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CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE.

VOL. I.]

JULY, 1872.

[No. 1.

OUR ALMA MATER.

THE TYRO in making its bow to the public, and soliciting for itself a candid hearing, cannot avoid saying something about our Alma Mater, who has embraced us in her loving arms, and watched over and stimulated our intellectual growth thus far. Thirteen years ago the Institute at Woodstock was opened for instruction. The school was organized on the fourth of July, 1860; and by the end of the first short term, there were between thirty and forty pupils on the roll. The second term the attendance was nearly double the above number. But before the third term, opened the Institute buildings were burned down. On the morning of the 8th of January, 1861, on the spot where our present noble edifice stands, there was nothing but a pile of smoking ruins. When the former edifice (which was not quite finished) was burned, the Trustees had only eight thousand dollars insurance on it, and they owed thirteen thousand six hundred dollars. Few then had any confidence in the Baptists being able to organize a good school, and hence up to this time contributions came in grudgingly. But the terrible calamity which came upon the Institute at the very threshold of its career, touched the great heart of the Denomination, and in fourteen weeks twenty-one thousand six hundred dollars were subscribed to rebuild the Institute edifice, and pay off the debt. The Hon. Wm. McMaster, who has more than once inaugurated schemes which have resulted in great good to our educational interests, promptly came forward

after the fire and pledged four thousand dollars (in addition to previous generous contributions) on condition that twenty thousand dollars should be raised. This, as we have said, was speedily done and even exceeded. In this way we secured our main building, but we had no library nor philosophical apparatus; how were these to be got? God raised up friends whose repeated acts of liberality, have, to a great extent, supplied these wants. We have now about 3,000 vols. of well selected books, and the number is increasing more and more rapidly. J. S. McMaster, Esq., of Manchester, has been the largest contributor to the Library, and T. James Claxton, Esq., of Montreal, has nearly overtaken him in donations for this object. Thomas Lailey, Esq., of Toronto, has also made a fine contribution. Then, as we have no endowment as yet, it is necessary to raise funds year by year for the current expenses. This work our Principal has undertaken and effected in a most satisfactory manner thus far. Several large hearted and far sighted men have contributed two hundred dollars yearly for this object. A. R. McMaster, Esq., and J. S. McMaster, Esq., have each given two hundred dollars per annum towards our current expenses for a number of years. D. D. Calvin, Esq., M.P.P., gives the same amount, and two or three others give one hundred dollars each yearly. The attendance of pupils during the last six or seven years has steadily increased. We have usually the largest attendance during the Winter term, and our smallest during the Summer. Our growth may be judged from the following statement: The number on the roll in the Winter, of 1871 was 134; the number on the roll last Winter was 159. The roll of the Summer term (1871) was 103. That of this Summer is 122. This growth has obliged the Trustees to enlarge their buildings and facilities for instruction. Messrs. McMaster and Claxton generously headed a movement for this object with a subscription of \$4,000. To this there have been added contributions from the Denomination amounting to \$13,000, making in all, for land required by the Institute, and buildings, \$17,000. The Trustees are engaged in enlarging the present main edifice so, as to double the capacity of the dining room and furnish three large class rooms, &c. This enlargement will be completed by next Fall term. They are also engaged in the erection of a separate building, ninety feet long by forty wide, with a wing 70

feet long. The building will be three stories high, and will, with the other changes now in progress, nearly double the capacity of the Institute. This separate building, we are sorry to learn, will not be completed till a year from next September. One feature in all this work, we wish to present with special prominence to our readers:—The Trustees purpose completing their present enlargement plans *without debt*. They wish to preserve this noble property, which they are accumulating and perfecting for the Denomination, without encumbrance. They wish to bear with them the motto of the noble Hampden, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. We take no backward steps, our way in our great work is onward and upward! We cannot close this brief paper without alluding to one or two other facts connected with the work and history of our beloved school. We need scarcely remind our readers that both males and females are received into the literary department, and the style and character of the instruction which they receive in this department may be judged of from the standing taken by our boys at their examinations in Toronto University. We hope to have, ere long, a body of examiners appointed by the authority of the Ontario Government, who shall be unconnected with the work of teaching, and whose duty it shall be to examine all applicants for standings or degrees. Then we shall not fear to have our boys enter into competition with any and all comers. The religious benefits of this school should not be overlooked. Over two hundred and fifty young people have been hopefully converted in the Institute, since it was opened for scholars. That is, from fifteen to twenty per cent. of all those who were non-professors of religion at the time of their admission, have been brought, as we hope, to the knowledge of Christ. For this, all true Christians must be thankful to God. In this our first paper, we have deemed it proper to sketch the history of our Alma Mater, allude to what has been done for her, and hint at what she has done. We shall leave to the imagination of our readers, to fancy what may be the future of the Institute. It is standing on a firm foundation, out of debt, surrounded by the sympathies and affection of the Baptist Denomination, and many others besides. It is resolved to raise its curriculum, and extend its sphere of usefulness; and we heartily join in saying *Excelsior!* We are resolved not only to help our Alma Mater in her great work, but duly to inform our readers of her progress and triumphs.

TIME.

(From "The Garland.")

Speed on, O Time, thy stayless chariot wheels ;
 Thou guardian of forgotten lore speed on.
 Thou, wise in all earth's secrets 'neath whose seal,
 Dim with the dust of ages, mysteries lie,
 Which man has sought, but ever vainly sought,
 To fathom. Jealously as miser guards
 His glittering treasures, deep in murky vault,
 Where never ray of blessed sunlight comes
 To guild the gloom, nor the pure breath of heaven
 To stir the noisome vapors, so dost thou,
 O Time, thy treasures guard. Oh ! now relent ;
 We wait to seize thy spoils ; our eager hearts
 Burn for the story of the vanished years.
 Unfold the record of forgotten days,
 Of lands renowned of old. Cities whose towers
 And palaces and gilded fanes, now prone
 In utter ruin on the barren earth,
 Alone remain to tell us what they were.
 Who reared those lofty piles of stately marble ?
 Those graceful pillars ? Whose triumphal train
 Swept proudly through those arches, now defaced
 And slowly crumbling into dust ? Whose voice
 In patriot eloquence waked thunder in
 Those halls of shade ? And who in other days,
 'Mid terraces and hills now desolate,
 Dwelt peacefully and called those ruins home ?
 Canst thou not tell ? Perchance from thy dim page
 Their diary has faded, never more
 The eyes of man to greet, till that great day
 When thou shalt render up thy long account ;
 When light eternal, falling on thy scroll,
 Shall trace the tale in living lines again.
 Then guard thy treasures ; place thy royal seal
 Upon the sepulchre. There let them lie,
 Till that dread hour, when from the mount of God
 The trumpet that shall wake the dead to life,
 Proclaims thy mission ended and thyself no more.

MISS BELLA SINCLAIR.

GIDEON.

BY REV. C. PERRIN.

There are three periods in the history of this remarkable man which are filled with instruction.

I. "And Gideon threshed wheat by the wine-press to hide it from the Midianites."—Jud 6, 11. This is the first time that he is introduced to us, and that he was a man who feared the Lord, even at this time we doubt not, for the following reasons :—First, because

the Lord appeared to him and eventually commissioned him to be the deliverer of His people. Secondly, because he appears to have been familiar with the history of God's people, and the mighty miracles He had wrought for their deliverance in the past. It is true that the scriptures say that "an Angel of the Lord appeared unto him," but this same Angel is called the Lord—in the Hebrew, Jehovah, and not Adoni. This name, Jehovah, is never applied to any created intelligence, but is the incommunicable name of the Almighty. This, then, without doubt, was "The Angel of the Covenant," the Eternal Word, the Lord of Angels and of Glory. This was He that wrestled with Jacob, that appeared unto Moses, conversed with Joshua as a man talketh with a man. But then Gideon appears to have been a *secret worshipper*. His father was an idolator, a worshipper of Baal, and we have no reason to suppose that previous to this time Gideon had taken any very public stand on the Lord's side. He had faith, but his faith was very weak, and so he threshed wheat in secret that he might hide it from the Midjanites.

II. "And so it was because he feared his father's household, and the men of the city, that he could not do it by day, that he did it by night"—Jud: 6.27: Here was an advance, his faith had increased, but it was still weak. The Lord had commanded him to overthrow the altar of Baal which his father had builded, to cut down the sacred grove which surrounded it, and to build an altar and offer sacrifice to the one living and true God. The man-fearing spirit still haunted him, and so, for fear of his father's house and his neighbors he did it in the night. Nevertheless it was a bold step, a decisive step, a declaration of war against idolatry and all its iniquities. He did it too, in the presence of his servants, and assisted by them. It was as though he had said "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

In the morning there was a great excitement in the city, and a general enquiring "who hath done this?" And when it was told them that Gideon the son of Joash had done this thing" they demanded of the father that he surrender his son to be put to death. But the old man was not disposed to grant their request. Perhaps he had been led of late to contrast their poverty and humiliating condition as idolators, with what they were as a people when the Lord was their God, and when there was no strange god among them. I fancy that when he was told in the morning that the Pa.

gan altar was broken down, and the idolatrous grove levelled with the earth, there was a thrill of joy in his heart,—joy to know that in such degenerate times, there were those who did not fear to declare themselves for the God of Israel. And what must have been his joy when told that Gideon, his own son, was the man who had done this thing! And Joash said unto those who demanded the young man's life, "Will ye plead for Baal? Will ye save him? He that will plead for him, let him be put to death whilst it is yet morning; if he be a god let him plead for himself, because one hath cast down his altar."

III. "But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet; and Abieser, (that is the people of his native place) was gathered unto him." Jud. 6. 34. He goes no longer about his work in the gloom and darkness of night, but in the bright blaze of day, he blows with a trumpet the shrill blast of war, summoning the people to battle. Oh, how has his faith increased! Who is this around whom the thousands of Israel are gathering in battle array? Who is this that blows so mightily the trumpet of war? It is none other than Gideon who was "threshing wheat by the winepress, and hiding it for fear of the Midianites." It is none other than Gideon who "threw down the altar of Baal" *by night*, "and cut down the grove that was by it," for "so it was, because he feared his father's household and the men of the city, that he could not do it by day, that he did it by night." *But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon,* he became strong, bold, "and he *blew a trumpet*, and Abieser was gathered unto him."

REASON AND FAITH.—An old writer says:—Faith and reason may be compared to two travellers. Faith is like a man in full health, who can walk his twenty or thirty miles at a time without suffering. Reason is like a little child, who can only, with difficulty, accomplish three or four miles. "Well," says this old writer, "on a given day Reason says to Faith, O, good Faith, let me walk with thee." Faith replies, "O, Reason, thou canst never walk with me!" However, to try their paces, they set out together; but they soon find it hard to keep company. When they came to a deep river, Reason says, "I can never ford this;" but Faith wades through it singing. When they reach a lofty mountain, there is the same exclamation of despair; and in such cases Faith, in order not to leave reason behind, is obliged to carry him on his back; "and," adds the writer, "Oh! what a luggage is reason to Faith!"—*Feathers for Arrows.*

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how a'bject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
 How passing wonder He, who made him such !
 Who centr'd in our make such strange extremes
 From different natures marvellously mixt,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity* !

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !

Helpless, immortal ! insect, *infinite* !

A worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wondering at her *own*. How Reason reels !

O, what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread,
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !

What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

—*Young's Night-Thoughts.*

AN ORPHAN.

Who can tell the first realization of these words, An Orphan. There was a time when I had a home, when mother's bright smile lighted up our household, when father's evening return brought gladness to the heart. But when I look back it seems but a dream. Sweet images of the past recross my mind, faint outlines of what once was, what might have been, but what can never be enjoyed by me. The portraits of those departed have been almost effaced by the rude hand of time, but never will their love be forgotten. Can I ever forget the cold and dreary day when she who bore me was carried in solemn pall from the home she had once made so happy ! Can I forget the nights of weeping, of long, of childish sorrow ! How often did I wonder if her spirit form hovered near me ; wonder if she loved me still ; wonder if she would "kiss me goodnight" once more if she could. I shall not soon forget the tears of manly sorrow my father shed ; not soon forget hearing his heavy groans, and wondering if he was thinking of mamma. But only another year had passed away, and he too was gone from me, and I was alone ; no one to talk with me, no one to confide in, no one to weep with, no one

to whom I could tell my little sorrows, no one to read to me the story of Jesus' life, how he called little children like lambs to his fold, to repeat the wonderful events of Calvary and the cross, to tell me that it was for my sin that Christ had died. Others might try but they could not do it as father had. His prayers can never be forgotten. His teachings have been indelibly stamped upon mind and heart. His precepts were lofty, his motives were pure. He, doubtless, had his faults, but filial love fails to discover them—he was my father. And in the long years that have since rolled by, how much I have missed the affection and protection of both father and mother. Sometimes it almost seems that they are lost to me forever, but, no.

“They are not lost; they are within the door
That snuts out loss and every hurtful thing;
With Angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In the Redeemer's presence evermore.
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.”

The path trodden without parental guidance has been a crooked one; the world has often been cold and cheerless. The blasts of adversity have been keenly piercing, while my poor heart has always yearned for sympathy, for that sympathy felt and given by a fond parent only.

But still it is for me to record the goodness and faithfulness of the “Father of the Fatherless,” while in the gloom I cry :

The way is dark, my father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand!
And through the gloom,
Lead safely home,
Thy child.”

IRA SMITH.

WOMAN.—The great emblems of her sphere are the words *love, home, mother*. She is the object of the purest and most lasting earthly loves; she *makes* home, and the sacred word *mother*, speaks for itself to every heart. A mother's love is a golden cord, twining around each heart in the home-circle, and binding all firmly together.

FRIENDSHIP.—He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

Robbie's Grave.

BY REV. C. PERRIN.

Lines on the death of a beloved child, who died of scarlet fever in the winter of 1871.

There is *silence* in our dwelling,
 Every voice is hushed to-night.
 For we're thinking of the loved one,
 We have buried out of sight.
 Thinking of the childish prattle;
 And the sunny golden hair.
 Of the eyes that shone so brightly
 And the little face so fair.
 Now the winter winds are sighing,
 And the gloomy pine trees wave,
 And the silent snow is drifting
 Over little Robbie's grave.

There is *darkness* in our dwelling,
 Though the lamps are burning bright,
 For we're thinking of the darling
 That lies buried out of sight.
 How the fire of fever scorched him;
 How we watched to see him die,
 Through those nights so long and dreary,
 When no neighbour dared come nigh.
 How the winter winds are sighing,
 And in gloom the pine trees wave,
 And the silent snow is drifting
 Over little Robbie's grave.

There is *peace* within our dwelling,
 Which no sorrow can destroy,
 For we know it was in mercy,
 That God took our darling boy.
 And although our tears are falling,
 And our hearts are filled with pain,
 Still we bow submissive, knowing
 That our loss is Robbie's gain.
 Thus content we yield the treasure,
 To the loving hands that gave,
 And rejoice, though snows are drifting
 Over little Robbie's grave.

Prayer wings its way to the throne of the Eternal, and becomes interwoven with the very purposes of Deity.—*Fife*.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.

Literary.

ABOUT OPINIONS.

BY PROF. WELLS, M. A.

Arthur Helps, in one of his "Hints for Essays," says "There has often been a fanciful discussion among thoughtful men as to the peculiar virtue or quality which, if increased, would do most service to mankind. I venture to put in a claim for moderation. If we look at history, or at the daily transactions, public and private, of our fellow men, one of the most notable facts is their proneness to rush from one extreme to another. It may almost be maintained that mankind are always in extremes."

In few things, perhaps, is this proneness to extremes more manifest than in our modes of holding and propagating our opinions. We use the word "opinions" in a sense somewhat wider than its ordinary one, as denoting every shade of conviction and belief, not resting upon positive and indisputable proof. The tendency to extremes in matters of opinion has its origin in our modes of thinking, and one of its most striking illustrations is to be found in the various opinions held as to the value of opinions themselves, and the proper mode of holding them. For instance, it is not long since we heard an excellent and venerable preacher assert in substance and in pretty vigorous Anglo-Saxon, his disinclination to have much intercourse *either in this world or the next*, with the man who had not clearly defined and deeply cut convictions upon the subordinate questions in dispute between Christian sects, and who was not ready to fight for those convictions upon any occasion. On the other hand there is a strongly marked tendency at the present day, in many minds to revolt against all creeds in science, politics or religion. Universal doubt is extolled as the only rational attitude for the philosophic mind, "Scepticism" becomes "the highest of duties, blind faith the one unpardonable sin."

The natural history of opinions would certainly be a complicated, if not an interesting, study. If some Agassiz or Huxley, fond of antiquarian research and nice analysis, in this subdivision of the moral Kingdom, should set out to take stock of the views, major and minor, prevalent in a single community, what a scope would be afforded for his powers. How interesting, for instance, would be the results of a classification upon the basis, say of the relative importance attached to each by the individual, or of the zeal displayed in propagation, or of the degree of tolerance for conflicting opinions, or of the bearing of different species upon the health, happiness and usefulness of the holder. And then again what stupendous contrasts. Side by side in the same soil, it may be, would be found flourishing the most absolute faith in the divine right of a Bourbon, and the most intensely Communistic zeal in the effort to bring such apothegms as "Property is Robbery" and "*Vox populi, Vox Dei*," to practical applications never dreamed of by their authors. The space occupied in our religious mind by meditations upon such themes as the nature of the Deity and the immortality of the soul, is by another devoted to reflection upon the proper elevation of a wafer, or the orthodox style of genuflection.

One of the most interesting questions in respect to opinions is that of their origin. It would, we fancy, puzzle the ingenuity of a Darwin to trace the motley host to any common parentage. Suppose our naturalist, pencil in hand, to ask each of one hundred men his views upon each of one hundred topics within the range of common place thought. Probably ninety-nine out of the hundred would be ready to pronounce a clear, decided opinion upon ninety-nine out of the hundred subjects, though, probably, to nine-tenths of them he had never given an hour's patient, dispassionate thought. In order to get some definite conception of the rich results that would repay a further inquiry into the origin and growth of these opinions, one cannot, perhaps, do better than catechise his own individual consciousness. How many, we will not say simply of our less important views, but of our most cherished and, as we would say, deliberate convictions, would be found to have come down to us as heir looms, inherited with our ancestors' goods and chattels? How many have been imperceptibly imbibed, without examination, from parents, and teachers, and youthful associates? How large a percentage of the numerous, possibly incompatible, items, which make up the

sum total of our religious or political creed, is due to persistent imitation in the limited and probably one-sided stock of books, magazines and newspapers, which have been within our reach, and supplied our chief intellectual diet? How many an opinion,—first enunciated at hap-hazard, it may be, in consequence of that weak vanity, or moral cowardice, which makes us ashamed to say “I don’t know,” or declared for the sake of argument, or under the impulse of that mental pugnacity which seizes one so strongly in the presence of certain dogmatists—has long since become, by the heat of argument, inseparably fused or welded into the mass of our strongest convictions. And, on the other hand, how many of our firmest beliefs can we conscientiously affirm, have been adopted only after patient, earnest, unprejudiced, and exhaustive investigation. Of course we are far from wishing to intimate that the sterling value of an opinion as true or false, depends in any degree upon the thoroughness with which its holder has mastered the evidence upon which it rests. Truth has, we rejoice to believe, an intrinsic and eternal value, quite independently of the breadth of view and candour of its holder, and is an inalienable boon to its possessor, however he may have attained it. But the amount of credit due to the individual is quite another thing. A friend of the writer had a favourite saying that an expression of opinion was of value, or the opposite, in proportion as there was “a man behind it.” May we not safely affirm that in the moral sphere a truth is, in one sense, of value only in proportion as there is a buttress of well-weighed evidence behind it.

“What then, alas! am I to do?” We can fancy the self-analyst exclaiming, as he turns bewildered and despairing from the work of introspection, and views spread out before him, the shattered fragments of many of his shapeliest and most cherished opinions, whose foundations have crumbled beneath the new and stern test so ruthlessly applied. “It is, indeed, too true, that not a tithe of my convictions have ever been weighed in an impartial balance against opposing views, or examined in the clear, day, light of evidence, by an unbiassed judgment. And worst of all, should I now decide to cast to the winds all this shattered mass, and commence the work of reconstruction from new material, the task would be an utterly hopeless one. The short span of the longest lifetime would not suffice to collect exhaustively, and weigh accurately the

evidence in regard to one of a thousand of the more complicated social, moral and secondary religious questions of the day, even could I hope, as I certainly cannot, even to acquire that equilibrium of judgment indispensable to success in the undertaking. Am I, then, condemned to a state of perpetual oscillation, or rather mental equipoise and inactivity, ever afraid to step for fear of going wrong, or to express an opinion lest my data prove incomplete, or my judgment unreliable?

Such a conclusion bears, of course, its absurdity upon its face. The train of thought which sometimes tempts us towards it may be profitable or otherwise, according to the use we make of it.

It can scarcely fail to be profitable if it teach us modesty and charity, modesty in respect to our own views of truth, charity for the views of others. If the chances of our being wrong in any matter not susceptible of the crucial tests of experience, mathematical demonstration, or infallible authority, are so many, there must always be at least a few chances of our opponents being right. If the disturbing elements of ignorance, and prejudice and mental indolence affect so largely the commonest operations of our own faculties, it is but reasonable that we should cherish a large tolerance for the same defects in others. Here, then, we have the best antidote to bigotry, which is ever the offspring of narrowness, and the foe of introspection. For our own part we never hear a man affirming with dogmatic emphasis, where others, equally wise and candid, doubt; or decrying the blindness and wilful prejudice of opponents, whose characters and views are entitled to at least equal respect with his own.—We never hear such an one, even though we may quite agree with his opinions, without a kind of painful suspicion that he never yet has seen clearly more than one side of the question, or put himself into the mental attitude in which the real difficulties which beset it become visible. There is truth as well as error in Tennyson's lines:

“There dwells more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

Doubt on certain subjects and questions, where the means of exact knowledge have not been put within our reach, may be a loftier and nobler position than dogmatism. Just as in extemporaneous speaking, the man of powerful intellect and cultivated taste, may stammer and hesitate by reason of the very abundance and competing merits of

his stores, while he of one idea and a loose habit of expression goes fluently on, so, narrowness of vision may beget strong convictions, where breadth, and candour, and conscientious thinking lead to moderation, or even indecision. Hesitancy and even doubt in such a case may be the offspring of intenser loyalty to truth, and a loftier faith in truth than is possible to any strength of conviction, the result of one-sided investigation. Nor is this view in necessary antagonism with the undeniable fact that the men of unfaltering convictions have ever been the men of mighty action, leading the vanguard, often the forlorn hope of soul freedom and enduring progress. For it is equally well known that the apostles of deadly error and spiritual despotism have often been fired by zeal quite as fervent and convictions no less unswerving. The great deliverances wrought in the world by the former must then be counterbalanced by the pernicious power of the latter; and further, it is manifest that that very good has resulted, not from the strength of their convictions, but from the fact that that strength happened to be enlisted in the cause of truth and right. And it would be an interesting subject of inquiry did space permit, to what extent the discovery of that right and that truth in whose defence and propagation the men of action have won enduring renown, has been due to the patient thought of more impartial and evenly balanced minds. We plead not for less honest zeal in action, but for more of it in investigation; in other words for profounder reverence for and more absolute faith in the truth: It does require a sublime loyalty to truth sometimes to deliver one from the temptation to burke inquiry and close the door in the face of suspicion, in respect to the soundness of cherished opinions.

An interesting question suggests itself here as to what would be the result upon human thought and belief of a perfect freedom from pride, prejudice and passion, and all the other distorting influences which now so largely affect men's understandings. The infallible Teacher has said, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." The principle enunciated is broad, and the picture it suggests a heavenly one. And yet who does not shrink from the thought of a mental world of absolute uniformity? It would be as unendurable as a physical one of water, prairie and woodland, laid out in squares in drear and dismal and unending sameness. Doubtless our fears would prove more than baseless in view of the boundless heights and depths, and the infinite many sidedness of truth. But

we must not be tempted farther upon this or the many other tracks of thought which open up before us.

We alluded to dangers in the path upon which we were venturing. Space forbids to do more than refer to one. It would be an absurd and dangerous fallacy, as well as what the Duke of Argyll would call a "Hibernicism in Philosophy," to conclude as some wise-acres seem to do, that because Truth sits enthroned on high, and admits to her sacred precincts none but devout and persevering worshippers, she therefore does not exist. Truth is none the less, but rather the more precious, because of the difficulties which hedge the approach to her temple, and the defects of vision, or of medium, which so often distort her fair countenance in the eyes of immature, half-hearted, or imperfectly instructed votaries. There is a glory in her visage, and a heavenliness in the atmosphere which surrounds her, which elevate and enoble those who succeed in obtaining but partial glimpses of the one, or momentary inspirations of the other.

But we must not let a metaphor betray us into supposing that partial and imperfect glimpses of truth are all that are attainable on any subject. There are truths and truths. All kinds and degrees of truth are precious, but each in its own order. Some seem to be always paying tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin in questions of faith, and neglecting the weightier matters upon which hang immense, vital, eternal interests. To deny the possibility of obtaining knowledge of truth upon the greatest and most momentous questions of life is to impeach the wisdom and goodness of the Great Creator of mind and fountain of truth. To aver, as was done a few years since by a body of savants, some of them so called divines, in London at the formation of "The Free Christian Union," that "God holds men responsible, not for the attainment of Divine truth, but only for the serious search of it," is to do violence to our deepest moral instincts. God being admitted, and divine truth being admitted, the one *could* surely reveal the other, *could* authenticate the revelation by proof satisfactory to the earnest mind, *could* make provision for applying it with saving power to the searcher's heart. Who, believing in God and in truth, can doubt that he would?

THE LEGEND OF TROY.

Once on a time the gods of old
 Assembled on the summits cold
 Of famed Olympus, to partake
 Of nectar and ambrosial cake.
 Before the godlike feast concluded,
 Eris, one whom they had excluded,
 An apple threw amongst the guests
 Which "To the Fairest" was addressed.
 Confusion dire was thus created ;
 Three fair ones long and loud debated,
 "'Tis mine !" "'Tis mine!" each shrilly called out,
 Till Zeus irate, thus sternly bawled out,
 "Ye vixens, stop your clatter barbarous,
 And hie with Hermes to Mount Gargarus,
 Where Paris dwells, brave son of Priam,
 A better judge than you or I am."
 The trio famed in classic lore,
 Appeared the shepherd lad before ;
 Long time his puzzled wits misdoubted
 As each in turn stormed, smiled or pouted.
 Juno, vast wealth and power, offered ;
 Minerva, war's great glory proffered ;
 The third cut short his hesitation,
 "The prettiest wife in all creation
 Is yours, if you judge fair between us."
 She spoke. The apple went to Venus.
 The immortal two, their hopes thus damped,
 Became enraged and off they scampered,
 Vowing in deadly rage and passion,
 The Trojan brood soon to make hash on.
 The gallant youth, who thus adjusted
 Affairs which gods to him entrusted,
 Then sailed away to Peloponnessus,
 An isthmus which you know in Greece is.
 Tarrying awhile with Menelaus,
 All that remains for us to say is,
 He carried off the beautiful Helen.
 A trick his host did not think well on.
 According to a promise made,
 The chieftain's then not long delayed,
 To launch their boats for well built Ilium,
 Dardanian blood its streets to spill in.
 Across the broad Augean driven,
 They reached at length the wished for haven ;
 With mighty fear each Trojan shudders
 As Grecian braves unship their rudders.
 Their boats no sooner touch the shore,
 Than forth step myriads or more,
 With stately tread and mien ferocious,
 Inquiring for that youth precocious,
 Who coaxed away the Spartan beauty,
 And made his punishment their duty.

For ten long years, a wretched lot
 The Grecian warriors there did squat.
 Before the city, fiercely fighting,
 Trojan and Greek the dust oft biting.
 Till one day from the city gate
 Hector, chief prince of Troy's proud state,
 Comes to defy the brass-clad Greeks ;
 And as he nears them thus he speaks :
 " Yestag-eyed Greeks, ye crew of bummers,
 Here stands a man of thirty summers,
 Who vows he can in deadly bout,
 The eyes of any Greek punch out."
 Achilles, then, with strides tremendous,
 Advances, cries, " Junt, defend us."
 Lift's high his gleaming spear, and flings
 Loudly, gainst Hector's thorax, rings it.
 The warrior falls ; stars flit before him.
 Achilles, when he thus did floor him,
 Still brandishing his brass-tipped spear,
 Shouts in the prostrate hero's ear,
 " Cay wilt give Helen back or no ?"
 Hector, faint whispers, " not for Joc."

My limping Pegasus here shuddering stops,
 So, o'er the harrowing scene, the curtain drops.

The Star That Never Sets.

(From the "Sheaf.")

There is one star that will never disappoint the hope it awakens ; its ray is never dimmed, and it knows no going down ; its cheering light streams on through ages of tempest and change ; earth may be darkened, systems convulsed, planets shaken from their spheres, but this star will still pour its steady, undiminished light. The eye that is turned to it will gladden in its tears ; the countenance that it lights up, sorrow can never wholly overcast ; the footstep that falls in its radiance finds no gloom even at the stormy shore of the Jordan, or when it enters the portals of the grave. It is the Star—

First in night's diadem,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

I exist ; what does the word mean ? Teach me, O G. I.—Gregory.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY

WRITTEN FOR A PUBLIC MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES AT THE
INSTITUTE.

BY MISS M. MCGINNY.

FOREST FAIRY, DREAM FAIRY, SNOW FAIRY, JOY FAIRY.

(Enter Forest and Snow.)

FOREST—"Is it yet the noon of night?
Or cometh it soon
The mystic noon,
When Heaven grows more bright,
And every star
That burns afar,
Shoots out new rays of light?

SNOW.—No, all my airy messengers,
From cloudland dancing,
In the moonlight glancing,
Bring word from the old church-tower,
That the merry rhymes
Of the Christmas chimes,
Will not ring for at least an hour.

FOREST.—Have you come from far to-night?
When you entered my domain,
There swept through all these hoary trees
So joyous and so fresh a breeze,
It seemed to blow from distant shores,
Echoes of glad delight.

SNOW—Yes, I have come across the ocean,
With the swift sweep of a spirit's motion;
From lands where the Christmas morn is ringing,
And the voices of happy singers singing,
And all the air is so full of gladness
That the winds in a mood of merry madness
Forget that they ever have sighed in sadness,
And sweep and whirl across the Atlantic,
Till the mermaids marvel at glee so frantic.

FOREST—"Tis time that all had come, (Enter Dream and Joy)
Ah! here is the gay Dream fairy,
And there is the bright little spirit of Joy,
Was ever a being so airy?

DREAM—All the bright spirits are busy to-night,
We have but come to plan their delight.

JOY—We must soon be away on the wings of the wind
To fly over all the land,
For my sisters have gone, and I long, O I long !
To join their happy band.

SNOW—Think you the weary world is sleeping ?

JOY—Nay, thousands to-night their watch are keeping
In great Cathedrals where bells are ringing.
And organs pealing and voices singing.

DREAM—And others that lie in all the seeming
Of sleep, are awake, yet awake, are dreaming
Of what might have been and what yet may be.

FOREST—But the children, the little ones are asleep ?

JOY—Oh ! many a one will wake and peep
Into the biggest, longest stocking
That ever such little feet wore,
And listen, and listen, for Santa Claus' knocking
At chimney, or window, or door.

FOREST—What have we done and what shall we do
Before the dawn of the day ?
We must make our plans before midnight chimes ;
White fairy, what do you say ?

SNOW—I have been floating over the world,
And millions of glittering snow-flakes whirled
Down, down,
Over country and town,
Covering all things dark and dreary,
Silently clothing the worn and weary
Earth with a garment white and saintly,
Till the silver horn of the young moon, faintly
Gleaming over the stainless drift,
Made it seem an emblem of the gift
Of purity and love,
Brought down from heaven above
By Him who in a manger lay,
On that first happy Christmas day.

JOY—O earth ! be glad to-night,
 Clad in your heavenly robes of white ;
 O earth ! ring out your great delight.

SNOW—And I have been in the forest awhile,
 And I have decked every spire and aisle,
 Till now with fretted arch and column
 It stands a Cathedral vast and solemn,
 Like the marble temples that men raise—
 White carven marble temples of praise ;
 And there the night-winds sing and sigh
 The grand chorale of the sky.

FOREST—Ah, fairy sister, well I knew,
 What marvels your magic art would do ;
 But before you came the solemn quiet
 Of these ancient woods was drowned in a riot
 Of joyous voices and gleesome laughter,
 Shouts ringing out and echoes after,
 Footsteps bounding and sleigh-bells jingling
 The merriest noises merrily mingling.

JOY—I was there, too,
 All the gay young hearts delighting,
 All the wild young heads exciting,
 Till they scarce knew what to do.

SNOW—But why did they come to the forest dim ?
 Surely not to list to the evening hymn
 Of the solemn pines. More grave their mood
 If that were why they came to the wood.

FOREST—They sought for slender young trees,
 Such as still ware their branches green
 And fresh in the frosty breeze.
 Balsam, and spruce, and fir,
 The fairest that ever were ;
 And boughs from the tall old giant that bend,
 Glad that they have aught to lend.

JOY—And to-morrow night,
 O, what wild delight !
 When in gay parlours the fair tree stands,
 Gemmed with a hundred glittering tapers,
 And the loveliest gifts of loving hands.

While all around, with the wildest capers,
The children laugh, and dance and chatter
In a most bewildering joyous clatter.

SNOW (to DREAM)—And were you, too, busy, while away?

DREAM—I have been toiling all the day.

FOREST—Dream Fairy, I thought you loved the night
Better than day, with its glare of light.

DREAM—Ah! there are day-dreams as bright and fair
As any that float in the midnight air;
And to-day the little folks kept me busy,
Till their dear little heads were almost dizzy,
Even the poor pale child of sorrow,
Dreamed that his wish would come true to-morrow.

JOY—Ah me! I am half-mad with delight.

FOREST—Let us haste to work while the stars are bright.

SNOW—I shall send forth, ere the dawn of the day,
My messengers, and in the air they will play,
Till heaven and earth seem to mingle
In a stormy delight
Of snowflakes white,
And the sleigh-bells' merry jingle
In the Christmas morning,
Will give Santa Claus warning
That 'tis time to leave the ingle.

DREAM—And I must fly, and with dreams delicious
And airy fancies, sweetly capricious,
Visit the sleepers to-night.
The rich shall dream it is good to give,
And the poor shall dream it is sweet to live
All happy till morning light.

JOY—And I shall come lightly,
And bid each one brightly.
Sigh no more sadly,
But gratefully, gladly
Give thanks to kind Heaven
For rich mercies given.

FOREST—Behold how fair and bright
Gleams yon especial star !
Even so, but with a purer light,
And with a splendour richer far,
Shone out the one that led the Eastern sages
To the veiled star, the star of infinite ages.

SNOW—Hear ye the echo of sweet singing
That every breeze is lightly bringing ?
Even so, but with a higher tone,
Because the music was heaven's own,
And with a clearer, fuller song,
Because it came from heaven's bright throng,
Rang out the first glad Christmas strains,
While shepherds watched on Bethlehem's plains.
The heralds from the far celestial portals
Proclaiming peace and good-will unto mortals.

JOY—Sweet sisters, while to-morrow bides
The Christmas angels be our guides,
Peace and Good-will a holy pair
Of sisters most sublimely fair.
Lo, o'er the earth I saw them move,
In each calm face a heaven of love.
Let us their sweet commands obey
To-morrow, their own chosen day.

DREAM—Oh ! I shall command all fairies kind
That fly on the snow-flake airily,
That glide on the star-beam, or dance on the wind,
Or float on the sea-foam fairily.
To forget for a while their fantastic play,
And the holy Christmas angels obey.
And over the earth
To scatter mirth
All the happy, happy day.

FOREST—Soon in the great bell's iron throat
Will stir to life the signal note,
Then the bells will begin their joyous ringing,
All in harmonious ecstacy swinging.
Ah, now, it breaks upon mine ear,
And Christmas, merry Christmas is here.

SNOW—Merry merry Christmas is here.
Let us hie away singing
While the bells are ringing

For the birth o. the day.
 Away away !
 For merry, merry Christmas is here.

(They Sing.)

List ! the bells are swinging
 High up in the air,
 Merry Christmas ringing,
 Ringing everywhere.
 Now to mortals bringing,
 Christmas mirth and cheer,
 Let us vanish singing,
 Christmas morn is here.

(They Vanish.)

HOPE, OYSTERS, EDUCATION.

(From the "Sheaf.")

DEAR EDITRESS—Being asked to write for the "Sheaf," and finding it hard to keep my mind within the narrow limits of any one theme, I thought I would present a few ideas on two or three kindred topics. Therefore I have taken a trio of subjects which are closely related, and which admirably illustrate one another, viz., Hope, Oysters, Education. I may say, as a preliminary remark, that I like them all.

To begin with Hope, the poet sings :

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair !
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whispered, promised pleasure."

These remarks apply equally well to oysters ; is there anything *fairer* than an oyster ? Slumbering in its pearl-lined shell it closely resembles a mild and lovely grey eye, and a very expressive one, too. And just please mention anything you happen to think of that promises more pleasure, To like oysters is a proof of an educated taste. This brings me to my third head—Education. Education is to the mind what an oyster-knife is to an oyster. It opens it and brings its beauties to light ; and sometimes, aye, and many a time, a pearl is found within an uncouth shell. What pearl so fair as hope ?

This brings me back for a moment to my first subject. Hope is either the anchor, the star, or the rainbow of the soul, just as you

please. Reliable people have given it all these names, and besides, it springs immortal in the human breast. This is a fact. What hope so substantial, so savory as stewed oysters? Oysters are found in many parts of the ocean: the best kind is the caraquet, a small species adapted to small mouths. Oysters as a rule have large mouths. My own mouth is none too small, but small mouths are not to be despised. I knew an elocution master who condemned small mouths. Elocution is an important branch of education. This brings me again to my third head, education. So far as I am able to judge, oysters are deplorably indifferent to the advantages of a good education, and I do not know of any society for the diffusion of scientific knowledge among them. Poor, ignorant things! they lie scattered through the vasty deep, yawning their lives away, all unconscious of Darwin, never saying to themselves, "I will one day be a man." Maybe they live on hope. I could live on hope and *them* for half a day or so. Are oysters in the course? If so, that branch of my education has been fearfully neglected by the Faculty. But dear Oyster—, beg pardon, Editress, and dear me, these subjects are so inextricably interwoven, that I am growing confused in trying to separate and distinguish them. I am no longer quite clear as to whether it is you, or my subject, or myself, that has three heads. It is like the Gordian Knot, and you know the way Alexander untied that, was, he didn't untie it at all, but cut it; so, if you please, I'll cut too.

UNIVERSITY HONORS.—The C. L. Institute has again asserted its superiority as an educational institution, irrespective of its denominational, or religious character. At the recent examination in Toronto University, no less than three of its former students have taken scholarships. In the first year Mr. Clark has carried off a double, Mr. McDiarmid one, and in the third year Mr. Yule, one. It will be remembered that Messrs. Clark and M. Diarmid were equally successful—having won the same number of scholarships, three—at the matriculation examination last fall. We need only mention the above to prove the rare educational advantages afforded in the C. L. Institute.

—*Woodstock Sentinel.*

[Mr. Torrance, a prize-man in Oriental Languages, was also a former student of the Institute.—EDS. TYRO.]

The Developmunt Thery, or Mister Darwin.

(From "The Oracle.")

Among the menny things which iz konstantly okerpyin the public mind ov the prezunt da iz the thery of Mister Darwin. With yure purnishun Mister Editur ide like tu offer a fu idears on the developmunt of that selebrated individool. If i understand it rite, Mister Darwin's thery iz az follers; that hiz grate furst parunt wuz a munke, or sumthin tu that effeck. Now i uish to maik onrabul menshun ov Mister Darwin's naim when i sa that az fur az it goze, this iz troo. But what i uish tu sa on this prezunt oekashun iz that Mister Darwin if he chozes ma klame a much more anshunt ansestree. Now it iz kwite kloor tu me, and i think it can bec disinksbually shone that Mister Darwin's grate ansestar and furst parunt waz a tadpole. Befour purseedin tu sho the pints ov simclarity betwene Mister Darwin and hiz furst grate parunt, and also hiz developmunt therfrom and so fourth, i wud beg tu ofer a fu remarx bast on the sain grate fundermental prinsipuls which underli Mister Darwin's selebrated thery. And what i uish to sa iz that not onle Mister Darwin hizself, but allso uther ancermuls ov the brute kreashun hav desended frum that sain numerus and illustrecus famerle direct or indirect.

Fur instans let us take a exampel frum the annermal rase. Now i konsidder that the clerfunt iz a kais in pint, and a exsellunt exampel ov the developmunt thery. I Kontend that the clerfunt's grate ansestur and first parunt wuz a tadpole. Let us arguffi the subjeck. Wcl tu perseed, yu see it iz a nonc fakt that sum, na menny, of the tadpole famerle cald riglers develop inter musketurs. Now if you plase a musketur and a clerfunt side be side, and vieu them individoole and kollektivle you will notis that the pints of simularite tu be so numerus az tu leve littel or no dowt as tu the intermate relashun ov theze too individooles. It will be purseved by keerful obsurvashun that the musketur haz fore or five legs, and it may be purseved that a clerfunt haz fore or five legs allsow. In the next furst plase there is the pröbuskesis. Now in mi estimashun both a musketur and a clerfunt haz prebuskesis tu a konsidrabul extent, ov coarse the musketur haz'nt got much ov a tale az i noze ov, but ncelthur haz a clerfunt fur a annermal ov hiz siz. Agane ther iz the teeth. Wcl i spoze if you kompar tuskiz the clerfunt haz it;

but i emfaterkle kontend that if you kompar bytes the musketur kan ekwal him tu enny extent. "But," sez some wun, which orter no better, "what about the wings?" Wel, mi thery runs az follers: Yu se it wud look kinder strange to se an clerfunt fliin. Yas, wel this iz wun rezin whi it haznt got no wings. Howsever its mi opin-yun the clerfunt haz wings. "Wharbowts?" sez yu, wel yu se as the kreechur waz in the proces ov developmunt, when the annermal got to sizer tu fli ezilie and grasefule, the wings giv it up and turned into the clerfunts eres, and it wuz dun! Thus i konsidder that it haz been distinckshuall shone that the musketer iz the clerfunts grate ansester and furst parunt. And thus i mite perseed and konsekertively sho that frum tle tadpole was desended other annermals and fowls, such as rats and mice and goblers, and kows and guls and eaguls and horses and rinoserhorses, aud asses and hipopotamusasses, and whales, and ualrushes and uther monksters ov the briny deep. But i refrane and perseed in the larst plase tu notis Mister Darwin hizself. Histry tells us that gients groed frum dragun teeth which wuz sowed in the grownd by King Kolkis (Collier's Ancient History of Grease, pg. 6.) and enuther fakt iz that some ov the south se ilanders maintain that they are desended frum the krow. So i think it wil ear long be a stablshd fakt in histry that Mister Darwin cum frum the tadpole direct or indirect. i'l not attemp in this breaflecture to sho the pints ov simularite betwene Mister Darwin and hiz grate ansester and furst parunt; but wil perseed at onct tu the developmunt. Now mi thery iz as follers: Furst the tadpole bekum a tode the tode aspired into a tal frog, the frog into a small munke, the small munke in a large wun, the large one into a verry large wun, and then into a jenerashun or too Mister Darwin hizself arose into bein' And i mite ad in konklushur that it iz kwite evident tu mi mind that Mister Darwin expecks to go on and still on in hiz devlupmunt until he noze so much that hiz noze will ekual a clerfunts noze, and who noze but what he wil be a clerfunt at larst.

What is Man that Thou Art Mindful of Him ?

(From the "Sheaf.")

When we turn our thoughts to the sublimer works of God's hands into what insignificance do the affairs of this little world seem to dwindle. Behold the starry hosts above you, See these twinkling atoms, these tiny points of light, just perceptible to your eye. What are they ? Stupendous lamps, hung in infinite space ; glittering worlds, wheeling around some mysterious centre, bright suns scattered in lavish millions, through the sky, each one, perhaps, the centre of an intricate system of planets. Each one, perhaps, the benign dispenser of light and heat to empires of life, beyond the ken of mortal eyes. Into these realms of wonder man's spirit may seek to soar, but it shrinks back awed and baffled in the attempt to grasp the faintest conception of their vastness. Yet it may be that all this immense complex system that we call our universe is among God's other works, a mere spot of misty light lying in some remote corner of his creation, a pebble on the shore of the ocean of his infinity, and if any created being could understand the mysteries of this universe, he would be as far from comprehending God the Creator, as we are today. But our thoughts descend on tired wings to this earth, this atom that we call our world, and we exclaim "Oh God, what is Man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him ?" , Thy tender mercies are over all thy works but that Thou shouldst visit us and crown the beings that people this speck of thy creation with glory and honor, the honor of assuming their nature, living in their world, and O, supreme wonder, dying for them, this amazes me. Lord, *what is man that thou art mindful of him ?*

We have so polluted our souls with sin, so beclouded the lustre of these immortal spirits, that we cannot understand how God can regard our salvation as worthy of the great price paid for it. But God knows the value of a human soul. It is a pearl of great price, an inestimable jewel, and nothing in His material creation approaches in value into it.

God made man in His own image, conferred upon him attributes resembling His own, and planted an indestructible gem of life within him, and in the eternity which he has begun, who can tell how wonderfully his powers shall be developed, and what energies that now lie

dormant within him may awake to action and enjoyment. His spirit no longer limited by earth's narrow bounds, no longer chained to the dull cares of this imperfect existence, but purified and exalted, will go on for ever growing with an unhindered growth in the knowledge of God, and of his attributes and works.

Oh, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him? How glorious the destiny prepared for him! Oh, child of earth, lift your eyes from the vain nothings that now enchant you.

Be mindful, O, be mindful, of that immortal spirit, whose salvation is of more importance to you than the winning of all these wondrous worlds, and seek through God's grace to live here upon earth as recognizing the goodness and glory of the destiny that awaits you in the eternal mansions, where God hath prepared such things for those that love Him, as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Editorial Notes.

EDITORS:—J. W. A. STEWART, J. J. WHITE, N. WOLVERTON.

OURSELVES.

THE TYRO proposes to act as an organ for conveying all interesting intelligence concerning the Canadian Literary Institute. It hopes to be an additional link in the strong chain which binds former students to their Alma Mater. It will do its utmost to reach the generous hearts of all the Institute's friends and supporters, and influence them to beat in still more perfect unison with the school in its work and progress. It will be a mirror to reflect the thoughts, motives, aims, and hopes of students and teachers, and will undoubtedly furnish a strong additional incentive to the cultivation of literary taste and talent in the Institute.

It will be published towards the close of every college term, and its religious and literary departments will be almost exclusively confined to the publication of original articles from the pens of students and teachers.

It does not claim perfection at the outset, but as the whole spirit and working of the Institute is onward, the TYRO humbly entertains the hope that it may catch this spirit and so rise higher in merit and interest.

The Editors now humbly commend this first number to the personal and sympathy of its readers, and hope that the "feast of reason and flow of soul," which it furnishes may both please and profit.

EXTENSION OF OUR COURSE.

We are glad to learn that to meet the wants of an increasing number of students anxious to proceed to a University degree, the authorities of the Institute propose to make certain changes in the prescribed course of studies. If we are not misinformed,

such arrangements will immediately be made as will enable students to obtain, in the regular course at the Institute, thorough instruction and drill in all the Pass-work and Honor subjects of both Junior Matriculation and First Year, or Senior Matriculation in the University of Toronto. In fact it is, we believe, intended to conform the Institute curriculum still further to the requirements of the University. In order to facilitate this, we understand that the staff of teachers is to be enlarged by the appointment of a gentleman who has recently graduated with honors at Toronto University. This is as it should be. We can only hope that the Senate in Toronto will aid this and similar efforts to promote higher education, and to extend the usefulness of our Provincial University, by making such arrangements in respect to examinations and examiners as may place all affiliated colleges, so far, on a footing of equality. Ontario cannot long be content with a single college, however thoroughly furnished, to do the work for its well-endowed University, and certainly no one can object to giving a fair field to competing colleges established and conducted upon the *voluntary* principle. Another suggestion is forced upon us by the recollection of the sharp competition to which we are continually subjected in the Institute class-room by students from the Ladies' department. May we not hope that the University may soon follow the excellent example of its great London prototype, by establishing a system of competitive examinations for ladies, with University certificates for rewards?

SOCIETIES.

There are five societies in connection with the Institute, one religious and four literary.

JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

For twelve years the teachers and students have been associated in the above Missionary society. We trust its labors have not been in vain, but that, it has been permitted to take an humble part in the spread of that Gospel which we love so dearly. It contributes from fifty to seventy-five dollars, annually, to the Missionary cause, chiefly to the American and Foreign Baptist Missionary Society. Three of its former members, Rev. A. V. Timpany, Rev. J. McLaurin and Mrs. McLaurin, are now laboring

among the Tellogoo, in India, and from them we receive, from time to time, the most cheering intelligence. The society has recently sent a printing press and type to them at a cost of \$153.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

President—Prof. J. Montgomery, Vice-President—P. H. McEwen, Sec.-Treasurer—N. Wolverton.

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The oldest society in connection with the Institute is the Adelpian. This is a literary society composed of the more-advanced gentlemen students. Its exercises, every Friday evening, consist of Orations, Debates, Essays, Dialogues, Readings and the "Oracle." It is the arena where many of the battles for literary supremacy in the school are fought. The many papers and magazines in the Reading Room,—except those kindly presented by the publishers—are furnished by the society.

PRESENT OFFICERS'

President—J. W. A. Stewart, Critic—N. Wolverton, Vice-President—D. S. McEwen, Sec.-Treasurer—T. Trotter, Marsba—T. Putnam.

GLEANER SOCIETY.

This also is a literary society, and is conducted entirely by the ladies. Ordinary meetings are attended by ladies only, but occasionally, entertainments are given in the Lecture Room, to which all are invited. The society furnishes a select library for the ladies, supplies its members with a few magazines and publishes the "Sheaf"

OFFICERS FOR THE PRESENT TERM.

President—Miss M. Stone, Critic—Miss M. McGinn, Vice-President—Miss C. McEwen, Sec.-Treasurer—Miss M. J. Bell, Librarian—Miss Eva Merrill,

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.

This society, composed of the younger male students, has a like object, the mental improvement of its members. It has its literary exercises, its select library and its manuscript periodical, the "Maple Leaf." Its meetings are weekly.

OFFICERS.

President—J. M. White, Vice-President—J. Kinsman, Secretary—C. Jamieson, Treasurer—E. C. Kitchen, Critic—T. Watson, Librarian—R. J. Brooks, Marshal—T. Dexter.

The last three societies unite in giving a public meeting at the close of each Spring and Autumn term. By these meetings they raise from seventy-five to one hundred dollars annually. Thus kept in funds they are enabled to supply the Reading Room, to make additions to their Libraries, and occasionally to devote their united funds to some benevolent object, or some slight improvement in the buildings or grounds.

SOCIETY OF THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNI.

The graduates of the Institute have formed a society which meets, every third year, at the close of the Spring term. At these grand re-unions the children of our Institute, now scattered throughout the land, return to their Alma Mater, as to a kind mother indeed, and, gathering once more around the old hearth, have many a tale to tell, and many an encouraging word to speak. Their next meeting will be in 1874.

Will the president, Rev. J. L. Campbell, of Chatham, or some other Alumnus kindly furnish us further particulars in regard to this society, before our next issue?

READING ROOM.

The Reading Room is free to all members of the school. On its tables are a large number of the best local, general, and foreign papers and magazines. The "Christian Messenger, Halifax, Nova Scotia; The "Canadian Baptist," Toronto, the "Baptist Union," New York; The "Christian Visitor," St. John, N. B.; the "Journal of Education," Toronto; the "Canadian Home Journal," St. Thomas, Ontario; The "Woodstock Sentinel," the Woodstock "Weekly Review," the "Times" Woodstock; the "Christian Spectator," Calcutta, India, and the "Baptist Missionary Magazine," Boston, Mass., have all been presented by the publishers to the Reading Room. These gentlemen will accept the thank of the teachers and students for their kindness. They certainly have the best wishes of all connected with the Institute.

The following are furnished by the Adelpian Society: The "Examiner" and "Chronicle," New York; the "Christian Guardian," Toronto; the "Watchman and Reflector," Boston, Mass.; the "Daily Globe," the "Daily Leader," the "Montreal Witness," the "Pure Gold," Toronto; "Public Opinion," London, England; "Canadian Illustrated News," Montreal; "Canada Monthly," Toronto, and "Littell's Living Age, Boston, Mass.

Closing Exercises.

The examinations of this term in connection with the Institute will commence on Friday, July 5th, and continue Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, until the afternoon, when the standing of each student will be read. On the evening of the same day a public meeting will be held by the Literary Societies. Programme of Exercises as follows:—

- MUSIC—"Sound the Trumpet." Choir.
 5 PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS J. W. A. Stewart.
 MUSIC—"Retour de Printemps." (Inst.) Miss Andrews.
 12 DECLAMATION W. T. Tapscott
 MUSIC—"Far, far upon the sea." (Solo, guitar accom.) J. J. White.
 15 SHEAF—Paper Miss C. McEwen.
 MUSIC—"Oh! how I love my Mountain Home." (Solo, duett and quartette.) Misses Stewart & Osbourne, Messrs. Trotter & Stewart
 READING J. J. White.
 MUSIC—"Tell me where is Fancy Bred." Messrs. Trotter & White.
 20 DIALOGUE Messrs. Putnam & Bates.
 MUSIC—"Martha." (Inst.) Miss C. McGinn.
 15 ORACLE. (Paper) D. P. McLaurin
 MUSIC—"All among the Barley." (Glee) Choir.
 15 ORATION—"The purpose of being." D. S. McEwen.
 MUSIC—"Oh, how sweet the Hunter's Song." (Duett.) Miss C. McGinn and Stone.
 15 COLOQUY—"Found." Misses Stone, Rippon, Chambers and Rowland.
 MUSIC—"Gloria." (Mozart.) Choir.

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It will be seen that several articles in the present number of THE TYRO are credited to papers with which many of our readers are not familiar. The "Oracle" is published fortnightly by the Adelpian Society; the "Sheaf," monthly, by the Gleaner Society, and the "Garland," twice in each term, by the Judson Missionary Society. These are manuscript periodicals. Editors are appointed, the students furnish contributions and the papers are read before the Societies. The Excelsior Society also publishes a similar paper, the "Maple Leaf."

WE purpose, in the future, setting apart a space for items in regard to the movements of our Alumni. When students graduate and enter upon their life work, we do not consider them lost to us. They are no longer students, yet they belong to our Institute, and we wish to preserve our union with them and their union with each other by establishing what will be a brief record of their movements. We can do this if they will assist us by keeping us informed of any changes they may make in their spheres of labor, or any items that will be of interest to those who have been their companions here.

PERSONAL.—The friends of the Institute will regret to learn that it is about to sustain another loss in the withdrawal from its staff of teachers, of Mrs. C. B. Hankinson, widow of the late lamented Prof. Hankinson. Mrs. Hankinson was, we think, connected with the Institute at its outset for some time, and, since the death of her husband some years ago, has returned to the work. As an energetic and efficient teacher she has won golden opinions. She has often been especially complimented by those in a position to judge, and whose opinions are of weight, for her rare power of securing attention, and awakening enthusiasm in the class-room. Mrs. Hankinson returns, we believe, to the United States, and her resignation is, no doubt, the result of a natural longing for the land of her birth, and the society or neighborhood of the friends and relatives from whom she has been long separated.

PRESENTATION.—At the close of last term Mrs. E. Hendrie retired from her position as Matron of the Institute, having filled it most efficiently for five years. Her departure was a cause of general regret, owing to the very high esteem in which she was held as a woman and a Christian. The students and teachers gave expression to their feelings on the occasion by presenting her with a tea service valued at eighty-five dollars. She takes with her the good wishes of the whole school.

MARRIED.—At the residence of Mr. W. Alexander, Guelph, on the 16th April, by the Rev. R. A. Fyfe, D. D., assisted by the Rev. J. W. Clark, and by the Rev. Dr. Hogg, Mr. R. Thompson, of Guelph, to Mrs. E. Hendrie, of the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock.