

"I hope the curators of the club room will not have a fire in the grate on 'Xmas eve."

"I am quite sure you need have no fears on that score. Good bye Mr. Claus. Merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you, madam, and many of them."

Science.

How to Examine and Report on a Mine.

IT would be unfair to Dr. Pope to attempt to give the substance of his address in a few short paragraphs, but certain salient points which he particularly emphasized, should, we believe, be brought before your notice. Master minds have the faculty of deducting from general experience comprehensive truths and of stating these in concise language. Dr. Pope's aphorisms apply to other professions as well as to mining engineering.

First of all, he advised, have confidence in yourself, but never bluff. This necessitates thorough investigation, intelligent reading and careful study. Our knowledge is the sum of our past experiences; we do not create ideas but merely build them up by co-relating the facts which we have actually learned. The fundamentals in any engineering course are chemistry and mathematics and these should be understood well enough that we can make use of them unconsciously. Theory is necessary for the mastery of details. Whatever our work may be, we should study and prepare ourselves for higher positions than those which we hold. Finally Dr. Pope compared the mining geologist with the physician. As, from the symptoms, the physician diagnoses the disease, so the mining geologist, by interpreting the surface indications, can read the conditions below the surface. There are very few doubtful cases. Dr. Pope closed his address by reciting:

A Miner's Soliloquy.

"To dig or not to dig; that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser in the deed to follow
The lodes and bearings of auriferous metal;
Or to keep watch upon the claims of others,
And by attention jump them? To sink—to blast—
No more—and by a shot bring forth to light
Gold, pure gold, and the hundred usual signs
That indicate it—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To sink—to blast;—
To blast; perchance to bust; aye there's the rub,
For dynamite speaks truth, and barren quartz,
When fuse has run its length, stands forth in all
It's nakedness. There's the delay
Of new machinery, the cost of it,
No water, wood too dear for steam,
The assayer's test, a partner's contumely,
Nor signs of proffered help, the road to clear.