

the ditch had done its work. We carried the poor people with us. All believed. It was a fact—a demonstration—of power and wisdom. Look again at the power of surgery. I shall not speak of my own simple aid in that line. Among the French Missionaries there was a very accomplished doctor. There came a very serious case of surgery under his care. He cut—cured. Why, the people said it was a miracle. All missionaries ought to be accomplished surgeons. Let this case suffice. Poor fellows! Books, Reading, &c., &c., seem to many child's play—a kind of legerdemain. There was one point of book-lore that was a poser. We shall suppose a chief has some message to another chief some hundreds of miles distant. The custom was to give a verbal message. Let me tell you in doing this work they excel. But there is a missionary where the chief lives to whom the message is sent. Your chief comes and requests you to write a letter. He dictates, you write word for word. The messenger hears all, away he goes—doubtful; if it is the first time he has done such work. He gives the letter to the chief. Away they go to the missionary. He reads. The astonished man hears word for word as his chief had dictated. What a wonder to this poor rude man! To him a fact, a demonstration of the power and wisdom of the white man. We might have led you to examples, demonstrating goodness, yes goodness. They saw and said that the "white man had two hearts". Aye, from the days of Easan and Jacob, there have been amongst us two hearts—two people.

The lessons I mean to enforce by these examples are briefly as follows:

1st. Few men can reason or deal in abstract truth. You have to demonstrate—put before the eye to convince. Christianity is a fact—facts—not arguments in advance, but as after-riders. Faith is weak.

2nd. Art and science from these simple examples, upwards, help the spiritual. Therefore I bid "God speed" to all true earthly knowledge. I know this great gift can be perverted in the hands of wicked men. Such for instance, as the adoption, by a very able man of science, of some religious crochets. His weight is great. Huxley says our great-grandfathers were asses. The question is put. Do you hear that? A great mathematician says he does not believe in the Books of Moses. Men cry: Ho! A Bishop! A scholar! Do you hear that? Proudly we point to men that did and do believe.

3rd. Your artisans and men of work—mark the weight of a first class workman. He bulks in the eyes of poor struggling apprentices as a great man. For good or evil, this man of skill will have more authority, weight, influence, than any man or minister, who presents to his opaque vision, pure thought alone.

4th. Kindness commands man and beast. Never preach or talk to a hungry, starving man. Feed him—warm him—then say, poor fellow! Want of attention to this is one great cause why multitudes of citizens, workmen, have drifted away from the Church—the Bible.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have said in one shape or another what I intended, and probably, as the Bishop said, a little more. I could have wished for more time, in which to get my ideas a little better put together.

Beginnings and beginners are generally spared polish. If I have given you truth in the rough-cast, to lay on the mind, it is well—I am content. I have to thank you for your attention—that so many have come out to hear. It is pleasing to see all classes represented, I have to state that so far as I am concerned, my connection with you, and, all my associations of memory during the last two years, are very pleasant. I have had some "grand confosed feedin'" from the magazines. It is a luxury of no ordinary kind to sit down to a good Quarterly. What cares the reader for Lake Huron's winds and Canadian colds? They rather help you on with some trenchant article, on politics, history or war. Fine, to get away in thought to lands of sun and heat, when your own climate is at zero. When the imagination fires up and leads you through the wild and the beautiful—the new and the old—the reminiscences of the past—the very spot where you sit becomes a sacred centre. If you get wearied with the dull and the local—as one poor yearning spirit sang while among us—"But here in the wilds of the West, to-morrow the same as to-day"—it refreshes the whole man, to get away amongst the revolutions of the past—to read of the heroes that fought and bled for us, and tasted of the cosmopolitan life. The local is ever to be balanced with universal—point given to the wide, wide world, to the general domain of thought, by the local—the two-fold man working out a glorious harmony.

My lecture, you may say, is the reflection of a magazine reader—it is also introductory and general. You will please throw the mantle of charity over my short-comings. The little labour bestowed on this paper has been free from pain—save the consciousness of what would be improvements. The well known queer old lines have just turned up as a refrain:

"The man that fights and runs away,
May live to fight some other day;
But he that fights and there is slain,
Shall never live to fight again."

Will the following clink for a little small change?

He that writes with little pain,
May try for you a theme again;
But he that writes against the grain,
Will never try to write again.

It will never do to close with home-spun doggerel. That the Kincardine Mechanic's Institute may prosper is my earnest prayer. Let its motto be, "*Esto perpetua*."

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.