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CULTURE AND MODERN UTILITARIANISM.

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IT is a fact, which I suppose few will dispute, that the age in which we are living is a very fast-going one, and one that needs all the smartness we can command to keep apace with it. And on no portion of the globe does the age revolve faster than on our continent of America.

To-day we stand, as it were, on virgin soil: on one side, as far as the eye can reach, we see nothing but mighty forests whose giant growths have taken centuries to form and assume their present shape; on the other, boundless tracts of wild prairie lands. We turn away our gaze for a while, and, when to-morrow we look again, lo! a mighty change has been wrought. The wand of that great enchanter, Utility—the touch of the nineteenth century, more powerful than the genii of the Aladdin Lamp that excited our childish wonder and astonishment in the days gone by—has given us in their place, not a solitary mansion or palace, but thriving towns and cities, populous States and Provinces all teeming with ex-

panding life and vigour! Truly our age is a marvellously rapid one, and not without some show of justice do we claim to be the initiators and leaders of the times. Before others have done dreaming of their plans and schemes, ours are carried out and executed. No obstacles, no difficulties, no barriers whatever, are allowed to stand in our way. Witness our railways and bridges. Nothing, not even creeds and faiths, can withstand the magic touch of that potential wand; but, with ever-increasing speed as the age unfolds itself, we rush along barely pausing to take breath or ask ourselves the question: "Whither does it all tend?" or "What is to be the ultimate outcome of this giddy race we are all running so eagerly?" And whenever the question is put the answer rings forth from a thousand lips: National progression, advancement, utility! and away we go again, satisfied with our answer and our aim. And thus the stream of our life sweeps on, for who would attempt to stem the tide of national progress, advance-