

immanent as the truest Real Presence, in the world of Matter, in the world of Physics, in the world of Spirit. As Bishop Lightfoot says in a passage familiar to many of you (on Col. 1. 17). "He is the principle of cohesion in the universe. He impresses upon creation that unity and solidarity which makes it a Cosmos instead of a chaos". Yes, and above all, immanent in the world of Humanity, which is His own special seat, and which in His Person forms the connecting link between Creator and Creation. Yes, thank God, this fundamental truth of truths is the key to all our work in this place, to our search for truth in all its departments. And yet more, we recognize and proclaim the fact that not only in the subjects of our learning, but in the actual life of the place, the life collective and individual, the life of teachers as of learners, is this Presence to be sought,—no mere principle, but a real Personal presence, in warm conscious loving touch with the seeker. What a glorious object to aim at is expressed in those few words of St. Paul's—"Ye are *complete in Him*." This "completeness in Him" at all points, God help us as a University—as men—ever to aim at, ever to approach, finally to attain.

[The attempt to reproduce the sermon (delivered in great part extempore from fragmentary notes is necessary an imperfect one, entailing omissions and alterations, as well as some additions. — F. A.]

AYE HOW THE WORLD CHANGES!

I was just nineteen, had very little education and consequently had to earn my living by the sweat of my brow. Times were rather dull in my native city —, so I concluded that I should take myself and trade—that of the machinist—to St. Louis, the then coming city of the West. With a small handgrip containing all my clothes I boarded a steamboat, the beautiful Hill City of the Anchor Line, plying between New Orleans and St. Louis. Sitting on deck until the last hill and steeple of my native city had faded from view, I fell asleep. The boat blowing for — awakened me and broke off my pleasant dreams of future prosperity, wealth and happiness. It was then late in the night. I had slept quite a while and felt very much refreshed, and so I thought I would enjoy the beautiful moonlight before retiring. The boat cleared from — and was soon in mid-stream pushing northwards.

The deck was deserted by all save myself and my thoughts. I was beginning to feel drowsy and was about to retire to my bunk for the night, when the sudden appearance on deck, from one of the state-room doors, of a tall, gaunt figure clad in white aroused me to my senses. The moonlight streaming over the figure gave it such an unearthly appearance that I stood horror-struck, afraid to move. But the worst was yet to come; for the figure with an easy, noiseless glide was soon at the end of the deck and the next instant was falling headlong overboard into the Mississippi.