

The Provincial Geological Survey continues its valuable labours, under the guidance of Sir William Logan, whose former occupancy of this chair reflects an honor on any one who succeeds to it; and during the past year two of the illustrated decades of Canadian Organic Remains have been issued, in a style peculiarly creditable to our young Province. The head quarters of the Geological Survey and its Provincial Museum, are established in the commercial capital of Lower Canada; while in Toronto, the Provincial Magnetic Observatory, originated under your first President, Captain Lefroy, continues in full activity, and the data of another year's magnetic and meteorological phenomena have been recorded by its director, Professor Kingston, for future publication.

Perhaps no more striking illustrations of the changes which a century has wrought on this Province could be selected, than are embodied in those two evidences of Anglo-Canadian enterprise and intellectual activity. That on the old trail of the Mississauga and the Huron, the wild forest and the swamp have given way to the busy marts and the crowded thoroughfares of an industrious and thriving city, is no trifling evidence of the healthful revolution which has been effected; and this change has all been wrought by the busy hands and the hardy endurance of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic supplinters of the Aboriginal Indians,—by those to whom, as colonists, the well-known language of Burke is still applicable: “A people but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.”

That in this essentially practical age a race so thoroughly energetic and progressive as that from which the colonists of Canada have sprung, should clear the forest, drain the swamps, pave the roads, and rear costly marts and dwellings where so recently the rude birch-bark wigwam stood, is no slight triumph. Yet we scarcely need to be reminded that such material triumphs are neither the highest nor the most enduring monuments of a nation's progress. That great city Nineveh, and the mighty Babylon, that once queened it so proudly on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, are now but heaps of reedy clay, above which the wandering Arab feeds his flocks; while Athens lives for us still, far more by the pen of Sophocles and Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, than by the marbles of Phidias, or the columns of Callicrates and Ictinus. Even so, among the commercial marts and capitals of the civilized world, both Toronto and Montreal must still be content to claim a very secondary place; while in their relation to those two great departments of scientific labour on which