

prises, she has a very dim and imperfect apprehension of the worth of her universities and of their financial necessities. I am disposed to draw a line of compromise between our wants and our hopes, and to say just now that Victoria University needs at present about half a million of dollars, or some \$30,000 a year. This would be rather more than double what she has already. The University of Queen's College, as I learn from Principal Grant, has now an income of nearly \$25,000 per annum, the University College of Toronto an income of \$70,000, and her learned president has lately told the public that University College is too poor to have a chair of political economy, especially a chair strong enough to keep a just balance between Chancellor Blake and Sir John Macdonald. President McCosh, having added several millions of dollars to the property of Princeton College, now declares that institution to be "in a crisis" for

the lack of \$200,000 more, for the department of philosophy alone. So our friends will see how modest and almost humiliating is our call for some \$15,000 or \$20,000 additional income. It matters little from what source Victoria shall receive this proposed revenue of \$30,000, whether from the annual givings of the Church, or from a permanent endowment, or from the two combined. But this income she must and should have without delay; and when she gets it she will repay the Church and the country a hundred times over in that which is more precious than gold—more precious than gold to the Church, more precious than gold to the State—in a long succession of highly trained and scholarly Christian men, for

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

(Continued from page 153.)

THERE is this stamp upon every stroke of eighteenth-century work; the habit of regarding things as wholes, bearing on life as a whole. Their* thirst for knowledge is a practical, organic, working thing; their minds grasp a subject all round, to turn it to a useful end. The encyclopædic spirit animates all: with a genius for clearness, comprehension, and arrangement. It was for the most part somewhat premature, often impatient, at times shallow, as was much of the work of Voltaire, Diderot, Johnson,

and Goldsmith. But the slightest word of such men has to my ear a human ring, a living voice that I recognize as familiar. It awakens me, and I am conscious of being face to face with an interpreter of humanity to men. When they write histories whole centuries glow with life; we see and we hear the mighty tramp of ages. In twelve moderate octavos, through all which not a sentence could belong to any other book, Gibbon has compressed the history of the world during more than a thousand years. Is there in all prose lit-

* See page 153.—ED. C. E. M.