

crinoids and foraminifera, intombed in rocky sepulchres, grander and more lasting than the pyramids and catacombs of the Pharaohs? In this, too, Canada is doing her appointed share in the world's search into the hidden truths of that book of nature, which is no less a divine revelation to us than the sacred volume of revealed moral truth: no less divine, though of inferior moment in the bearings of the truths it discloses, as revealing to us the Creator travelling in the greatness of his might through the silences of that infinite which lies behind us. In this, Canada claims to take her part among the world's thinkers. She will hew her lumber, raise her wheat, mine her copper, lead the tracks of her railways ever westward, conquering the savage wilderness, and make the wilds of our vast pine forests the happy settlements of a free, industrious, and progressive people; but she aspires to something more than to be the mere lumberer and wheat-grower of the world; and in so far as Canada does so, her material progress will not be the less, but greatly the more, for the intellectual vigor developed in thus claiming her place in that grand intellectual arena to which only the world's most gifted races find admission.

I might indeed dwell here, with justice, on the practical results of science; on the certainty that the mastery of the laws of nature increase the power of man; on the wondrous consequences that have followed from its least heeded beginnings; on the rubbed amber, *ἡλεκτρον*,—the *electron* of the Greeks—lifting straws: or the convulsions of the dead frog in the kitchen of the famed Bolognese Professor, Galvani: from whence we trace all our magnetical observatories, our new determinations of longitudes, our electric telegraphs, and the world-embracing project of our Atlantic cable. Or, again, on Newton's Apple; Jansen, the Dutch Optician's toy glasses; Watt's tea-kettle; or—after for our present purpose,—Franklin's old key, which served him, with a silk-thread, sealing-wax, and a sheet of paper, to discover the identity of light and electricity: these, or a thousand other germs of thought, insignificant, and barren as the sand-grains sown by the east wind, when presented to the dull common eye; but pregnant as the thousand-fold seed which the Master Sower let fall into good ground, when they drop like the dews of summer on the fostering intellect of ripened genius. But here at least, such a defence of the sciences is unneeded. In the Canadian Institute it may be presumed that we pursue science from the pure