

Professor Harris of Halifax Speaks For Alumni Society

Science and Character Building His Theme — An Able and Well Considered Address—The Building Up of Character—Science Gives a Mental Training Second to No Other Mental Exercise.

The following address on "Science and Character Building" was delivered this afternoon at the U. N. B. Encana by Prof. D. Fraser Harris of Dalhousie University, Halifax:

Most people, if asked to say what went to the building up of character, would probably reply somewhat as follows: religious instruction, education, and early example, in other words one's early environment, and they ought to add one's hereditary dispositions. This afternoon, however, I want to lay before you some considerations in connection with the subject of Science and character building. Of course, it is obvious that the pursuit of Science gives a mental training second to no other intellectual exercise for Science is against all mental laziness and mental laziness. Superstitions fly before it, and fallacies and nonsensicalities are excluded. Science tells us, for instance, that we cannot get something for or out of nothing; no heat without fuel; that no work can be done without drawing upon a source of energy. It clears the mental atmosphere and widens the mental outlook.

Now character is something more than being conventionally moral, for weak people can be moral; and some conventionally immoral people have been strong characters, as, for instance, Caesar, Nelson and Napoleon, not to speak of King David. Character meets and defeats the temptation rather than avoiding it in a cell, which is moralism. Morality, that is true ethics, recognizes the claims of others but character does this and more, it influences, stimulates and directs other people. Character is the substance of the mirror, reputation is the reflection from it seen by other people.

Character is strong without being oppressive, just without being narrow, self-reliant without being self-centered, having fortitude without obstinacy being broad without being complacent towards low ideals, being tender without being weak,—in a word, hating the sin but loving the sinner. As Chaucer put it, "being a most perfect gentle knight".

Now what do we mean by Science? I mean by Science that training of the mind imparted by a rigorous, unbiased and sympathetic study of Nature. Towards character building Science in the first place teaches us patience, care and exactness. Patience over the difficulties and obstacles which abound in our wrestling from Nature her elusive secrets, for Science tells us that we must not expect results easily and without effort, and it is not a simple matter to question her aught. Science teaches us care in planning our experiments so as to avoid pit-falls; we are taught care in interpreting results, in distinguishing between facts and inferences, in eliminating the accidental from the essential. Science gives us courage to overcome difficulties and it rewards us by allowing us sometimes to think the very thoughts of God.

Science teaches us dignity in all things, that nothing in "common or unclean", that everything in its own place is good and that every creature of God is good and nothing to be despised.

It shows us everything to be full of interest and how everything may be ennobled; it tells us that nothing is insignificant or worthless. To it the weed is but a humbler flower, the flower a fairer weed. In Science nothing is trivial, everything has at least a potential import. There is, for instance, no such thing in surgery as a trivial wound: the most trivial wound has sometimes led to blood poisoning and death. I venture to think, for instance, that it is such men of science as have been sent to the House of Lords that have conferred dignity upon that chamber. The presence of men of exact knowledge like Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister in such an assembly could not fail but to contribute to its dignity and efficiency. Science has to that extent given it its character.

Science produces heroism in her workers, who labour often alone, unfriended, abused, misrepresented and misunderstood. To whom do we owe the emancipation of the body and

mind from the thrall of ignorance? To the heroic men of science. To whom freedom from pestilence? To the heroic microscopist. He is not the only hero who wades through blood to a coronet; he is the hero who in the silent hour after hour works at the laboratory bench, his name on no man's tongue, no nation's thanks or parliamentary votes awaiting him; he works in close quarters with death while the pestilence rages.

And has Science not had her martyrs? What about Roger Bacon, was he not worried? What about Copernicus, was he not worried, no less a man than Luther calling him a fool? And what about Bruno, who was burned alive; and Galileo, who was imprisoned for the last third of his life; and Van Helmont who had heresy attributed to him; and Versaluis who was very effectively worried? And what about Tagliacozzi of Bologna, whose bones were scattered by the order of the Church? And what about Priestley, whose house and papers were destroyed? And what about Harvey who found all his professional brethren against him and whose papers were burned? And Jenner, who was worried and obstructed all his life; and Levoisier, who was executed in the middle of his researches; and Simpson, who was violently ridiculed; and Lister, who was stupidly ridiculed. And there have been many others in the noble army of the misunderstood and the persecuted, some of whom have been martyrs in the active sense. Did not John Hunter inoculate himself with a loathsome disease in order to study its clinical manifestations? Did not Simpson experiment with chloroform upon himself, and Sir Patrick Manson's son inoculate himself with malaria?

And yet Science also gives us humility. How could it be otherwise when we get a sense of the vastness, the detail and the intricacy of Nature? We must stand amazed. Consider the scale on which Nature works, consider the majesty of the cosmos, the magnitude of the divisions of time and space on the one hand, think of "light years" which is the measure of the time that light takes to reach us from the most distant stars, and the minuteness of the divisions of time and space on the other, when we are dealing with billions of vibrations of light per second, the stupendous scale of the one, the inconceivable smallness of the other. Truly, we can but stand amazed and say in all humility.

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, The Moon and the Stars which Thou hast ordained, What is man that Thou art mindful of him, Or the son of man that Thou visited him."

Science teaches us respect; respect for Nature, for her grandeur, her everlastingness, the inexorable uniformity of her procedures the inevitableness of the recurrence of her cosmic rhythms. Science, I say, teaches us reverence for facts, for truths, for truth. If "the undevout philosopher is mad," the irreverent man of science is out of harmony with the highest and best. And do you ask what is truth? Truth is that men of character search for, reverence and seek to declare. Science in particular teaches us reverence for life. I take reverence for life as the touchstone of character. Neither the science without morality of the Germans nor the science bereft of morality of the Bolsheviks has any reverence for life. Now, the following very great men of science were reverent and they were all minds of the first order; will you bear the repetition of their names—Pascal, Descartes, Pare, Harvey, Hales, Priestley, Dalton, Faraday, Pasteur, Lord Kelvin, Sir Gabriel Stokes, Sir James Simpson, Lord Lister and Sylvanus P. Thomson. Have we an equal number of men equally eminent and equally reverent in Literature, Philosophy or Art?

And Science gives us sympathy. The man of science who knows the heights and depths of Nature and especially human nature, cannot but have sympathy, for sympathy is intelligent insight, it is imaginative comprehension. Thus it comes about that children, people of feeble intellect, idiots and animals are what we call cruel in that they have not the knowledge necessary to give them that sympathetic imagination. Men of Science, especially physiologists are supposed to be particularly lacking in sympathy. May I tell you how one physiologist, died? My friend the late Dr. Page May, an eminent physiologist, was walking along the street in Brighton when he noticed a carter ill-treating a lame horse. He reproved the man, who replied in the unrepentant blasphemy of his kind, "Mr. May's righteous anger was so roused that he went over to give him a little of the same treatment that he was giving the horse, when the doctor burst a blood vessel in the brain and died within a few minutes. He was not only sympathetic but he could express righteous anger. I venture to say that one of the most horrible crimes against Nature committed in this recent war was the making of the dumb animals, the horses, suffer. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,"—but it never should have included the lower animals.

Science teaches us respect, respect for other people's opinions, rights, beliefs, doubts, prejudices, tastes and foibles. It teaches us that we are what we are by reason of hereditary disposition and constitution and owing to the atmosphere of an early environ-

ment. It tells us that that child is stupid because it is anaemic or tubercular or has adenoids or a brain centre congenitally undeveloped. It tells us that that man's temper is the result of disease latent or actual in his nervous system. It tells us that that woman's behaviour is due to neurasthenia.

It teaches us a new criminology. It recognizes in the parental germ-cells, physical factors for the various inherited features and qualities. Hence, it declares that so much of us is predetermined, if not pre-destined. It explains a very great deal of the puzzles of behaviour by recognizing the double and even the triple personality. Personality "A" may be your amiable friend; personality "B" may be that extremely disagreeable person who is however the same as the other. It tells us, in fact, that all men are not equal, not equal physically or mentally neither in constitution, disposition, capabilities, endurance, nor in powers of resisting temptation. If there is one fact more obvious than another which has been made evident in recent sociology it is that all men are not equal. We are assured that much crime is due to enfeebled mentality, and therefore it is "weakness to be wrath with weakness." But surely we can have sympathy with weakness and be ready to admit that "to know all is to forgive all," not in the indifference of latitudinarianism but in the fervor of an intelligent, scientific comprehension.

And Science teaches us restraint—it calls it by the arid term inhibition. Here, at last, Paganism, Christianity and Science are agreed and are all found on common ground. Pagan philosophy always counselled moderation: Christianity said let all things be done decently and in order. Science teaches us the extreme importance of avoiding extremes, of restraining tendencies to over-act—Science has actually discovered nerves for that very purpose. It, therefore, may well preach restraint when it says restraint it means restraint all round, in matters of food, drink, sex, exercise, rest, money and power. It agrees with Shakespeare that, "It is excellent to have a giant's strength but it is tyrannous to use it as a giant." Monasticism fled from the world in total abstinence. Science meets the temptation by restraining the tendency to succumb. Inhibition was preached long ago by the Hebrew poet, but in words far more beautiful than those of modern Science—"He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls; but he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

And, lastly, Science reveals to us beauty: just as Religion teaches us the beauty of holiness, so Science teaches us the beauty of Nature, the intellectual beauty in the exactness of the fulfilment of a prediction, an eclipse for instance occurring or a comet returning to the fraction of a second as predicted. Science sees beauty in the majesty of that law whereby the planets are rolled through the corridors of heaven. It sees beauty in the recesses of the infinitely little, beauty in the simplicity of the means whereby these ends are attained. It reveals marvels of mechanism which man has but discovered, which have been in operation in animal bodies for aeons and aeons of time—pulleys, levers, valves, lubricated surfaces, lenses, sensitive plates, iris diaphragms, old tissues as transparent as glass and electric currents, and the utilization of negative pressure and physical senses,—all were in existence ages before man himself appeared.

The goal of the highest science is the comprehension of the True and the Beautiful as only two different aspects of that supreme knowable, the intelligible, cosmos.

Great is Science, and it will prevail. Let us not listen to people who tell us that Science destroys poetry, the aesthetic sense, reverence or religion. The day of the materialistic, unpoetical, unlovely, omniscient scientist is gone, we hope for ever. The poetical man of science is certainly a possibility; he has come and seen and conquered the absurd notion that the poetical outlook is incompatible with the scientific. "Proud philosophy" and "cold science" belong to the eighteenth not to the twentieth century.

The tints of the rainbow are not less but more beautiful to the physicist because he knows how they come to be there and why in that particular order Keats' lament that Newton, by explaining the rainbow, had taken the poetry out of it, means merely that Newton had taken the poetry out of the rainbow for Keats.

The lily-of-the-valley will smell quite as sweet to me even though I may live to see the day when its odor-producing substance has been identified, extracted, and named by the chemist. The man of science can be as sensitive as the veriest artist in presence of the beauty of coloring or of outline, even although he is able to explain the source or origin of them both. The man of science is not the less sensitive to physical beauty which appeals to the senses because he happens also to now of another order of beauty which appeals to the intellect.

It is some time since true men of science jeered at religion. For, to some of them, what is called "religion" is one more phenomenon they are called upon to explain. The complete man of science is not only a poet, he is a reverent poet. The prayer of the lisp child, no less than the profoundest abstraction of the philosopher, is worthy of his study.

Why is life so vivid for so many? Because they know neither facts nor the explanations of facts. They know not the wonder, the beauty, the richness, or the variety of Nature's treasures. Culture is too often thought of as a state of mind which is the outcome of a knowledge of some of the expressions of Art; it is very rarely

LEMON JUICE

FOR FRECKLES

Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents—Try It!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates.

imagined as due to the possession of the scientific temperament. But culture is really not so much the result of the possession of knowledge as an attitude of mind or disposition, a sympathetic attitude of mind towards all mental products and intellectual interests.

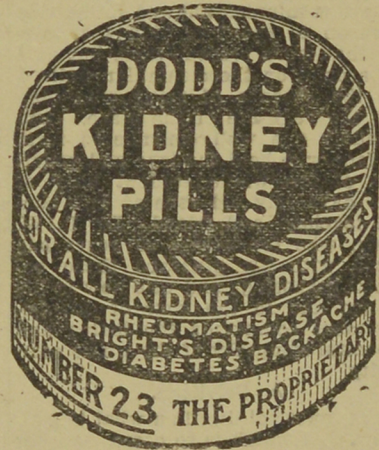
The study of science is in many cases able to confer a truer culture than half a life-time spent in studios or around pianos. Your painter or musician may be a perfect barbarian, ignorant, superstitious, self-satisfied, and intolerant. There need be no fear of allowing science to be freely taught. Not science, but a hideous, preposterous, soul-destroying ethic it is that has made the Germans what they are today. Science without a love of the beautiful, without respect for the past, without poetry, without sympathy, without reverence, is the most repulsive product of the mind of man. Such is the science of our enemies; and it has led them into the bottomless pit of national suicide. But such, truly, is science falsely so-called.

Science, the true, is the patient, loving, interpretation of the world we live in. It is striving to attain not merely to an understanding of the laws whereby the world is governed, but to the enjoyment of the beauty and order which is everywhere revealed. And the minds of men capable of attaining to such heights of appreciation, and the evidences around us of an all-pervading personality, are only so many additional phenomena to be apprehended as constituent elements of that vast, sublime, age-enduring cosmos which we call the Universe.

WHY THE TARS KEPT AWAKE.

A careless compositor can play havoc with a serious poem, as one did a short time ago across the water. As printed the lines read: They faced the terrors of the deep, And guarded our snores while we were asleep.

Being always amiable is largely dependent upon plenty to eat and plenty of sleep.



CONTRASTS.

I saw a girl
In a wonderful gown
With beautiful jewels
And soft skin
And pink cheeks
With a handsome man.
Sitting in a box
At the theatre—
And she was frowning!
The swell peach.

I saw a girl
In a torn dress
And a weird hat
And shabby shoes
And white cheeks
Going to work
In a noisy factory—
And she was smiling.
The poor fish.

BRIEF BUT USEFUL RECIPES.

Restore Gilt Frames.—Rub with a sponge moistened with turpentine.

Drive Away Ants.—A little quick lime placed in the infested places.

Remove Tar from Cloth.—Rub it well with turpentine till every trace is removed.

Make Leather Waterproof.—Saturate it with castor oil; to stop shoes squeaking, drive a peg into the middle of the sole.

Clean the Hair.—Wash well with a mixture of soft water, 1 pint; sal soda 1 ounce; cream tartar ¼ ounce.

Egg Stains on Spoons.—Rub with common salt.

Fruit Stains on Hands.—Wash the hands in clear water, dry slightly and while still moist strike a sulphur match and hold your hands around the flame.

Clean Gloves.—Pour a little benzine into a basin and wash the gloves in it, rubbing and squeezing them until clean. If much soiled, they must be washed again through clean benzine and rinsed in a fresh supply. Hang in the air to dry.

Clean Hair Brushes.—Dissolve a little soda in warm water and pour in a small amount of ammonia. Hold the brushes with the bristles downward and avoid wetting the back as far as

NO CONSTIPATION NO PILES

We think without a doubt, that constipation is the most prevalent and at the same time one of the greatest troubles human nature is afflicted with, and causes more sickness than anything else.

Unless a free action of the bowels occurs at least once a day, constipation is sure to ensue, then comes the sore and uncomfortable piles, sick and bilious headaches, coated tongue, obnoxious breath, sour stomach, heartburn, water brash, and many other ailments.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will regulate the flow of bile to act properly on the bowels, thus removing the constipation and its allied troubles.

Mr. Dan Doucette, Eel River Crossing, N. B., writes: "Having been troubled for years with constipation and trying everything I knew of, a friend advised me to use Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used four vials and am completely cured. I can gladly recommend them to anyone who suffers from constipation."

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Price 25c. a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto Ont.

possible; shake until the grease is removed; then rinse in cold water and put in the air to dry.

Cure Mosquito Bites.—Put ten drops of refined carbolic acid into an ounce of rose water; shake well and apply. (If you hold your breath while a mosquito has its bill in you it cannot withdraw it until you breathe again.)

How to Remove a Rusty Screw.—Apply a red hot iron to the head for a short time, the screw-driver being applied immediately while the screw is hot.

LLOYD GEORGE WILL NOT MEET IRISH DELEGATES FROM THE U. S.

London, May 13.—It was learned tonight in official quarters that Frank P. Walsh, Edward Dunne and Michael F. Ryan, representatives of Irish societies in the United States, who have been visiting Dublin and other cities in Ireland, will not be received by Premier Lloyd George on their return to Paris, nor will they be accorded any official or semi-official recognition whatever. According to Reuter's despatches from Paris, Col. E. M. House, who had promised to endeavor to arrange an interview between the American delegates and the British Premier, has now, in view of their activities in Ireland, decided not to act as an intermediary. The report that the Premier had cancelled arrangements to receive the delegates was current in Dublin today, but could not be confirmed. Mr. Dunne and Mr. Ryan reached London tonight but declined to make any statement.

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Orders should now be placed for early May delivery. We make a specialty of Apple Trees, Shrubs, Hedging, Roses and Strawberry Plants. Experts have pronounced our apple trees excellent, comprising the leading varieties, including Mackintosh Red, Fameuse, Wealthy, Dudley and Bethel. This season's stock will soon be exhausted. Write for terms. Discount for cash with order. Mail orders solicited.

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