

to what you shall do with it, or some of it,—what channel of benevolence and public spirit you should select in which to cause the golden shower to flow. Can there be any doubt as to my reply?

One of my colleagues who recently left Montreal to return to Kingston spoke, with much praise for McGill itself, of the “depressing unsympathetic plutocratic atmosphere” with which it has to contend in the city of Montreal. What can he have meant? Montreal prides itself on what it has done for its English-speaking University. Our existing prosperity is the result of the benefactions of various Montreal families and individuals, whom it would be superfluous here to mention. On the other hand, I could cite you the names of many citizens who, dying within the last ten years, have left millions of dollars behind them, without appearing ever to have given much thought to the higher interests of the community in which they had amassed their wealth. And what of the rank and file? Perhaps Professor Macnaughton meant that the rush of life and the scramble for a bare existence is so great in this city that many people have hardly the time to think of higher things. You know how powerfully he preached the gospel of culture, and how he protested against the view that the true end of education is to make money. Such a view cannot be accepted even for the professional departments which it is our duty as well as our interest to foster in a commercial community such as this. Perhaps all that Professor Macnaughton meant to plead for is a little more sympathy—on the part of all classes of society—with the work which McGill represents and with the workers who are carrying it on. On their behalf I shall venture to assert—and the future will prove my statement true—that not the least of the obligations which this community is incurring in connection with higher education to-day is towards that body of men who, with next to no margin of profit, after providing themselves with the necessities of life, are content to toil on from year to year at the subjects with which they wish to have their names identified. College work, as we know it in McGill, is just about the most unremunerative service of modern times. I sometimes tell my colleagues that the one reward they are sure of is that—if everything goes well—they may have their names mentioned in the evening paper thirty years after date. A recent writer—who can speak with some authority on the subject—has gone so far as to say that the great fabric of higher education “owes its existence in great measure to the willingness of college professors to bear a great part of the cost.” Their salaries, small enough to begin with, show little disposition to keep pace with the increased cost of living and with the higher standard of attainment that is nowa-