

the most gifted of my colleagues. "Could you not," I asked, "as a specialist in metals discover silver mines at sight?" "Oh, no," he said, shuddering at the very idea, "you see I'm only a metallurgist; at Cobalt the silver is all in the rocks and I know nothing of rocks whatever." "Who then," I said, "knows about rocks?" "For that," he answered, "you need a geologist like Adamson; but then, you see, he knows the rocks, but doesn't know the silver." "But could you not both go," I said, "and Adamson hold the rock while you extracted the silver?" "Oh, no," the professor answered, "you see we are neither of us mining engineers; and even then we ought to have a good hydraulic man and an electric man." "I suppose," I said, "that if I took about seventeen of you up there you might find something. No? Well, would it not be possible to get somebody who would know something of all these things?" "Yes" he said, "any of the fourth year students would, but personally all that I do is to reduce the silver when I get it." "That I can do myself," I answered musingly, and left him.

Such then is the professor; a man whose avocation in life is hampered by the history of its past: imparting in the form of statutory exercises knowledge that in its origin meant a spontaneous effort of the intelligence, whose very learning itself has become a profession rather than a pursuit, whose mock dignity and fictitious morality remove him from the society of his own sex and deny to him the favour of the other. Surely, in this case, to understand is to sympathize. Is it not possible, too, that when all is said and done the professor is performing a useful service in the world, unconsciously of course, in acting as a leaven in the lump of commercialism that sits so heavily on the world to-day? I do not wish to expand upon this theme. I had set out to make the apology of the professor speak for itself from the very circumstances of his work. But in these days, when money is everything, when pecuniary success is the only goal to be achieved, when the voice of the plutocrat is as the voice of God, the aspect of the professor, side-tracked in the real race of life,