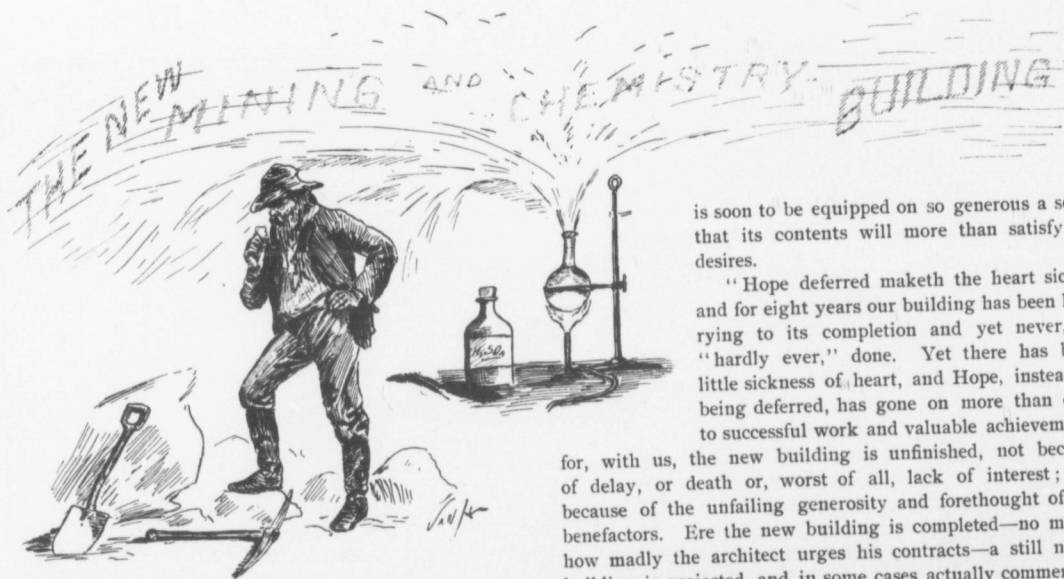




"The new building." How many McGill tongues have repeated these words during the last six or eight years! How many McGill hopes and plans have hung on the thought and how few fears!

Every university worthy of the name has a new building, and thanks to the wonderful liberality of the day, it is often, nay, usually a fine structure, a credit to its builder and a boon to those who use it.

What university, however, has such a new building as ours—a noble pile, massive yet graceful, and solid and architecturally beautiful as a structure of the good old time, yet modern, bright and thoroughly utilitarian. Furthermore, it

is soon to be equipped on so generous a scale that its contents will more than satisfy all desires.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and for eight years our building has been hurrying to its completion and yet never, or "hardly ever," done. Yet there has been little sickness of heart, and Hope, instead of being deferred, has gone on more than once to successful work and valuable achievement;

for, with us, the new building is unfinished, not because of delay, or death or, worst of all, lack of interest; but because of the unfailing generosity and forethought of our benefactors. Ere the new building is completed—no matter how madly the architect urges his contracts—a still newer building is projected, and in some cases actually commenced. Thus, the two magnificent McDonald buildings for Engineering and Physics, and the beautiful Redpath Library have ceased each in turn to be "The" new building before the first ivy has learned to cling to the fresh cut stone of their walls. Each has been followed by another newer still.

Our newest and the third of the McDonald sisterhood, the Chemistry and Mining Building, which fills so nobly the gap, both physical and educational, between Engineering and Physics, is as yet far from complete, yet already there are rumors of something more to come from the same apparently inexhaustible generosity, and at the same time—as though this good fortune were not enough—there stands almost at our gate