

pensive and marvellous substance he was describing. Radio-active is the one sufficient term to characterize the total impression made upon us by his personality. Emanations of light and energy, swift and penetrating, cathode-rays strong enough to pierce a brick wall, or the head of a Professor of Literature, appeared to sparkle and coruscate from him all over in sheaves. Here was the rarest and most refreshing spectacle—the pure ardour of the chase, a man quite possessed by a noble work and altogether happy in it. The *felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas* we felt was no less true of this demolisher of the Atomic Theory than of that early expounder of it to whom the poet first applied it. No wonder that as we walked away under the still fresh spell of the dazzling experience, my colleague said: “Why did we not take to Science instead of pottering away with words?” He uttered just what was on the top of my own mind. My own secret thought a moment before he spoke had been: “Why did I so scandalously scamp my Mathematics, taking to that musty old stuff of Greek and Latin, and even Hebrew? I might perhaps have become a Physical Researcher too.” But of course the fact that it was my friend who anticipated me in the expression of our common thought at once aroused in me the wholesome demon of contradiction, and I straightway set about refuting myself and him. “No,” I said, “there is room for both Rutherford and us. We too stand for a reality which the world, when it comes to itself again, will not willingly let die, and cannot possibly afford to dispense with. Simple as we seem to be and little worthy as we are, we represent Literature.”

Subsequent thought has only strengthened me in the conviction that this, too, is a great vocation though not a lucrative one. If we do represent Literature even imperfectly, if we do not too fatally misrepresent it, if even some faint beams of that sacred glow do really struggle through us, its horn-lanterns, to the youth of Canada, we shall not have lived and run in vain. We may in our humble way supply an element not less indispensable to this young giant among the nations than is supplied by Dr. Cox and Dr. Rutherford, or by Dr. Harrington, or even by Dr. Bovey himself. All these gentlemen, I know, would cheerfully acknowledge this. Every intelligent person is quite aware of it, at least in a general way. Many people even, whom to call intelligent would be a severe strain upon language, are aware that it is quite desirable, if not absolutely necessary, that every man in a democracy