

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY.

VOL. XXI.

JUNE, 1909.

No. 9.

## Man's Growing Control of Nature

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THESE are few greater pleasures in life than a walk into the country on a warm spring afternoon. To get away from the city is to enjoy a renewal of freedom in the openness of the fields, the wide horizon and the pure air, while the notes of the birds provide a sense of companionship. The dark ploughed earth tells of fresh strength for growth; swelling buds and early flowers are the promise of fertility, of grass for cattle and herb for the service of man. On the confines of a city men are returning home having gone forth unto their work and their labor until the evening. Ruysdael's pictures have usually some human figure in the landscape which would be otherwise too overpowering a solitude. This may also signify to us that without man nature would have no true interpreter. Be that, however, as it may, most of us, I fancy, enjoy the countryside all the more when we catch sight of a human figure, or even of cattle in the field.

Perhaps it is the absence of human or animal life that makes some persons unutterably lonely on the shore of the ocean. This feeling at times overtakes

even one who has lived by the sea all his life, though the sound of many waters comes nearer to the human voice than any other of nature's utterances; but in fog, mist and storm the ocean is too terrible to afford companionship to the ordinary man in his average moods. One white sail dotting the blue summer ocean suggests more of life than the incessant breaking into white of the wave as it rolls lazily over the peaks of the jagged ledges. Those of certain temperaments are made lonely by the ocean at any time; such people probably choose by preference an inner stateroom, or if for some reason they have an outer room, they avoid looking through the port on the waves stretching far out to the horizon. A streak of smoke from a vessel even hull down breaks the loneliness, and the interest aroused thereby is not the only element that induces a change of feeling. I suppose that even more impressive is the solitude of a desert, but as I have only crossed a desert in a Pullman amidst the comforts of civilized life I know nothing by actual experience of such loneliness. At night it may be that the twinkling