

than their lectures in the development of a high standard. It is, moreover, no loss, but an important gain, if the professor is himself a worker, busied in literary or philological research, or largely occupied with scientific investigations. The teacher who is himself a learner will ever communicate most knowledge to others, for he is in full sympathy with research, and is combating on a higher platform the same difficulties which beset the student in his daily work.

On the other hand, I feel assured that it is all in our favour that we have our academic house in this centre of industrial life, bringing high thoughts and abstruse speculations into competition with the practical industries of a domain stretching from ocean to ocean. It was my privilege, since last we met here, to be present at the installation of an old student of this college, in succession to the venerable Dr. McCosh as President of Princeton University, and few more enviable haunts of letters and science can be conceived of than that academic grove of elms sacred to the muses and their devotees. Doubtless, the retired seclusion of such a classic haunt has its advantages. Princeton has now for itself an honourable rank among the American universities, and has further triumphs, I doubt not, to be won under the leadership of its gifted young President. But for ourselves, I welcome the home of this university amid "the hum and shock of men." The history of a dominion larger than Europe lies as yet unenacted in the coming time.

It is no little stimulus to ourselves to believe that in this and kindred institutions men are in training as citizens, as statesmen, as Christian teachers, destined to turn to wise account the culture here acquired, in transforming our forest clearings and the vast prairies beyond, into the provinces of a great confederacy, proud to emulate the triumphs of the Mother

Land. Our free outlook into such a future is stimulating as "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn." In the communities of the Old World, the very nobility of the great men, and the magnitude of the events of past generations, must at times bring a sense of despondency, with so much to do and to undo. But here the sanguine evolutionist sees behind him only the graves of an untutored barbarism, around him the everwidening clearings of intelligent industry and a golden age beyond. The means at his disposal are such as no previous age has known. Science becomes in ever more marvellous ways the handmaid of industry.

It needs no longer the ideal creation of a "Midsummer Night's Dream" to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Our lot has been cast on virgin soil, in a century of unparalleled progress. There is no limit to the possibilities of the future, as new generations

Wake on science growth to more,
On secrets of the brain the stark,
As wild as aught of fairy lore.

What a single generation has witnessed since we cleared the site for these university buildings is the best index of what the twentieth century has in store for you. Our efforts seemed for a time like the labour of Sisyphus. But if the friends of this university are ever again tempted to despond, they have only to recall that initial step when the founders of Upper Canada—amid all the engrossing cares of immigrants entering on the possession of an uncleared wilderness, yet with unbounded faith in the future—bethought themselves of the intellectual needs of unborn generations, and, while putting the ploughshare into the virgin soil, dedicated a portion of it as the endowment by means of which this university is now enabled to place within reach of all the priceless boon of intellectual culture.