

THE FREE LANCE.

"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance thrusteth sure."

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JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

(Senior Oration.)

AT a time when all England was rent and torn with political struggles and religious dissension, when to stand for what was right and just was to incur the displeasure and disapproval of one's countryman, there was born in the home of an humble clothier, Jonas Priestley, in the West Riding, Yorkshire, England, on March the thirteenth, seventeen hundred and thirty-three, a boy who was destined to astonish the world with his works and who was to write his name indelibly on the highest pinnacle of fame. No boy ever started on the broad pathway of human toil and trouble with a less brilliant outlook than did Joseph Priestley. But, though his early home life lacked the advantages of the nobler born, yet there was in that quiet, religious home that which has been the guiding star, the beacon upon the mountain top to many beautiful and majestic characters,—the ever watchful eye of a devout mother's love and the manly sacrificing example of a religious father. Here in this humble home among the hills of Yorkshire was instilled into Joseph a love of truth and right and here he chose his life's motto, "Fight for Truth and Right."

Eager for enlightenment and chafing under the disad-