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Religious.

Christian Growth.

BY REV. M. MACGREGOR.

THERE is practically no middle ground between development and decay in Christian life and character. The only safeguard against error, the only preventive of declension, is continual advancement from one degree of grace and knowledge, holiness and strength, to another. The very attempt to become stationary is, as in the case of a boatman resting on his oars in the current which he is stemming, really to go backward. Accordingly, we frequently find in Scripture warnings against spiritual declension, and exhortations to spiritual growth in juxtaposition. Growth is the Christian's normal condition, and the very design of his circumstances; and on it his interests and usefulness, his dignity and happiness, depend.

Christian growth necessarily pre-requires the existence of spiritual life. Nothing that is destitute of life can properly be said to grow. In the natural world, stones or other inorganic substances, having no capacity for life, and plants or animals which have been deprived of life, are incapable of growth. The Scriptures declare emphatically that all mankind, in their natural condition, are abiding in spiritual death; that they are "alienated from the life of God," and "dead in trespasses and sins." The corruption of the de-

praved nature, the pollution of the sinful life, the insensibility of soul to spiritual things and eternal realities, the moral inability to perceive, appreciate or practice true holiness, demonstrate the dread accuracy of the description. But the fundamental and distinguishing characteristic of the Christian is spiritual life. Life is what was lost in Adam; life is what is regained in Christ. Jesus, not only by imputation of His finished righteousness to the believer's person, delivers him from that death which is the penalty of the law, but also, by the impartation of vital holiness to the believer's soul, through His quickening spirit, delivers him from that death which constitutes the virulent and essential principle of sin, the transgression of the law. This heavenly principle may well be called life; it is life indeed, and life eternal. There is nothing in all the natural world but the highest and most mysterious principle of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, natural life, that is worthy to be its symbol. Its functions are all essentially and supremely vital. It has its nutritive functions, by which it feeds upon and refreshes itself with Christ, whose flesh is meat indeed and whose blood is drink indeed, and who is constituted, to the Christian, the bread and water of life eternal. It has its senses of discernment, by which, when exercised, it "discerns both good and evil," and by which alone it perceives the things of the Spirit. It has its sensitive properties, by which it experiences the joys and sorrows peculiar to the Christian. It has its vital energy, by which it is enabled to do and to dare whatever the divine will may require. It has its reproductive power, by which, through the Word of God and prayer, it multiplies its existence and perpetuates its kind. Without possession, therefore, of this life, divine and spiritual, derived from Christ, its fountain, no one, whatever his natural qualities or cultivated attainments, can possibly be a Christian, or be the subject of Christian growth.

Christian growth essentially consists in the development of spiritual life. Whatever is endowed with a vital principle is adapted and tends to self-development. The acorn of a summer's growth and of a pebble's size, develops into the oak of centuries, with giant root and trunk, spreading branch and towering top. The infant of a day and of a span develops into the man of noble stature, herculean strength, and regal intellect. In social organizations—which are but higher unities—whether civil or religious, the same principle obtains. In every instance, also, growth is the development of life, after its kind.

Christianity, in each true believer, in each genuine, local Christian church, and in the one true catholic church of Christ, whose names are written in heaven, has a vital principle and a vital development. The church universal, which is Christ's body, has had its infancy, has now its youth, and has in certain prospect the colossal proportions of maturer years,—“the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.” Every genuine, local Christian church, is composed of living members, and has a vital organism peculiar to the earthly state, and subservient to the interests of the believer and of the church universal, by which it exercises its powers and absorbs and assimilates surrounding material. But the basis of all life and growth in churches local, or in the church universal, is the personal and spiritual vitality and vital development of believers, individually. Life flows from Christ directly, and not mediately, to each member of His mystical body. That life He imparts to them at first, by uniting them to Himself; and, by their abiding union with Him, He subsequently strengthens and develops it through all succeeding time. He came into the world, in human nature and under Divine law, that His people might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. The life imparted to the soul in regeneration is life in embryo; but it has vigour and growth for

evermore; and (to vary the figure) the deepest root and highest fruit of spiritual life are but its natural development. Upon the branch that is grafted into Christ, the various Christian graces cluster and ripen, like grapes upon the vines of Eshcol. The Christian, without growth, could no more subserve the end of his being, than would life in the vegetable or animal kingdom, were it to remain for ever in its incipient state. The design of the vivification of the Christian's soul, is its development into fruitfulness of Christian character. Strength and holiness, generousness and zeal, humility and love, are principal parts and germinal forces of Christian character, and from these are evolved innumerable varieties of grace, in fragrant bloom and savoury fruit.

Herein we see a fundamental distinction between saint and sinner. The excellences of the Christian are evolved spontaneously, and by cultivation, from the spiritual life derived from Christ. The excellences of the worldling are enlarged and multiplied by accretion, as a stone, and not by growth, as a tree; and if there be a species of vitality in his character, it springs from his own corrupt and carnal nature, and not from Christ, the fountain of all spiritual life. From confounding these things, which differ widely, arises the prevalent error of mistaking mere external reformation and extraneous acquisitions for vital godliness and Christian growth.

It is to be borne in mind, that, while Christian growth is in some respects spontaneous, in other respects it is voluntary; that while primarily it results from Divine energy alone, proximately it results, in part, from human agency. Hence the force of Scripture injunctions to Christian growth. Natural life, though ultimately dependent upon Divine power, is nevertheless sustained and developed by means of food, air, light, cleanliness, exercise, rest and sleep. By suitable culture, men may have the bodies of athletes or the

intellects of philosophers. Spiritual life, also, has its appointed and appropriate means of sustenance and development. The Christian must be nourished with Gospel food—the corn and wine of heaven; he must breathe the pure and bracing atmosphere of prayer; he must live in the sunlight of the Divine favour; he must frequently repair to the “fountain opened in the house of David, for sin and for uncleanness;” he must practice perseverance in appointed toil, and endurance of allotted suffering, for the Saviour’s sake; and he must experience the recuperative influence of religious meditations and of secret fellowship with God, if he is to develop into fulness and ripeness of Christian character.

Thus Christian growth is, to the Christian, a matter of duty and of privilege; and thus, also, the Christian should neither be satisfied with the extent of his attainments, nor discouraged at their insignificance.

“What am I?”

CHARITY, it is said, begins at home, and knowledge in this respect very much resembles it. Yet, “Man know thyself,” is an exhortation which needs frequent repetition. And, indeed, this knowledge is a kind not easily attained by reason of the peculiar difficulties connected with its acquisition. There is a wilful want of clear-sightedness when the mind is turned to view itself. Instead of simple perception there is a creative reproduction, so that a true conception of self is seldom if ever realized.

It is a very difficult matter to have a full conception of any subject or object. The various relations which we sustain to the objects of our research, and the different positions from which we view them, influence our perceptions and materially affect the impressions we receive. Hence the

many conflicting opinions with regard to the same object. Thus it is with respect to self-knowledge. Our impressions are as varied as the stand-points from which we view ourselves, and here lies another difficulty in the way of introspection. The many different and even contradictory conclusions at which we arrive, might easily be reconciled, were we capable of viewing the whole subject at one comprehensive glance. I look upon the flower blooming in its sweet innocency, shedding its rich fragrance on the balmy air, and am delighted with the view; but soon a blast of wind destroys it—its beauty is departed. I look upon the man vigorous, in the prime of life, virtuous, and full of lofty aspirations; he fills a sphere of usefulness, and has every prospect of proving a blessing to his race; but the cold blast of death comes upon him, and he too fades away. Wherein is the difference? As the one fades, so fades the other. The similarity holds good in respect to this life, but when we consider our relation to the future, when, in contrast to our weakness here, we think of our life in the world to come, 'tis then we grow big with immortality, and far surpass the flower. Some plants require two summers for growth: they make their root in the first, their blossom in the second. Man is a creature that grows by leaf and root in this life, but he is a creature of two worlds—in this one at his least estate, in the one to come he stands developed in the garden of life amongst the noblest objects. Then what am I? I am earthly and heavenly, mortal and immortal, living, dying. I am a centre from which emanate aspirations linking me to that toward which I tend. If my progress is downward, the links become the stronger in that direction; if upward, soon I see myself transformed, and realize that I am a seed whose germ is capable of a glorious development.

R. MCKILLOP.

An Even-song.

WHEN the evening fires were slowly dying
Down to embers in the western skies,
Sat a maiden at a window sighing;
Shades, that were not twilight's in her eyes.

And, near by, a mellow-throated singer,
At the organ, watched her pensive face ;
Singing, if perchance his song would bring her
Soothing thought to banish sorrow's trace.

Quaint and strange the music of its numbers,
Somewhat rude the cadence and the rhyme,
Dear to many a heart that lowly slumbers,
Sung by many a lip of olden time.

Not a song of courtly knight or maiden,
Not of deeds of antique chivalry,
But of One with bitter sorrows laden—
One who lived on earth that He might die.

Yet at first the maiden scarcely heeded,
And her eyes, grown used to look in vain
For the comfort that she sorely needed,
Sought the distance still in patient pain.

But the music striving with her sorrow,
Soon she listened with attentive air,
Till it seemed her soul began to borrow
Balm for grief, and sweet surcease from care.

Still the strain swept on and grew more glorious,
Still he sang of Him who lived to die,
Till the song rose up, like one victorious,
With a jubilant, rejoicing cry :

With a cry of great enraptured wonder,
As he sang of Him who rose again,
And forever broke the bars asunder
That had closed the home of God from men.

Then, like stars of long-time veiled splendor,
Shining out at last with heaven behind,
Shone the maiden's eyes serene and tender,
From the new-found peace that filled her mind.

So the singer rested from his singing,
And the organ sang no more that day ;
But angelic echoes faintly ringing,
Gathered up each sound that passed away.

MISS M. MCGINN.

In Memoriam.

SARA L. FANCHER.

Obit March 16, 1874.

THE long days of summer, with their golden harvests, bright flowers, and sunny skies, had passed, and September, with its rich fruits, rainbow-tinted forests and glowing sunsets, saw us gather in these halls. With us came a stranger, young, gifted and fair.

Shorter grew the days ; the breast of Nature was covered by a rich pall of radiant-hued leaves, stripped from their parent stems by November's frosty blasts, and with the passing time and changing scenes, we moved on, changing as we moved. The stranger was no longer a stranger to us then ; but as the flowers and verdure of Nature passed away, friendship's rarer flower struck root in our hearts, expanded its leaves, laid hold of our affections, and put forth its blossoms, until she who had "stranger" been, by the influence and exercise of gifts that charmed and ways we learned to love, was held as friend. Time's trials hurt not our fair flower, and the future promised only to develop further the growth so well begun.

But mortal ken knew not the spoiler nigh. We scarce had time to mark the shock that spoke the ruin of our hopes. We but feared, trembled, then mourned as gone. Where yesterday we looked on the blooming flower, to-day was a withered thing. September gave her ; March took her. While we mourn, what comfort to know that the Master's garden is richer now by one pure, fair flower, that

shall bloom eternally, and brighter, stronger grow in the light of His presence. The flower is crushed, but its fragrance lingers. May it ever remind us of the frailty of life, and cause us so to live that we may leave behind a hallowed and hallowing influence when our place is vacant forever. While we revere the memory of Sara L. Fancher, let us have a care that the memory of our lives and actions be a power to raise others up through the mists and clouds of earth, towards the bright presence of Heaven's Eternal King.

A. M. T.

Literary.

John Bright.

IN no other public man in England, probably, is there manifested a greater interest than in John Bright. He is one of the few men concerning whom public opinion has changed. Statesmen and politicians, who thirty years ago reviled him as a violent demagogue, now find no terms of praise too great for him, and listen with almost breathless attention to his speeches on public questions. And Mr. Bright has gained this power, not so much by a superiority of intellect as by his strict integrity and adherence to principle. It has been frequently asserted that Bright was a factionist, an extremist, and nearly always in the minority. The latter part of this charge is true, the first is not. It can be easily explained why he has been so often in the minority. Ever since he entered public life, he has been from five to ten years in advance of even the Liberals of the English Parliament and people. After becoming convinced of the utility and justice of a measure, he is usually engaged in pleading and fighting for it several years before he can convince the people of the truth of his views; and when he has succeeded in regard to that measure, he finds himself still as far advanced on some other question of public moment. But those who have opposed him have always found, that in some way, alone or assisted, he has eventually succeeded in his advocacy. As nearly all are acquainted with his general career, we will merely refer to a few things in regard to which his position is not so well known and understood.

First, we mention the stand he took against the Russian

war. It is well known how vigorously he opposed this war, both in and out of Parliament. And it is equally well known how few were his supporters, because at that time England was wild with enthusiasm for the war. Let us look at a few of the facts before forming our opinion upon his course. After Russia had made the demand upon Turkey, in 1853, in favour of the Greek Church, an International congress sat at Vienna, the result of which was the preparation of the "Vienna note," which contained almost the very terms to which the Turkish Government had privately assured the English ambassador they would agree. But, unfortunately, this note was first sent to St. Petersburg, and although the Russian Government accepted it without dissent, yet, when it was sent to Constantinople, the Porte would not accept it, perhaps because it came from Russia, perhaps because Turkey had secret assurance of assistance from France. Russia waited several weeks, proposed several methods of settling the difficulties, and, when all were refused, occupied the Principalities. Then the smouldering fires of war burst into a flame among the Western Powers. In England, Cabinet, Parliament and people were for war, John Bright and a few others against it. Hostilities commenced, and in the first campaign those three great victories were gained which shed such lustre upon the British and French arms.

But another fact remains to be noticed. Before Sebastopol was invested, another Congress of the Great Powers was held at Vienna. After much discussion, the Allies and Russia agreed on all points but one, "the occupation of the Black Sea." The Allies wished to restrict Russia to eight ships of war on that sea, Turkey to eight, France and England each to four. Prince Gortschakoff refused. His words were, "I cannot go to St. Petersburg with that clause in the Treaty. Do you think Russia will consent to have but eight ships of war on her own sea, while the Allies have six-

teen ; and will she give herself up, disarmed at the pleasure of the Napoleons and Palmerstons who can have an unlimited force on the Mediterranean?" The war went on. Sebastopol was taken and its fortifications destroyed. Russia was humbled, and in March, 1856, by the Treaty of Paris, agreed to the Black Sea terms, humiliating as they were. In the general rejoicing few thought of John Bright and the honest Friends who had opposed the war. Many had, during its progress, styled him coward. But was he a coward? Is that man, can that man be a coward who rises in the British House of Commons to advocate what he believes is right, when almost the whole 658 members are hotly opposed to him? Did it not show a high type of bravery, that neither the opposition of his brother members nor the fear of giving offence to his constituents (who did afterwards reject him) could deter him from holding fast his principles?

But what came of it? Fourteen years rolled by, and in November, 1870, the British Government was notified from St. Petersburg that "Russia no longer consented to the Black Sea clause in the Treaty of Paris." The press and statesmen of Britain discussed the matter, and decided that Russia was right, and that there was no necessity of protecting Turkey in the manner proposed; the very thing which Bright had pleaded in 1854. Russia was released, and to-day she is almost literally crowding the Black Sea ports with her iron-clads. This is the result of a struggle in which so much life and time and treasure were expended, and which few English statesmen of any note now attempt to justify. What a glorious rebuke can Mr. Bright give those who at that time so bitterly assailed him!

Just so in the American war. Had Lord Palmerston's Government shown that spirit of generous sympathy which Bright pointed out was just, these unpleasant feelings between the two great peoples, which it has cost so much to allay, would never have arisen.

Mr. Bright is certain to urge further reforms. He has already pronounced decidedly in favour of a non-sectarian school system, and strongly condemns the one introduced by Gladstone's Government. Is it not a little strange that, in this the intelligent nineteenth century, the best School Bill yet introduced into the English Parliament, tends to favour one religious denomination above others?

Let us glance briefly at the political condition of England in 1843, when Bright entered public life. At that time Manchester, with a population of nearly 300,000, sent two members to Westminster, while 54 boroughs, with the same total population, sent 89; Liverpool, with 320,000, sent two; Honiton, with 3,150, sent two. There were nearly six million men in the kingdom, and but one million had a vote. As Mr. Bright himself said, "An Englishman, if he goes to the Cape, to Australia, or to the Canadian Confederation, can give his free and independent vote; but only in his own county, on his own soil where he was born, on the soil he has enriched with his labour and the sweat of his brow, is he denied the right, which in every other community of Englishmen in the world, would be freely accorded to him." The navigation laws were then in force, and the East India Company in existence; the Jews were debarred from their rights, and in Ireland, five out of every six paid for the support of a church whose doors they never entered and whose ministrations they never enjoyed.

It is claimed by many that, as a speaker, Bright is the only one at present worthy to have a place beside those old orators—Pitt, Burke, Plunkett, Fox and Sheridan. The present Premier is more witty, probably a better debater; Mr. Gladstone can certainly compose a more elaborate speech, but neither are equal to him in some of the elements necessary to a great orator.

When Mr. Bright took office in 1868, it was wondered

how he could take the customary oath or kneel during the ceremony. His religious scruples would prevent him, and some, consequently, feared a difficulty. But our noble Queen soon solved it. She said that the day had long gone past when Royalty, nobility or Parliament could bind men's consciences, and that she would not revive it. He, therefore, merely made an affirmation, and that without kneeling.

Are we not safe in judging from his conduct in the past, that Bright will, in the future, remain true to his principles? He has, during thirty years, never placed party or self before his country, never placed power or profit before principle, never shirked expressing his views when they were unpopular, and has always stood on the side of liberty and equality. Can we doubt that when the acts and lives of the men of our day shall have become history for the future, high among the names of those men, whose memory England will delight to honour for their noble adherence to principle and equity, will be found that of John Bright?

I. CAMPBELL.

Phases of Life.

THE same object often presents very different appearances when viewed from different positions. A city or a town, entered from one direction, may give to the traveller a very different impression from that which he would receive by entering it from another direction. So also, the feelings with which we view an object seem to give it a colouring, and to impress upon it somewhat of their own character. Our views of life, its pursuits and its objects, are modified by both these circumstances. With regard to it, we are constantly changing our position. We look at it every day from a somewhat different stand-point. Our feelings, too, are constantly undergoing change, and thus, the

medium through which we view life being different, life itself seems to have undergone some strange transformation. The aspect which things present to us at different periods of life is so completely changed, that we could almost fancy ourselves removed to a new sphere. To the child whose mind is just opening upon the novel scenes which this world presents, everything is interesting in the highest degree, and nothing would be received with greater satisfaction than the assurance that he might live for ever in the midst of such interesting objects as press upon his attention from every side. Novelty, which is at all times an element of interest, then clothes every object with peculiar attractions. The childish scenes in which he is then permitted to engage seem delightful, but will more so do those appear which are yet in the future, clothed with the enchantment which distance yields. In youth we are full of life and energy and happiness. Everything seems made to be enjoyed, and we the creatures for whom all things are intended. Then we are not only hopeful, but confident, with regard to the future of life. We are fully persuaded that there is greater happiness to be found in it than any have yet been fortunate enough to discover, and we are determined to find it and to enjoy it. To those who are just beginning life, who have never felt "the ills that flesh is heir to," this world seems almost a paradise. It appears to be a place where everything that is good is certain to succeed by the use of proper means, where the right is sure to be rewarded in every instance, and the wrong to meet with its due. The world seems to be a theatre just suited to the exercise of their faculties, and to the accomplishment of noble purposes. They look anxiously forward to the time when they will participate in the brilliant scenes to be there enacted, and in which they expect to win at once honour and pleasure from the exciting competition. They are conscious of strength,

and can be satisfied only when exercising it. They are conscious of the capacity for enjoyment, and are contented only when contributing to meet the demands which this capacity makes upon them. They are conscious of desires after honour and the approbation of their fellow-creatures. These appear to be within their reach, and they enjoy the excitement of the competition necessary to their attainment.

But as we advance in life, and begin to realize that our powers are limited, and that circumstances frequently refuse to be controlled, life begins to wear a more sombre aspect. The bright colours begin to fade, and instead of the fairy-land which this world seemed, it becomes a very hard matter-of-fact kind of place. Now we can very easily be persuaded that "life is real, life is earnest," and we are forced to admit that things are not what they appeared to be a short time ago. Though there is some happiness, some pleasure, to be found in the world, there is also unhappiness and much that is far from pleasant. Gradually our expectations are modified. The present becomes more important in our estimation, and we look forward to the future with less confidence. We have met with disappointments, and though partial success may have attended our efforts, it has not been so complete or satisfactory as we had anticipated. We begin to doubt the correctness of many of our first impressions, and to modify opinions that we had long cherished. Faith grows weaker, and reason stronger. The airy castles of youth are swept away by the breezes of circumstance, and now we try to build a more enduring structure on a firmer foundation.

But as life passes the noon, and begins to decline, yet another phase is presented to our view. The changeable, uncertain character of everything pertaining to this life, begins to impress itself upon the mind. A kind of dissatisfaction with the best that earth affords threatens to take

possession of us. We seem to have reached that point from which we are able to take in at one view all that the world is able to do for us, and it seems very meagre indeed. Now the brightness seems all to have faded from the picture, and dissatisfied with the future, the mind, doubling upon itself, turns again to the past in search of that satisfaction which seems to have eluded its pursuit. In the morning of life the mind pursues a shadow which lures it towards the glowing west; in the evening we find it reversed, and again it is pursued until lost in the thickening shades of night.

R. CLARK.

"Tis Pleasant to be Missed."

"ALWAYS and ever in our lonely home
We'll miss you darling," and the gentle voice—
A mother's—tremulous grew, and low and sad,
And the mute lips touched with a tender kiss
The snowy brow of her beloved child.

Like a frail lily which the rude winds bend,
The gentle girl bowed under this first grief
That touched her life. Then with a quiet smile—
Sweet as a sunbeam after rain, she said,
" 'Tis pleasant to be missed.' In my new home,
Amidst the wealth of happiness and love,
Which the sweet song of Hope foretells me
Shall be mine, I'll think of thee, my mother,
And the remembrance, sweetly sad, shall thrill
Through all my being—' there they miss me still.'
And if my fond anticipations prove
But the day dreamings of an idle heart,
If Sorrow comes in any guise, to cloud
The mellow sunlight of my coming life,
And, saddest thought of all, should those I love
Grow cruel, and forget me till my heart
Is wild with agony, and life becomes
A weary burden, then a thrilling voice
From the dear hallowed past, shall softly steal
Through memory's halls, and whisper lovingly,—
' We miss you darling,' and my troubled heart
Shall find it balm and peace to think of this."

Time sped, and Sorrow's cruel feet were stayed
 Beyond the threshold of that fair abode
 For many many joy-crowned years. At length
 There came a day when a grim shadow fell
 Athwart the doorway, when the glorious light
 Of joy died out, and gloom o'ershadowed all.
 Death, with dire meaning in his glance, looked in,
 And blanched the rose-lip and the blooming cheek
 Of her whose presence had been light and joy
 Within the precincts of that happy home.
 And he who kept so long and well his vow
 To cherish her through life, stood pale and still,
 Waiting the end, yet not with meek submission,
 But in the greatness of a noble heart
 Hiding each sign of agony, that so
 He might not pain her, yet she knew it all,
 And, with the old-time smile of sweetness, said—
 "'Tis pleasant to be missed ;' I scarce could die
 Knowing that none would mourn for me,
 No tear fall on the sod above my grave.
 Now I can say adieu with gladness, knowing
 That this poor life has not been all in vain.
 To some one, better for my brief existence,
 My memory shall be sacred, and the joy
 Of meeting on the shore beyond death's river
 Shall be, even here, a gleam of future glory,
 Which shall bless and brighten all his life."

MISS M. SINCLAIR.

Poets of England.

IT is difficult to determine just what poetry is. Various definitions have been given, none of which, however, are satisfactory. The popular idea that makes it consist in rhyme, is quite erroneous. Poetry is so far from consisting in mere rhyme and gingles of words, in which young writers so frequently indulge, that such writings are often destitute of its first elements. On the other hand, much of our prose is poetry. Much of Old Testament scripture is poetry in its sublimest form. Whatever we may define poetry to be, it is certainly indebted to imagination for its distinguishing

characteristics. On this principle alone can we explain the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon, that the ideas of all nations in the earlier stages of their existence naturally assume a poetical form. The fierce and savage tribes of Indians, who once roamed through our North American forests, gave expression to their joy in songs of mirth, and in the wild strains of fierce woe they poured forth their grief. The barbarous Picts and Scots who wandered over the Caledonian hills were true poets—poets of nature. Perhaps it is for this reason, that the Gaelic language is so well adapted to poetry and oratory. It is not a philosophical language, but it is certainly a poetical one. In poetry the early Greeks and Romans excelled. To the poetry of Homer the Greek language is indebted for much of its beauty. The Roman, Spanish, French, and Italian languages all owe their distinctive characteristics to their respective poets. Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, in English, have done more for our language than all other influences combined.

The first English poet of note that appears upon the stage is Chaucer. He established a fame that forced its way through the difficulties of his age, and increased with the lapse of time, so that in the libraries of all liberally educated men, the poems of Chaucer are found. He was born in the year 1328, died 1400, so that it is only about five hundred years since the rise of true English Poetry; and Geoffrey Chaucer may well be regarded as the "Father of English verse." This was in the reign of Edward III. One hundred and fifty-three years passed away after the death of Chaucer before the next great poet arose; this was Spenser, the bright and morning star of English literature, born in 1553, in the most memorable period of English history—the reign of Elizabeth.

The next poet of note who appears upon the scene is the great Shakspeare. With reverence would we approach his

memory. Praise from us seems folly. As well might we attempt to trace the forked lightning in its course, or still the deep murmuring thunder, as to undertake to follow the lofty soarings of this man of genius. Step by step, from a poor boy, whose first verses were written on a gate post as a "take off" on a country magistrate, he rose to the loftiest eminence to which any uninspired man has ever attained. Highest on the pillar of literary fame stands the name of William Shakspeare. He seems to have read mankind—all their emotions of love and hate—with the eye of inspiration. His knowledge of law is such, that we would be ready to say he must have been a lawyer; of medicine he knows so much, that we would call him a doctor; and he is so familiar with the Scriptures, that we would say he must have been a clergyman. Never in one man were so many and such greatly diversified talents combined. In the lofty soarings of his poetic flight, he reaches the very clouds, and in the search after truth he probes man's deepest heart. The energies of the world seem to have been exhausted in producing a Shakspeare. His name stands alone—stands peerless among the centuries.

The next great name is that of John Milton, the scholar, the reformer, and the noble Christian poet of the seventeenth century. He was the most learned of all the poets. After years of intense study and unwearied application he became totally blind; but while his bodily eyes were blind to all earthly things, the eyes of the soul saw sights never before revealed to mortal ken. He seems to have looked right into spirit world, and to have discerned things almost too holy for the gaze of mortals. In his "Paradise Lost" he presents hosts of angels in battle array. He makes the good and bad fight in dire conflict, puts words into the mouth of God himself, makes angels speak, represents Satan urging the angels to rebel, shews him in the conflict, shews him overthrown

and fallen to the lowest pit, shews him seated on his great iron throne, and tossing on the wild waves of the lake of fire, still defiant, still determined to have revenge. He shews him coming to Eden to tempt the innocent and happy Eve. He then, in "Paradise Regained," represents Christ as victorious over all his foes, Satan and his host vanquished, and Christ and his people triumphant. For seven years Milton laboured at the composition of his greatest work. As one author has said, "Awful though its tone is when the glare of the fiery gulf falls upon its stream, or the noise of battling angels shakes its shores, it breathes the sweetest pastoral melody as it glides on through the green and flowery borders of sinless Eden." There is something grand in contemplating the blind old man sitting, looking through his sightless eyes upon beauties, which, when portrayed, have delighted all mankind. He sat and dictated those glowing and lofty strains, while his two daughters committed the immortal words to paper. The great Milton died unappreciated; but while his body sleeps in the tomb, his name is embalmed and held sacred in thousands of hearts; and until language shall be forgotten—until all taste for the good and beautiful shall perish—until wrong shall be more loved than right—will the name of John Milton be held sacred.

Time would fail us to mention all the great English poets—poets of undying fame. The stern, almost cruel, Dean Swift; Pope, that "Prince of the artificial school of English poetry," whose cutting satire is so well displayed in the "Dunciad;" Addison, who, by his blameless life in the midst of an idle court, by his influence in refining the taste of the times, and in encouraging by his genial criticism the study of the master works of the past, did so much good. We can only glance at Thomson, whose "Seasons" every one has read, and whose "Castle of Indolence" is

familiar to many. The subject of the former comes home to every heart, and in it is "the first sign of that root which has in our age blossomed into such flower and fruitage of delight in nature." With brief words we must let him pass, and pause a moment to notice the talented, though weak Goldsmith, whose "Deserted Village" and "Vicar of Wakefield" are known and read by everybody: True, the memory of his reckless life casts a dark shadow on his name; yet, as Collier says, "no bad man could write a book so full of the soft sunshine and tender beauty of domestic life, so sweetly wrought out of the gentle recollections of the old home of his childhood." The gay, fierce Lord Byron, Southey, Shelley, Wordsworth, Moore, Hood, Miss Cook and Mrs. Hemans, are all familiar as household words. To all of them we are indebted for much pleasure and profit—to all of them we would render our poor meed of praise. All honour to the old poets of England; but in the midst of this brilliant galaxy of poets, the hills of old Scotia claim a part. Dear to every Scottish heart is the name of Robert Burns. Beneath the rough exterior of that Ayrshire ploughman there beat a heart as true, and shone a poetic fire as bright, as the world has ever seen. Burns was a true poet of nature; his songs go home to every heart. What a charming picture of everyday life is his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" and in his "Lines to a Mountain Daisy," what tender lament and exquisite comparisons are presented. Sad that one so gifted should have fallen so low. Sir Walter Scott, also, we would not forget thee. Thy "Lady of the Lake" we love, and at "Marmion's" feet we would cast the laurel wreath. The Isle here claims a place, and no word of ours shall ever deny that place. Proud are we to have descended from a nation so rich in illustrious names.

It is said, however, that the day of great poets is past. This is an error. While we have our own good "Poet-

Laureate," and our American poet Longfellow, we dare not say that the day of great poets is past. Alfred Tennyson is, beyond all question, the first poet of the present century.

Long may the honours won by poets and sages adorn the brow of the nation on whose throne sits the good Queen Victoria.

MISS J. J. MCARTHUR.

How I pity every one on a hot day, more especially myself (charity, you know, begins at home).

I HAD passed the day partly in the ice-house, partly in the cellar; had read Captain Hall's "Explorations at the North Pole," and had felt as if I could be very patient in bearing the freezing vicissitudes of life in those icy regions. But now the excessive heat over, the sun smilingly bade us good evening, and I did not urge him to stay a little longer, as I sometimes did a certain other "son."

The shutters had been closed all day, probably to prevent our enthralled spirits flying from their melting earthly tabernacles; but now as said tabernacles were much more comfortable, the immediate danger was over, and back flew the venetians, and in flew the cool breeze from the river. Deliciously it stole around me. How every little curl on my head vibrated with pleasure, and danced up and down in ecstasy at its approach! Ah! sly breeze, you have a way of making all yield to you. The honeysuckle against the window gives up to you its sweetest perfume, and away you bear it on your balmy wings. Ah! roguish breeze, and am I to yield to your persuasion too? I see you are coaxing me to come out to you. Who could resist your sweet, low whisperings, and your sc` cool kisses? Where's my hat? Ah! here it is—been made bend to circumstances, like

the rest of us in this world. Wouldn't mind people making a fan of you, if they would'nt pull the strings off. But now I'm off too, away down the lawn to the river. Was there ever such a night since the eve of the "Feast of Roses?" How balmy, cool the air! How sweet the perfume of the flowers! How musical the murmur of the water! The moon outdoes even a Yankee jeweller in making the very commonest rubbish look like silver. I know it is a sad delusion: I know as well as Mr. Longfellow that,

"Things are not what they seem ;"

- but I know, also, that nothing is more delightful than moonshine while it lasts, therefore I intend to enjoy it. Here is at least one thing that is what it seems—a comfortable seat. Just room enough for two (there's only one to-night though). I have a beautiful sight of the river; the branches of the maple bend over my patriotic head, and the blossoms of the wild rose kiss the roses on my cheeks. Don't think that I am the originator of that little piece of flattery. I hadn't the slightest idea I had roses, until Charl——, there, I won't tell you who told me so; but I always believe everything he says. I sit dreaming; my bodily eyes are turned admiringly towards the vine-clad trees on Grape Island, while my mind's eye is turned very admiringly in a certain other direction. I softly hum the song,

"O come with me in my little canoe,
Where the sea is calm, and the sky is blue."

· Suddenly I am awakened from my reverie, by the sound of oars. I listen, as the plash of water grows louder and nearer, and wonder who the moonlight visitors can be. I begin to feel quite like a heroine. I draw the vines closer round me, and sit quite still awaiting an adventure. There, the boat shoots round the curve of the river; but instead of the ferocious robbers or gipsies imagination had placed therein,

I recognize in it two young gentlemen, whom I know to be neither. One of them had indeed stolen a certain article of mine, but I had entirely forgiven him, and had even made him a present of the treasure in question. His eyes are turned in the direction of our house, and though I know he prides himself on being a first-class tarsman, "a girl" might guide a boat better than he is doing now. Poor fellow, he is a mathematician. Probably he is mentally solving a question in "Compound Partnership," or perhaps meditating on that inexplicable "Matrimonial Theorem." (Pardon my inaccuracy in algebraical expressions.) His companion, however, not possessing the same high tastes, seems decidedly averse to having water thrown on what he does possess. Struggling hard to satisfy the demands of gravitation, and still to keep on the right side of the boat (the inside), he exclaims, "Charlie, my dear fellow, you are steering just a little too far Helen-ward." Ah! Mr. Fred. Burns, how I wish I could make you smart for taking such punning liberty with my name.

But now my curiosity is awakened. I watch the boat as it makes its way to Grape Island. I see both figures spring ashore. I see them lift out of the boat a heavy box, and stoop down to examine its contents. At this point, my curiosity darts from my eyes, and runs off at the tips of my fingers, like electricity from a generating battery. One of the figures on the island begins cutting stout branches from the trees, and the other seems to be digging a pit. O, if moonshine ever was desirable, it is so now; but, like many other friends, her lunar majesty hides her face in the time of greatest need. Something exceedingly mysterious is going on in the island; and, alas! I can only see "men as trees walking." The ceremony is finished at last, to the satisfaction of the actors (not to the satisfaction of the observer, by any means). The boat is unmoored, and basking

in the smiles of the now unveiled moon, it sails gently down stream, glides round the curve of the river, and is lost to sight.

I turn my eyes towards the scene of the late mysterious proceedings. There lies the miniature isle, seemingly all unconscious of the mighty secret it holds. The last faint sound of oars dies away in the distance. Deep silence has fallen on the place. And now my woman's curiosity becomes all too much for me. As Virgil has it, "*Tum vero ardemus scitari et querere causas.*" My little boat, the faithful Water-Witch, lies moored in the tiny bay below. In a moment my resolve is taken; in another, the Water-Witch is skimming over her native element in the direction of Grape Island.

That heavy box—what did it contain? What meant that gleaming spade? Thrilling stories of hidden treasures whirl through my brain, though what Charles Halston could possibly have to do with them somewhat puzzled me. He, poor fellow, had told me again and again, that he had but one treasure on earth, and I had reason to know that one was not just at present on Grape Island, much less was it buried.

The islanu is reached. I look cautiously around, and step on shore; but as I noiselessly glide towards the place where the violets grow, in order to get the spade kept there, I become entangled in a perfect network of ropes and cords. Ah! this is some of to-night's strange doings; but my pen-knife soon sets me at liberty, and I pause to look around. I find a row of stakes, to which the ropes are attached. I pull up several of them, then get the spade and begin operations on the ground, which has been recently disturbed. (Digging, I contend, is not an unladylike occupation. Don't you suppose Eve helped Adam to dig the garden of Eden? And wasn't she the first lady of her own day, and indeed of any

other?) But I don't believe the soil of Eden could have been so hard as this particular part of Grape Island (if it was, I pity Eve). On the surface it was loosened just a little, but below this, "*terra firma*," still remained terribly firm. I will examine those cords; perhaps they, like the silken thread in the labyrinth, will lead me out of this mystery. They are fastened securely to stakes, then caught up in the trees above, but further than this I cannot trace them. I seize one of the strongest, and cautiously draw it towards me. Quickly I see it rise from the water, and, lo! at its extremity is a baited fish-hook!—The cord falls from my hand. I re-enter the boat. I am tired of mysteries: I never did like them. I feel also a new sympathy for all poor victims of the finny tribe. I seem to realize, as I never did before, how very disagreeable it is to be deceived by baits and hooks. Oppressed by such moral reflections as these, I had no desire to relate my adventure; and ere long I sought the silence of my chamber, where "thoughts might come o'er me as they would."

I am busily engaged in arranging the drawing-room—even drawing-rooms need arranging sometimes, and what is more, they need some one to arrange them. (O, that all old bachelors would take this thought home. It might lead to their taking something else home some day.) I have thrown open the window to admit the morning breeze, and in it comes, bedewed with the song of birds, the perfume of flowers, and the hum of bees. (I wonder if a bee was ever a busybody thankless? I wonder if I ever was?) But see, up the lawn, from the river come two figures, discoursing elegantly—rather emphatically, I should say. I wouldn't listen; Oh, no, (listeners never hear any good of themselves) but I can't help hearing. Nature has, unfortunately, provided me with facilities for doing so.

"Children, you should never let your angry passions rise."

Judging by Charlie's voice, I should say his had risen considerably above zero. "I say it was a downright shabby trick. If I had the fellow that did it, I'd——." Just wait a moment, Mr. Charlie; perhaps you will have the "fellow" that did it some day, so you'd better make no rash promises of what you'll do when that time comes.

I turn from the window, striving to put my mind in a frame fit for sympathizing with the griefs of suffering humanity. Oh, for a face as long as the moral law, that I may succeed in this particular instance. Is there any harm in sympathizing with the fish also?

MISS E. CRAWFORD.

Does Poetry necessarily Decline with the advance of Civilization?

IN Lord Macaulay's essay on Milton, we find the position taken, that, "As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines;" and that superior mental culture, so far from being an advantage to the poet, is one of his greatest hindrances. We know that he is not exceptional in the position he has taken; for other writers of distinction, among whom is Lord Jeffrey, have maintained the same: yet we cannot but feel doubtful with regard to its correctness. Lord Macaulay admits that his statement is rather paradoxical; but he advances argument to prove that it is nevertheless true. He notices the facts that the poetical element of a nation's literature is the first to develop itself; that it attains to a considerable degree of perfection while yet science is comparatively unknown; and that science and philosophy are only developed in an enlightened age. While the truth of these statements is evident to every reader of history, yet we fail to see that they afford any basis for the conclusion, that with the advancement of philosophy there

will necessarily be a decline in poetry; that "in an enlightened age there will be much science and philosophy, but little poetry," that "in proportion as men know more and think more, they will make better theories, but worse poems." That philosophy does advance with civilization, no one need doubt; but does its advancement involve the decline of poetry? We fail to see how the culture and refinement which promote the one prove injurious, rather than beneficial, to the other. While we think that no one who lacks the natural qualifications can become a true poet by culture, we are not at all prepared to admit that a thorough education and a high state of social refinement prove detrimental to the poetic art. On the contrary, we think that the culture which is necessary to the full appreciation of true poetry, is also necessary to its production. Every other occupation advances with the civilization and higher education of the people. Every other sphere of literary effort is enriched by mental discipline. It is but natural to expect that the growing efficiency of the power exercised should be followed by improvement in the work performed; and we fail to see what there is in poetry which causes it so to clash with Nature's universal law. If that excellency of thought, purity of taste, and power of expression, all of which are essential to true poetry, are to be found in their highest perfection in the ages of ignorance and barbarity, and decline as civilization advances, what is mental culture? what is social refinement? and what are their benefits? Yet the statement that "the earliest poets are generally the best," Lord Macaulay calls, "the most orthodox article of literary faith." One of the arguments which the author uses in support of his position is, the effect which the poetry of the early ages produced on the minds of the people. It is true that the wild effusions of a fiery brain in an age when superstition held the throne of reason, would rouse more

terrible to the minds of the people, than would any poem in an enlightened age. But are we to ascribe this to the perfection of the poetic art, or to the uncultivated taste of a people who knew no criterion of excellence but the wild agitation of feelings harrowed by scenes of horror? The author might argue in the same manner, that because any commonplace distribution of glaring colours on canvas would produce livelier sensations in many an untrained mind, than would an exquisite picture in that of a skilled artist, therefore the ruder painting displays a higher perfection of the art. In the early stages of literature, the most extravagant outburst of an untrained imagination would, in all probability, be preferred to the well-wrought imagery and chaste expression of later times. So also would the common commingling of sounds in music be more appreciated by the untrained ear, than would the grander symphonies of Beethoven; yet a true judge of music would decide very differently with regard to their merit. In the same manner, though an uncultivated people might prefer the meaningless verses of a ballad-monger to the choicest stanzas of Tennyson, yet no person of good taste would come to the same conclusion; and we cannot think that Lord Macaulay himself, though he places the golden age of poetry in the past, would exchange the choice thoughts and pleasing expression of the poets of the last centuries, for the vague productions of earlier times.

The author advances another argument and says, that "language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state." If the rudeness of language only meant that rugged style which makes up in strength what it lacks in beauty, the argument would be one of force; but when we take into consideration that baldness and vulgarity, so characteristic of language in its earliest forms, and remember that on account of its poverty, the

nicest shades of thought could never be expressed, we fail to see how he, whose themes are the most æsthetic, can find it the best adapted to his purposes.

The author again argues, that the progress of philosophy involves the decline of poetry, because the mode of thought necessary to the one is injurious to the other. This would probably be true in the case of a single individual, as no one can be truly successful in any one occupation who distributes his power among many ; but when it is applied to a nation's progress, we think it proves faulty. It might as well be argued, that because agriculture is now carried on more efficiently and extensively than it was in the early ages, therefore there necessarily is a decline in the mercantile business, while, in reality, the one is the assistant of the other.

He also speaks of the very thorough education that Milton received—and it certainly was one of the first order—and then, from the position that literary proficiency is a hindrance to the highest attainments in poetry, he argues, that no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than did Milton. If intellectual culture be detrimental to the poetic art, then almost all poets of distinction have had to contend with the same difficulty. How is it, then, that they so strangely burst the bonds of their fate and soared to eminence, while those who never had such difficulties to hinder their progress scarcely ever rose above the common level? Arguing from the same standpoint, we would legitimately conclude, that the first attempts of a poet at metrical composition would be his most successful ; yet this would not agree with common experience and observation. Is it not more likely that the training which enables us to perceive the beauty of thought, would also cultivate the power of its conception and expression? We fail to see how that discipline which quickens mental activity, gives breadth and energy of thought, grace

and beauty of expression, can be a hindrance to him whose themes are the most æsthetic, and who therefore requires the rarest capabilities. We believe that there is much truth in the adage, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," yet we as fully believe that England's poetry would never have sparkled so brightly on her literary page, had her poetic talent been unaided by thorough discipline. And we venture to say that, if it were not for that thorough culture, which Lord Macaulay calls a poet's hindrance, Milton's sublimest epics would lack that highest perfection which their able critic so much admires. We believe that a thorough education would prove a benefit to poetry, by ridding the world of much contemptible rhyme; and while it might lessen, to a certain extent, the quantity of *lyric* poetry, yet, as a general rule, its quality would be improved. We think that both poetry and philosophy will be found in their highest degree of perfection in an enlightened age; and that the thorough control over the intellectual faculties, which severe discipline alone can secure, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on poetic productions.

D. A. MCGREGOR.

A Canadian Autumn and Winter.

QUIETLY, with stately step and solemn mien, she came upon us. Her countenance was comely, and a subdued gladness beamed from her lustrous eyes. Amidst the rich profusion of her auburn tresses, a garland of rare flowers, golden grain and mellow fruits, entwined itself, and fell upon the rich folds of her flowing drapery. In one hand she held a goblet of sparkling wine; in the other her magic brush and pencil—for our Canadian Autumn is an artist in her way, and loves to sketch wondrous pictures and paint them in colours of exquisite hue. Green

fields and sombre woods turn to living pictures beneath the fairy touches of her mystic brush. Lavish of bright colours and glowing contrasts, she never errs in her selections, but out of infinite variety creates a picture of perfect harmony and finish. The maple, the glory of our woods and the emblem of our country, is an especial favourite of hers. Here does she bestow the choicest colouring, green and gold, crimson and scarlet and brown, till each seems a gigantic flower-stalk crowned with a myriad blossoms.

But she does not linger long with us. Touching earth into a paradise almost too lovely for the abode of sordid, unappreciative mortals, she departs, silently as she came. Sadly nature mourns for her lost darling.

“Sounds are in the earth and ether,
Sobs and murmurs half divine.”

But she hears or heeds not—she comes not back.

But who is this blustering giant, with icy breath and a mantle of pure and lovely texture? Ah! old Winter, thou thought'st to steal unawares into Autumn's forsaken domain, but we were too vigilant not to hear the hoarse murmur of thy voice and the weird creaking of thy footsteps in the ice-bound north.

Yet, with all his gruff ways, his stinging sarcasm and pitiless outbursts of wrath, he also is a lover of the beautiful. His apparel is spotless as angel's drapery, more delicately and artistically wrought than Eastern monarch's. Fringed with pendants of purity, sparkling with gems, and draped with fantastic lace-work, it is in truth “a thing of beauty.”

Over the land he sweeps, scattering with bounteous hand his priceless ornaments, covering unsightly objects from his impatient gaze, spreading over earth a carpet woven in the unknown cloud-land, decking whole forests with brilliants, till the enraptured heart breaks forth into songs at the sight. Cold he seems and cruel, yet there are warm nooks hidden

away in his wonderful heart. There are pleasant cosy fire-sides and happy faces clustering around them, and the fire-light's glow in the shadowy room seems but a reflection from their joyous spirits.

List! Is that the silvery tinkling of merry sleigh-bells in the distance? How swiftly they speed over the new-fallen snow in the light of the imperial moon, while a million of "sentinel stars" beam downward, as if angel eyes watched lovingly through the open gates of the Heavenly city.

But time wears on, and Winter's life is ebbing slowly away. The tempests of his earlier days are hushed; smiles and sunshine beam over his wan countenance, and we find ourselves wondering if he is in reality the stern monarch we once thought him. May his end be peace, and long may the pleasant memories of his life linger in Canadian homes.

MISS M. SINCLAIR.

Wild Flowers.

SWEET little gems that deck earth's rugged brow,
 When first to gentle spring bleak winter yields;
 No kindly hand your tender beauty shields,
 And yet ere verdure clothes the cultured fields,
 Ye bloom on mountain cold, and valley low.

How strange, the woodland chill should be your home!
 That ye should blossom in a lonely wild!
 That craggy rocks in wild confusion piled,
 Should be a home for Nature's tenderest child—
 Ye forest beauties on your mountain throne!

I've seen you when mid storm and tempest wild
 Ye bowed and fell, with leaves all rent and torn,
 And thought how I adversity had borne:
 My heart drank in the blackness of the storm:
 Ye, crushed to earth, looked up again and smiled.

Your little lives so pure are not in vain,
 Your tender forms in stainless beauty drest,

Your calm repose, amid the world's unrest,
Are words by which God hath Himself express'd,
And lead the seeking mind to Him again.

Fair family of God, your lovely forms
Make deserts like to Eden's blissful bowers ;
In deep ravines and over mould'ring towers
Your beauty shines, like sunbeams, 'mid the showers,
Like wreaths of rainbow, 'mid the frown of storms.

Choice leaves in nature's volume, in the hours
Of converse with you, the wrapt soul ascending,
With thoughts of you and the hereafter blending,
Looks up to yon bright world of bliss unending,
With the sweet prospect of unwithering flowers.

NEMO.

The *Tyro* is still improving. The leading article in the last number, a commentary on the Lord's Prayer, has many beautiful passages. We are glad to record the success of our Canadian brothers, and wish them still greater prosperity.—*Western Collegian*.

At a recent examination at a college not a thousand miles from New York, the question, "Did Martin Luther die a natural death?" was cleverly answered, "No; he was excommunicated by a bull!"—*Ex.*

The *Magenta* publishes the following letter from President White, of Cornell University, which corrects some erroneous ideas concerning the lady students of that institution, as well as some concerning co-education in general:

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1874.

Dear Sir,—I have heard of but a single instance, among the young women of our University, of inability to keep up with the class. As a rule, the young women average about ten per cent. better on the examination papers than do the young men.

The one young woman who took a degree at the last commencement stood easily among the first fifteen in a class of a hundred.

But the young women have done better than that; they have raised the average of conscience and manliness and decency *more* than ten per cent.

As to health, they seem quite as well as the young men; certainly they present a smaller number of excuses.

I remain, very truly yours,

AND. D. WHITE.

Selected.

Giants.

SIR,—In *Public Opinion* of the 24th ult., you gave your readers a few very interesting particulars on the subject of giants, and if you think the following, on the same subject, may also interest your readers, you are quite welcome to insert the same in your next number.

But, let me state beforehand, that my giants are not historical but traditional; and therefore neither you nor your readers must be surprised to find your giants by the side of mine as mere grasshoppers. However, since tradition, especially Jewish tradition—the Talmud—is held by some to be more credible than both sacred and profane history, the record of some traditional giants in your columns may instruct some and amuse all of your numerous readers.

In the Babylonian Talmud, tract Chaggiga, p. 12, col. 1, we find the following account in which Adam was created. Rabbi Eliezer says that the first man reached from earth to the firmament of heaven; but that, after he had sinned, God laid his hands on him, and reduced him to a less size, as we read (Ps. cxxxix. 5): “And hast laid thine hand upon me.” Rabbi Jehuda asserts that Raf had said the first man reached from one end of the world to the other, for we read (Deut. iv. 32): “Since the day that God created man upon the earth, from the one side of heaven unto the other.” But after he had sinned God laid his hands on him, and reduced him to a small size, for we read (Ps. cxxxix. 5): “And hast laid thine hand upon me.” On the words, “from the one end of the world to the other,” Rabbi Salomon writes thus. —“When he laid down, his head was in the east, and his feet in the west.”

The whole history of Adam according to the Talmud is most romantic; but now is not the time and here is not the place for particulars except mentioning his size.

Next to our first parent we beg to introduce the giant Og, the King of Bashan, mentioned in Numbers xxi. 33, &c. He

is said to have descended from those angels who were cast down from heaven, and who subsequently "saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose" (Gen. vi. 2). Hence he was one of the giants called in the Bible Nephilim, from the Hebrew word Naphal, which signifies to fall. He survived the Deluge. See Babylonian Talmud, tract Niddah, p. 61, col. 1. How and in what manner he was preserved during the deluge, see Babyl. Talm., tract Sevachim, p. 113, col. 1. His food, which Noah must have handed out to him from within the ark, consisted of one thousand oxen, the same number of every kind of game, and his drink was one thousand measures. See tract Sophrim, chapter 21, where it is further stated that "Og hid Abraham in the hollow of his hand. Upon a time Abraham scolded him, and for fright a tooth shook out of Og's head. Abraham took the tooth and made for himself a bedstead of the same. Some say he made of the tooth an easy-chair for himself, on which he sat all the days of his life."

The following is also a literal translation of the Talmudical account of the death of this monstrous giant, taken from Bab. Talm., tract Birachoth, p. 54, col. 2:—

"Concerning the stone (or rock) which Og, King of Bashan, intended to cast upon the Israelites, I have learned from tradition that he asked, 'Of what extent is the camp of Israel?' 'Three miles.' 'I will go and pluck up a rock of three miles in extent and cast the same upon them, and destroy them.' So he went forth, and plucked up a rock three miles in extent, and put the same on his head. But God caused ants to come upon it, and they made a hole in it, so that it fell about his neck (for the hole was directly over his head, and it would not otherwise fall than about his neck), and when he was about to remove it, his teeth on each side grew into it, and he could not disengage his neck. And this is what is written (Ps. iii. 7) 'Thou breakest the teeth of the wicked.' But according to Rabbi Simeon, the son of Lakish, it (this passage) is to be otherwise understood; for Rabbi Simeon, the son of Lakish, hath said, 'What is that which is written: Thou breakest the teeth of the wicked?' Read not *Shibarta*, thou breakest, but *Sherivafta*, i. e., thou causest to grow. What was the height of Moses? Ten ells. He (Moses) took an ox which was ten ells long, and jumped up ten ells high, and struck him (Og) on his ankle, and destroyed him."

In Talmud Babylon, tract Nidda, p. 24, col. ii., we read, "that Abl r Saul, or, if thou wilt have it, Rabbi Yochanan, hath said, 'i have been a grave-digger, and did once run after a deer which happened to run into the shin-bone of a dead man. I ran three miles after the deer, but could not come up with it, neither could I see the end of the bone. On returning I was informed that it was the shin-bone of Og, King of Bashan.'"

Having above alluded to Abraham, let us now give a glance at his size, for, according to the Talmud, he also was a giant. In "Tract Sopherim," chap. 21, on the words: "A great man among the Anakim" (Josh. xiv. 15), we read the following:—"That great man was Abraham our father, who was taller than all the giants. By him who was among the Anakim, or giants, is meant Abraham, who was as large as seventy-four men. And he did eat and drink as much as seventy-four men, and was as strong as that number."

Now, Sir, I have a few other giants in store for you, and may introduce them to the public on some future occasion: for the present I hope these three great men will sufficiently show us by their size how little we are. I enclose my card, and remain, Sir,

Yours,

—*Public Opinion.*

A. SPORT.

MR. R. A. PROCTOR, one of the most charming of writers on Science, and also a most eminent scientific observer, in a recent lecture on the sun, makes use of a simile which brings forcibly before us the great distance between ourselves and the central body of our system, and also admirably illustrates the great comparative slowness with which impressions travel along the nerves, as compared with the rate of transmission of light and electricity. "Let us suppose," he remarks, "an infant with an arm of the inconvenient length of ninety-one millions of miles, who should stretch forth his hand and touch the sun. His finger, of course, would be burnt; but, so slow is the rate at which sensitive impressions are conveyed along the nerves to the brain, namely, about one hundred feet in a second, that he would be about one hundred and forty years old before he could be conscious of the fact. If he trusted, on the other hand, to the sense of vision, he might discover the condition of his digit in the short space of eight minutes, so much more rapidly does light travel

than nervous impressions. In any case, however, the mandates of the will are transmitted along the motor nerves more slowly than impressions by the sensitive nerves; and hence it would be about one hundred and fifty years more before he could withdraw his finger, after he had discovered its condition."—*Ex.*

"Not as I will."

B LINDFOLDED and alone I stand
 With unknown thresholds on each hand ;
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope :
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That doors are opened, ways are made,
 Burdens are lifted or are laid,
 By some great law unseen and still,
 Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
 "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;
 Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;
 Too heavy burdens in the load
 And too few helpers on the road ;
 And joy is weak and grief is strong,
 And years and days so long, so long :
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,
 That I am glad the good and ill
 By changeless law are ordered still,
 "Not as I will."

"Not as I will : " the sound grows sweet
 Each time my lips the words repeat.
 "Not as I will : " the darkness feels
 More safe than light when this thought steals
 Like whispered voice to calm and bless
 All unrest and all loneliness.
 "Not as I will," because the One
 Who loved us first and best has gone
 Before us on the road, and still
 For us must all His love fulfil,
 "Not as we will."

—*Canadian Monthly.*

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS :

R. CLARK.

D. A. MCGREGOR.

BUSINESS EDITOR :

S. S. BATES.

THE matter of the present number of THE TYRO has been arranged and prepared for the press under rather unfavourable circumstances. The literary editors elected at the beginning of the term resigned, for reasons best known to themselves, just when the work ought to have been done. Most of the matter should have been in the printer's hands before the present editors were chosen to take their place. However, we have done what we could in the short time at our disposal, to make the present number compare favourably with its predecessors. In it will be found a larger number of original articles by the students than in any previous number; and though some of them may not exhibit that classical finish which is to be expected from more mature minds and more profound scholars, yet, we think, the fact that they are the students' own productions will compensate, in the estimation of the majority of our readers, for any lack in this respect.

With this number the first volume of THE TYRO is completed. We have therefore added an index for the benefit of those who have preserved their numbers, and may wish to have them bound. By all friends of the Institute, and especially by the students who have been connected with the school since THE TYRO has been published, such a volume will be highly prized. When many years will have

passed away, and the memories of early days are beginning to fade, student life may be lived over again while perusing its pages. Students especially should subscribe for and preserve THE TYRO, and thus lay up for themselves a store of pleasant memories.

Editorial Notes.

SINCE our last issue, there have been stirring times throughout the Dominion. We have passed through the excitement of a general election, involving issues of the greatest importance to the welfare of the Canadian people. Whatever party may hold the reins of government, it has been clearly shewn that Canadians will expect an honest administration of the affairs of the country. Usually the questions which occupy the attention of the outside world, make but a slight impression upon us, closed about as we are by college walls; but during the late political contest, our Reading Room was patronized as it never was before. The contents of the papers were eagerly devoured day after day, and the progress of affairs watched with intense interest. The effect upon ourselves has been a tendency towards the discussion of political questions, and a greater interest in the affairs of the Nation.

THERE was more than usual interest taken this term, in the election of officers for the Adelpian Literary Society. Three candidates for the office of President were in the field. The supporters of each were very enthusiastic, and appeared to be nearly equal in numbers. For three or four days before the election, excitement ran high. Each candidate for office, was favoured with three or four active canvassers who were thoroughly in earnest, each being fully convinced that his man was *the one* who ought to be elected. For a time we breathed an atmosphere similar to that produced by a close political contest, and when the votes were taken, we waited with breathless interest the announcement of the results. The election over, and some other business being disposed of, the Members of the Society repaired to the Dining Room to discuss an oyster supper. The President elect presided very efficiently on the occasion, and numerous toasts were proposed and responded to very enthusiastically. The speaking was of a high order, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

EARLY in the term, we were visited by the measles. The first to take them was one of the young ladies, and soon a number of fair

faces blushed in sympathy. In a short time the male department was visited in a similar manner, and ten or twelve were compelled to suspend study for a time. Three or four went home in consequence, but we believe all are quite recovered.

TWICE during the term our buildings have been in danger from fire, both times from some defect in the arrangement of the hot air flues. The first fire occurred in the main building. The floor caught from the hot air register in one of the class-rooms, but as there was a class reciting in the room at the time, it was immediately discovered, and a few pails of water soon extinguished it. The flues were then examined, and the floors bricked round the registers and we began to feel quite safe. But a week or two later, the ladies' building, which had been thought perfectly safe, as it was built with the intention of heating with hot air, took fire from a similar cause. But for the appliances at hand, provided for such an emergency, the results might have been serious. The whole heating apparatus has been thoroughly examined, the wood work removed wherever there seemed to be danger, the floors bricked around all the registers, and each building furnished with extinguishers in addition to the tanks previously on hand, so that now we are about as safe from fire as human precaution can make us.

KOMOKA DISASTER.—Our readers are all, no doubt, acquainted with the particulars of the sad accident which occurred on the Great Western Railroad, between London and Komoka, on Saturday evening, February 28. On Sabbath morning we heard of the accident, but could get no particulars; and knowing that our fellow-student, Mr. E. Hooper, was on the train, we were in a state of most painful suspense with regard to his fate, until Monday morning, when we were greatly relieved by the news that, though slightly hurt by throwing himself from the burning car, he escaped without fatal injuries. Though after the excitement of the attending circumstances had passed away, it was found that his injuries were more severe than they were thought to be at the time, we are happy to be able to say that he is in a fair way of recovering.

MR. A. SINCLAIR, M.A., resigned his position as teacher at the end of last term, and Mr. G. C. Clift has taken his place as teacher of French, German, &c. Already Mr. Clift seems to have won the respect of the students, both as a man and a teacher.

OUR esteemed Principal, Dr. Fyfe, we understand, intends spending a part of the summer in Europe. Through multiplicity of labours he has been failing in health for some time past. We trust the relaxation and change of scene may prove beneficial, and

that he may return reinvigorated in body and mind. We shall be quite willing to part with our Principal for a short time if he may be benefited thereby. Few colleges are favoured with a President who takes so great an interest in the individual welfare of the students, and watches so solicitously over the interests of the school.

In the early part of the term, the Judson Missionary Society was favoured with an interesting address by Rev. W. H. Porter, of Brantford. His subject was, "Missionary Life in Jamaica." He gave us a very pleasing description of the island from personal observation, having laboured there himself for a short time.

OVER thirty of our theological students intend spending the first summer months on mission fields, and supplying vacant churches.

REV. C. GOODSPEED, of Newton Theological Seminary, Mass., U.S., has accepted a call from the Baptist Church here, to become its pastor. He expects to enter upon his labours about the first of August. We hope his coming to Woodstock may prove a blessing to the pastor, the church, and the town.

It is our painful duty to chronicle, in this number of the *Tyro*, the first death that has taken place within our college walls, that of our beloved teacher, Miss Sara L. Fancher. Her illness was very brief, lasting only three days. We tender our heart-felt sympathy to the sorrowing parents, who within a few days have been called upon to suffer a double bereavement—Miss Fancher's only sister having died a few days previously.

Communication.

We now present to our readers the letter from Dr. O. C. Edwards, to which attention was called in our last issue, and we feel assured that they will gladly avail themselves of his offered "services" while he conducts them "to some of the places of interest in that tuberosity of modern civilization." He thus writes:—

London, England,

EDITOR OF THE TYRO.

Jan. 2nd, 1874.

My Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of the December number of your journal, and were I to comply with the request therein expressed, your next edition would contain very little besides "that letter" which you promised your readers should contain a "full account of all the wonders" I have seen. I am lodging at present in the

vicinity of Bethlehem Hospital, or Bedlam, as it is commonly called; and I am certain that I should become an inmate of that extensive institution which King Henry the Eighth founded, if I attempted to give a *full* description of all I have seen since I set foot in England last May. I cannot possibly do it; but if your readers will accept my services as guide, I should be very pleased to conduct them to some places of interest in London, this "tuberosity of modern civilization," as Carlyle calls it. And now I am puzzled to know where to begin, there is so very much here to interest; but I must begin somewhere, so I propose that we go to Westminster Bridge, and I will point out the things of note to be seen from it. Some one says, Why not go to London Bridge, we have heard more of it? Yes; it had its existence before its brothers higher up the river, but we will visit it another day. Here we are on Westminster, and it is indeed an elegant structure. It was completed in '62, and cost £216,000. It is notable from the fact that its roadway is the widest of any bridge in the world. Its predecessor was the second stone bridge over the Thames, and was completed in 1750. Looking up the river, we have, on the right, the finest view of that magnificent pile, the Houses of Parliament; while across the river, immediately opposite, stands St. Thomas' Hospital. As I am enrolled in its list of students, let me give you a few facts connected with it. It is built on a plan that must commend itself to everyone's common sense—that is, the pavilion style, which I noticed is being adopted in the new Hospital at Edinburgh. It consists of seven detached blocks of building, four stories high, and 125 feet apart, with a corridor running the whole length of the building. You have thus, as it were, seven separate hospitals. Disease can thus be isolated, and ventilation is far better than in the old style of building in a solid block. It covers 8½ acres of ground, cost £500,000, and can accommodate over 600 patients. It was opened in '71, by the Queen in person. I think I am correct in putting it down as being the finest hospital in England, certainly it is the finest in London. The father of the present St. Thomas had its origin in 1701, in High Street, Southwark; while its venerable grandfather extended its arms to London's suffering sons, away back in the year 1213.

The poet Wordsworth was charmed with the view from this bridge at sunrise; and in his sonnet commemorating that event, expresses his conviction of its beauty thus:—

“Earth hath not anything to show more fair.”

I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. I was never present on the occasion of Sol forsaking his couch; but I have seen him from the bridge show his face for the first time, about noon, and present an appearance very similar to that of certain individuals

who come out at that time of the day. In those days of dense fog which we have, the king of day always appears as if he had been entertained by Bacchus the night before. As he treads his way he has a smudgy, dried-up appearance, and on every feature of his face seems to say, "Brandy and soda—quick!"

And now I want to show you the two embankments that have been lately built, and which have added greatly to the beauty of the city. That one on the left, extending up as far as Vauxhall Bridge, is known as the "Albert;" while, if you will look down the river you will see one, on your left, similar to the first, which is called the "Victoria." This last extends as far as Blackfriars Bridge and the Temple, but a curve in the river prevents you seeing the other end of it. The "Victoria" consists of a solid granite wall, 8 feet thick, 40 feet high, and 7000 feet long, and the space gained from the river varies from 200 to 450 feet in width, and amounts to about 30 acres. There is thus afforded a splendid drive and promenade. It is decorated at regular intervals with trees, and gas lamps supported by posts of a very pretty design. It is enchanting to look from this bridge at night, and see how exceedingly beautiful these embankments are lit up—a mighty illumination. These embankments, like the royal personages after whom they are named, are separated only by a river, and the river is bridged.

Yonder are the Houses of Parliament. They are open every Saturday to visitors. I have not space to enter into a minute description, but will give you a few facts about the House of Commons. I think our chamber for the Commons, at Ottawa, much better, certainly it is more commodious, and the members have better desks, than those nature has given them, to write upon. The room here is much too small, both for members and spectators; and on any night of importance there is always a crush for seats. I was present on one occasion during last session, and witnessed the political pugilists in this, the world's great arena. I heard Gladstone make a short speech, but the leader of the Opposition was absent that evening. The members always sit with their hats on, and simply remove them when they rise to speak. (It must come very natural to John Bright.) The seats provided are not separate chairs, but benches, and they have to squeeze out or in. I was struck with the thorough gentlemanly demeanour that pervaded all their deliberations, but a number of the speakers have a tiresome singy way of speaking. I suppose they were high-church men, and could not be blamed. By an announcement, as sudden as an earthquake, we were informed last Saturday morning, that the present Parliament was dissolved, and so, like you in Canada, we are about to pass through a general election. I hope to see the results, and hear what the results have to say, when the next session opens.

But, to go back to the house, ladies are not admitted. They have been excluded since 1738, but there is a small gallery above the reporters for them. It is, however, separated from the main room by lattice work ; and so, during the debate, you see bonnets bobbing about, and eyes peering through ; and I expect many a feeling of disapproval is expressed in regard to the harsh rules that exclude them ; for, perched where they are, they can certainly hear very little that is said.

In leaving the House, you pass through Westminster Hall. The Law Courts are on the western side. This hall has witnessed many a scene of interest. Here Cromwell was installed Protector, and some years later it saw the brave old puritan's head decorating a pole. Here Charles the First was tried by his own subjects and condemned ; here took place the trial and acquittal of the seven Bishops ; while in later days it witnessed, among other things, the famous trial of Warren Hastings ; and since last April it has been visited by hundreds from all parts of the world, anxious to gain admission to the court-room, where the would-be Sir Roger C. D. Tichborne is being tried, or at least to get a sight of the world-renowned man. Ere this reaches you, the jury will have served their time, and the verdict will be given.

And now I will just call your attention to one other point of interest to be seen from the bridge. Up there on the left, above the Hospital, you see an old red brick tower, certainly not attractive for its architecture ; but it will become attractive to you when I tell you, that in it the Lollards were confined. Adjoining it is a very old chapel, built by Archbishop Boniface in 1244 ; and in that chapel is an oaken screen, placed there at the direction, and bearing the arms, of that Right Reverend old villain, Archbishop Laud. The tower and chapel are part of Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury since the 13th century. But there, I see you are delighted with the sound of that bell, and that beautiful clock-tower, connected with the Parliament Houses, has elicited your admiration ; so I must say a little about it and then close. We are told (and I find a sweet relief in believing everything I'm told in visiting places of interest), that the present clock-tower stands on almost the same site as the clock-tower built in the reign of King Edward the First. "The expense of the original tower was defrayed from a fine imposed on Ralph de Hingham, a Chief-Justice of England. Its intent was, by the clock striking continually, to remind the Judges in the neighbouring courts to administer true justice, they recalling thereby the occasion and means of its building." The dial in the now standing tower is 30 feet in diameter, and is the largest in the world, and—no, I have said enough.

I trust you have enjoyed our first excursion, and I shall be very pleased to conduct you somewhere else some other time.

Yours Institutely,

O. C. E.

Among our Exchanges.

Before the days of railways and telegraph lines, people lived and died and scarcely knew there was a world beyond the hills that encircled their native glen. So before the days of college papers and magazines, students toiled on almost oblivious of the fact that, beyond the walls of their own Alma Mater, other colleges existed and other students toiled up the hill. Now, how different! We snatch a moment from our toil, and, taking up an exchange, perhaps from a sister Province, perhaps from a Southern State or the Pacific slope, and—lo! those far-distant speak to us. We learn that others too are by-times stumbling over Greek roots, and that others too, in spite of brave struggling, are sometimes painfully reminded of Sisyphus and his stone.

The man who neglects to mingle with his fellow men becomes narrow-minded and crochety; so the students who publish no paper, and hold no intercourse with fellow-students, will become narrow in their views and dogmatical. Hence we perceive one of the many advantages of a college paper.

We—if we credit the kind notices we have seen from time to time in our exchanges—think *The Tyro* has improved since its inception, two years ago. And, rising from the perusal of these exchanges, we think progress is certainly necessary if we would keep pace with the growth of college journalism. In those two years there has been a rapid improvement in such publications, both in tone and in matter. Many that once were filled with articles of only local importance, and wit that had not spice enough to live beyond the school where it originated, are now entering upon a wider field, and discussing more general and important questions—questions that are intimately connected with the well-being of society; and they are making themselves felt, and that for good. Time was, when, if these publications encouraged students to write, that they might improve themselves, their friends were satisfied; but now that the college press has shown itself possessed of power, they are not satisfied unless it is exercised for the good of society.

First, a word about our Canadian College exchanges. When *The Tyro* was first published, there was—so far as we are aware—only one Canadian College paper in existence, viz., *The Dalhousie Gazette*. Now there are several.

The University Gazette, published by the students of the McGill Colleges, Montreal, ranks high; is sound and good.

The Aurora, Albert College, Belleville, Ont., No. 1, in making its bow, says, "It is gratifying to know that there is a growing desire for a purer literature." This may be literally true; but when we consider that the increase in a class of literature that *The Aurora* would not call pure is much more rapid than any other,

and that there must be a demand, produced by a desire, to occasion this increase,—we may well question the above quotation. We make the remark because we must not lose sight of evils if we wish to combat them. However, *The Aurora* upon the whole is good, and a credit to Albert College.

Queen's College Journal, of Kingston, is hardly up to the standard, especially in appearance.

Only the first number of the *Galt Collegiate Times* has reached our *sanctum*.

In this connection we may notice the *Ontario Teacher*. It is ably edited, and, especially to teachers, very interesting and profitable. It supplies a want long felt by teachers, and one that never has, and, under existing circumstances, never can be supplied by the *Journal of Education*. Its criticisms upon some of the textbooks of our public schools, especially "Christian Morals," "Agricultural Chemistry," and "Davidson's Animal Kingdom," we heartily endorse. The public voice should not cease to be heard until all such works are banished from our schools.

Turning to our exchanges from over the lines, we find that the discussion of the co-education question has in many instances given place to experiment. We are gratified to learn that, wherever women have been admitted upon equal terms, they have taken a standing if anything above the average, have not gratified many who opposed this innovation, by breaking down in health, and have in all cases raised the tone of the institutions. This is as we expected.

The principle theme of discussion at present is Inter-collegiate Contests. The thoroughly independent character of the Colleges in the States—they having no fixed standard, and hence no possible means of estimating the comparative value of a title from any one of them—has long been felt to be a disadvantage. The desire to remedy this has given rise to two movements: a convention, if such it may be called, of professors from several Colleges, and the attempt by the students to establish what they term Inter-collegiate Contests. From the first we believe but little good has been derived. While some are discussing the pros and cons of the second, others are preparing to practically test its utility. In the East, arrangements have been made for "a contest in Oratory," to take place in New York, January, 1875. The West will also hold one at Galesbury, Ill. According to the programmes, there will be valuable prizes offered to competitors from the different Colleges, not only in oratory, but in essay writing. Though no arrangements have thus far been made, yet we understand that they will in time establish a competition in the many branches of a liberal education. If it extend thus far, it may in future become a great central standard to mark degrees of excellency in scholarship. Then its awards would become valuable indeed, and the titles it confers would supersede those of many Colleges whose standards are now dubious.

Then they would have a system corresponding to ours, or to what ours was designed to be. When Toronto University was established, the intention was to have there not a college where instruction would be given, but only an examining board, to which students from all colleges could come to be examined, to compete for prizes, and receive degrees; a board that would be a well known and respected standard for the whole country. But now the members of that board have become teachers in University College, and students from other colleges justly complain, for every one knows, that those who have been taught by the examiners themselves, have the advantage. This grievance, however, is being removed, and we hope it will soon disappear entirely.

Since our last issue we have received several new exchanges, conspicuous among which is the *Chi-Phi Quarterly*, published at Carlisle, Pa., in the interest of a secret society called the Chi-Phi Society. The magazine is good in its matter, but in our humble opinion it advocates a system that is productive of more evil than good. We strongly condemn secret societies in Colleges. Their friends say they are to do good. Is there likely to be any movement for good in which the faculty will not be interested? Can we find a school, whose teachers are not its best and most zealous friends? Why then must plans for the good of those schools and their students be kept secret from the teachers? We cannot answer.

The Dartmouth, from Hanover N. H., is to hand. "Webster at Home," is good, and gives us a view of a particularly interesting phase of that great man's life. But "That Fiddle" in Jan. No. ! We beg to criticise that article. In the first place, "That Fiddle" does not belong to Dartmouth. We have heard it too often in our own school to be mistaken. The writer has described one of our fiddles, and personated one of our fiddlers, and has not told the truth either, for the fiddle has not been sold, but still keeps on the even tenor of its way. It lives, oh how long! We hope the writer will repent.

The *College Ohio* and *Acta Columbiana* are new faces, and good-looking ones too.

The *Seminary Budget* comes from the young ladies of Sacramento, Cal. It is neat, tasty, readable, good, and now that we are on speaking terms with these young ladies, we hope they will speak often.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following:—*The Bates Student*, *College Herald*, *Tripod*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Fargum*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Kansas Evangel*, *Virginia University Magazine*, *The Owl*, *Niagarensis*, *Madisonensis*, *Cornell Era*, *Annalist*, *The Packer Quarterly*, *College Express*, *College Journal*, *Central Collegian*, *The Hesperian Student*, *American Journal of Insanity*, *Miami Student*, *College Argus*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Denison Collegian*,

University Record, Western Collegian, Stephen's College Chaplet, Dickinsonian, Exposito. Woodstock Sentinel, Review, The Alumni Journal, Delaware College Advance, The Lehigh Journal.

Personals.

Rev. Alex. McDonald, our Manitoba missionary, has returned to this part of the Dominion for a short time, and is now engaged in presenting to the denomination the claims of that interesting field. We are pleased to learn that he is meeting with success.

Rev. J. J. White, of Avoca, has accepted a call to Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y.

Mr. D. W. Troy is teaching in the High School, Welland, Ont.

Mr. C. Eede is secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Woodstock, Ont.

Messrs. G. B. Davis, J. E. Frith, J. B. McEwen, and A. Best, are teaching school.

The competitors for the prizes in elocution at the close of the present term are W. Tapscott, J. M. White, S. S. Bates, E. Hooper, G. Mason, H. Speller and J. Trotter.

Marriages.

By the Rev. C. Y. Snell, Mr. Warren Schell to Miss Catherine Mabee, both of West Oxford, Ont.

By the Rev. Mr. Philott, Mr. V. O. Weed to Miss B. Brush, both of Austin, Texas.

By the Rev. T. L. Davidson, D.D., Mr. John Miner, of New York, to Miss Ada F. Raymond, of Guelph, Ont.

Obituary.

On the afternoon of Monday, 16th March, for the first time in the history of the Institute, the sombre hearse drove slowly from the premises, followed by a long and sorrow-stricken train of teachers and students. Its melancholy office on this occasion was to bear to the Railway Station the mortal remains of Miss SARA L. FANCHER, who had, since the commencement of the school year, been connected with the Institute, as teacher of drawing and painting and assistant in music.

Miss Fancher was the youngest daughter of Rev. Bela and Mrs. Fancher, of Homer, Michigan. Her father has long been a highly respected minister of the Presbyterian Church, and for many years has held the responsible position of State Superintendent of Education. An uncle of Miss Fancher's, by her mother's side, is a missionary of many years' standing in Persia, and another relative, a great-uncle, if we mistake not, now venerable through age and toil, has for thirty or forty years been labouring for the Master in the Sandwich Islands.

Miss Fancher's parents had spared no pains or expense in the education of their daughter. From her earliest years she had been placed under the instruction of the best masters within reach, in music, and only a year or two previous to her coming to Woodstock, she had finished the prescribed course at the Kalamazoo Young Ladies' Seminary. There was, we believe, no other necessity for her engaging in teaching than that imposed by that desire for active labour and usefulness, honourably characteristic of so many American ladies. She had been recommended for the position in the Institute by Miss Dorr, the governess, her former teacher at Kalamazoo, and a warmly attached and devoted friend, upon whom the sudden bereavement has fallen with crushing weight.

The train of family sorrows which has now culminated in the death of Miss Fancher, has been of a peculiarly sad and touching character. The only son of the family died a few years ago, after an illness brief as that which has just had so melancholy a termination, while serving in the army. Mrs. Fancher had recently been summoned to the death-bed of the elder daughter, at Jacksonville, Florida. It was while on her sorrowful homeward journey, accompanying the remains of this daughter to St. Paul for burial, that she received the telegram announcing the sudden and unexpected death of the only surviving daughter. The afflicted father, hastily called by telegraph on Sabbath, had reached Woodstock on Monday morning, a few moments after his daughter had breathed her last, and had been obliged to telegraph the sad news, thus compelling the heart-broken mother to leave her other daughter to be buried by her husband in St. Paul, while she hurried back to her home in Michigan to meet the procession which brought the melancholy proof that she was now trebly bereaved and childless.

Miss Fancher had heard the news of her sister's death about the time she was seized with the sudden chill, which was the premonition of her fatal illness. Whether from the effects of this deep sorrow, or from some other cause, her physical powers, though she was usually active and energetic, seem never to have rallied in any vigorous effort to throw off the disease. She sank steadily and rapidly from the first, and at no time, after becoming seriously ill, was she able to converse, or to summon mental activity sufficient for more than a mere monosyllabic answer to a question.

Her death is deeply lamented by a large circle of loving friends in her native town and its vicinity, and though her residence amongst us has been brief, her amiable and obliging disposition, her unaffected sincerity, her native kindness of heart, and the piety and worth of her character as a Christian, had endeared her to the hearts of those with whom she was associated. The sympathy of teachers and students with the afflicted and sorrowing parents is deep and sincere, and many a fervent prayer has, we

doubt not, been offered in their behalf, that the rich consolations of the gospel—the only but the all-sufficient consoler in these deepest depths of human sorrow—may be abundantly theirs.

MULCAHY.—Died, Nov., 1873, Rev. M. Mulcahy, late pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Francisco. The deceased was formerly a student of the Canadian Literary Institute, and will be remembered by many who were acquainted with him during college days.

JAMESON.—Died, while absent from the Institute during last Christmas holidays, M. Jameson, of Onondaga, Ont. By his genial disposition, Mr. Jameson made many friends in the short time he was with us, and it is with feelings of sadness that we record his death.

AULD.—Died on Jan. 29th, 1874, Miss Marian Auld, of Delaware, Ont., formerly a student of the Institute. It is with sorrow that we hear of the removal by death of one after another of our college acquaintances. Here we shall meet no more, but we hope to meet in the heavenly home, where death makes no breaches, and partings are unknown.

Alumni Meeting.

The Triennial Meeting of the Alumni Society is to be held on Tuesday, the 7th inst. A Dinner is to be served in the Institute Dining Hall, at Three o'clock in the afternoon; and in the evening a Literary Entertainment is to be given, consisting of Orations, Essay, Scientific Paper, &c. We understand a large number of the Alumni intend to be present, and a very interesting time is expected.

Commencement Exercises.

At the close of the present term three students, Messrs. John MacLagan, George F. Robertson, and T. Williamson, graduate from the Theological department. After spending a number of years with us in preparing for life's work, they now enter more fully upon it. We hope that abundant success may crown their labours. The subjects of their graduating addresses are as follow:—Mr. MacLagan, "The Elements of the Power of the Pulpit;" Mr. Williamson, "Christianity, the Great Teacher;" Mr. Robertson, "The Bible the Friend of Liberty."

The following is the Valedictory Hymn, composed by Miss M. Sinclair:—

Sadly lingering on thy threshold,	And our hearts forget their manhood,
Cherished home of happy years,	Beating with a bitter pain
Sacred memories throng around us,	For the years of joy that vanish,
Till our eyes are dim with tears,	Never to return again

From afar a troubled moaning,
 As of tempests, passeth by,
 And we tremble lest the storm-cloud
 Sweep across our summer sky ;
 While the thoughts of peace and glad-
 ness,
 That have hallowed other times,
 Lure us back within these portals,
 With their mournful music-chimes.

Hark! the sound of martial conflict,
 'Tis Immanuel's conquering band
 Warring with the hosts of Satan,
 Sweeping error from the land.
 Here and there a falling soldier
 Shows the struggle fierce and long ;
 Yet we linger! Haste, O brothers!
 Fill the ranks, ye brave and strong.

Farewell! scenes of past endearment ;
 Farewell! dreams of rest and peace ;
 Gladly gird we on our armour
 Till the reign of sin shall cease :
 Till our flag shall wave victorious
 Over every land and sea,
 " Victory for King Immanuel !"
 Shall our thrilling watchword be.

Lo! a crown of life awaits us,
 Golden harp and victor's palm—
 In our home in the Eternal ;
 And the voice of solemn psalm,
 Rolling o'er the plains of glory,
 Shall the wondrous story tell,
 How Jehovah's armies triumphed,
 How the hosts of Satan fell!

The Standings—Fall Term, 1873.

The names given in the following standings do not embrace all the members of the classes, but only those in "A," that is, those who have averaged, in all the examinations of the term, between 66 and 100 per cent.

SECOND YEAR.

ARITHMETIC.—H. H. Beam, A. O. McKee, J. E. Frith.

ALGEBRA.—H. H. Beam, A. O. McKee, Miss Macklem, . W. McKee.

BRITISH HISTORY.—S. S. Bates, Miss McArthur, J. M. White, J. H. Best, A. Best, J. Zeran, T. Luckens, W. J. Wallace, A. N. Gray, J. J. Baker, Miss Barker, J. E. Frith,—Carey, J. Trotter, Miss Fisher.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—W. Wallace,—Hillis, T. Urquhart.

ROMAN HISTORY.—T. Trotter, A. H. Bodwell, G. F. Baldwin.

OUTLINES OF HISTORY.—A. Best, D. S. Sager, J. E. Frith.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.—H. H. Beam, J. E. Frith, L. Sovereign, G. Carrington, Miss E. Brown, D. M. Culver.

LATIN CÆSAR.—I. Campbell, J. J. Baker, G. Wittet, A. O. McKee, G. W. McKee, S. C. Keetch, J. Zeran, Miss F. Crawford, W. O. Franklin.

LATIN GRAMMAR.—A. O. McKee, J. Zeran, J. J. Baker, G. W. McKee, Miss F. Crawford, G. L. Wittet, D. A. Nelles, S. C. Keetch.

FIRST GREEK.—J. M. White, D. P. McPherson, J. J. Baker, W. Nesbitt, J. Zeran, S. C. Keetch, G. L. Wittet, E. Hooper, C. Y. Snell, T. Howland.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Ladies), Miss E. Pavey, Miss H. Carroll, Miss K. Merriman, Miss E. Little, Miss J. Fitch, Miss E. Fitch, Miss Beemer.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Gentlemen), G. A. Brush, W. Nesbitt, J. Zerian, J. Cameron, A. O. McKee, G. W. McKee, P. McKillop.

THIRD YEAR.

ALGEBRA.—G. F. Baldwin, E. Cameron, S. S. Bates.

GEOMETRY.—D. A. Nelles, E. Cameron, H. Beam, W. Cline, R. McKillop, T. Trotter, J. M. White, Miss E. Crawford, H. M. Bauslaugh, T. Lockhart, D. A. McGregor, W. Nesbitt.

CHEMISTRY.—T. Lockhart, Miss M. E. Smyth, W. McGregor, D. A. Nelles, W. Hillis, J. D. Owen.

HAMILTON'S HISTORY.—I. Campbell, A. H. Bodwell.

GRECIAN HISTORY.—S. S. Bates, E. Cameron, R. McKillop, W. McGregor.

LATIN VIRGIL.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter, D. A. McGregor, E. Cameron, R. McKillop, G. Oliver.

LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, A. H. Bodwell, E. Cameron.

HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK I.—W. McGregor, G. F. Baldwin, E. Cameron, T. Trotter, C. C. McLaurin.

GREEK GRAMMAR.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter.

FIRST FRENCH.—Miss McArthur, I. Campbell, Miss H. Bowlby, B. Bingham, Miss Sovereign, A. H. Bodwell, Miss Merrill, G. W. Cameron, R. McKillop, T. Trotter, W. Nesbitt, G. F. Baldwin.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—D. A. McGregor, Miss E. Crawford, R. McKillop, S. C. Keetch.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Ladies), Miss McArthur, Miss E. Crawford.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—(Gentlemen), G. Oliver, (J. E. Frith, A. H. Bodwell), (Lockhart, J. Trotter), C. C. McLaurin, (A. Best, W. Hillis).—(Luckens, J. Cameron), W. McGregor, G. Everton, J. H. Best, L. Sovereign.

FOURTH YEAR.

ALGEBRA.—D. Reddick.

TRIGONOMETRY.—N. Wolverton.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—J. E. Frith, H. Beam, C. J. Jamieson, Miss Sovereign, W. O. Franklin, Miss H. Bowlby.

LATIN, LIVY, BOOK V.—A. Grant, N. Wolverton.

LATIN, VIRGIL, BOOK VI.—I. Campbell.

GREEK, XENOPHON BOOK V.—N. Wolverton.

GERMAN.—Miss E. Crawford, Miss K. Merriman.

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

METAPHYSICS.—F. Dann, C. C. McLaurin.

FOWLER'S ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—G. L. Wittet, N. Wolverton, D. Reddick, G. F. Baldwin, D. P. McPherson, D. A. McGregor, C. Y. Snell, A. H. Bodwell, E. Hooper.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—N. Wolverton, T. Howland, S. O. Wood, G. Mason, C. Y. Snell, I. Campbell, G. L. Wittet, S. C. Keetch, G. F. Baldwin, S. S. Bates, E. Hooper.