

prattle about man's original sin will affect your mission as the transit of Venus affects the sun. Look upon the works of God and man and adore their matchless majesty. Look at the revelation of the telescope, making the star-dust of the milky way countless worlds. Look at the revelation of the microscope working in the same line of artistic atoms as God. Look at the wonders of the ceramic art, with its beautiful colors, form and delicate blending, vying with the lily and the rose, but defying the most potent powers of the universe—decay and time. Here man rises above his Creator; the freckle, streak and strain of his unrivalled pencil decay, but man's does not. Look at the gorgeous public and private conservatories of our northern and temperate zone, enriched with the fruits, the flowers, the graceful palms and the Victoria Regina lily from the tropical Amazon. Look at the abundant and varied creations of God to man stored in the bowels of the earth for man's use, and mark their worthlessness until man brings his creative powers to bring forth their beauty and utility. Plenty of iron ore, but it takes man to form it into a needle, a pen, a steel rail, and steamship, and wire girdling our globe with the marvel of almost instant thought and action. Plenty of gold, but it is a nugget, or dust, until man creates a crown of glory for a world-renowned Queen, who stamps her image on it, making coin a passport over the world. Look at the abundance of our woods, how useless they are until man fashions them into houses, and ships that carry aloft the canvas and flag that waft His praises to the four quarters of our globe.

Thro' earth's fairest scenes of beauty and grandeur,
The co-workers, God and man, woo you to wander.

But, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I can be told with truth that the human artistic creations of the Orient, where creation seems no more the works of nature, but her dreams, are equal to our own and will command the admiration of mankind until the wreck of elements and spoil of matter. But, sir, why the sudden stoppage of those creative powers? For centuries the Chinese have been at a stand-still, and have made no progress. For centuries