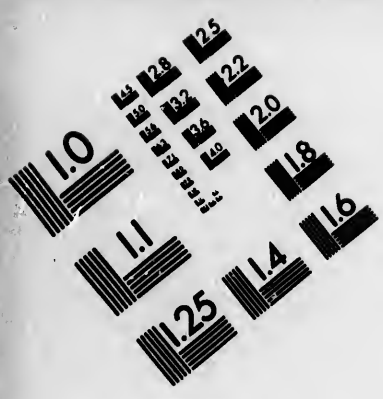

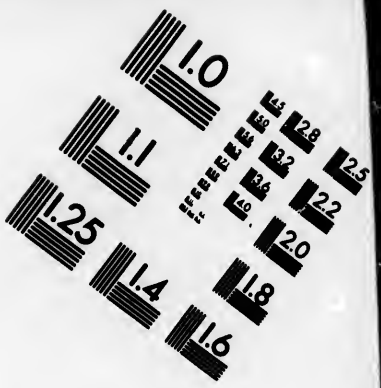

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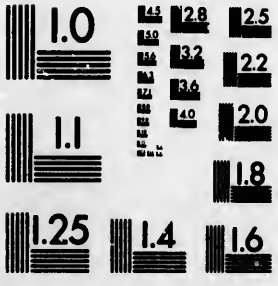

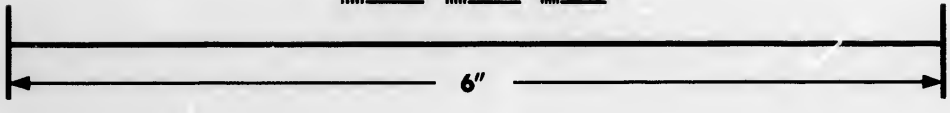

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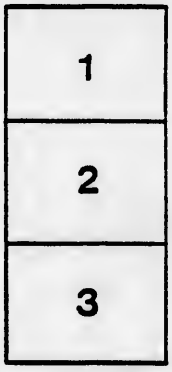

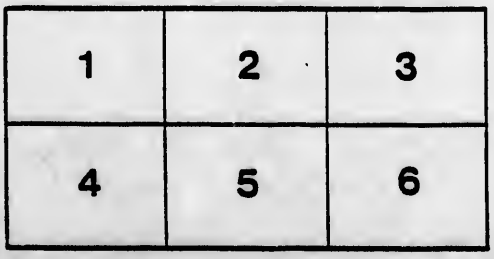

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY

OF

Victoria College,

MAY 22nd, 1861,

BY PROFESSOR WILSON, A. M.

Published by request of the Alumni.

TORONTO:
PRINTED AT THE "GUARDIAN" STEAM PRESS.
1861.

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The University of Victoria College,

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GENTLEMEN,—The architect and the engineer must have a peculiar satisfaction in the result of their respective skill, labour, and enterprise. There it is, tangible and visible, patent to the world, commending itself to every intelligent passer-by. Not so with those who deal with mind; that subtle, invisible, yet most potent mystery; that present yet impalpable something, which defies analysis, whilst itself analyzes all things. What has he to show for his labour who has wrought, or attempted to work, on such material? What result is there to attest the toil and power of the educator? If there is none, then his office is on a par with the tread-mill—labour for its own sake, than which it is hard to conceive anything more irksome. If result there is, and that of a satisfactory kind, then, though it may be invisible, impalpable, yet being exhibited in that which is most efficient and masterly, it must be of prime importance. Such indeed seems to be the prevalent opinion. The most enlightened nations are those which attach the most importance to the work of education. Never were so many minds undergoing the process as at the present time. The following quotation from an address delivered by a leading statesman of the 17th century, I found in T. B. at Oxford. "The very truth is, that all wise princes respect the welfare of their estates, and consider that schools and universities are (as in the body) the noble and vital parts which, being vigorous and sound, send good blood and active spirits into the veins and arteries, which cause health and strength, or if feeble or ill affected, corrupt all the vital parts, whereupon grow diseases, and in the end death itself."

I make these preliminary remarks because I am called upon to address the Alumni of this University; gentlemen who, as such, are regarded as having claims to the title of educated men. You never can be, and if you could, you would not be such as you were before you had become the subjects of that mental training, that intellectual cultivation, which has now, or at some former period, received the final seal and stamp of official approval. Unaffectedly I beg to express the wish which rises unbidden, that some fitter representative of your Alma Mater were appointed to address you on the present occasion; but the responsibility has been devolved upon me, and I must discharge it to the best of my ability.

The following remarks have been suggested, more or less, by one word which often occurs in the conversation of Socrates, namely—Καλοκαγ. A blessing be on the memory of the old Greek for that one word. It contains a volume of meaning, which, with as little dilution as possible, I shall endeavour to translate into modern English.

It presents goodness in two aspects, the one moral, the other æsthetic. Now the peculiar value of the word was this, that it recognized a unity as subsisting between two things which are often mistaken as aliens to each other, and reciprocally hostile, namely, good taste and good principle. It embodied a grand idea which may be thus stated:—The highest style of goodness is beautiful, or, the highest kind of beauty is moral goodness. But, says an objector, what has beauty to do with morality? The province of beauty is under the direction of taste, whilst morality is under the cognizance of conscience. Be it so; but what if these two powers, the conscience and the taste, have at all times considerable influence upon each other, and can be shown to have intimate relations, unless when some violence is done to either, or, it may be, to both.

Now, what we claim for the propounder of this word is simply the discovery of a truth which has seemed for a long time to elude the notice of many otherwise distinguished men. That truth, as already stated, may be expressed thus,—The highest style of goodness is beautiful, or, the highest kind of beauty is moral goodness. Men have acted and spoken as if there was a contrariety, an irreconcilable hostility, or at least an utter incompatibility between the two things, as if indeed the farther an act receded from the one, the more closely it approximated to the other.

Observe the two great parties into which England was divided during the struggles between the Royalists and the Commonwealth men of the 17th century. There were men of worth on each side—heroic, admirable men—men who ought to have been friends, but who

by their very sincerity and heroism were but impelled to the more violent antagonism. We shall dismiss from consideration the knaves or hypocrites of either side, and look at the more reputable and more truly representative men on either side. Doubtless there were schemers, unprincipled adventurers, who assigned themselves to the ranks of whichever party seemed the more likely to recompense them; but the two parties consisted in the main of men who were thoroughly in earnest, and who identified all that was good and desirable with the success of their own views, the triumphs of their own principles. What was the leading distinction between these two great parties which threatened at one time to dissolve the very bonds of rational unity in England? There were good men in both camps, but there was a marked difference in the *style* of the goodness of their respective worthies. On the one side there was elegance, sprightliness, gentlemanly bearing, abhorrence of meanness, fastidious disdain of all coarseness. On the other what was there? Steeple hats covering hard heads; buff jerkins casing upright, truth-loving hearts; conscientious detestation of usurped and tyrannical power; an unblenching resolve to reform abuses or die. The Cavaliers almost adored their King. Submission to his will was law. Extension of his prerogative was personal aggrandizement. Though at the same time they were sufficiently sensitive on the subject of their personal rights, and resented the slightest infringement on the privileges of their order, yet if the king called for their service, no enterprize was too hazardous, no toil too arduous, no sacrifice too painful. Life, fortune, and fame were risked without a murmur when the safety or honour of the throne demanded the costly offering. The same party revered the church established by law, with her choice diction, and carefully-graduated ministry. She was to every true Cavalier the embodiment of everything graceful; the patroness of learning, the bulwark of the nation, the pattern of things heavenly. There was a certain beauty in their idea; there was a something charming in the thought of a centre of unity, which should attract all parts of the social circle to itself, which should remain ever distinct, and yet be always diffusive of its own dignity, geniality, and power: there was beauty in the loyalty of the courtly knight who, seeing the lion-hearted Queen Bess about to step on a muddy place, flung down his cloak before her feet, and after it had afforded her Majesty a clean pathway, put it on his own shoulders again in its bedrabbled condition, as if every particle of soil were an additional blazonry of his escutcheon.

There was beauty in the devotion of the University of Oxford, when it melted down its plate to replenish the royal exchequer,—aye, and

there was something admirable in the fidelity of many a poor Highlander, who knew the hiding-place of his Prince, when a price was set upon that Prince's head, and when a visit to a neighbouring magistrate and a few words of information would have raised him for the rest of his days above all need for labour; and who, knowing all this, kept his secret as a sacred deposit, which no human power could wrest from his keeping. Again, there was a sort of fascination in the union of secular power and ecclesiastical authority, of ritualistic observances with courtly usages.

The most rigid Republican will, we think, admit that there was an element of beauty, of attractiveness, in the general bearing of that party, and, still more, in the *idea* which actuated and vivified their conduct.

Now let us look at the other side. There were men in the ranks of the Commonwealth who were not of a rebellious spirit, and who arrived slowly and unwillingly at the conclusion which, having once arrived at it, they held resolutely and at all hazards, until the consummation of the struggle. That conclusion was, that conscience demanded a non-recognition of the man Charles, (as some of them irreverently termed him whom their Royalist antagonists delighted to call their "most religious and gracious Sovereign Lord King Charles,") a protest against usurpation of power in church and in state, and an exposure of shames and impostures. Hampden cared nothing for the few shillings which were exacted from him as ship-money; but both Hampden and, with him, half the nation, cared everything for the principle involved in the question of that exaction.

Now there is nothing beautiful in rebellion, or in revolution. It is indicative of evils to be removed, of wrongs to be redressed, and of rights to be vindicated. It is perhaps necessary at times, but certainly not desirable for its own sake—not the normal condition of human society. Yet if there was little beauty in the action of that party which organized itself for the purpose of staying tyranny, and of so lopping its branches that it could never thenceforth overshadow the land; if there was little veneration for time-honoured usages and institutions, certainly there was goodness, soundness of principle, and purity of life, sufficient to show, that, if they could not strongly enlist the sympathies of the heart, they were at least entitled to respect and gratitude.

Both sides had, we think, something of right. Each of these two great parties had a defect which might be considered as the negative of that which abounded, or comparatively superabounded on the side of its antagonist. If the one, instead of being *antagonistic*, had con-

sented to become *supplementary* to the other, then this Καλοκαγαθια, of which we speak, would have been exemplified in the national history. Such indeed has, to a large extent, been the case, since experience has led to mutual respect and co-operation in many a domestic and foreign enterprize.

Would it be presumptuous to hazard the opinion that neither was permitted to gain a complete victory, because neither was entirely in the right? Each was in turn in the ascendant to such a degree as sufficed to exhibit its tendencies, and to demonstrate the necessity of some countervailing check—some balancing force to prevent the pernicious effects of one-sided predilections and principles of action.

Had the Royalists gained the day at Marston Moor and Naseby, England had bidden farewell to liberty; and not England only, but Europe, and the world, unless, indeed, some now unknown agency had been developed by the unseen hand of an All-Wise Ruler. A few men, highly polished in manners, magnificent in style of living, gallant soldiers (and gallant civilians), would have constructed, in the King's name, a despotism not less rigid, but inconceivably more intelligent, more living, more formidable than that of any Eastern monarchy. Every post of honour and every office of authority would have been occupied by themselves, or their nominees; every avenue to promotion blocked up to all except their own favourites; every outlet of liberty watched and guarded; and all who were out of the pale of one small circle of exquisites would have been doomed, so far as men could doom them, to ignorance, brutality and degradation.

On the other hand, if the Protectorate had survived Oliver Cromwell, and if the principles of the party which had placed that great 'τυραννος' on the first seat in the Commonwealth had been left to flourish in unrestricted luxuriance, what would have become of refinement, of the fine arts, of the thousand decencies which give a charm to social life? I imagine a people drilled to the endurance of twenty-headed lectures, and a rising generation looking forward to the inevitable wearing of steeple-hats. Think of children answering to such names as are ascribed by historians to two youths of the Barebones family! The first was called Praise God; the second had a praenomen which embraced a body of divinity.

In the latter instance a great truth was put in a wrong place. Just this is what would have resulted: Great truths would have been thrust into places intended for little truths; and thus two bad effects had followed—the crowding out of the little truths, and the misshaping of the great ones. Good principles were so wrenched from

good taste as to acquire a homliness that was at best unattractive, and frequently repulsive.

It is, to my own mind, interesting to find that the ancestors of the Rev. John Wesley seem to have diverged from side to side, according as either party began to exhibit its natural proclivities to excess. Originally a High-churchman, his grandfather left the Established Church—so far at least as its emoluments were concerned—on Bartholomew's Day, for conscience' sake. In the next generation, when non-conformity assumed a more pretentious aspect, and proceeded to lay aside its meek and self-defensive attitude, when calves'-head clubs (unless their enemies have misrepresented them) were organized in systematic derision of royalty, his father and mother avowed hearty repugnance to such aberrations, and became again members of a Church which they considered to have been chastened and purified by its sufferings. In both instances these men, his father and his grandfather, pursued a course exactly opposite to that which would have been selected by time-servers; and even their enemies could not deny that their intentions were unswayed by considerations of worldly emolument.

But a proneness to divergence has shown itself not only in political parties, but also in nations; and often those adjacent to each other. In the parent countries from which Upper Canada and Lower Canada respectively have been colonized, what a difference! what an apparent discord! and yet I cannot but think that there is a grand capacity for concord—a something naturally supplementary, which will yet produce a magnificent harmony. What can compete with French *politesse?*—What but British sincerity? What can compare with French ardor?—What but British firmness? What can equal French tastefulness?—What but British good sense and well-principled moderation? In French history the Καλον or its semblance, in one form or another, has always swayed more or less the public mind, often, it is to be regretted, with a tremendous renunciation of the αγαθον. A Briton who prides himself on his bluntness does himself a wrong; a Frenchman in aiming at the same quality, (or that frankness, rather, of which the other is the counterfeit), might approximate to the happy medium. I trust it is not by accident that fragments of the two nations are placed in contiguity on the shores of this Canada of *theirs and ours.* Certainly if both sin against God they will be thorns in each others sides; but if both unite in allegiance to the same wise and gracious Lord, they will be friends more helpful and closer than brothers.

This Καλοκαγαθια is a power all but boundless in elevating, in unit-

ing, in strengthening, in perpetuating nations, churches, families,—in a word, all conceivable human organizations. There were two German peasants who had a disagreement about a piece of ground which adjoined their farms. Each one thought his own claim the stronger, yet neither charged the other with injustice. They saw the danger, however, of gradual corrosion of good feeling, and to prevent this they agreed to refer the matter to the magistrates of the nearest town. On the appointed day one of these honest men called for his neighbour to accompany him to the scene of trial. The other accosted him thus:—"My spring work is backward, and every day is valuable. You know both sides of the question; state them both to the judges, and whatever may be the decision, I will abide by it." The man thus retained on both sides went to the court, and did as his neighbour had desired. In the evening he returned, and found his friend ready to hear the result. "The judges," said he, "listened to me speaking first in my own behalf, and then in yours; and they thought your case the stronger, and accordingly decided in your favour. Now, I wish you joy." They were good neighbours ever after. Neither of them, I venture to say, was poorer in all that constitutes true wealth, for that day's trust on the one hand and fidelity on the other.

Again, this property cements political parties. Sallust in comparing the relative strength of the patricians and the popular party, though he evidently sympathizes with the latter, makes one significant admission. The strength of the Commons was, according to that astute writer, disorganized—more liable to disruption; that of the optimates was compact, they understood one another better—co-operated more faithfully; and thus, by their closer union, often proved an over-match for their more numerous adversaries.

In Churches this καλοκαγαθια is even more requisite and more effective than in political parties. Two things are absolutely indispensable. Truth is the material—truth embodied in living recipients—and this material must be employed from the foundation to the top-stone. Ecclesiastical structures may be constructed partly of truth and partly of falsehood—like the baronial castle the fall of which was chronicled a few months ago by the periodical press, (its walls were found to be merely coated on either side with hewn stone, whilst an artificial appearance of strength was effected by filling in with clay), or they may so disproportionately incline to one side as to resemble the once celebrated tower of Pisa, which seemed for generations to bid defiance to the laws of architecture, leaning as it did to one side, yet apparently immoveable. After all, its downfall was a mere question of time. Sooner or later it was certain to fall, and fall it did. But

whilst truth is essentially necessary as the material, another element is also requisite. The model of the Church is not the pyramid, which by its shape and the hugeness of its parts might without any cement be considered exempt from liability to collapse or overthrow. Yet after all, what is the pyramid? A monster tomb—an imposing deformity—an enduring monument of human power and of human imbecility. Not such the building which is to be the shrine of the Living One; the home in which he will delight to dwell and to walk; the building which is to be the embodiment not of death but of life. Capacious it must be, but comely in its proportions, faultless in its parts, beautiful as a whole. Its foundations are costly, its superstructure is gorgeous, its design was grand, its execution will be found to be perfect. Its parts are multifarious, and may bewilder an ignorant eye, but it is *one*—an unit—to the *Master-mind* which saw the end from the beginning; to Him who will yet honour the whole work with His approval, and dignify it with His presence and blessing for evermore. How shall the parts, great and small, of this wonderous pile coalesce? How cohere? What cement shall bind its various materials in one homogeneous whole? That uniting principle is charity,—the very effluence of the Divine nature itself. A strong Church is that which rests on truth, and whose members are one in the charity which comes from God, and which gives to each an interest in the well-being of all. Even truth, if maliciously spoken, is disuniting and weakening; whilst untruthful charity, or that *esprit de corps* which sometimes simulates it, is but as hay or stubble, or any crumbling material.

Let us suppose a case of religious controversy. It is a source of strength to be on the right side; to be conscious of truthfulness; but it is also a source of strength to have that magnanimity which scorns to take any unfair advantage; that generosity which would spare an antagonist as much as possible, even whilst it smote his errors with unsparing vigor. It is well known that some of the first scholars of the last century entered the lists against Mr. Wesley. In their ardor they sometimes made hasty quotations, which that accomplished controversalist soon detected to be erroneous. What should he do? Expose them? Turn the laugh of the *literati* of the day upon them? No man ever charged Mr. Wesley with anility. No man knew better than he when and how to answer a fool according to his folly, or to shake a pretentious impostor to pieces. But no man, we think, ever understood more thoroughly the laws of Christian controversy. He saw his advantage,—but he saw another advantage, that of not taking advantage of an unintentional error; that of sparing the feelings of sincere, well-meaning opponents. Instead, then, of exposing their mis-

quotations, and seeking to disparage them as literary men, he used to write a private letter to those parties, pointing out the mistake, and requesting them to amend it in the next edition. "O! but," some one may say, "he made himself amends by publishing his magnanimity." Not so. The publication of this fact was not owing to himself, but to his antagonists, some of whom (Bishop Warburton, for example,) were so charmed by his forbearance that they, with a sense of honor second only to his own, published their indebtedness. Who can tell how far the influence of that catholic charity extended? how it may have operated in disarming prejudice, and opening the way for the spread of a living Christianity?

Is there not a danger of separating religion from morality? True religion includes morality—lives or dies as it lives or dies; but it is certain that men have endeavoured to devise a religion which would release them from the obligations of morality,—a sort of commutation-tax for honesty, justice, and good faith. Let us suppose a body of men to attempt to combine a form of Christianity with a total disregard of Christian law. They might still meet in churches, retain some organization, wish to reach heaven, and even be willing to put up with some inconveniences for the sake of that end; yet without any moral life, without integrity, or community of spirit, what would be more contemptible, more truly horrible, than such an association? It is related of Mohammedan dervishes that their moral character is inversely as their devotion. Need we say that the spirit of every real Christian is a spirit of conformity to law; the law of truth, of kindness, and of integrity?

This is not to be attained by accident, or by a passive surrender of the mind to the force of circumstances and outward influences. As well might the mariner set out from the eastern continent and expect to reach the opposite coast by leaving his vessel to the operation of every breeze and current. There must be self-government,—a power to more than counteract external agencies. Again, no one becomes truly good without good instruction. No mind was ever healthily and vigorously developed unaided by external agency. What sun-light is to physical growth, good instruction is to mental development. What a spindling, sapless growth is that which takes place in a cellar, in the spring, when there is just vigor enough to grow, but not enough to grow aright! Could we suppose a vegetable sprouting under such circumstances suddenly endowed with power to think and feel, and to express its thoughts, it might soliloquize as follows:—"What a miserable life; how weak are these shoots; how miserable this yearning after something—I know not what—to give me strength and enjoy-

ment of life! But all around me are the same; all ghastly life—all repulsive!" Such are, I think, the sentiments of many a man who wants to enjoy life; whose mind, too, has in it true stamina, but who wills to live independently of any Divine light. He avoids it; courts darkness, and grows to a certain extent; but the development of his nature exhibits only mildew, decay, and corruption. In a Christian land there is sure to be enough of reflected light to elicit some kind of mental and moral growth; but it depends on each individual to say whether he shall come to the light—the life-giving, life-developing light of heaven—or despise instruction, and expect to accomplish the end of his being in moral darkness. Let the man who chooses the latter course look at himself, and say if the results of his choice are satisfactory. Let him look around, and, judging of others by himself, let him say whether human life is such as it was designed to be by a wise and good Creator. The fault must be somewhere. To hold the Creator responsible for such abnormal, unhealthy growth, whilst the provision which He has made for healthy, vigorous life and growth is neglected, would be preposterous and unreasonable.

This excellent endowment is something more than sympathy with what is good and honourable. Most men when they hear of a heroic act will admire. Does it follow that in like circumstances they would act in a similar way? Not unless there exists in the mind something more than a mere sentimental approbation. There must be some principle; some fulcrum to sustain the mind; some prime mover to propel to action. Some young men have thought that they would excel in moral goodness if it were not for some particular difficulties which, in their case, obstruct the way. They are mistaken. If those difficulties were removed their nature would be the same. Those very difficulties are placed before them as a test of sincerity—as an exercise of strength—and, if rightly dealt with, facilitate subsequent progress. Unless they become good in the face of difficulties, they will never become good.

The power of life is vast; it can resist unhealthy influences—assimilate heterogeneous materials. Who can explain? who bound it? "Give me," says the soul, "a principle of life—give me life, and I shall do anything!" Before it asks, that life is offered. He that hath the Son of God—intelligently, affectionately, and obediently—hath life. His complaint of men is: "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life."

But progress is stamped on the moral works of the Most High. Recent explorations reveal the existence of colossal trees, the seeds of which may have been sown before the deluge. Human institutions

had grown and decayed ; nations had sprung into existence and returned to nothingness; yet these long-lived princes of the vegetable world grew and increased in strength, and towered above all competitors, as if to be a type to man of his allotted part ; as if to say to him :—"O, thou chief of thy earthly works of God, wilt thou allow any created visible thing to out grow thee? Ours is but a vegetable life—thine is spiritual. If we, by imbibing the dews and rains of heaven, by opening every pore to the quickening rays of sun-light, have reached such grandeur—such vitality, such beauty, and such strength—so that we clap our hands for very joy, what mayst thou not attain to, thou image of God, thou heir of life eternal?

In order to the production of this excellence, there is need of *sentiment* and *principle.* Without the former, man would be like the regions of the frigid-zone in mid-winter. Nothing could grow, nothing live ; or at least nothing but inferior kinds of life. There might be no vice, but there could be no virtue. Without the latter—namely, good principle—he would be like the jungle of the torid-zone, overwhelmed with its own rankness, infested with beasts of prey and noxious reptiles. Yet this very warmth, when it comes under the controlling master hand of good principle, when the jungle is cleared and its noxious inmates are exterminated, will yield the richest odors, the most gorgeous sights, and ring with sounds the most melodious and exhilarating. Let the youth who dreads his own warmth of nature as the chief source of danger be encouraged. That very warmth, properly regulated, will become his chief accomplishment ; the very power which, under the Divine blessing, will bring forth all excellent things. But no amount of warmth or elevation of soul will supersede the necessity of cultivation, and cultivation will involve self-denial ; that self-control which will forego any gratification that is pernicious, immoral, or likely to be injurious in its influence upon others. Intellectual culture alone will not accomplish this. There must be the training of the heart, the eradication of vicious principles and implanting of virtuous ones, the correction of faults, the strengthening of what is weak, and the elevation of all that is low and grovelling, or else the man, however well versed he may be in the arts and sciences, is but a poor, pitiable waif on the sea of life. No height of deck or amplitude of canvass would compensate the stately ship for the lack of compass, rudder, or for the absence of captain and helmsman. Without these she had better been a log. Her very size and complexity make her the more inevitable prey to the winds and billows ; and whether she breaks upon a rock or goes down head foremost into the boiling surge makes little difference. Perish she must. And so must the unprin-

cipled man of letters—ay, even more madly, more ungovernably, than the unschooled churl. The swine feeding upon the top of the mountain were grovelling, it is true ; but the same swine when actuated by intelligence—and that a demoniac intelligence—became not less swinish, but more abominable. The lives and productions of many immoral men of genius illustrate the danger of highly developed sentiment without a corresponding development of moral principle. It was the deliberate opinion of Dr. Arnold that a distinguishing characteristic of the present day was intellectual wickedness ; wickedness associated with talent and education. For God's sake, who has given you advantages denied to many, do not add to the amount of intellectual wickedness existing in the world. Let the diploma of Victoria College be not only a certificate of mental power—of patient and successful toil—but also a *prima facil* evidence of morality ; of high honourable principle ; of piety towards God ; loyalty to the throne of the revered monarch whose name it bears ; and charity towards all men. Be assured of the sincerity, the cordiality, the fervor with which your quondam instructors and guardians will hear of your well-being, and rejoice in your progress towards that beautiful goodness whose glories I have dimly endeavoured to portray this evening. If I may but hope that one good thought has been implanted, one virtuous purpose strengthened, one upright aspiration awakened, I shall not deem my labour misapplied.

I shall here take the liberty of applying general truths to special cases. It may be safely assumed that graduates of this or any other Canadian University will be public men. In the European Universities (as, for instance, those of Great Britain and Ireland), many men pass through a certain course, not to prepare themselves for any profession, but in deference to the will of their guardians, and with the prospect of a life of ease and retirement. But it is not so in our young and stirring Province. You, young gentlemen, who have just completed the prescribed curriculum of study, in common with those who have preceded you, have had a definite end in view in undertaking and continuing to the end a course of steady, laborious discipline. Now, you enter upon a new stage. College associations are laid aside ; you face the realities of life ; you become, in one way or another, the servants, and at the same time the leaders, of the community. Allow me, then, to suggest that the three professions, one of which, I shall presume, each one of you has already selected for his future study and practice, are in reality called into existence by the wants, moral and physical, of your fellow-men. Had not the human mind become darkened, the ministerial profession would not be necessary ; if the human body were

perfectly exempted from infirmity and suffering, the skill of the physician might be dispensed with ; and if the estate of every holder of property were secure from the hand of fraud and violence, the subtle, keen investigation of the legal adviser, and the glowing appeals of the advocate, would not be put into requisition. Mind, body, and estate, the grand essentials of human life, are committed to your care, as much as they can be committed to the care of any mere mortals.

What shall we say to the members of that profession which owes its origin not to Colleges or to any merely human source? A profession to which Colleges can add no authority, however they may endeavour —and successfully, by the Divine blessing, endeavour—to contribute to its efficiency. If I venture to offer a few suggestions to the junior members of that order of which the Head is Divine Wisdom and Goodness itself, I beg to say that I do so on broad grounds ; as an elderly man to young men ; and as one who desires to contribute to the elevation of the ministerial office. You who have entered upon that sacred calling profess to follow One who illustrated human goodness as well as Divine mercy and condescension. It is your aim to lead men to follow you as you follow Christ. A British officer would feel himself honoured if he were declared to have the very spirit of a Wellington or a Havelock: you claim to have the Spirit of Christ. "Cut more deeply," said a wounded French soldier to his surgical attendant, who was operating near his heart for the extraction of a ball ; "probe towards the heart, and you will find the Emperor!" May it be your happines to know that if your heart were laid open, there, in that shrine, would be found the Chief among Ten Thousand.

Avarice is unlovely and bad in any man. It is not only a sin, but a mean sin, subordinating every higher impulse to the one consideration of accumulating property. Strange to say, it becomes more potent as its victim draws nearer to that world in which the currency of this world is—not below par—but absolutely nothing. I must say I think it is one of the leading deformities which threaten to mar our rapidly-forming national character. I shall be glad, however, if I find my impression to be a mistake. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. The mere acquisition of property is not sinful or degrading. It would be no sign of moral progress if, as a nation, we were retrograding in material prosperity. But if the possession of lands, or houses, or stock, is considered the one thing needful ; if, for the sake of a dollar, a man will do what his conscience tells him is a shabby or dishonest act, then avarice has its seat in that man. Now, who shall correct this evil? Who shall elevate the public taste? Who shall echo through the high places of the community the note of warning: —"Take heed,

and beware of covetousness! for a man's *life* consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The Church looks to *you;* the Head of the Church, who for our sakes became poor — He who has set you as watchmen upon the walls — has His eye on *you;* nay, even the world without looks to you, unwittingly it may be — unwillingly it may be — yet it does look to see how you will act; and both the Church and the world will be influenced, either for good or for evil, not so much by your pulpit testimony as by your life and conversation. But, methinks, I hear one of you say,—"Do you imagine that we are likely to be over-paid? Are the services of the ministry so highly estimated that we are in danger of becoming plethoric from the liberality of our congregations?" I say at once,—"No! your profession is under-paid, as compared with either of the other two professions. Even those persons who highly value your work and yourselves, are not generally disposed to tempt you unduly with gold and silver." There is danger, nevertheless. I do not believe the theory of those who recommend a low stipend for the ministry, as a security against the intrusion of "men of worldly, low design," into that sacred work. It is no guarantee whatever. Such a theory, if reduced to practice in any Church—to say nothing of its injustice and inhumanity—would shift the temptation from a richer class in society to a poorer one; and, however limited the emolument might be, there would still be some to whom that limited emolument would present attractions. The true prevention to such intrusion, so far as human agency is concerned, must be found elsewhere,—in the integrity of the authorities, and in the spirituality of the officials and other members of the Church. Yet, we repeat, the danger exists, and can be avoided only by constant vigilance. Avarice is bad and odious in any man; it is intensely ugly in any man claiming to hold the ministerial office. Consistency demands a freedom from its contamination. You profess to have discovered true riches, and you declare that with you the grand business of this life is, and shall be, to guide men to those ever-during riches. Shall you, then, falsify you own testimony be showing that, after all, you sympathize more with the pursuits of the worldling than with those of the Christian? — that a lot of ground now tangible has more charms for you than an uncorruptible inheritance, the title to which is not to be secured by any legal forms of earth?

But I hope better things of you, gentlemen. From what I know of you I believe your motives are good, your intentions honorable; yet again I say, good intentions and pure motives do not supersede the necessity of watchfulness against the beginning of evil, and against all

approach to dubious and equivocal acts. On the other hand you will be admitted to association with the excellent of the earth, with men who have left all and followed Christ, and who do not repent their choice; with men who have been placed in highly confidential positions, and who have never violated trust. Such an organization as that of an effective Christian ministry could not last for ten years if there were not a large and widely-diffused amount of solid principle and honourable feeling. But the good and honourable may be violated in other ways than in covetousness. Three grand dangers—three rocks I find laid down in the chart of ministerial life, by infallible authority—avarice, ambition, and intemperance in eating and drinking. I just name them, and leave the further consideration to your own conscientious reflexion.

It may be that these admonitions will fall coldly on the ear of some of our young candidates for the ministry. They may think that the note of warning would come more appropriately from their official superiors in that work. Be it so, nevertheless the voice of the laity may sometimes aid in showing impediments to a good influence. This, together with the relation which has subsisted between you and the Faculty of this University, must furnish my apology.

But we pass to the members of another profession. If the mind or soul is paramount, the body is second only to it in its influence on human enjoyment. The profession which makes that shrine of the soul its special care, demands the respect of every man. I need hardly exhort you, gentlemen, who are medical men, to the exercise of humanity and mercy. You are accustomed to it already. In times of epidemic, members of your profession have been known to risk, and even in many instances to sacrifice, their lives in endeavouring to arrest the march of the destroyer; and their humanity has sometimes been appreciated and rewarded. I never knew an instance of virtually united prayer, on the part of Roman Catholics and Protestants, for any one beneath the rank of Sovereign or Viceroy, but one, and that was made in behalf of a medical gentlemen. His many acts of disinterested kindness had so endeared him to all sects, that when it became known that his life was in danger, prayer was made in the established church, (this took place in the south of Ireland) the Roman Catholic and the Wesleyan Methodist churches for his recovery. On the following Friday evening his medical attendants sought to prepare his friends for the worst, and told his aged mother and his sorrowing partner that he could not hold out long after midnight. What was to be done? This was done. Some of his friends called together to one place, the official members of the church to which he belonged, and

urged them to pray then and there for his life. They did so with a will, one after another pleaded with the hearer of prayer. I pledge my veracity for this statement. That very night he rallied—mended day after day, and in a few weeks was about his business as before.

Gentlemen, some of the warmest and most intelligent friends of christianity have belonged to your noble profession, but in some way or other an impression has gone abroad that a leaven of scepticism has contaminated in some degree, the many amiable and estimable qualities for which the medical profession is distinguished. A late medical man of note is reported to have said that in all his dissections he never saw a soul. What then? If he wanted a reply he might have found it in a heathen moralist of old. But is it so that the constant unremitting study of material things, even of that highest of material things—the human body—has a tendency to produce an inattention to spiritual things? The more need is there of an enlarged liberal education to guard against this formidable evil. Gentlemen, there was a time when it appeared to me a something almost too severe to let some men have influence over the susceptible minds of youth; but the longer I live the better satisfied I become with the Divine dispensations. Those that I can at all understand I approve with my whole heart, and those which are now mysterious, I am sure will yet be exhibited in all their harmony and beautiful proportions. Now, then, let us suppose a great man drops an ungodly remark. Who will adopt it? The servile—because he (the great man) uttered it: the careless and indolent, because it saves them the trouble of thinking for themselves: the sensual, because it removes a restraint irksome to their appetites. Who reject it? The true student, the *studiosus veri*, the sincere, earnest philosopher. Thus a test of character, both moral and intellectual, is informally applied. Gentlemen, the humanity of your profession will require a new life, a lustre, a charm from an incorporation with, and an avowal of, principles drawn from the word of life.

You, gentlemen, who are, or are about to become, members of the legal profession, seem to stand at a greater distance from my point of vision. The wants of the body and of the soul have brought me from time to time into intimate connection with the medical and ministerial professions; but my estate has never required the direct interference of a legal practitioner. Yet a few remarks are suggested by the very nature of law itself. Its basis is justice; its superstructure expediency. A sense of justice is essential to the good and honourable fulfilment of its functions. As a minister who should employ his official position for the treacherous purpose of propagating irreligion—like the notorious Septem contra Christum—or as a physician who should des-

ecrate his profession by poisoning his confiding patient; so a lawyer, who should employ his legal lore and cultivated keenness and grasp of mind for the end of making wrong prevail against right, would be guilty of an act subversive of the principles upon which his profession is founded. You would scout the irreligious minister as a hypocrite, and loathe the homicide physician as a monster; by a parity of reasoning you are bound to regard the unjust lawyer as a living contradiction. He that helps to justify the guilty, or to condemn the innocent, is guilty of an injustice; and if he does it for the sake of a fee, the injustice becomes sordid. You may quote high names for the practice, and so you can do for any wickedness. No number of perpetrators will lessen the criminality of a bad act; and I cannot but think that it is a morally wicked and heinous act in any man to seek to make falsehood appear truth, to make the guilty appear innocent, or the innocent appear guilty. But, it may be argued, a legal adviser is bound to do all he can for his client, as a medical practitioner for his patient, and not to stand on ceremony with obstacles. To this I reply, the medical adviser has but one claim upon him; there is nothing morally conflicting with his efforts to assist nature, to subdue disease, and keep off death; but in the case of the legal adviser, be he chamber-counsel or advocate, there may be claims on the other side, which he knows to be rightful ones; or, in criminal cases there may be the interests of society which demand the conviction of the guilty as well as the acquittal of the guiltless. But again it is argued that the counsel on the other side will take similar liberties, and counteract any possible danger of evil consequences. There might be some weight in this if you confined yourself to the one-sided statement of truth; but if you admit that you say "the thing that is not" on the one side, and the other counsel says "the thing that is not" on the other side, then it only shows that evil influences do less harm when reciprocally opposed than if they were all on the one side; but the morality of the act on either side is not vitally effected. Let us suppose a case,—A man is arraigned and brought to trial for some base, cruel act; but he is wealthy, and he is advised to employ eminent counsel at a *stunning* fee. This counsel arrives, is confidentially informed of the facts of the case, and reaches a tolerably correct view of its merits in his own mind. But that view is just the one which he is hired to shut out from the minds of the jury. Is there no laceration of moral feeling incurred in the effort to frame some plausible explanation of suspicious circumstances, and to cast discredit on testimony which he knows to be truthful? If he is gifted with the power of captivating the imagination and enlisting the sympathies of his auditory, he pours out appeals which

might move a heart of stone, if they were only true. He makes an impression, and hopes that in this instance fiction is more truth-like than fact. But by and by the judge sums up; he knows the precise value of the arguments employed; the beautiful but not good roll of sophistry that has been directed against the intellects of the jury, and step by step he goes through the realities of the case, and leaves the matter to their solemn decision. That decision is soon delivered, in accordance with truth. Now, then, how does [illegible] counsel stand before an impartial tribunal? If he was right in [illegible] views, then the judge must have been mistaken; the twelve men on the jury must have been either perjured or grossly stupid. But if they were right, and the secret convictions of a crowded assembly seconded their verdict, then his position is that of a man who, for a consideration, took a view of the whole case different from the highest legal authority then present; directly opposed to the unanimous verdict of twelve capable men; a view equally far removed from the honest, unbiassed, unsalaried opinions of hundreds of his fellow-citizens; nay, I must add, a view shocking to the sensibilities of his conscience, unless, indeed, he has taken refuge in the tenet advocated by a certain eccentric ex-chancellor, that man is not responsible for his belief Certainly if Lord B. passed through much of this process of perverted reason, he would need some tough covering for his conscience. I wonder if he ever impressed his view on a jury. There is an amusing attempt sometimes made to distinguish between professional character and private character. I swear said a certain person in high life, not as an archbishop, but as a Prince of the Empire. But said a peasant who heard the distinction, if the Prince goes to the devil, what will become of the Archbishop? But there are brilliant testimonies to the compatibility of high standing at the bar with purity of pleading. "If," said Sir T. More, "my father, whom I sicerely respect, stood on one side, and the devil, whom I sincerely despise, on the other, I would give the devil his due." "It is a vulgar error," says T. P. Bunting, an English legal practitioner of considerable eminence, "to think that a lawyer is bound to take up any case that may offer itself, without regard to its character." It is well known, we may add, that some illustrious occupants of the bench, and other men of distinction at the bar, have lived and died happy in the favour of God, and enjoying the confidence and esteem of the public.

Gentlemen, I hope if the tone of moral principle is lax, that it will be braced; if sophistry is at all fashionable, that it will lose its prestige, and that truth, justice, equity right, and only right, will receive any support, whether with or without a fee, from the alumni of Vic-

toria College. There is a certain progress in the right direction; help it on, and may you prosper. Sooner or later, the just will prove to be also the expedient.

But I must draw rapidly to a close. One thought presses upon my mind—with that I conclude. You may ask, is there any one who possesses that combination of moral beauty and moral goodness of which we hear? one at once safe as an example and imitable? Yes, there is, and he had some connexion with each profession that has passed in review before our mind. He was a Doctor of laws, a Legislator, and an Advocate. Wherever he found a mind susceptible of equity, he rejoiced to impart clear views on all matters of equity. His legislative enactments were not shifting like quicksands, to be repealed and modified, and amended by intermeddlers, but imperishable in authority, and unfailing in their application to the wants of men. As an advocate he was thoroughly reliable. There was, however, one peculiarity in his advocacy. If his client was really guilty, he always advised him to plead guilty and to trust in him for the rest. Some did not like this advice, but great numbers acted upon it, and in every instance they had good reason to be satisfied with their election.

But he was a Physician also, and as such he was distinguished for compassionateness and skill. There was but one small condition which he demanded in all cases that would admit of it, and to which he attached much importance. But there was something almost awful in his skill. It seemed to be as various as the diseases which were submitted to his notice. Eyes, ears, tongue, the skin, the nerves, the muscles, the blood-vessels, all came under his cognizance; and either by touch, or by word, or by the silent outgoing of his will, he succeeded in every case. Even death itself, the end of all disease, was but an imbecile in his grasp. I am personally under the deepest obligation to him, and am happy to remain under a load as delightful as it is weighty.

This Doctor of laws, this Physician, had another profession. He was a Preacher of the Gospel. Whilst he appreciated the needs of the body, and gave laws which were to influence and regulate human society to the end of time, he at the same time saw in the soul a need even greater than that of the body. He had seen a state of society in which law was perfectly observed, and he saw a way by which men could be led to that joyous state. Legal difficulties were in the way. He removed them not at the expense of law, but by submitting to the pains and penalties of law. He preached truth. He made truth —the central truth on which hangs our every hope, the truth of the *cross*—namely, that "God is just and the justifier of him that be-

believeth;" and when the system of teaching is completed, he organized and spread abroad an agency which has shed light into darkness, health into sickness, law into disorder, hope, joy, peace, and charity, into the heart of every recipient. Yes, there is One who comprises *all* that is *lovely* and *good* in his humanity, in his wisdom, in his kindness, in the unity and variety of his offices and operations. Receive Him. He comes to you, meek, and having salvation, riding, it may be, on an ass, yet able to quell all your enemies, to allay all animosities, and to put an end to all your miseries. He, and he alone, can produce in your inmost soul that which the pious heathen craved, that loveable goodness, that holiness without which no man can see the Lord.

Farewell, ye dreamers of the porch and the academy. Stand aside, thou grand old seeker of truth, thou true-hearted old reformer. *He* comes who is the Truth. The light of His approach glanced upon thy lofty front, and the reflexion of that light thou didst seek to transmit to thy unappreciated compatriots. We leave thee, Socrates, with sincere respect and tenderness; but lo! here is the substance of all moral teaching; the Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings. Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary, the strength of indomitable principle, the beauty of all holy and tender emotions.

No greater good can I wish you, young gentlemen, and all present, than that He who is to fill all the highest offices of which the human mind can conceive; who, from being Advocate, shall ascend the seat of judgment, and who shall reign as King of kings over a willing, a united, a loyal people, may recognize in your heart that moral likeness to himself which will make you meet to join in the triumph of his chosen ones, that he may see in your life, services which his bounty will delight to honour. Eighteen hundred years ago the note of warning was given,—"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Let the same note still sound in the recesses of every conscience,—"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!