

of Greece, of Rome, of Germany, of France, of England, of America, is as familiar as the events of the day; who has been trained in logic, in mathematics, in experience—why, one has only to state the case—one need not argue—in order that you may see that, compared with the man who knows only his own language, and has a smattering of the history of his own country, with a little general information, he is what a man of large and varied estate is to the dweller in a cottage. If we look at the chances and calamities of life—the one has no resource in himself, the other is full of resource. He waves a wand, as it were, and the mightiest and noblest spirits of the past are in attendance. If an opinion is to be formed on a political question—the one can compare it with nothing in his brain, the other can ransack the events of the past in half a dozen countries for analogous circumstances. Let a sophist—and let me tell you there are plenty of them about—unconscious pedlers of fallacies, who can talk by the yard, but cannot think correctly—let one of these voluble vapourers, one of these blind guides—let, I say, one of these blind guides utter his glib fallacies, he is so eloquent and so earnest, the uneducated man swallows it all, while the man with trained mind, rapid as the lightning, syllogizes each windy sentence, has the major premise before his mind, which a fool would see to be absurd—and woe to the trafficker in fallacies if he follows him! Lord Macaulay said he would rather love reading, and have plenty of books, than be a king; and, indeed, the resources in reading, in times of sickness, in old age, are among the most blessed things in the lot of humanity.

Just now we are hearing a great deal about the Jesuits. I need hardly say I am not going to utter a word political here. But it so happens that their history illustrates the immense stimulus to practical power a high education gives. When Loyola was incapacitated for the life of a soldier he turned to the Church, and the first thing he did was to surround himself with men of native genius and education. Other founders of religious orders enlisted the prejudices, the outward senses, fanaticism. They appealed to ignorance. They rested on the love of the marvellous. They excited by rags and dirt the pity of the sympathetic and the reverence of the vulgar. But the broken soldier of Charles V. appealed to the cultivated mind. When he cast his eye over Europe he saw the abuses which had crept into monastic institutions, filled with idleness and luxury, supported by bequests and the gains of begging friars. Loyola's watchwords were activity, energy, work, learning. He gave ambition instead of mendicancy. He and his followers invented a system of education so advanced that it totally broke up the then machinery of the schools, a system on which we have hardly improved to-day. There was scarce a university in Europe where they did not break new ground. The old system died hard, with ludicrous convulsions. What were the results? For two centuries nearly every great man on the continent had to thank the Jesuits for his education. Descartes came from their College of Laflèche. Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer, was educated at their College of Favenza. Poetry owes them Tasso; criticism, Justus Lipsius; and when we amuse children with a magic lantern we seldom remember that we are indebted for the ingenious plaything to the Jesuit Kircher. In 1758 the London Royal Society sent Father Boscovich to California to observe the transit of Venus. Bossuet came from their College of Dijon, and the genius of Corneille was cradled in their College at Rouen. Molière grew up under their guidance to be the greatest of comic writers. By them Rousseau was taught, and Voltaire's young spirit trained and matured. In war, in literature, in law, there is hardly a great name for two centuries which does not shed lustre on their system, their enlightenment, and their energy.

I want to speak directly to the students for a moment. What I have said thus far was addressed to all. Now I speak to the young who are fitting themselves for the battle of life—for life with its trials and pleasures, some of its pleasures more dangerous than any trials. If I were asked to put into the fewest possible words the best advice to young men, I would say to them, Bring *will* into your life. I have often thought how much men might do if they early gauged their powers, calculated not the opportunities visible, but the chances of opportunities in the course of a life, and fitted themselves for these. As a rule, the opportunities come and men are not fit. What may be done in a lifetime, when one commences under the greatest disadvantages, is admirably exemplified by the life of Disraeli, of John Stuart Mill, of Warren Hastings, of Clive. Take Warren Hastings. Do you not all know his history? Has not the bosom of everybody in this great audience glowed as they read of the ancient and illustrious race to which he belonged; how the lords of the Manor of Daylesford in Worcestershire were ruined by the Civil War; how Warren Hastings was left an orphan a few days after his birth; how poor his friends were; how he was sent to the village school; how the daily sight of the lands which his ancestors possessed filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects; how, when seven years of age, lying on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis, he formed a scheme which, through all turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned—that he would recover the estate which belonged to his fathers, and would be Hastings of Daylesford; how this purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose; how he pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character; how, when under a tropical sun, ruling fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legisla-

tion, still pointed to Daylesford; how, when his long public life, bright with glory and dark with obloquy, had closed, to Daylesford he retired to die? There was a life worth living.

Now let me say to you that if you would live a life like that—a life of great achievement—if you would be felt in your time, you must have a sound mind in a sound body, a strong mind in a frame capable of enduring mental toil. Like an horse that, leaving all behind, flies to the goal, you must have grit and go and wind and bottom. Mr. Gladstone is now an old man. He has as much power of work as any man who ever lived. Indeed, I do not know where the memory can light on a man with the same power of work. He was old seven years ago, and I remember that, when addressing a meeting very like this at Liverpool, he said he knew no training for the conflict and toils of life which did greater justice to the receiver than the old training of the English public schools and universities. That training has given us men who could concentrate all the mind's force at a given time upon a given point—upon a proposition, and follow it out through all its ramifications without letting anything else disturb; upon a debate, and reply to every adverse statement and argument without a note, as I have seen Palmerston do. Meanwhile, remember how Mr. Gladstone has kept himself vigorous by felling trees. In cultivating your mind do not forget the laws of health.

I am glad to know that special attention will be given at Lansdowne College to the training of girls. There is no surer mark of the enlightenment of our day than that on all sides we have thrown wide the gates of the higher education for women. So long as the woman was considered to be the inferior of man, subject to him, her duties were held to be confined to bringing up children and exhausting her genius among the pots and kettles and pans. It was supposed she would be a bad housewife if she were well read. But happily it would be an insult to this audience to waste time showing how fallacious were such views. Even still, however, false views respecting women's education are only too wide spread. One hundred years ago, Addison complained that the daughter of a gentleman was handed from the nurse to the dancing master and from the dancing master to the music teacher. She was taught how to hold herself, bow, curtsy, and all this to fit her for a husband. All the care and all the money were lavished on making her externally an agreeable person. The result was her natural vanity was abnormally stimulated and the natural coyness of the sex was educated into coquetry. The same complaints might have been made fifty years ago. All this is, on the whole, changed. But still, as a rule, the education of our women is wretched; nothing has been done to train their reasoning powers. The thought of suiting their training to their special gifts has, as a rule, never been entertained. Yet it is not less ridiculous to spend years and money on the musical training of a girl who has no talent for music than to force a boy who has no taste for literature to spend years and health on the study of the great writings of the world. The new view in regard to women is the most remarkable feature in the social evolution of modern times and its consequences must be in the highest degree good and great.

I find I have used the word "evolution." We hear of nothing but evolution to-day. Think you Darwin's work is the work of a Dry-as-dust scientist? No indeed! It is a true work of the imagination, a magnificent dream—an epic of development, and men who doubt what, compared with it, is demonstration, have accepted his theory, because not only has it imposed on their imagination, but it fits in with a noble conception of a divine order. It is a glowing hypothesis which has been welcomed by a sceptical age—as the atomic theory of Lucippus and Democritus was thousands of years ago. We have learned to smile at the atomic theory, and perhaps our descendants will smile at the theories of the leaders in the science of to-day considered as last explanations of phenomena. We have positive and transcendental philosophies; Herbert Spencer's development with an unknown reality beneath phenomena; Matthew Arnold's "Powers not ourselves that make for righteousness" and

Professor Huxley has essayed to bridge across the chasm "Twixt matter dead and matter quick by means of protoplasm, And to his doctrine now subjoins the further grand attraction, That consciousness in man and brute is simply 'reflex action.'"

But, as Newman says: "False ideas may be refuted by argument, but by true ideas only are they expelled." We do not need to take the wings of thought and the measuring line of the mathematician and hie through suns and systems to the barriers of creation—the smallest fruit, the tiniest flower demonstrates a God; and the Sermon on the Mount, which beggars the writings of all the moralists, sophists, and philosophers, with Plato at their head; the life of Him who was the incarnate sign of heaven over human woe, these carry to me more conviction of a Divinity that shapes our ends and hovers around our erring steps than all the miracles; and as religion is the most practical of all things, and next to religion politics, I could easily show, were there time, that the greatest statesmen and the men whose minds have been most imbued with the sense of a spiritual world, have been those who owned the highest culture of their day.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

ALL truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but, to make them truly ours, we must think them truly over again honestly till they take root in our personal experience.—*Goethe*.

WINTER ROSES.

WINTER has roses—warm, red flowers
Of burning beauty and charming powers.
Within the grate that cheers your room
Is where they grow to perfect bloom;
Best seen at night, when, reading late,
A tale makes one forget the grate,
But, quitting the pages, look, and lo!
Roses amid the embers glow.

CORT. FERRIS.

TRUE TALE.

NOT a flake of snow would form, not a star would crystallize, not a crystal gleam in the damp, murky air. This Christmas Eve? Nonsense! No one would believe it, looking at that dim, dark sky, that spiritless dome, innocent of a single gleaming star, feeling the damp, dull air as of late autumn or early, immature spring. This Christmas Eve? Pure imagination! while streets and paths, trees and stones, are naked, as yet unclothed upon of the soft, clustering snow; while there lacks the bright crispness of winter in the air and the sparkle of winter upon the roofs of the houses. Not a sleigh-bell, not a crack of whip, not a crystal on the coat sleeve, not a star upon the hair. Not the Christmas of the past.

Men and women hurrying, to be sure, but not the hurry of the past. Eager, anxious, strained, and wrinkled faces. Keen, staring, glaring, shrewd eyes. Resolute, ambitious, pushing, active, independent children. A green Christmas, indeed. View the windows—packed, draped, festooned, littered with all sorts of things. Where is the German Saint? Somewhere in the background, perhaps, but we cannot see him. Not the windows of the past.

Books, books, and still books. Pictures, and plenty of them. What do they say? what do they show? Flowers, beautiful blossoms, fruit, and gems; shapes of girlhood, childhood, bird life, music. All graceful and enchanting things, but where is the Christ-child? Somewhere in the background, perhaps, although we do not see Him. Not the visions of the past.

Two strange figures wander up and down outside the gleaming windows; one, hardly bent upon purchasing, to judge by his dejected mien. This is Romance—and a very sorry air is his, clad in worn and antiquated garments that seem sadly out of place. His companion, neat and respectable, is Realism, wearing a fierce moustache and a most determined expression.

He pulls poor Romance along. "You would waste your time looking at these tawdry gimcracks!" says he to his tottering companion. "Here! You are in my way—in everybody's way. Good enough for children, and for you—octogenarian that you are, but not for me." A jaunty fellow, Realism; kind in his way, too, but abrupt.

"Since you went to Russia," whines poor Romance, clinging to his friend, "you have become so changed. You keep Christmas still, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, after my own fashion. With a little extra eating and drinking—that's about all. But the spirit of Christmas is fled—and a good thing, too. Only worn-out, tattered, dejected failures, like you, still affect to observe it."

"Affect it!" excitedly says Romance, picking his way carefully along the muddy, puddled street, and no wonder—are not his shoes full of holes and the edges of his cloak trailing upon the ground, soaking up all the mire and horror?

A true genius of the old school, Romance!

"Affect it? What do you mean? I affect nothing. I am as honest, as real, as genuine as you. I feel it, I adore it, I reverence it. Christmas is to me the most precious, most beautiful season of the year. I affect nothing, I am what I am, just as truly as you are what you are; only I am old."

And poor Romance clings tighter than ever to the sturdy and robust arm of his new friend, Realism.

"But consider," remarks the latter. "To be old is to be useless. No matter what you feel or what you believe, you cannot any longer make people feel and believe with you. That is what it is to grow old. And all the old fuss about Christmas vanishes with the other things that will vanish when you—my old friend—depart. Well, it is a law of what people call nature."

"It is God's law."

Realism shrugs a shoulder. "If you like. As for Christmas, the plain thing is to go and do some good. Organize—be charitable, be kind; open coffee-houses, eating-rooms—cheap, mind you—soup-kitchens. Leave all your carolling, your feasting, your church-going, your anthem singing. Organize. Be practical."

"You"—turning suddenly upon Romance—"are to blame for this whining, wheedling cant about the poor, for the senseless extravagance among the rich, for the un-Christian state of society everywhere. I have seen this day sent to a rich man's house a bill for floral decorations and ivy and mistletoe, that would keep a dozen poor families for a year. What do you make of that? I make it—charged to your door. When you were younger you had that insinuating, wheedling, fascinating air about you that few could resist. You made all this fashionable—you and your creator, you know well enough whom I mean, the Englishman who set you up on your dimsy throne, and made you a king. You can't deny it."

"Yes. I was a king once."

"And shall be again!" A third voice, bright and eager as the morn, broke upon the astonished ears of the two friends. It proceeded from a young and spiritual-