

in healthy exercise to recognize whatever is lovely, good and true; the reasoning powers to reach the right results from data submitted to them; the feelings to respond to a strong tide of emotion and to the enlightened conclusions of judgment; and the will to choose the right and direct and govern all in sweet accord with the will of God—all this enshrined in a casket nobly planned and built and worthy of a spirit thus endowed." To possess such a will as always chooses the right, such sensitive intuition and pure imagination, such self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control as lead life to sovereign power, the man must have God before his eyes, and have the Divine energy breathed through his moral and spiritual powers. One of Benjamin Franklin's great maxims was, "Endeavor to keep alive in your soul that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Keep conscience alive in spite of extinguishers. We need men in our day—men with strong, upright, moral vertebra, and not molluscs without bone or fibre. Only the young knight who binds about his heart with hooks of steel the motto, "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the Christ the King," can efficiently right wrong and guide and raise his fellow-men and fellow-women to higher ideals and better life: and only he can hope to overcome the morning star, the midday sun and the evening star, grim giants in life's path, and finally death, dread monster, and discover him to be "the bright face of a blooming day."

To ignore or treat lightly, or merely to neglect the claims of this inner spiritual life, is to drift almost invariably toward dissipation or intellectual conceit.

Joseph Cook says that he does not know one man who had the reputation of being dissipated in college, who has attained a position of any honor in any profession; and he says further, that if the roll of the dissipated men of any quadrennial were called ten years afterward, seven out of ten of them would be approaching early graves. As Rev. A. C. Courtice, B. D., says, in an address to students: "It is a matter of great importance whether a man goes out of college

a live coal of divine fire, having a place on every pure altar,—on the altars of marriage, and home and state and church, or lives in college like a clinker, absorbing heat, rather than generating it, and goes forth a cinder, a brand burned to ashes, unfit for any altar of service to God or humanity."

On the other hand, there is a culture cold toward God and humanity—destructive to the man as well as to his influence. This intellectual conceit is fully met and rebuked by the warm heart of Tennyson in his "Palace of Art," where, after three years of isolated intellectual pride, his soul expresses a longing for the Divine voice:—

"Back on herself her serpent pride had curled.

"No voice," she shrieked, in that lone hall;

"No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world,

One deep, deep silence all!"

She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within."

There comes no murmur of reply:

"What is that will take away my sin.

And save me, lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished,

She threw her royal robes away;

"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,

"Where I may mourn and pray."

But what becomes of the palace?

The last four lines of the poem show that religious faith and hope and prayer are not destructive of culture, but re-entering the Palace of Art, make it a heaven:—

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are

So lightly, beautifully built;

Perchance I may return with others there.

When I have purged my guilt."

It augurs well for our universities, and for our race, that the greatest University Presidents of America possess reverence and spiritual purpose as deep as the profundity of their knowledge—Mark Hopkins, President Woolsey, James McCosh, the late Sir Daniel Wilson, Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Chancellor Burwash, and our own esteemed teachers in the west.

And it is a matter of congratulation that of the 70,000 young men in the colleges of the United States and Canada,