

the industrial and mineral resources of the Province, which could not have been collected without much painstaking research. We should have liked a chapter exclusively devoted to the ecclesiastical history of the Province, the materials for which will never be so easily obtained as now, but we must be content with the individual notices scattered through the book. We trust Mr. Campbell's patriotic labours will meet with a hearty reception at the hands of the public.

EDUCATION AND LIFE: An Address delivered at the opening of the 32nd session of Queen's College at Kingston, by John Watson, M.A., Professor of Logic and Ethics. This thoughtful and scholarly essay has for its theme a subject of wide application and ever increasing interest, namely, the value of a liberal education to every citizen. Arguing from the broad assumption that "the prosperity of every country is measurable by the collective wisdom of its people," it is conclusively shown that the advances of modern civilization are the result of applied scientific knowledge, and that its further progress demands a more general diffusion of learning. Professor Watson combats the prevalent idea that only professional men have need for a classical education, and claims that an exclusively technical training does not meet the wants of the age. "As a matter of fact," he says, "this is inevitably hostile to wide and liberal views. . . . What is needed is an education other than practical life supplies, which, by raising the mind above purely personal or class interests, and by fixing it upon more impersonal subjects, will generate a love of all that is fitted to elevate mankind and hasten on the progress of humanity." The Professor sees no immediate prospect of that intellectual millenium when all classes of the community shall participate in the benefits of a liberal as well as a technical education, but he gives excellent reasons for believing that we should keep that ideal always before us. We greatly err in supposing that the standard of education that seemed sufficient for last century is adequate to meet the intellectual requirements of this, and it is simply absurd to decry learning for the reason that some men have got on tolerably well in the world who could not write their own names. This lecture is calculated to do much good, and we hope that it will be extensively circulated.

A new Star has appeared in the western horizon, the **QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL**. It is not intended for the enlightenment of *them asses* (printer's error for the masses) who know nothing about problems and theorems, and conic sections, and objective and subjective certainties, but for the mutual comfort and edification of those who have together crossed the "pons assinorum." We trust it will not be like the November meteors, which dazzle and disappear, but rather like the morning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The second number is better read than the first, and therefore reads better.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA; An Inaugural Lecture, by the Rev William McLaren, on the oc-

casional of his induction as Professor of Systematic Theology in Knox College, Toronto. This is a very able essay, and deals out most formidable blows to Matthew Arnold and other disciples of the modern school of culture, with their nebulous assumptions and indefinite subtle scepticism—mere *bags of wind* are these would-be leaders of thought in Professor McLaren's hands.

There are now some thirty churches of Irvingites in England, some fifty in Germany, one in Paris, six in Scotland and two in Ireland. Not a few wealthy English families belong to the communion. The Duke of Northumberland adheres to it. It not only holds to the continuance of miracles, tongues, &c., but is strongly inclined to ritualism. Its principal church in London is in Gordon Square, and cost about £30,000, and looks like a Roman Catholic cathedral.

Poetry.

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what will befall; God hangs a mist
over my eyes,
And before each step of my onward path, He
makes new scenes to rise.
And every joy He sends me, comes as a new and
glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread the days of
the year;
But the *past* is still in God's keeping; the *future*
His mercy will clear;
And what looks dark in the distance, may
brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitter
than I think.
The Lord will sweeten the waters before I stoop
to drink;
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand be-
side the brink.

It may be, He has waiting for the coming of
my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so
strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks
I cannot speak.

O, 'restful, blissful, ignorance,' 'Tis better *not*
to know,
It keeps me quiet in these arms that will not let
me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom that
loves me so!