

the harmony of sweet sounds. But why should not all our intelligent youths be taught something of God's works and be thus prepared to aid in man's predestined conquest of nature, through the knowledge of its laws? And as I would have the University send down such teachers to the Schools, so I would have the way, step by step, made easy for those who might wish to reach the University, which ought to be the greatest, the most popular, and the most useful Free School in the Province. It is now virtually free, the fees being only nominal, but I should rejoice to see all fees swept away, thus placing New Brunswick in the proud position of having a University absolutely free to all.

It should be the business of the teacher in the preparatory schools to discover the capacities of his pupils, and the bent of their minds, and to aid their development. Should he discover a lad who loved to ascend the stream of languages, but who had no delight in numbers; or one who was, above all things, absorbed in the study of form, and felt something within him impelling him, Raphael-like, to say, "I too am a painter;" or should a boy's bent be towards those constructive works which are the glory of modern engineering;—in all such cases such aptitudes should be cherished, and the conditions supplied for their full development. Or should there, in some modest girl, be detected a voice of wondrous sweetness and compass, giving promise of a Jenny Lind, a Ristori or a Christina Nilsson, the rare endowment of song should be cultivated, and its maturity watched over with all the enthusiasm with which we should note the blossoming of a century plant: or should a girl's taste tend towards cunning works of the needle, by which the painter's art is rivalled, then such models should be promptly supplied as might first be copied, and next surpassed, the young artist "adding" thereto "of her wit," and being taught to make for her happy lover, of a future day, articles of use and beauty like that which

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine the lily maid of Astolat,
Wrought for the sacred shield of Launcelot,
And braided thereupon
All the devices blazoned on the shield
In their own tint, *and added of her wit*
A border fantasy of branch and flower
And yellow throated nestling in the nest.

And here I must ask leave, ere I conclude, to say a word or two on a topic which might well be made the exclusive subject of an Encenial address. I refer to that of the admission of women to the Universities.