

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE TYRO.

Vol. I.

WOODSTOCK, DECEMBER, 1873.

No. 5.

Religious.

The Lord's Prayer.

IT was midnight. Without, the storm raged wildly, rattling the windows and piling snowdrifts high. Within all was calm and quiet, save when a low smothered sob broke the stillness. A faint light flickered in the room, revealing the forms of four men and two women watching by the bedside where an aged Christian lay dying.

For four score years and nine he had lived, and now at this good old age his children had gathered to say a last farewell. His youngest daughter stood at his head and wiped the death-damps from his brow.

Suddenly his lips moved, and in a faint whisper he asked, "Has Edwin come?" Edwin, his youngest child, the pride of his heart, had left home sixteen years before, and through contact with infidels had imbibed and now openly professed their belief. A telegram carried the tidings that the old man was dying, and Edwin, longing to see his father, replied that he would come, and immediately started for home.

The aged pilgrim only prayed to see his child once again. Now he felt the end was near. His feet were just slipping over the brink, yet Edwin had not come. Two hours passed—hours of apparent unconsciousness to the dying man; at length the wanderer arrived. Hastening to the bedside, he asked the question, "Father, do you know me?" but his

father knew him not. He told his name and implored him to speak to him ere he died, but no response came from those cold lips, no look of recognition from those closing eyes. Just then his daughter said, "Father, do you know Jesus?" Slowly the lips moved, and an almost inaudibly whispered "Yes" escaped; then crossing his hands, the dying saint faintly whispered, "Mother." Evidently he was thinking of her who, more than sixty years before, was laid in the silent tomb. Were those now sightless eyes looking right into the spirit world? While all were intently watching, the lips moved, and, commencing with the words "Our Father, who art in heaven," he slowly and distinctly repeated the Lord's Prayer. As he prayed, all was still and silent as the grave. We have listened to prayers poured forth from eloquent lips and earnest hearts in the hour of gladness, when all felt that the thanks to our Heavenly Father were sincere; and in the hour of bitter, crushing sorrow, we have heard pleading tones that touched the hearts of the listeners, and reached the throne of God Himself; but that first prayer of childhood, faintly uttered by that aged saint, as his feet were just entering the dark waters of the Jordan of death, struck a chord never before touched in our hearts. As he said "Amen," a loud groan escaped from the lips of Edwin. The heart of the infidel and scoffer was moved. Tears streamed from his eyes, and, falling on his knees, he tried to pray for himself the Lord's Prayer. For years he had not heard it, yet every word he knew. Long ago he repeated it every night as he knelt by the side of his now sainted mother. Alas the change! Those lips, then so pure, had been soiled by oaths and blasphemy. Now he felt his guilt and danger. His mother in heaven, his father on the threshold, his brothers and sisters all followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and he— Just then a sign from the sister called them to the bedside. Their father was sleeping peacefully, but it was the sleep of

death. Without a groan his ransomed spirit had passed away from the scenes of earth to that "Home of the Soul" on the other side of Jordan, where it would join those loved ones gone before, and with them through eternity chant the praises of Him who redeemed them by His blood. Long and lovingly did Edwin gaze on that pale and sunken face; then, kneeling by the bedside, he spent an hour in agonizing prayer and penitential tears. God heard his prayers and cries, and mingled with the sobs of sorrow for the dead, were glad notes of joy and rejoicing that one had been led from the darkness of sin to the glorious light of truth. Entreaty and ridicule, tears and prayers, had been spent for years in trying to reclaim the lost one, but all in vain; now that simple prayer brought the wanderer back. What a history might be written on this prayer!

Eighteen hundred years have rolled away since, on a hillside in Palestine, it fell from the lips of Him "who spake as never man spake." During all these centuries it has been a mighty power among men; it has moved down the ages, making melody in and breathing blessings upon the generations. Time, change, progress only discover new richness and fresh adaptability to the human needs in this inspired petition. What a history this immortal utterance has had! It has been lisped by the budding lips of childhood in every age, and it rises from thousands of households every day. It has been offered up by stalwart manhood, fair womanhood and decrepit old age. It has gone up to God from beneath the crown and helmet as well as the mitre. It has ascended from dungeon and hovel as well as palace and church. It has been breathed in every clime from mountain and from valley, jungle and desert, village and city, and on rough seas and heaving oceans. From amid the perpetual snows of the North and the sweltering heats of the South, from the bamboo huts of the Orient and the log cabins of the Occi-

dent, it has been wafted to Heaven, and through all future time it will hold its divinely appointed place. O man, my brother; woman, my sister! you may not pray at all now. Years and years may have passed since you bowed your knee before your God. Perhaps you sneer at prayer. Your lips may be stained with profanity now, but you can never, never forget that when, a pure innocent child, you knelt beside your mother's knee, with her soft hand on your head, she taught you to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Ah, those happy, golden days of childhood! The memory, the blessed memory of them alone is thine now. They have passed away, and in thy heart there is an aching void which all the pleasures of sin can never fill. Return, O wanderer, to thy neglected Father; renew thy petitions at a throne of grace; and thy loving heavenly Father, who hears the feeblest cry, will lend a listening ear to thy prayers, and will grant thee peace, pardon and rest.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

Sunday in Angers.

ANGERS, in the Department of Maine et Loire, France, is somewhat noted in history, and is also remembered by many Britons as the place where the famous "Iron Duke" was educated. It is situated on a navigable tributary of the Loire, a restless river, whose swirling, boiling waters receive those of the first-mentioned stream a few miles below the city.

It was a beautiful Sabbath in May. The cloudless sky and agreeable temperature; the gardens surrounding the city, breathing forth a sweet odour that seemed to perfect the

attempt to please the senses,—all conspired to render it no mere flattering tribute,—

“Thou sunny land of France.”

The first mass, over at nine A.M., released many who, with guilty consciences relieved of their burdens, were now filling the streets, evidently in their best; many from the country, too, were present, for the double purpose of attending to soul and body—religion and business. The shops were nearly all open—the usual case—until eleven o'clock; sellers of different articles were busily plying their trade on every hand; crowds were passing in and out of the cathedrals and churches as well as the shops.

There was a dull, heavy-looking old building on an obscure street in the centre of the city; it was the Lutheran church. Few noticed it, with its unpretending porch and two doors at one corner of the building. One of these was open, and standing within it was a venerable man, whose pleasing, inquiring face drew some involuntary expression from the stranger who paused to look in.

On entering, we found all looking cold and cheerless, and but a few people scattered in the pews waiting the commencement of the service at eleven o'clock. Just at that time, the minister entered, put on a black gown, announced the first psalm, and, as the organist was not there, proceeded to play himself, the congregation assisting as best they could.

After the hymn, several soldiers entered, and one took his seat at the organ. The amusing part of an otherwise very unamusing service was that *M. le pasteur* announced hymns and chapters in English (if such it might be called), for the benefit of at least one Englishman present, and but for his understanding French the attempt would have been a failure. The natives looked at each other as if the proceeding were not customary, and many smiled.

The sermon was delivered in a measured, orderly, restricted manner, easily understood, but far from attractive. Both place and preacher were, for the most part, unappreciated by

the Protestants of the city. The soldiers alluded to were part of the band that played in the park on Sunday afternoons. The bandmaster walked away with the *pasteur*, and after dinner was to be seen at the head of the fun, vigorously performing his duty, and apparently an object of admiration to many aspiring military youths.

At the same hour there was service in the other Protestant church, said to be Baptist. The new and attractive building was well attended, the service being conducted by the pastor, M. Robineau, in a manner similar to ours. The sermon showed great earnestness, and enforced by appropriate gesture, a rich voice and grand language, could not fail to produce much good among the hearers. The all-surpassing Gospel theme presented in the light of eternity, formed a wonderful contrast to all seen and heard outside, and made the spot seem hallowed.

In the afternoon there was no quiet retreat to be found. In the park, the seats were all occupied and the crowd great; the *Jardin des Plantes* had a large number of visitors; the music was well patronized; sitting rooms in the hotels, restaurants and *gargotes* were thronged, and the mingled odours of coffee, wine, brandy and cigars filled the air.

Billiard rooms and bowling alleys were all taken up, and the Boulevards formed the favourite resort of many pedestrians and those who drove about with fine horses and vehicles.

It was pleasant in the evening, at seven o'clock, to attend a prayer meeting in the school room, in connection with the last-mentioned church. The schoolmaster conducted the devotional exercises, and read an extract from a magazine about Dr. Livingstone. Commenting on this, he said it was good to know such men, and promised to say some more about his movements at some future time.

After this meeting, all appearance of Sunday vanished; a fair held outside was kept up till midnight, and shows of the lowest kind were to be seen at the same time and place. The only quiet resting place to be had was the bedroom, and

there the Sunday was finished. A Sunday in Angers is a good sample of the same in Paris and throughout France.

How pernicious must be the effects of such religion on the people! How hard it must make the work of evangelizing this almost moral wilderness! Does it not seem like a retribution for quenching the light once enjoyed through the Huguenots, who were slaughtered, persecuted, and driven from the land?

The darkness can alone be dispersed and the wilderness made to bloom again, by the Divine power working through such faithful agents as M. Robineau and his brethren.

Would that some Gospel Gambetta might be raised up to go through the land, and gather many volunteers under the banner of the cross, to attack and repel France's worst enemy—Unbelief.

And that the day may soon come when she shall turn to the true light that lighteth the world, and as faithfully serve and honour God as she has persecuted His people and desecrated His Sabbaths, must be the heartfelt wish of all who believe that that nation alone is great whose God is the Lord, and His truth the foundation of all its institutions.

The Little Sleeper.

SHE sleeps ; but the soft breath
 No longer stirs her golden hair,
 The robber hand of Death
 Has stolen thither unaware ;
 The lovely edifice
 Is still as beautiful and fair,
 But mournfully we miss
 The gentle habitant that sojourned there.

With stealthy pace he crept
 To the guest-chamber where it lay—
 That angel thing—and slept,
 And whispered it to come away ;

He broke the fairy lute
 That light with laughter used to play,
 And left all dull and mute
 The silver strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then, with his finger cold
 He shut the glancing windows to ;
 With fringe of drooping gold
 He darkened the small panes of blue.
 Sheer from the marble floor
 He swept the flowers of crimson hue ;
 He closed the ivory door,
 And o'er the porch the rosy curtains drew.

The angel-guest is gone,
 Upon the spoiler's dark wings borne ;
 The road she journeys on
 Wends evermore without return.
 To ruin and decay
 The fairy palace now must turn,
 For the sun's early ray
 Upon its walls and windows shall not play,
 Nor light its golden roof to-morrow morn.

—Chambers' Journal.

Our New Mission—The Cocanada.

NEARLY three years ago, in a short article published in the *Canadian Baptist*, the Rev. John McLaurin called attention to the work of Thomas Gabriel. This man is an educated native Telogoo, who was engaged in the Civil Service in India at the time of his conversion to God. As soon as he had partaken of the waters of life, he was anxious to lead his countrymen to the fountain which had quenched his thirst, and so greatly changed his life. He was living in, or near, *Cocanada*, a growing city on the Godavery River, about 180 miles directly north of Ongole, or about 200 miles by the coast. The city is rapidly increasing in population and wealth. It is situated near the mouth of an important river, and is connected with one of the finest systems of irrigation

in Central India. It is altogether the most important place between Calcutta and Madras. In this place Mr. Gabriel began, without support or backers, to labour for the salvation of his countrymen. Gradually he used up all his own means in this work, and began to inquire what he should do next. He had been baptised by Mr. Dall, a Strict Baptist minister in Madras. On one of his visits to Madras, he called on Mr. McLaurin on his way, and asked him what he (Mr. Gabriel) should do, as his means were not adequate to continue his work. Mr. McLaurin told him he might do one of three things :

1. Inasmuch as he had been chiefly in communication with the English Baptists, he might apply to that Society among them which supports native preachers, but does not send out any white missionaries.

2. He might apply to the American Baptist Missionary Union to be taken on and supported.

3. He might apply to the Canadian Baptists for help.

Upon the whole, Mr. McLaurin advised him to apply first to his English Baptist brethren. This he did nearly two years ago, but received in reply from them word to the effect that they could not support him. What must be done in this state of things? It was deemed entirely improbable that the American Baptist Missionary Union would take up a station among the Telooogs, 200 miles distant from their centre of operations, more especially as they found themselves heavily taxed for men and means to keep up the stations which they are already pledged to support. Hence it was resolved to offer the Cocanada Mission to the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, who were about establishing an independent mission of their own.

This was done in a most urgent and earnest manner by the Rev. Mr. Timpany of Rannapatam. But before this offer reached the Provinces, they had become committed to

another field, and could not take up Cocanada. In this case the offer of the Mission was made to the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. The Board of our Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society met in Brantford on the 16th of October last, to consider this important subject. After mature deliberation the Board came unanimously to the conclusion that God, in His Providence, was laying the Cocanada Mission on us for our sympathy, support and direction. No question was allowed to rise into prominence but this, "Does God require us to undertake this work?" The following resolutions, in substance, were then unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the Cocanada Mission, hitherto conducted by Thomas Gabriel, has, in the Providence of God, been laid upon us for our sympathy and support: and whereas, it has been found that natives cannot oversee extended missionary work: therefore, Resolved, that in humble reliance on Divine aid, we will undertake the support and direction of this Mission; and to do so the more effectively, we respectfully ask our beloved American brethren to release to us the Rev. John McLaurin, to take the oversight of this Mission work.

"Resolved, that we will still pay into the treasury of the American Baptist Missionary Union the salary of our beloved brother Timpany.

"Resolved, that Dr. Fyfe be appointed to visit the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union, at Boston, to give a full and fraternal explanation of our aims and plans, and secure from them, if possible, their sympathy and their counsel in the time of need."

Dr. Fyfe visited Boston on the 8th of October, and was most kindly received by the Committee. And though they evidently did not wish to release Mr. McLaurin, yet they frankly did so, and permitted Dr. Fyfe to communicate with Mr. McLaurin to this effect at once. They informally said

that they deemed the Mission field taken up by the Canadians of great promise, that the measures contemplated by them were prudent, and that Mr. McLaurin, as overseer, is the right man in the right place. They gave Dr. Fyfe the assurance that they sympathised with their Canadian brethren in their work, that they would give to the Canadians the benefits of their experience (if they should desire them), and ever rejoice in their success. At about 4.30 p.m. on the 8th of October, Dr. Fyfe went to the Union Telegraph Office, Boston, and sent the following words on a journey of 16,000 miles:—"Boston.—John McLaurin, Ramapatam, Post, Madras. Go to Cocanada on basis of your letter. Send resignation.—Fyfe." This message cost \$38.37. Short and seemingly insignificant as the message is, rarely have more important words troubled the great deep. Who can conceive what results, in the ages to come, may be traced back to these few words!

The Mission at Cocanada has at its head Rev. John McLaurin, and under him are Thomas Gabriel, two native teachers and five school teachers, with about 150 members.

The Canadians of Ontario and Quebec have now a Mission of their own, and shall we not rally around it with our sympathies, our prayers and our contributions?

We feel sure the students of the Canadian Literary Institute will not forget it.

Literary.

John Zisca and His Times.

"**T**HAT he had appealed from the authority of the Pope to that of Christ,"—one of the thirty-nine charges brought against the great Reformer, Huss of Bohemia,—clearly indicates the principle for which, on the one hand, the Popes of Rome contended, and that, upon the other, for which Luther, Wycliffe, Huss, and their coadjutors of the Reformation, struggled. If Rome held her authority superior to that of Christ Himself, it cannot be wondered that she claimed sovereignty over the kings of the earth. Through centuries of darkness she ruled with an iron rod, making and deposing kings and potentates at will. For a time, it is true, Popes were nominated by the German Emperors, yet, by subtlety and intrigue, the Pope was in reality arbiter of the destinies of those who nominated him. However, such a yoke, by far too galling for the German neck, could not but lead to bitter contentions and bloody wars; victory, throughout the long struggle, declaring now for the one and again for the other. Now Henry III., after having deposed three rival Popes, pointing with his finger, on which glittered the ring of the Roman patricians, designates the bishop to whom the keys of St. Peter shall be confided; and again Randolph does not venture to place the German crown upon his brow until he has received permission from the Vatican. Now Gregory VII. fears to assume the pontifical robes until he knows the will of Henry IV.; and again Henry, in the garb of a mendicant, and with frost-bitten feet, stands for three days piteously supplicating mercy before the gates

of the castle where Gregory is enjoying the society of his favourite Countess.

Had this contest been continued, simply as a struggle for independence on the one hand, and for political sovereignty on the other, in all probability Rome, with her unscrupulous emissaries stirring up sedition in every Court and Province in Europe, would have triumphed. But with the dawning of the fourteenth century, another and far more powerful element entered into the contest; far more powerful, because it contended not for emolument, nor for sovereignty, nor even from motives of patriotism alone, but for great principles of truth and righteousness. Throughout Europe, in court and cloister, were noble and daring men, who saw those of none too pure morals and of unscrupulous ambition, claiming to be Christ's Vicegerents, yet setting themselves above Him whom they professed to serve; yea, more, saw them prostituting the fair name of religion, making it a means of self-aggrandizement. These men could not remain inactive and witness such iniquity, but rose, in heaven-given strength and fervour, to destroy that power whose aim was to make its own unholy sway universal.

The day of this struggle gave to the world many men for whom mankind is now thankful: Wycliffe to England, Luther to Saxony, Huss to Bohemia, Zuinglius to Switzerland. These are some of the great names whose weapons were the words of truth, and whose strength came from on high. Their history is familiar to all, for it has become interwoven with that of Europe. But a host of other names belong to this period—names that shine less brightly, only because of the surpassing lustre of those we have mentioned; names of men who, though they did not occupy a first position in that memorable contest, yet filled a necessary place, and whose deeds of daring are worthy of our admiration. Not the least among such is that of John Zisca.

The last period of his life, when he was so intimately connected with the struggles of Huss and his followers in Bohemia, is by far the most interesting; yet even before he imbibed the principles and spirit of the Reformers, his career is well worthy of notice. Even his birth, under an ancient oak on the bank of the Moldau, in Budweis, savours of romance. It requires no very strong imagination to make it portentous of his after-life. Homeless and comfortless at his birth, so was he during most of his after-life a dweller on the tented field; nor did even the tomb afford him a quiet resting-place, for his ashes were blown hither and thither by the winds of heaven.

Until he reached his twelfth year but little is known of his history. Then he entered the Court of Bohemia as a simple page. For many years the quiet, unsociable lad, who loved his solitude and eccentric habits much more than the company of his compeers, received but passing notice. However, there was in his character one prominent trait that could not long be unnoticed, and which we must not now overlook, for it points out the reason of his brilliant successes in after-life. Whatever he undertook, that he did; when once he had decided upon a course, everything must bend to the accomplishment of his designs. Though his unsocial nature won him but few personal friends, yet this characteristic made him a necessity to the Court, and when yet a young man he received the appointment of Chamberlain, a post of no mean honour in a European Court.

While here he saw the Poles struggling for existence against the Teutonic Knights. The unhappy condition of that people roused his sympathy and martial enthusiasm, and at the head of a body of Bohemian volunteers he joined the standard of King Ladislas. At the great battle of Tauben-
enburg he fought and won his first renown. When the Poles were giving way on every side, and the knights, with

shouts of victory, were driving all before them, Zisca and his little band charged again and again with such impetuous bravery, that in their fancied hour of triumph the enemy were borne back in confusion and flight, leaving the ground strewn with 40,000 of their comrades. Then his sword, no longer needed by the Poles, was given to Hungary, and in her struggle with the Turks he proved himself a knight worthy of the cause he had espoused. Peace again prevailed, but he could not brook its inactivity. Seeking new adventures and new renown, he joined the army of Henry V. of England. In the disastrous march from Harfleur, and at the victory on the plains of Agincourt, he won praises and reward from Henry. In these five eventful years, an adventurous spirit and a thirst for renown, rather than high principles, impelled him. Yet he was acquiring the art of war in war's hard school, and learning how to conquer, that he might enter upon his great life-work a true and approved man.

With his newly-won laurels he returned from Agincourt to his native Bohemia. He had left his country in peace; he returned to find her people agitated with the wildest excitement. Huss had preached the truth in opposition to the errors of Rome, and that truth had convinced and won the people. Rome, seeing her power waning, had put forth her hand, already stained with the blood of ten thousand saints, and added another to the throng whose blood cries from beneath the altar for vengeance. Wenceslas, King of Bohemia, sympathised with his people, yet was too timid to assert their rights or to oppose the high-handed policy of Rome. Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, so far favoured Rome that, though he had given Huss a safe-conduct to Constance, yet when, in defiance of that pledge, the Pope caused him to be burned, not even the shadow of a remonstrance was made. Thus among all the leaders there was none to redress the wrongs of the Bohemian. Zisca immediately began a care-

ful examination of the situation, politically and religiously. In a moment he saw that the political phase was only an outgrowth of the religious. Then his task was to master the principles for which each party strove in that struggle. Though born in the faith of Rome, and an adherent of that Church for sixty-five years, yet when he rose from the examination he stood the avowed leader of the Hussites. While meditating upon the unhappy state of his country, he was once asked by Wenceslas the cause of his melancholy. "What Bohemian," said he, "can be otherwise than deeply affected when his country is insulted by the infamous execution of Huss and Jerome?" "What can we do," Wenceslas carelessly answered, "to repair this injury? If thou canst devise any means, go and avenge thy countrymen; thou hast our free permission." He awaited only this the Royal permission to leave the court and place himself at the head of his already roused companions.

In 1419 the Hussite war was inaugurated. A few stones thrown by the adherents of the Pope, while a procession of patriots moved along the streets of Prague, was sufficient to produce a scene of carnage. Soon all Bohemia, except the castle of Prague, was in the hands of Zisca and his followers. But the death of Wenceslas brought all the power of the German empire against them. Sigismund, claiming the kingdom by inheritance, marched with 40,000 men to win it. Then began that series of brilliant exploits that have made Zisca and his little band famous. He had only 4,000 to oppose so great an army. But the deficiency was made up by the genius of the leader and the valour of his troops. First of all he inspired them with his own invincible spirit; then seizing a strong height, called by them Mount Tabor, he entrenched himself. Having no cavalry to oppose that of the enemy, he arranged his baggage waggons so as to receive the charges of the German Knights. Sigismund despised

him and his band, and laughed at a position that was fortified without walls or towers or moats. Confidently he led his 40,000 men to the attack; but the mail-clad knights charged in vain against those despised waggons; his instruments of war were useless against the earthworks, and his infantry strove in vain to carry the place. They struggled on until thousands of the bravest covered the ground. Then down upon the confused and retreating masses the patriots poured, and the rout was complete. As prompt to secure the advantages of victory as to win it, Zisca pressed on after the retreating enemy, winning victory after victory, until the last foe was driven from Bohemia. The reduction of the castle of Prague then left him master of the whole country. But victory had not been won without loss. On every hand were the blackened ruins of towns, villas and churches; many of his bravest followers had found graves on hard-fought battle fields, and Zisca himself had received a wound at the siege of the castle of Rabi which left him totally blind. Again, in 1424, Sigismund at the head of a strong army invaded Bohemia. Again the patriots rallied around their now blind chief. They carried him in a car at their head; they described to him the country and the enemy, and he issued his commands. In this way he led his troops to a succession of victories almost unexampled in history. In thirteen pitched battles against the forces of all Germany, the blind Zisca was victorious. Sigismund was again driven beyond the frontier, and at Anssig the German crusading army, under Frederick the Warlike, of Saxony, was utterly destroyed.

Victorious on every hand, Zisca was now in a position to dictate terms of peace to the Emperor Sigismund. One castle, Prisibislav, now alone held out. While this siege was in progress, Zisca, as an independent chieftain, held a conference with the Emperor, and all that was demanded was

granted—full religious liberty, many political concessions, and the appointment of Zisca as Governor of Bohemia. But the old war-worn chieftain lived only to see this day, not to enjoy it. The plague carried him off Oct. 12, 1424, and he was buried in a church at Czaslav with all the honours due to a great and beloved general. Years after, be it said to their shame, his enemies destroyed his tomb and burned his bones.

It is not claimed that John Zisca was without his faults—who is free from them? He was cruel, indeed; but that was inseparably connected with war as it was then carried on. And if we remember the fate of his favourite sister, whose virtue was sullied by a perfidious monk, we will feel like softening our condemnation. It is said that he seized carnal weapons to carry on a religious war; but we must remember that his enemies made it a political contest, and he fought only as a patriot in defence of his country.

Looking Backward.

FROM the cheerful warmth of this winter sunshine I am looking back to a summer morning ten years ago.

Then it was July—now it is November—and the glory of many a summer and winter lies between. As I remember that morning when we said farewell to our Alma Mater, it seems but yesterday; and yet when I attempt to retrace the pathway, I am convinced that there is no mistake in the calendar—*it is ten years!*

I can never forget the wondrous beauty of that July morning. The golden sunlight painted the misty top of Mount Holyoke, and lay softly on hamlet and home in the valley beneath. The blue of the sky, still deeper for the tinted clouds; the perfume of dew-laden flowers; the song

of birds and the music of waters, all conspired to enhance the beauty and glory of that day which was to bring to us the supreme hour of our lives. The freshness and promise of that morning seemed in beautiful harmony with the lives of those who had that day come to a "table land" of life; and I wondered if the analogy would continue, and as every element of that morning's beauty and glory would unite to make perfect the noonday and more glorious the sunset, so our lives—would they mount to the meridian and sink to the western horizon, with tint and tone and song richer, deeper, more triumphant than the morning's? But what have these years done for that class of fifty-five that went out that day from school-life into life's great school? Here and there, as I have tried to follow a pathway, it has been abruptly terminated, and at its end I have found a low hillock with a finger over it pointing upward. That the years have brought light and glory to these dwellers under the hillocks we cannot doubt.

While we who live compare our varied fortunes and wonder at the strange providences through which we have been led, *they* sit together in heavenly places, and spend the joyful years in unmingled delight. In all breadth and energy of thought, *we* are more dead than they; in all holy activities of soul, *they* are more alive than we.

We are the *real* dwellers under the hillocks, and *they* inhabit the mansions in our Father's house. We turn our eyes upward toward their dwelling-place, but no answer comes from the silent heavens to our pleading. We listen; the only sounds we catch are the words, "Thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We can well afford to be patient. Most of the fifty-five still work and wait. Sometimes we look at that roll of parchment, with its belt of blue, given to us that July morning ten years ago. Three years of precious life are crossed by that band, and

every time our eye rests upon it there walk through all the halls of memory those faithful, loving teachers who instructed us, prayed for us, counselled us, and stirred all the womanhood within us to consecrated and heavenly aims.

But we found long ago that this parchment will not fight our battles, do our work, nor float our bark over tempestuous seas; only by stern, patient and unremitting effort can we take one step in the upward way, or gain a single victory in the conflict of life.

Sometimes, it may be, we grow weary and foot-sore with life's discipline, but we are girded anew for the contest when we remember the promise, "Thine eyes shall yet behold the King in His beauty; they shall see the land that is very far off."

Illusions of History.

IN every department of knowledge there have been mistakes, but in no other, perhaps, are they so frequent or so difficult of correction as in history. We may correct the errors of previous times in regard to other studies by a new series of observations, but the historian must correct what he deems to be wrong in history from the page of history itself. It is not strange that many untruths are to be met with in history. In ancient times, when bards and poets were the historians, they sang their verses and ballads before kings and lords, and naturally enough, in praising the valour and glory of their masters' forefathers, would throw in much that was exaggerated in order to win the favour of their patrons. Superstition also did much. A people unable to assign causes for phenomena frequently occurring around them, would soon ascribe these events to supernatural influences. The priests and the keepers of the sacred oracles, better informed than the common people, took advantage of

this for their own personal benefit, and originated many fables, which being handed down perpetuated the evil.

We shall point out a few of the many illusions that have been, and to some extent are still, current in regard to history.

A very marked error, found chiefly in ancient, but quite often in modern times, is that of ascribing to one individual the credit of having effected changes which in reality were the work of several centuries. Thus, Theseus, in addition to his many mythical exploits, is said to have introduced reforms into Athens, some of which, antiquarians assure us, must have been over a hundred years apart, while, from all the facts, it is probable that this Athenian hero was simply a personification of an Ionian immigration into Greece. Another instance, somewhat similar, is found in our own Alfred the Great. Among the many wise things he did for his people, the institution of trial by jury is popularly ascribed to him. But a closer investigation shows that, with the exception of creating the office of sheriff, so as to weaken the influence of the nobles, he made no change in the form of trial from that which had prevailed for several centuries among the Saxons, and that it was not until the reign of Henry II. that trial by jury was really instituted. However much we may wish to extol good King Alfred, we must not give him more than his due.

A curious fact, and one somewhat perplexing to the student of history, is, that many of those legends and tales which he thought belonged only to his own country, he finds current among the people of other lands, the sole difference being a variation in the names of persons and places. Thus many of the well-known stories relating to the Saxon conquest of England are to be found among the people of the German States, all claiming that the scenes of the legends are in their vicinity. The beautiful story of William Tell, his patriotism, his skill in archery, and the loyalty to his country of himself and his friends, has been discovered among people far distant from Switzerland, who assert that their

country was the scene and their forefathers the actors in the event described. It is held by many that Tell, as we read of him, was a myth, or if not altogether a myth, was very different from our descriptions of him.

The history of a king's going in disguise among his subjects, and while with them meeting with strange and romantic adventures, is also to be found everywhere. Haroun al Raschid in the "Arabian Nights," Cœur de Lion in English, James the Fifth in Scottish, and Charlemagne in French history, are examples of this. It may be that the accounts concerning all these are true; yet, if not, it would be easy for a popular writer to seize on the idea and utilize it in describing the occurrences of his own land.

There is a widespread belief at the present day, that in all barbarous countries the government was absolute. But this was not always the case. It is only when a people become more than semi-civilized that we find this. In the early stages of a people's civilization, the only claim which the chief has upon his followers arises from his superior prowess in battle and in the chase they obey him. Around the camp fire they are his equals. This was the case among the Franks when they conquered the country which now bears their name. All who have read the incident connected with the "Vase of Soissons" are aware of this. The "Sea-King" Danes are another example; while the history of the feudal times among the Saxons and Normans gives additional confirmation to the fact, that in nearly all periods of time there have been checks upon the "one man" power.

The researches of this century have destroyed the credibility of many narrations in which the world formerly had implicit faith, and many beautiful legends which we have grown to love, and to wish were true, have been shown to be without foundation when subjected to the close criticism of the antiquary. Yet we cannot complain, for it is by such investigation that the cause of truth has been, and will ever be, advanced.

The Children.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is dismissed,
 And the little ones gather around me
 To bid me good night and be kissed;
 O the little white arms that encircle
 My neck in a tender embrace!
 O the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
 Of my childhood, too lovely to last—
 Of love that my heart will remember
 When it wakes to the pulse of the past;
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me
 A partner of sorrow and sin,
 When the glory of God was about me,
 And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's!
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,
 When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
 Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
 Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild—
 O! there's nothing on Earth half so holy
 As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of heart and of household,
 They are angels of God in disguise;
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
 His glory still gleams in their eyes.
 O those truants from home and from Heaven!
 They have made me more manly and mild,
 And I know how Jesus could liken
 The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
 All radiant, as others have done;
 But that life may have enough shadow
 To temper the glare of the sun.
 I would pray God to guard them from evil,
 But my prayer would bound back to myself;
 Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
 But a sinner may pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule and the rod ;
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge
 They have taught me the goodness of God.
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
 My frown is sufficient protection,
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more ;
 Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
 That meet me each morn at the door.
 I shall miss the " good nights " and the kisses,
 And the gush of their innocent glee,
 The group on the green, and the flowers
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve ;
 Their song in the school and the street ;
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And Death says " the school is dismissed,"
 May the little ones gather around me
 To bid me good-night and be kissed.

—*Charles Dickens.*

"It is better to fight for the Good than to rail at
 the Ill."

THOUGH the earth has ever borne thorns and thistles
 since the day of its curse, yet it has never ceased to
 gladden us with its fruits and flowers.

Its records are darkened with many a painful story, yet
 they are not without the lustre of noble deeds. Error has
 here manifested its darkest designs, and still strives to retain
 its dominion. Truth has here achieved its brightest victory,
 and now marches forward to its final triumph. Ills are in-
 separable from our present existence, yet life is not destitute

of that which is good. While every day thus presents us with its shadow and its sunshine, its sorrow and its joy, its wrongs to be righted and its rights to be maintained, which is the worthier occupation—to rail at existing evils, or to labour for the advancement of good? If we sought an answer to this question from natural inclination and common practice only, we should, doubtless, be led to a very erroneous conclusion; but when we refer the decision to result, the infallible test of any course of action, and trace, through the history of the past and the events of the present, the noble achievements of the one and the miserable failures of the other, we bind the laurel on the brow of the worker for good, and thus far at least heartily endorsing the sentiments of Maud's lover, say, "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill." It is better, because man is truly noble only in so far as he works for the promotion of good. In so doing he occupies the only position worthy to be held. The nobility of life consists not so much in the possession of superior powers as in the sphere of action in which power is exercised. Faculties of the highest order may be found in the lowest walks of life, and the possessor of humble powers may attain to high positions of honour. The same power may be used to accomplish the most diverse results. Men of might have been the greatest hindrances as well as the greatest helps to humanity. He only then is truly noble who holds the position of a worker for good. Man is noble only in so far as he makes truth and right his aim. It is the cause that gives colour to action—that decides whether the deed of daring shall receive the praise of heroism or the brand of disgrace. If the Swiss patriot has no worthy aim when he rushes to bury in his bosom the lances of the foe, his act is highly culpable; but since he gives his life a sacrifice for his country's freedom, the deed is one of unexampled devotion, and justly receives unmingled praise. While the

immediate value of an action in itself considered may not be variable, yet in its relation to man as the actor its worth is wholly dependent upon the motives and aims which prompted it. Man, then, is only noble in proportion as he labours for the good. His confidence in existing good increases while he labours for its promotion. He feels its reality and power while he aids its progress, and thus lifted far above the mists and fogs of doubt and uncertainty, goodness becomes to him a word filled with meaning—no empty name. "Trust in all things high comes easy to him," and his moral nature grows pure, noble, godlike. Man stamps his work with his own image, and it is not less true that he grows in likeness to his work. Thus we find that the appearance almost invariably indicates the occupation. A noble work moulds a noble life, and he only who labours for the good bears the impress of the good. There is no other employment so honourable, no other so rich in its reward, or so conducive to the fullest development of power. Inactivity is the source of weakness, and improper exercise the cause of disease. He only who labours for good receives that healthful exercise which gives might and manhood. Thus in every respect the worker for good stands far above the dwarfs of indolence and error, and to him the world in its present state offers a better field for the cultivation and exhibition of his highest capabilities than if evil had never been introduced. While hope and fear, good and ill, success and failure, are connected with life, he who grapples with difficulty and strikes for the right is truly a hero, and stands unique as the only created intelligence who, after having felt the effects of evil, laboured for the promotion of good.

It is better, because man's usefulness is inseparably connected with working for the good. This is the only basis of individual success—the only hope of social prosperity. The man who ever rails at the failings of his race, gloating on

the darker side of life, and feeding on the frailties of humanity, is but a clog to the wheel of progress—a burden society is weary of bearing, and from which she can expect no benefit. How many enter the arena of life displaying abilities which might make success comparatively easy, and yet, lacking that faith in and love for humanity which draw man out from his little self to live for his kind, give to the world nothing but the poison fruits of perverted powers, while others, with weaker capabilities but warmer sympathies, enrich the world with blessings.

How often a look of kindness, a word of encouragement, a cheerful assistance, have turned gloom into gladness, have touched to tenderest joy and roused to hopeful endeavour the burdened spirit which but one word harshly spoken would have crushed. And how often, on the other hand, has the feeble desire for good been blasted in the bud by the pestilential breath of the railer at ill.

On the worker for good alone the hope of humanity rests. It is his to uphold the good, and his to suppress the ill. The man who attempts the conquest of error from the love of contention, delighting more in that there are foes to contend with than in that there are rights to be maintained, however dexterously he may wield his vicious blade, however keenly he may cleave the opposing forces, will accomplish no permanent good. For as, in agricultural occupation, the mangling of quick-grass only accelerates its propagation, every wound forming a new place for growth, so the attempt to exterminate error by any unallowed influence but multiplies its forms, and gives it greater complexity. It is only by the introduction of light that darkness can be dispelled. It is only by the dissemination of truth that any false system can be destroyed, and lasting good secured. It is not by the crippled arm of party spirit, brandishing the saw-like blade of contention, but by the trenchant sword of

truth wielded by the fighter for good, that the world's victories are won.

It is better, because man's happiness must ever be found in the promotion of good. He thus develops the only nature that can rightly enjoy life, and is employed about the only occupation in which true enjoyment can be found.

Happiness, in order that she might be freed from the intrusion of unworthy suitors, and admit none but the noble to her presence, has chosen for her elysium, not the retreats of ease and indolence, but the dreaded fields of toil and difficulty, and by subtle device has made a life of labour for good at once her untold condition of acceptance, the charm by which she quickens the susceptibilities of enjoyment, and the source of her choicest pleasures. He whose suspicious nature will not allow him to believe good concerning his kind, whose distorted vision presents everything external as defection, whose powers are never exercised for the welfare of others, lives a wretched life. He who seeks to advance the happiness of others, finds his own joys increased; and he who rejoices in the prosperity of another, drinks from the sweetest sources of enjoyment.

The worker for good, even in adversity, is cheered by the consciousness of a noble purpose, and the assurance that his cause, though now hindered, will ultimately prevail. The sweetest pleasures of prosperity are his also. Labour for good is necessary to the full enjoyment of its progress, and he who thus labours, finds in its promotion life's greatest rewards and highest joys. Thus nobility, usefulness and happiness, only complete when coexistent, unite to crown the life of the worker for good, and say, "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

Happiest Days.

LONG ago, when you were a little child—perhaps not so very long ago, either—were you never interrupted in your play by being called in to have your face washed, your hair combed, and your soiled apron exchanged for a clean one, preparatory to an introduction to Mrs. Sweet-smile, or Dr. Blue-pill, or Aunt Bodkin, your mother's early school friend? And after being ushered into that august presence, and made to face a battery of questions which were either above or below your age and capacity, and which you consequently resented as insults or despised as trash, did you not, as you were gleefully vanishing, hear a soft sigh breathed out upon the "still summer air,"—"Dear child, he is seeing his happiest days?" It was Dr. Blue-pill or Aunt Bodkin speaking of you. There never was a greater piece of absurdity in the world. I thought so when I was a child, and now I know it. How the idea ever gained currency that childhood is the happiest period in life, I cannot conceive. How, once started, it keeps afloat, is equally incomprehensible. I should suppose that the experience of every sane person would have pronounced it false. I for one lift up my voice emphatically against the assertion, and boldly affirm that I think childhood the most miserable portion of human life, and I am thankful to be well out of it. I look upon it as no better than a mitigated form of slavery. The manner in which children's tastes are disregarded, their feelings ignored, and their instincts violated, is enough to disaffect one with childhood. They are expected to kiss all flesh that asks them to do so. They are jerked up into the lap of people they abhor. They say "Yes, ma'am," under pain of bread and water for a week, when their unerring nature prompts them to screech out, "No, I won't, you hateful old thing." They are sent out of the room whenever a fashionable bit of scan-

dal is to be rehearsed; packed off to bed just when everybody else is sitting down for a charming evening; bothered about lessons and Sunday-school texts, when they would rather be at play. It is true that all this may be for their good; but what about that? Does that make them any happier? I think not. It is doubtless for our good in the long run that we lose our pocket-books, break our arms, catch a fever, have people steal our umbrellas, and borrow books and never return them. In fact, we know that, upon certain conditions, all things work together for our good; but, notwithstanding, we find some things a terrible nuisance; and we may preach to children by the hour about discipline and health, yet it will never be anything but an intolerable nuisance to them to be swooped off to bed just as other people are setting about enjoying themselves. Some people lay great stress upon the fact that children are free from care—as if freedom from care were one of the Beatitudes. But I should like to know if freedom from care is any blessing to beings who don't know what care is. On the contrary, they are never so happy as when they can get a little care, or cheat themselves into the belief that they have it. They are a great deal more eager to assume care than you are to throw it off. I may have been peculiarly unfortunate in my surroundings, but the happy little ones of poetry and novels seldom, if ever, came near me. Childhood when I was a child had rosy cheeks and bright eyes, but it was also extremely given to quarrelling. It used to get mad very frequently. It pouted and sulked, and even bit at times. It told lies—big ones at that. It took the biggest half of the apple. It may have been fun for those who looked on, but it was death to us who were in the midst. What little lady has not had her heart almost broken by seeing the bran running out of the arm of her doll; or by having a whole family of these same dolls stricken down simultaneously

with malignant measles or small-pox? Or what little boy has not had hard work to keep back the tears as he saw the cat put her paw through his bran-new kite? And didn't his heart almost burst and the big tears roll down his cheeks as his mean big brother ate the piece of pie that he got for being good, and not crying when the cat spoiled his kite? Then when he did cry he was sent into a corner; no Court of Appeal before which he can lay his case in those charming happiest days. It is the flimsiest of all possible arguments to say that their sorrows are trifling—to talk about their *little* trials and troubles. Take this instance: It was arranged to go a-fishing on Saturday, and Saturday it rained. "Why couldn't it have rained Friday just as well as Saturday? and it always does rain or something just when I want to go anywhere—so there!" and a flood of tears comes from disappointed hope. These *little* things are *great* things to little men and women. Yet, in face of all this, people say—there are people who dare to say—that the days of childhood are our happiest days. If children could get any comfort from the divine consolation, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," I think they need it; but, alas! the little ones know nothing. Perhaps hereafter *we* shall know why some people think that childhood's are the "happiest days."

The Institute.

THE old Institute is no more; it has become a thing of the past; and yet the same building rears its lofty form upon the same eminence, but so metamorphosed by alterations, additions and improvements that "Old Students" would scarcely recognise their Alma Mater. The halls which once re-echoed to the fairy tread and silvery laughter of

girlhood, now resound to the heavier tread and coarser voice of masculinity. In the windows where oft in days of yore appeared fair faces, now may be seen countenances moustached and bewhiskered. Oh! what desecration! 'Tis well the fair ones fled ere they saw their sanctums ruthlessly invaded by their boisterous brothers. Not only has the building itself changed, but also its occupants. Where now are the voices which once mingled in prayer and praise, in laugh and jest?—where the forms which were wont to gather in the dining-room, the class-room and chapel? Alas! they are scattered far and wide. Some are pursuing the ordinary duties of life; some are basking in the lap of luxurious ease; some are labouring under India's sun; and some are mute and motionless for ever—sleeping the sleep which knows no awakening. Forms still traverse the halls, and voices are heard in the class-rooms; but they are the forms and voices of strangers. A little while and they too will pass way, and the places with which they are now so familiar will be familiar to them no more, save when touched by the magic wand of memory. Thus the scenes in the life drama are continually changing. How happy and contented are the many there! They find it easier to keep good resolutions, and to avoid the evils which beset them in the world without, and they fain would linger beneath the friendly shade of those sheltering walls; but Fate bids them move on. Friendships are formed there which are true and lasting; but the cruel hand of time severs the link and sends them forth to fight singly the battles of life for which they have been preparing. Some tremble and waver, and at length fall by the wayside; others march boldly forward, and zealously use the weapons provided; and, though they die in the conflict and their names perish, yet will their influence live and flow down through the vista of all time.

Selected.

French Words and Phrases.

(From *Galaxy*.)

JE SUIS FRANCAIS is a phrase often heard in France. If an imputation be made on a man's courage, his figure is drawn up to its greatest altitude, and the words are uttered as if from Olympian heights. If he takes what he deems a noble stand, worthy of himself and his country, he taps himself on the breast and the three words follow. If a reflection be made on that honour about which there is so much talk, the phrase of three words is pronounced with an intimation that excuses must be offered with the alternative of blood-letting. Rudely crowd a man at the theatre or the railway station, and two to one he will say, "Don't push me, sir; I am a Frenchman;" implying that you may possibly do so to others with impunity, but not to a man of his nationality.

One sees in the Anglo-Saxon a disposition to jest at death, as in the gibes of the grave-diggers before Hamlet, and the Western journal which said its State was so healthy that in order to start a graveyard the citizens had to borrow a corpse from a neighbouring State. This effort to encircle a death's head with a garland of humour shocks the Gaul. *La mort* is not used in a jocular vein. With us, young people not unfrequently go to the cemeteries to amuse themselves; this would strike him as singular. He respectfully removes his hat as he meets a funeral procession and as he passes before the house of death. Tombstone wit is rare, and Boileau showed a disregard of public opinion when he penned such an epigram as this :

Ci git ma femme. Ah ! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et le mien!

When one of his fellows is keen-sighted, the Gaul says he has the American eye, which probably has its origin in his acquaintance with the works of Cooper; for if he be ignorant of every other American author, he always knows this one. When he says he is sick at the heart, this is one of

his graceful evasions, and he means that he is sick at the stomach. When he speaks of a man as sober, he refers to his temperament, and it has no connection in his mind with the absence of drunkenness. Our windows look, and his give, on the street. The American imbecile will never set the river on fire; the French one has not invented powder. Romeo waiting at the rendezvous for his Juliet, he calls the hour of the shepherd. We call a spade a spade, and he calls a cat a cat. When the time for paying comes, with nothing in the purse, he describes as the ugly quarter of an hour of Rabelais. In America a stupid man is a goose; in France he is a turkey. The French duck we have acclimated, and it bears on its back the burden of our shams and false reports.

Anglo-Saxons are apt to take for granted that they enjoy a monopoly of *humour*; that they only have the thing as well as the name; but it is an ancient French word, and was employed in the English sense by Corneille, in whose plays it is found. Then it fell into desuetude, and was revived by Diderot. Of the late writers, Sainte-Beuve gives one of the best English applications of the word, where he says, in speaking of Chateaubriand, that he had a kind of humour or fantasy, *qui se joue sur un fond triste*—a description, by the way, that would apply equally well to the character of President Lincoln. Humour in the English sense is restricted; in the French it is almost a synonyme of caprice, leaving aside its primary signification. The French possess this quality in common with us, but with the condition that mirth shall not master art; there must be no coarseness in the exhibition. The Gaul cannot see the amusement of a man with a hat knocked over his eyes; he does not laugh when another falls, however awkwardly he may sprawl. The distortion of language in the search after droll effects does not move him to mirth. Though he understood our language as well as ourselves, he would never learn to be amused with the deformed orthography of some of our humourists; these broken-backed words and twists of language would only offend his taste.

He who has read Molière, and frequented the Palais Royal theatre, readily concedes humour to the nation, but it is difficult to seize its conception of it. When a copy of "*Punch*" is submitted to the Gaul, he smiles out of politeness; his eye does not brighten with pleasure over the

follies of Rotten Row or the mishaps of hunters going over fences and ditches; but there is a change of expression when he catches sight of "*Charivari*," with the comicalities of Cham and his *confrères*. Then he is at home, and his gaiety expands. Here are specimens at random, in accordance with his idea of the humorous:

Phryné loses her child. "The little cherub is in heaven," observes a sympathizing friend by way of consolation. "That is what distresses me; I am sure of never seeing him again," returns the weeping mother.

A man in blouse, in the Belleville quarter, presents a bottle of perfume to his beloved, saying, "When you smell that, you will regret that your Creator did not make you all nose."

This is headed "*La Propagande*:" The heart of an opulent woman of forty is ardently besieged by a man of fifty, in spectacles, and on his knees, whom she resists, saying, "Non, Oscar, pas tant qu'il y aura des Prussiens sur notre sol." Another shows a grandmother with an infant in her arms, to which she gives the bottle, the former bearing the well-known traits of Thiers, the latter being the republic in its swaddling clothes.

With us, the man of culture is more easily discovered from his speech. With them, there are many current phrases common to several classes, and there are shopmen who pronounce them nearly as well as the people of culture. When to the employment of these phrases is added a smartness of dress and manner—say in the *coiffeur* and the *valet de chambre*—a certain sameness seems to envelope all. This is the case in the matter of speech; but wealth and education are more generally manifested in other ways with them than with us, such as general bearing and surroundings, Legion of Honour, and speech when the line of platitudes is passed. With us a man with a three days' beard, a mouth full of tobacco, and a felt hat, may possess wealth and official position. This would be a striking incongruity in France. The imitative faculty is much developed in the Gaul, and the valet seizes his master's manner and speech as no Englishman in the same station of life could ever do. This, naturally, as long as he keeps near shore, in current vocabulary; but when he goes beyond, the resemblance deepens into caricature.

—*Albert Rhodes.*

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.

(From "The Owl.")

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat ;
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And he sang to a small guitar :
" Oh, lovely Pussy, oh, Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are."

Pussy said to the Owl, " You elegant fowl,
How wonderful sweet you sing !
Oh, let us get married, too long have we tarried ;
But what shall we do for a ring ?"
So they sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there, in the wood, a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring in the end of his nose,
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

" Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring ?" Said the Piggy, " I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey that lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon ;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon. —Lear.

To the toast, " Woman—she is a link between heaven and earth !" Prentice once replied : " So is a sausage thrown up in the air."

A pocket boot-jack has been invented in New York. You put your foot into your pocket, give a spring into the air, and off comes your boot.

American Manners in Europe.

(Asbury Review.)

ENGLISH DISAGREEABLES.

IT is noteworthy that the American blemishes in speech—showing to much worse advantage than those of the English—militate more seriously against the laws of good breeding. Thus, the British guttural is not so disagreeable as the American nasality. The former suggests strength, the latter weakness; the former is the tone of Lion and Gnu, the latter that of Monkey and Eunuch. The asthmatic huskiness is not so offensive as the American shriek. The precipitate and indistinct articulation of the American tells more injuriously against both the claim to and the practice of good breeding than the Englishman's deficiency in h's. The missing aspirate is occasional, the childish hurry-scurry is perpetual. The American blemish affects the whole utterance, the English only a very small part of it. I have heard many an English tradesman talk with real elegance, barring his absent aspirates. His distinctness and deliberation were as marked as those of his better educated countrymen.

The Cockney (a name applied in England only to Londoners)—the Cockney breadth of the *a* is not so harsh to the refined ear as the same letter when pronounced by the American preacher, who says: "I will read from the word of Gawd the 91st Sam;" or by the American father, who says: "Kan't you come here, Sam? I want to read to you a Sam." The word "nasty" sounds more agreeable when pronounced "gnawsty," as in London, than when pronounced "nass-ty," as in America. But the indiscriminate and incessant use of the word "nasty" in England is just as vulgar as the indiscriminate and incessant use of the word "guess" in the United States. But again, the English "I think," or "I suppose," is more elegant, because more accurate, and less of a mannerism, than the American "I guess," or (the Southern) "I reckon." There may be little to choose between "vest" and "waistcoat," or "pants" and "trowsers;" but I submit whether "fall" is preferable to "autumn," or "smart" to "clever," or "reliable" to "trustworthy," or "store" to "shop" (especially as there is a place for both words), or dead silence to "thanks" or "thank you," or "pooty" to "pretty," or "limb" to "le," especially when the "modesty"

of the former pronunciation is, to use an Americanism, "too thin."

A FEW MORE AMERICANISMS.

Latitude of attitude.—We can never forget Dickens' picture of the row of feet that loomed upon his vision as he approached the American hotel. Another of the deteriorating effects of our excessive climate is the limbering it occasions to the physical American. Here is another exclusively American habit which we never observe until we see it in contrast with the absence of it. The English railway compartment is torture to an American. He is as badly off as the dove at the Leluge—he has no place for the soles of his feet. Every other nationality use the floor for their feet. The American cannot sit full and shapely upon his chair. If he can find a sufficient elevation for his heels, he will take the shape of an isosceles triangle. The cushions of the London office chairs wear in the middle, those of New York at the front edge. The American has an irresistible inclination to lean against something, and looks round for a lamp-post or fence or mantelpiece before he enters upon the conversation. His climate is in his bones, doubtless—the most limbering climate in the world. But as our ladies manage to sit up straight and keep down their heels, and are able to stand up without leaning over, we must infer that the sense of propriety which restrains the "weaker sex" may restrain the stronger. A climate may be neutralized by a code of etiquette. The social constitution of an aristocratic form of society defies atmospheric as well as theoretic influences.

Money vanity, or "purse pride," as it is called—A parade of not only what money will buy, but of the possession of money itself. Not simply an insinuation of one's bank account, but an obtrusion and vaunting of one's possessions in the matter of one's houses and lands. Here, again, we are twitted with our resemblance to the class which has suddenly gotten on in the world.

Chewing.

Spitting.

The Scotch take snuff, and all nations smoke, but we are the only nation that spits while smoking, and we have the genteel habit of chewing tobacco all to ourselves.

But perhaps the greatest novelty in the way of manners introduced by the Americans is "interviewing." That exquisite impertinency habit of pushing in on a man, sitting down

in his chair, staring into his face, handing him a letter or not (often not) and "wanting to know" whether he is well, whether he has much of a family, whether he has always lived in that house, whether he is not coming to America, and whether he does not expect to be overwhelmed by the sight of "our country," and whether he would not give us his portrait and some trifle that we could take home to wonderful America—his gold eye glasses, for example, or the table whereon he has written his renowned cogitations. And the most mortifying thing about these ungentlemanly raids and aboriginal manners is that we glory in them, and chuckle over them, while their victims discuss them with mingled derision and disgust. But those who are most addicted to these are the most difficult to reach with the arrow of satire.

—*Professor Sheppard.*

A Nebraska man on his dying bed remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said: "Now, Henrietta, don't go to snuffling round and forget them hams."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him. He silenced her by inquiring—"What is the good of a hoss till it's broke?"

M. Prudhomme, in the decline of life, was talking with his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth. "But, uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what struck you most during your life?" "My dear boy, it was your aunt!"

Two men, disputing about the pronunciation of 'be word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, who confounded both by declaring "It's nayther, for it's ayther."

A Portland man caught fishing for trout on another man's land the other day, completely silenced the owner, who remonstrated, with the majestic answer, "Who wants to catch your trout? I am only trying to drown this worm."—*Targum.*

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS:

E. W. DADSON,

A. M. TURNBULL.

BUSINESS EDITOR:

S. S. BATES.

THE half-year that has elapsed since our last issue has been a memorable one in many respects throughout the world, but more particularly so in our own Dominion. The great conflict of parties in the political arena marking its earlier portion, has been followed by a journalistic strife rancorous and keen to the last degree. "Judgment on the traitor," "Resistance to the death," have been the cries incessantly ringing in our ears, indicative of the great struggle that convulsed the land. And while we cannot look unconcerned upon the movements in which the honour, welfare and fair fame of our country are at stake, it is not ours to abet the strife, but rather to endeavour to promote the highest interests of those we reach (and so of the country at large) by taking a different path from that pursued by most of our contemporaries. We appeal to the minds and consciences of men to consent to what is truly good and great; so that, by following the example and sentiments of those really such, they may accomplish in their turn what will be productive of the highest results in the life of nation and individual. Ours is a work of hope. As such we present it; trusting that even as the day is fast approaching that memorializes Peace and Good-will proclaimed from Heaven through Him who is the Prince of Peace, so may a bright day soon dawn, when peace and good-will shall be coin current in every realm. That our effort may help in any the least degree to usher in that time is our hearty wish.

On the evening of Friday, 28th ult., our Societies combined and gave an entertainment in the chapel. The programme was long and varied, and was thoroughly appreciated by all in attendance. Misses Fancher, Bowlby, Sovereign and Merriman, by their piano music, and the Misses Merrill by their singing, awoke again throughout our benighted halls echoes of dulcet strains which have lain dormant since the ladies deserted our building. Miss Crawford read a paper on the Jacobites. She pictured to us vividly many scenes of thrilling interest which marked the adventurous career of the unhappy Stuarts, and after touchingly sketching the misfortunes of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," paid such a tribute to the "lads wi' the kilts" that our Mc's with difficulty restrained their enthusiasm. Miss F. Crawford rendered "The Cry of the Children" very effectively; and the "What Not," by Miss Merrill, was so mirth-provoking that our most "grave and reverend" theologian wrestled with his risibles to no purpose, and was observed to expand to an extent hitherto unknown. Mr. White gave a selection from the inimitable "Danbury Man," and Mr. Bates read the time-honoured "Oracle," both of which, from the applause vouchsafed, were enjoyed immensely. An oration by Mr. T. Trotter, and a spirited and well-sung duet by Messrs. Trotter and White, concluded the entertainment. May others follow.

"OUR TABLE." How many editors delight to pen this phrase that may perchance lead the unwary to imagine the article in question to be a choice piece of mahogany or black walnut "gotten up expressly for the purpose," when, truthfully speaking, it only means the handiest corner of the editor's quarters, where the "pile of exchanges" (mentioned as lying on that "table") can be bestowed away until they require attention.

"Our Table," to be honest about it, is (especially the latter) a myth. "Bureau" would suit us better, for the spot where our "pile" is kept is a bureau, or, strictly speaking, the top of it; and while it would not be proper to produce its contents in mixed company, we wish to say a little about the top-story anyway. "Our pile" there is to be spoken of with due discretion also, for 'tis scarcely a pile at all. We did not intimate in our last that we meant to do anything rash, yet most of our exchanges seem to have laboured under the impression that we have committed suicide, or murder in the fourth degree, or faded like the autumn leaf, or done something equally foolish. No, friends, we're alive yet, and feel inclined to institute anxious inquiries about some of you. To relieve all anxiety, we state for your information that only three times a year do we issue from our den; this being understood, we hope you will act accordingly. When we propose to expire, we'll do the thing properly, and give you all an invitation to our funeral obsequies.

And now, in honour of the season, permit us to extend our quill-clamp and wish you

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"WE hope that in the next issue the editors may be able to announce the determination of the Society to increase the number of yearly publications," is a quotation from the editorial of the July number. This hope is not realized. We announce no such determination on the part of the Society. Perhaps, after its proposed constitutional changes have been effected, the "Adelphian may" make a move in this direction. Next term will show. As matters now stand, we can do no more than, after the manner of our predecessors, leave on record a hope for future increase in the number of yearly issues.

"NOTHING can stand against a resolute quoter," says the *Canadian Monthly*. Witness the misbeliever who proved the New Testament to be contrary to the Old by quoting, "Hang all the Law and the Prophets."

WE hope all our friends who are interested in the success of THE TYPO will renew their subscriptions without further solicitation.

SPEAKING of admitting boys to Vassar and Packer Institutes, the *Bates' Student* says: "A feminine yell of horror breaks upon the air." Now, we happened to be party to a slight adventure last summer, which almost inclines us to believe the remark to be true. But to our tale; readers, judge for yourselves. While recruiting, during vacation, on the Lower St. Lawrence, we met a couple of ladies from Packer, and after the preliminary stages of acquaintanceship had been safely passed their society proved very agreeable. One night, while returning from a "taffy pull," like the little busy bee laden with sweets, the thought occurred, "Why not share with our friends?" With this virtuous purpose we sallied forth from the hotel in search of them, and had not gone far when we met them returning from a neighbouring cottage. But no sooner were we dimly discerned than they turned back, and exclaiming "There's a man!" ran into the cottage, making the welkin ring with their screams of affright. We stood thunderstruck, the innocent cause of such consternation: and then—only think of it—called "a man!" Suffice it to say, the mistake was afterwards rectified and the plunder divided; but we were obliged to look very innocent for a week or more, while everybody was inquiring about "those screams." We trust our friends have entirely recovered, and won't be so horrified hereafter when they happen on "a man," either abroad or at home.

Our Re-union.

THE rapid increase in the number of students attending our Institute during the last five years, having made more room an absolute necessity, operations to meet the demand were commenced in the summer of 1872. The work continued steadily until last October, when it was completed; the result being, enlarged and beautified grounds, a new building for the ladies, and extensive additions to the main building, involving an outlay of some \$28,000.

The 14th of October was the day chosen to celebrate the successful termination of this enterprise. The weather on the evening of the 13th caused many to fear that our gathering would not be a success; but darkness and storm were followed by such a day of sunshine and warmth as gladdened every heart.

Never did our town, Institute or landscape look better. The hills around were dressed in all the glory that autumn's hues throw over expiring nature, and in the bright warm sunshine made an exquisite framing for the fair picture. Indeed, "beautiful for situation" seemed to be the universal verdict of our visiting friends; and from the many expressions of surprise and satisfaction at the appearance of what they saw in and about the place, we conjecture they were not disappointed with their visit and inspection.

After examining all the buildings and grounds, at 1 P.M. the guests, about 250 in number, sat down to an excellent and bountiful collation in the Dining Hall. This good cheer having been discussed, an adjournment took place to the Chapel, where an additional feast was enjoyed in the Educational Address delivered by the Rev. J. H. Castle, D.D., of Toronto (late of Philadelphia). The report subjoined is from the columns of the *Brantford Expositor*:—

The room was crowded to excess. The Principal, Rev. Dr. Fyfe, was appointed to the Chair, who, after returning thanks for the honour, called on the Rev. D. W. Rowland to lead in prayer. The Institute choir favoured the meeting with exquisite music, Mrs. Revell presiding at the piano with her usual ability and grace. After the music the President introduced the Rev. Dr. Castle, who, after a few happy remarks on personal matters, proceeded with an able address. In speaking on education, the rev. gentleman said: "Education is a universal lever—a mighty power—a worker of miracles. It gives a man the hundred eyes of Argus, the hands of Briareus and the wings of Mercury. See that

splendid temple—that magnificent column—that mighty engine that ploughs the deep or sweeps with thunder over the earth. All, all is the result of educated mind. We know that progress in science, religion or art comes from this source. There need never be any fear that there will be a surplus of educated mind. Why, when railways were first introduced, men cried out against them on the ground that the value of horses would be depreciated. But horses are dearer to-day than they were before railways were introduced. So of sewing machines. It was asserted that sewing girls would lose their occupation, but there is a greater demand for them now than ever before, although the useful machine has been multiplied by thousands. All educated talent should be employed in noble work and consecrated to God. Look at education in respect to the family circle. Our utmost must be done for our children. We must place them on a higher vantage ground than it was our privilege to occupy. But mere culture, scholastic training alone, is not enough. There must be no separation between culture and religion. And here comes in the need of special watch-care as to the kind of teachers to whom we commit the training and direction of the youthful mind. You do not know me very well, sir, but you know that I am not a profane man; but if ever I feel like doing as did the apostle—going out and cursing bitterly—it is when I think upon some of my former teachers. Most parents seem satisfied if, day by day, their child is up and off betimes to the school-room, seldom or never troubling themselves to inquire what may be the character of the teacher. Yet if that child needs a pair of shoes, the best maker is diligently sought out and applied to. If the body be worth so much care, what should be the solicitude over the immortal mind, which is to live on and on for ever! Not only must educators be apt to teach, but they must be noble, upright, pure. They must be *men* and *women* as well as teachers.

“I do not attack our Public Schools. They have a mission—a noble one—but I mean to say that the Christian parents must supplement their teaching. They must send their sons and daughters to a school where the living truths of the everlasting Gospel can be obtained. I ask not that religion be taught by the State—nor do I want my children taught the barest facts *about* Christianity.

“The good citizen—the highest type of man or woman before God—must be taught the principles of vital godliness. The heart, not the head alone, must be reached. In this respect Protestants might do well to copy the example of the Catholic Church. Brethren, we have abundant cause for gratitude that here in Woodstock we have such a school, one eminently adapted to the wants of our sons and our daughters. A school that is embedded in the affections of thousands. A school that is daily borne on a

thousand hearts to the Throne of Grace. One 'whose praise is in all the Churches.' One that has proved such a blessing to scores who have come up hither, and through them to their respective families in this as well as in foreign lands. We rejoice at this, the more so when we consider the system of training pursued in most of our colleges. In the vast majority of them 'there is a great gulf fixed.' If a young man feel trouble at heart, if he be anxious about his soul, he dare not approach the Professor, who, mild and affable in the lecture-room, becomes stolid and indifferent out of it. No; young men cannot go and unbosom their hearts to them, for there is no sympathy between them. But, brethren, we want no gulf separating our sons and daughters from their professors; and more than that, there is none. No gulf, brethren. Nor do we make any vain boast when we say that we have here a College for our young people combining the utmost freedom between teacher and taught, and at the same time the highest degree of respect. I have not much faith in private schools. Persons may, and in some cases do, teach for the love of it, but their successors will generally teach for self.

"New countries have special need of schools like this, where the family element can be so largely thrown in. There are others rising here and there, and we rejoice at it, but *this* is and always will be first and chiefest of all.

"In urging the necessity of a broader and more thorough course of training for our young ministry, we mean no disparagement to the old veterans who in their youth were denied the advantage of a collegiate education. We honour the man who climbs the mountain's height, whether he does so by means of the collegiate railway coach or by the expenditure of his own muscle.

"But the broader claim for an educated ministry rests on its need to meet the scepticism of our age. The Methodist body in New York have lately been discussing the cause of the decline of Methodism in that city. They will find a solution of the problem in the fact that they have not kept pace with the times. Their ministry has not made that advancement in education which has been made by others. Baptists must be alive to this subject also. We must never be feeders of other sects. Now, with brains in our heads, grace in our hearts and money in our pockets, this must not be permitted. Some persons decry an educated ministry, but when I glance at the host of Bible worthies I see none greater than the learned Moses and the scholastic Paul.

"Nor do I confine my remarks to the ministry alone. We want a higher education to fit our sons for the more important offices of the State. I have referred to the home circle—to the influence for good which our sons and daughters, if rightly educated, should exert. Though I am a man of humble pretensions, yet I am not willing that all the positions of honour, power and emolument

should be occupied by others. Why may not your sons be mayors, doctors, lawyers and judges? See to it that your son is mayor of Toronto, president of a bank or Judge of Queen's Bench. He may not be Governor-General, but he may be Lieutenant-Governor. Give him the education he needs to fit him for such a position. Your daughters, to be fitted for their high mission in life, must be sent from the family circle. Where can their minds be better cultivated—their physical and spiritual health better cared for and their womanhood better developed, than at the Canadian Literary Institute?

"Finally, brethren, let me urge upon you the imperative duty of supporting freely, large-heartedly, this beloved school. The lack of means cripples the energies of the best enterprise. We cannot now stand still, for that would be to retrograde. We must put our shoulder to the wheel, and help to move onward and upward the chariot of civilization. We must enlarge and multiply those streams of knowledge, clear and sweet, for which scores of thirsty minds come annually up hither. The Baptists of Ontario are able to place \$250,000 upon the altar of this college."

The above is but a synopsis of the very able address of the rev. gentleman, who must be heard to be appreciated.

At the close, the Hon. Wm. McMaster moved a resolution, seconded by Wm. Craig, Esq., that the Institute merits and shall receive the hearty and united support of the Baptists of Ontario.

Over \$1,000 was raised in a few minutes before the meeting closed. Every way considered, the meeting was a decided success.

Local Items.

The "eyesores" complained of in our last have been removed, and we have now a creditable rostrum whereon our spouting talent can exercise itself, and also a neat reading desk of the most approved style of architecture.

The Base Ball season with us was short and lively, lasting about six weeks. The sport was excellent, and some good matches were played.

The appearance of the Institute is much improved by the alterations. The ladies' new building only wants a similar opposite to make everything complete.

RE-UNION DAY will ever remain a green spot in the memory of those who enjoyed all its good things—Holiday—Kind Words—Collation—Eloquent Address—No Study Hours. When shall we have such another treat? We were glad to meet and greet many old students and friends from abroad.

The Rev. Mr. Cameron, of New York, visited us at the same time, but did not give any address.

The Rev. Dr. Angus, President of Regent's Park College, London, preached in the Baptist Church here on Sunday, the 14th Sept., and the following morning, accompanied by Mr. King, a prominent deacon of one of the London churches, visited our Institute. The few remarks he addressed to the students were in a very happy strain, and we were bid a hearty "God speed" in our work.

On the 19th October, two ministers from the Eastern Provinces, delegates to the Ontario Convention—Revds. E. M. Saunders, of Halifax, N.S., and J. Porter, of Fredericton, N.B.—preached in the town, visited us next morning, and delivered short addresses. They expressed some surprise at the system of joint education of the sexes carried out here, and seemed to think the plan very good. One of them indeed wished he had been born later that he might have enjoyed the privilege of attending such an institution.

W. Roome Kay, Esq., gave us an evening with the poets and humourists on the 31st Oct. His pleasing address and natural style of elocution gave much satisfaction, and rendered the entertainment a very agreeable one. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Kay for his kindness in charging only a nominal admission fee to students.

On re-union day a visitor was heard to ask what was to be done with this "collusion." It is believed that when an adjournment to the dining hall took place the gentleman's difficulty disappeared, and is (we hope) by this time solved.

It is a favourite remark with one of our worthy teachers, that unless it rains omnibuses, the path of duty should not be deserted. One of our juniors remarked, on hearing this, that he never heard of it raining omnibuses, but that it was quite common in many places to hail them.

The following is a correct copy of the first item in the washing bill of one of our seniors:

"2 sheats"—

The tables in our dining hall have been classified thus:

FAST.....	Trotter's.
SELECT.....	White's.
FAMILY.....	Dadsor's.
REGAL.....	Sovereign's.
DANGEROUS.....	Hooker's & Bates'.

Exchanges.

Our trans-continental friend, *The Owl*, comes to us in a good shape, with some excellent reading matter in its columns. It is "true blue" on the Papal question, and hastens, in its first issue

for the year, to break a lance with the *Vassar Miscellany* on the character of Victor Emmanuel, whom it regards as a compound of villany and hypocrisy. Then it seems to regard with unmingled satisfaction the increase of Papacy in England. We think that any one who recalls the state of England in the days of Queen Mary will be inclined to prefer the present state of affairs. However, it don't trouble us much, and we merely remark that those who derive any benefit from Sacred Heart or Paray le Monial pilgrimages are welcome to it; and if so much benefit results from them, why not get up a shrine on this continent, that multitudes of devoted Catholics, otherwise deprived of the blessing, may enjoy the privilege of going on a pilgrimage? We offer this as a suggestion, thinking there must have been some neglect in the matter.

However, much as we differ in other things, we can readily unite with our contemporary in the sentiment of this extract from a poem on "Revenge," by one of the Santa Clara students:—

"Man's noblest deed in this brief life,
Were thence to banish vengeful strife;
This done, Hell's power would straightway cease,
And Jesus reign the Prince of Peace."

They have a man out there who don't like *mixed* pies, but wants them *straight*. Our boys *take* them straight without asking any questions.

The *Dickinsonian* would do well to consult its Dictionary before allowing a word unfit for the pages of any publication to appear in its columns. Witness issue Oct. 7, "funny column." That it was quoted is scarcely a valid excuse for putting it there.

The *Asbury Review*, visiting us for the first time, makes a good impression. Its appearance and matter are agreeable, and we hope to hear further from and cultivate more extensively the acquaintance of our Western friend, whose quality is something above the average; probably accounted for by the fact that they believe in co-education out there.

The *Packer Quarterly* is the only representative of the gentle persuasion that has visited our sanctum this year, and is a thrice welcome visitor. Both from its neat appearance and acceptable contents, we judge the ladies of P. C. I. know how to conduct a magazine with success.

The *Volante*—vigorous—versatile—veracious—vivacious, and very "welcome." Call again.

We have also received the following:—*Cornell Era*, *Madisonensis*, *Targum*, *Denison Collegian*, *Annalist*, *Index Niagarensis*, *Ontario Teacher*, *University Record*, *Western Collegian*, *Expositor*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Times*, *Sentinel*, *Bates' Student*, *Journal of Insanity*, *Geyser*, *Tripod*.

College Wit.

The Junior who was found the other morning in the wood-box, sleeping off a carouse, insisted that he had merely been laying in his winter's fuel.—*Anvil*.

Why is Elijah's translation to be preferred to that of Enoch? —'Cause he was translated with ponies.—*Record*.

Student in Mental Philosophy to Professor.—"Will you please define a simple idea? I have searched the book all through, and have been unable to find one."—*Bates' Student*.

EXAM. PAPER.—"Give legend of Proserpine."—*Venturesome Fresh*—"Pretty girl by the sea-shore—Pluto on the scene—falls in love—snakes her—great confusion—girl screams 'Mother'—wants to go home—no go—off for Hades—anxious mother—half crazy—meets Hecate—three heads—tells story—ham sandwiches and coffee for two—off to Jupiter—gets some mad—demands daughter—can't get her—tragedy—grand tableaux—curtain." The Faculty are deliberating on this case also.—*Courant*.

SCENE.—Junior den, student scanning. There comes a tapping at the door—visitor enters, while student concludes his scanning with the exclamation "Quod si com-min-uas!"—*Madisonensis*.

Instructor of Logic—Mr. —, what is the universal negative?

Student—Not prepared, sir.—*Ex*.

SCENE—Recitation in English Literature: Subject—Locke. *Tutor*—"What can you say of the Essay on the Understanding?" *Student*—"This was one of the author's principal works, &c. He also wrote several other valuable works, among which may be named the Rape of the Lock, &c."—*Rident Omnes*.

A Freshman sends us the following translation of Mary's little lamb: as we wish always to encourage rising genius, we publish it without a struggle. The following is our only pastoral poem of the nineteenth century, transposed from the metric to the prose order. Mary was the proprietor of a diminutive, incipient sheep, whose outward covering was as devoid of colour as congealed atmospheric vapour, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young Southdown was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited the cachinnation of the seminary attendant, when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment for instruction. Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genus ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferated. "Because Mary reciprocated the wool-producer's esteem, you understand," the preceptor answered.—*Cornell Times*.

Personals.

Rev. E. D. Sherman has gone to Oillia.

Rev. Alfred Baker has removed to Colchester.

J. P. McEwen, of '73, was ordained at Osgoode in July.

P. H. McEwen, of '73, was ordained at Ormond in June last.

Rev. P. G. Robertson has removed from Bothwell to Springfield.

H. A. Eberle is studying medicine at McGill Medical School, Montreal.

T. Putnam is studying medicine at the Homœopathic Medical College, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. C. Northrup has commenced to do the work of an evangelist, with Paris as head-quarters.

C. Eede and S. Head carried off prizes at the Athletic Sports, University College, Toronto.

Rev. M. McGregor has resigned his pastoral charge at Beamsville, and re-commences evangelistic work in the East.

J. V. Teetzel passed a very creditable examination in Law at Osgoode Hall, and is now articled in St. Thomas.

We regret to state that D. Offord has been very sick for some weeks, but we are happy to add he is now recovering.

Messrs. Eede, Troy, and ex-Editor I. Smith successfully passed their Matriculation Examinations at the University of Toronto.

Our beloved President enjoyed a trip to Lake Superior during the summer, and was much benefited by the change of scene and air.

Rev. Prof. Crawford visited his native land—"the Green Old Sod"—last summer, and having "sailed the seas over," returned to receive a hearty welcome from his "boys."

D. P. McLaurin has resigned his situation in the High School of this town, and is now attending lectures at University College, Toronto. We wish him all success in his course.

Our former respected teacher, Miss McGinn, is now head lady teacher in connection with Mrs. Watson's Ladies' Boarding School, Montreal. She has our best wishes for her prosperity in this new sphere.

We congratulate our old friend and graduate, Rev. John McLaurin, on his appointment to the oversight of our new mission—the Cocanada. May his labours be abundantly rewarded in this important field.

Dr. O. C. Edwards has been treading the "native heath" of his forefathers, and gives glowing descriptions of the "tight little island." We might add that we expect to publish a full account in

our next of all the wonders he has seen, if he'll only send on that letter we are anxiously looking for.

Marriages.

By the Rev. H. P. Fitch, assisted by Rev. S. McConnell, Rev. T. S. Johnston, Theol. Class, 1873, to Miss Adelia McConnell.

By Rev. T. Henderson, assisted by Rev. M. McGregor, Rev. J. J. White to Miss Sarah Jane Clarke.

By Rev. W. Fraser, assisted by Rev. J. Coutts, Rev. P. H. McEwen, Theol. Class, 1873, to Miss Christie McEwen.

By Rev. T. L. Davidson, D.D., Mr. T. J. Patten to Miss Martha Josephine Bell.

The Standings—Spring Term, 1873.

SECOND YEAR.

LATIN, CICERO.—W. Walls, W. McGregor, T. Trotter, E. Cameron, C. Eede, E. D. Bodwell, H. A. Eberle, D. B. Wallace, I. Campbell, H. M. Bauslaugh, G. Oliver.

LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter, D. B. Stumpf, E. Cameron, W. Walls, C. Eede, E. D. Bodwell, G. Oliver, D. B. Wallace, H. M. Bauslaugh.

GREEK.—W. McGregor, T. Trotter, E. D. Bodwell, E. Cameron.

ARITHMETIC.—A. O. McKee, Miss J. J. McArthur (Miss E. Nesbitt, G. W. McKee), Miss E. Gordon, T. Lockhart, A. West, Miss J. H. Carroll, Miss S. Macklem, Miss E. Burgess, C. Eede, Miss J. White, Miss L. McConochie, D. W. Troy.

ALGEBRA.—D. B. Stumpf, A. G. Baker, Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss J. H. Carroll, T. Trotter, Miss B. Yule, Miss M. E. Cameron, Miss E. Burgess, Miss M. Sinclair.

GEOMETRY.—A. West, D. B. Stumpf, G. Oliver (T. Trotter, Miss E. Nesbitt), T. Lockhart, Miss E. Crawford, G. Cameron, W. Nesbitt, G. L. Wittet, Miss M. Sinclair, E. H. Bodwell, H. M. Bauslaugh, Miss J. J. McArthur, C. J. Jamieson.

ASTRONOMY.—Miss Barbara Yule, W. Nesbitt, Miss E. Cameron, Miss E. Crawford, W. McGregor, I. Campbell (Miss M. Sinclair, Miss Ada F. Raymond).

BOTANY.—Miss Barbara Yule, G. L. Wittet, D. B. Stumpf, Miss E. Gordon, Miss E. Nesbitt.

FRENCH GRAMMAR.—Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss A. Sovereign, Miss M. Russell, Miss A. Bowlby, D. B. Wallace, Miss Ada F. Raymond, G. Cameron, W. Nesbitt, C. J. Jamieson.

FRENCH, CHARLES XII.—Miss J. J. McArthur, D. B. Wallace, Miss A. Sovereign, Miss Ada F. Raymond, Miss H. Bowlby, W. Nesbitt, G. Cameron, Miss J. H. Carroll.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—J. G. Baker, J. Trotter, E. D. Bodwell, D. B. Stumpf (T. Lockhart, T. Luokens, E. Cameron), A. M. Gray, H. Hobson, C. J. Jamieson (J. Jackson, G. Oliver) (W. McGregor, J. D. Owen).

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—Miss M. M. Fisher, Miss E. Gordon, Miss J. Merrill, Miss Ada F. Raymond, Miss E. J. White, Miss J. McArthur, Miss S. Macklem, G. B. Davis T. Lockhart, A. West, Miss Burgess), A. McKee, Miss E. McConochie, Miss M. Nesbitt, Miss J. Nasmith, T. Urquhart, Miss S. A. Latimer, Miss F. Crawford, J. Jackson.

LATIN, LIVY, BOOK II.—(P. A. McEwan, D. W. Troy, D. Reddick.)

OVID'S HEROIDES.—D. W. Troy.

LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.—P. A. McEwan, D. Reddick, *I. Smith.

GREEK, ODYSSEY, BOOK IX.—(P. A. McEwan, D. W. Troy, D. Reddick.)

ALGEBRA.—J. Campbell, D. Reddick, G. L. Wittet.

GEOMETRY.—J. Campbell, P. A. McEwan, *I. Smith.

CHEMISTRY.—A. H. Eberle, Miss Barbara Yule, Miss J. J. McArthur, Miss E. Gordon, C. J. Jamieson.

FRENCH GRAMMAR.—D. W. Troy, C. Eede, Miss Maggie Sinclair, P. A. McEwan, Miss E. Crawford.

FRENCH, HORACE.—Miss M. Sinclair, Miss E. Crawford, Miss E. Cameron.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION (Ladies).—M. Sinclair, L. Harris, J. McArthur, F. Crawford, M. E. Cameron, E. Gordon, A. F. Raymond, B. Yule.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION (Gentlemen).—J. Campbell, W. Walls, D. B. Wallace, J. Smith, R. Y. Snell, D. Reddick, G. L. Wittet, G. Mason, T. Trotter, H. A. Eberle, P. A. McEwan.

FOURTH YEAR.

GEOMETRY.—D. Reddick.

TRIGONOMETRY.—J. Campbell, *J. Smith.

LOGIC.—Miss E. Crawford, Miss L. Harris, M. P. Campbell.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR, FOWLER.—W. Walls (Miss L. Harris, Miss B. Yule), Miss M. Sinclair, Miss L. Latch.