social forces, the social laws, and the social order of civilization.

But are we using the word truth in an illicit sense? Are we making it mean what it does not, and ought not, to mean in order to support a novel proposition? Any such suspicion disappears the moment we perceive that truth implies personality,—nay, rigidly requires it; for truth is the conformity of the thinker to the reality he thinks about. The reality may exist, but if there be no thinker there is no truth. We speak of the truths of mathematics or of chemistry, but to explain our speech we have to admit a subtly implied personification of mathematics and chemistry. There is a conformity of the science of numbers to the realities with which that science deals. We unconsciously think of mathematics as a person investigating, and discovering, and combining certain realities, and reporting in propositions and axioms the results of its work, which henceforth are called truths. And it is only as this subtle personification is recognized that we may legitimately speak of the truths of any science. Even the truths of religion are subject to this fact.

Truth, then, inexorably implies personality, and only a person can create truth. The moment any man's thought is in harmony with, conforms to, any sort of reality, a truth is freshly created. There can be no truth for any of us until we have conforms our thought to some reality; and however different be the processes by which we gain our truth, it is not gained until there is complete harmony between our mind and the reality with which the mind deals. The truth of God, therefore, is the conformity of his mind to the great sum of realities in all the universe. The truth of man is the conformity of his mind to so many of the realities of the world as he has ascertained.

You, young men, have been in search of truth during the four ardent years that end this week. You, therefore, will testify that you secured her only upon terms. You have repeatedly delicate experiments again and again to guard against identifying a coincidence with law. You have heroically withstood your failures and disappointments. You have verified your neighbors' results, and have been nobly determined that the thing which is, and as it is, should become your own. This is the hard coin paid down as the purchase money of the truth you possess to-day. The road to learning is dotted with tollgates, through which no man may go who cannot pay in the conscientious toil, the heroic patience, and the supreme faith, inflexibly demanded. The electrician, the chemist, the engineer, and the biologist, have bought the special truth which is to make them masters in the coming years.

Some of you, I fancy, will revert this afternoon to those moments in your careers when you heedlessly thought you could gain truth by some method less costly than that of purchase. You tried, perhaps, to borrow her, meaning never to return her. You might as well try to borrow a man's joy, or a child's innocence. You threw dice for her, and tried to win her by a chance. As well throw dice...