

tennis teams in their suits. The College literary societies marched, bearing illuminated creations, fearfully and wonderfully made, while the fraternities brought a sombre draped platform drawn by four black horses and bearing the traditional coffin, while masked figures in black followed in its wake. The classes were attired in picturesque costumes, and the juniors rode in glory, feeding a small boy from a milk bottle. The brilliantly illuminated automobiles of the sophomores, and the huge life-boat with its crew closed the procession, which was all ablaze with light from the torches, and coloured fires burning along the route.

Meanwhile the Evanston magnates were entertaining the delegates at their clubs to the best of their ability—and it is great—and a round of dinners, speeches, receptions and suppers kept them busy till the small hours, and a noteworthy feature of it all was that there was not a sign of intoxicating drinks or a single dance.

At a great meeting in the Methodist Church on Tuesday afternoon, Dr. replied in few words, accepting the charter and the keys of the buildings were handed to him by the leading trustee, who in a brief speech committed the University to his care. He James was installed. A copy of the charge, and pledging himself by God's help to do his best. The audience of thousands (the many coloured gowns and hoods, and the gay dresses of the ladies, making it a brilliant assemblage), stood to do him honour, and the choir sang with exquisite effect,

"The Lord bless you and keep you,

The Lord life up His countenance upon you," etc.

Three hours' speech-making of a very high order followed, one of the most

popular addresses being that of a student, who spoke for the whole student body. He said in part: "Mr. President, I welcome you on behalf of the students of North Western University. It is indeed a perilous privilege for an undergraduate to speak his tender mind before an audience of elders such as is this. Yet when I remember that I am the voice for 3,500 students it irons out the quivers. Young, of course we are young! We were born that way. And so, tingling with the joy of conscious energy, nimble of mind and lithe of limb, we must needs seek the field as well as the class-room in which to exercise our eager strength. In the athletic field we can outrun sin, and pace life itself. There are some among us who are unrecognized athletes; they pay for all their education by serving their time in dusky basements, beside hungry furnaces. North Western is not ashamed of her college stokers.

Now we are not holding brawn above brain, but we recognize the fact that brawn is needed in brain. We exult in high thought. We like to boast that the master minds are among our acquaintances. We poke our noses into the *Odyssey*, and inspect the *Aeneid*, we sniff through the long annals of History. Across our study table we jest with pompous Cæsar, while we even mock the seriousness of old Homer. Were he to bring his troop of heroes into Evanston to-day, we would challenge them to a game of football. We challenge everything except truth, but we do not mean to be rashly impetuous, and on our horizon we behold the man physically temperate, mentally temperate, temperate spiritually. So after the field and the forum, in the toilless hour, the sincere