

school. Dogma, not truth, was the content of their teaching, and to make men good theologians rather than good philosophers, their aim. Such a system I believe to have been for the best then, and to its untold influence on their spiritual history the Puritanism of New England attests; but such is not our idea of a university, nor the ideal towards which all are striving to-day. Harvard's motto is *Veritas*; it is stamped upon her books, engraved on her tablets, twines about the iron of her gateways and glows amid the tracery of her oriel windows. I think it is also the symbol of her life. The story of her early struggles against the shackles which bound her to limited views and particular parties reveals a character of earnest loyalty to liberty and truth in her administrators, who, if they were somewhat pugnacious at times—and when were Calvinists not intrepid warriors?—fought with a single heart and in a good cause. The struggle was long and bitter, with many a dead-lock between the opposing parties; but slowly, surely she advanced, till now Harvard stands free of all state and church control, dependent on no party or sect for aid or sanction; and is moving nearer and nearer to the ideal University, which knows no land or race, no class or creed, but holds the truth in its purity and gives freely to all who ask.

But I am to speak of what Harvard

is, you say, not of what she *was*. I write at the head of my sheet, "*In Harvard Halls*," and have peopled them with nothing but ghosts! Is a living dog, then, better than a dead lion? Be it so! It is difficult to describe Harvard ways simply as I find them; coming from a Canadian university, with all its forms and traditions fresh upon me, it is almost impossible to avoid an implicit comparison at every step. On the other hand, a formal description of college rules, customs and studies smacks too much of the *University Catalogue* to be of interest to the general reader. I walk, therefore, with perilous feet, and barely escape from Scylla before I fall into Charybdis unaware. Where to begin, and how, is likewise a matter of difficulty; for it is a curious fact that in talking about Harvard one must not commence at the *Commencement*. In this hysteron-proteron place the first has become the last. The commencement is at the end of the session, the end of the course, and the end every student aspires to. One cannot say with Horace, "*Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet*"—for one is not only half-way through but has come to the conclusion when he reaches the commencement. However, there is this consolation, that as the hardest thing about an essay is proverbially to begin it, the impossibility of starting at the commencement relieves me from that