

new Chancellor already has thrilled McMaster with a vigor which warrants the confidence reposed in his call to this responsible position.

Words as an Instrument of Mental Culture.

An address delivered by Prof. Jones at the opening of the College. October 7th, 1895.

EVERY word would have a message for the scholar—a message at once definite and quickening. The word comes and finds no one to read its secret. It seems to be dead, either because the dead hand has been laid upon it, or because it lies torpid in deadened faculties. The beauty and the fullness of the message are unfolded to the patient, loving, and sympathetic soul. The seed-wheat lies in the Egyptian mummy case for centuries. For centuries they lie inert and profitless until soil and sunshine and shower invite them to a resurrection of potency and beauty. So with words in the barren or passive brain. The conditions of life are wanting, how can they fructify? They are like pollen coming into contact with sterile stigmata. There is no life answering to life. The words come unto their own, but their own read not their messages. Not read, not assimilated, no life imparted. And yet there could not be a more soul-enlarging and soul-enlightening study than that of the origin, history and life of words. On the very threshold of this study a glimpse is caught of the wide fields awaiting exploration, and you begin to feel a beauty that grows upon you as you advance. You feel the soul that throbs within the body now made beautiful by its own indwelling light. To the earnest seeker only the revelation comes. To get to the central meaning of a word—at its very tap-root which often strikes so deep—from which alone the varied shades of meaning become explicable and clear—these meanings being the lateral shoots—to perceive all the manifoldness of meaning springing from unity—to note how words change with the changing conditions of the people—how they gauge the moral, intellectual and spiritual life, thus becoming a sort of national thermometer—to find yourself in intimate sympathy and fellowship with all past life by virtue of its organic connection with the present—to have a consciousness of our common life pulsing towards some grand and lofty purpose, or setting to lower standards of desires—to observe how fresh, pure words