

great benefactions in recent years, has within the last few months seen her condition improved by near a million of dollars in possession or immediate prospect. I rejoice at her good luck. It will enormously increase her efficiency. It will not merely advance materially the future of that English and Protestant portion of the Quebec population about whose welfare we are all so anxiously concerned; but it will make McGill largely the intellectual nursing mother for the Maritime Provinces, and even for Eastern Ontario.

I do not grudge her a single dollar. But may I hope for us some exhibition of a like spirit here in Toronto? We do not boast so many great fortunes; but we do boast a more widely diffused prosperity, a greater aggregate of accumulated wealth and an equally progressive and public-spirited population. Let us make good our boast! Many handsome fortunes have been made by Toronto men out of Toronto's prosperity during the last few years. I confidently appeal to them, I appeal to all, in this noble cause. I believe they will recognize their duty, and will feel it to be their pleasure too. I cannot believe that they will suffer this institution, no insignificant part of the elements which make Toronto what she is, to become a reproach instead of an ornament. No! Let me hope that, with your aid and sympathy, they may, the case being now set plainly before them, come freely and gladly forward, and so enable us at once to go on with our good work on all the indicated lines. Let no man call a halt! Let every man raise a helping hand! Soon may our first stone be raised; *Felix faustumque sit!* I trust that we shall ever be able justly to apply to this institution, as our national embodiment of the Spirit of Learning, those glorious words in which the Spirit of Freedom is personified by one of the great poets of our day:—

Her open eyes desire the truth;
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears;
 That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams;
 Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
 The falsehood of extremes!