

should undermine the diligence and perseverance, patient courage, and unswerving integrity of purpose, which have been the foundation of character in those men who have raised our empire to her commercial pre-eminence.

And, perhaps, I may here be indulged if I say a word to those who have wealth. The mythology, which is, in a random way, guiding my remarks to-night, contains examples of those whom even unbounded riches failed to satisfy, of those in whom increasing wealth only created the appetite it could never appease. King Midas was a fabled king of Phrygia, renowned the world over for his untold riches. He performed some service for a friend of Bacchus, and in return that god told him he might ask whatever boon he wished. The king immediately asked that all things which he should touch should become gold. The prayer was granted, but it was not long before the king discovered his folly, for the food which he raised to his lips became gold. In his desperation he again sought the god, and implored that his accursed gift might be withdrawn. Bacchus had compassion on him, and bade him go and bathe in the sources of the river Pactolus. He hastened and did so. He was saved from his fate, and the river rolled golden sands for ever. You rich men know better than I whether King Midas is confined to fable or has his counterpart among the living. If so, let him heed well the interpretation of the fable, for it is an interpretation more facile and unequivocal than any other myth is susceptible of. King Midas is the man of wealth, who, seeking to add fortune to fortune, perchance discovers that he is trying to feed with gold appetites and aspirations of his soul that the dull, cold metal can never satisfy. He craves enlargement of his mental grasp, expansion of his thought, widening of his horizon beyond mere selfish interests. He wishes to be in unison with all that is progressive, that is heroic, that is noble, in the world, but he feels that his only means of subsistence is his increasing fortune, and it possesses no nourishment for cravings such as these. How shall he be saved from a starvation of the soul a thousand times worse than that which threatens Midas? Where is the source of the fabled river Pactolus in which he may bathe and be saved? With authority more undoubted than that of Bacchus I can declare to him that the river Pactolus is the treasury of McGill University. There let him go with his surplus gold in liberal endowment and he will be freed. He will know what it means to have interests outside his vault and his ledger; his name will descend through Canadian history together with those other noble benefactors, whose names posterity will hold in grateful remembrance; while (to complete the simile) this grand old institution shall, even in greater fulness, roll forth through this country the rising volume of wisdom, which, a high authority assures us, is much better than gold.

This same King Midas, you remember, got into further trouble. The arts seem to have been very well looked after by the deities, as every particular department had its patron god. From the moment that Mercury invented the lyre and charmed Apollo

of his oxen, music was especially popular. Nor was this to be wondered at, when we remember the marvellous things accomplished by means of its spell. Orpheus discoursed such rapturous strains that rocks and trees followed him. The mere fact of rocks following a perambulating musician is not in itself entirely remarkable—such things have occurred in modern times—but that trees should form a procession after him completes an undoubted marvel. Rocks seem to have been, in former ages, quite susceptible, for, at the magic sound of Amphion's lyre, did not the mighty stones gather together and form the wall of Thebes? Did not Orpheus defeat the sirens, and Arion charm the dolphin? Well, the gods Pan and Apollo were once engaged in a great musical competition on the flute and lyre, and King Midas was chosen as the referee. He gave his decision in favour of Pan, whereupon Apollo showed his appreciation of the king's judgment by changing his ears into ass's ears. He managed for a time to hide his long ears under his Phrygian cap, but one day his servant, while cutting his hair, discovered his royal master's changed appearance. The barber was oppressed by his secret, and could not keep it. So much did it prey upon his mind, that he dug a hole in the ground and whispered into it—"King Midas has ass's ears." The secret was not long buried, for there sprang upon the spot a reed which, every time the wind blew upon it, published the direful news—"King Midas has ass's ears." The history of this doubly unfortunate monarch well repays perusal. It would never do for me to sanction the modern apothegm that musical people are not the most harmonious in the world, but it is true that they sometimes play indifferent keys, or some one among them happens to be a little below concert pitch, and the result is discord. We do not have such musical duets as Pan and Apollo had, but we do frequently have very serious musical competitions and discussions, and you will have noticed that some one invariably comes out of the competition with ass's ears, and it is generally the third party who undertakes to express too strongly his opinion in favour of one or other of the contending artists or schools. And even at the risk of descending too much into detail, for the benefit of the gentlemen who have to submit to the weekly ordeal of listening to the clicking of the scissors about their ears, I will remark, *en passant*, that the man who cuts hair has not even yet learned how to keep secrets, but being without the implements to dig holes in the ground, he continues to pour into the unwilling ears of his victims all the deeply-hidden mysteries of the religious, political, commercial, and social worlds.

I have not, as yet, addressed any remarks specially to the members of our Society, and the ladies and gentlemen who are not members will, no doubt, pardon me if I briefly do so now; not, of course, grudging to any young man whatever benefit may accrue from what I am about to say. There come times in the lives of most men when they are, so to speak, at their wit's end as to how to proceed, and, probably, never more so than when they begin to indulge vague thoughts of a change of status. At such critical