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# V. P. JOURNAL

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## NOTES.

WE send our first Christmas greetings to our many friends : for the first time we tender our greetings and good wishes for the New Year. We hope that the homes into which we have found our way may be filled with pleasure, hope and contentment. While other friends in various ways may add to your pleasure, we hope that the perusal of our pages may add some joy, inspire some hope, instil some thoughts that will gladden still more the hours of merriment, and improve still further the hours of reflection. At this Xmas of '83 our hopes are bright, our anticipations have been more than realized, and our determinations renewed to help, though with weak efforts,

“ Ring out false pride in place and blood  
The civic slander and the spite ;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.  
Ring in the valiant man and free  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

SAID President Warren, of Boston University, “ I speak with strictest scientific precision when I say that I know far more of the nature of God than I do of the nature of a sand grain, and I speak with equal soberness when I say that it is easier to give a child a right conception of the former than it is to give it a right conception of the latter.”

THE well of salvation is so deep, and the mysteries of the universe are so fathomless! The keenest pleasure is digging in a mine where the wealth is untold. The golden cup at the rainbow is more beautiful because it is afar. To be firm astride your steed is more thrilling to the nerves than to have your charge stabled. Let men know everything and have nothing left to explore, and they are but a swarm of blood-filled mosquitoes, which drop from the flanks of their steeds of discovery and topple over without ambition—glutted and dead.

AMONG the students of Victoria there is one gentleman who enjoys the rare distinction of having his heart on the *right side* instead of the left. A careful medical examination leaves no doubt that in his case this important organ has just the reverse of the ordinary position. Very few instances of the kind are recorded in the annals of medicine. The gentleman's vigorous health shows that the heart is just as serviceable on one side as the other.

THE Rev. James Smith, who graduated in Arts at Victoria in 1876, taking a gold medal, is now at the head of an important school in Ahmednagar, near Bombay, India. There are already 100 natives in attendance, and the numbers are increasing. Hitherto Mr. Smith has had only native assistants, but now he is urged to raise the school to the rank of a college, under Bombay University. For this he needs a good man in science, preferably a Canadian or American. Here is a worthy opening for some scientifically trained young man whose heart is touched with pity for the heathen masses of overflowing India, and who is willing, with the spirit of a missionary as well as of a scientist, to work for their elevation. All who know Mr. Smith will feel that his energy, true-heartedness and thorough education fit him admirably for his present noble work, and everyone will wish for the success of his Indian college.

A CHANGE has been made in the Education Department of our Province by the appointment of Mr. G. W. Ross as Minister of Education, *vice* Hon. A. Crooks, who was forced to resign on account of failing health. Mr. Ross is a practical educationalist, and will no doubt do himself credit in his new sphere of action. The new minister has recently taken a degree from Albert, so that in view of the pending amalgamation we can properly claim him as an alumnus of our own university. We hail with pleasure his remarks to his constituents, in which he said that under his *regime* politics would not be allowed a place in the administration of the educational affairs of Ontario. Should Mr. Ross succeed in doing this, he will win for himself the consideration of every right-thinking man who is not absolutely blinded by party prejudice.

CANADA is one of the youngest of the nations, and it is a truism, often enough repeated, that hitherto she has been occupied mainly in taking possession of the vast inheritance fallen to her, and hence has had little time for art or science. She already possesses, however, a number of artists and men of science of whom any country might be proud; still her chief glory rests in her *practical* men, who are wide awake to build up her resources. The admirable display recently made at the Fisheries Exhibition is good evidence of this fact. All the practical features in the management of our fisheries deserved and received high praise. The same can unfortunately not be said of the more scientific side of our display. A Canadian can hardly feel comfortable when he finds in *Nature* references to the "discreditable state" of our collection, and the statement that "there are (or were when the article in *Nature* was written) far more serious blunders in the identification of specimens and worse instances of bad preservation in the Canadian collection of invertebrata than those to which special allusion was made." How comes this? Have we no zoologist competent to put up and label such a collection, or was the wrong man chosen for the work? We surely have

more than one respectable zoologist whose services the Fisheries Department could obtain. If not, let us import one. Our inland position makes it difficult to train men suitably for the work in Ontario, but our brethren "down by the sea" are better situated. In any case, let us not again send to one of the world's capitals a set of collections that, indeed, do credit to our material resources, but disgrace our men of science in the eyes of all the world.

REVIEWS.—The power of the press was never more fully felt or more thoroughly appreciated than at the present. This is the age of cheap literature—books, magazines and papers. The stores are flooded with pamphlets, books and libraries; the good and the bad, the useful and the useless are mixed together heterogeneously, enticing many with their attractive appearance, and especially with their cheapness. We are often tempted to buy a book simply because it is cheap, not waiting to see whether we need it, or whether it is useful to anyone. In this busy, bustling age we must make the most of our opportunities, read only what will be of service, and will elevate and improve the mind. A great deal of time is wasted in choosing works, in finding out the profitable. Each one, of course, must choose for himself, but there has come to his aid in these modern days a person whose work is not fully appreciated, especially by the larger and less cultivated reading class,—the reviewer, whose task it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, explain the lines of treatment, point out dangerous conclusions, and in every way prepare the mind for the reception of truth.

We have on our table the last two volumes of the Humboldt Library, which has so far done a grand work in presenting science in a cheap and popular form before the reading public. The publications are issued monthly by J. Fitzgerald, New York, \$1.50 per year or 15c. per volume. No. 49 is on "The Sun," by Judge Carr, of Indiana, and is a popular consideration of the constitution, condition and phenomena of the sun. Surely if a learned judge upon the bench has time to

study science and write such works, a large number of less important persons should be able to find time to read them. No. 50 is an interesting treatment of Money, its functions, origin, forms, composition and use, by W. Stanley Jevons, F.R.S. Most of these works, of course, are reprints, as are all the cheap books, but they are valuable, standard works, whose careful perusal and study will amply repay both time and money expended.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—The new buildings of this Institution lately opened for use will add another monument to Montreal's collection of Educational Halls. The tendency of the day seems to be centralization, the gathering and hiving of immense crowds of citizens in our important centres, the crowding together of Government Institutions, the amalgamation of large bodies, the centralization of the feeders of thought and action. This seems to be the tendency, though we do not altogether approve of it. Wherever the centres of life are, there should be placed the fountains of pure thought, else these congregating crowds will degenerate. Montreal is a jealous rival of Toronto: both are greedy to absorb the life and vitality of the country, to enclose the sources of wealth, control the actions of the country and educate the rising youth. As regards Methodist Educational Institutions, Montreal has so far surpassed her rival. She has done more than talk. She has supplied some money, erected a building, and now enjoys the privilege and honor of advancing the cause of Methodist education. Is Toronto in earnest? Actions speak louder than words. If she wants Victoria as a separate University she must come down handsomely: as an affiliated college she need not hope to entice or drive the long-established institution under her all-absorbing shelter. The Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal was founded in 1873 by the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and incorporated as a part of the educational system of the United Methodist Church of Canada. Owing to the stringency and badness of the times, however, the patrons of the college were much hindered in the

erection of buildings, but finally, having secured a large and very valuable plot of ground adjoining the University park, the erection of the building was proceeded with in 1882. The present buildings, spacious as they are, are only about half the size of those ultimately contemplated. They are of handsome elevation, built of grey stone, and present a substantial and striking appearance viewed from University street. The edifice contains a residence for the Principal, Dr. Douglas, a Convocation hall, three lecture-rooms, library, office, a large dining hall, and refectory. The total value of the building, land and furniture is about \$40,000.

FRANCE.—Thoughtful men are watching France. Poor, foolish, erratic, spasmodic France! It appears that the position of this atheistically and socialistically ruled country is almost inferior to that of the degraded Turk. Like many of Rome's last efforts to make a display of power, when all was weak and rotten within, this wretched country is making enormous pretensions of military strength and efficiency. An expedition to Tunis is followed by another to Madagascar, where a most contemptible war is being unjustly waged against the Houa rulers of the Island. Another expedition is working for an increase of power and territory on Asiatic soil. John Chinaman meets it, and is giving the Frenchman a very warm reception. Failure awaits this undertaking. History will write *failure*. France thinks England's wonderful power and success resulted from conquest, and therefore determines to conquer. Poor, foolish, deluded rulers and people! They do not know how to rule themselves. This they must learn or die. But they are not in a state to learn until their country is again humbled. The humbling process is preparing for this old race, and it will end *only* with their utter extinction. It seems almost cruel to foretell the inevitable, but it is truth and must be told. The Frenchman "must go" from the face of the earth. His end is approaching. The higher types of mankind will mercilessly grind him out. Conquest for France! This Godless and wayward country is not able to command

her mobs into silence. The "Misérables" do almost as they like. Spain, Germany and England, are not too friendly to her systemless rule. She has routed out the gods, relegating them to limbo; but the God of Eternal laws will surely grind her out, though He do it slowly, unless His voice is recognized in the nation.

MANITOBA COLLEGE.—A few items concerning Manitoba College may not prove uninteresting to our readers, especially at this time, when public attention is directed to the rapid advances now being made in the North-West in all departments of industry, and public interest awakened as to what will be the future of this part of our Dominion. It is very necessary that in such a country the higher education of the rapidly increasing population should be attended to, and upon examination we find that this duty is by no means neglected, especially by the Presbyterian Church. In Manitoba College the largest classes are in the arts departments, as at present there are twelve students preparing for examination for the degree of B.A., granted by Manitoba University. This degree may be proceeded to by one of four honor courses, Classics, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, and Mental and Moral Sciences, courses which are as thorough as can be made in a new country. There is also a large class in preparation for what is known as the "Previous Year of the University." The college expects to send up nearly twenty for the next examination, among whom are included a few young men receiving evening instruction to fit them for the examination. The teaching staff consists of the newly appointed principal, Rev. Dr. King, so long and so favorably known to the citizens of Ontario, assisted by two other professors, a resident tutor and two additional teachers, giving instruction in special subjects. For the large amount of work to be done in this institution the number of instructors is, indeed, too small, so that the necessary teaching required has to be made up by extra hours. The college is supplied with a well assorted library of about three thousand volumes, placed in a beautiful room admirably



adapted to contain such a valuable adjunct to successful study. Useful collections, also, of mineralogical, geological and conchological specimens are already in position as the nucleus of a museum in connection with the study of natural science, while there is a good supply of apparatus for the course in chemistry and electricity. This year Dr. King begins with some seven or eight theological students, exclusive of four or five who are not yet up to the standard for beginning theology proper. The present regulation is that in order to become a regular theological student, the candidate must have reached the standing of being one year from the degree of B.A., a standard higher than that required in Knox or Montreal colleges. Arrangements are now being made to begin theological study for the degree of B.D. A new departure in the teaching of theology, made since the appointment of Dr. King to that chair, is sending the students every Sunday to assist the neighboring ministers in their work, or to supply for them in their absence. During the summer months they, also, do a large amount of church work in different places, and it is very pleasing to know that during the past summer the students of Manitoba College compared very favorably in zeal and efficiency with the students of Knox, Montreal and Queen's that were sent out there. In order to carry on Manitoba College as at present equipped, it is estimated that about \$11,000 per annum will be necessary. About half this sum is to be raised by Winnipeg and the North-West, and it is expected that the other half will be supplied at an early date by the other Presbyterian congregations of the Dominion. The young men throughout the North-West have, for a new country, not only in Manitoba College, but also in the sister colleges of St. John's and St. Boniface, which are affiliated with the University of Manitoba, an excellent opportunity of gaining a higher education.

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“Truth possessed, but not obeyed, becomes unwelcome.”

THE querist is a much maligned yet valuable member of society. Children are questioners, and we are such of a larger growth. We have our difficulties, doubts, queries. If we would know we must ask; if we would be wise we must recognize and acknowledge our ignorance. We have opened this column not for amusement but for profit, not to show cunningness but to promote the thoughts of our readers. We throw it open freely to our readers to start one another's thoughts. We hope it will be freely used. Let the queries be concise, pointed, clear, and sensible. Many will doubtless be old, but they may be as important, and more so, now than ever before.

SOME one has asked us the following:—"What is the difference between the inspiration of Aristotle, Plato and others, and that of St. Paul?"

How would you define space? Time? Have we not an idea of the former through the senses? Has not each person a different idea of space? Does not this idea vary according to the number of senses that an animal has?

WHICH expresses the emotions or feelings better, the eye or the mouth? What is the reason? Which expresses these feelings better consciously? Which unconsciously?

HAVE we any senses now developing? In what direction, where and how may other senses develop?

WHAT causes the flame of a gas-jet to flicker?

Is there not a certain Law of Periodicity running through all Creation—atoms, molecules, worlds, motions, seasons, productions, society and thought?

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"We have more power than we have will,  
For him who will spin, God sends the yarn."

## BLUE GROTTOS.

CAPRI, lying at the southern end of the Bay of Naples, is one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and one of its most interesting points is the Blue Grotto. The cliff looks so massive as your skiff glides along its foot you would never dream that waves could hollow deep caverns in it; but suddenly your boatman tells you to stoop and the boat slips through an opening rising three feet above water, and not to be entered except in the calmest weather. There is no transition from bright Italian sunshine to deepest gloom. When you regain the use of your eyes the scene is perfectly fairy-like. Things have "suffered a sudden change into something rich and rare." Every ripple is of pure flame. The oars drip molten silver. Above water all is by contrast muddy brown, even the face of that fair English girl opposite. The boatman plunges in for a franc, and lo! the dark Italian has become an Olympian god with shining, celestial limbs,—a statue in burnished, living silver. His head alone is above water, and remains of the darkest bronze. We wondered at first why everything under water was so brightly lighted while all above was dark, but an explanation is not hard to find. All the light that enters the grotto is reflected from the bottom outside, and so takes on the vivid blue of the water of the Mediterranean. This accounts for the color. Most of the light entering the grotto strikes the surface of the water from below at such an angle as to be totally reflected. In this way it illuminates only what is beneath the surface. Any one can study total reflection by holding a tumbler of water above the level of his eye so as to see the lamp-light, for example, reflected from the surface. The gleam will be like burnished metal. But while we are theorizing on these charming effects the boatman has once more taken his seat, and we glide out of fairy land into the dazzling sunlight of everyday Italian life.

Nothing can be compared with this Caprian cave but grottoes hewn in the ice of a glacier. The light that reaches

you in the heart of the Rhone glacier, for instance, comes filtered through many feet of ice till nothing remains but the softest and loveliest blue. As dusk draws on in the evening, if you happen to be there at that time, the chill air and weird mystery around are most impressive. Nothing but ice about you, with just enough ghostly, blue-grey light struggling through to make its presence manifest, but not enough to define anything. There is the feeling of standing in illimitable space, for there is no shadow, no outline, no difference in color. You cannot judge from the look of things whether your thrust-out hand will touch the icy wall or meet only vacancy. But there comes the guide with a light, and before he or his taper is visible through the winding passage mysterious gleams and flashes of golden radiance tell of his approach, and display such an "arrangement in blue and gold" as has never yet been devised by dabbers of paints and pigments.

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#### THE COMET.

**A** NEW arrival, or rather an old friend come back again. We presume that not many of our readers will recognize in this stranger an old friend; for our own part, we plead ignorance, but are anxious to meet one who has seen our forefathers. We hope our Xmas messenger brings in his train no evil attendant, but that the beauty of the clear, crisp winter evenings may be increased by another fair addition to the northern constellations. Nature equalizes her favors: as the green is hidden beneath the monotonous cloak of white, the beauties of the heavens come out more brilliantly, we gain more glorious views of the universe; the stars shine clearer; the moonbeams fall more mellow; the Aurora dances more brightly; and at times a visitant from other universes flashes by, seeking, as it were, to catch a stray glance of this little world of ours. Sometimes they return; as has this new arrival, after an absence of seventy-one years.

The northern heavens are filled with the most brilliant star clusters and families. Starting with the Dipper, which we all easily recognize, we soon find the North Star: beyond Cassiopeia. Following the handle of the Dipper, we meet Arcturus, above it the Northern Crown, while around and through the space adjacent winds the Dragon, in whose midst the Comet flashes forth.

These Comets are peculiar in their shape, peculiar in their motions, and peculiar in their constitution. Usually we find a head, formed of a nucleus, surrounded with a coma, and a long sweeping tail, or two, pointing away from the sun. What the constitution is we do not know; it is likely nebulous matter acted upon by the sun in some peculiar manner. The motions are not as erratic as generally believed, as Comets are regular members of the solar system, sweeping around the sun in ellipses orbits more prolonged than those of the planets. As these moving bodies approach very near to the sun, their velocity increases; they flash past with enormous speed, curve around and return on the opposite side, hurrying away through space at a decreasing rate of speed, and approaching, it may be, sufficiently near to the earth to enable us to obtain a glance as they hurry by. It may be that, with long sweeping tails, they switch us as they go, but we may be unconscious of it, so light and tenuous is their composition.

Had we only power to arrest this messenger in its flight! what news we might evolve, what wonders disclose!

These truly are messengers from the other worlds; indeed, they are heavenly messengers, some say, sent to warn mankind of impending evils. But superstition is fast losing its charms; this blind, dark, meaningless faith is giving way to faith of a more noble, elevating and sublime nature. We no longer dread to pry into nature's secrets, but, fearlessly, are willing to scan the Comet, ask it questions, watch its movements, go with it on an imaginary flight through space, view other worlds, enlarge our ideas of creation, and return to this diminutive speck of dust more sensible of our own finiteness, more conscious of the infiniteness of the Creator. We return

with a grander idea of Creation, but still as far removed from the conception of the grandeur of Creation, feeling more truly than ever,

With God 'tis one  
To guide a sunbeam or create a sun—  
To rule ten thousand worlds or none.

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### UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.

IT would seem as though some advocated University consolidation on the ground that it is according to "the fitness of things," that the educational system of Ontario should culminate in one grand central university. "Our Public Schools," say they, "are under central control, our High Schools have uniform examinations, one central board grants certificates to our teachers, and why not have uniformity of graduation in all our colleges?"

Now, while this may sound very fine in theory, what is there either in our own or any other country to show that such a system would be the best in practice? Where has such a system been successfully tried? Certainly not in England, much less in Germany, while the course pursued in the United States seems still further removed from such centralization and consolidation. Unless the advocates of unification are able to plead something more substantial than a beautiful sentiment, the denominational universities are not likely to resign their Charters.

But it is claimed that, with one great institution, Canada would be able to give her sons at home what they must now seek abroad. We question very much whether consolidation would have any such result.

If, as a Montreal daily advocates, there be a consolidation of colleges as well as universities, not only would the classes in the various departments become unwieldy, but the healthy rivalry of colleges would be lost. Now, both in Canada and abroad the competition among the several institutions is un-

doubtedly a great source of strength. In England it has been so. Oxford has helped Cambridge, and Cambridge is the better for Oxford, and both are stronger and more efficient for the other universities in England. The same may be said of Germany and the United States.

The friends of consolidation point with a sneer "to the Americans with their hundreds of so-called universities," and then of England with but five, and some of these quite young. But they forget to speak of Germany, with her multitude of world-famed institutions. Let the Americans alone. They know what they are about. They are laying the foundations of Empire, and, with all the crudeness of some few, on the whole they have done much excellent work. And urged on by honest competition are certain to develop glorious results in the future. Then, again, branching out as they do, there is a good chance for every university to become famous in some special department. By judicious multiplication, then, rather than by unification, may Canada hope one day to supply her sons with all that other countries can now give them.

But the leading advocates of consolidation do not demand the abolition of the colleges. These are to continue with the same staff of professors and with the same boards of management as now, but there is to be only one university to which all students must come for their degrees. "Now," they say, "if you want competition, this system will give you enough." Yes, and more than enough, "such as it is." The competition will be much more intense but of a very different character. It makes all the difference imaginable whether the rival colleges are to be tested by the results of a final examination before this central board, or by the more real and truer test of practical life. In the former case that college would show to the best advantage which could most successfully manufacture the

"Bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head,"

while in the latter that institution will lead which best fits men for the duties and responsibilities of professional life.

The tendency of centralization is to encourage a system of cramming, which has already proved so disastrous to the High and Public Schools of the Province. And from a financial point of view is there anything to be gained by consolidation? The same buildings will be required, and more; the same professors and examiners, and more. It need not be expected that men will give to colleges under the influence of men not actually under the control of State university, as freely and heartily as they do to an institution under the control of their own church, where they know men of anti-Christian principles have a minimum of influence. Many men would rather give a thousand dollars to their own church than ten dollars to a system which has already as good as turned the Bible out of doors. Who can tell but under State control Christianity would be treated in the University as the Bible has been in our Public Schools.

The *Montreal Witness* some time ago, starting with the announcement that Mr. Gooderham, of Toronto, had given a million dollars towards a new Methodist university—which, by the way, must have been news to that gentleman—regrets that he had not chosen an unsectarian institution instead. Well, we fancy the *Witness* is just as far astray in its regrets as in its statement of facts. Mr. Gooderham knows what he is doing when he offers to help an institution which teaches, not Methodist Science, or Methodist Literature, or Methodist Philosophy, but Science, Literature and Philosophy unalienated from Christianity.

It appears that the advocates of a national university take it for granted that the education given in a denominational college is less broad and liberal than that of a State institution. That means that Christianity is not a broad and liberal system. When did Christianity lose its length and breadth and height and depth? It was broad enough for Paul and Melancthon and Butler and Kent. These found no trouble in doing all their thinking within the limits of Christianity. But, if not here, where shall we seek breadth? At the hands



of men whose only gods are blind chance and soulless matter? Well, scarcely, we hope.

We think it will take some time for the advocates of consolidation to persuade the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches to resign their Charters, and as for the Methodist church, the late union has made Mr. Gooderhan's scheme of raising \$1,000,000 for university equipment too practicable and probable for any such consolidation to be looked upon with favor by them.

W. W. M.

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#### DEVELOPMENT.

THE Bible was not written to teach science: no more was it written to conceal and confuse science. The revelation of nature and the revelation of the Word are not antagonistic; they have the same Author; they are intended to be studied together; they are true since they harmonize with each other. Thus, though we do not go to the Bible to study Science, but to Nature, we will find that the teachings of true science are supported by the written records, and we may, perhaps, to some degree test the value of theories by the teaching of Scripture. This doctrine of Development or Evolution has been most vigorously assailed by some of the theologians of the day, but the attitude is changing, and now the conviction is, or should be, general, than even if it should be a truth, there is nothing in it to overthrow the foundations, or even the superstructure of religious belief. We do not intend to advance any opinions here, to prejudice any minds, but merely place before us a few of the Biblical teachings on this question, that each one may carefully consider the question for himself. Development, as now received, does not account for the origin of matter, nor does it account for the Creator of matter; it must presuppose a Creator, then created matter, before it steps in, showing, or pretending to show, how this matter thus created continues to act, or move, or exist. The doctrine thus states, "In the *beginning* God

created all things." Does the *beginning* of Genesis mean commencing, or starting, or prime creation? The doctrine of development proceeds to create living or organized matter from non-living or unorganized matter. Genesis (chap. i, 12, 21) teaches us that *the earth brought forth* grass and herbs, and *the waters brought forth* living creatures, and (verse 24) *the earth brought forth* living creatures. As to the creation of man we have two accounts, one evidently referring to his body and the other to his higher nature. We are told (Gen. ii. 9) that man was *formed of the dust of the ground*; this refers to his body creation, and is the teaching of development. Thus far the theory seems to harmonize with the teaching. Development, however, in the hands of some of its exponents would account for everything, even for the mental and moral nature of man. As to this, however, the teaching of the Bible proclaims a special act, the breathing in of the "breath of life," thereby making man a "living soul."

We will watch with interest for the work of the revisers of the Old Testament, to see whether any new light is thrown upon the Creation, its modes and processes. To Biblical students we suggest the careful consideration of this question, hoping that we may, if possible, find out more clearly the exact meaning of the words "bring forth," as applied to the earth. Do they mean that by the powers initiated at the beginning of things life sprang from matter, or do they mean that a new power, a new quality was added? Two things seem certain to us, that, as we read the present translation, the doctrine of Development may be read into the words of Genesis, and that, when confined to proper limits, the theory of Development or Evolution does not conflict with religious belief. Was not the writer of Psalm cxxxix. (verses 14, 15, 16) an Evolutionist?

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"Know — everything — nothing — something — enough !  
These are the infantine, adolescent, juvenile and mature stages  
of culture."

## A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF CLASSICS.

## I.

**A**GESILAUS, King of Sparta, when asked what boys should learn, replied, "What they will practise when they become men." Here is truth, but not the whole truth, nor the great truth of education. The acquisition of the special information necessary for one's work in life must not be ignored in the scheme of education. But the main thing, after all, is so to arouse, draw out, and train the various faculties of our nature that we shall be ready for any work which may come to us. It is of less consequence what a man studies in youth than how he studies it. And those subjects most commend themselves to us which best develop and discipline the man.

Such being our general principles, we now proceed to establish the great value of language and literature as instruments of education, and the peculiar value of the classical language and literature.

Every man's first study is his mother tongue, and the study of language remains to him through life of high importance. It is in the gradual development of the faculty of speech that the thinking powers are developed. Mental training depends on habits of methodically arranging our thoughts and on familiarity with the processes of logical deduction. Now, the thought is completed in the expression; and thus the method of language becomes the ground work of education. Indefinite conceptions and vague fancies may float about like vapor in the mind, and may in that state, even though on the mist the trembling rainbow may hang which the revery of genius has painted there, yet in that state may but obscure thought and relax the mind. Reduce these dreamy generalities to some definite shape, to some embodied form of words, and the effort strengthens and clarifies the mind. There is no more prolific error than to mistake words for things. We glibly use words and phrases to whose sound we are familiarly accustomed, but which we do not definitely

understand, and which, therefore, convey to our minds no clear idea. We handle tools whose propriety and use we do not thoroughly know. "It is," says Whately, "the habit of mankind to mistake familiarity for accurate knowledge." Nothing, perhaps, tends more to induce a careless, indolent, superficial habit of mind. We read too cursorily and master too little of our reading. Thought after thought crowds into our minds, only to be unceremoniously jostled out by the first new comer that hurries at its heels.

The careful, painstaking study of the etymology and syntax of a language, the tracing up of the roots of words, and the following out of the convolution of sentences, that thorough mastery of the meaning of an author which only the closest attention and the most intelligent criticism can ensure, become, in view of the facts, of the deepest importance in the formation of accurate thinking.

Another point worthy of careful consideration is the following:—The interpretation of dubious sentences, the determination of the exact meaning to be attached to particular words in the particular context, the selection of different readings and the solution of various other problems which meet the student of language and literature on every page are strictly a weighing of conflicting probabilities

The exact sciences teach logical deduction from definite premises. Now, the element of human nature and life do not furnish perfectly definite and perfectly accurate premises, such as shall insure the perfect trustworthiness of logical deductions from them. "Probabilities are the very essence of human life." Motives act not singly and according to rule, but in every variety of combination and so erratically as to baffle all ingenuity of investigation. In practical life nothing is more important than that a man should be cautious in assuming the correctness of his data, or the infallible stability of that structure which he builds upon even the firmest foundation. Hence we claim a pre-eminence for the study of languages on this, if on no other ground, that it singularly well develops the faculty of cautious and yet quick deduction

from contingent premises, of a sort of intuitive perception of truth; and cultivates that invaluable common sense which is the chief element of power in deciding in those doubtful cases which perplex men every day, both what ought to be done and how to do it.

If, then, the study of language is so excellent an instrument for developing the intellectual powers, why will it not suffice to stud your own language? If a man is shut up to the choice between the study of his own language and literature and those of some other country, and, perhaps some other age, let him unhesitatingly choose that language which he is to use himself every day of his life and a mastery of which will every day prove of the vastest importance to him in whatsoever position it may be his lot to fill, and let him choose that literature which will unfold to him the matchless treasures which find their setting in the pages of Chaucer, Spencer, Milton and Shakespeare.

But there are great advantages in knowing some other language and some other literature than our own. Even as a cultivation of habits of patient industry, of minute attention, of accurate memory, and of mental exertion, there is an inherent advantage in the study of a language different in vocabulary, in inflection, in construction and in genius from our own. The greater difficulty of such a study affords the better exercise. The man who knows nothing of the types of thought, of feeling, of character of any other nation than his own, has but half expanded the capacities of his soul. He understands the idiosyncrasies of his own people only, and he can sympathize only with what he understands. He is aware that other notions and other habits than his prevail in other countries, but he is incapable of looking upon any other notions or habits than his own as worthy of the slightest allowance much less of the slightest sympathy. He and his nation are, in his eyes, always in the right, every other nation is always in the wrong. This sentiment is the hotbed of narrow national prejudices; this is the chilling frost that kills all international courtesy and broad-minded liberality. Now,

in order to gain that real knowledge of any people, which is proved by the foregoing considerations to be so important, it is not sufficient to know about them, it is necessary to master their language and be conversant with their literature. Only thus is it possible to learn that diffidence as to the absolute superiority of our own ways of doing and thinking, and that generous frankness in acknowledging the excellencies of others, which will help us to reach that improvement which can only be attained by accepting whatsoever is good and useful from whatever nation it may come.

If it, then, be so important for the expansion of the intellect and the feelings to be acquainted with some other language and literature than our own, why may not all the advantages be secured by the study of some of the modern languages of Europe? It will undoubtedly be an invaluable acquisition to be conversant with the sprightly tongue of "La Belle France," the language of diplomacy and society; to be able to read in all the beauty of their original the noble works of Schiller and of Goethe, of Dante and of Tasso? Such a knowledge, apart from its practical utility, will both inform the mind, widen the range of thought, and impart a fine æsthetic cultivation. But there are considerations which warrant the belief that the classics will do all this and do it better. All the benefits which accrue from the study of language in general, accrue pre-emminently from the study of Latin and Greek; all the benefits which are derived from the knowledge of some other language and literature than our own, may be derived in a higher degree from the knowledge of the language and literature of the Greeks and Romans than of those of any other people. For if the desirable thing be to get out of ourselves and our inwrapping prejudices, we will accomplish this most easily by acquaintance with the civilization and cultivation of that people whose national character is most widely diverse from our own without being utterly beyond the range of our appreciation. Now, the study of the history and character of the Greeks and Romans as we find them in their own writings, introduces us to a phase of national life and to a phase of

human nature more diverse from our own than are those of any of the nations of modern Europe.

Nor is it possible to attain such acquaintance with a people from mere books on their history and their manners and customs, any more than it is possible to attain acquaintance with society from books on etiquette. To know society we must mingle with it; to know the ancients we must study their works—for the only key to their character is to be found in their literature. Nor, again, will it suffice to read translations of their authors. These translations, even the best of them, are not the very work of the ancient writers, they are only some modern interpreters' impressions of them.

You have heard Dr. Punshon lecture, and have been charmed with the richness of the eloquence wherewith he wove "a perfect field of cloth of gold stiff with gorgeous embroidery;" you have wondered next day how tamely the newspaper report of his words read. The glory was not there. And so with translations. The ideas may be expressed (or may not), but the movement, the grace, the power are all departed. Translations are but lifeless bodies; the step is stilled, the hand hangs nerveless, the bloom has faded from the cheek, the soul no longer flashes out through the sparkling eye. In order to derive the benefit which flows from an acquaintance with the thoughts of the ancients we must read what they wrote as they wrote it.

And this study becomes doubly interesting if prosecuted simultaneously with that of our own literature: if prosecuted in such a manner as to trace the general influence of the ancient upon the modern modes of thought, and the special influence of certain of the great minds of Rome and Athens upon the great modern peers. Such a method of reading classics both turns the light of general literature upon the specialties of the Latin and Greek authors, and thus renders their study more pleasing to us; and also sheds the mellow beams of the classical lamp upon our modern authors, and thus enables us to peruse their pages in the same light in which many of them were written.

The more a student applies himself to his classical work with a view to improvement in his command of his mother tongue, the more thorough appreciation does he display of the intention of a classical education; for one main object for which he studies the dead languages is, or ought to be, to learn how to use his own. Translations from one language to another is no mere mechanical substitution of equivalent words picked out of the lexicon; it is an exercise which demands not only patient research into the meaning of words and a comprehensive grasp of the full scope of sentences, but also the play of ingenuity, judgment and taste in the transference of ideas from the one form of expression to the other. Indeed, it is a severer discipline in the use of exact and idiomatic English than even original composition. This latter is much easier. Here the man is walking at large and may go on his way with a swinging, careless gait; in the former case he is treading a narrow path, and finds himself compelled to put forth the most strenuous and constant effort to steady his steps and maintain his balance. In original composition the thought and the word mutually oblige one another. If a writer cannot lay his hand upon the words which shall exactly express his thought, the temptation is often irresistible to say not what he would but what he can. The thought fails to mould the expression; the expression moulds the thought. No such shirking is possible in correct and intelligent translation, or at least temptation to it is not so common or so powerful. The thought is there; it must be expressed; an imperfect re-production of it will be detected by reference to the original; and all the resources of our English tongue will be taxed in the attempt to give such expression as shall mirror forth the full bodied beauty of the thought. This does not hold good in translations from another modern language into English in the same degree as in translations from the classical languages into English. The genius and the structure of the former are more nearly the same as those of English; translations from them is therefore much easier, much more an exchange of equivalent English for French and German words.



But hardly a sentence of Latin or Greek can be translated into English by any such simple and summary process, so radically different is the whole mode of thought and expression. The absurd system of construing from the classics word for word, which has now happily fallen into disuse, results in a piece of the most motely patchwork, something tame, involved, stiff, obscure, neither English, Latin nor Greek, but the veriest caricature of the natural and artistic excellence of the original. But the re-production of the ideas of the whole sentence in real idiomatic English not only results in something fair to behold, but summons up all the energies of the student's mind. "The translation of every sentence in Demosthenes or Tacitus is properly an exercise in extemporaneous English composition; a problem, how to express with equal brevity, clearness and force in our own language, the thought which the original author has so admirably expressed in his" (Arnold).

FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, B.D.

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#### VARIETIES OF MEN.

IN this enquiry we must take into our account the influence of *intermixture* and absorption of tribes. Wallace, in his work on Russia, gives a description of the effect upon certain aboriginal Finnish tribes of contact with Russians. There are villages scattered over the north of that great country, whose inhabitants neither understand nor speak the Russian language. It is not more than ten centuries since the whole of Northern Russia was peopled by these Finns, who in language, dress, religion and social habits, in a very wide degree, and in peculiarities of structure to some extent, differed from the Russian. Now, over all this wide territory, with the exception of these scattered villages, the peasants speak pure Russian, profess the same faith as the people of the State Church, and in their physiognomy offer no striking peculiarities to suggest that they are not of the purest

Russian blood. The explanation is that the two races are completely intermixed, the weaker tribe taking on the peculiarities, to a great extent, of the stronger, and by absorption losing their own striking peculiarities. The few villages that retain, in different degree, their Finnish character, afford an opportunity of studying the progress of this intermixture of bloods. A few of these villages yet remain in which the Finnish character seems to have wholly survived the contact with Russian life; you find yet the reddish-olive skin, high cheek bones, obliquely-set eyes, and the costume and language of the original Finlander. The Russian language is scarcely known at all. In another village there are some Russians; the other inhabitants have lost in some degree their natural peculiarities, and in dress, manners and language they have yielded to the pressure of Russian ideas. In yet a third village intermarriage with Russians is common, and the amalgamation almost complete. The effect of such a process of intermixture, when carried out to its last result, will be a type of Russian people in the north differing more widely from those of the same nation and religion in the south of the land than can be accounted for by any differences in climate or habits of life.

There is a large number of well authenticated cases where new types have sprung into existence by this process of intermingling bloods. A number of African tribes are mixtures, in different degrees, of Negro and Arab blood. The Abyssinians are a striking illustration of this fact, though they embody in themselves some portion of Greek and Portuguese blood; and they claim also some Jewish blood. As the result of such a general intermixture the negro lives in the Abyssinian only in his color, and that greatly deteriorated. The Arab is traced in the extent to which Mahomedan ideas have intermingled with the strange compound of Christianity and Judaism which constitutes the religion of this people; and, of course, the language furnishes the strongest proof of the fact that this people has sprung up from an admixture of several bloods.

It is not necessary to dwell in detail upon other families of men that have had a similar origin. It is enough to mention that other African tribes, such as the Gallas, the Basjesmen or Bushmen, and probably the Caffres, the Hottentots and others may trace their peculiarities to a similar origin. The Griquas are a people who originated from the free intermarriage of the Dutch settlers in South Africa with the Hottentots, and therefore furnish a clear case of admixture.

The variety of tribes among the Papuans of New Guinea prove that they are a race of people affected, like the Finnish villages of Russia, to different degrees, by mixture with some other people.

Between the wild Veddahs of Ceylon and the foreign inhabitants of the island are a people called the Village Veddahs, in whom are found evidences of family contact and intermarriage on one side with the wild Veddahs, and on the other, with the more civilized settlers on the island. They are unlike either.

The Creoles of Central America are an exhibition of the effect of intermingling Spanish and Negro blood; and we cannot know to what extent our own characteristics have been created by pouring the blood of the Celt into that of the Anglo-Saxon.

If we study closely the peculiarities of these several peoples where there has been, beyond a doubt, a mixture of blood, we will find that by every contact of this kind a race surrenders and gains some marked peculiarities; and then, when we remember the thousands of years during which such a process has been going on among the families of the earth, we find no difficulty in accounting for all the diversity that exists in the family of man. This study also leads us to discover that the differences, except in color, are not so great as one would suppose when simply glancing at a chart representing the various races of men. The points of likeness are incalculably more numerous and strongly marked than the differences. The differences are of a kind that yield, in a large degree, to the treatment of civilization. All men have,

as far as yet discovered, proved themselves capable of understanding the same religion. It produces the same effect upon all. All have been found capable of intellectual growth and development. The same religion, the same civilization, would do much to break down the differences by which different tribes are now distinguished, except in so far as the influences of climate creates necessarily a difference; and even this would be less if savage peoples knew what civilization can teach them of the art of resisting the influences of one's place of residence.

A strong argument in favor of the unity of the race is derived from the intermixture of bloods. The object of this paper was simply to account for the varieties that exist; but having sketched the line of argument for this end, a brief statement of the argument derived from mixed bloods maintaining the unity of the race may follow as a suitable corollary.

In both the animal and vegetable kingdoms continuous generation has been found to be possible only directly down the line of a distinct species. Any creature springing from a cross between species is certainly and always incapable of production of a kind like itself. The conclusions to the contrary drawn by Linnæus from insufficient data have not been sustained by subsequent observation and experiment.

But peoples springing from mixed blood are all found to be productive. Not only do they multiply through intercourse with each other, but they transmit to their offspring any marked peculiarities directly traceable to their mixed parentage. Of the many peoples of this kind now known there is not an exception to this rule.

Hence the conclusion that the human family is one species—the product of one parentage.

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“Sound seeks for sympathetic things,  
Whose sleeping harmony  
It gently wakes and deftly rings  
By touch of sympathy.”

## AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

SUBJECT—"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

## PAPER II.

**B**UT shall the feeling of human weakness, or the thought of human limitation, paralyse our efforts? Shall we cease to go ahead, simply because of the comparative shortness of any single course open to our finite minds? By no means. The field is a very large one. The range of subjects is surely wide enough to allure us on, even though we cannot go very far in any one direction. There are so many paths, each one of them so different from the other, and yet all of them so overhung with rich and tempting fruit, just ready to yield itself to him who will only reach high enough to take it, that every man can find one somewhere, that is congenial to him and worthy of his endeavor. What matters it, then, if the mines of truth cannot be sunk very deep, if only pure gold may be found anywhere just below the surface?

Suppose our enquiry were confined to the objective world alone. Suppose we never went beyond mere external nature. What a wonderful range even then! How infinitely great and multiplied the manifestations of matter and force!—thus giving rise to so many branches of science that they cannot easily be numbered. The three great kingdoms of matter are first of all reduced to order under the royal sway of the zoologist, the botanist, and the geologist. The physicist proper with balance in hand, and the chemist with his crucible, walk throughout the entire domain of all these. They go up and down everywhere without restraint; and every kind of substance and every mode of energy is carefully weighed and tested. The astronomer is not so easily satisfied. He knows that the balance and the crucible give very definite and practical knowledge. But he prefers his telescope. This earth is too small for him. He flies away to the stars, and through them. And what before was all mystery and chaos—a subject of crude and wild superstition, or, at most, a theme of

high poetic fancy—becomes, under the steady gaze of his piercing eye, a cosmos of unspeakable grandeur and beauty ; for order and harmony are most sublimely exhibited in this divinest of all the physical sciences. These are very general divisions. Only think now of all the sub-divisions and branches that are included under them, and then say whether the material universe does not, of itself, afford variety enough and scope enough to tax to the utmost the grasp, and strength, and ingenuity of human thought.

But tastes and tendencies differ. Not everybody is a lover of physical science. Some prefer to look within. Their chief delight is to bring under close and searching examination the feelings and faculties of the soul. "Let the votaries of natural science reason about solids, and liquids and gases. It is their business. And a very noble business too ; a grand pursuit. But we want to get down deeper. We want to turn our eyes in upon ourselves, and scan and study that internal constitution of our own being, by the harmonious workings of which all our investigations are carried on. We want to enquire into the very nature and functions of consciousness, and conscience, and will ; to reason about reason herself, and about all her powers and faculties." So say the disciples of mental and moral philosophy ; and so they try to do. And why not ? Does not metaphysics rest on just as solid ground as physics ? Is not the enquiry just as legitimate in the one case as in the other ? I do not say that those things which are discussed under the head of ethics, and psychology, and political economy are as palpable, as obtrusive. I do not say that they force themselves upon the attention as much. But I do say that they are just as real, and that they are very much more important. The presence and power of electricity in yonder cloud are, indeed, most *strongly impressed* upon us, especially in the darkness of night, when we see the sudden blaze of the lightning, and hear the earth-shaking voice of the thunder. But they are not one whit more *strongly attested* to us, *as real*, than the presence and power of that will within us which regulates, and governs, and controls our life at every

step, by its silent, unobtrusive volitions. The supreme glory of the sun, as the centre of a teeming universe, does indeed most strongly impress itself upon the minds of even the savage, and he gives it a first place among his gods. The marvellous construction and adaptation of parts in his own body cannot fail to strike him also, even in his lowest condition. From that, perchance, more than anything else—from the unapproachable perfection of “his own matchless form”—his dark mind catches “a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bends in humble, though blind adoration.” What shall we say then of reason and conscience, the windows of the soul, through which alone that light is shed upon us? which, as they are themselves developed and matured by education and culture, go on adding more and more to that light, until, finally, they assert their true dignity and authority by lifting us above the mere glory of creation to contemplate the sublimer glory of the Creator, and cause us to bow before Him, no longer in blindness, but in intelligent and glad some, as well as in humble adoration.

Surely, then, these higher powers and faculties have a foremost claim upon our thought and study. That kind of study may not contribute so much to our physical comforts and conveniences. It appeals to the higher part of our nature. It brings before us themes of a most exalted character. It challenges the intellect to its grandest effort. And no man can accept the challenge and put forth the effort, with sincere and truth-loving motives, without being both a wiser and a better man. To this fact witness the names of Socrates, and Plato, and Kant, and Hamilton, and a host of such men as these.

The sphere of enquiry is not yet exhausted. We have found, thus far, that it includes physical, mental and moral truth. Is that all? That is to say, is there not *in the very nature of things* something more that demands attention? If not, then, why do we find ourselves gifted with possibilities of mind and soul so great and high that, like the lion in his cage, we constantly fret and chafe under our present

limitations of time and place? Why this "striking incongruity between the endowments and the condition of man?" What means, moreover, that crushing sense of responsibility to a higher Power which follows him every moment? What mean all those heart-yearnings of a universal humanity, which never have been, and never can be satisfied under the sun? These questions touch bottom. They tell us that "there is a spirit in man" which links him directly to that Great Spirit who is "above all, and through all, and in us all." They speak to us of the "divinity that stirs within us;" of immortality, "a presence which is not to be put by;" and of both as our "great altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God." The sense of responsibility to a higher Power is not meaningless; it is of the very nature of conscience to make Him known to us. Theodore Parker says that, when he was only four years old, he was one day just in the act of striking a spotted turtle, when a voice within him cried out, clear and loud, "It is wrong." He hurried home and asked his mother what it was. She said, "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man." Dr. Abercrombie speaks to the same effect. He says of conscience that, "with an authority which no man can put from him, it pleads at once for his own future existence, and for the moral attributes of an omnipresent and ever-present Deity."

" It must be so,  
Else whence that pleasing hope, that fond desire,  
That longing after immortality?  
Or whence that secret dread, and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?"

*Spiritual phenomena*, therefore, belong to the nature of things; and, like all other phenomena, they must have their corresponding verities. And every man knows that, and feels it. I care not what creed he may profess, these verities possess him. From the inmost recesses of his being they speak out with a voice that must be heard. They compel his belief in a God to whom he is accountable, and in himself as being



not nearly so much a living organism, nor even a thinking soul, as he is an undying spirit.

Here nature fails us. She cannot take us any further. What shall we do now? Science has, indeed, been a very fruitful and blessed mother to us. From her lap, through the grosser and finer arts, she has poured forth most bountifully and graciously to meet and supply our physical wants. And she is still full of promise. Philosophy is high and heaven-born. Not only has she brought us face to face with the inner forms and features of our nobler and better selves, and made us still nobler and better, but she has led us up to the very threshold of the spiritual world, and given us an occasional glimpse into it. All honor to science and philosophy. But shall we rest there? Shall we stop suddenly with only an irresistible conviction that there is a God, and that our lives are endless, but with no *just and adequate conception* of these things? Nay; we cannot: we dare not. This truth of nature is too small, too narrow, which only tells us that God *is*. It never can satisfy. If we claim to be truth-seekers at all, certainly if we mean to grasp the highest truth, we must try to find out *what* God is—what He is in Himself, and what He is to us. We are bound by the deepest and strongest instincts of our own being to seek an answer to those intensely eager questionings of the immortal spirit. But where shall the answer be found? Even if we should grant what has been suggested, "that the truth needed for the soul's inspiration and development is all in nature somewhere," we would still have to re-echo the two questions that follow: "But where is it? And how can a finite being extract it?"

Suffice to say that there is in the world to-day that which professes to be a direct revelation from God to man, and that it claims to bring life and immortality fully to light. It is not my business now to deal with Christian evidences. My chief object, under this head, was to show the transcendent importance and imperative demands of the spiritual enquiry, and the supreme folly of those who neglect it. But it is my privilege to speak to you as students of science, all of

whom are at least somewhat acquainted with scientific methods. Now it is evident that one of the most common of those methods may be applied in the present case. It may be done by regarding the Christian system as an hypothesis, and then bringing it to the test of facts—just as we do with the nebular hypothesis or any other. And if Christianity does actually account for the facts; if it explains the spiritual phenomena which are found in the highest, best nature of man; if it meets and satisfies the deep, earnest cravings of the human spirit as no other system has ever done or can do; then, in all honesty, and by everything we call scientific, we should accept it and cherish it as true, at least until we can find something better. And I am bold to say, even here, that the Christian faith will bear that test. It will come out from every such ordeal only shining forth with a richer and a diviner glory, and fully attest its right to be called, by way of pre-eminence, as it is so often called, "The Truth." It was a young Hindoo pagan who exclaimed, "'Love your enemies! Bless them that curse you!' How beautiful! How divine! Surely this is the truth!"

Broad and boundless, indeed, is the field into which men dig for the hidden "treasures of wisdom and knowledge." The first thought that strikes one is that there is surely room enough for all. Strange that the very next thought may be What jealousy among those who occupy different parts of the field! As if there were not room enough for all, or as if truth were in some way divided. Faith is set against reason, and reason against faith. The scientist ignores the supernatural, and the theologian despises that which is purely natural, and both look with an eye of dread suspicion upon philosophy. Such jealousy is not merely unwise; it is most unwarrantable. Faith and reason are never opposed to each other. Every logical inference in things natural is an act of faith; and that highest exercise of faith, which grasps the supernatural, and takes hold of spiritual truth, is also the highest exercise of reason. There is no acquisition of know-

ledge whatever without both of these principles: they cannot be divorced.

Nor is truth divided. Never. The story is told of a man who was trying to cut down a very large tree. After hewing away for several days, he made up his mind to go and have a chat with another man, whose axe he heard some distance away. He walked on towards him around the tree, and went on and on, until at last, he came to him, and found that he was making the chips fly from the very same tree that he had been chopping at so long. Truth is an exceedingly large tree; and the great reason why those who cut into it are so jealous of each other is that they cut too much at one spot. If they only took more pains to walk around it, and look at it from every side, they would soon see that, though they occupy different positions, and though they are cutting in different directions, yet there is really only one tree, and they are all striving to get at the very heart of it. The circle of knowledge is a very wide circle, to be sure, and its radii are infinite; but they never cross each other: they all converge to one common centre, and that centre is truth. Truth divided! Nay; it cannot be. It is myriad-sided; a beautiful, clear, shining crystal, that presents itself to us under an endless variety of phases and modifications, but always only one single crystal that never can be broken.

The best men are finding this out. The best men of science are finding it out. They know that the men who have really explored the mysteries, and unlocked the secrets of nature, are the men who have been touched by the spirit of God. The proof of that is simply a matter of turning up the most prominent names in the history of scientific development. The best men of the schools are finding it out. The McCoshes and the Ferriers join hands most heartily with the physicist on the one side, and the doctor of divinity on the other, and make most excellent use of both. The best men of the church are finding it out. See Dr. Duff, one of the most devoted, most able, and most successful of modern missionaries, who dared to set aside all precedent, and the very

strict orders of the church that sent him, and carried science and philosophy, and every form of truth to the swarthy children of India, not merely for their civilization, but specially for their Christianization. These things are full of assurance.

What is truth? How eagerly the question is pressed on every hand! "O Truth, Truth! how the marrow of my soul cries out after thee!" exclaimed St. Augustine. So the world to-day, sick at heart of sham, is crying out as it never did before for that which will stand the test, and nothing else will satisfy. False theories in science are going to the wall. There was much need of it. Metaphysical quibblings are no longer tolerated. They never should have been. Even the creeds of the church are put through the furnace. It is well; false creeds are no better than false anything-else. Let the sifting be most thorough and complete, if only the good and evil be not thrown away together.

Gentlemen of the Science Association, this glorious possession of truth may be ours. She will always respond to wise and earnest wooing. Ignorance is bondage. But our eyes free from the scales of prejudice, and our minds and hearts conspiring in the pursuit of true wisdom, ignorance and misconception must fly as the darkness of night before the light of the morning. We shall "know the truth, and the truth; and the truth shall make us free." Be it ours, then, to become more familiar with the spirit and methods of the age. Be it ours especially to seize and prize that which is best suited to ourselves. But be it ours, at the same time to "prove all things," and always "hold fast that which is good."

WILLIAM ELLIOTT.

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"They say

The solid earth whereon we tread  
In tracks of fluent heat began,  
And grew to seeming random forms,  
The seeming prey of cyclic storms  
Till at the last arose the man."

TENNYSON.

## SKETCHES IN CHINA.

**T**HSING-JIN, or men of Thsing, as the Chinese style themselves, compose a very large factor in the world's population, the Emperor of China being the ruler of about one-third of the human race, and his dominions extending over an area equalling about one-tenth of the habitable globe. Some people speak most highly of the antiquity, the wisdom, the ingenuity of the Chinese; while others, especially those who have lived amongst them, utterly condemn them. These say that their learning has not advanced beyond treasuring up the sayings of some ancient sages, that their accomplishments have been acquired from other people, and that their antiquity as a nation is largely mythical.

Certainly their character, as we see it to-day, is not the most prepossessing. They are deceitful in everything; honesty is only practised when every other scheme fails. They are industrious, but, half of the time, gamble away the fruits of their labour. They practise every species of immorality, and are destitute of any real religion. They are wonderfully good merchants. They are ingenious, but their ingenuity is for the most part misdirected. They lack originality, but they can imitate with marvelous fidelity. They are intensely conservative, and never permit innovations if they can be prevented; they are content to do as their fathers did before them. Even in their clothing they preserve the same conservatism. Indeed, the style of clothing is a matter of law, and it is only by official sanction, at the different seasons of the year, that a Chinaman can change his costume, even to suit the exigencies of the weather. The queue, or pig-tail, as it is more commonly called, is a curious relic, or token of the conquest by the Tartars, who enforced its adoption as a sign of servitude. Now, however, the greatest indignity you can inflict upon a Chinaman is to cut off his queue. Though they are very particular in the style of their garments, they are not particular in the matter of cleanliness. They don't know what soap is,

and never wash either themselves or their clothing if they can possibly avoid it. The filth of the Chinese city is utterly beyond description.

The Chinese are great cooks. A first-class dinner is a most elaborate and wonderful affair. The number of dishes is sometimes hundreds; perhaps fifty different kinds of soup will be offered you, and you are expected to try everything. The meats are cut up into small pieces, so that they may be handled with chopsticks. Tea is the standard beverage at all times, and is served in small cups. Rice is largely used, the poorer classes living almost entirely upon it. Chinese taste is peculiar. A great many edibles, that they esteem delicacies, we would be very slow to adopt, or even to try for an experiment. A story is told of a gentleman, a fresh arrival, who was dining with a Chinaman: One dish he found very good, and ate heartily of it. Not speaking Chinese, he attempted to enquire of his host as to what he had been eating, by pointing to the dish and saying, interrogatively, "Quack? Quack?" His host gravely replied, shaking his head, "Bow! Wow!" I saw in Canton a cook-shop where nothing was sold but cat and dog meat. A thriving business was being done, and there was a large stock on hand. Rats and mice are esteemed dainties. Men go about the streets selling fricasseed mice. I have seen them carrying a couple of dozen little rodents, nicely cooked and suspended by their tails to a bamboo rod. Sharks' fins, birds' nests, snails and insects are also on their list of edibles.

The social observances and ceremonials of etiquette are very numerous, and strictly enforced. Every rank has the right to exact certain complimentary speeches, a certain number of bows and a prescribed position in a room from an inferior. No matter how simple may be the reason for a call, all the formalities have to be gone through first, and then the real object of the visit is perhaps accomplished in a few minutes. So great importance is attached to private and public etiquette that a member of the Supreme Government, the Minister of Rites and Ceremonies, has the control and

direction of all such matters. It is this same individual that has control of the fashions and dictates the style of clothing to be worn by the different ranks.

Paternal authority is supreme in a Chinese family; and, until the death of the parent, the son never attempts to dispute the commands of his father. And upon the father's death, the dutiful son spares no expense in giving him the finest funeral within his means, sometimes spending his whole fortune in the display. The greatest respect a son can pay his father in his lifetime is to present him with a handsome coffin, which the father proudly sets up, as an ornament, in his house. The chief feature of religion, as manifested by the Chinese, is the worship of their ancestors—paternal ancestors—no attention being paid to the mother. The bereaved son observes a protracted season of mourning, and on certain occasions, particularly the anniversary, performs many ceremonies in honor of his father, and burns innumerable Joss-sticks before the domestic altar. Cremation is also practised by some of the Chinese, and, in such cases, the ashes are placed in an earthenware jar and buried. Some of the English residents, referring to these, irreverently describe the defunct as “potted ancestors.”

I had often read of opium smoking, the glowing descriptions of its curious and delightful effects; so, when in Shanghai, my friend and I took the opportunity to experiment. Placing ourselves under the guidance of a Celestial named “Ah Sin,” we were taken to a popular opium smoking establishment. It was very extensive and adapted to different classes of customers. We were honored with the handsomest couches in the place and paid accordingly. The operation of smoking opium is very slow and tedious. The smoker reclines in a sort of couch, and is furnished with a pipe, a small lamp, a piece of wire, and a cup of opium. He takes a little opium, which resembles molasses, on the end of the wire, heats it at the flame of the lamp, causing it to swell and become gummy. Then he takes his pipe, the bowl of which has a flat surface on the top, through which is pierced a small hole. On this

bowl he dextrously fastens the opium, and, pushing the wire in and drawing it out, he leaves the opium on the pipe with an opening through it for the passage of air. Now, he holds the pipe to his lips and brings the opium, on the bowl, in contact with the flame of the lamp, then in one or two inhalations fills his lungs with the smoke of the burning opium. Under these instructions of our guide, we took about three times as much as we should have taken, and, in consequence, had to endure the unpleasantness of being extremely sick after it. I had any amount of dreams, but they became all mixed up. There were too many, and the unpleasant sensations I experienced completely drowned all other feelings. I have thought since that the guide wanted to get us completely drugged in the opium den, in order to rob us. At any rate, my experience was such that I never wish to repeat it. Opium smoking is a great curse to China. Its effects are most deleterious; the constitution is ruined, the intellect destroyed, and premature death almost certain.

The language of the Chinese is monosyllabic, and is expressed in writing by phonetic signs, each of which represents one entire word. Consequently, the student has the task of learning thirty or forty thousand of these signs, in order to read and write. The spoken language is no easier, because nearly every word has four or five inflexions, and each inflexion attaches a totally different meaning to the word. The vernacular of the common people differs in each province, so much that they cannot understand each other's speech, but communication can always be had in writing, since the same signs have the same meaning all over the Empire. One dialect, the Mandarin, is acquired by all people of education, and in official positions. The Celestials find it almost impossible to acquire the proper pronunciation of many English words. As a result, the English, as spoken by the Chinese, becomes almost a distinct language, and is called "Pidgin Inkili." "Pidgin" being the Chinese pronunciation of "business," thus indicating the origin or cause of the acquirement. Some of their expressions are very odd. If you ask for a sick friend, his Chinese servant



will probably tell you "He too muchee sick! He no can makee walkee." They describe a steamship as "All samee plenty junk! four pieces bamboo, two pieces puff-puff, inside walkee, walkee no can see;" meaning, "As large as several junks, with four masts, two smoke-stacks, and a propeller they cannot see." The Bishop of Hong-Kong is described as "A number one, topside, Heaven-pidgin-man."

F. W. BARRETT, M. A.

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#### SOME SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF AUSTRALIA.

THE well-accredited visitor to Australia may lay his account with having what the Americans call "a lovely time." His hosts—and all the colonies will be his hosts—will strain every nerve to make him enjoy himself. Australian hospitality is proverbial the world over, and it has in it a cordial freshness that imparts to it a special charm. If he be a true man, he will leave no colony without realizing that he is leaving behind him in it many warm and genuine friends. He need not be a very susceptible person to find that, with the friendships he has left, he may have left his heart as well. Australian ladies have a characteristic bright, airy piquancy. They sparkle as, perhaps, not even the American lady sparkles. Their "manner"—one finds one asking oneself, bewilderedly, how or whence they get it—for you will find it in the damsel of a remote bush township as graceful, frank, debonnaire and winsome, as in the Melbourne girl, who may have spent half a dozen years in European residence and travel. One of the finest ladies I have ever met, in every shade of inflection of that term, was never outside the colony of Victoria in her life, except for a short visit to New Zealand. Australian ladies read. I fancy Gordon and Gotch could supply some startling statistics in regard to the number of high-class reviews and periodicals they export to the Antipodes. I am happy to say that I never met a blue-stocking in Australia; but I have had the honor of converse with many Australian women of high

culture and deep thought on subjects, superficial thought on which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. But you do not find yourself oppressed by untimely volunteered frankness of this sort; you have to seek that you may find. To sum up, with a curtness and rough generalization for which apology is due, Australian ladies are fairly accomplished; in modern languages they are somewhat weak; in music very good, occasionally exceptionally so. They all sing, and many sing well. The most exquisite flower-painter I know lives under the Southern Cross, and her gift is real genius. Victoria can boast of an amateur actress, in whom, also, I ventured to recognize something of the sacred fire. In physique they are taller, slighter, more lithe, shapelier, than their congeners at home; their color, save in Tasmania, is seldom brilliant. The expression is full of vivacity; the eyes nearly always good, and the head and feet shapely, although not, as are those of American ladies, exceptionally small. They dance divinely.

Australian gentlemen are manly, cordial fellows—more pronounced and less reserved than are our people at home. The tone is a trifle more brusque, but it has the genuine ring in it. I think, perhaps, that they have even more prejudices than we have—I do not mean personal prejudices—and they are certainly freer-spoken in the enunciation of them. They are wholly without one attribute that is a discredit to so many Englishmen—the affectation of being idlers because of an absence of necessity for being workers. “Have you a leisure class?” asked an Englishman of an American. “What is that, anyhow?” interrogated the citizen of the Union. “A class who can afford to have no avocation,” explained the Briton. “Why, certainly,” responded the American, with alacrity; “*we call them tramps.*” It is much the same in Australia. The only people who let themselves afford to have no specific object in life are the “sundowners,” as they are colonially called; the loafers who saunter from station to station in the interior, secure of a nightly ration and a bunk. Bar the “sundowner,” every Australian man has his avocation, and would think shame of himself to ape a sorry pride of not being indus-

trious in it. He works like a man and he plays like a man—sometimes like a boy. He is more speculative than is the business man who is his home correlative; and he, therefore, may experience greater vicissitudes of fortune. But he has an elasticity and versatility that are more American than English; and so copious are the opportunities of Australia, that if fortune frowns to-day she may smile to-morrow from ear to ear. In all Australian life there remains still a large out-of-door element, comprising occasional hard exercise, the recoil from which has a tendency to make men burly, if not portly. Theirs is a ruddier, sturdier manhood than is ours, even in the towns. In culture, in refinement, in manner, the Australian women are the superiors, for the most part of the Australian men; but I think this is so in all communities of which the civilization has not attained to an exceptional degree of finished organization.

FORBES.

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#### COINS.

It is clear that the metals far surpass all other substances in suitability for the purpose of circulation, and it is almost equally clear that certain metals surpass all the other metals in this respect. Of gold and silver especially, we may say, with Turgot, that, by the nature of things, they are constituted the universal money independently of all convention and law. Even if the art of coining had never been invented, gold and silver would probably have formed the currency of the world; but we have now to consider how, by shaping weighted pieces of these metals into coins, we can make use of their valuable properties to the greatest advantage.

The primitive mode of circulating the metals, indeed, was simply that of buying and selling them against other commodities, the weights or portions being rudely estimated. Some of the earliest specimens of money consist of the *aes rude*, or rough, shapeless lumps of native copper employed as money by the ancient Etruscans. In the Museum of the

Archiginnasio at Bologna may be seen the skeleton of an Etruscan, half embedded in earth with the piece of rough copper yet within the grasp of the bony hand, placed there to meet the demands of Charon. Pliny, moreover, tells us that before the time of Servius Tullius, copper was circulated in the rude state. Afterward copper, brass, or iron were, it is probable, employed in the form of small bars or spikes, and the name of the Greek unit of value, *drachma*, is supposed to have been derived from the fact that six of these metal spikes could be grasped in the hand, each piece being called an *obolus*. Such is supposed to have been the first system of money which was passed purely by *tale*, or number of pieces.

Gold is most readily obtained from alluvial deposits, and then has the form of grains or dust. Hence this is the primitive form of gold money. The ancient Peruvians enclosed the gold dust, for the sake of security, in quills, and thus passed it about more conveniently.

At the gold diggings of California, Australia, or New Zealand, gold dust is to the present day sold directly against other goods by the aid of scales. The art of melting gold and silver and fashioning them by the hammer into various shapes was early invented. Even in the present day, the poor Hindoo, who has saved up a few rupees, employs a silversmith to melt them up and beat them into a simple bracelet, which he wears in the double character of an ornament and a hoard of wealth. Similarly, the ancient Goths and Celts were accustomed to fashion gold into thick wires, which they rolled up into spiral rings and probably wore upon their fingers until the metal was wanted for trading purposes. There can be little doubt that this ring money, of which abundant specimens have been found in various parts of Europe and Asia, formed the first approximation to a coinage. In some cases the rings may have been intentionally made of equal weight; for Cæsar speaks of the Britons as having iron rings, adjusted to a certain weight, to serve as money. In other cases the rings, or amulets, were bought and sold by aid of the balance; and in certain Egyptian paintings men are represented as in the act

of weighing rings. It is probable that the necessity for frequent weighings was avoided by making up sealed bags containing a certain weight of rings, and such perhaps are the bags of silver given by Naaman to Gehazi in the Second Book of Kings (v. 23). Ring money is said to be still current in Nubia.

Gold and silver have been fashioned into various other forms to serve as money. Thus, the Siamese money consists of very small ingots or bars bent double in a peculiar manner. In Pondicherry and elsewhere gold is circulated in the form of small grains or buttons. The date of the invention of coining can be assigned with some degree of probability. Coined money was clearly unknown in the Homeric times, and it was known in the time of Lycurgus. We might, therefore, assume, with various authorities, that it was invented in the meantime, or about 900 B.C. There is a tradition, moreover, that Pheidon, King of Argos, first struck silver money in the island of Ægina about 895 B.C., and the tradition is supported by the existence of small stamped ingots of silver which have been found in Ægina. Later inquiries, however, lead to the conclusion that Pheidon lived in the middle of the eighth century B.C., and Grote has shown good reasons for believing that what he did accomplish was done in Argos, and not in Ægina.

The mode in which the invention happened is sufficiently evident. Seals were familiarly employed in very early times, as we learn from the Egyptian paintings or the stamped bricks of Nineveh. Being employed to signify possession, or to ratify contracts, they came to indicate authority. When a ruler first undertook to certify the weights of pieces of metal, he naturally employed his seal to make the fact known, just as, at Goldsmith's Hall, a small punch is used to certify the fineness of plate. In the earliest forms of coinage there were no attempts at so fashioning the metal that its weight could not be altered without destroying the stamp or design. The earliest coins struck, both in Lydia and in the Peloponnesus, were stamped on one side only. The Persian money, called the *larin*, consists of a round silver wire, about six centimeters

long, bent in two, and stamped on one part which is flattened for the purpose. It is probably a relic of ring money. The present circulation of China is composed to a considerable extent of the so-called Sycee silver, which consists of small shoe-shaped ingots, assayed and stamped, according to some accounts, by the Government.

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

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To opponents of the advancement of science, it is of little use to offer explanation and arguments. They mock at the botanist as a pedant, and the zoologist as a monomaniac; they execrate the physiologist as a monster of cruelty, and brand the geologist as a blasphemer; chemistry is held responsible for the abomination of aniline dyes and the pollution of rivers, and physics for the dirt and misery of great factory towns. By these unbelievers science is declared responsible for individual eccentricities of character, as well as for the sins of the commercial utilizers of new knowledge. The pursuit of science is said to produce a dearth of imagination, incapability of enjoying the beauty either of nature or of art, scorn of literary culture, arrogance, irreverence, vanity, and the ambition of personal glorification. Such are the charges, from time to time, made by those who dislike science, and for such reasons they would withhold, and persuade others to withhold, the fair measure of support for scientific research which this country owes to the community of civilized States. Science is not a name applicable to any one branch of knowledge, but includes all knowledge which is of a certain order or scale of completeness. All knowledge which is deep enough to touch the causes of things is science; all inquiry into the causes of things is scientific inquiry. To aid in the production of a new knowledge is the keenest and the purest pleasure of which man is capable. The progress and diffusion of scientific research, its encouragement and reverential nurture, should be a chief business of the community, whether collectively or individually, at the present day.—*Prof. Lankester.*

THE endowment of research by the State, or from public funds of any kind, is opposed on various grounds. It is well enough to leave to individual effort the conduct of such enterprises as are remunerative to the parties who conduct them; but it is a mistake to speak of scientific research as an "enterprise" at all. The mistake arises from the extraordinary pertinacity with which so-called "invention" is confounded with the discovery of scientific truth. New knowledge in biological or other branches of science cannot be sold; it has no marketable value. Neither by teaching in the form of popular lectures, nor by teaching university or professional students who desire, as a result, to pass some examination test, is it possible, where there is a fair field and no favor, for a man to gain a reasonable income, and at the same time to leave himself time and energy to carry on original investigations in science.

The distance of the sun is the base line, in terms of which almost every other lineal magnitude in astronomy is to be expressed. An accurate measurement of this base will infuse accuracy into all the other astronomical quantities which spring from it. When we have learnt the distance of the sun we can measure the bulk of the sun and his diameter; we can measure the great planet Jupiter or the rings of Saturn, and the scale of the whole solar system becomes known to us. Again, when we attack the loftiest problem in practical astronomy, and seek to stretch a sounding line over the vast abyss which divides our system from the stars, it is the distance of the sun which we must use as our measuring rod. No pains should be spared to give to so fundamental a unit all the precision of which it is capable. Let us define accurately the magnitude to be measured. The actual distance from the earth to the sun is not constant. In these autumnal months the distance is rapidly decreasing. We are at this moment drawing nearer and nearer to the sun at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Next Christmas we shall be about a million and a half miles closer to the sun than we are to-night.

At the commencement of the new year we shall begin to recede. Next midsummer will find us as far from the sun as possible; then we shall draw in again, arrive next autumn where we are this autumn, and commence anew the cycle of changes I have indicated. Though these changes amount to millions of miles, yet they are at the utmost only a small fraction of the sun's distance. To superficial observation the sun always seems the same size, and hence there can be no great relative changes in its distance. There is no difficulty in understanding what is meant by the average distance of the sun. To express the idea with precision we may borrow the language of mathematics, and say that the distance from the earth to the sun consists of two parts—a large constant part and a small periodical part. The important problem, and the difficult problem, is the measurement of the large constant part.

PAPUANS.—Papua is a splendid field for our cotton manufacturers, as at present the only clothing worn is a waistcloth by the men, and a short grass petticoat by the women. Both sexes tattoo their bodies more or less grotesquely, and considerable proficiency in decorative art is sometimes displayed. A Papua swell must be a pretty sight. He has very small feet, and he ornaments his ankles with strings of shells. He braces in his waist tightly with black cord plaited with gold colored straw; he adorns his hair with bright red flowers and berries; and he surrounds his neck with a red shell necklace, from which depends a boar's tusk. His face is painted red on one side and black and white on the other; while, from the ligatures and bracelets on his arms, the graceful pandanus leaf, curiously embroidered, flows far behind. The women are said to be well formed and often pretty when young; they mix freely and on equal terms with the men, except that they have to do the bulk of the heavy work. Their dwellings are of peculiar construction, are invariably built on piles, and a number of them are connected together by a continuous platform of poles and bamboos.—*Chambers' Journal.*



## SOCIETY NOTES.

REV. J. W. ANNIS, B.A., '76, has received a unanimous call to take charge of the Methodist church at Barrie. We congratulate Mr. Annis on his growing popularity.

REV. JAMES ALLEN, M.A., of Ottawa, paid us a flying visit a few days since.

ONTARIO Ladies' College, Whitby, has, we believe, opened very successfully, and with greatly increased facilities. Rev. J. J. Hare, M.A., is the popular and successful Principal.

R. A. COLEMAN, B.A., '79, brother of Dr. Coleman, of Victoria University, has just passed his final examination for Barrister and Solicitor, and opened out an office in Toronto. We wish him every success.

MR. C. A. MASTEN, too, of class '79, has also lately been sworn in as a Barrister. On the final, Mr. Masten headed the list, a fitting conclusion to his brilliant record as a student.

ON the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 21st, the Inaugural Address of our Association was delivered by the Associate President, Mr. Wm. Elliott, on the subject, "What is Truth?" The dark and rainy evening made the audience much smaller than it would otherwise have been. Professor Reynar very agreeably occupied the chair, and the lecture was listened to with rapt attention from beginning to end. Mr. Elliott's style is graceful and pleasing, and his remarks gave evidence of a good deal of original and profound thought. At the close a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Elliott, and the audience departed well satisfied with the evening's entertainment. We have pleasure in presenting to our readers in the Nov. and Dec. Nos. of the *V. P. Journal* Mr. Elliott's lecture, which will well repay a careful perusal by those who think.

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