

we intend to be, we are not ashamed of being, what is termed denominational; but we open our doors to all; we have no test on admission; we have no test in granting degrees. We expect that where parents and guardians do not give directions to the contrary, our pupils will attend the services of our own Church; we expect all to read and understand their Bible; we make religion a matter of every day life. But if parents are scandalized at our Prayer Book, (which, by the way, is in every body's hands and can be examined and judged of by all—and this, remember, is *not* the case with other religious bodies, who, some of them, have no settled creed, or formally enunciated doctrines,) or if they cannot abide our pure and primitive manner of worship, they may direct the attendance of their sons elsewhere upon the Lord's day,—on which day alone other denominations hold stated public worship. A couple of months ago I had a conversation with a Scotch Presbyterian—a shrewd man, (like most of his brethren,) and a man of business; and he said, after I had explained (in meeting objections he had raised) the position the College has taken with regard to religious teaching and observances, “Well, I don't see what more you could do, or we expect.”

But in spite of all difficulties, objections and prejudices, the Institution is gaining every day, more and more confidence. My duty has led me during the past winter into many parts of the country, with a subscription list in my hand, not always the most acceptable introduction to a stranger. Everywhere I have been courteously received; everywhere our cause treated with respect, and almost everywhere upheld with solid aid; and others who have been similarly engaged, will bear similar testimony. Now no one can take up that list,—although it is yet but commenced,—and say we want the confidence of the country. No one can listen to the voice of the fourth estate, (as it has been called) of the realm, wherever the Press has spoken out about our appeal for aid in procuring buildings for the Junior Department, and say we have not staunch and true friends. “Go on, in your own way, straight-forwardly and manfully,” said a member of Parliament, some years ago, “and the country will come round by and by to your views, and support you.” His words are already in process of verification.

For the future of our Institution, I have, therefore, good hope. I believe that we are doing our work faithfully, and towards those who differ from us, bearing ourselves courteously. I have confidence, therefore, that in the end we shall succeed. The work of my own life, and of my own generation, in the College, I look upon, (and have alway, looked upon,) as little more than the laying of foundations. These have to be laid. I have desired to see them laid strong and broad, with a view to a great and heavy pile being placed upon them, if the opportunity occur hereafter. We must bear for the present—

though it may now and then require some little breadth of mind to bear with patience and equanimity—the taunts and jeers of those whose enmity we are unfortunate enough to have gained. They may say our work is insignificant, and our numbers are contemptible. I answer, never mind. Great works have had all along little beginnings, and great beginnings, for the most part, end in small results. We may go over Europe and America too, and we shall find that the great institutions of both worlds, which now perhaps more or less sway the fates of the countries in which they are placed, had their small beginnings. And if great beginnings in our day, be brought up to reproach us with, we must calmly await, and call upon others, to await the test of time. “As I go on,” said one who is often called the father of history, “with my history, I will go over the small and the great cities of the world alike. What were once great, the most of them, have become now small; what are now in my day great, once were small. I know that human prosperity never abides in one condition. I will mention small and great alike.”

And if there chance to be any one now listening to me, whose mind is filled with the idea I have alluded to, and who in his heart despises us for the smallness of our work, I would beg him to remember, or if he has never thought of it before, to consider the disadvantages under which we labour. The whole of Canada contains a population not much if at all, greater, than that of a first rate city—London or Pekin, or Jeddo. The whole population of Lower Canada, which is not Roman Catholic, (and the Roman Catholics being well provided with their own institutions, and not wanting in knowledge of human nature, wisely keep themselves to themselves) though it is spread over a length of 700 or 800 miles is but the population of a third or fourth rate city. If any one expects great institutions to spring up suddenly, under such circumstances, his views on the subject must be different from mine. We cannot have great institutions, we must be contented to bide our time, and serve our generation. Upon our thorough, our faithful and contented discharge of important duties in an obscure field of labour, may depend much of the future greatness, not only of our Institution, but of our country.

You will say, This is a discouraging view that you take of our position. It is; and if *you say it*; *we feel it*. But what then? Are we to give up and be fainthearted, because of the present insignificance of our work? There is indeed a strong temptation to do so; and if I may be allowed to repeat a half paradoxical sounding sentiment, it requires a certain *greatness* of mind, to enable a man to persevere in so little a work. But are we, because the country we live in, and have made our home, is in a great measure French, and in a still greater, Roman Catholic, are we, I say, to desert it? Nay, rather let us learn French; French language, French ideas, French liter-