

we have every sort. Thackeray somewhere compares this community to a slave gang, who, while under overseers, have leaders and a polity of their own. So it is. A man finds his place here; and, if he has been unable to impose upon his fellow-students, he will be scarce likely to impose upon the world. Of course, there are exceptions. Some minds are late in development, and the powers which some men evince are not popularly attractive. But in the main, we are right, Wordsworth spoke of his college thus:—

“ ——— here in dwarf proportions were expressed  
The limbs of the great world;

————— no mimic show.

Itself a living part of a live whole,  
A creek in the vast sea.”

If, then, these are the advantages of a college life, how much more are they the advantages of a college life in residence. The facilities toward this development are much more abundant. The contact is more continuous and direct.

The objections to residence are numerous, but not formidable. We have heard it remarked that the accommodation is costly and the institution develops into an aristocratic monopoly. But that is no true scheme which does not adapt itself to varied requirements and varied means in a community where these exist. In Harvard there is one suite rooms which costs the occupants \$1,500 a year, but there are apartments available by a student who has a very moderate allowance. If a residence were established at McGill, we would have nothing to fear on this head. Our benefactors are as judicious as they are benevolent.

There are those, too, who condemn any system of isolation. They contend that such a life tends to develop selfishness and coarseness, ignorance of the ways of society and the ordinary refinements of life. But, if the student is a gentleman who will follow the example of his professors and form a proper conception of his duties as a member of society, the most extended intercourse with it will profit him little. And, in any case, this intercourse is not denied. It is even very probable that he would then go into society more frequently and with greater relish.

But the separation of the student from the ordinary life of the city, as well as securing for him a purer atmosphere and surroundings more congenial to his present pursuits, adds a sense of importance and a dignity to the collegiate life which more than compensates for the evils of isolation. Emerson said of Oxford: “The number of students and of residents, the dignity of the authorities, the value of the foundations, the history and architecture, the known sympathy of entire Britain in what is done there, justify a dedication to study in the undergraduate, such as cannot easily be in America, where his college is half suspected by the Freshman to be insignificant in the scale beside trade and politics.” And Trevelyan says of Macaulay: “He keenly appreciated a society which cherishes all that is genuine, and is only too out-spoken in its abhorrence of pretension and display—a society in which a man lives with those whom he likes, and with those only; choosing his comrades for their own sake, and so in-

different to the external distinctions of wealth and position that no one who has entered fully into the spirit of college life can ever unlearn its priceless lesson of manliness and simplicity.”

Whatever be the objections to it,—and none of them are irrefutable,—few men whose fancies are diverted by the attractive in romance, whose feelings are stirred by the pathetic and beautiful in life, who revere the memory of the great and respect the greatness of the living—there are few such who will be inclined to look with disfavor upon a life which is haunted by the spirits of so many imaginary heroes, around which cluster so curiously the toils and eccentricities of learning and genius, a life which is hallowed by so many noble lives and consecrated by so many remarkable friendships. In such a life, our childhood has been delighted to picture Charles O'Malley and Arthur Pendennis and Tom Brown. In such a life did *Democritus Junior* search through all the classics, and the author of the *Elegy* muse in pensive solitude. In such a life did Porson “hiccup Greek like a Helot in his cups” and Johnson growl in disputation over his mutton and his tea. Amid such surroundings did Tennyson and Hallam and Thackeray hold debate,

“ ——— a band

Of youthful friends on mind and art,  
And labor, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land.”

Amid such surroundings did the devout and troublous lives of Keble and John Henry Newman and Matthew Arnold begin in harmony and friendship. Let us be permitted to add one more group to the foreground of this picture, a group not less brilliant in many respects than any portrayed, a group which cannot but suggest reflection, and which some of us cannot regard without emotion. It contains Sir Edwin Arnold, Frederic Harrison and George Murray.

It is difficult to forbear quoting Matthew Arnold's eloquent apostrophe to Oxford, but as we have a failing for the *Prelude*, we conclude with the following:—

Yet I, though used

In magisterial liberty to rove,  
Culling such flowers of learning as might tempt  
A random choice, could shadow forth a place  
(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)  
Whose studious aspect should have bent me down  
To instantaneous service; should at once  
Have made me pay to science and to arts  
And written love, acknowledged my liege lord,  
A homage frankly offered up, like that  
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and pains  
In this recess, by thoughtful fancy built,  
Should spread from heart to heart; and stately groves,  
Majestic edifices, should not want,  
A corresponding dignity within.

The congregating temper that pervades  
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught  
To minister to works of high attempt—  
Works which the enthusiast would perform with love,  
Youth should be awed, religiously possessed  
With a conviction of the power that waits  
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized  
For its own sake, on glory and on praise  
If but by labour won, and fit to endure