

same modified) that it is a good copy of the original building of that name at Sydenham.*

We take great pleasure in announcing (this is a sort of advertisement) that our educational advantages are very select, and vastly superior to anything of the sort ever contemplated before or since. We took the gold medal over all competitors at the great Centennial Exposition, but who the competitors were the bulletin neglected to say. Without any sort of question the Department and Council of Public Instruction on Victoria Square are the most elaborate and finished on the Continent of America, and it is to be doubted if anything equal is to be found in the more advanced countries of that semi-barbarous Continent of Europe. The Museum of this institution is very good. The Egyptian-Etruscan-Grecian-Roman-Gothic room is considered to be peculiarly instructive, I believe, though in what respect does not appear. The statuary room is replete with some very good chalk casts of ancient sculpture, but is closed to the public on account of the weakness of the floor. The model and apparatus room is—well, it is rather suggestive of acoustics. The Art Galleries (I will call them galleries, if you please, to define the location) have a southern light and suffer very much in consequence.†

All these minor defects must be overlooked in the general perfection of the whole. Our numerous public schools throughout the city are a pattern to all the cities of America, and are unparalleled in the annals of education. But, soberly, what under the sun is there so perfect in our school system over other cities in Canada or the United States, or England, or France?

The praise of our benevolent school management is in everybody's mouth like a craze. It is treason to hint at the possibility of the schools of Great Britain being equal to our own, and as for being superior, he is indeed a bold man who would think of such a thing. Treason! sedition! heresy! Did we not get the gold medal? Did we not receive honourable mention? Did not the Japanese—those strange, inquiring people, longing for the enlightenment of a liberal education—make it a special matter of duty to visit our Educational Department? Were they not delighted? Were they not astounded, spell-bound, speechless? Infidel, did they not leave their autograph? Yes, it is all true; they left behind them a souvenir of their visit in the shape of a little model of a Japanese schoolhouse, and they took back with them a model of a Canadian backwoods primary schoolhouse, for which they paid \$400. But we are not likely to copy their establishment; neither are they going to imitate the institution of the barbarians. I know I shall offend some of our worshippers of the great intellect of Toronto; nevertheless, the sorrowful fact remains to our shame that Torontonians are Toronto mad. We see our follies staring us in the face in every direction, and yet our mouths are full of our own praise. To such an extent has the disease advanced that we are callous to it; and when anyone takes the trouble to show us our conceit he is considered an upstart and an interloper, and the storm that is raised about his ears, unless he is a brave man, generally deters him from the like again; like a troop of vultures society pounces down upon him to destroy him. Englishmen and foreigners are verily astounded at our impudence in pushing our greatness before their eyes, to the exclusion of their own knowledge of the advanced cities of the Old World and old-time institutions a thousand times more perfect than our own. Our achievements and ourselves are so young and immatured that our eyes have grown to see these defects in the light of perfection, which we must hope time and the removal of our conceit will remedy. And indeed our intellectual progress must necessarily be slow until such time as we are prepared to admit that we are very far behind the advancement of cities of the Old World not yet half our size, but having the wisdom of age without the conceit of colonial youth. We appear to have forgotten that we are not yet half-fledged, that we are but commencing to breathe freely; we have as yet had no time to look about us, but when our leisure comes and we begin to see our egotism, then the conceit so much to be deprecated will be lost in humility.

For, you must understand, we have secured a patent for egotism; this grandiloquent conceit is purely local; there are several reasons for it, which, perhaps, extenuate the heinousness of the crime somewhat, but a knowledge of the cause does not remove the effect. Toronto has developed rapidly, and being the capital of a young but important Province, she feels proud, like a child who has cut its teeth. The old settlers and their children believe muddy York metamorphosed in Toronto to be a perfect Paradise, and being humored in the belief, we have at last arrived at the conclusion that there is no place in the world like Toronto. Our warehouses are the best, the most modern and extensive in Canada. Our churches are our glory and our pride—no city in the Union is so devout as we. We are wise in our own conceit, for proof witness our schools.

Our streets are elegantly laid out (so we are told) and in very many instances are nearly straight, and are supposed to be at right angles one with another.‡

* This is very modest, as our *Crystal Palace* was as black as a coal, and about one-fourth the size of one of the transepts of the great Exhibition building.

† If the local government were to hire a man to remove the worthless pictures and rehang those of value, a great saving would ensue in wall space, and the clerks could hang their hats there.

‡ We should very much like to see our City Engineer or his satellite provided with a theodolite, chains and poles for surveying our thoroughfares, &c.

Our Custom House is something extraordinary, the most elaborate work of its kind in America, the carving on the stone fronts is simply superb, the building is perfection itself, except the south and west fronts which are of brick, but we are satisfied, and no one blames us for going into raptures over the miracle. We have the largest lunatic asylum on the continent—thank Heaven—its management is second to none, and if we appear to be extravagantly proud, it is because most of our friends are there (or in Toronto.) Our beautiful (?) opera house, lately the scene of a frightful holocaust, except for its being built substantially like a paste-board box is only to be rivalled by the Grand Opera House at Paris, of which M. Garnier is the architect (the edifice of the same name of Toronto was re-erected in a space of two months and a half.) Our countless terraces are very pleasing to the eye—see speculators little pamphlets—with their 4½ inches of brick wall and their wooden sides. We are perfect in both political and domestic economy, and have not the slightest need for such a society as the one that has given rise to the most absurd criticisms of Montreal. Above all, we are steady, we do not rise too fast, we don't build our houses on paper, O! no. Our business is carried on safely and surely, and when our new fine Parliament Buildings are erected, we rather flatter ourselves that next to the metropolis of Great Britain, that city to which the eager eyes of the people of the nineteenth century will turn with wonder and surprise will be the "Queen City of the West."

Herbert G. Paul.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON AND THE EVOLUTION THEORY.

In his lecture on "Spiritual Teachings from Nature" on Monday evening, Principal Dawson, according to the brief report in Tuesday's *Witness*, took occasion to refer to what is now known as the Evolution Theory. As the latest explanation of the infinite variety of existing living forms, that theory has been received by the most distinguished Naturalists and other scientific investigators of the present age. The learned Principal, however, views it with disfavour: sets it entirely aside, if one may judge from the tenor of his lecture. The theory of Darwin was no new conception he told his audience, "since the old Egyptian and Greek writers had long ago conceived the idea of a connecting link between man and the lower animals." But Darwin's theory indicates more than the fact of a connecting link between man and the lower animals. The doctrine of the Descent of Man is based upon and only arrived at after an induction of facts which a long series of the most carefully conducted scientific investigation have brought to light: viz., that all the existing varieties of species and genera, if not also of living forms, self-conscious, sentient, or plant, have in the course of countless ages been gradually evolved from one original type. And as such, the doctrine was unknown to the ancient pantheistic systems.

Principal Dawson may set himself against the prevailing thought of the time, backed as it is by the most eminent authorities. A minority is not always wrong: in the case of serious departure from established usage and ideas, has often been in the right. But the ground on which his opposition rests must be firm and solid, and such as shall commend itself to the average intelligence. In the present case it is neither. "The lecturer impressed upon his audience the fact that Moses was thoroughly acquainted with this view of the case, but his inspired writings give no countenance to the views of the evolutionist." Granting even (what modern criticism makes it difficult to do) that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch, and without entering upon the somewhat abstruse question as to whether he was a distinguished savant in the domain of the Physical Sciences, or had passed in review and rejected theories which have only arisen after centuries of patient thinking and research, it is surely too late in the day to adduce the Bible as an infallible authority in scientific questions. Nature is a divine revelation, a transparent veil which half reveals and half conceals that mysterious "Presence which disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." The Hebrew Bible—like all other Bibles, ancient or modern—is the outward form or clothing of divine thoughts coming to the souls of men from the Hidden Source of all things "true and beautiful and good." But surely the time has now gone past when rational beings must be asked to receive it as a text-book of physical science. It is surely absurd to take the opinions of Hebrew writers centuries ago, and insist upon their acceptance, even when conflicting with the results of scientific investigation and experiment. It is not the proper function of the Bible to teach science: its supreme value and importance lie altogether in another region. It does not teach the doctrine of evolution; it propounds a theory opposite to and irreconcilable with it. But the doctrine is not therefore false, nor must it therefore be rejected. The cosmogony of the Hebrews was implicitly received till the dawn of modern scientific method and observation. With the era of emancipated intellect the old notions of the antiquity of the world, a six-days' creation, the earth's place in the solar system and its relation to the universe, had all to be abandoned. In the face of the most determined opposition by the church it is true, which was constantly opposing the Bible and its poetic representations in the way of carefully thought out scientific results. It was no doubt the Catholic church that proved the barrier in the way of progress in the Middle Ages. But dogmatic