

gone further back, even to Tubal Cain himself, but he stopped at Philistia. According to him the "Philistines," i.e., the men of science, had done all that was worth doing since the creation of the world, and nothing that they have not done and do not know is worth doing or knowing. Philosophers, statesmen, legislators, poets and philanthropists must all be included in the term "saints," which, with him, seemed to be tantamount to that of idle dreamers. All that antiquity has done for us shows only "a few old cathedrals," and—he might have added—a few old books and pictures, with a few noble memories of imperishable deeds! Science has come, in these latter days, to be the "restorer of all things," and though she has temporarily turned them upside down by destroying fifty per cent. of the world's "plant," and throwing forty per cent. of its workers out of work, she is eventually to bring about a millennium whose blessedness he indicated by the observation that a man's power can now be made equal to that of eleven men and one fifth, and the day's work of an individual equal to fourteen bushels of wheat, instead of one bushel as before. But just how this is to bring about the moral and spiritual elevation of the race he did not condescend to explain. It is not to be supposed that he desired to be taken absolutely *au sérieux* in his remarks, but there was enough of seriousness in them to make the speech an apt illustration of a certain intoxication with its own success, to which modern science seems particularly liable, and the arrogant and somewhat antagonistic spirit, in which it avenges itself for a past inadequacy of appreciation by an undue exaltation of its own sphere of truth, forgetting that it is, after all, only a part of a far grander whole, and that it is as true to-day as ever it was, that "man cannot live by bread alone."

With the exception of this somewhat jarring note, however, the proceedings were characterized by the happiest spirit, the most generous appreciation of scientific triumphs, and the most hopeful augury of Canadian progress. Lord Stanley, in his very felicitous and genial address, briefly referred to the wonderful capabilities of the apparatus provided for the practical teaching of applied science and alluded to his own warm interest in Canadian development in general and in McGill University in particular, in a way that brought down the corner of the house in which were crammed the collected students, who were, as usual, liberal in the utterance of their own peculiar responses. The presentation to His Excellency of the keys of the new buildings in a little box made from the wood of the first steamship that rounded Cape Horn, was made by the "hero of the hour," Mr. McDonald, without a speech, and in the most quiet and modest manner. There was also the presentation of an address from the University, read by Sir Donald Smith in his capacity of Chancellor, and another was also presented by the undergraduates, along with a beautifully executed cabinet made by one of themselves. His Excellency's evident sympathy with the students must have won him golden opinions, as it did enthusiastic applause. His references to the absence of Lady Stanley and its cause were given with a good feeling and simplicity which awoke the fellow-touch of nature. And the other drawback to the completeness of the satisfaction of the time, the ill-health and absence of Sir William Dawson, was referred to by most of the speakers with a warmth and sincerity

which must have intensely gratified the venerable Principal of McGill University, could it have been conveyed to him more fully along with the telegram which was sent to him, at Lord Stanley's suggestion, from the morning meeting while still in progress, and answered by him before it was over, one incidental illustration of the victories of Science.

Not the least interesting feature of the proceedings was the varied character of the nationalities represented. About the central figures of Lord Stanley and Dean Bovey, both typical Englishmen, were grouped, first, the acting principal, Prof. Johnston, an Irishman, and around them Scotchmen, Anglo-Canadians, French-Canadians, Americans, and even one representative of the Slavonic race in the tall and dignified figure of Sir Casimir Gzowski, whose brief address and reference to the scanty facilities for the study of science in his early days had a certain pathos, in the presence of the wonderfully improved conditions under which a new race is starting. The Chief Justice of Quebec, Mr. La Coste, well maintained the credit of his race in his brief and well-chosen remarks; and in the unity of feeling which characterized so varied an assemblage, one may see tokens of the growing cosmopolitan spirit which, it may be hoped, will be one of the happy results of scientific achievements. FIDELIS.

OTTAWA LETTER.

The continued good news of his sons, enables Lord Stanley to gratify his desire to please, by giving an evening skating and tobogganing party, and the lion of March politely waived his proverbial privilege, and came in in most lamb-like guise, so that the entertainment should be the success that endless care and generous hospitality deserved. Some 800 invitations were issued, and a prettier sight than that presented by the grounds of Rideau, lit by four monster bonfires and hundreds of Chinese lanterns and coloured lights, could not be desired. Supper was laid in the long curling rink, and was a very triumph of feasting. The only cause for regret lay in the absence of Lady Stanley, now in England nursing her sick sons through the trying period of their convalescence.

By the way, there is a rumour that Lord Stanley may continue as Governor General for another year. He has grown in general favor so much that the arrangement would be very gratifying if carried out.

A curious comment on the uncertainties of the law was afforded here the other day. A gentleman, the manager of the Bank of Montreal here, was passing a cab-stand and saw one of the cabmen brutally beating his horse. He stopped and remonstrated: whereupon the man, one William Kelly, followed him, and striking him from behind a heavy blow on the head, knocked him down and injured his face so severely that he narrowly escaped the loss of an eye. The man was summoned, and Mr. O'Gara, the police magistrate decided that a fine of 20 cents would meet the case, as the man should not have been reproached publicly. A good deal of strong feeling and speaking has been the result; people wondering what could be the cause of this leniency and delicate consideration towards a fellow whose unrestrained passions would, they think, justify a good deal

stronger measures than even a public "reproach". Henceforward, only a generous fool will interfere, even if he should see a gentleman of Mr. Kelly's stamp kicking his wife to death.

The legitimate amusements of the Lenten season do not include marriages, and consequently orange blossoms here are "quiet." It is understood, however, that before long some very pretty incidents in this direction will be forthcoming. The "pilulous smallness of premarital acquaintance" will have a chance to roll up into quite a considerable ball. Possibly George Eliot never saw a Chinese pill which I may say for the benefit of those who are strange to the pharmacy of the almond-eyed is nearly as big as a small orange and requires at least two bites.

Mr. Charles MacKintosh, M.P., late editor of The Ottawa Citizen, will on the first of July succeed Mr. Royal as Lieut-Governor of the North-West Territories. Clever, kind-hearted and generous of disposition, he will surely become popular in that capacity, being well acquainted, from personal experience, with the needs of the country. He and his family will be missed in this city with which they have for so long been identified.

A contrast full of suggestiveness lies in two musical entertainments presented here recently: one a concert given by Messrs. Wolff and Hollman, arch masters, as Toronto well knows, of the violin and 'cello respectively, the vocalists being Mr. and Mrs. Moody Manners. The grace, dignity, pathos, artistic and musicianly qualities of their performance need no comment here. The "gods" were, of course, absent. Two nights after, there appeared on the same boards a variety troupe—songs, dances, acrobatic feats, etc., etc. The gallery was of course, in full force. Delighted, enthusiastic, it laughed at the rubbishy songs, roared at the lean jokes and horse play, and yelled at the dances. Yet,—and here is my point—one of the actors represented, and that exceedingly well, by the way, the type of the gentle born and college bred, who has fallen from his high estate to be a whiskey-sodden thing of rags and tatters, a bloated, bleared-eyed, bar-room bummer. Education in the past gives him words and thoughts for the present, and in a scene with a quondam school fellow whom he accosts for the price of a lodging, he presents the aforesaid gallery with some observations which might have fallen from a pulpit, (the ideal pulpit, that is, not our customary article). Did the gallery gibe? No. It listened with the compliment of profound silence and rewarded him with a round of hearty applause. If, then, the higher life spoke with such success, why should it not have spoken to the same audience with like success through the charming voice of Mrs. Manners. The violin of Wolff and the exquisite delicacy of Mr. Hollman's 'cello. Simply because the same audience was not present. The lowest price of admission to such concerts is fifty cents. It is said, the gods do not care for entertainments of this character. Who knows whether they care or don't care? Who has tried to see whether they would care? Certain experiments made in London slums have shown they do care, and care very much. There is a current, complacent theory that "they" don't care for decent lodgings, well-cooked food, fresh air and clean shirts. Just try "them" and see if they don't; and