prizes in Logic and Metaphysics to Mr. J. W. A. Stewart. It is peculiarly gratifying to the teachers and students of the Institute, to know that they were so well represented.

among those whom the Chancellor and Examiners of our National University were pleased to honour at their recent Convocation.

On the subject of Matrimony, Theological students are pretty nearly agreed that after graduation is the proper time to attend to this important business. The class of '74 seem to have been wonderfully divided in their opinions upon this question; one, if not a grandfather, was at least father of a large family before he came to our halls of learning; another—but we hope for the best—committed himself at his earliest convenience after graduating; while another still retains his integrity—may Heaven protect him.

To any one visiting our school who has been absent for even a few months, nothing strikes him more than the change in outside appearances; old students returning scarcely recognize their Alma Mater; they are indeed glad to see such great advancements, but sigh to feel themselves almost strangers. Such however is life, and if we interest ourselves in seeing things living, we must lend our aid in every possible way. After so much trouble and expense, to give our front a tasty and comfortable appearance, it is a great pity that so many of those evergreens lately planted should die from want of mulching and some other slight attention. It is poor economy to go to such pains for such slender results.

Our Campus never witnessed more frequent and hotly contested games than it has this term. Base ball seems to have the greatest amount of patronage; nearly all of the gentlemen students belonging to either one of the clubs. The weather, on the whole, has been favourable, affording excellent opportunity to engage heartily in these out-of-door exercises.

Dr. Fyfe.

UNTIL a short time before sending to press, we expected a communication from Dr. Fyfe. Owing, however, to circumstances in which he is placed, he has deemed it advisable to follow strictly the directions of his physician, and to refrain for the present from engaging in any mental labour, that is not absolutely necessary. Mrs. Fyfe has very kindly lessened our disappointment, by giving us some of the particulars of his voyage over the sea, and of his experiences in the great metropolis.

He had expected to sail in the *Macedonia*, but on arriving in New York, he found that she had not as yet arrived. The *Alexandra* of the same—the Anchor—line was, however, to sail on the 16th May, and he took passage in her. The passage was long, occupying sixteen days. The first intimation of the safe arrival of the boat in Glasgow, conveyed in a telegram received by Mrs. Fyfe from a friend in Toronto, was gladly received. Dr. Fyfe, in a letter of June 1st to Mrs. Fyfe, writes, that he had enjoyed every minute of the voyage, and did not regret that he had been obliged, in consequence of erroneous information, to take passage in one of the ships of the Anchor Line, instead of in one of the White Star Line, as previously intended. There were but five cabin and thirty-two steerage passengers on board the *Alexandra*, so that there was nothing to prevent Dr. Fyfe from resting, and enjoying the sea. He writes, "O how I enjoyed the sea, the deep blue sea! and the pitch and roll of the ship! I shall never forget the many, many hours spent in the unoccupied smoking room on the upper deck, looking at the sea. I wished the waves to run higher and higher; but last Sunday (yesterday,) they ran very high, often making a clear 'breach' over the deck, and sometimes sweeping over the upper deck." On the second Sabbath, he "preached to a nice little congregation, who seemed to enjoy the service."

From a second letter of June 10th, we glean a few items. He left Glasgow, June 2nd, and after a few hours of railway conveyance, arrived in London. The Derby races were to take place the following day, and consequently every hotel was crowded. By the assistance of a policeman, he at length, "found a queer little place but entirely respectable," where he stayed until the next morning. "After a careful stroll to see the big city," he next found Mr. James McMaster's place of business—his residence being at Mitcham. Dr. Fyfe was "most kindly" received by the clerks, and soon after, Mr. McMaster having come, he received from him "a most hearty welcome to London, to his house and home." In company with Mr. McMaster he spent some time in the Royal Academy of Arts, viewing the best pictures, &c., he had ever seen, and in the afternoon went with him to his residence. It is a source of the greatest pleasure to his dear friends, and to us, as students, that such kindness and attention are bestowed upon him in the metropolis of our great Empire. He says himself, "Everything that loving hearts can do has been done for me."

As restoration of health is Dr. Fyfe's main object in visiting Europe, he has placed himself under the care of Dr. Phillips, a physician of eminence, highly recommended by Messrs McMaster. He (Dr. Phillips) informs Dr. Fyfe that the injuries received in the railway accident, are undoubtedly the cause in part of his illness, that these, combined with an over-pressure of work and anxiety, have broken a strong constitution, and that he must for

some time to come avoid fatigue of every kind, physical or mental. He is, moreover, now undergoing medical treatment, and is subjected to the strictest regimen in respect to diet, &c. "Yet," he adds, "I feel a strong conviction, and Dr. Phillips is quite sanguine, that it is not yet too late to effect a cure."

His tour on the Continent is, for the present, indefinitely postponed; but with respect to England itself, he finds it all that it is represented to be, "perfectly lovely."

In a letter of later date he mentions having taken a trip to Ross, in Wales; of the scenery of which place, he says, "I never expect to see so much quiet, subdued, and harmonious beauty again in this world." He returned to London, after a few days' absence, much fatigued by railway carriage; but, in the last interview (before date of letter) with him, his physician, the latter thought that, taking all things into consideration, he had made decided progress.

He refers to a dinner of the New England Company, to which he had a card of invitation from the Governor of the Company. The number present, though small, was characterized by those qualities which are found in true and honourable gentlemen. The first toast was to the Queen and Royal Family; the second, to the New England Company; the third, to Dr. Fyfe, in reply to which he says, "Made a little speech."

By the latest information, we are happy to be able to say that, he is improving in strength. He is still in London, under the care of Dr. Phillips.

Meteorological.

OUR Professor of Natural Sciences has kindly furnished us with this report, which will be of interest to many.

We have been engaged in taking meteorological observations for more than three years; the temperature and amount of cloud during this time has been registered every three hours, day and night. We observe, in addition to temperature, the amount, class, direction, and rate of movement of the clouds, the rain and snowfall, the relative humidity and pressure of vapour of the air, the height of the barometer and of the maximum and minimum thermometers, the direction and force of the wind, the occurrence of aurora, and other occasional phenomena. We have recently erected a very efficient anemometer, furnished by Prof. G. T. Kingston, of Toronto. It is really a Robinson's anemometer, so modified as to register by electricity. It both registers the move

ment of the air and shows the direction of the wind, so that on a dark night, or when the registering apparatus is entirely out of sight of the vane, one may know from which of eight points of the compass the wind blows. We regularly report all our observations to Prof. G. F. Kingston, who is the director of the Meteorological Department appointed by Government.

The last winter was remarkably mild, the lowest reading of the minimum thermometer being -3 , while the winter before, it was -26.5 .

CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE—WEATHER REPORT.

| MONTH. | YEAR. | MEAN TEMP. | HIGHEST TEMP. | | LOWEST TEMP. | |
|----------------|-------|------------|---------------|----------|--------------|----------|
| | | | Date. | Reading. | Date. | Reading. |
| November | 1873. | 27.71 | 7 | 52 | 14 | -3 |
| December | " | 27.96 | 4 | 60.4 | 30 | 7.5 |
| January | 1874. | 24.00 | 4 | 64.6 | 16 | -2 |
| February | " | 22.21 | 12 | 47 | 9 | -3 |
| March | " | 30.20 | 3 | 51.6 | 12 | 7-2 |
| April | " | 33.20 | 14 | 60.4 | 4 | 7 |
| May | " | 55.02 | 28 | 88.6 | 7 | 22 |
| June | " | 64.63 | 28 | 90.4 | 2 | 37.8 |

Personals.

MR. L. D. HEALY, graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, is practising Medicine in Tilsonburg, Ont.

MR. MCCRIMMON is engaged in a physician's office, Ancaster, Ont.

MESSRS. C. J. JAMIESON and D. NELLES passed a very creditable matriculation examination in medicine before the Medical Council, Toronto.

MR. R. Y. MABEE has returned from his tour to Europe. We hope to see him back again amongst us as a student.

MR. S. L. HEAD is recruiting himself on Uncle Sam's side of the lines.

MR. A. P. MCDIARMID called on us on his way to the east.

MR. W. MARSHALL, one of the junior students, had his arm accidentally broken on the play-ground. He was recovering favourably when he left us for home.

MISS J. SMITH teaches school near Hamilton, Ont.

MISS ISABELLA SINCLAIR, of Class '71, teaches school in Colchester, Ont.

MISS B. YULE, of Class '73, is teaching school near Princeton, Ont.

MR. M. N. MUGAN is superintendent of schools in Huron Co., Michigan.

MR. I. CAMPBELL very successfully passed his matriculation examination at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. He is now engaged in a lawyer's office in Brantford, Ont.

The prize for the best poem on the wreck of the *Ville du Havre*, consisted of several volumes of choice poems, was won by MISS MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

A greater number than at any other time contended in declamation at the close of last term. The prizes were awarded to MESSRS. J. M. WHITE, and J. TROTTER.

REV. J. A. ILER was ordained over the Kingsville Baptist Church, April 20th, 1874.

REV. G. F. ROBERTSON was ordained over the Woodsley Baptist Church, June 9th, 1874.

Our good brother, REV. ALEX. McDONALD practically preaches reinforcement for the *North-West*. We wish him and his partner, a prosperous journey, and great success in their wide field of missionary labour.

REV. WM. STEWART, B.A., late editor of *Canadian Baptist*, is now pastor of the Baptist Church, Hamilton.

REV. C. GOODSPEED, pastor elect of Baptist Church, Woodstock, is expected to enter upon his labours with said Church, about the beginning of September.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Thos. S. Shenston's Map of India. It is excellent, and is accompanied by a table showing the various Protestant Mission Stations, and several other important particulars. The price is only 25 cents.

On closing day of last term DR. FYFE was presented by the students with a chronometer gold watch, valued at \$200.00. He expected to sail for Europe shortly after the close of the term, but was detained by the illness of Mrs. Fyfe until May 12th.

We understand that in the Theological Department, the present staff of teachers is to be reinforced by the services of J. C. YULE, B.A. He enters upon his professorship in the beginning of the next college year. No one more heartily interested in our welfare, and better adapted for the position could be chosen.

We are sorry to have lost the services of one of our professors, MR. S. J. McKEE, for the greater part of the term now closed. Last year he felt the necessity of spending the vacation weeks on the sea coast. In the autumn he returned much invigorated; but this term he has been obliged to give over the arduous duties of class-room and hall, and attend to the restoration of health. We hope that after a few months' respite he may return fully recovered. His duties for the present have been resumed by Mr. M. S. CLARKE, one of the former students of the Institute. For the

last three years, Mr. Clarke attended University College, Toronto, and now returns no longer as a student, but as a teacher. He is doubly welcome, and we hope that his services may long be enjoyed by the C. L. I.

The vacancy caused by the death of MISS FANCHER is filled by MISS E. A. PHILP. She is one of the lady graduates of Class '71, and is in every respect well qualified to fill the important position she occupies.

Mr. J. I. Bates has resigned his position of teacher in English and Junior Mathematics, and intends entering upon an Arts' course in connection with Toronto University, in the coming Autumn. He bears with him the respect and best wishes of the whole school.

We learn that out of numerous applicants, MR. HUGH MCQUARRIE, of Manila, an experienced teacher, has been selected for recommendation to the Board of Trustees, for appointment to the vacancy in the English Department. Mr. McQuarrie comes very highly recommended, and we wish him every success.

Hymeneal.

By Rev. W. H. Porter, A. R. CHITTENDEN, to MISS LIBBIE C. REYNOLDS, both of Brantford, Ont.

By the Rev. Joseph Forth, MR. ROBERT RITCHIE, to MISS SARAH L. ORSMAN, both of Perth, Ont.

By Rev. E. Turner, REV. PETER R. CAREY, pastor of St. Clair Baptist Church, Mich., to MISS HENRIETTA CUSACK, of Newbury, Ont.

By Rev. C. Y. Snell, assisted by Rev. P. G. Robertson, Rev. G. F. ROBERTSON, pastor elect of Woodsley Baptist Church, Ont., to MISS MARY E. COOKE, of Beechville, Ont.

By Rev. Professor Crawford, MR. BOLIVER XERXES MOLLENS, to MISS ANNIE CHAMBERS, both of East Oxford.

MR. M. N. MUGAN, Tilsonburg, to MISS JENNIE MCKEE, White Rock, Mich. U. S.

By Rev. G. Holmes, DR. WHITMAN E. CLARKE, to MISS SULA J. DAVIS, both of Aylmer. Ont.

By the Rev. Dr. Davidson, assisted by Rev. W. P. Hazleton, and Rev. W. H. Haviland, REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Baptist Minister of the City of Winnipeg, Manitoba, to MISS LUCINDA E. YORKE, daughter of James York, Esq., Tp. Mosa, Co. Middlesex, Ont.

By Rev. G. Burns, MR. ALBERT RENNER, to MISS FLORENCE DEAN, both of Hartford, Ont.

By Rev. James Hannon, MR. LUTHER EMBREE, of Toronto, to ANNIE, daughter of R. B. Welding, Mich., and granddaughter of Mr. Isaac Mills, Sparta, Ont.

Other Things.

An imaginary quantity—a lady's age.—*Ex.*

My opinion of my room-mate—he is *acer quam ever*.

Why is the letter Y like a young lady? Because it makes pa pay.—*Ex.*

—Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in the spring "it turns over a new leaf."—*Ex.*

—PAT'S IDEA OF A RAILROAD GUIDE POST.—As two Irishmen were travelling along the Ohio & Baltimore railroad, they came to a mile post, and one of them said, "Tread aisy Pat, here lies a man 108 years old his name is Miles from Baltimore."—James Buckland, J:.

"I wouldn't be a cook for the whole world" exclaimed a fashionable young lady to her betrothed lover. "Of course not," he replied. "If you were to cook for the whole world, you would never get through your work; but you'll be able to manage it nicely for our little family."—*Ex.*

—"I'm sair fashed wi' a ringing in my head, John," said one man to another, "Do ye ken the reason o' that," asked the other? "No." "Weel, it's because it's empty," said John. "Aye, man, that's queer," said the first one. "Are ye ne'er fashed wi' a ringing in your own head, John?" No, never," answered John. "And do ye ken the reason o' that? It's because its crackit."—*Ex.*

—Scinus, the treasurer of Dionysius, a man of low character, of immense wealth, once showed Aristippus through his house. While he was expatiating on the splendour of every part, even to the floor, the philosopher spat in his face. Scinus was furious. "Pardon me," exclaimed Aristippus, "there was no other place I could have spat with decency." One day, in interceding with the tyrant for a friend, he threw himself on his knees; being reproached for such want of dignity, he answered, "Is it my fault if Dionysius has ears in his feet?" One day he asked the tyrant for some money; Dionysius made him own that a philosopher had no need of money. "Give, give," replied Aristippus, and we will settle the question at once." Dionysius gave. "Now," said the philosopher, "I have no need of money."

A junior went into Chapel last Sunday morning with his shirt bosom sadly ruffled and several long hairs dangling from his studs. Mend your ways young man.—*Ex.*

—“And so we go,” said a member of a Boston school committee; “our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner—and I don’t feel very well myself.”—*Ex.*

“A Senior stuffing for examination has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would He justify the ass for trying to get out himself.”—*Ex.*

—The ladies of a certain village in Ohio are serenading the saloon-keepers, with the following stanza of Saxe’s:

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my
boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man’s deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class,
Alas!

’Tis the venomous snake in the *glass*.—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

The Index Niagarensis is true to its creed. It contains many excellent things. The article on “The Sacerdotal State and Society,” while good of the kind, does not nearly coincide with our ideas on this subject. We cannot conceive of a Catholic Priest being endowed with more supernaturalism than any other mortal may possess; or of being so holy that the meanest personage, with enlightened ideas, to say nothing of angelic beings, may not approach without any of that *shrinking away* from a sense of awe. The article on Luther is a desperate affair. We think that instead of “all the basest parts of his nature” being aroused to self-gratification, he was actuated by a holy desire to renovate and cleanse his mother church, which had become void of true spirituality, and characterized by avarice, bigotry, and worldly domination. As to his being worsted in his encounters with the Papacy, results do not testify to the truth of this assertion; and we have the clearest historic evidence to exactly the reverse. The following sentence is sufficient to indicate the feelings of the writer in respect to this man, who is regarded by the Protestant

world as an unsullied champion for truth:—"Coarse, insincere, a mean sycophant, impious, and immoral; foul-mouthed and indecent, eater up with pride, and devoured by the burning demon of lustful passion—this is the apostle of truth, and the greatest of reformers! Bah! he who would reform others must first himself reform." The writer promises still further to unfold the character of this terrible Luther. We hope that he may by his searching, as Luther did, be led to distinguish truth from error, light from darkness. We will always welcome the *Index Niagarensis*.

The Stephens College Chaplet is very pleasing in its matter. The article "Death is Life," contains beautiful thoughts. The ladies of Stephen's College may feel a degree of pride in the sweet and excellent tone of their paper.

The University Record, of Rochester, N. Y., is one of our best exchanges. It has many sensible things in its editorial department; but especially good on the misguided aims of a certain class of students in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Alumni Journal is on our table. It presents an excellent outside appearance, and is full of good readable matter. It is up to the average college magazines.

The College Herald hails from Lewisburgh, Pa. It takes a sensible stand on the subject of co-education. We here think that ladies are capable of competing successfully with gentlemen in every department of study which they take up.

The Bates' Student is now become an old friend. We are always pleased to receive it.

What has become of *The Dalhousie Gazette*? We do not wish to lose any of our Canadian Exchanges.

Tripod, Central Collegian, Owl, Dickinsonian University Gazette, Targum, Volante, Cornell Era, Aurora, Dartmouth, College Journal, Advocate of Peace, Annalist, College Ohio, Seminary Budget, Galt College Times, Ashbury Review, Chi. Phi. Quarterly, Packer Quarterly, Acta Calumbina, Queen's College Journal, Ontario Teacher, Sentinel, Review, Expositor, Vassar Miscellany, Tyro, American Journal of Insanity, Miami Student, and Lehigh Journal.

Public Meeting.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC, "Thou wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace."..... *Choir.*

PRAYER.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS..... *D. Reddick.*

| | |
|---|--|
| MUSIC (Instrumental Galop)..... | <i>Miss McLaughlin.</i> |
| PAPER, "The Oracle"..... | <i>J. M. White.</i> |
| SONG AND CHORUS, "Waiting for the Tide"..... | <i>Misses Fitch, F. Crawford, and Messrs. Baldwin & Baker.</i> |
| MUSIC (Instrumental Duet)..... | <i>Misses Sc'veign and Bowlby.</i> |
| READING..... | <i>S. O. Wood.</i> |
| PAPER "The Sheaf"..... | <i>Miss I. Emma Nesbit.</i> |
| MUSIC (Quartett), "Bugle Horn."... <i>Miss Hume, and Messrs. Baker,</i> | <i>[Baldwin and Loyd.</i> |
| DIALOGUE..... | <i>Excelsior Society.</i> |
| MUSIC, (Duet), "Come o'er the Moonlit Sea."..... | <i>Miss Hume and [J. M. White.</i> |
| ESSAY, "The Graves of St. Helena"..... | <i>Miss M. Sinclair.</i> |
| MUSIC, "Ee that Goeth Forth and Weepeth."..... | <i>Choir.</i> |
| ORATION, "The Canadian Student and his Mission."..... | <i>N. Wolverton.</i> |
| MUSIC, "God Save the Queen."..... | <i>Choir.</i> |

Standings—Winter Term, 1874.

SECOND YEAR.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Miss J. J. McArthur, W. Wallace, T. R. Urquart, W. Hillis, Miss Ella Merrill.

FRENCH.—Miss Eva Merrill, Miss E. Nesbitt, H. F. McDiarmid, Miss N. Maybee, Miss F. Crawford, A. O. McKee, Miss D. Goble, Miss M. E. Merriman, A. Rutherford, J. J. Baker, Miss M. J. Jackson, Miss M. Merrill, E. Cameron, A. Grant, G. McKee, Miss M. Ferris, Miss Landon, J. Wells, Miss M. Bowlby, Miss Beemer, Miss Watson, Miss Haight, A. W. Smith, Miss Little, Miss Naysmith.

ARITHMETIC.—W. Cline, S. S. Bates, Miss D. Goble, W. Mills, Miss E. A. Pavey, Miss M. Ferris, W. Tapscott, Miss M. Jackson.

ALGEBRA, TODHUNTER—(DIV. I.)—H. H. Beam, A. O. McKee, G. W. McKee, J. Zeran, L. Sovereign, Miss M. Fisher, W. Nesbitt.

GEOMETRY—(DIV. I.)—G. W. McKee, Miss E. Comfort, C. J. Jamieson, J. Wells, J. Trotter, L. Sovereign, A. W. Smith, D. McEachern, Miss J. Smith, W. McGregor.

(DIV. II.)—J. Zeran, D. A. Nelles, W. O. Franklin, D. Bowlby, T. Spence, G. Brush, A. Grant, M. D. Muga, M. McCrimmon, G. W. Cameron.

ROMAN HISTORY.—D. Sager, J. Trotter, J. J. Baker, D. Laing.

GREEK.—J. Zeran, D. P. McPherson, J. M. White, W. Nesbitt, J. J. Baker, S. C. Keitch, C. Y. Snell.

COMPOSITION.—Miss E. Fitch, Miss I. Fitch, Miss R. Merri-
man, Miss I. Haight, Miss G. Hull, Miss H. Beemer, Miss M.
Bowlby, Miss E. Little.

THIRD YEAR.

GEOLOGY.—G. L. Oliver, C. Y. Snell, G. Mason, G. Everton,
C. C. McLaurin.

CHEMISTRY.—T. Lockhart, W. Hillis, W. Wallace.

THIRD ALGEBRA.—D. D. Burtch, S. S. Bates, J. J. Baker, E.
Cameron, Miss E. Nesbitt, A. Rutherford.

GEOMETRY.—S. S. Bates, G. L. Wittet, Miss M. Sinclair, D. A.
Nelles, A. Grant.

FRENCH.—Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss M. Sinclair, Miss A. Sove-
reign, Miss E. Crawford, G. W. Cameron, I. Campbell, Miss Ella
Merrill, R. McKillop, W. Nesbitt, Miss M. Bowlby, W. B. Franklin.

GERMAN.—G. W. Cameron.

HORACE, BOOK I.—W. McGregor, E. Cameron, G. L. Oliver.

SECOND LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, E. Came-
ron.

CICERO PRO MILONE.—Isaac Campbell.

LUCIAN.—W. McGregor, E. Cameron, D. Reddick, (W. Tapscott,
H. M. Bauslaugh.)

ARNOLD'S GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, W. F.
Tapscott, E. Cameron, S. S. Bates, R. McKillop, Geo. Oliver.

GRECIAN HISTORY.—R. McKillop, J. Best.

OUTLINES OF HISTORY.—D. Sager, Miss M. Sinclair, W. Hillis,
Miss Naysmith.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss M. Sinclair,
Miss E. Nesbitt, Miss E. Crawford.

FOURTH YEAR.

FOWLER'S ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—Miss F. Nesbitt, D. A. Mc-
Gregor, G. L. Wittet, D. Laing, D. P. McPherson, C. Y. Snell, D.
D. Burtch.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—H. Beam, G. W. Clarke, W. Wallace,
D. McEachern, A. W. Smith, W. Hillis, C. J. Jamieson, F. Tap-
scott.

FOURTH ALGEBRA.—N. Wolverton, D. Reddick, I. Campbell.

TRIGONOMETRY.—N. Wolverton, D. Reddick, I. Campbell.

VIRGIL.—W. Tapscott, J. M. White, J. Zerán, A. O. McKee,
J. J. Baker, W. Nesbitt, G. L. Wittet.

OID'S FASTI.—A. Grant, S. S. Bates.

HOMER'S ILLAD, BOOK VI.—(A. Grant, C. C. McLaurin,) D. A.
McGregor.

ENGLISH PROSE COMPOSITION.—Geo. Mason, C. Y. Snell, G. L.
Wittet, (F. E. Swland, D. Reddick, S. S. Bates, S. O. Wood,) Isaac
Campbell, H. F. McDiarmid.