

THE TYRO.

VOL. II.

WOODSTOCK, JULY, 1875.

No. 4.

Religions.

Providence.

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I N our last, we first showed what we understood by the providence of God. We then examined two objections commonly raised against the doctrine, viz. : it interferes with fixed laws, and with the responsibility of man. With respect to the first objection, we noticed that fixed laws were (*a*) those which occur so regularly that we may depend upon them, and (*b*) those which, from their nature, are unalterable. Moral laws belong to the latter, and with them Providence never interferes. All other laws belong to the former. They are founded upon convenience, and are for the benefit of God's creatures, and are consequently subject to be counteracted by the Law-giver.

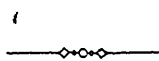
Moreover, since Providence never interferes with moral laws, it cannot interfere with man's responsibility. The 13th verse of the 1st chap. of James' letter settles this : "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God : for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." Now, whether we succeed in throwing any light on this subject or not, we wish the reader to fix this passage upon his mind, because it is worth more than all we can communicate, were we

to write for a week. It is plain, simple, and unambiguous. It is the emphatic assertion of the Spirit, and proves most conclusively that, whatever our ideas of God's providence in connection with man's action may be, God does not necessitate any man in any way to do wrong. Hence man's responsibility remains unaffected by any of God's actions. To make this point as plain as possible, let us notice what is said in Eccl. vii. 29: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." From this passage we learn that God is clear from having anything to do with man's being by nature a child of wrath. We also learn that man has been his own destroyer: "*They* have sought out many inventions." Here departure from the right is charged home upon man. Man is a sinner by his own act, not by any act of God. Paul says: "The carnal mind is enmity against God." He does not speak of this or that individual mind, but of *mind* in general, and characterizes it as *carnal*. *Carnal* is here used in opposition to *spiritual*—what we possess by the first birth against what we possess through the second or new birth. Men, then, come into the world possessors of minds which are enmity against God. Man having brought himself into a state of sin and misery, and possessing a mind willing to remain in that state, it cannot be shown that God is under any obligation to prevent this evil from bringing forth its legitimate fruits. According to the natural laws of mind, blessings bestowed should beget in the heart of the receiver gratitude to the giver. Now suppose these blessings, freely bestowed, produce the contrary effect through the depravity of our nature for which we ourselves are responsible, is God to blame? Wherein lies his *obligation* to bring influences to bear to reduce this hatred in man to love? He is under no such obligation. All acts of sin spring from one source, enmity against God. Christ has enumerated the principles which lead to all acts of sin, and has pointed out whence all arise. "For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetous-

ness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come from within and defile the man."—Mark vii., 21, 22. Here the *heart*—the seat of the affections—the seat of the enmity against God—is the root whence all evil grows. From this it must appear, that all God has to do in order to the commission of any given evil by an individual, is to withhold his *restraining influences*. Now, let us see these remarks as applied to a given case. Take Pharaoh. Out of God's mercy he is spared, watched over, and raised to the throne of Egypt. Through God's loving kindness this kingdom has been raised to the position of a first-class Power. Indeed we may say, it was *the* kingdom of its time. Through Joseph's wisdom—God-given wisdom—it became the greatest kingdom then known; and it is by the goodness of God that Pharaoh becomes its monarch. What effect has all this prosperity upon the monarch? With a heart naturally insubordinate to the will of God, prosperity rendered it still more haughty. Hence his language as found in Ex. v., 2: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." He determined not to let Israel go; and when he was made feel the power of the Almighty, the mercy extended always made him the more resolute in his determination. Now, there is nothing uncommon in all this. God was good to Pharaoh, but Pharaoh, instead of repenting as he ought, continued to grow more and more obdurate under the mercy. But are we not told that God hardened the heart of Pharaoh? Granted; but how? He simply heaped blessings upon him, and gave him warnings of his power over him, and then left the natural heart to use these as it saw fit. The result was, it turned all these blessings into curses and steeled itself thereby—a result happening every day in a thousand instances. God is pouring out his blessings upon the unconverted with a liberal hand. Health and strength, civil and religious privileges, and almost every blessing heart could desire, flow like a mighty river through our midst from the throne of the Most High, yet what

is the result? Why, with heads erect, like gods of all the earth, we stalk about, asking ourselves the question, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey his voice?" And then, forthwith, if matters of religion are pressed home upon our attention by christians, we have the audacity to cast the blame upon God by saying, all our actions are fixed by his decrees, and we cannot come unless he drag us to Christ! What vile ingratitude! What base heartlessness! What impertinence! God loads us with mercies, leaves the carnal mind to bring forth its natural fruit, turns these evils to his own glory, then we turn round and say: His providence interferes with our responsibility! How false! The fact is, God *does not interfere* with us, but leaves us to ourselves, and then uses our evil conduct for the furtherance of his own glory.

A man is guilty of murder. The grave-digger makes two dollars out of the affair, and the undertaker makes something, and the dry goods merchant has a profit from the garments of mourning. What would we think of the murderer's pleading guiltless on the ground of these persons' making so much out of the transaction? God's providence in no other way interferes with our actions to make them evil, hence it in no way interferes with man's responsibility.



Too Weak to Pray.

"**T**OO weak to pray,"—Ah! wild the pain
That rends my heart with this sad tone,
"Too weak to pray," how deep the grief
To stand in darkness, all alone.

To feel the heart forsaking Christ,
To feel that love once deep and strong
Is growing cold, and dying now
Beneath the power of sin and wrong.

Too weak to *trust*, I've often been
When stern misfortune held her sway,
Too weak to say "Thy will be done ;"
But ne'er till now, too weak to pray.

For in the hour when grief's dark stream
Was wide and deep and strong in might,
I raised to heaven my streaming eyes,
I breathed His name—*He* sent me light.

Too weak to *hope*, I sometimes feel
When musing o'er my sinful way,
Too weak to lift my eyes above,
When clouds shut out each cheering ray.

But, even then, low in the dust
My hands clasped wildly o'er my breast,
A broken prayer—but One could here :
"A troubled heart—Lord give it rest."

But now, e'en now, my anguished soul
How vainly dost thou strive to rise ;
For strength, with all my hope, is gone
When prayer, sweet source of comfort, dies.

I loathe, sad heart, this cage of sin
That shuts thee fast from light of day.
But O, not mine the power to free ;
Mine, but to mourn—"too weak to pray."

—T D. A.

Thoughts on the Present State of Christ's Cause.

THIS age of ours is replete with important peculiarities. It behoves us to be on our guard, that we may candidly examine matters, a hasty and prejudiced view of which will be fraught with disastrous consequences both to ourselves, and especially to the cause of Christ. It were folly to close our eyes to those distinctive features which God himself has undoubtedly impressed so vividly upon these times of peculiar moment.

We would direct attention only to those which are immediately connected with the aims and labours of the disciples of Jesus.

The decline of sacerdotalism in the ministry, and the God begotten thirst for the living streams of the Word, are perhaps the most momentous characteristics of our times which effect the cause we hold so dear,

The decline of sacerdotalism in our ministry.

No one, who has the love of the living Redeemer in his heart, can fail to see with joy that the minister of the Lord Jesus is fast withdrawing from any semblance of priestly functions. The last vestiges of Romanism are being slowly but surely obliterated from true Protestant denominations.

The separation, once so complete, between the ministry and membership is being gradually removed. That exclusiveness, which would hinder one from trespassing on the domain of the other, is giving place to a grand *fellowship* of service.

In the worship of the Holy One of Israel we are all "kings and *priests* unto God," "a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual service, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

The worship of the weakest believer, the humblest priest, comes up before the throne of God with as sweet a savour as that of the strongest and noblest.

And again our pastor worships not, offers no sacrifices for us, he stands not as a meditator, for there is "one meditator between God and man;" but "by him (*i.e.* Christ) let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his names."

Again, Sabbath-schools have been among God's greatest instruments for bringing into activity that species of priestly sacrifice spoken of by the apostles. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifice God is well pleased." These have made the ministry less of a dignified profession, but have invested it with more power.

From the pulpit, too, once a *sacred* desk filled only by those who had been publicly set apart for their important office, sounds the gospel from the lips of the lay brother.* "The ministry, itself, as a sphere of service, has greatly broadened, and thus affords scope for varieties of capacity and culture, for which there was no room under the notion that no service is ministerial save that of preaching from the pulpit, with text and regular divisions, firstly and fifthly, and an *amen* at the end. The privilege of this service is no longer limited to the pastor of the Church."

The God begotten thirst for the living streams of the Word.

The Word of God has never, perhaps, since the times of Christ, His apostles and their immediate followers, been so universally regarded as the only rule of practice for the church of Christ, as at the present time. "It is written" is becoming the motto of thousands of Christians who before looked with indifference upon the word of Jehovah, in many cases, perhaps, because the only door into the treasure-house, "Jesus only," had not been thrown open to them. It has been suggested that the ministers of our day have grown careless, or are too much inclined to preach Jesus, the sum and substance of the gospel, as an abstract truth. Many indeed have been enlightened or at least awakened to the truth that Christ must be held up as a living personal Redeemer. Bunyan's characters receive their force and grandeur from the fact of shadowing forth living truths. So the truth as it is in Jesus is living. Christ is a personal Saviour who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Hence, when the soul receives the gospel, it receives not an abstract truth, but a Christ, and hence life. "He that hath the Son hath life."

*From J. A. Smith's "Patmos."

Such teaching is calculated to lead hearers to look more into the *words* of the living Redeemer, once dead but now alive forever more, who said, "the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life," as if he had said, "you need my words to quicken and feed you since they are spirit and life."

Again, how often during the public instruction through the word, is the rustling of the leaves of God's book heard, as, like the Bereans, people "search the scriptures daily whether these things are so."

Another means in God's hands, by which this desire to know the mind of Jesus is strengthened, is the assertion and proving of its superiority over all other books, by constantly noticing in its interpretation how plainly the hand of God guided the pen of the writer.

This peculiar characteristic of our day, we cannot say has not belonged so pre-eminently to other periods on account of the want of the right presentation of the truth, for no doubt God in "*the fullness of time*" has wrought out His own designs in this respect; but we surely are not oblivious of the truth, that especially in our day the plain, simple truths of the gospel are taking root in more hearts in proportion than at any other period for centuries.

"Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy Sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there."

—E.H.

The Christian's Motto.

Et Tenco et Tencor.

HOLD it high, hold it high to the gaze of the world,
 The bright Cross of Glory.
 With your banner, O soldier of Jesus, unfurled,
 Tell the wonderful story.

There are mountains of sin towering up to the skies.
 Art thou worn and weary?
 Dost look with dismay to these summits? Arise!
 Though the way is so dreary.

The feet, with the gospel of peace that are shod
 Shall slip and fall never.
 "How beautiful!" List! 'Tis the word of thy God,
 And it standeth forever!

Adown the dark valleys that know not their doom,
 Where cruelty reigneth,
 Flash the glorious light of the cross o'er the gloom;
 Fear not—He sustaineth.

He will keep thee, the promise is sure, on the height,
 In the valey so lowly.
 Thou shalt hold and be held—from the cross is thy light,
 O thou messenger holy.

—M.S.
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Waiting.

PERHAPS of all the lessons to be learned in this life, none is more difficult than learning to wait patiently. We judge of a person's skill and industry by the activity and perseverance with which he labors to accomplish his end, but his power of endurance is not manifested until, his labor over, he waits the result. All along the way of life there are periods of waiting, some in prosperity, some in reverses, some in joy, others in grief and pain. In many instances those hours of waiting are

reached land somewhere. Waiting for a physician after an accident or during an illness, when a moment's delay may be at the sacrifice of life, tries fully our patience. With what anxious suspense must the convicted await the verdict of the jury during a trial! fortune, character, perhaps life itself, depend on its decision, and while it deliberates, what moments of alternate hope and fear must come to those who wait. We cannot attempt even to imagine the feelings of those concerned as the moment when the final decision which shall seal their fate has arrived. The waiting has been tedious, the fearing and hoping painful, yet the final moment must be dreaded, and should the sentence of death be pronounced, and a time set to the limit of life, what must the waiting then be!—waiting for death. It is seldom that time then seems to pass too slowly; but is the waiting not more painful from the fact that every moment brings the dread event nearer? Yet there have been and there are those who can patiently and fearlessly await the approach of the grim monster. Such times as these are the waiting moments that tax the christian's courage. There are times, too, of pleasure when it is difficult to wait, such as some promised enjoyment, the arrival of a friend, or the starting in business. In many, many trifling circumstances in life we are called upon to wait, and even in these we feel it hard, but how much more difficult it is to stand quietly and firmly, and wait the result of life's work. There are those who can sit down and with folded hands wait for the turning of fortune's wheel, but such are the drones in the human hive. The active busy man who struggles and toils, endures heat and cold, exhausts body and mind, bears praise and blame, yet toils on patiently; and, the task ended, can quietly wait and bear unmoved the suspense that precedes the knowledge of the result of his labor, ready if failure is the result, to renew the work, *he* is the patient man. And how many there are who thus labor and wait. The result of their toil may never appear to them, others in ages yet to come, are to reap the fruit of their industry and toil, still they

are not cast down, they work on cheerfully and wait patiently. What a triumph of patient endurance is the electric telegraph that to-day confers upon mankind such untold blessings! What well-earned glory does the inventor deserve! Coldly and doubtingly received at first, Professor Morse was compelled to struggle with difficulties, to contend with rivals, and to encounter neglect. The public seemed indifferent. There was none of the loud applause that now seems natural should attend the birth of so brilliant a discovery, yet the inventor saw further, and during those four weary years of patient waiting and persistent entreaty he never lost courage, and now the civilized world is full of memorials testifying to the merit of that patient worker. What hopeful endurance also was manifested by Cyrus W. Field ere he succeeded in binding together, as with chains, the two great nations of the earth! With the eyes of the nations looking down upon him, looking coldly on his failure, he untiringly renewed the effort and the third time succeeded in laying under the waters of the ocean, the wire which almost renders the celestial vision—"there is no more sea" a thing of reality. Many such instances might be quoted, but these are sufficient.

To each person there is an assigned place in life—the active have their duties to perform, the healthy their work to do, for the talented there is room for labor, but there are some who seem to have no part in the great struggle but simply to wait God's will. Some have been denied the physical power necessary to labor, others lack mental ability, while many stricken ones lie day after day and year by year on beds of suffering stricken down mid-way in life and forced to be a burden on others till death. The mind and brain may be active and healthy, the spirit willing but the flesh weak. A life-work, perhaps, had been all planned out; many bright castles had been built in the "fairy realm of future land;" many years of hard labor and weary, diligent study were spent to fit them for the station they expected to fill in life, and just at the time, when, with tools all ready to enter upon the work—just when

hours of the keenest agony, and patience becomes the highest virtue. Take for instance during war. In what agony and suspense must those wait for news after the battle, who have husbands, fathers, or brothers, dear to them as life itself, on the bloody field. Wait and hope we sometimes say. Ah! those who know not what such suspense is can little imagine the anxiety of those who wait. Or a ship has sailed for a distant port, laden with human lives; she goes on proudly and fearlessly over the calm ocean, the waves roll gently on as if no angry storm could ever wake them from their gentle motion into fearful unrest. The voyagers know no danger, the friends on shore feel no fear. Soon a little cloud is seen which gradually thickens, spreads, and soon fills the sky with blackness, the winds howl, the waves give forth a fearful roar, strange hissing blasts tear away the sail as they pass, masts snap with a noise like thunder, and death stares with his icy glance on all sides; 'tis at such a moment as this that we feel the weariness of waiting: we fear to wait, the delay is for life or for death, and as we stand in silence waiting the end, have they not more than ordinary calmness who can wait unmoved? And to the loved and loving ones left behind how terribly filled with anxiety must be the days until news has arrived of the vessel's fate—days pass and no tidings reach them—they fear, then hope—then fear, and hope again, and when the tidings of shipwreck and loss of life have come, how bitter the waiting for information of those who may have the future looked brightest—when the sun of hope shone out full and strong upon the path that they thought lay all marked out before them—the strong hand of disease and pain fell heavily on them, and they were called upon to give up all their hopes, and bear as patiently as they could the unforeseen barrier to their progress. To wait without murmuring under such a disappointment as this needs, no ordinary patience and fortitude. To such in their weary hours of inactivity and suspense, where physical powers lie prostrate, there is comfort in the line—

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

And yet what hours will such spend in silent mourning as to why this was so! How hard to see the silver lining in the dark cloud which has drawn its sable mantle over the brightness which had heretofore clothed that life! And yet we know that "He who doeth all things well" ordered even this in wisdom, and it is the sufferer's place to stand and wait, believing that in so doing he is truly serving Him who did afflict. How many, also, have started out in the Christian life, strong in the love they bore for their Saviour, full of desire to work for Him, willing to consecrate their all to Him, and serve Him by yielding up their life for His sake, if need be, and yet how many such have, ere they had begun the work they hoped to do, seen all their plans frustrated, and been compelled to stand aside and wait; yet even these may truly serve. "Man purposes but God disposes." How truly the poet has said:—

"God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell."

Some are permitted to toil in the sunny vineyard, to gather in the grapes, and prune the vine; some sow the seed and are allowed to gather up the golden grain, while others must stand by and be merely lookers on, glad even to catch a passing glimpse of others more favored than they. How often from their lips must come the wondering "Why? Why are we compelled to stand idle while others do the work?" We struggle long and complainingly under the disappointment, and is it not a triumph of grace when we are enabled to sit patiently and meekly down and wait till the dross shall be purged away, the gold melted, or God's purposes fulfilled. It is hard to hold the proud will in subjection, to still the rebellious murmuring, and hush the petulant, "Wherefore," the "How long O Lord." When these have been restrained and we patiently stand and wait, then we truly serve—we also serve.

There are some who seem to rise to heights that are almost sublime, they catch the brilliant rays of the sun and

dwell under the smile of peace and happiness, while others have to plod wearily on through a land of shadows where only mists and clouds arise, yet all are filling the station in life designed them by the Great Master. Though no opportunity may come to us to do a wonderful deed; though we may not occupy a high position in life, yet there are niches to be filled, and there may be one for us. We may not send relief to nations in distress, but at home we may give the cup of cold water, or bathe the fevered brow of some lowly sufferer, or speak a cheering word to some desponding one, and in so doing shall serve the end for which we were created, and shall truly receive our reward.

We should wait cheerfully, hopefully, prayerfully, then, at life's stations, fretting not that at times we must only stand and suffer, remembering that often through suffering we grow stronger in the faith, that "neath God's chastening rod we may grow holy," often through poverty and pain *here*, the wealth and joy *hereafter* are gained. It is often the sorrows of earth that create the desire for heaven, it is not necessarily so, but scarcely any but the despairing can prevail to overleap the immeasurable distance that stretches out between God's paradise and these hearts of ours. "The happy look at things on their own level, the sorrowful look up; our thoughts settle where our hope is fixed."

"The Cross of Calvary is the key
That opens the pearly gate.
God loveth all, both great and small,
Who labor, pray and wait.

"And waiting serve as He has planned
Till Eden's light falls clear,
And Angels cry from out the sky,
The Master draweth near."

J. E. N.

Literary.

Canadian Literature.

There are few countries in the world where the educational interests of the people are studied with more assiduity and success than in Canada. Our system of schools and colleges being founded on the systems of Germany, Scotland and the New England States, partakes of their several advantages. The standard of our teachers and professors compares very favorably with those of other countries; and the consequence of having such a system and such teachers is that, in Ontario at least, our percentage of educated people is high and knowledge is very generally diffused. But for a people reared amid such educational advantages, it has often been remarked that Canada has produced few authors of any note. The reason of this has often been asked, and it is, perhaps, a somewhat difficult question to answer. If we take the United States, a country similar to our own, in government, in people, and in education, we find that the same dearth of literary men exists there. An attempt, plausible enough, has been made to account for this, on the score that the American Republic is comparatively young as a nation. If this reason is applicable to the United States, it is much more so to Canada. Other reasons can also be adduced. The national character of the Canadians has, heretofore, been necessarily practical. There is little literary leisure amongst a people engaged in clearing forests, in toiling for very existence, and in laying the foundations of towns and cities. And when once the mind has become devoted to practical pursuits, it too often entertains contempt for literature and art. And, lastly, we think that one of the great reasons for the non-existence of a Canadian home literature is to be found in the oppressive copy right laws which have, until lately, been in force in Canada. These laws have operated strongly against the interests of the booksellers, and hence, through them, of the authors. And to this suicidal law is partly due the

absence of a great home literature; and to it is also ascribed the flooding of the country with American works and reprints, sometimes vicious, and very often worthless.

It is, therefore, interesting to mark some individuals, who, though bound by such fetters, have endeavored to burst them and show what a Canadian can do as a historian, novelist or poet.

In speaking of literary Canadians, we are apt often to forget the names of French Canadians. Our general ignorance of the French language, our political hostility in the past to Lower Canada, and the contempt we feel for the "slow" *habitans* of Quebec, account for this. But when we consider, on the one hand, the "slowness" of the average French Canadian, and when we contemplate, on the other, the comparatively large number of them, which has attained literary eminence, we must be convinced that their natural genius is great, and that it lies dormant until awakened by education. This is further attested by the smallness of the number which is known as the really educated and reading class, we believe, only some thirty or forty thousand out of a population of a million in round numbers. Yet out of this small number have sprung writers of no mean talent and no secondary fame. "Quebec" as a writer in the *Canadian Monthly* truly asserts "is the most historical portion of the North American Continent." Upon the basis of this interesting history many authors have written. Garneau, the Canadian Giuzot, has taken high stand as an able historian. Tasé, a writer of great descriptive power, has depicted the life and adventures of the bold Canadian who first discovered and explored the Mississippi. Historical novels, founded on early Canadian history, abound. In this field of literature, Chauveau and DeBoucherville have won great fame. While Bouressa, who wields with equal facility the pen or brush, has written a tale on the expulsion of the French families from Acadia, on which Longfellow has founded his "Evangeline." In poetry, Crémagie, of Quebec, Fréchette, the most rising of the young French Liberals in the House of Commons, and Lemay, of Laval University, have acquired deserved distinction. Lastly, we may mention the name of De St. Maurice, whose elaborate and polished work on Mexico under the rule of Maximilian was so Parisian in its style and language, that, the idea of supposing the author to be a Canadian, was flatly denied in England and France.

But turning from French-Canadian authors to Anglo-Canadian writers, we meet with names far more familiar to us. In the department of history, we find the name of Judge Haleburton, whose "History of Nova Scotia" and "Conquest of Canada" are well and accurately written, but are somewhat out of date. His "Sam Slick," however, has immortalized his name. This work was immensely popular in its day, and is now widely known and read. It is, in our opinion, superior to Mark Twain or Artemus Ward. Judge Haleburton's works were introduced to the world by Joseph Howe, the great journalist and politician of Nova Scotia, himself an author of merit. John Foster Kirke, of Ottawa, has, according to critics, ranked himself with Prescott and Motley by his history of "Charles the Bold." Mr. Todd, the late librarian of the House of Commons, has written a work on Parliamentary Law, the most valuable compendium and work of reference, on the subject, in the English language. In fiction, English Canadians have not greatly distinguished themselves. Our chief novelists are ladies—Madame Leprolion, Mrs. Noel and Mrs. Moodie. The racy sketches and tales by Mrs. Moodie, especially, are well known in America and England. In poetry, however, we find quite a galaxy of Canadian talent, of which, it seems, we are most unpatriotically ignorant. Dr. Clarke, himself a Canadian author, says on this point: "The sensational and amatory fervor of a Byron—the social and patriotic songs of a Burns—and the stilted ambiguity of a so-called philosopher Tupper—are familiar as nursery rhymes, whilst we overlook the efforts and genius of our native poets to the astonishment of English and foreign critics." Truly a prophet has no honor in his own country.

Charles Heavysage, in his "Jephtha's Daughter" and other poems, has displayed great dramatic power, and all his works bear the stamp of originality. Some passages in his "Jephtha's Daughter" are not inferior to the tragedies of Shakespeare, such, at least, is the judgment of competent critics. Maclachlan, "the Scottish Bard," an imitator of Burns and the Lake School, is far better known to Canadians than their other poets. Charles Sangster and Charles Mair—the Canadian Swinburne—are authors of merit, and have set the music of words to our noble Canadian scenery. In speaking of Canadian authors, we might also mention the names of

Dr. MacCaul, a classical scholar of great research ; of Dr. Wilson, well known for his works on Canada and Scotland, and also of Goldwin Smith, one of the most brilliant of British political writers. But these authors are not native, nor so thoroughly naturalized as those whom we have noticed. While writing these pages, the news came of the death of Sir William Logan, whose long and honorable career has reflected so much honor on his native country. He was not exactly a literary man, yet, as the greatest man whom Canada has produced, and as the Franklin of Canada, we cannot forbear casting our humble wreath of *immortelles* on the grave of him of whom Canada was so justly proud.

We think that the names we have mentioned are good evidence to show that Canadian Literature is not a thing of the imagination, but that it is in existence and progressing. It is emphatically the duty of every Canadian to assist Canadian authors, and we appeal to the Canadian youth to patronize our home literature, and to aid not only in forming a national literature but also in building up a national spirit. In short, our system of education, the excellence of our press, and the high standard of our professional men, must and will, with proper encouragement, result in a national literature. And, even now, we certainly compare favorably with our neighbors across the line.

When we consider what hindrances all Canadian literary efforts have met ; when we see the effects of former injurious copyright laws, oppressive both to the author and publisher ; when we consider the shortness of the period of our Federal existence (for as a Confederation we are but eight years old) ; when we remark the invariable discouragement which has greeted Canadian native works—a discouragement which helped to build up an American literature at the expense of our own—when we consider all these things as operating against any system of letters, we almost marvel that we have a literature at all. We think that as the copyright laws or (to use J. S. Mill's phrase) "taxes on brain's" are being removed by legislation, and as our people are becoming more educated and truly patriotic, we may surely reckon on the establishment of a national Canadian literature, which will take its proper place amongst us in influencing the masses and establishing on a sounder basis our great Confederation.

J. D. CAMERON.

A Professor's Dream.

In an old arm chair sat the sage teacher of mathematics. His hands were folded with algebraical precision, and his nose was turned up in a knowing kind of way, as much as to say, "I've had my mind disciplined." Where, oh where were the Professor's thoughts? Not in this world, for his eyes were shut. Had he ascended the golden stair, counting the steps as he went; and was he now sipping ambrosial sweets in the amaranthine bowers of Paradise?—(see Milton). Don't laugh when I tell you that the Professor was in fairy land—yes in fairy land. He was not wafted there on angel's feathery wings, but he proceeded thither in boots seven by eighteen, over the "pons-assinorum." He walked on till he came to a pump; then he sat down to rest. He measured it and found out how many such pumps it would take to supply the world, if it yielded six pails a day; and also, what the population of the world would be in one thousand years, if six persons were drowned each day drawing the water. Soon the enraptured Professor saw towering before him, the solid castle of mathematics. His eyes fairly glistened when he saw the exact measurement written upon each stone. Of course we all know there are such things as *keys* to open the castle of mathematics, and such things as *ponies* to carry one round the premises, but Prof. Q. Brute scorned all help, he cared not if he had to limp, he cared not if he made himself so thin, that he could calculate to crawl through the key hole—not he—but what does it matter as long as he was happy. He gave three knocks on the door, at the same time counting how long it would take the sound to travel to Venus. Soon Miss Martha Matics came to the door. She was a fit subject for a painter's brush; that is to say, she would send a painter into fits. Her hair was grayish red, and curled tightly to her pate, each ringlet containing a nice little rule, to subtract one-fourth of the brains of the person who spoke to her. Prof. Q. Brute bowed very low, and asked if things had been A 1 since he left. She said decimal twenty-five—asked him in and shut the door. The overjoyed Professor was then conducted through every room, and as he passed along, he counted the window panes, and measured the ceiling. The walls were huge black-boards, and the wood-boxes were filled with chalk.

At length they came to the dining-hall. Miss Martha Matics asked Prof. Q. Brute if his brain had thawed after the effect of the last knotty problem in 9th Algebra. He said four by twenty-seven : she said seventeen by thirty. Then they sat down to dinner. First there was snail soup, made from that poor creature that mathematicians have kept crawling up, and falling down a well for the last twelve years, (hope it will not be dished up again.) In the vegetable line they had roots of all kinds—square and cube—and for dessert they had a dish of very tough *dates*, and afterwards they increased the stock by a ten-fold ratio. It was nearly two o'clock, and as Prof. Q. Brute had the preceeding evening prepared a surprise for his class, in the form of a written examination, he concluded he had better set out for home. “Il faut que je parte” said he, and methodically imprinting a kiss on the square knotty forehead of Miss Martha Matics, by the formula as given in Todhunter page forty seven, he took his departure. He was just going through the twenty-third proposition of the first book, when two o'clock rang from the college bell, and the Professor awoke and found, alas 'twas but a dream. Short, but uncommon sweet, said the Professor, smacking his lips—but ah me, such is life. F. C——.

Beauty is not Purity.

WITHIN the calm and quiet shade
 Where fairest flowers grow,
 There is a fount more clear, more pure
 Than aught else earth can show.

Beside that fount a maiden stood,
 While glowed the sun with heat,
 She sought a spring to quench her thirst,
 A place to rest her feet.

Fast in her hand a cup she held—
 A cup of purest gold ;
 But when she from the fount would drink,
 No water would it hold.

Then back she shrank, and wept aloud.

Full filled she was with fears,
To see that which no water held,
Now almost filled with tears.

Then prostrate, low upon the earth

Her comely form she cast,
And cried in bitter agony—
“ I perish sure, at last.”

Hard by that fount a goblet old

Lay rusting on the ground ;
But even this would water hold,
If only used when found.

This also now the maiden spied,

As on the earth she lay,
And fretting, moaning, weeping loud,
By one was heard to say—

“ From vessels foul I cannot drink .

When one so pure have I ;
Before from that my thirst I quench,
Resolved I am, to die.”

A gentle footstep now is heard

Far distant in the grove.
No savage now disturbs the calm,
A messenger of love.

Full soon a man the maid espied,

Not comely to behold,
But worn with care and pierced by grief ;
His garments too were old.

Soon o'er her trembling form he bowed,

Then weeping, turned away,
And stooping, picked the goblet old
From out the damp, dark clay.

Up in the air he held it high—

High o'er the maiden's head,
And looking kindly in that face,
To her he calmly said ;—

“ Maiden, arise ! Why weepest thou ?

For whom pray, dost thou seek ?
The prince's son with jeweled hands,
Or meekest of the meek ?”

“ Behold this vessel o’er thy head,
 This fountain clear, hard by,
 ‘The man who drinks from *this of that*,
He shall not surely die.”

The maid arose, she looked, she saw,
 O, who the truth will hear !
 Not in his hand that goblet old,
 But one as crystal clear.

And he who plain not long before,
 When worn so much with care ;
 Now seemed to her—a princess rich,
 The fairest of the fair.

Now from his hand the cup she takes,
 Which willingly he gives,
 Of living water from that fount ;
 She tastes, she drinks, and lives.

NEMO.

Heroism.

Where is that individual, within the whole range of our acquaintance, who does not love to gain the approbation of his fellow men, or who is he that is not prompted, to some extent at least, in many of his actions, by a desire to be esteemed and honored by those around him ? If we glance over the pages of the world’s past history, we read of many a one who has spent the whole of a long and toilsome life, in endeavouring to climb the steep and rugged hill of fame. Bent upon gaining a position from which they could exercise a powerful influence over the politics of their day, could command the applause of listening Senates, the adulation of courtiers, or the praise and admiration of the world, men have devoted their whole energies to the arduous task, and have scrupled not to sacrifice fortune, health and even principle, in order to accomplish the one great object of their lives. We read, for example, of the famous though unfortunate Thomas à Becket, who, from being one of the despised and oppressed Englishmen of his day, rose to fill the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, then the highest dignity of the

Romish Church in England. We read of Cardinal Wolsey, at first the humble teacher of a few pupils, then a priest, and in a few years more, Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England, living in splendour, rivalling that of the king himself, and making the first nobles of England do him homage. And again, in later times, we find Sir Wm. Pitt, the Great Commoner, beginning his career as a humble Cornet in a regiment of Life Guards, but for fame and power, he presses on with untiring zeal until he gains a seat on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor of Britain. In reading the records of the past however, we may observe another motive which has often influenced men during their earthly career, viz., an intense desire to achieve some deeds of valour and daring, so that the world may talk of them as heroes, and their names be handed down to posterity as synonymous with bravery and patriotism.

Actuated by this motive, we find men engaging in adventurous pursuits, cheerfully enduring every hardship, and braving every danger, in order to earn for themselves a place on the list of heroes, or call forth a word of praise from the lips of their sovereign. In Ancient Greece, at the time of the Olympic games, men came from all parts of that country to participate in these exhibitions of bodily strength and activity in which the competitors often risked their very lives to achieve victory; and yet the prize was merely a garland of leaves. But it was not for this alone that each competitor toiled so hard and risked so much. He knew that his native city regarded it as the highest honor for one of her sons to gain a prize at the Olympic games, and would shower rich rewards upon the fortunate victor. He knew that poets would immortalize his name in song, and sculptors would send his statue to adorn Olympia or his native city. And in the time of Chivalry, when the tournament was the favorite amusement of the age, steel-clad knights on their charges strove for hours together in those dangerous encounters which so often ended fatally; and though the victor never escaped without many severe bruises, yet he deemed it an ample reward to receive, amid the cheers of the spectators, the victor's crown from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty. In these days, poets and minstrels praised the valorous knight in their songs, and recounted his deeds throughout the land, and where was the knight who would not dare to encounter suffering and danger in their most terrible forms, in order to acquire such an enviable distinction?

But a hero, in the popular sense of the term, generally implies more, than one who has distinguished himself in an atheletic game, mock encounters, or other sports of peaceful times ; it implies one who, for his country and his king has fought with their enemies on the field of battle, and who has stained his hands and steeped his sword in their blood, and thus maintained or enhanced the glory of his country's arms. As examples of such men we are accustomed to point to Hannibal, Alexander, or Cesar of ancient days, and Charlemange, Marleborough and Bonaparte of modern times. Such men as these, some historians love to praise in glowing terms, and to hold up to the world as patterns of all that is great and worthy of admiration. But when we submit the character and actions of these men to a critical examination, much of the brilliant colouring disappears from our view, and too often we discover that selfishness and ambition formed the mainspring of their glorious deeds. Unrobed, unmasked, they stand before us, no better, often much worse than many of their more humble fellow-men. The model hero of the stage appears behind the curtain as a brutal husband, an unnatural father, or a rebellious son; and we are forced to admit that the glory of such a hero is really far from being enviable. And though it is true, that in the list of the brave, we can discover some truly noble men, yet they are few and far between, and it only adds to our regret to find, that among so many of these whom the world calls heroes, so few are really deserving of the name.

There is another class of men, however, whom the muse of history has often passed unnoticed, but who, in our humble estimation, are as worthy of heroic honors as the proudest hero that ever shed his blood in defence of his country or his king. They are those who have perilled or devoted their lives to benefit their suffering fellow-creatures, not through love of honor or distinction, but through feelings of pure and disinterested benevolence and sympathy. Such a man was the noble John Howard, who in the reign of George III., made a tour among the prisons of Europe, exposing himself to all the deadly fevers and plagues that lurked within these loathsome dungeons in which thousands of his fellow-creatures were confined, and treated with shocking cruelty. From prison to prison the brave philanthropist went on, ministering much to the comforts of the inmates by alleviating their sufferings, and using all the means

within his reach to secure for them better treatment, and more comfortable prisons, untill the fell destroyer, fever marked him for his victim, and another life was sacrificed for the sake of suffering humanity.

And who has not heard of that brave and noble-minded lady, Florence Nitingale, who, like an angel of mercy, and with a mother's tenderest care, nursed the sick and wounded that crowded the hospitals of Constantinople during the Crimean War? And again, on that wild September morning, when the keeper of an English lighthouse discovered a vessel wrecked upon the rocks, and saw the huge waves breaking over her, threatening every moment to engulf the unhappy crew, and making assistance almost impossible, see his heroic daughter spring into the boat and earnestly implore her father to help her save the drowning sailors. Roused by the determined bravery of his child, he takes his place in the boat, and they strike out for the ship. Soon they reach the ill-fated vessel, nine of her crew are saved from a watery grave, and as they are landed safe on shore Grace Darling has achieved a glorious deed and built for herself an everlasting name. Here we have examples of true heroes, and how different the motives which animated their noble breasts from those which formed the mainspring of the deeds of Bonaparte or any of his class of heroes! The latter impelled by selfishness and unbounded ambition, and regardless of the rights or condition of others, aimed only to gain glory and power for themselves; while the former sought neither glory nor power, but having hearts that burned with love and sympathy for their distressed fellow-men, were animated by an ardent desire to do them good, and cheerfully devoted their lives for their benefit.

—M.S.C

Selected.

Jaded and worn, over-anxious and over-wrought, the doctor threw himself into the easy-chair in his library, and thus bemoaned himself : " Ah, me ! ah, me ! What a dark and dreary world is this ! An hospital on a gigantic scale ! No brightness, no beauty, nothing but pain, disease, and deathshade. I toil day after day, and often night after night, to lessen the sum of human misery, but I make no sensible impression upon the enormous mass. Vain is the light of Medical knowledge, the darkness thickens, the shadows deepen, and the gloom of the sepulchre settles down on all things. I have battled with my little stock of skill and strength against the all-devouring monster, but I feel utterly spent. My heart sickens. I see no end to this dreary warfare, no hope of ultimate victory ! God help me, and help poor humanity ! " Soon the doctor's eyes fell on a black morocco bag which lay by the side of his chair. It contained his valuable instruments, the keen weapons which he wielded in his hand-to-hand fight with death, weapons which even that day had stood him in good stead. They were fearsome things to handle, the mere sight of them would startle timid mortals, but it suited his present morbid frame of mind to examine them. As he opened the bag an almost celestial fragrance streamed forth and filled the room, and, to the doctor's utter amazement, he saw a company of lovely roses hiding away his cruel knives, even as the daisies and the green-sward daintily conceal the abode of death. Nestling in all their confiding loveliness by the side of those keen horrors of surgery, which divide the joints and marrow, they smiled upon him as peace smiles when it leads the war-horse to the pasture, and breaks the bow, and cuts the spear in sunder. When Samson found honey in the lion's carcase he was not one half so surprised as was this master of the healing art when he found the loveliest of flowers as much at home among instruments of steel as if she were a queen surrounded by a body guard of valiant men, all holding swords most sharp and glittering. White and damask, and creamy yellow, and one or two pink buds veiled in moss, there they lay smiling upon him with a beauty and grace, which were enhanced by their incongruous surroundings. Greatly wondering whence they came, the good man sat and gazed at them. Then came a troop of cheering thoughts like good angels to minister to him ; his eyes were filling and his heart was melting, the roses were discoursing sweetness,

their perfume was persuasion, their blushing beauty was eloquence. Nay, think not that we are sentimental; have ye never read the poet's lines wherein he saith:—

“Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
In loveliest nook?”

Have ye not heard of the language of flowers? If there be sermons in stones, shall there not be homilies in roses? If ye inquire how the floral apostle discoursed, we fear the tale will be marred in telling, but to the physician's heart the lesson was on this wise. “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? Was thy soul so taken up with the thorn as to forget the rose, of which the thorn is but a necessary accompaniment? It is not true that pain and death are sole occupants of this world; sweet consolations yet remain to us. The earth is not given over to the briar and the thorn—there are roses still, and these not only in king's gardens, but in the tiny plats around the cottages of the poor; roses not here and there, rare as rubies, but in ruddy clouds, plentiful as the rosy beams of the morning, smiling on every land from the expanse of the earth as the stars from the firmament of heaven. * * *

Thou seest us nestling here among the cold stern implements of steel, and we are here to remind thee that side by side with suffering thou wilt find God's choicest comforts, even as at the touch of the spear there ran adown the cross a blood-red stream, which withered the thorns of Golgotha and covered Calvary with roses. The Rose of Sharon bloomed amid the flashing swords of Gethsemane, the scourges of Pilate's hall, and the nails, the sponge, and lance of the mount of doom. Where hearts are broken with contrition and bosoms torn with anguish, there doth that “plant of renown” still shed its balmy fragrance. Look not for the purest joys in the house of feasting, but know that the wise man found it better to go to the house of mourning. There is a solemn and mysterious happiness hidden away in the depths of sorrow like the pearl in the heart of the sea! Yea, and it would never be known among men were there not sufferers, who, like the harp divers of the eastern ocean, plunge beneath the billows. He was blessed, indeed, whose mother bore him with sorrow; there is a peace born of affliction which is like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Between the paroxysms of pain there are intervals of delicious rest such as cannot be conceived of by those who have never known the throb of agony.”
—*Sword and Trowel.*

Estray.

No one could say who owned that mule. Small boys had pelted him with liberal hand, and the police had made glorious but unsuccessful efforts to ensnare his wayward steps and turn him over to the pound master.

A grey mule, well put together for an animal of the kind. The rotundity of form which distinguishes the well-fed mule was lacking. A bite of grass here and there, an occasional thistle head, a nibble at a passing load of hay, may blunt the edge of hunger, but will not produce plumpness or good nature. He had wandered from home—this mule—started out with a desire, perhaps, of seeing strange towns, meeting with strange adventures, and of seeing the world. His owner had been left one mule less, and, mayhap he had searched long and diligently, had been patient and hopeful, trusting that the wheel of time would turn, and return the mourned estray. Down street, around the corner, the gas light playing for a moment on his faded coat, and the mule crowded close to the fence and peered over with hungry eyes at the juicy green grass. Thus have we raised the curtain of fact and introduced to orchestra, parquette, boxes and gallery, the leading character playing not the rôle of the old man, but the rôle of the old mule. In the parlour sat the lovers. She was beautiful, he was worth 500 shares of Lake Shore Stock, and was interested in a bridge contract where there was a chance for a splendid grab. He loved, and he trusted that she reciprocated. He had come prepared to announce his love, and she blushed as she read the fact in his eyes. "My dear Isabella," he commenced, as he tenderly pressed her soft fingers, "I think you ——" "Gee-hau! 'Gee-hau!' roared the wayward mule, rendered melancholy by the sight of the bountiful supper just beyond his nose. The fair Isabella sprang up in alarm, and it was several minutes before the young man with Lake Shore Stock could quiet her. "It is nothing but a mule," he explained, as he looked from the open window; and he scowled darkly at the wanderer, and made threatening gestures. She sat down again, and the painful silence was at length broken by his grasping her hand and saying: "I have to-day been analyzing my feelings towards you, and I find that ——" "Oh! hoo-hau, Gee-hau-gee-hau!" announced the harmless, houseless mule, as he caught the scent of roses and tulips from the lawn. He saw things as a mule sees them, he hungered as mules hunger.

"It's that beast again!" whispered Lake Shore Stock, as the fair Isabella uttered a little shriek of alarm. He went to the window and ordered the grey haired out-cast to move on, to leave that locality without any unnecessary delay, and secure standing room on the common.

They sat down again. He had something of interest to com-

municate, and she had a curiosity to know what it was. Minutes ticked away before he looked into her lustrous eyes again. He thought he saw the light of love shining brightly, and stole his arm along the sofa and said: "You must have seen—you must know that I—"

"O-h-h ! gee-gee-ah-ah ! ah-ah !" came a voice from beneath the window. It was not the voice of a drifting sailor, going down to a dark deep grave after a valiant struggle for life. It was not the voice of a child crying out as it stumbled through the darkness, longing for the strong arm of a father to enfold it. It was the voice of the old grey mule, quivering strangely as hunger brought up recollections of corn cribs and timothy hay. A smile flitted across her face. The human soul is so constructed that one may smile at a victorious, exultant champion, or a down-cast, discouraged mule.

Lake Shore Stock approached the window again and as he brandished his fists in the air, he warned the intruder to dissolve in the dim distance, under penalty of being found dead with a severed jugular.

When a rubber ball is flattened it will spring back to its original shape as soon as the pressure is removed. When a lover's declaration has been thrice broken in upon, his thoughts are slow in gathering. They sat there and gazed at the opposite wall, as if waiting for a railroad train, but she glanced up coyly and lovingly whispered: "you were about to say something!" "I was," he whispered in return, reaching out for her hand, "the public have acknowledged me as your—your favoured suitor for months past, and this fact emboldened me to—"

"Hip-hup-hau-gee-hau-ah!" came a voice on the night breeze—a voice which halted and gasped and hesitated as if the owner had risen from beside the grave of a loved, lost friend. It was not the voice of troubadour warbling words of anguish set in rhyme. It was not the voice of a lone night bird calling for its lost mate. It was the voice of that same mule calling to the lilac bushes to come a little nearer—to come and get a bite.

"Is that an odious cow?" she softly enquired. "No! its a blasted mule!" he replied. "Such language, sir!" she said as she rose up; "Such a mule, madam!" he replied, pointing to the window, "I'll kill the man—the mule—that has dared come between us!" he shouted, as he rushed from the mansion. He pelted that age-worn mule with lawn ornaments; he pelted him with a picket torn from the fence; he pursued his retreating form and battered it with stones picked from the street or found lying alongside the curbstone.

Halting under a lone tree on the dreary common—gazing through the deep shadows of night to discover why pursuit

was at last abandoned, the old grey mule seemed to realize that, even as a mule, it was safe to have an accident insurance ticket in his pocket, and he sighed, and gasped, and tremulously soliloquized, "Gee-hau-gee-ah-r-r-rau-gee-hau!" and the shadows grew deeper, the night breeze sighed with renewed loneliness, the stars nestled behind the clouds to sleep, and he felt that he was a mule, loved by none.—*Canadian Illustrated News.*

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

(The following is an old Latin version.)

NOLO vivere semper, volo non manere
 Ubi tempestates veniunt veloces.
 Dies pauci, dolores et sunt multe;
 Quis felix? Nemo. Oportet nunc luctari.

Nolo vivere semper in malis et peccatis,
 Mihi corruptis tentationes durae,
 Gaudium enim peccatis absolutis
 Lacrymis admixtum satis nunquam adest.

Nolo vivere semper, mors ergo me juvabit,
 Mortuus Iesus, quamobrem tristis ego?
 Sepulcrum dulce! dicit mihi deus
 Sanctus sis et felix; tibi sum Salvator.

Vult vivere nemo deo et absenti,
 Absenti coelo, absentibus angelis;
 Hic pax nulla, fontes gaudiorum
 Absunt in terra, nunquam hic videbo.

Saeculorum sanctos hic videbo nunquam,
 Fratres, Salvatorem nisi moriturus.
 Morior, nunc audio carmina sanctorum,
 Facies diei meae est pax animae.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

Editorial.

LITERARY EDITORS.

J. J. BAKER.

E. R. CAMERON.

BUSINESS EDITOR.

W. H. CLINE.

THE fact has thrust itself very strongly upon our attention while discharging our editorial duties, that a change might be made in the management of the TYRO, which would be beneficial in more ways than one. We have noticed that a number of our exchanges have ladies as well as gentlemen on their editorial staff, and the thought has occurred to us, Why not have ladies on the TYRO staff? It is well known to all Adelphoi, that considerable trouble is experienced every term in electing editors, and when elected the staff is so small as to be altogether inadequate to the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them. Moreover, as the editors have usually more than the ordinary quota in addition to this special work, they often feel that in issuing the TYRO they do an injustice to themselves as well as to the paper. Now we think it would be a step in the right direction, if the by-law respecting TYRO editors were thrown out, and the Gleaner Society be requested to furnish two literary editors. It would not only make the work much easier for all, but we feel confident would greatly enhance the value and usefulness of the paper.

SPELLOZOOTIC.

We beg the pardon of all our exchanges for not having an article in this number on the spellozootic. We know it is asking a great favour, but in all charity, grant us forgiveness.

It is not our fault we assure you. If ever a human being pled and argued with a determination to conquer, we have. In every favourable light possible, the subject was held up before the school. We introduced a motion in one society that a reputation be sent to the Ladies Department to throw them the glove of defiance. When this was objected to, we moved that two Adelphoi choose sides and we have a contest among ourselves. At last when this motion was lost, in the blind fury of desperation we challenged any member of the society, every member, the whole school; for the coming TYRO had to have at least two pages on a spelling match, or the paper would be a total failure, and cover its editors with infamy. If you but knew how mortified we feel at this, especially, when all our exchanges give glowing accounts of their matches, with all the polysyllabic words in Worcester brought in so ingeniously, that one would think they were the ordinary vehicles for conveying their ideas, you could not have the cruelty to refuse.

College Journalism.

Journalism within late years has become an important feature of our seats of learning; and we think the papers emanating from our colleges and universities have been marked by that liberality of sentiment, courteous behavior, and friendly criticism that should be expected from well educated and refined men. The greatest drawback to the popularity of these journals is the bitter personalities which disfigure the columns of a few. It certainly will not tend to elevate the tone of college papers, if some editors demean themselves by flinging abuse at one another like that which characterizes the blustering organ of a political party. When stinging invective and dark inuendos crop to the surface so often, it is very evident the writers are

animated by anything but a charitable and gentlemanly spirit. We think those journals, which have too much respect for themselves to countenance any such articles in their columns, should strongly express their disapproval of them in others, and thus raise college journalism to the position it should, and is expected to hold.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

The battle of Lexington is ended. At least we hope so. During the last few months the United States has been the scene of the fearful carnival of death. Now at length from the reeking battle-field we may collect the broken verses, hacked metres, mangled lines, chopped-off feet, which in that dreadful carnage were scattered far and wide by the mighty strokes of the—quill.

It is invigorating to read the gushing effusions poured forth from bursting hearts, and the graphic verses of the bard, who sings,—

“ In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not.”

It is still more invigorating when the reader thinks he has at last found a short, pithy article on the battle, to read as follows :—“This engagement, in which was struck the first blow in that great and glorious struggle for national freedom ; this engagement which electrified Europe, and roused in martial bosoms the chivalry of ancient days ; this engagement which was the death-knell to England’s greatness, deserves to be commemorated age after age, as long as the world shall last. The true-born and patriotic American looking back to that day pregnant with such great results, and as with trembling heart and bated breath he scans the battle-plain, how he adds his strength to each blow hurled on the blood-thirsty invader, that would ravage the lands and desecrate the hearth-stones of his ancestors. Although some Englishmen will not acknow-

ledge us as victors in this memorable conflict, none have or ever will deny that Godfrey's Parer expeditiously removes Corns, Bunions, and all other excrescences incident to humanity."

CHANGE.

There is something in human nature, we cannot tell what, that will not endure sameness. This dissatisfaction is manifested in the smallest affairs as well as in the greatest. It is a fact that cannot be denied that nature is not always a true guide. Every change that takes place is not a change for the better; yet we feel that some reform must be made, and are not satisfied until the promptings of nature are carried out. The Israelites were not satisfied after they had been ruled for a time by judges, and demanded a king, for the simple reason that they might be like other nations. Again there are thousands in England at the present day who are strongly in favor of a Republic, and a great number in the United States in favor of a Monarchy, yet every persons can see that each country has wonderfully prospered under its own government.

Even we ourselves are not outside of this dissatisfied class. We think our form of government is second to none, still we find that many of the leading men in the ccuntry cry out for independence.

But, as we have said before, this spirit manifests itself even in the smallest affairs; most people cannot wear the same style of hat two seasons.

We are sorry to say that this feeling shows itself to a great extent in our colleges, and the results arising therefrom are far from being always favorable. Students are not different from ordinary mortals, and we find that in first becoming acquainted with any person, we are far more apt to find out their faults than their excellencies. But after we have become better acquainted with them, remembering that they are mortals, we overlook their faults and learn to love them.

This desire for change is especially injurious in colleges, and we doubt whether any college will be prosperous which is continually changing officers and teachers.

We cannot tell how, but it is a fact that the faults of a new teacher or officer are soon known beyond the college walls, and they have an influence which does not at all advance the interests of the institution. If smallness of salary is, as we are in many cases led to believe, the cause of the frequent changes that occur, we deem the reason insufficient.

How much better would it be to advance the salary one half, rather than suffer the change.

THE BEHEMOTH.

We have heard of the Cardiff Giant, and the thousands who went many miles to behold the bones of that monster; we have also heard of so many thousands being deceived in that they saw nothing but a work of art. We have heard and read, too, of the Mastodon and other monsters whose bones were by no means hewn out by any clever American.

The Behemoth, the bones of which were exhibited in Woodstock on the 29th of May, is no humbug. We are not prepared to prove the statement made by its owners—viz., that it is the Behemoth spoken of by Job, but we can testify as to its size. It is, as is claimed, the largest skeleton of a land animal in the world. The horns at present are over eight and a half feet in length, and it is believed that they were at least two feet longer. The jaw bones are five and a half feet long, and the teeth weigh from five to seven pounds each; the shortest rib is five feet in length; only the short ones are preserved. The animal must have stood, when alive, about twenty feet high, thirty long, and weighed over one hundred tons. This skeleton was found in the County of Monck, near the town of Dunville. It was thought by some that these bones, being found in Canada, should be kept here. This is our opinion also, and we think Canadians are being badly duped when they permit them, for the small sum of \$3,000, to be taken out of Canada.

Our Exchanges.

The last number of the *Mckendree Repository* contains some very good articles. We mention, "Life,—its Conditions and Destiny,"—prose; and "Be the First,"—poetry. It says that the Archangel is evidently prepared with much care and study. If it does not use the words *care* and *study* in a very restricted sense, we have always been mistaken as to their meaning. At any rate, we would advise the *Mckendree Repository* to study carefully hereafter the pages of the Archangel, or have nothing to say about it.

The "Qui vive" comes for the first time as an exchange for the Tyro. The only criticism we have to make concerning it is that too large a proportion of its pages is taken up with reviews of society meetings. A concise, pointed criticism on such a subject may be allowable in a college paper, but to devote a third of the literary matter to such an object appears to us very injudicious.

The Academy's intentions are good. We are not of the number "who care not to see it prosper."

The last number of the *Olio* is not at all up to the standard. Those articles on Hope, and Tobacco, partake too much of the purile efforts of juniors.

The *Tripod* in speaking of the Tyro says:—"The April number fails to be as interesting as some of the other numbers, since it contains too much of literary saw-dust, to the exclusion of editorials, locals, and college views." If the *Tripod* will inform us how we are to please everybody, we shall be happy to do so. We are always glad to hear from the *Tripod*.

The *Seminary Budget* shows taste and careful study; its articles are pleasing, but not profound. We think the fair editresses must have very beautiful hands, their hand-shaking is so pleasing.

The *Archangel* is again on our table. We think the poem entitled "Oregon" contains many additions to the usual num-

ber of poetic licenses. On the whole we would strongly advise the Archangel to plume wei. his wings before he attempts to do any more flying.

We forgive the *Queen's College Journal* for having so much to say about themselves, considering it is the last number for this year. Its hints on University Consolidation are good.

The *Central Collegian* has a good tone, and is well written. We think if it were gotten up in magazine style it would present a much better appearance.

What has become of the *Vassar Miscellany* and *Parker Quarterly*. We do not wish to lose any of our exchanges.

We have received the following:—*Alumni Journal*, *Madisonensis*, *Academy*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Dartmouth*, *Ontaria Teacher*, *University Record*, *Irving Union*, *College Olio*, *Seminary Budget*, *Archangel*, *Tripod*, *Central Collegian*, *Mckendree Repository*, *Bowdoio Orient*, *Annalist*, *Volante*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Acadia*, *Athenæum*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Hannibal College Enterprise*, *Bates Student*, *Owl*, *College Herald*, *Qui Vive*, *Asbury Review*, *Niagara Index*, *Ewing Review*, *Delaware College Advance*.

Locals.

The Base Ball Club was organized at the beginning of the term and the following officers elected: Pres. J. M. White; Vice, E. R. Cameron Sec. and Treas. H. V. Carter; Field Captain, S. S. Bates; Custodian, J. J. Baker. Before the warm weather came on our Campus was the scene of some interesting matches, but during the last few weeks the balls and bats have been little called for. In the only two games played between the Adelphians and Excelsiors the latter were victorious.

We must compliment the Faculty on the improved appearance of the grounds. The grass has been cut and the use of a lawn mower for a few hours would make them quite presentable.

The Adelphian and Gleaner Societies held their first union meeting for the term, in the lecture room on the 26th ult. Although got

nr so near the end of the term the meeting was a complete success. Special mention should be made of the Sheaf which was well read, and contained many excellent articles. Since union meetings are always well attended and give entire satisfaction, why not have two or three at least in each term?

The town council of Woodstock deserve praise for the energy they have displayed in beautifying the streets, by setting out shade trees. We hope this spirit of enterprise will not languish until the sidewalks have been improved.

Although the excrcises of the Judson Missionary Meeting, held on Friday evening July 2nd were all prepared on short notice, nevertheless they were highly pleasing and instructive.

We think the meeting was more interesting than a lecture would have been and that all were well satisfied.

This term, as usual, the Excelsiors gave a public meeting in the lecture room. We are always glad to here from the Excelsiors, they give us plenty of fun, but a superabundance of personals.

We give below, a list of the officers in each society elected at the beginning of this term:

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—Pres. S. S. Bates; Vice-Pres. D. Laing; Critic, J. E. Trotter; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. Lockheart; Marshal F. Tapscott.

GLEANER SOCIETY—Pres. Miss E. Crawford; Vice-President Miss McGregor; Critic, Miss S. E. Dorr; Editress, Miss J. J. McArthur; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss E. Whiting; Librarian, Miss K. Merri-man.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY—Pres. H. V. Carter; Vice-Pres. E. Wallace; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Baldwin; Critic, D. Grant; Marshall, E. P. Parry; Librarian, W. Merry.

The following is the programme of the public meeting:

PRAYER.

Address—By President of Adelpgian Society..... S. S. BATES.

Solo and Chorus—"No Friendly Voice to Greet Me".... DANKS.
Misses Stewart and Bessie and Messrs. White and Cline.

Recitation—"De Profundis"..... Mrs. BROWNING.
Miss J. J. McArthur.

Instrumental Duo—"Unr Perle de Varsovie"..... SMITH.
Misses McLoughlin and Hooker.

- Faper*—"The Oracle," By Adelpian Society.....J. E. TROTTER.
Song—Ring on Sweet Angelus.....GOUNOD
 Miss Ida Fitch.
Dialogue—From Nicholas Nickleby.....EX. SOCIETY.
Duett—"Onward Boatlet".....KUCK EN
 Misses Stewart and Bessie.
Essay—"Light and Shade.".....MISS E. CRAWFORD
Pinn. Solo—"Theme Allemand.".....LEYBACH.
 Miss. K. Merriman.
Colloquy—Misses E. Merril, T. Crawford, L. Harris, E. Fitch.
Song—"I Love My Love,".....PINSUTI.
 Miss M. Cameron.
Oration—"Life in Earnest,".....W. T. TAPSCOTT.
Duett—"Slowly and Softly Music Should Flow,".....GLOVER.
 The Misses Fitch.
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Clippings

A good story is told by the *Buffalo Commercial*, of a prominent clergymen in that city, who recently preached in Dunkirks, taking his text from the account of the miraculous draught of fishes. The lesson he sought to impart, was that of the duty of instant, unquestioning obedience to divine commands, and in the course of his remarks, he used this illustration: "When the Lord said unto Moses, 'Get thee to Horeb,' Moses did not hesitate, *but immediately got.*"—*Ex.*

Fresh from Erin—"Well Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?"

"Och, docthor dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics is very dist'essin' indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and me toes is swiled as big as a goose hen's egg, so when I stand up, I fa'l down immediately."

One of the Freshmen says, "I tell you what I am going to do when I get more money. I am going down to one of the Hotels and get a good square meal, just to see how it seems."—*Record.*

An exchange desires to know, if water-melons can be grown to advantage, near a Seminary containing one hundred and fifty students studying for the ministry.

Names suitable .—

For an Auctioneer's wife—	Biddy :
“ a General's	“ —Sally :
“ “ Sport's	“ —Betty :
“ “ Fisherman's	“ —Nettie :
“ “ Shoemaker's	“ —Peggy :
“ “ Teamster's	“ —Carrie :
“ “ Lawyer's wife	“ —Sue :
“ “ Printer's	“ —Em :
“ “ Druggist's	“ —Ann Eliza :
“ “ Carpet-man's	“ —Mattie :— <i>Ex.</i>

“ A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent. He did it, and presented a bill in full, for fifty-nine francs and eleven centimes to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying, that the committee would require a complete detail, the painter produced it as follows :

	frs. cts.
Corrected and renewed the ten commandments.....	5 12
Embellished Pontius Pilate, and put a ribbon in his bonnet.....	3 00
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter, and mended his coat.....	3 20
Replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel.....	4 18
Washed the servant of the High Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks..	5 12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, and cleaned the moon.....	7 14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory, and restored souls.....	3 06
Revived the flame of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned.....	7 17
Rebordered the robe of Herod, and readjusted his wig.....	4 00
Put new spatter dashes on the son of Tobias, and dressing on his sack....	2 00
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him.....	3 04
Put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah.....	2 04
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs.....	3 02
Decorated Noah's Ark.....	3 00
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal son, and cleaned his ears.....	4 00

—*Acta Columbiana.*

59 11

 Personals.

Miss Sara. E. Dorr, our present governess, leaves at the end of this term. She has won the esteem of all, during the two years she has been amongst us, and departs accompanied by our best wishes for her future welfare.

Miss Philp leaves this term. Her stay has been short, but to us both pleasant and profitable.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, steward and matron are going to Port Hope.

The vacancy caused by Miss. Dorr's leaving, will be filled by Mrs. Sarah L. Nott. She comes to us highly recommended.

Miss Ottie A. Smith, from St. Johns, New Brunswick, will teach drawing and painting next year. She is a graduate of the Boston School of Art.

Miss. Maria E. Revell is engaged as assistant in music for next year.

Rev. Robert Pickard, B.A., and wife, take Mr. and Mrs. Hooker's place. We wish them every success in their arduous undertaking.

With pleasure we give a list of honors awarded at the late Convocation of Toronto University, to former students of the Institute.

Mr. J. C. Yule, at present a teacher in our Theological Dept. received the degree of M.A. Mr. A. P. McDiarmid received the degree of B.A., and a silver medal in Metaphysics and Ethics. Mr. E. Harris—Scholarship in classics, and a prize in Oriental Languages. Mr. J. W. A. Stewart,—Scholarship in Metaphysics and Ethics. Mr. P. S. Campbell,—General-Proficiency Scholarship.

We also notice the gold medal in Metaphysics and Ethics, was awarded to Mr. T. Carscadden, formerly a teacher in the Institute.

Prof. S. J. McKee, was compelled by ill health to give up teaching last term. We are glad to learn that his health is improving, and that he intends to resume his classes in the autumn.

Mr. Will. J. Wallace is in Scott and White's drug-store, town.

Mr. Isaac Campbell took the first and second prizes at a spelling match held in Wickliffe Hall, Brantford.

Mr. Ross, a graduate from the Theological Dept., paid us a visit this term. He has been laboring for the last ten years, in Mendoceno Co. Cal. He now returns to take charge of the Tiverton Baptist Church. We wish him all success.

Miss. Emily Crawford graduates this term.

Mr. D. Reddick is teaching at Ayr.

Mr. John M. White, through ill health, has been unable to attend college this term.

Mr. D. B. Stunf, will graduate an M.D. next year, at the Cleveland College of Homeopathy,

We feel assured we express the mind of the Baptist Denomination when we offer our congratulation to Prof. Jno. Crawford on his receiving the title of D.D. This degree was conferred at the last

convocation of Acadia College, N.S. We know of no person more deserving, upon whom this dignity could have been bestowed. He has ever been a diligent student, an acceptable teacher, a fluent speaker, a subtle reasoner, and in argument a man of might, when Baptist principles have been at stake.

The following is a list of the students who have gone out to preach during the summer months, in various parts of Ontario and Quebec. A. M. Turnbull, B.A., St. Andrews; M. P. Campbell, Thurso and Dresden; F. Dann, Sarnia; E. Hooper, Oshawa, (graduates.) E. W. Dadson, B.A., Buckingham; W. McGregor, Port Elgin; A. W. Gower, Daywood and Cape Rich; J. McDonald, Sydenham; J. W. Best, Woodslee; Alex. Best, Woodville and Manilla; G. Everton, Fullerton; J. W. A. Stewart, Osgoode; Ira Smith, Welland; A. Grant, Pembroke; T. Luckens, East Zorra; C. Y. Snell, Beachville; Thos. Trotter, Komoka; D. D. Burtch, 2nd Lobo; A. P. McDairmid, B.A. Clarence; C. C. McLaurin, Clarenceville; P. A. McEwan, Arnprior; D. A. McGreger, Cornwall; N. Wolverton, Sarnia; J. Dunlop, Bristol; J. A. Zeran, McNabb; W. Grant, West Flamboro; S. C. Keech, Burgesville; D. Cameron, McNabb; T. Williamson, Cote St. George; G. L. Willet, Wallaceburgh, S. A. Freshney, Bloomsburgh; C. Mason, Bobcaygeon. G. L. Oliver, Petrolia; D. P. McPherson, Roxborough; J. Anderson, Waterdown; Thos Howland, Moore; John Munroe, Gobles; Robert Clark, Dalesville; Charles Eede, Hull; W. T. Tapscoott, Walkerton; J. E. Trotter, Paisley; J. McCallum, Osnabruck.

Hymeneal.

Campbell—Bartlett. On the 9th June, by the Rev. A. A. Cameron of Ottawa, the Rev. M. P. Campbell of Dresden, to Miss J. E. Bartlett, late of London, England.

Obituary.

Ours is the sad duty to notice the demise, on the 15th of May last, of the late father Bates. In him the Institute has lost one of its most devoted servants. Since the time when he first became inter-

ested in its welfare, he has furthered its progress by the earnest advocacy of its claims upon the Baptist denomination, and by liberal donations of money as far as his circumstances would permit. At the final examinations of each term he was always present to mark the progress of the students, and by a word of encouragement to spur them on to greater diligence. His death leaves a blank in the Christian Ministry, which only those who have been intimately acquainted with him truly realize, and in conjunction with all who have been in any way associated with him, we offer our tribute of respect to his memory.

Standings.—Winter Term, 1875.

The following students received the highest number of marks in their respective years. Maximum 2,300.

FIRST YEAR.

J. W. Foshay, 1946 ; Miss Lyon, 1928 ; Miss Cascadden, 1736 ;
A. McDonald, 1605.

SECOND YEAR.

Miss Shepherd, 2,000 . Miss Hatch, 1961 ; W. H. Cline, 1861 ;
J. Yeran, 1745.

THIRD YEAR.

J. D. Cameron, 1611 ; W. Nesbitt, 1568 ; E. R. Cameron, 1513 ;
H. M. Bouslaugh, 1348.

FOURTH YEAR.

S. S. Bates, 1619 ; C. Eede, 885.

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