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TRUTH AND ERROR.

TRUTH is a little word, but in the region of thought little words are the Armstrong guns which never fail, when manned by the true orator, to win the forts of the head and heart. They are the daggers with which the logician gives his deadliest thrusts; they are the two-edged swords which prevail in any—the fiercest contest.

They, too, are the special claimants to immortality. Bunyan's wondrous vision, which bids fair to reckon out its years with Time itself, was penned in little words. That book in which the Deity Himself has been pleased to speak to man—this book, *the book*, is a book of little words.

Again, it is by the little words that the poet leads captive the imagination, reaches the inner man, bids the briny founts burst forth, dictates to the great emperor of life (the heart): in short, by these, the little words, he for the time being reigns over all the man.

Grand ideas need none of the gay, trailing robes with which smaller thoughts must clothe themselves if they would come into notice at all. The inhabitants of the heavenly world, when they visit earth, take a humble, a material form, only that they may commune with men. Thus it is with those ideas that have their birth in the grand mental world of the man of genius. Their true character, their real

value, is known only in their native place—his own mind; and when they come into the outer world and take body as words, they do so only to be known to beings of an inferior order, and it would seem that the plainer the dress the better they are known.

Beauty of thought, like beauty of soul, is often clothed in a very humble garb—content to dwell in a mere hamlet, in order, one would almost think, that the peasant even might share the fulness and richness of thought, if he would.

Now truth is a grand idea, both as regards its origin and character.

As to its origin, truth is God-sprung. This is at once the grandest and most comprehensive thing that can be said of truth. On this depends its character and history. To explore for the origin of truth, is indeed to explore for the origin of God. The One is eternal, so is the other. The man who attempts to reach its origin, to lay his hand upon its beginning, is like the maniac resolved to try the depths of a bottomless ocean. He goes on and on, till he is drowned in unmeasured and immeasurable depths.

Had the ancients but known, not merely guessed at, the real origin of truth, their philosophy would have been more than a chaotic mass of mere speculation. The world would have been in advance of itself, and the places