

of speculation which lie at the foundation of truth, battled there in earnest conflict with such hideous phantoms of doubt, as only philosophic vision can realize, until baffled, benighted, and wasted in strength, he came forth a wiser and humbler man than ever, to enjoy the cheering rays of the Son of righteousness, and setting, as usual, his griefs and joys to the music of his own kind heart, he left our dark sphere unexpectedly for a happier and brighter state, we trust, above. Nicol Nicolson, the unobtrusive, the pious, the offensive, the prudent, — Samuel Kelsey, the untiring friend of Lower Canadian Romanists; — and George Wardrope, "the earnest student," and others probably, whom we cannot name — all gone! Goro we trust to that higher College, where the soul, before entering, is prepared by grace to receive a nobler degree of science and of honor, and to join with angelic students in "looking into" and mastering themes of which we have but faint glimpses here, and where sitting at the throne of the Great Teacher, the soul enjoys from him a progress in truth, and a joyous existence exempt from error, during a curriculum that shall never end.

But with these reminiscences and meditations, we arrive at the new College, on Yonge Street, Elmsley House, formerly occupied by Lord Elgin, the Governor of Canada, the representative of Royalty. That sounds grandly. But it must be something substantially grand that is to cost us £250, and which, wise men in Toronto say, we have got "a good bargain." Let us look at its locality and exterior. Situated a little north of the Avenue leading to the University, it is very convenient for our students attending that public institution, which they generally do. The site is nearly an acre, including what the house stands on. The grounds around it are just being laid out into lots and streets. Much of the surface is consequently rough, raw, and ragged, and very muddy in rainy weather. We approach the building. There is nothing strikingly grand, or lofty, or imposing, or royal about it. — It looks like a Canadian gentlemen's residence, of the first-rate order; two stories high; rough-cast brick, with a substantial corridor or veranda around the main building. We write from memory, and are therefore subject to correction. — Which way it faces we cannot well say. Indeed it seems two-faced or three-faced; and one is puzzled at first sight to know where to enter, as the doors seem all to be windows, and the windows all doors. You get a glimpse of some out-buildings or additions on the west side; but still you wonder how that can accommodate Knox's College with its fifty or sixty students. Where will be the lecture rooms, the library, the museum, the bed-rooms for students, and all the paraphernalia of a large boarding establishment. But we enter by the east side, where we see an open door, and books, and well known faces, and hear kind words, and shake hands with hearts in them. It is the Library we have entered, where stand, for the present, the old, identical, Professorial chair, and desk of Knox's College. It is a fine, large, light room, richly papered, having a fire place with marble mantel-piece; such also may be said of the adjoining room into which it opens by folding doors. But we wish to explore the penetralia, and solve the problem of domestic accommodation. Here we meet the smiling face of the friendly Bishop of Cobourg, who kindly offers to be our guide. We enter a handsome parlor facing the south, occupied by Mr. Smith the Tutor, who also superintends the boarding department. Hence we enter a passage where we are shewn room after room, until we exclaim, "well, well!" We turn corners, go down steps and up steps — into passages and out of passages — up stairs and down stairs, and into the most crooked, intricate, mysterious places we have seen on this side of the Atlantic, and rooms, rooms in them all. We are amazed. — What a strange, romantic place is Elmsley House! What a number of retainers the Gov-

ernor must have had. Nothing could be more classic. It is just what was needed. A College of recusars might burrow and luxuriate here in the delights of cloistered quietude. The very bees could not achieve a more beautiful variety in the structure of a honey-comb, should they throw aside entirely their mathematical principles. It is a perfect treat to any one who loves expressive variety, and has a corresponding dislike to dull, unmeaning uniformity and death in architecture. Well done Knox's College! your prosperity has not culminated in the year 1855, but this is the greatest era yet in your "local habitation."

But we hasten to the opening lecture. The company are assembled in the Library and Lecture Room, where we first entered. Dr. Willis has not yet arrived from Europe, so Professor Young is to give the opening address. He is there already in gown and bands, in the chair — his reading desk before him. At his left hand the Rev. Mr. Lowry, Moderator of the Synod — a number of clergymen from different parts of the country — a great band of earnest looking students, (including some of the United Presbyterian Church,) and a considerable sprinkling of respectable townspeople make up the audience. Some of the latter class are perhaps better acquainted with physics than metaphysics, but they have come on purpose to hear something metaphysical, and they will not be disappointed. The Moderator conducts the opening exercises of praise, prayer, and reading of the scriptures. Professor Young announces his subject — Memory. He is to give a specimen of his usual lectures. The lecture proceeds, on the basis of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. Deeper, deeper. "The plot thickens." You see old definitions to be evidently absurd, and therefore old landmarks to be out of place. Philosophers Reid, Brown, and Stewart, have manifestly been floundering in awkward and unreasonable places in search of truth. Now you see things in your own memory you never saw before, and wonder at your previous stupidity and want of observation. Now you say inwardly, "that's a fact." Then you become bewildered, and wonder what is going to result from all this reasoning. Then you see the meaning of it, and exclaim inwardly, "that's grand! — nothing like metaphysics for bracing up the reasoning powers and clearing knotty points. It must be good for ministers."

While listening to such a lecture, it is amusing to witness the diverse aspects of the audience. Some listen for a while, but comprehending nothing, or caring nothing about the subject, become listless, and indicate by their looks that they reckon the matter rather dry. Others are seen sitting with their heads a little to one side, contracting the pupil of the eye, and evidently engaged in seeing, but with an effort, the fine, very fine, yet important distinctions. The distinction between "the ego" and "the non ego" they give up. They say, "that's Greek." But they think they see a difference between remembering a thing which they have actually seen, and remembering a thing which they only dreamed of seeing. Others present sit with calm, intelligent visage, and drink all in with ease, and can follow the lecturer as intelligently, and see his distinctions, and premises, and conclusions, as clearly and easily as a farmer can tell his fences, or an apothecary his drugs, or our Reverend guide follow the labyrinthine mazes of Elmsley House. The lecture finished, Dr. Burns concludes the exercises with prayer — prayer for the Church and for the College — prayer to which every sanctified heart present responded, "Amen and Amen."

The College is opened, but ere we leave, we inquire of a native Canadian, "where is the Museum?" He replies, "it is barreled up." Barreled up! Why that sounds fairly like a business transaction. It comes over our sensibilities like the harsh utilitarianism of the pork and flour trade. Barreled up! Let us rather hope that it

is nicely, softly, safely packed up and carefully preserved until suitable arrangements are made for its display. Knox's College has a Museum, small though it be, and though some men would not give sixpence for the whole collection for their own use, other men would not give two or three articles of that collection for many sixpences, for such things are not to be valued by pence or pounds. And, Elmsley House has room for a Museum, and a Museum must be there. It is as much educational as any thing else. Apart from the Professor's Lectures, there is nothing artistic or æsthetic about the Institution, and our students, and ministers, and people need vastly more of this element than they possess. It is possible to run into extremes in this matter — either the extreme of coarseness, or the extreme of a finical refinement. But there is a beautiful medium which true religion sanctions, and ever tends to. Look above or around on the works of our Heavenly Father! Is it not his design that we should appreciate, and cultivate, and admire, in the material as well as in the moral world "whatsoever is pure and lovely?" The starry sky is a Museum of beauty, and sublimity, and antiquity, on which Job, and Abraham, and David, and almost all the Saints have gazed and mused with deep emotions of admiration. The sunlit sky with its morning and evening tints, and rainbows, and clouds, and the great orb of light itself make daily appeals to our sense of the sublime and the beautiful. The earth itself is a Museum of God's providing, where he is training us morally by "external objects," as well as by other means. Why that delicate beauty in the flowers, excelling all the glory of Solomon? Why the graceful plumage of the birds? Why should the snow-flakes fall in starry forms? and the earth yield sparkling gems? Things are intentionally enhanced in beauty by the very contrasts around them. The sky might ever wear a leaden hue, the flowers, and leaves, and plumage be all destitute of grace, the snow-flakes be mere drops, and the gems mere pebbles. But the Lord of glory has willed it otherwise. He teaches us by such things to rise above mere, low, earthly utility, and to contemplate in the woods something more than timber, and in the sky something more than weather, and in the streams something more than water power and navigation, and in the fields and meadows, and flocks, and herds something more than soil, and marketable produce, and beef and mutton. Pity the poor, grovelling soul who cannot rise above this low, earthly utilitarianism! Surely he cannot be religious! Why, the Bible is full of the forms of beauty and sublimity; and the Christian, viewing by faith and hope his eternal home — the New Jerusalem — has placed before him "the perfection of beauty" — the concentration of all that is glorious and lovely. How could a Utilitarian appreciate such a home? If he want or absence of a thing may be said to operate, then is it the want of cherishing this æsthetic sentiment that renders some public teachers of religion so disagreeably dry, and doctrinally abstract, and uninteresting in their sermons. It is this want that leads others to the most outrageous metaphors, and boorish elocution and pronunciation. It is this want that gives some of our churches and schoolrooms, in the country, "the Canadian Order of Architecture," whose dismal, uncomfortable, ungraceful, and, therefore, unchristian features, we will not now describe. And, it is this want which renders many homes, homes of doubtful piety, if the old aphorism be true, that, "cleanliness is next to godliness. Barrel up a Museum! Never! It is a Book from which every student may be taught, if necessary, the A. B. C. of taste — a book that may well awaken sentiments in connexion with nature, and art, and biography, and antiquity, that will tell instrumentally, in the ministrations of the sanctuary, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. See the exhibitions of divine truth by Dr.