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# THE PYRO.

Vol. IV

WOODSTOCK, ONT., DECEMBER, 1877.

No. 3.

## Canadian Literary Institute, WOODSTOCK, - ONTARIO.

The location of this Institute is healthful, pleasant and easy of access. Its design and aim are to provide the best and most thorough Academic training for young people of both sexes under such conditions that they may be constantly surrounded by the wisest safeguards and by sound, positive, moral and religious influences. To what extent this end has been attained hitherto, let the whole past history of the Institute testify.

The buildings occupy three sides of a quadrangle. The

### MAIN BUILDING

in the centre is a large and substantial edifice of brick and stone. It contains in the basement the large dining hall, kitchen, steward's and servant's room, &c.; on the first flat, the public hall with seats for upwards of two hundred students, a reception room, ten class rooms, &c., and in the two upper stories a library, reading room, apartments for four resident Teachers and accommodation for one hundred students. The

### LADIES' BUILDING

situated on the East side of the quadrangle and facing the centre is distant about one hundred yards from the main building and connected with it by means of a covered walk. This building is of brick, three stories in height, and contains besides reception, reading and a number of music rooms, a spacious parlor, apartments for several resident lady Teachers and accommodation for about sixty-five young ladies; also in a wing a suite of rooms occupied by the Associate Principal and his family. The

### YOUNG LADIES

attend, as far as practicable, the same classes and lectures as the male students. They also take their meals at the same tables, at which the resident Teachers of both sexes preside, and they assemble in the same Chapel for morning and evening worship. In all other respects the ladies, occupying a separate building and being under the constant supervision of the Lady Governess and her assistants, conducted on the same principles as the best Ladies' Colleges, and the same time enjoying all the additional advantages afforded by the classes and lectures of the Institute. The

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# THE TYRO.

Vol. IV

WOODSTOCK, ONT., DECEMBER, 1877

No. 6.

## The Tyro.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE

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LITERARY EDITORS.

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#### LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

The church established at Rome by the Apostle Paul had departed from its primitive simplicity, the truth and purity which once characterized it had become a thing of the past. The wolf had entered in shepherd's garb and was rending the flock. Instead of the simple, truth-loving servant of Christ might be seen the priest, with bloated face and bleared eyes, his life and character in glaring contrast to the picture of the Lord's minister given us in the Words, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the fact that the bible had now been set aside, the leaders of the church no longer pretending to walk by its rules, or to fashion their lives according to its models. The ribald song, the night's debauch, aye, and even the red hand of murder, were things by no means unknown to these pretended religious guides. Darkness and superstition, like the shadow of some awful pestilence, overspread the land. The more ignorant the people the more firmly did the Catholic Church become established, for its foun-

dations were laid in utter darkness. The Pope sat in the place of the Most High, receiving the honour due to Jehovah. The Princes of Christendom, educated in the bosom of "holy mother church," had all its prejudices, early instilled into their minds by the devoted clergy. Is it any wonder that these despots of the church, dazzled by the brightness of their own splendor, overlooked the omens of coming evil already visible? Education had begun to shed its benign rays upon the darkness of the people. The former enormities of the various Popes were not forgotten, but their memories were treasured up against the day of retribution. The materials were at hand; it needed but the hand of the architect to collect them and rear the monument of truth. Such was the state of things when Luther appeared upon the scene. Luther's first appearance as a poor monk, often begging bread by the wayside, gave little promise of the great career of a world's reformer. These hardships, however, only prepared him: the better for those struggles, through which he in after years had to pass. Having once become convinced that it was his duty to consecrate his life to God's service, he did not hesitate for one moment, but entered the monastery against the most earnest protestations of his friends, that he might there perform acts of devotion such as he thought would fit him for the other world. What words can describe the awful struggling of that soul after light? What skillful hand can paint the darkness that shrouded his soul like a deep pall? Devoted to his church with a zeal that amounted to absolute fanaticism, he performed all the duties incumbent upon him and fulfilled his monastic vows with an enthusiasm that would have done honor to a devotee; but with all his fastings and penance not one ray of heavenly light broke in to dispel the darkness. There was nothing in the whole round of the Catholic religion that could give him peace; but within those walls was the one book, which alone could satisfy the cravings of his soul. Who shall say it was mere chance that led Luther to enter that monastery? As Luther read that bible the light broke in upon his mind and revealed to him his awful state; and if his struggles were intense before, they were tenfold greater now. Naturally of a

warm temperament, those passages which referred to God's inexorable justice filled him with awe and intense solicitude. Every effort was redoubled; his self-imposed penances became more severe. But it was impossible for a mind so acute, so restless, so eager for the truth, to read long without finding it, and as he reads those thrilling words, "the just shall live by faith," light breaks in upon him, and his soul is filled with a joy such as he had never known before. And with the new light filling his soul, he goes forth to preach; and now the question is, what shall he preach? Shall he still proclaim the old dogma of salvation by works? Misty as was the light to his soul at present he would not do that. A fortnight at Rome settles the question with him as to his future. "I would not," said he on his return, "give a hundred thousand florins for all that I learned in that two weeks." He saw the dissolutions of the church, the debauchery of its priests, the wickedness of its assumed head; his spirit groaned within him to reform the abuses of the church, and to rescue the souls of his brethren from the degrading grasp of priestcraft. With his Bible for his guide and a firm reliance upon his God, he pours forth from a full heart the pure and simple gospel. The people are awakened. From one to another the story spreads, and they flock in thousands to hear the Doctor of Wittenberg. The war had commenced, the gospel was beginning to lay hold upon the hearts of the people. So far Luther had assailed none of the abuses of the Church, and all this time the Pope and his satellites had been concocting schemes by which they might enrich his treasury. The doctrine of indulgence was being preached throughout the length and breadth of the land, and men were taught that by the purchase of these they could be released from their obligations to God, and that the souls of the departed might be brought out of purgatory and translated into the world of light. With such brazen-facedness was this preached that these miserable soul-mongers went so far as to teach the people that "One drop of the blood of Christ was sufficient for the atonement of the world, and that the rest had been given for the church's benefit." Many were the indignant remonstrances made by the people against this awful traffic, but in vain. And now Luther comes to the front, and attacks this soul-destroying traffic by setting forth his theses, in which he boldly asserts that there is no merit in anything save the blood of Christ. Thus is given the first of that series of blows which finally laid the Church of Rome low in the dust, and from which she has never risen, as by the grace of God

she never will. How noble does Luther appear in this trying moment. The clamor of the indulgence sellers demanding his blood rises about him; he heeds them not. The inquisitorial fires rise before him, still he goes forward. The thunders of excommunication bellow in his ears; he laughs them to scorn. His faith rested on no vain theories. "My strength and my consolation," said he, "are in a place where neither men nor devils can reach them; and in this spirit, firm and unchanging as an adamant rock, he stands before the Pope's legate. "Will you retract the doctrines which you have preached." "Prove to me from God's word that they are wrong and I will retract." Threats and promises were alike unavailing. Promises he despised, as being beneath him, and threats he looked upon as idle winds which harmed him not. He rejected all authority but the Scripture; and before this the dogmas of the Church faded like the morning mist before the sun's rays. What was to be done? Already the hearts of the people were leaning towards the Reformer and his doctrines. The Church must assert its dignity. The Pope's authority must be upheld, and so excommunication is determined upon. Luther trembles, but with a faith reaching beyond the petty frowns or smiles of man he goes forward. "What is about to happen," said he, "I know not, nor do I care, assured as I am, that He who sits on the throne of Heaven has from all eternity foreseen the beginning, the progress, and the end of this affair." How vastly superior does Luther appear to other reformers. Erasmus, as soon as he saw that his works were attracting attention, and the storm clouds beginning to gather around his head, withdrew himself, and left the people in the same blackness of darkness as before. And now the bull of excommunication has gone forth. The enemies of Luther rejoice at the thought of the Church again assuming its former prestige, and rising triumphant over its enemies. His friends tremble for his safety. But, not so Luther. Calm and unmoved in his resolution to do right, he looks to the hills from whence cometh his help. Up to the present he has merely been rebutting the blows hurled at him by the papacy. He must now give blow for blow, aiming with such precision that there shall be no warding off. The terrible bull, as he calls it, is in his hands. A fire is built at the east gate of Wittenberg, and, at the head of a large procession, he consigns the bull with other documents and writings to the flames, thus cutting the last tie that bound him to the church. And yet for all this he does not consider himself cast out from the church, for he

denies the Pope's power to cast him out, and appeals to a higher council. The appeal is granted. Again his enemies rejoice at once more having their formidable enemy in their grasp. His friends, knowing the character of the man, do all in their power to keep him from appearing, and even go so far as to resort to stratagem to detain him. Never does Luther appear to greater advantage as the champion of truth than at this time. On the one hand are his friends beseeching him to flee the country, assuring him that Worms will be his tomb. On the other hand his greatest foes resort to every intrigue in order to keep him back. Surely man never before fought against such opposition for truth's sake. He starts, and bids farewell to his home as one destined never again to behold it. Along the road many are the trials to which he is subjected. But his courage is equal to them all. Intimidations meet him at every turn of the road. "They will burn you," cries one, "if you enter Worms." To which he replies with holy boldness, "though they should kindly a fire whose flames should reach from Worms to Wittemberg and rise up to heaven, I would go through in the name of Lord and stand before them. I would enter the jaws of the behemoth, break his teeth, and confess Christ." Just as he is about to enter the city a messenger from Spalatin meets him, bearing this message, "Refrain from entering Worms." "Go tell your Master that though there should be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it." And enter it he did. The people came flocking in thousands to see him, and while some gashed upon him and cursed him as a heretic, others hailed him as the bearer of glad tidings, and the deliverer of the people. As the time approaches for him to appear before the crowned heads of Germany his soul is troubled with doubts and fears. Prostrate on the ground before his God, he pours out his soul in a flood of grief. The moment arrives, a deep calm comes over him, and with a soul filled with ecstatic joy he enters the Town Hall and confronts the assembled talent of Germany. What a moment! On the yea or nay of that monk hangs the future of the church. Will he retract? Will he pronounce those six letters, "Revoco?" Before him on the table lies a number of his works. The questions are put, First, "Do you acknowledge those writings to be yours?" Second, "Will you retract the propositions contained therein?" The vast audience sit spell-bound, awaiting his answer. With a serenity of countenance and firmness of voice he answers, "My Lords and your mighty Highnesses, the first I cannot deny. As to the second, they are based

upon the teachings of Scripture, and therefore I cannot retract. The people breathed freely—a low murmur ran through the hall, and even his worst enemies could not but admire his heroic bearing and Christian fortitude. Truth had triumphed. Upon the very ramparts of Roman Catholicism Luther had planted the standard of gospel truth. The field was his, and quit he would not until the last enemy of truth had been subdued. Though all the powers of darkness should assail him, they should march to victory only over his dead body. We talk of heroes, but where is the hero that rises to such sublime heights as the hero of the Reformation. The heroes of classic legends sink into nothingness beside the Monk of Erfurth. For true patriotism he is unsurpassed. Bound to his country by a tie which could be broken only by death, he fought for her as one who would raise her to an eminence which should have the eternal rock for its foundation, the right arm of Jehovah for its defence. With the flush of triumph on his brow and the pean of victory sounding exultingly in his ear, Luther passed to his reward. Luther has gone, but his works do live, and when the names of Wicklyffe, Huss, Latimer and Ridley shall have ceased to live in our hearts, the name of Luther, bright with the laurels of victory, shall live fresh as ever, engraved upon our hearts even as upon granite block. The time shall come when the last dark cloud of Papist tyranny shall be swept from our horizon. When nation shall see eye to eye with nation, when none shall say unto his fellow know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least unto the greatest. And may God speed the time.

H. C. SPELLER.

#### DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

Does the gloom of the night-time grow deeper,  
More dreary around thy way  
Through this wilderness life? Worn traveller,  
Dost thou long for the dawn of the day?

The day that will chase all the terrors  
Which haunt thee on every side?  
That will show thee snares and the briars  
That thick in the darkness hide?

Is thy heart in its loneliness fainting,  
As closer around thee are drawn  
The deep folds of gloom? Oh! remember  
'Tis darkest when nearest the dawn!

With patient eyes eastward, be watching  
 And soon the gray streaks will appear,  
 Sure heralds of morn's happy coming  
 O'erwearied one, be of good cheer.

Lo! Already the soft lines of morning,  
 In tremulous, delicate beams,  
 Break through the dark clouds—O the glory  
 Flashing upward in swift-spreading gleams!

O the wonderful beauty around thee!  
 The bloom of thy flower-strewn way,  
 All hid in that hour that was darkest  
 Before the sweet dawning of day!

CURRENT: CALAMO.

THE RELIGIOUS VEIN  
 OF  
 TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

No sublimer monument of a human sorrow  
 was ever reared by poet-artist than that, more  
 enduring than brass, which Alfred Tennyson  
 raised to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam,  
 the historian's son, a quarter of a century ago.

When to England over the channel came to  
 Tennyson the sad news that Hallam, his bosom-  
 friend and the affianced of his sister, had passed  
 away from earth, a gloom dark and lasting shrouded  
 the poet's soul. A hundred sombre elegies record  
 the deep-seated woe of nine long years. Shakes-  
 peare wrote:—

"To persevere  
 In obstinate condolence, is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:  
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;  
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;  
 An understanding simple and unschool'd:  
 For what we know must be, and is as common  
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 Why should we in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd."

This finger of rebuke pointing at him through  
 the centuries could not deter Tennyson from  
 "those swallow-flights of song, that dip their wings  
 in tears and skim away." "I sometimes hold it  
 half a sin to put in words the grief I feel," "I  
 count it crime to mourn for any overmuch," are  
 his frank admissions; but the great loss had riven  
 the poet's heart, and the "sad mechanic exercise"

of writing verse 'like dull narcotics numbed the  
 pain.'

To point out all the admirable passages of "In  
 Memoriam" would necessitate the citing of every  
 stanza of the wonderful group of elegies; for not  
 a useless word or barren line mars the sublime  
 whole. Let us regard for a few minutes the reli-  
 gious aspect of the poem.

From the beginning to the end there is the same  
 devout veneration for all that is good and holy.  
 The first quatrain of the poem and the last show  
 us that the poet is a Christian:—

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace.  
 Believing where we cannot prove."

And the last:—

"That God which ever lives and loves,  
 One God, one Law, one Element,  
 And one far-off-divine Event  
 To which the whole creation moves."

The poet reveres the Bible:—

"The creed of creeds  
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
 More strong than all poetic thoughts;  
 Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
 In roarings round the coral reef."

The poet looks forward to the time when he will  
 meet his Arthur, when all his 'widow'd race of life  
 is run.' He expects to reach at last the blessed  
 goal, where 'he that died in Holy Land will reach  
 him out a shining hand'; where

"The Great Intelligences fair,  
 That range above our mortal state,  
 In circle round the blessed gate,  
 Will greet and give him welcome there;  
 And lead him thro' the blissful climes,  
 And show him in the fountain fresh  
 All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
 Shall gather in the cycled times."

It is a grand belief of the poets that the spirits  
 of the saintly dead are ever about us, and sympa-  
 thize with us:—

"They do not die,  
 Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
 Nor change to us altho' they change:

Rapt from the fickle and the frail,  
 With gather'd power, yet the same  
 Pierces the keen seraphic flame  
 From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

In a noble outburst from the depth of depression the poet addresses the spirit of Arthur:—

"Be near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
And tingle; and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;  
And Time's maniac scattering dust,  
And Life's a sary slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
And men the flies of latter spring,  
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,  
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low dark verge of life  
The twilight of eternal day."

We have in the poem the history of a christian life. There are the doubts and anxieties, the fixed faith and the ineffable joy. The poet tells us how he was enabled to embrace the great Truth.

"That which we dare invoke to bless;  
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;  
He, They, One, All; within, without;  
The Power in darkness whom we guess:

I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye:  
Nor thro' the questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heard a voice, Believe no more,  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep:

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

No doubt many a forlorn one has derived consolation from remembering that

"All is well, tho' faith and form  
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;  
Well roars the storm, to those that hear  
A deeper voice across the storm."

The poet tells us not only of his own doubts, but also of the great difficulties his Arthur had before he could accept the Great Salvation.

"You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes  
Are tender over drowning flies,  
You tell me doubt is Devil-born."

I know not: one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed  
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;  
And Power was with him in the night,  
Which makes the darkness and the light,  
And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
While Israel made their gods of gold,  
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud."

The Poet tells of the Golden Future "beyond the second birth of Death," where "we shall sit at endless feast enjoying each the other's good." He has no sympathy with the notion that our spirits are emanations from a central soul, and that after breathing their little day here they all are fused again with the parent centre.

That each who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall  
Remerging in the central soul,



Is faith as vague as all unsweet:  
Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside."

The votaries of annihilation need not go for  
fellow-feeling to him who sings:—

My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks  
In some wild poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?  
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose  
Of things all mortal, or to use  
A little patience ere I die.

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness, and to cease."

Our faculties in the Golden City will not be  
shackled with the bonds of sense. We shall gaze  
from vast to vast, and from eternity to eternity.  
In this life we cannot remember all the past. At  
the dawn of every new day a shadow falls over  
yesterday; for our human nature could not endure  
the continuous view of the whole vista of the past.  
But

"There shall be no shade  
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom  
The eternal landscape of the past."

There are no finer lines in "In Memoriam" than  
those which, went the rounds of the Canadian Press  
last year, in reference to a momentous case in an  
ecclesiastical court. No where does Tennyson  
more clearly show that he is a child like the rest  
of us in the great secrets of God, than in these  
stanzas that unfold his waverings with respect to  
the eternal punishment of the wicked.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,

To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood:

That nothing walks with aimless feet  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

'That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for a light:  
And with no language but a cry."

The poet feels his own nothingness, and gives up  
the great problem. His doubts come again, and  
again he sings:—

The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likeliest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife.  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life:

For I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
Do find that out of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear.

The poet grants that the wicked must suffer  
eternal punishment after this life, if we are to  
judge from nature. Still his universal sympathy  
makes him cry out from the depth of his human  
weakness,—

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And failing with my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

My last quotation will be those beautiful verses describing one of the most interesting of New-Testament scenes. Lazarus has been raised from the dead. Mary asks, "where wast thou brother those four days?"

"There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,  
The streets were filled with joyful sound,  
A solemn gladness even crown'd  
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man rais'd up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;  
He told it not; or something seal'd  
The lips of that Evangelist.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thoughts her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede—  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face.  
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears."

Then comes the moral; for Tennyson is a great moralist:—

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What souls possess themselves so pure.  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

The simple faith of Mary then leads the poet to contrast such a faith with that of the philosophic christian:—

"O thou that after toil and storm  
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,  
Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
Her early heaven, her happy views;  
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,  
Her hands are quicker unto good:  
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood  
To which she links a truth divine!"

I am done. No christian can read "In Memoriam" without becoming better. Few disbelievers can read "In Memoriam" without yearning for a something on which to fix a faith.

J. E. WETHERELL.

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#### "NORTHERN LIGHTS."

"To claim the Arctic came the sun,  
With banners of the burning zone;  
Unrolled upon the icy spars  
They froze beneath the light of stars,  
And there they float, those streamers old,  
Those Northern Lights, forever cold."

Thus fancifully does a modern poet account for the strange and brilliant auroral displays that sometimes light up our northern horizon.

We need not follow the daring footsteps of the Arctic explorer to these ice-bound regions where lies, or rises, the mystic Pole to realize something of the glories that illuminate the wintry skies of the Polar regions. The glimpses or reflections of those glories that we sometimes see on clear moonlight nights fill us with wonder and awe. Such weird and ghastly shapes do these lights frequently assume that we are not surprised that superstitious minds have been filled with terror at beholding them, and that they were regarded among warlike nations in olden times as heralds of impending strife. The "quick, trembling" brightness, changing every instant, now leaps up to the very zenith in tongues of flame, now spreads like a transparent web over the glowing constel-

tations, then at the approach of dawn it is scattered abroad in bars of flickering light, and nothing is left but the strange brightness in the north—a "falling curtain of cloth of silver" embroidered with stars.

Other lights have arisen out of the shadows of the misty Northern Lights which illuminate the region of thought, of sculpture, song and story. It is our purpose to mention, briefly, a few of these:

Denmark is justly proud to do honor to the memory of Thorwaldsen, the sculptor. The son of a poor ship-carpenter, having little education except in his art, he arose by his patient labor and great *genius* out of obscurity to a place among the first in the ranks of the masters. Among all the works that Southern art has produced it is said that there is no conception of the Christ qualling that by the great Dane; and copies of some of his most celebrated master-pieces may be seen in every land where art is known.

From Sweden came one of the foremost among the literary women of our time. With a brilliant intellect and quick sympathies, guided by the highest christian principles, she exerted a great influence over the minds and hearts of her people. Her hope for her country was that its women might have liberty in its fullest sense; and it was her great aim to assist in breaking the patriarchal bonds which had so long kept back their minds from a free growth, and which had sometimes almost crushed them beneath a system of cruel tyranny. In the story of "Nertha," and her labors and longings, she has given expression to her own ideas of woman's will and power to elevate the standard of womanhood. The grace and purity of her writings seems to be the outgrowth of her intense sympathy with everything in the outer world, which recognized in all things "the shadow of God which wanders through nature."

Nothing, in her was greater than her reverence for that holiest of institutions—the family; and nowhere is this more tenderly shown than in her story of a "Father and Daughter." Not in Scandinavia alone, but in every country where her writings are known, is the name of Frederika Bremer honored and esteemed.

That time must be far distant when the merry Christmas season will bring to childhood no reminder of the genial Hans Christian Andersen. That great-hearted friend and delightful companion of the children was loved by them as few

have been loved; and many and touching were the tributes to his memory, which were offered by the little ones, all over the world, when the sad news was told that he had died.

Who has not heard of Ole Bull, the greatest violinist of our time. And among all the sweet singers that have come from the Sunny South there is not one who has so enchanted the world as that of Jenny Lind, a daughter of Denmark. Miss Bremer said of her, after hearing her for the first time: "It was like a new revelation in the realms of art. Her fresh, youthful voice forced itself into every heart. *There* reigned truth and nature. On the stage she was the great artist who rose above all around her. At home in her own chamber, a sensitive young girl, with all the piety and humility of a child. Her appearance showed me art in its sanctity. I had beheld one of its vestals." Only once was she heard to express even joy in her rare gift. By a concert given for the benefit of some poor orphan children she had been able to relieve them greatly, and she said, with charming real simplicity, "It is beautiful that I can sing so!" Her great talents excited everywhere the wildest enthusiasm and admiration, and her modesty and gentleness won for her universal esteem.

These and many others are the contributions of the frozen North to the social world. As in the beauties of the Aurora, we recognize and feel the power of the Creator of all, so in these brilliant flashings of *genius*, and the pale, steeper fires of christian devotion, and all embracing humanity, we discern bright gleams of the radiance that

Flows from the light uncreated,

Light all-sufficing, eternal,

Light which was, and which is, and which will be forever and ever.

Miss

#### QUEEN ESTHER.

The festal days are come in Persia's royal halls,  
The glittering court is thronged with noble peers,  
There's revelry of joy, mirth loud and louder calls,  
But captive Israel answers back through tears.

Still swells the feast convivial. Orient wealth is shown,  
And royal wine is poured from golden bowls,  
The light cocusant blazes, and the lofty dome  
Mirrors its splendors, as the scene unrolls.

From yonder burnished throne, see dazzling  
glories rise,

In grandeur soul-felt, as when morning nears,  
Beneath the dreamy loveliness of Southern skies,  
The glorious orb, from Ocean's depths, appears.

The king in regal state parades his glorious power,  
And Persia's courtiers quaff the foaming wine,  
But see another cup is mingled in this hour.  
O exiled Israel! draughts of death are thine.

The subtle son of Agag gains the dread decree,  
The seal irrevocable marks the doom,  
The race of captives blotted from the earth shall be,  
And naught may change the fiat of the throne.

From Persia's broad realm ascends a bitter cry,  
A death-doomed people prays and fasts, in tears,  
The fervent prayer is heard by Him who rules  
on high,  
The star of hope, on sorrow's night, appears.

An orphan'd exile, frail, yet fair as morning light,  
A captive's daughter, yet is Persia's queen,  
And queen through fairest beauty; in her beauty  
bright  
Queenliest of all that royal halls have seen.

Hadassah Esther, from the height of matchless  
char-<sup>4</sup>,  
With royal crown and Persia's highest praise,  
Views her despised kindred in their wild alarms,  
Then looks on death and ventures life to save.

"They live not who approach the king except he  
call,  
Not even Vashti might transgress his word,  
Yet, I will go unto the king, what'er befall,  
E'en though I perish. Pray ye to the Lord."

O Israel! fervent be thy prayers, for see her form  
Is trembling, and she moves with quick'ning breath,  
Like some lone bird, on weary wing, against the  
storm,  
She presses on and enters. Is it death?

Like a fair lily, see she stands before the throne,  
The extended sceptre hails her, welcome guest,  
But, now, the crisis past, white as the ocean's foam,  
Breathless, she sinks, ere heard is her request.

She wakes, the palace swims before her dreamy  
sigh,  
But fears are flown. It is the king's own hand

And voice that comfort. "Ask all thy delight  
For half my kingdom is at thy command."

Soon the request is made. She hears with glad'ning  
thrill,

"Thy people, and thy foes, I give to thee.  
Take this reverseless seal, and write ye what ye  
will."

'Tis done! Her people now are free, are free.

O Israel! ne'er forget deliverance so sweet,  
As turned death-darkness, into joy-crowned days,  
And, under Him, to whom your highest thanks are  
meet,  
In glad remembrance chant Queen Esther's praise.

D. A. ———

#### MORAL CULTURE.

The influence which College life is to have on the student in his subsequent years is such as to make the best possible improvement of his present opportunities of the highest importance. When one enters College, it is generally at that period when habits are in a formative state. None of them are so firmly fixed that they cannot be considerably modified, or may be even altogether changed; whatever is evil may be checked, and the good established and strengthened. If there is truth in what is sometimes said, "that the character which a man possesses at graduation he will bear through life," it is because his habits have passed through the moulding and correcting period, and have become established and confirmed. In some respects a man may change his course after leaving College. If he has been lazy and inattentive to study, he may in after years, from the constraint of necessity, waken up to industry. If in his student life he has not been religious, he may possibly, under favorable circumstances, become a Christian, and with such a radical change in his nature may turn out quite differently from what he promised when he left the institution; but these are exceptional cases. In most instances, what a man is at graduation he will prove through life. This is indicated by the invariable disposition which we find, even in old men, of referring back to their College days upon being asked to give their estimate of those they have known through life. The blemishes and beauties in the sturdy oak are traceable to corresponding features in the young twig.

In entering upon the College course, the mind is as susceptible to influences, generally, as during any former period of life; more so, perhaps, than it will ever be afterwards. It is a new world to

the youth who comes for the first time from the directing and constraining influences of home, or from the circumscribed circle of the Preparatory School. In the College he is placed under circumstances where, in many cases, he must rely upon his own judgment in deciding what is the best course to be pursued. He is associated with those of his own age, who in ability are his equals, and with whom his relations are such, that if he would himself be treated as a man, he must accord to others their just rights and privileges. In fact, College society is in some respects an epitome of the work at large. The various sorts of character existing among men we find in the College. Some are possessed of a noble manhood, and are altogether above reproach: while the motives and conduct of others are not so transparent and honorable. Brought into close relation with men of such different stamp, the student is called upon to choose those whom he will make his intimate companions. From the associations which he forms his own character will be greatly influenced. He who by preference affiliates with the honorable, the high-toned and the scholarly, will generally show that he possesses such traits of character himself; while he who selects such as are trifling in conduct and inattentive to study must not so much expect to improve his associates, as that he will himself be seriously injured by them.

All things considered, without doubt the most important thing for the student to attend to is the cultivation of his moral nature. This, of course, any man should do, whatever he is, whatever may be his calling in life. But it is *especially* incumbent on the student, at the very outstart of his course, to realize that Moral Courage is essential to true success in life. As he grows in mind-power, his aim should be to grow also in soul-power—in the power to be right, to do right, to approve the right. He should early learn to say "No" to what is wrong—to what would lead him into the wrong, to the many allurements constantly presenting themselves to draw him from the great purpose for which he has entered upon his course of education. All this is the more important to him in his school life, because if he would become a complete man, and be capable of exerting the widest and most lasting influence upon his fellow men, the development of his moral powers must keep pace with the growth of his mind.

As a general thing, in all their subsequent life, students will not find themselves more favorably situated for forming regular habits of prayer and the study of God's word. Rightly pursued, the student's life is more favorable than any other for the cultivation of a devotional spirit. In many

cases the studies of the courses are directly calculated to produce this result, if they are properly pursued. In the line of mathematics, one is brought to the consideration of relations and principles which, in the present constitution and course of things, are as absolutely real and true as God himself. In the study of *Æsthetics* and of the human mind, we are led to notice what we are, and what we are capable of becoming, as the Divine hand has made us. In the study of the Classics, we have brought to our view, in the mythology and civilization of the Ancients, the happy contrast of the present dispensation, in the many blessings which we possess, compared with the past. In view of these things, if a student with all the possibilities and opportunities within his reach, is not, on account of these things, more devoted, and even more pious than he could be in any other line of pursuit during these same years, and if he does not secure a grand development of his better nature, the fault cannot be with the College, nor with his studies; it must be with himself. —Quivis, in *College Herald*, Pa., U.S.

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## EDITORIAL.

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The Tyro goes from us after a two weeks' delay. It can only modestly make the timely excuse "Detained by the mud;" and we presume our subscribers are in a position to sympathize with the sentiment.

The holidays are over. Happy have been the greetings of friends, greetings laden with all the compliments of the season. The very atmosphere has been vocal with "A happy New Year." Who has not been happy? The prattle of little brothers and sisters has been music to the soul. Grandfathers, in ecstacy, have forgotten their canes, and grandmothers have dropped their knitting to meet us at the doors. Fathers and mothers have talked of their school-days. Life has throbbled through every vein, forging and welding a thousand new links in the golden chain of friendship. The dear old homes have been ransacked from cellar to garret. And now we are back, Plodding along as a merry crew, Plodding along our course through. We gladly welcome the new students. May they learn to call this a "Home, sweet home."

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### OUR EXCHANGES.

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Our pile of exchanges still show the same careful work as ever. We are very much averse to finding fault with our brother students, and are heartily glad that we can without any twitchings of con-

science say that our exchange matter is on the whole really good.

In our opinion, the *Acadia Athenaeum* contains the most solid reading matter of any one of the papers now on our table. We admire this paper very much, and do heartily sympathize with our fellow students in the great loss they have of late sustained.

Another good paper is the *Tripod*. We would advise every one to heed the article on "Politeness among students," and to act out its advice in their daily life.

The *High School Times*, from Collingwood, is a brisk little sheet, and shews no little care in its arrangement, but we are sorry to say that its poetry all seems to come from one person; and we hardly know whether to sympathize with "J. R. B." or to congratulate him on his poetical talent.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *College Olio*, *Bates' Student*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Rowdoin Orient*, *Niagara Index*, and several others.

### LOCALS.

On the evening of Nov. 28th the Editors of the Tyro were invited to visit the room of the Messrs. Eede, after the ringing of the "curfew bell" of the Institute. We accepted the invitation; and upon entering the room we found it well filled with teachers and students, all apparently equally happy. Express boxes were being opened, which were found to contain turkey and other fowl, all cooked and ready for the table. Other delicacies also in ample provision. An opportune reminder, this, that Christmas was coming. Justice was done the eatables, toasts proposed and responded to, and a merry time enjoyed, such as only those who have been privileged to visit our halls as students can fully understand.

On the evening of Dec. 7th the "Judson Missionary Society" held its second public meeting for the term. Exercises given by teachers and students constituted the entertainment for the evening. The meeting was a real success. There was a good attendance, well prepared exercises, which were well rendered, and a good collection at the close. This Society is prospering at present.

Prof.—"Mr. A., can you derive *Virgo*?"

Student.—"Vir a man and ago I drink!" The feelings of those present are better imagined than described. Suffice it to say "Omnes Sincerunt."

Man the Life Boat!—We are glad to say the Institute rink is in good order, notwithstanding we have no snow. Boys, where are your skates?

Some of our students begin to think that walnuts and geometry have no affinity for each other.

The Flies held a meeting in one of the down town saloons the other day, at which they adopted the following resolutions: "Exchange—

Happy New Year to all.

### PERSONALS.

**PRESENTATION.**—The Teachers and Students made the Doctor a Christmas present of a valuable easy chair in which, it is said, he can take sixty different positions without rising. He has the highest position in the affections of the donors.

**MORE HONORS TO WOODSTOCK.**—We are pleased to learn that at the recent scholarship examinations before the Law Society at Toronto, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, of Woodstock, won the second year scholarship of \$200. Considering the difficulty of the law examinations at present and the opposition to be encountered the result is highly creditable. We trust that in after life the young man will never have it urged against him as a grave offence that he won a scholarship.—*Sentinel*.

**BAPTIST COLLEGE BURNED.**—On Sunday night last a fire broke out in the Acadia College, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. The main building, including the President's residence, college library and a museum was destroyed. The books in the library were mostly all saved in a damaged condition. The museum is a total loss. Loss, about \$20,000; insurance, \$9,500; \$5,000 in Queen's Office; \$4,500 in the Liverpool and London and Globe Office. The loss will be a severe one for the Baptist body of the Lower Provinces.—*Review*.

The following are the names of the leading students in the late examinations:

#### JUNIOR PREPARATORY YEAR.

Mr. Geo. Sale, Miss F. E. Edwards, Miss A. L. Hull, Mr. O. C. Carey, Mr. Edward Raouen, Mr. C. H. Eastlake.

#### SENIOR PREPARATORY YEAR.

Class I.—Miss Addie Scott. Class II.—Miss Dunlop, Mr. A. J. Gillies, Miss E. A. Wells, Miss Augusta Hull, Mr. W. A. Scott, Miss Etta Foreman, Miss Sipprel.

#### FIRST YEAR COLLEGE COURSE.

Miss McLaren, Miss E. P. Wells, Mr. J. D. McCall, Miss E. J. Irvine, Mr. Joseph Pickard.

#### SECOND YEAR COLLEGE COURSE.

S. Phelps, E. J. Harris, T. S. McCall, W. A. Clise, James McEsker.

#### THIRD YEAR COLLEGE COURSE.

Miss S. Shepherd.

A PUBLIC MEETING  
OF THE  
**Literary Societies**

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

*C. S. Institute*

WILL BE HELD ON

*Wednesday Ev'g, Dec 19, 1877*

AT 7:30 O'CLOCK.

**PROGRAMME.**

**PRAYER.**

- 1—MUSIC—"Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre" ..... CHORUS.
- 2—DECLAMATION—"Execution of Montrose" ..... MISS SALS.
- 3—MUSIC—"Duett" ..... MESSRS. MUIKEL and McARTHUR.
- 4—ORACLE—(Paper) ..... T. TYRRELL.
- 5—MUSIC, INSTRUMENTAL—"Dance of the Fairies" ..... MISS ETTA FORMAN.
- 6—READING ..... MISS EMMA CAMERON.
- 7—MUSIC—"How, blow, thou wintry winds" ..... CHORUS.
- 8—ORATION—"The Homes of Canada" ..... H. C. SPELLMAN.
- 9—MUSIC, SOLO ..... L. MUIKEL.
- 10—SHEAF—(Paper) ..... MISS AUGUSTA HULL.
- 11—MUSIC—"The morn' unbars the gates of light" ..... CHORUS.
- 12—DIALOGUE—"Jack of all trades" ..... EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY.
- 13—NATIONAL ANTHEM. .... CHORUS.

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