

tinged with unreality, where the great facts of life and existence are only ideas or words. At the other extreme a man of this type described by Hamilton Smith when asked his opinion of various engineers, "Your English engineer wants to leave work at four o'clock in the afternoon to play cricket; your German to drink beer, —but the American engineer *never lets up*, he works all day and in the evening he is thinking of his work." This is intemperance in work. Such a concentration upon one specialty will surely cause a man to lose the faculty of comparison, perspective and perception; instead of a wonderful creature trained to see the human and natural world with clear eyes we shall have a man of narrow vision to whom the outer world is a wilderness, and his own path the limit of his contact with it, until one day he tumbles unexpectedly into his grave. Then, I think, he must awaken for a moment to the knowledge of all that he has missed.

Mr. Rickard of the "Engineering and Mining Journal" in his comments upon an address of Mr. Sexton's to the students of Dalhousie gives us a better view of a scientific man when he says, "If the profession of Mining Engineering has reached no higher philosophy than that of Wall Street or Throgmorton Avenue, it is obtuse indeed: If the varied experiences, their own and others, the hardships of the trail and the luxuries of the city; the great silence of the mountains and the unresting noisiness of the streets; the poverty of the peon and the wealth of high finance; if all of these in constant contrast, do not make a man

something of a philosopher on his own account then he is indeed as unimpressible as the wooden Indian of the tobacconist." This should be true of all scientific thinkers who meet nature and their fellow men at first hand, and really absorb some of the wisdom of fundamental principles. It should be a consolation to us that what we may lack in scholarly attainments we make up in breadth of view, and, seeing that our powers are limited it is an open question whether they are not well employed in getting at the truths of the universe, by a constant contact with its laws, and its inhabitants, on first principles. For we not only deal with the laws of matter and force but with our fellow-man in a way not possible to the priest, the scholar or the man on the street, all of whom meet men on their guard. We get what one might call *understanding* which is the beginning of *wisdom*. And I think, it may be, that out of science will come more truth, hope and salvation, than we can expect from any other scholarly attainments. Not that scholarship is undesirable but we must realize our situation, grasp the *understanding* and *enlightenment* of the times, and add what grace we can by scholarship.

#### PATCHWORK.

Some rainbow shreds of hope and joy;  
Faith's golden stripes without alloy;  
Scraps of Ambition bright to see;  
A few white threads of Charity;  
Much of the purple cloth of Pain;  
Lo 'e's fabric, like a golden vein  
Between the strands of Hate and Strife;  
Such is the patchwork we call Life.

—Ex.