

code under the practice of unjust judges.

What has he who cannot rectify himself, to do with rectifying others? The vile, deceitful flatterer and adroit feeder of worldly pride, who greets with a kiss but stabs in the back, can never become a superior man. His almighty dignity is always ready to resist an affront whether real or imaginary. Great in small things, his individuality is first and last, and to him everything. The front, easiest and best seat for him always. Autocratic and unfeeling, others to him are as mere tools formed as instruments for his gratification. His conceit eclipses all glories and his love of praise is boundless. He poses and smirks before mirrors even in the presence of disaster and death and thirsts for worldly influence and power as the desert bound traveler thirsts for water. Sarason-like, he would tear down the very pillars of liberty if only thereby he could perish as the central figure. The discord, disunion or disruption of a nation he would esteem as a light matter, provided, all his imaginary rivals could be brought to ruin.

On the gate where such dwell might be fitly inscribed, the words written over the portal of Dante's Inferno: "Leave hope forever behind, all who enter here." For all such are the disciples of hatred, which in the red heat of passion arrays armies against armies, and, amid the smoke and blood of war, is quenched in the tears of widows and orphans. But pale-visaged hate, born of the malice of jealous envy never dies! When fronting innocence it neither knows justice nor mercy, but is pitiless, unrelenting, vigilant, sleepless. Go not near such I beg of you, for while a "kingdom may be saved by one man," the affairs of State may be ruined by a single sentence. Follow not therefore the doctrine of hate for the "beginning thereof is bitter herbs, the end, the poison of asps." If in the dispensations of Providence, temporary power is in your hands, use it wisely, mercifully. "Do justice to your brother whether you love him or not, and you will learn to love him; do him injustice and you will surely learn to hate him." Thus, with darkened mind, we forgive readily those who injure us, those whom we injure, never.

From the depth of man's fallen estate let us lift our eyes to Him, for whom a special star guided the wise men of the east across mountain and desert, that they might worship at His feet. Make Him your model. Let His life and character become your star of promise. Then hopefully look into the mysteries of science. In the rocks and leaves upon which geological lore is written. Gaze fearlessly into the molten sea, dashing against the interior framework of mother earth. Trace without hesitation the record of sea-weed imbedded in Silurian rock, and note there the commencement of vegetable life. Bstride without fear the steed "evolution" and ride through jungles and forests, ferns and flowers of the Devonian age; or, on the back of the shark, dive down among early coral reefs and shell life; then with the wings of the flying serpent, explore the upper realms as existing during the reptile age. Mount the mastodon and hunt the ancient Tertiary forests for

Darwin's ancestral monkey. Follow the track of the glacier, and meet on scarified mountain, or in the valley where lies polished, planed and scratched boulders, primeval man—your ancestor. He who created him, rides upon the wind, plants his foot upon the sea and speaks ever to you in the sweet music of babbling brooks. Behold how by His matchless power He uplifted the mountain chain, folding back the massive rocks, then quenched the fiery flame with gentle falling dew, like hidden tear drops. Hide your head while the glances of His eye pierces space, and His voice resounds in the lightning's track. When volcanoes belch flame, and molten lava runs down, when ocean tides rise high, and earth reels to and fro, remember that God has promised you knowledge that has not been revealed since the world began until now, but for which our fathers waited with anxious expectation. When, the finite, in its flight, towards the infinite, wearies we then turn for rest to the works of men and as through a glass darkly we see in part the relationship between the Maker and the made.

We read of the "Seven Wonders of the World," of Babylon, the great walled city, with its hanging gardens; of Egyptian, Central American, and Mexican pyramids whose vastness staggers the conceptions of moderns; of mighty ruined temples and terraces around which the dust and decay of ages have gathered, testifying of the grandeur and greatness of by-gone races. Among the works of later times we gaze in silent admiration on such structures as the "Forth" and "Brooklyn Bridges," on the suspensions and cantilevers spanning the Niagara river, near the Falls; upon cathedrals, churches and the Vatican; upon massive ocean steamers, and flying express trains. We hear the click of the electric electric telegraph as human thought girdles the world; in the darkened room we see the flash of human intelligence speaking in voiceless language after a tireless race on the bed of the sea; upon the charged wire speeds the whisper of loved ones as on wings of light, or is held chained in a box that "talks back." Into the fathomless deep of eternal space, the eye of the telescope penetrates and the harmonies of the universe lie revealed to the gaze of man; while within the grasp of the microscope, myriad, moving, generating life pulsates worlds, formed by Him who gave dominion to man, taught him how to subdue the earth, measure the seas, harness steam and chain the lightning; and yet "the fool, in his heart, says, there is no God." The impression of type upon perishable paper holds fast for ages, the thought of man, who, dead, rots in the grave. Is the thought greater, therefore, than the originator of the thought? Which is the greater, the magnificently proportioned Brooklyn bridge or he whose comprehensive mind saw every bolt and bar, every block of stone forming the immense towers supporting the vast wire cables, every detail and form, before they were shaped for use? The man is dead; but millions, gazing at the wondrous work, cannot escape the conviction that he who planned that grand struc-

ture itself lives. The creator must always be greater than the created—the thing made can never excel the maker. Thus, by self-evident truth, we are led up to God, acknowledging Him as the author of all true religion, and the giver of all that is good in education. Call Him by what name we may—life, light, the embodiment, centre, fountain of intelligence, He is still God, the author of religion, the fountain of education. In conclusion let me call to your minds the fact that life is a serious problem, and that you have by the labors culminating in this day's achievements, simply taken upon yourselves added burdens. For truth which is the only knowledge, bids all to work. Remember that the main purpose of life is to leave behind added treasures for the good of coming generations, together with a record that shall challenge the confidence of man here and hereafter. The true man—and I use the term in its genuine sense—is he that lives for man, for his country and for his God. He lives for man as the brother of his life, the social animal that promotes his joys and assuages his pain. He lives for his country as the protector of his personal welfare, a guarantee that his worship of God shall be unmolested, as embodying the surety and sanctity of that spot which to the true and pure is the dearest, truest and sweetest of all spots—"Home." He lives for his God as the everlasting Creator who places the seal of eternal approval upon the acts of the virtuous and sanctifies the conduct of the pure in heart who suffer and endure unto the end. Nay, as the three propositions present themselves to my mind, I can conceive of no human condition wherein one may exist without the other. If therefore I say, be true to yourselves as embracing all the good that lies holds for us, what follower of the lowly Nazarine should feel aggrieved? If I should say fidelity to the Creator is the crown of glory of all human conduct, why should he to whom the state is final, feel to condemn? And, if, in closing, I abjure you to love your country as the embodiment of all the rest—for God is with it, though man hath sought out many inventions—what just resentment may those who love God and their fellow-man feel toward the saying?

Our acts are our lives. As the word spoken is gone forever beyond recall, so the act done may never be changed, but in endless cycles goes on, working for good or for ill, as the Father permits. If this be true of what undying importance that all—young and old—the matured in educational lore as well as those whose feet but step upon its boundless shore, shall determine to control their words and acts, that at their very inception and while they continue to produce effects they shall ever be for good, for the enlargement of the freedom of the race, and for that glory of God which is intelligence.

A NUMBER of leading New York physicians have testified in a suit on trial in that city that \$250 a day is a reasonable charge for attending a patient at a distance, but the jury has decided that about half that sum will do. It is still cheaper to take reasonable care of one's health, and avoid doctors' bills entirely.