

at best is mere guess work. I am quite aware that there is a crude notion in many minds that it is the business of science to occupy itself merely with the study of matter, but science must not be confined to such narrow conceptions. Its office is to investigate all the universal order and explain all the developments in dynamical and intellectual progress of which the world at the present time is so full. It is true that many doubt the advisability of intellectual advancement and scientific progress and claim that the world is moving at too rapid a pace. Some men do not believe in any progress and even go so far as to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being, and it was, no doubt, this class that Goethe had in mind when he said, "If there be not a God now, there will be some day." For every principle of causality and code of scientific law which we take as axiomatic in life is valued, not because of our experience of disconnected sequences, but because we take for granted a uniformity in nature, which means that behind the day and the things that pass there is something determinate and final. The progress that we see in creation is that of the growth of a principle, not that of the working out of a plan, not that of an adaptation of parts, but of the development of a life, for creation is indeed not a machine made by God with a balancing of good and evil analagous to a system of cylinders and piston rods, but a manifestation of a living will become more and more perfect as it adapts itself, not to its own parts, but to its own purpose. I am quite ready to admit that my knowledge of the sciences is very remote; that after nearly a lifetime spent in the study of iron I know little or nothing and can only repeat the words of the great Newton, "I am only a little boy playing on the sea shore of knowledge, diverting myself by now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies spread out before me." And in the language of Graham Travers say "I want to learn all that it is possible for one human mind to know, because it is awful to contemplate being buried alive in the coffin of one's own ignorance and selfishness." Or, like Lytton, say "I hold that the greatest friend to man is labor; that knowledge without toil, if possible, were worthless; that toil in pursuit of knowledge is the best knowledge we can attain; that it is not wealth suddenly acquired that is deserving of homage, but the virtues a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth, the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed—in a word, that labor and patience are the true school masters on earth."

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