

old seamless robe of the complete University ideal.

I consider it too of excellent omen for me that I have arrived just in time to take part once more in a conference of our Theological Alumni. These conferences are not the least significant expression of the specific quality of the life of the place. Indeed after one has been away for a while they come to be appreciated as bringing that, with all its divergent rays, to a visible focus in rather a remarkable manner. Of course Queen's is not the only place to have them. This idea of hers and Principal Grant's, who incorporated her, if he did not create her, like many others, has secured somewhat extensively that tribute of imitation which, as we all know, is the sincerest flattery. For instance I had the pleasure of assisting at one last year, both in the French and English sense, in the Montreal Presbyterian College. It was in several important respects a very different affair from what I had grown accustomed to. The students in general, even the divinity students, took no interest in it whatever. I do not believe there were half a dozen students there of any kind. The general public of that great city, so many times greater than our little Kingston, were not liberally represented. They do not hanker much after Theological Conferences in Montreal. One had a wholesome sense of one's insignificance. I was myself the only Arts Professor present—by the by, there was one other, Prof. Tory—the only one probably who had been asked to take part in the proceedings. The whole thing seemed to be done in a Theological corner. It was like a decently attended prayer-meeting in one of the

smaller churches. Here on the contrary we take it for granted that the evening meetings and even sometimes the afternoon ones, would make good showing against the competing attractions of a circus at the same hour. We expect the general public and the entire student body, and they rarely disappoint us. The Conferences concentrate the whole of our Academic forces. The fatal benumbing line between the sacred and the secular is completely obliterated. Professors of Philosophy, English, Greek, Latin, Political Economy, Biology and Mathematics and goodness only knows what! expatiate with entire freedom from their multitudinous points of view for the enlightenment and cross-fertilization of our Theologians. And the Theologians do not turn a hair. It is a curious and unparalleled spectacle—a sort of Peter's sheet let down with all varieties of meat, Mosaically forbidden and Mosaically permitted, a forecast of what will one day be, a quite unique phenomenon so far as I know, and a hopeful one, I think, a pledge of the ultimate reconciliation in fact and of the present harmony in principle of things which are often supposed to clash and jangle hopelessly, religion and unfettered knowledge. Where else in the world I wonder could you find Professor Dupuis discoursing as the officially recognized and duly constituted and accredited instructor of Theological Alumni, and that with general acceptance, on Astronomy and Pre-Mosaic Civilization?

It was the fearless spirit of Principal Grant, that lion-heart, let us never forget it, the Moses who did more than any other half-dozen to lead the