

avoided. As in English, after he has acquired facility in dealing with classic forms he can safely be made acquainted with those that are antiquated or obsolete. In French and German the method pursued is more intelligent. The student begins the study of archaic texts in his third year, and he is then assumed to be able to translate any French or German classic of modern times at sight. We hope to see this general plan made universal in the language departments.

Of the abolition of scholarships payable out of University funds in the second and third years, and of medals similarly provided in the fourth year we cordially approve. When the teaching staff needs enlarging it is unspeakably absurd to fritter away the funds by giving scholarships. The saving thus effected will be about \$2500 a year, enough to remunerate one professor or two lecturers. The scholarships given at matriculation and in the first year remain, but they will soon follow the others. They are not necessary as inducements, and they put a premium on "crain" in the schools.

One other feature of importance should be noted. The Senate now recognizes such quasi-theological subjects as Church History, Apologetics, Biblical Greek, and Biblical Literature, as proper constituents of a university course, and has taken into affiliation with the university several theological colleges in which these subjects form part of the regular divinity training. This liberal policy cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence alike on the university and the theological colleges, by strengthening the former in the public estimation and securing in the latter a better quality of work.

Special Articles.

CANADA AND CANADIANS.

Our thanks are due to an unknown friend for a copy of the *Almonte Gazette*, containing the following address, composed by a young man attending the High School in that town, and read before the Literary Society in connection with the school. The essay reflects credit both on the writer and the institution, in which he is being educated.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You have listened to the praises of Scotland and the Scotch, you have heard how the sons of Noah, settled in the Emerald Isle, have made the name Irishman a synonym for gallantry, wit and hotheadedness.—I ask your attention this evening while I try to do justice to a nobler theme, to sound the praises of a land and people dearer to us because they are our own, and to show the glorious possibilities which lie before Canada and Canadians. Mine may seem a difficult task, for I have but little past from which to draw. I cannot arouse your enthusiasm by pointing to a Canadian Clontarf or Bannockburn; I cannot inspire myself with quotations from a Canadian Burns or Moore; I cannot even interest you with a spread eagle description of a Morrough or a Brian Boru, of a Wallace or a Jenny Geddes. But if I cannot thrill you with a review of the triumphs of your ancestors in war and poetry, I am thankful that I have neither to describe nor defend centuries of civil wars, of social, religious and political persecution. And though our existence as a nation has been short, we are not altogether wanting in great men, whose fame indeed is not world wide, but that it is owing to a lack of appreciation on the part of the public—not to any want of ambition or enterprise in themselves. Even in our Society we have, as you are aware, many Admirable Crichtons, at least one "mute inglorious Milton," and several Cromwells "guiltless of their country's blood." It is true Canada cannot boast of saints like Patrick and Columba, but when did Ireland possess prophets like Wiggins and

Moses Oates? Of course we miss the warrior and the poet whom we want to write an essay or make an after-dinner speech, but we should be thankful that we have hitherto been spared the scenes of bloodshed in which the one took part and of which the other sang.

Bear with me while I give a few necessary geographical and historical details. Canada ranks fourth in size among the countries of the world. It is situated in the northern part of the North Temperate Zone, and though nearly half of it is probably unfit for cultivation, it contains more wheat-growing land than the rest of North America, and nearly as much as the whole of Europe. There is no other country which possesses better natural means of internal communication, for our lakes are unequalled and our rivers unexcelled by those of any other country in the world. We are second only to our elder brother Jonathan in the extent of our railways and telegraphs. Our canal system would be worthy the greatest powers of Europe. Although it is little more than a hundred years since the first sea-going vessel was built in Canada, our mercantile marine ranks fourth or fifth. It is true we have only one war-ship, and we don't know what to do with that; but should it be required, I have no doubt that we would soon have a navy worthy of ourselves and of the great race from which we spring. Few countries possess a more abundant supply or a greater variety of minerals. No other country produces so much timber, and no country has better water power. Possessing, then, minerals, wood and water-power in abundance, and being capable of supporting an immense population, Canada only wants people to become a great manufacturing country. Situated on the most direct route from Europe to China, and possessing on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts excellent harbors, she must in the natural order of things become a great commercial power. Her climate is excellent—rather cold, perhaps, but from its very severity suited to rear a hardy people who shall be worthy of the great advantages which Providence has placed within their reach. England owes her commercial pre-eminence partly to the fact that she is situated between America, the producer of raw material, and Europe, the manufacturer and consumer. With one hand she transfers the raw cotton and sugar of America to her own mills, and then distributes the manufactured goods to the world, and at the same time conveys American breadstuffs to European markets; with the other she conveys her own and European manufactures to the American buyer. But now the condition of things is changing. The American colonies are growing into great nations, manufacturing for themselves, and the markets are moved farther away to India, China and Japan. Canada now occupies the position with respect to those countries which England once held with regard to America; and, if we be but true to ourselves and our country, we have no reason to regret the want of a past, for we have the means of making a future more glorious than the grandest past of the greatest nation.

Much has been said and sung about the beautiful scenery of Ireland and Scotland—probably too much, for most of the descriptions have been given either by poets or by gushing Canadian or American tourists who, after undergoing a course of Moore and Scott, visit and go into raptures over the beauties of Aroca and Killarney, of the Trossachs and Lake Katrine. Such raptures seem to a practical mind (like mine, Mr. President) in most cases uncalled for; but if not, have we not in Canada scenery equal to the most beautiful those countries can show? We have not, indeed, the mountains which make Caledonia "stern and wild," for in Canada nothing is sterner than the teachers, nothing wilder than some of their male pupils; but for a quieter beauty, what can surpass the gloomy grandeur of the Saguenay, the views in the neighborhood of Quebec, the scenery of the Upper Ottawa, of the Thousand Islands and Muskoka Lakes. Even I, who am no worshipper of inanimate nature, shall not soon forget a scene on Lake Rousseau which I witnessed last summer. It was at the head of a bay on the eastern shore of the lake. The water was so transparent that a fish could be seen at a very great depth. On either side rose up almost perpendicular rocks to a height of more than a hundred feet. Just behind where I stood was a grove of tall Norway pines. The rocks at my feet were covered with a dozen different species of moss. The sun was sinking out of sight behind an island in the distance, and, as it disappeared, it threw a track of light across the placid surface of the lake. The sky had blushed to a roseate hue (original!). Half a mile away a camping party were discoursing the classic strains of "Over the Garden Wall." I shall not attempt to describe the conflicting emotions which occupied my mind as I stood there, gazing upon the beauties of that scene—two of whom sat in the stern of my boat chewing candies, which in the