

Contributions.

A RECTORIAL INSTALLATION.

If there is one phase of British polity which at the present moment above all others engrosses the attention of the thinking men of the Old Country, that phase is Imperial Federation.

It was therefore with great pleasure that the writer of this sketch embraced the opportunity of hearing one of the leaders of the movement—the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain.

On the 3rd of November (1897) he delivered his rectorial address to the University of Glasgow. The ceremony was held in St. Andrew's Hall, an immense building, well suited for the purpose, owned by the Corporation of Glasgow.

The writer went early and thus avoided the rush, and amused himself with looking around him.

By and by the St. Margaret's girls—the women students of Glasgow—filed in. They compared very favorably with our own girls. Among them were noticed two elderly females who had the damsels in charge, for the chaperone's power is yet strong in the land.

Soon the men came thronging in, making a great deal of noise, as Anglo-Saxon students all over the world generally do. Many of them wore cricket caps, for the Scotch student is by no means so particular as to his clothes as is his Canadian brother, and goes to lecture in knickerbockers as cheerfully as in more conventional attire. It would only be just to mention that the Canadian brother does the self-same thing when he is transplanted to a Scotch soil.

But one thing a Canadian does notice is that the ordinary Scotchman or Englishman is not half so particular about the removal of his hat as are the people at home.

What was missing was a college cry; here were a thousand or more students, and yet ordinary cheers and shouts were all that were raised.

Before the notables arrived songs were sung, choruse, and solos. The big organ led, and the men sang *Gaudeamus*, politely dwelling on

virgines and *amabiles* to please the ladies who sat in the front part of the hall.

While this was going on, men with black gowns and hoods of red and black and yellow straggled in.

After half or three-quarters of an hour of song the college beadle appeared and the great men of the University and City and Joseph Chamberlain. In walked Lord Kelvin, a tall old man; Principal Caird, very aged and shaky; the Chancellor, the Earl of Stair and the Colonial Secretary. There he stood, frock coat, orchid, eye-glass and all, the great leader of the Liberal Unionist party. Tall, straight, with hair seemingly hardly touched with gray, the man of sixty might have passed for twenty years younger.

Dr. Moody Stuart then conferred, in the name of the University, the degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Chamberlain, saying "that by his boldness and originality of political conception, his wisdom in devising practical measures, his great experience of affairs and his firmness of purpose, he had gained a leading position among British statesmen, and had rendered invaluable services to the country, in connection with questions affecting the welfare of the people at home and the honor and prosperity of the Empire and its great dependencies abroad."

The Colonial Secretary bowed his head, and with a smile was capped.

He was then called upon to deliver his rectorial address, and as he rose was invested by Principal Caird with the LL.D. hood.

He laid his paper on the desk before him, adjusted his eye-glass, settled his academic robes about him and began.

His voice was not loud but very clear, and at the commencement of his address there was just a touch of the Anglican clergyman reading the lessons, an intimation which wore off, however, as he warmed to his work.

It would be impossible to give his speech in full; it will be the writer's aim to point out