

soul holds chapel alone with his God. Such, Mr. President, are we, the living university that welcomes you. It was indeed an earnest cheer that went up from the students' quarters, when we learned that you were to be our chief. We put our trust in your active ability. Our wants are great, but our hopes are greater. They are higher than the old "gym" huddling on the shore, and brighter than the dingy "dorm" that tempts the cleansing rains; and we know that, confident in your leadership, the great North West will come at your call to satisfy our many needs. And last, Mr. President, we pledge you our earnest, active support. We are with you in every enterprise that shall tend to elevate our College; we are with you in spite of flapping press, and scoffing idlers. When they insult you, they insult us; our name shall be your shield, our joy of active life shall be your sword, our hope shall be your faith, our North Western your North Western, and, as long as there is a shore to old Lake Michigan, under the purple shall be found loyal sons and loving daughters."

"America," said Dr. Gunsaulus, "is sure of a *living*, she is not so sure of a *life*." Constantly at these meetings the greatest educators of the States denounced the superficial fallacy that nothing was useful in education but that which gave an immediate return in dollars. "To be at home in all lands and ages," said Dr. Hyde, of Boudoin, "to count nature as a friend, to carry the keys of the world's library in one's pocket, to gain a standard from other men's work, and from their criticism of one's own, to make friends with men in all walks of life, to learn the manners of a gentleman from one's

associates, and to gain inspiration from Christian professors, is a liberal education. Without the physical ideal man is an invalid; without the technical, an educational pauper; without the theoretical, a man given to conservative convention; without the liberal, a blind man in an art gallery; without the spiritual, an outcast from his Father's house."

WALTER J. PIKE.

#### JANET.

MUCH has been written about the life and work of our late Principal and incidentally much has been said of the many who were his co-labourers and helpers in different spheres, but as yet hardly any mention has been made of one who filled, it is true, no public position, but who had, nevertheless, no small share in making it possible for the Principal to accomplish all he did during the later years of his life. Only once, perhaps, up to the present time has her name appeared in public print. In the *Globe* of May 12th, one of the few who were mentioned as being present at the bedside of the Principal when dying was "his faithful old servant, Janet."

It would be utterly impossible in a short sketch like this to do justice to one so rich in character as Janet. Neither time nor space would permit anything lengthy, and we will ask our readers to turn up the third chapter of Sartor Resartus where they will find a description of Teufelsdröckh's old servant, Lieschen, which will convey a very truthful impression of the subject of our sketch. Her faithful devotion to the Principal, her whole-souled interest in all that concerned him, made one think of the stories told of Scottish servants of the olden time.