

supreme literature and law, and Jesus Christ is the Supreme Teacher of perfect Truth—the beginning and the ending of all valuable mental development. With this divine ideal of education I heartily sympathize. And I need not say that this is the lofty principle expressed in the singular motto emblazoned on the banner of this Institution—“ALL THINGS IN CHRIST CONSIST,” or stand together.

Yes, this—this is the reason by which the existence of this independent school of learning is justified—we are endeavoring to educate, *i. e.*, to *lead out* and lead up the nature of the student to the Divine Ideal of Humanity. We believe that every student is a trinity—body, soul and spirit—and that the spirit is the essential part to the development of which his intellectual and physical nature ought to be subordinated. This is the high standard aimed at—so to educate the young man that his *personal life* in that sphere he chooses to move in shall *personate Christ*. In other words, A human life *consistent* with our motto, “In Christ all things consist,” will alone succeed in making the most and the best of education and subsequent opportunities. It will *stand together*: a power for good.

Education as taught in our national universities has been necessarily classified into separate special departments:—SCIENCE, with its thousand and one issues; EVOLUTION, beginning with protoplasm and ending in the foul vapor of decay; PHILOSOPHY consisting of principles, inferential deductions and doctrinal conclusions *ad infinitum*. No one human life is long enough to pursue exhaustively any one of these special lines of study. The result must be mere fragmentary incoherence, and the man must turn out an intellectual crank. Darwin dies, his mind full of the marvellously slow evolution of certain worms he had been nursing for the last twenty years of his laborious life; Pasteur dies dreaming about microbes; Drummond (beautiful fellow) dies wandering over the vast regions of interminable evolution; the Astronomical Specialist dies star-dazed; Hugh Miller suddenly leaves this world, tired to death with the mutterings of mysterious geology. Perhaps it may appear to some very presumptuous for a man of my dimensions to speak on a subject of this sort; but it seems to me very plain that if such