

thinkers and intellectual workers of Canada, the honors of this chair will be esteemed among the most coveted distinctions that this Province has to bestow. Meanwhile, however, I experience somewhat of the same difficulty which I believe some of my predecessors have felt, with an Annual Presidential Address to deliver, and nothing very definite to address you about.

I might enlarge upon the steady progress of the Institute, and in a special manner congratulate you, that—thanks to the zeal and wise courage of my predecessor in this chair,—our roll has been purged of an accumulation of defaulters, mere men of buckram and straw to us, —a source of weakness instead of strength; but a very thorn in the side of our too forbearing and courteous Treasurer. It is a duty which all societies, constituted as we are, find it necessary from time to time to perform; and it is due to the neglect of this unwelcome duty by former Councils, until forbearance had become almost culpable, that my predecessor has had the opportunity of signaling his close of office by a stern execution of rigorous justice, which confers no slight boon on his successor and on the Institute at large. These, however, and other facts connected with the history of our progress, have already been fully set forth in the Annual Report; and I must turn to other themes for the subject of your Annual Address.

A resumé of the progress of Science and Literature in the Province would be peculiarly suitable to this occasion, but we are scarcely yet in such a condition as to furnish fresh materials for any very elaborate annual report of scientific progress. Our position as Canadians is a very peculiar one, when we consider that only sixty-two years have elapsed since Colonel Bouchette described the site of this capital of Upper Canada as a scene of dense trackless forests, where the wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath the luxurious foliage, while the bay and the neighbouring marshes were the haunts of such multitudes of wild-fowl as to destroy the stillness of night by their cries. But while we reflect with just pride on the changes which have been wrought on that untamed wilderness within the memory of some of our number, we are not forgetful that we are a part of the British empire, claiming our share in her greatness, and seeking to assume our part in her inherited duties; and in proof of this we can point at least to two Canadian Institutions worthy of a people sprung from the old stock that gave a Bacon and a Newton to the world.