

A. Y. bert Douglas

Miscellaneous

Dr. W. E. McNeill
Queen's

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File 36

I hope you know how
much pleasure you give me.

The sustaining influence of
noble words - of a
fine friendship - whose
name is

Benson: to be with her
was to sit in the sun

So good to live with
Vivid, vital
radiant

"My radiance ran out
fathomless"

Personification

*There be many shapes of mystery;
And many things God brings to be,
Past hope or fear.
And the end men looked for cometh not,
And a path is there where no man thought.
So hath it fallen here.*

That is the final comment by Chorus on the action of *Alcestis* as translated from the Greek by Gilbert Murray.

Four other plays by Euripides end in the same words of fateful mystery.

May *your* path through the New Year lead to a good end beyond your hope. May you be able to look back and say happily: *So hath it fallen here.*

With Warm Christmas Greetings

32 Queen's Crescent
Kingston, Ontario
25 December, 1953

W. M. Murray

W. Douglas

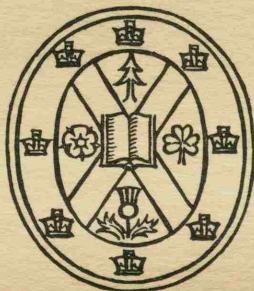
“Have You Anything to Declare?”

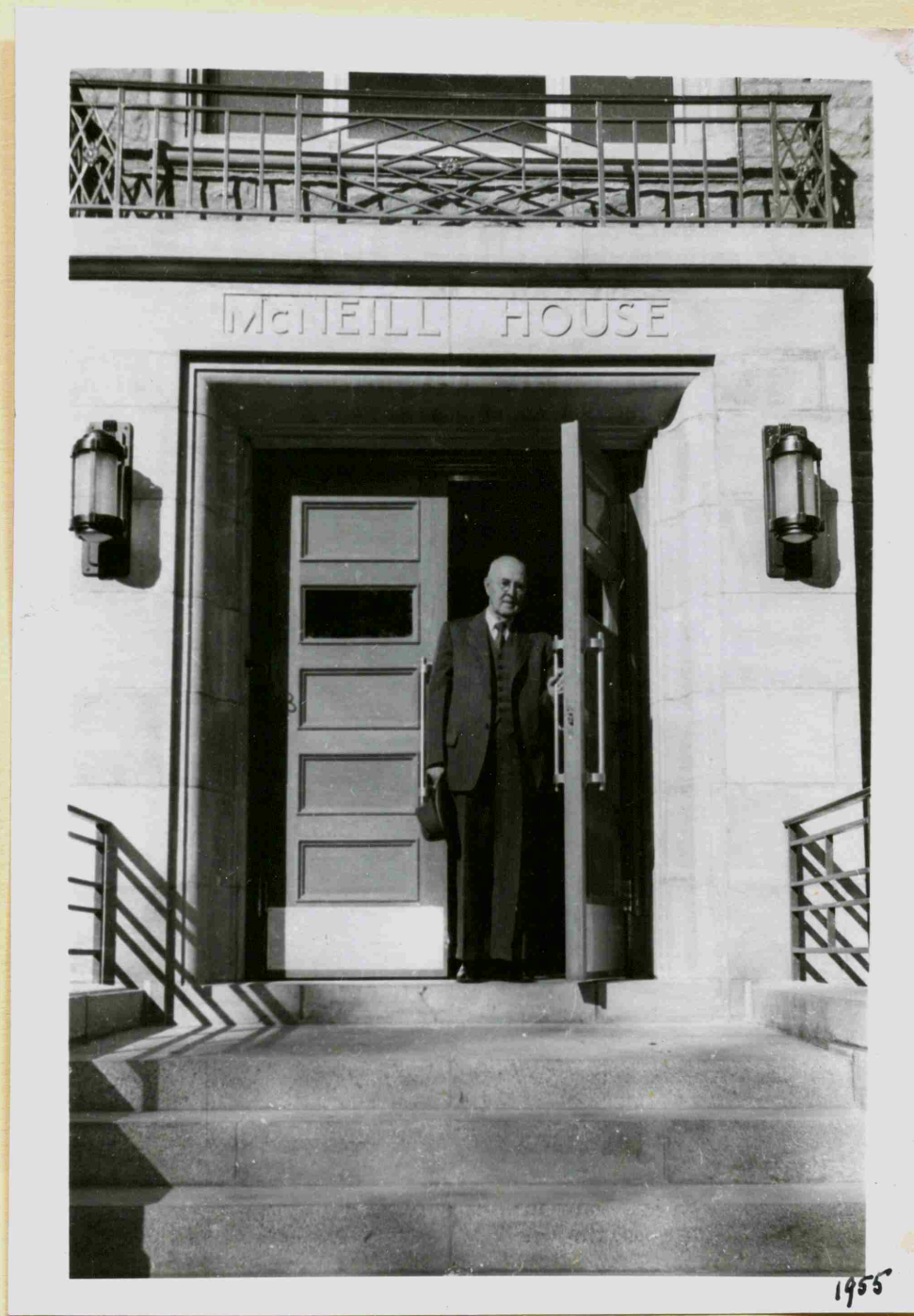
An Address

by Dr. W. E. McNeill

at the Autumn Convocation,
Queen's University, Kingston,
October 18, 1947

*Republished by Queen's University for distribution
to Secondary School Students, on the
suggestion of a group of Ontario teachers*





“Have You Anything to Declare?”

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at the Autumn Convocation,
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October 18, 1947

Renublished by Queen's University for Distribution

Sat. Night 1908 Mar 27.

FIRST OFFICER

(To William Everett McNeill, retired Vice-Principal and Treasurer of Queen's University, and formerly head of the Department of English.)

SIR, your last watch is over: curt and terse
Are the bells of Time; they strike, and all
hands wait
To hail, to honor their departing Mate;
Earnest their tones, nor do they need rehearse
Praises, but, as a poet feels his verse
Reach for its rhythm, they would celebrate
Your constancy and courage, truly great
When storm savaged the ship and fears grew
worse.

Alone, off duty, you would read once more
(Your secret strength) ancient, ancestral tales
Of Beowulf and Tristan, Hamlet, Lear,—
Seeming to mark the while, from some far
shore,
Lute music and a gust of nightingales
Chiding the silence of a midnight mere.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

"HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"

An address by Dr. W. E. McNeill at the Autumn Convocation, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, October 18th, 1947, on the occasion of his receiving the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, following his retirement from the position of Vice-Principal and Treasurer of the University.

I speak mainly to students, who are highly resistant to advice. I shall therefore put the pith of my talk into five words in the hope that if all else is ignored these alone may ring a bell. I know that many have found life's adventure even in a phrase. Boys and girls have gone out from this University grown to men and women because of something Grant said, of something Wallace said. Loitering students at Harvard have been spurred by President Eliot's two recurring phrases—"this society of scholars," "the durable satisfactions of life." Men have lived by Carlyle's, "Do the duty that lies nearest." A reproaching question of four plain words, "Why persecutest thou me?" changed Saul of Tarsus into Paul the Apostle.

My five words are a probing question. They are the title of an anthology by Maurice Baring,—“Have you anything to declare?” The author professes to have dreamed that he arrived at the borders of the next world and was there confronted by a stern guardian with the demand, “Have you anything to declare?” The question was not about wine or tobacco or lace or

diamonds or bank balances, but about moral and intellectual worth. What have you in heart and mind that will qualify you for admission to the more abundant life?

Many do badly in this final test. Matthew Arnold has written:

Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, . . .
. . . . achieving
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish;—and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves . . .
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone. —*Rugby Chapel.*

No normal youth wills to be nameless and null. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts and compass years on years ahead. Nothing small or petty is there, nothing but great and noble hopes. But fulfilment is not easy.

What should university men and women be able to declare of durable gains?

1. *Character.*

First, Character.

In the final reckoning what one *is* counts more than what one knows or does. The Hitlers of this world are transient. The abiding powers of the human race are moral. Twenty-three hundred years ago Plato said in his *Republic* that the ultimate aim of

education is the training of character. Two years ago Sir Richard Livingstone, then Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, said the same thing at the University of Toronto.

Is modern education sufficiently concerned with character? In the great days of Greece when thinkers met together the main subject of discourse was the good life. More than two thousand years later, Arnold of Rugby moulded a generation of English school-boys by making character as important as classics. Until a half century ago it was axiomatic that education must be based on Christian principles. Have we swung too far away? The most earnest of today's prophets are concerned not with individual but with social, political, and economic good. But this is not fundamental. Almost any system will serve if worked by good men; any system will fail if worked by self-seekers. In a baccalaureate sermon in this hall a few years ago Dr. Sclater flashed a light on the well-known phrase, "O brave new world." He completed the passage. Shakespeare's *Miranda*, exiled from infancy with her father to a desert island, on first seeing, years later, civilized youth in fair array, exclaimed:

How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world
That has such people in't.—*The Tempest* V. 1, 183.

There's the vital thought—"that has such people in't." What must people have to make a brave new world? Paul had a good answer: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good

1956 Nov 29

Dr. W. E. McNeill Celebrating Eightieth Birthday Today

Vice-principal emeritus of Queen's University, Dr. W. E. McNeill, 32 Queen's Crescent, to-

English and dean of Arts. As a teacher Dr. McNeill was extraordinarily clear and lucid, with both content and presentation excellent. He was acting head of his department in 1913-14 and again in 1919. One of his important tasks in this period was as chairman of the University Board of Studies in Arts when the old course of studies was modernized.



DR. W. E. McNEILL

In 1920 Dr. McNeill succeeded George Y. Chown who had resigned as treasurer and registrar. For the next ten years he held the combined posts of registrar, treasurer and secretary of the board of trustees. In 1930 when he was appointed vice-principal, he relinquished the post of registrar but continued in the other two.

As an example of his versatility, Dr. McNeill in the 1920's was coach of Queen's debating teams. On Feb. 5, 1926, one of his teams consisting of John Lansbury, J. Alex. Edmison and E. Russell Smith defeated the Imperial debating team of Great Britain before 2,200 persons in Grant Hall. For the three previous years his debating teams also had won the intercollegiate championship.

As an author of sparkling and brilliant prose and a public speaker of distinction Dr. McNeill had few peers in the English-speaking world. His address, "Have You Anything to Declare?" has had very wide circulation and his "Wallace of Queen's" is a masterpiece of biography. His

day is observing his 80th birthday. For 47 years Dr. McNeill has given devoted service to Queen's as teacher and scholar, financial, and administrative officer, and since his retirement from active duty in 1947 he has been active as a member of the University Board of Trustees.

The Board of Trustees at its last meeting recently accepted Dr. McNeill's resignation with regret and unanimously passed a resolution expressing their deep appreciation of the long, faithful and brilliant services which he has rendered Queen's.

Three universities have awarded Dr. McNeill honorary degrees, Acadia the DCL in 1933; University of Western Ontario the LL.D. in 1936, and Queen's the LL.D. in 1947. He also holds the Montreal Medal, awarded to a Queen's man for distinguished service to the university.

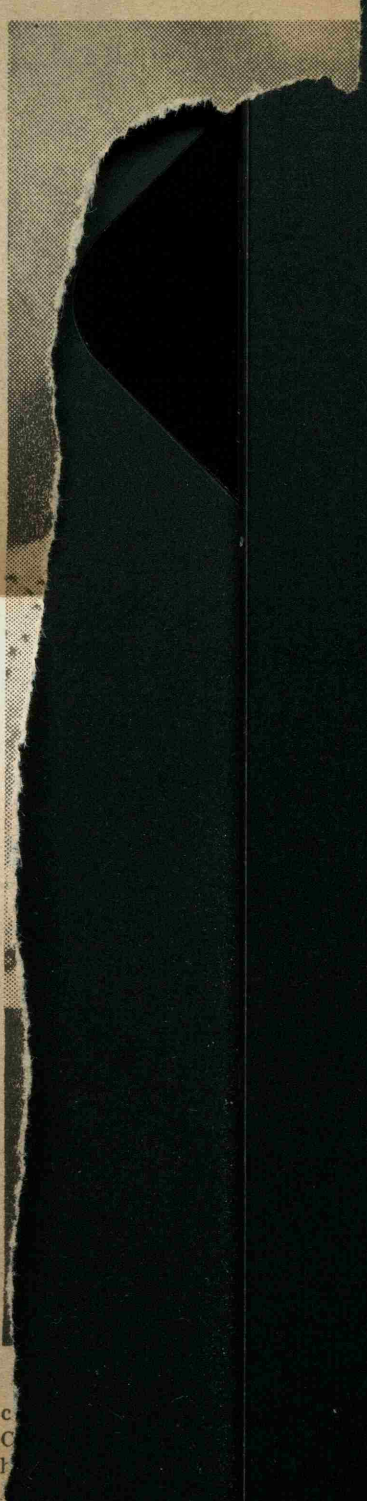
The late Dr. R. C. Wallace in 1947 when Queen's conferred on him the honorary degree described Dr. McNeill as: "One who has rendered conspicuous service to Queen's University. An exponent of English prose, pure and undefiled, a financier of unusual sagacity, a careful husbander of university funds, a wise counsellor and a warm-hearted friend, he has made a mark on Queen's that will endure."

William Everett McNeill was born at Lower Montague, P.E.I., on Nov. 29, 1876, and obtained his preliminary education at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. In 1900 he graduated from Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., with the BA and the Governor General's Medal. After a year at Harvard University he taught at Bates College for three years, and then returned to Harvard for graduate studies.

A James Savage scholar, he was awarded the Harvard MA in 1907 and the PhD two years later.

* * *

In English at Harvard Dr. McNeill studied under some of the outstanding scholars of his day, including Kittredge in Shakespeare, Neilson in the Romantic Revival, Bliss Perry in Nineteenth Century, Baker in Drama, Robinson in Chaucer and Copeland in great poetry and prose. He once said that the high point of pleasure in his life was the day when Kittredge asked McNeill to read his papers in Shakespeare at Harvard and Radcliffe. In 1911 Dr. McNeill spent two terms at Oxford University studying under such noted scholars as Sir Walter Raleigh, D. Nicol Smith and Prof. Napier.



report." Perhaps all these are included in the word *honour* which has been a kingly word in English speech and life for seven hundred years. Chaucer's mediaeval knight dedicated himself to "Truth and honour." Shakespeare exalted honour throughout his plays, "If I lose mine honour, I lose myself."¹ Thomas Jefferson wrote *honour* as the last word of the last sentence of his country's Declaration of Independence: "We mutually pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour." The highest affirmation of our manhood is "On my honour."

University men and women should be honourable in all their ways, declaring first of all, Character.

2. Skills or Knowledge

Next, Skills or Knowledge.

One of the durable satisfactions of life comes from the ability to do something extremely well, whether kicking field-goals, or conducting a symphony orchestra, or writing a history of Canada. The English philosopher, L. P. Jacks, has called man "a skill-hungry animal, hungry for skill in his body, hungry for skill in his mind. The happiness that man's nature demands is impossible until his skill-hunger is satisfied."

But a price must be paid. The goal of perfection is not reached by eddying about. Only those who row hard against the stream ever see distant gates of Eden gleam. The peculiar temptation of college students,

¹*Antony and Cleopatra*, III, 4, 22.

especially of Arts students, whom a wit has called the only leisure class in America, is to listen to siren voices like these: "There is better preparation for life in student activities than in class-rooms; more light in ladies' eyes than in the Douglas Library; it is not the best student who succeeds in later life." All this is false. It is a weak man's excuse for easily eddying about instead of resolutely doing the nearest duty.

Of course some high scholars do poorly in later life. How could it be otherwise? Defects of temper, taints of blood, lack of personality, lack of looks, sheer chance may keep a good man down. Of course there are poor students who later do well. Boundless assurance and a nimble tongue or an uncle on the board of directors may sometimes achieve more than a first-class degree. It helps to marry the boss's daughter instead of his stenographer. But more important: there are some persons with special gifts or aptitudes who cannot adapt themselves to college routine and yet succeed later, just as there are men who have never seen the inside of a college and yet have risen to the highest places. But do not commit that most stupid fallacy of generalizing from a few cases. The proved fact is that on the whole one's record is consistent. The shirker continues to shirk and gets nowhere; the worker continues to work and becomes Prime Minister. Of those who enter college, the high matriculant becomes the high Honours graduate and the high Honours graduate wins life's best prizes.

This truth is not questioned in England.¹ In the United States, where the false doctrine prevails, investigation has found the facts and they have been repeatedly published. The records of Harvard's more than three hundred years and of Yale's more than two hundred and fifty and of other institutions show that more than fifty per cent. of the best scholars achieve notable distinction and only about seven per cent. of the total graduates. How could it be otherwise? The man who knows is wanted. He builds the bridges, wins the lawsuits, performs the delicate operations, preaches the good sermons, becomes a university Principal, does the honest thinking.

"Honest thinking," that is, thinking based on full knowledge. Some flabby persons try to make education painless. Do not, they say, ask students to learn facts, but teach them to think. O Thinking—what intellectual crimes are committed in thy name! How can a man think if he doesn't know? Charles Darwin gathered biological facts for twenty years without seeing any binding relationship. Then one day, while he was walking through an English country lane, the idea of evolution suddenly came to him. That's what thinking is—the flashing emergence of an idea after facts have been mulled over a long time. Even then it is probably wrong. It must be well

¹For example, H. H. Asquith (Earl of Oxford) in *Memories and Reflections* wrote of the Permanent Officials of the Treasury: "In my time . . . almost without exception, [they] had taken First Class at one or other of the Universities and it would have been impossible to find a set of men more highly qualified for what are perhaps the most arduous and responsible functions in the regular service of the State."

tested. Roentgen, the discoverer of X-rays, when asked what he thought they were, replied: "I do not think; I experiment." Thinking is a highly dangerous performance for amateurs. You cannot think with hopes and fears and ignorance, but only with a well-trained and a well-filled mind.

From hard facts and hard practice alone can come that joy-giving mastery of a skill which is essential to happiness. I leave with you a line from Geoffrey Chaucer, wise English poet of six hundred years ago:

The life so short, the craft so long to learn.

3. *The Cultural Heritage*

First, Character; then, Skills; last, the Cultural Heritage.

Skills are not enough. Though they make great and happy men they do not make the greatest or happiest.

The writer of *Ecclesiasticus*, greatest of Wisdom books, pondering under Egyptian stars two thousand years ago, saw that clearly:

How can he get Wisdom that holdeth the plough?
He giveth his mind to make furrows. So every carpenter
and workmaster . . . and they that cut and grave seals
. . . the smith considering the iron-work . . . the potter
turning the wheel. . . . Everyone is wise in his work.
Without these cannot a city be inhabited. They will
maintain the state of the world.

But they shall not be sought for in public counsel,
they shall not sit on the judges' seat, they shall not be
found where parables are spoken.

But he that . . . will seek out [ancient] wisdom, that

will keep the sayings of the renowned men, . . . he shall serve among great men and appear before princes . . . his memorial shall not depart away.

That is as true as when the Pharaohs lived. It is not enough merely to be wise in one's own work. The view is too short. The individual must see beyond his immediate task; he must gain a sense of life as a whole; he must make his own richer in thought and feeling and beauty by drawing on the cultural heritage for ampler vision, ampler values.

Where are these to be got? From many sources: from history and philosophy, from religion and the fine arts. Science, once thought alien to the humanities, as taught by wise men, can point a way to the fuller life. But there is one subject of highest value. Literature records the spiritual history of mankind, its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, aspirations and defeats, the earthy worst, the heavenly best. It shows life whole.

The value of literature as a means of education has been well tested. For five hundred great years of Greece and Rome and for nearly fifteen hundred years more, education consisted mainly of a study of the poets. The literary education that nourished the great men of twenty centuries has proved its high use. It must not perish. Latin and Greek are passing but English Literature worthily succeeds. Much of it has been written by men who knew the classics as well as their own tongue. Thus it enriches our native northern thinking and feeling with the great Mediterranean cultures. It is now the main accessible repository of

the sayings of renowned men. It is the main subject with values beyond skills. Sir William Fyfe, Principal of Aberdeen, formerly of Queen's, as Chairman of the Advisory Council on Education in Scotland has issued a Report with these words: To fail in mathematics or Latin is to be deficient in these subjects; to fail in English is to be fundamentally uneducated.

Further, English Literature is the best single subject to provide a common element in the bewildering diversity of modern education. Fifty years ago almost everyone studied the same subjects—literature and language, history and philosophy, mathematics and science. Because teachers were similarly trained, a student who passed from a class in Greek to a class in history or philosophy found the same set of values. Common beliefs and common ideals widely prevailed. An excellent way of life was firmly established. It may have been too stereotyped. But today, an alarmingly opposite condition exists. Mass education has filled schools and universities with those who have no interest in the traditional studies and a vast variety of instruction has been provided to meet the vast variety of interests and ability. A post-card request to a large American university for information brought one hundred and seventeen different publications with offerings of thirty-two modern languages and fifty-two kinds of psychology. Education has lost its common element. There is national danger in this diversity. A common element in education is a requisite for a common citizenship. English Literature best provides it since it enshrines our way of life.

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and
Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen
and chainless land. (Swinburne, *England—An Ode*).

From this a corollary: If English is the subject
best suited to transmit the cultural heritage and to
provide a common element in education, it must be
taught so as to serve these high purposes, and not
be made as sometimes,

An undigested mass of dates and sources
Roll'd round in academe's diurnal courses,
Where scholars prepare scholars not for life
But gaudy footnotes and a threadbare wife.¹

And it must be more widely required. Three-
quarters of our three thousand students, including all
in engineering and medicine, have only one class in
English. There is a case for prescribing English in
each year of each course in order that graduates may
go out with knowledge beyond skills and a share in the
cultural heritage.

I make a plea for more English composition. Sir
William Fyfe, in the Scottish Report I have mentioned,
reduces education to four fundamental subjects, the
first of which is "Spoken and Written English." What
weight of authority lies behind that proposal! The
Greek rhetoricians taught their language as a means
of convincing a free assembly through public oratory.
In 1644, John Milton in his *Tractate on Education*
gave chief place to "the arts which enable men to
discourse and write—so that whether they speak
in Parliament or Council, honour and attention will

¹Robert Hillyer: witty metrical *Letter to a Teacher of English*, Atlantic,
Nov. 1936.

be waiting on their lips." In 1913, Sir Arthur Quiller-
Couch in his first lecture as the King Edward VII
Professor of English Literature at Cambridge said:

Literature is not a mere science to be studied, but an
art to be practised. . . . I seriously propose to you that here
in Cambridge we practise writing . . . to make appropriate,
perspicuous, accurate, persuasive writing a recognizable
hall-mark of anything turned out by our English school.
By all means let us study the great masters of the past
. . . but let us study them for our guidance that we, in
our turn, having (it is to be hoped) something to say in
our span of time may say it worthily.

Most cultivated Englishmen speak and write
better than we do, because they have more faithfully
kept the sayings of renowned men. Great words from
the past keep knocking at the doors of speech and
thought. Winston Churchill constantly draws from
his treasury of poetry. In England's darkest hour he
stirred a nation's chivalry with Andrew Marvell's
tribute to Charles I in his hour of doom.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.¹

The last war was won not only by great deeds but
by great words—

Words that have drawn transcendent meanings up
From the best passion of all by-gone time,
Steeped through with tears of triumph and remorse,
Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed in martyr-fires.²

In the British Commonwealth of Nations English
Literature should be the keystone of education because

¹*Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*, 1650.
²James Russell Lowell, *The Cathedral*.

it preserves the cultural heritage. Listen to Lord David Cecil of Oxford in his introduction to *The English Poets* in a new British Art Series:

Every great nation has expressed its spirit in Art. . . . The Italians are famous for their painting, the Germans for their music . . . England for her poets. . . . English is a poet's language. . . . It is ideally suited for the expression of emotion. There is no better language in the world for touching the heart and setting the imagination aflame.

Here is something beyond skills.

Touching the heart. From a thousand examples I take John Donne's humanism of three hundred years ago:

No man is an island, entire of itself. Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less. . . . [So] any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee. *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions.*

Setting the imagination aflame. From a thousand examples I take the first selection in the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. It is Walter Pater's imaginative interpretation of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, a portrait six years in its meticulous making, the figure of a woman with an inscrutable face, an enigmatic half-smile, eyelids a little weary, hands crossed. Pater imagines that she has had vast experience of living through successive incarnations. She has been a pearl fisher, a gypsy trader, a Grecian lady, a Christian saint. This is what he wrote:

She is older than the rocks among which she sits;
Like the Vampire,
She has been dead many times,

And learned the secrets of the grave;
And has been a diver in deep seas,
And keeps their fallen day about her;
And trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants;
And, as Leda,
Was the mother of Helen of Troy,
And, as Saint Anne,
Was the mother of Mary;
And all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes,
And lives
Only in the delicacy
With which it has moulded the changing lineaments,
And tinged the eyelids and the hands.

I like to think of these lovely lines as a parable of the life of a student, ever growing in wisdom and knowledge through ever-widening experience of past and present, hearing ultimately the lyres and flutes of glad fulfilment.

Have you anything to declare? Out of high character, out of mastered skills, out of the great books that light the mind and touch the heart and set the imagination aflame, shall you in the time of testing be able proudly to answer:

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain¹.

If so, you have not eddied about; you have striven and achieved. The great law of culture, says Carlyle, is that each become all that he was created capable of being.

¹Emerson: *Essay on History*.



... Author, Scholar, Teacher ...

*owned more to one
the good you have
known that I wanted*

Brown's

Lyfe

7

Mackintosh, seconded by Dr. George Brown, that
cancellor be recorded and sent to Dr. McNeill.





McNeill . . . Author, Scholar, Teacher . . .

Academic Laurels Crown His Career

A brilliant career colors Dr. W. E. McNeill's eighty years. He is vice-principal emeritus of Queen's University, having celebrated his 80th birthday Thursday.

For 47 years Dr. McNeill has given devoted service to Queen's as teacher and scholar, financial and administrative officer, and since his retirement from active duty in 1947 he has been active as a member of the University Board of Trustees. He submitted, his resignation, however, to the Board at its last meeting.

Three universities have awarded Dr. McNeill honorary degrees, Acadia, the DCL in 1933; University of Western Ontario the LL.D. in 1936, and Queen's the LL.D. in 1947. He also holds the Montreal Medal, awarded to a Queen's man for distinguished service to the university.

Dr. McNeill was born at Lower Montague, PEI, on Nov. 29, 1876, and obtained his preliminary education at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. In 1900 he graduated from Acadia University, Wolfville, NS, with the BA and the

(See McNeill, Page 4)



PHOTO BY PICKARD

Dr. W. E. McNeill lounges at home with his treasured copy of T. S. Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes", inscribed by the author himself. Dr. McNeill has just marked the anniversary of his eighty years of active living, among which he served Queen's University as professor, registrar, and vice-principal.

Dr. W. E. McNeill Recounts The Past On 80th Birthday

Good Will Plot Suspected As Greetings Barrage Home

(Dr. W. E. McNeill, Vice-Principal Emeritus of Queen's, celebrated his 80th birthday last Thursday, Nov. 29. To record the occasion Journal reporter Kathy Perkins and photographer Frank Pickard visited Dr. McNeill Sunday night at his home on Queen's Crescent.)

EIGHTY GOOD WISHES FROM TWO FYFES

This cablegram from Sir William and Lady Fyfe, among the many anniversary messages sent to Dr. W. E. McNeill on his 80th birthday, now shares a place of honor in Dr. McNeill's memoirs along with a copy of "Sweeney Agonistes" inscribed by the author and famous poet, T. S. Eliot. The volume is a gift from Gerald Graham, Rhodes Professor of Imperial History at the University of London.

Dr. McNeill received so many greetings from widely-scattered friends that he suspects some conspiracy of good will had been at work in the days preceding his birthday. He was quite surprised at the amount of attention the occasion received in Kingston.

Dr. McNeill reminisced about his years at Queen's for the benefit of his "guests". He commented that the whole course of studies was changed in 1919 after years of debate. "In those days it was almost impossible to change anything at Queen's; now it seems impossible to keep anything static," he said.

"A Masters Degree did not require a year of Graduate work," he added. "Anybody with a 75 per cent average in honors work automatically received his MA. The Bachelors Degree was granted for pass courses and to those in honors whose average was 74 per cent and under. This is a reflection of Queen's Scottish background," he said.

Perhaps we did not realize that Queen's, according to a humorous tape-recording made by his friend Sir William Fyfe, was more Scotch than Aberdeen. When Sir William left Queen's for Scotland he missed "the Gaelic cheer, the pipe-band and the football team called 'The Presbyterians'."

Dr. McNeill continued to recount stories of great men and great days in his half-century at Queen's. We saw a picture of him leaning over the door of Franklin Roosevelt's open car, telling the President "what has expected of him" at the convocation ceremony to follow. In one photograph Dr. McNeill was hooding the immortal F.D.R. in the presence of a great audience including the late Chancellor Richardson and Mackenzie King. In a later year he

(See Library, Page 5)

RESIGNATION OF DR. W. E. McNEILL

The Secretary reported that Dr. McNeill had written under date of October 7, 1956, as follows:

Although my term as a member of the Queen's Board of Trustees does not end till May, 1958, I have told the Chairman, the Principal, and you that I wish to retire now. Will you please, as Secretary present my resignation formally at the meeting of the full Board on October 20th.

I was greatly pleased in 1947 when immediately after my retirement as Vice-Principal and Treasurer, the Chancellor proposed me for membership in the Board of Trustees. I felt greatly honoured and served gladly. Now, however, the impediments of my four score years are so many and so limiting that I can no longer be of any real use to the Board.

As I am in the group of co-opted members, my position can be filled immediately. I am therefore happy to think that my successor will be able to assist in the present very important endowment campaign.

The Chairman said perhaps I may be allowed by reason of my long association with Dr. McNeill on this Board to seek to express something of what I know is in our minds as we contemplate the prospect of losing him.

Certainly the Board will not be the same without him. I cannot find words adequate to express my sense of the services he has rendered this University, as Registrar, as Treasurer, as Vice-Principal and as Trustee. He served under four Principals and I am sure that if Dr. Taylor, Dr. Fyfe and Dr. Wallace were here they would join with Dr. Mackintosh in paying the highest tribute to all that he meant to the University.

There were days especially in the dark thirties, when he seemed to hold the whole place together. We remember how, in our days of need, reserves, tucked away in the buoyant twenties appeared as if by magic so that we always had a margin microscopic perhaps but still a margin. When other universities, noting that we never had a deficit asked the reason, the answer was simple, "appoint as Treasurer a Scot from Prince Edward Island, who has been a Professor of Literature and your problem is solved."

Though he turned from teaching and scholarship to administration and mastered every business detail, he never ceased to pursue true scholarship and to maintain its supreme place in the University. It was this broad-based understanding of the University in all its aspects which made him a wise administrator and a far-sighted University statesman.

Though he spoke in public all too infrequently, his speeches were always of the highest quality. We all remember his contribution on receiving an honorary degree "Have You Anything to Declare". It was a brilliant and penetrating treatise of education and incidentally was delivered in spite of its considerable length without a note - even long quotations which it contained.

Such was its quality that when Sir Edward Peacock sent it to a friend in Edinburgh University, he was asked for permission to have it printed and distributed.

For these and other reasons, we shall all miss him more than we can say. I repeat the Board will not be the same without him.

The Chancellor stated "As I may claim to have had a special part in the appointment of Dr. McNeill to this Board, it is perhaps fitting that I should move now that his resignation be accepted, which I do only because I know that this is his own sincere desire.

"I concur fully with what the Chairman of the Board has said as to the distinguished and invaluable services which Dr. McNeill has for so many years rendered to the University."

On the motion of Dr. Mackintosh, seconded by Dr. George Brown, that the words of the Chairman and the Chancellor be recorded and sent to Dr. McNeill.

A page from the Minutes

RESIGNATION OF DR. W. E. McNEILL

The Secretary reported that Dr. McNeill had written under date of October 7, 1956, as follows:

Although my term as a member of the Queen's Board of Trustees does not end till May, 1958, I have told the Chairman, the Principal, and you that I wish to retire now. Will you please, as Secretary present my resignation formally at the meeting of the full Board on October 20th.

I was greatly pleased in 1947 when immediately after my retirement as Vice-Principal and Treasurer, the Chancellor proposed me for membership in the Board of Trustees. I felt greatly honoured and served gladly. Now, however, the impediments of my four score years are so many and so limiting that I can no longer be of any real use to the Board.

As I am in the group of co-opted members, my position can be filled immediately. I am therefore happy to think that my successor will be able to assist in the present very important endowment campaign.

J. M. Macdonnell, M.P. The Chairman said perhaps I may be allowed by reason of my long association with Dr. McNeill on this Board to seek to express something of what I know is in our minds as we contemplate the prospect of losing him.

Certainly the Board will not be the same without him. I cannot find words adequate to express my sense of the services he has rendered this University, as Registrar, as Treasurer, as Vice-Principal and as Trustee. He served under four Principals and I am sure that if Dr. Taylor, Dr. Fyfe and Dr. Wallace were here they would join with Dr. Mackintosh in paying the highest tribute to all that he meant to the University.

There were days especially in the dark thirties, when he seemed to hold the whole place together. We remember how, in our days of need, reserves, tucked away in the buoyant twenties appeared as if by magic so that we always had a margin microscopic perhaps but still a margin. When other universities, noting that we never had a deficit asked the reason, the answer was simple, "appoint as Treasurer a Scot from Prince Edward Island, who has been a Professor of Literature and your problem is solved."

Though he turned from teaching and scholarship to administration and mastered every business detail, he never ceased to pursue true scholarship and to maintain its supreme place in the University. It was this broad-based understanding of the University in all its aspects which made him a wise administrator and a far-sighted University statesman.

Though he spoke in public all too infrequently, his speeches were always of the highest quality. We all remember his contribution on receiving an honorary degree "Have You Anything to Declare". It was a brilliant and penetrating treatment of education and incidentally was delivered in spite of its considerable length without a note - even long quotations which it contained.

Such was its quality that when Sir Edward Peacock sent it to a friend in Edinburgh University, he was asked for permission to have it printed and distributed.

For these and other reasons, we shall all miss him more than we can say. I repeat the Board will not be the same without him.

The Hon. C. A. Dunning The Chancellor stated "As I may claim to have had a special part in the appointment of Dr. McNeill to this Board, it is perhaps fitting that I should move now that his resignation be accepted, which I do only because I know that this is his own sincere desire.

"I concur fully with what the Chairman of the Board has said as to the distinguished and invaluable services which Dr. McNeill has for so many years rendered to the University."

On the motion of *Principal* Dr. Mackintosh, seconded by Dr. George Brown, *it was agreed* that the words of the Chairman and the Chancellor be recorded and sent to Dr. McNeill.



"I don't think any institution ever owed more to one man than Queen's does to you - and the good you have done to Queen's will last. You know that I wanted the Trades (d - them) to make you Principal. Queen's lost a great deal by their error."

Sir Wm. Hamilton Dyer
Blackheath 7/3/57.

32 Queen's Crescent

Kingston, Ontario

October 28, 1947

Dear Dean Douglas,

I have to day a letter from my cousin John McNeil with the following sentence: "We have had Dr. Douglas as our guest. Queen's is fortunate in having a person of her quality as Dean of Women."

That is what I have many times said to many persons and

everyone agreed with me.

When in my Dinner address, October 17 I said. "From them I have gained much [distinguished teachers] but I have gained most from a hundred Queen's men and women ---", I put in the word women for you. I planned to mention your international recognition, being the single specific example that I might properly give, but I felt hurried and tired at the end and took a number of

shod cuts. But privately, I want you to know that there is no one in this university whom I hold in greater esteem. You are a grand person and you are doing a work that will shape many lives here and elsewhere.

Very sincerely yours,

Walter Reid



To Dr. Douglas from ~~Mr.~~ E. M. Heild, - a photograph taken on his 82nd
birthday, Nov. 29, 1958



Sr McNeill's Birthday Dinner
at Dr Earls house
Nov. 1957

To Dr. A. Vibert Douglas

Fine exemplar of the beauty
of the King's English

From W. E. W. Will

THE KING'S ENGLISH

The Chancellor's Lectures
October 24-27, 1949
by Vice-Principal Emeritus W. E. McNeill

(These Lectures - four in number - were prepared primarily for the 1949 Conference of the Alumni of Queen's Theological College.

The Chancellor's Lectures are named in honour of a former Chancellor of Queen's University, Sir Sandford Fleming, who endowed the series in 1894.)

Lecture 1

The Creative and Sustaining Influences of the Past

Sir William Fyfe, of witty memory, began a paper here by saying: "I feel a very inadequate lion in a den of Daniels". He was indubitably a lion and I most certainly am not. What then shall I say, appearing in the high role of Chancellor's Lecturer and fearfully remembering the famous theologians, philosophers, scholars, and thinkers who have stood at this desk before me? Only this. In one way I hope to excel a good half of them. I shall be understood.

I was trained as a teacher; therefore I try to be clear. I am here as a speaker; therefore I remember that an address is not a packed book of reference, but a few thoughts to be impressed on memory, with plentiful illustrations and even with repetition of key phrases.

My subject is The King's English. I have selected it because I know more about it than anything else. I have the high example of Lord Tweedsmuir, who partly to avoid what he called Governor-generalities, but mostly to preach his main gospel, often made good writing his theme.

"The King's English". Like many other familiar phrases, it was first used by Shakespeare. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly, fearful of Dr. Caius, her foreign and choleric master, warned her friends that if he found anybody but her in the house there

would be "an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English". This excited ejaculation of an ignorant servant 350 years ago is **to-day** the title of a scholarly book on usage by the editors of the Concise Oxford Dictionary.

The King's English is English at its best, such as one would expect a king to use, - clear and dignified, pure and undefiled, graceful, powerful.

I

To make a foundation I shall first speak briefly of the significance of speech.

Speech is primarily a means of communication which man alone of the vast creation has evolved in any real sense. But it is much more. It is a personal revealer, - a revealer of social, intellectual, and artistic status, even of character. At its best it has been one of the fine arts for 3000 years. It is the maker, preserver, and measurer of civilization. For these statements I call witnesses.

First, the Bible.

"Thy speech bewrayeth thee"; an ordinary city bystander said this to Peter who had denied that he was of Jesus' party. In Jerusalem, his uncultivated Galilean dialect of the north country marked him as a rustic stranger.

"Speech finely framed delighteth the ears", said in conclusion the writer of the apochryphal Maccabees, hoping that he had written well.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver": so reads the revised version of a verse in Proverbs. Over fifty years ago I heard a felicitous chairman adapt these words in thanking an eloquent woman speaker and I learned a lasting lesson in the beauty of speech. He happily praised matter and manner in a sentence: "She has brought us apples of gold in baskets of silver".

Finally Paul, in the last chapter of his Epistle to the Colossians makes good speech a Christian virtue. After urging his readers to be just to servants, to be constant in prayer, to walk in wisdom, he weightily ends: "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt". Not all the rhetoricians of twenty centuries have improved the terseness and soundness of that.

Now a few parallels in secular thought. In Homer's Odyssey, when Ulysses had told his adventures, King Alcinous exclaimed in pleasure: "Upon thee is grace of words and within thee is a heart of wisdom". Thus "grace of words" was a mark of quality 3000 years ago.

Publilius Syrus, writer of Roman maxims a hundred years before Christ, discerningly said: "Speech is a mirror of the soul. As a man speaks so is he".

Ben Jonson, a contemporary of Shakespeare, and in his day the more regarded of the two, exalted "Speech [as] the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures".

And finally, Thomas Mann, highly cultivated German expatriate, noted novelist in English, 1919 Nobel Prize Winner in Literature, has pithily called speech "civilization itself". That is the climax. Only through speech are we heirs of the past; without it men and monkeys would be on the same level, blindly groping, chattering incoherences. As mind developed, speech which began as crude communication grew in beauty and seemly power and learned to reveal the soul, with its passion for high thought, for the delicately seen, the subtly felt, and the finely imagined. "Speech is civilization itself."

To the sensitive, words have a sort of sacredness. "The glory of words" is a phrase used by Morley, by Tennyson, and by many another. James Russell Lowell in his poem The Cathedral hears in our English speech

the overtones of our spiritual history:

"Words that have drawn transcendent meanings up
From the best passion of all by-gone time,
Steeped through with tears of triumph and remorse,
Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed in martyr-fires."

For five centuries English writers have gloried in their speech as an instrument combining the best qualities of all other tongues. Richard Carew in the time of Shakespeare wrote: "The Italian is pleasant but without sinews, as too stilly fleeting water; the French delicate but overnice, as a woman scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance; the Spanish majestic, but fulsome, running too much on the o, and terrible like the devil in a play; the Dutch. [that is, Germanic], manlike but withal very harsh, as one ready at every breath to pick a quarrel. Now we in borrowing like bees, gather the honey of their good properties and leave the dregs to themselves."

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch of Cambridge University three hundred years later closely paralleled this praise in his Preface to the Oxford Book of English Prose: "Our fathers have, in the process of centuries, provided this realm, its colonies and wide dependencies, with a speech malleable and pliant as Attic, dignified as Latin, masculine, yet free of Teutonic guttural, capable of being precise as French, dulcet as Italian, sonorous as Spanish, and of capturing all these excellencies to its service."

And now, Lord David Cecil of Oxford, one of the most accomplished writers of the present, proudly declares: "Every great nation has expressed its spirit in art The Italians are famous for their painting, the Germans for their music, the Russians for their novels. England is distinguished for her poets English is a poet's language It is flexible, it is varied, it has an enormous vocabulary; able to convey

every subtle diverse shade, to make vivid before the mental eye any picture it wishes to conjure up. Moreover its very richness helps it to evoke those indefinite moods, those visionary flights of fancy of which so much of the material of poetry is composed. There is no better language in the world for touching the heart and setting the imagination aflame."

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the high estate of the King's English. Let us keep it noble.

All I shall say in my series of lectures can be put under three easily remembered headings: Past, Present and Future:

The aristocratic past with its ideals of beauty.

The democratic present with its tarnishing influences.

The doubtful future calling for fresh efforts to sustain
a great speech.

II

To-night I deal with the aristocratic past, showing its creative and sustaining influences.

Five hundred years ago there was no printing press though it was soon to come. Till it did, a writer's manuscript, if it were to have any circulation, had to be slowly copied by hand as many times as there were persons who wished it. That hard necessity, strangely, did not encourage brevity. Scarcely anything ever does. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales of 1380 ran to 300 pages. No wonder that professional copyists developed a disability called scribes' palsy, later writers' cramp.

The earliest writing had little circulation. Few could read; fewer could afford the cost of a copied manuscript. So reading aloud

within a family or group was usual and careful listening a habit. This practice was long prepared for. Oral transmission of verse is as old as man's speech. The first poetry was sung or narrated as were the Homeric stories a thousand years before Christ. The wandering minstrels of many nations sang for great and small time out of mind. The more than 300 English and Scottish Popular Ballads, a most interesting part of our literature, were long unwritten. Most of them were recovered from oral tradition. They had lived for centuries from mouth to ear. Thus early writers composed for hearing, with repetitions and variations for clearness and memory, and verbal harmonies for delight.

Here is typical literary phrasing from the revised Book of Common Prayer of 1552: "We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts." This repetition and alliteration is authentic English style from the Anglo-Saxon period to the present. It was to help memory and please the ear. It continued after printing was invented, partly because for a long time books were few and reading aloud persisted, partly because the English ear was trained to like it.

In 1474 was printed at Bruges in Belgium the first book in the English language. The printer was William Caxton, an Englishman then living abroad. On his return to his own country, he set up a printing press in London near Westminster Abbey and there in the remaining fourteen years of his life issued 96 books. What were these first books about? What did the taste of the time call for? Only the very best. That is most important to remember. Caxton printed all the good poetry lying in manuscripts, including Chaucer, tales of chivalry for gentlemen, books of service for priests, sermons for preachers, saints' lives for all. It was the age of faith. Everything important was written and done

for the soul's health and the glory of God. A recurring medieval word was ensample in the sense of moral lesson. The first book printed in English was a collection of stories about the legendary Troy, with a procession of great warriors whose noble deeds made a pattern for knight-hood. The second book was The Game and Playe of the Chess. It was not to teach the game. It was a collection of sayings and stories of ancient doctors, philosophers, and poets applied to public morality after the manner of a chess game. In the last sentence of his Preface Caxton wrote: "Let every man who readeth or heareth this little book read take thereby ensample to amend him." Note the words readeth or heareth read. They often appear.

One of the most famous of the manuscripts that Caxton printed was Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur. This is a collection of heroic tales about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, a medieval saga which for 500 years has furnished themes for poetry, painting, and music. Malory's work is the chief source of The Idylls of the King which, with some shorter poems on the same subject, occupied Tennyson for 50 years, beginning with The Lady of Shalott in 1832.

Caxton's Preface to the Morte d'Arthur shows the leisurely repetitions and melodious style which the ear of the time required, the high themes which readers expected, and the gentility of the readers themselves. It begins:

"After I had accomplished and finished divers histories as well of contemplation as of other historical and worldly acts of great conquerors and princes, and also certain books of ensamples and doctrines, many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England came and demanded me, many and oftentimes, wherefore I have not caused to be made and imprinted

the noble history of the Holy Grail and of the most renowned Christian King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us English men."

The Preface concludes:

"I direct [this Book] unto all noble princes, lords and ladies, gentlemen or gentlewomen, that desire to read or hear read of the noble and joyous history of the great conqueror and excellent King, King Arthur, sometime king of this noble realm, then called Britain. I, William Caxton, simple person, present this book which treateth of the noble acts, feats of arms, of chivalry, prowess, hardiness, humanity, love, courtesy, and very gentleness."

Such were the books issued by William Caxton, first English printer. In the lines I have read he uses the word noble six times. Readers, themes, and words were all noble.

Listen to a few lines from Malory's book. They are part of Queen Guinevere's farewell to Launcelot after their shameful sin. Four successive sentences begin with a firm and stern "Therefore". Here are three:

"Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well that I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health ... to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right hand, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven."

"Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that was ever betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee on God's behalf that thou forsake my company, and to thy

kingdom thou return thee again and keep well thy realm from war and wrack, for as well as I have loved thee, my heart will not serve me to see thee, for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed."

"Therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thy realm and there take thee a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss, and pray for me to our Lord that I may amend my misliving."

That was the King's English nearly 500 years ago, nearly 150 years before Shakespeare and the King James Bible. The training of the English ear and tongue and pen had well begun but on an aristocratic level. Gentlemen wrote for gentlemen on noble themes in noble words to the glory of God.

A wider training was to follow. The ears of a whole nation, not merely of a class, were to be attuned to the melody of noble speech. The Bible and Shakespeare became teachers of English to all the people, high and low. Consider these in turn.

1. The Bible as a Teacher of Speech

The late Professor Lowes of Harvard, in a fine essay, called the Bible, "The noblest monument of English Prose." He shows that it reached its perfection of phrase by the slow process of trial and error for more than 200 years. The first English translation, apart from some Anglo-Saxon fragments, was Wycliffe's of the 14th century, but the men to be remembered with highest honour are Tyndale and Coverdale of the first half of the 16th century, 50 years before Shakespeare. Their Bible, part translated by one, part by the other, was the first complete English edition from primary sources. In 1538 King Henry VIII ordered a copy

placed in every church in the land and read aloud at every service. It was to be put where the people had easy private access to it; it was to be read in church "distinctly with a loud voice, that the people may hear ... the minister that readeth the lesson standing and turning him so as he may best be heard of all such as be present ... And (to the end the people may better hear) in such places where they do sing, there shall the lessons be sung in a plain tune after the manner of distinct reading."

Eleven years later, in 1549 appeared the Prayer Book in English. It had and still has Coverdale's translation of the Psalms; it was in small part original but in most part a noble rendering of the majestic historic Latin petitions that had served the church for centuries. It added its magnificent tones to the growing harmonies of the English language. Now for the first time the whole service of the Church of England was in English not Latin. There is no more important event in the story of English culture.

The Bible appeared in seven English translations between Wycliffe's of 1380 and the culminating glory of the King James or authorized version of 1611, which came out of the seven years' loving labour of 47 learned men, writing in the golden age of English speech, when all ears were hearing what Tennyson has called

"those melodious bursts that fill

The spacious times of great Elizabeth with sounds that echo still."
The Queen was dead only a year when the work began; Spenser and Marlowe were only lately gone; Shakespeare was still writing; Milton had been born. The 47 translators heard all the sweet compelling voices of their time and they wrought with all the earlier versions of the Bible before them, winnowing words, winnowing words for seven years.

Wycliffe's plain prose, "They shall no more hunger, neither thirst", re-appeared in the pleasant balance and melody of "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more". Wycliffe's cold, archaic "All ye that travail and are charged, come to me and I shall fulfil you" was given the soothing sweetness and tenderness of, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest". The Bishops' Bible cumbrously said: "He is such a man as hath good experience of sorrows and infirmities". The Geneva Bible shortened this to "A man full of sorrows and infirmities". The King James Bible put it into poetry: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief". Tyndale wrote: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth. The earth was void and empty and darkness was upon the deep." The King James translators with little change increased the melody: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Coverdale wrote: "The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing"; the King James version reads: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Such was the winnowing process.

The 1611 Bible is mostly in short native words, but it appeared when the New Learning was flooding in from Greek and Latin shores rich in new melodies. It was given swelling tones by St. Jerome's noble Latin Vulgate of the 4th century. Wycliffe's translation was made from this and not from the original tongues; so also was the Douai version, which is used by the Roman Catholic Church. These and other early editions varied in their borrowing of words from St. Jerome's Latin. The King James translators by selection and by inspiration achieved a final splendour. They preserved St. Jerome's sonority very clearly in the final verses of the 8th chapter of Romans. Here are four lines from the

Vulgate as they appear in the 4th century manuscript, arranged like poetry:

Quis nos separabit a caritate christi
tribulatio an angustia
an persecutio an fames
an nuditas an periculum

The King James translators used the English derivatives of separabit, tribulatio, persecutio, fames, and periculum, but instead of rendering caritate by charity as in the Wycliffe and Douai versions, they followed Tyndale by using the native word love. Instead of rendering angustia by anguish, as did Wycliffe and Tyndale they used distress, another Latin word. On the other hand they discarded the native word hunger, used by most other translators, and took famine from St. Jerome. "Nor things present nor things to come", is from Wycliffe's "Nor present things nor things to come". "Nor height nor depth" is pure English. Where Wycliffe wrote "I am certain", and Tyndale and the Douai scholars "I am sure", the King James translators followed the Geneva Bible with the stately, ear-pleasing, "I am persuaded". Such was the winnowing of words that made the King James Bible the greatest monument of English prose.

The passage in its final form has only 13 words from the Latin but they sound booming in the diapason:

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

Shall tribulation, or distress,

Or persecution, or famine, or nakedness,

Or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors
through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded,
That neither death, nor life,
Nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers,
Nor things present, nor things to come,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,
Shall be able to separate us from the love of God,
Which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

This beauty and majesty of speech was not for a class but a nation. Now for the first time the English language at its best was heard by the common people. Their soul's salvation demanded that the Bible be known and read. It came to England when religion was more real than daily bread, when all believed that this life was less important than the next, and that a happy next life depended on right beliefs in this. In high honesty of purpose and not in bestial cruelty men and women were put to death for creeds considered false that they might not corrupt the souls of their fellows.

William Tyndale, who translated the New Testament in 1525 and other parts later, was strangled and burned for heresy in 1536. Thomas Crammer, who prepared the first Prayer Book in 1549 at the behest of the Protestant Edward VI, was seven years later burned by the Catholic Mary. Foxe's famous Book of Martyrs, published under Elizabeth, tells mostly of the persecutions under Mary. In these days of faith it was life to be right, death to be wrong. Therefore, throughout the religious controversies of these and later times the Bible was the supreme book. Most of the people knew large portions of it by heart. It was read in the churches; it was argued about in castle and cottage. Even the ploughboy in the fields could recite long passages. The soldiers of Cromwell carried the Geneva Bible into battle

on their belts; they called their children Zebedee or Zacharias or any one of a hundred Bible names. In Cromwell's regiment alone was the whole genealogy of Jesus; ancient Hebrews seemed to have had a new birth and to have possessed the land. For two centuries England was a country of one book; the whole people was trained in its melodies.

In the late 17th century, John Bunyan, son of a tinsmith, with no other learning than the Bible wrote Pilgrim's Progress, which to this day has been one of the most widely read books.

In the 18th century, a guardian of speech, Jonathan Swift, wrote to the Earl of Oxford: "If it were not for the Bible and Common Prayer Book, we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us an hundred years ago ... ; for these books, being perpetually read in Churches, have proved a kind of standard for language, especially of the common people."

In the 19th century John Ruskin put in his autobiography: "Everything that I have written, every greatness that has been in any thought of mine has been simply due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

In 1881, when the revised version of the New Testament was published, one million copies were sold on the first day and two American newspapers printed the complete text as a supplement.

And now in the 20th century: On June 17, 1938, the London Spectator marked the 400th anniversary of the placing of the Bible in all the churches by an editorial which said:

"The service rendered by the early translators of the English Bible, Tyndale first and then the translators of 1611 is immeasurable. They set a standard which no writer has

surpassed, and perhaps none but Shakespeare has approached ...
They raised the average common speech, far above what it had
been or gave any promise of being."

Two hundred years lie between Jonathan Swift and the Spectator
of 1938. Yet they both tell of the large influence of the Bible on
the speech of the common man. Reverend faith and seemly speech have been
joined through the centuries as Paul joined them in his letter to the
Colossians: "Continue in prayer ... walk in wisdom let your speech
be alway with grace". George Eliot in Adam Bede fills the talk of Seth
the Methodist carpenter with phrases from the Bible and from the hymns of
Charles Wesley. "Rough men," she wrote, "and weary-hearted women drank
in a faith which was a rudimentary culture, which linked their thoughts
with the past, lifted their imagination above the sordid details of their
own narrow lives, and suffused their souls with the sense of a pitying,
loving infinite Presence, sweet as summer to the houseless needy."

Thus the common man through his religion was moved to speak with
uncommon voice. The Bible trained his ear and touched his tongue.

2. Shakespeare as a Teacher of Speech

From the greatest monument of English Prose pass now to the
greatest monument of English verse, both made at the same time.

In 1623, twelve years after the King James Bible, the first
complete edition of the plays of Shakespeare was published. His friend
Ben Jonson wrote one of the introductory tributes:

"Thou art a monument without a tomb
And art alive still while thy book doth live ...
He was not of an age, but for all time."

And nine years later, the second edition included Milton's
first published poem, the famous epitaph written in 1630:

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame ...

Thou in our wonder and astonishment

Hast built thyself a lasting monument."

One hundred and seventy-two years later Wordsworth rallied
England against Napoleon:

"We must be free or die

Who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake."

I shall deal with Shakespeare, as with the Bible, mainly to show his influence on common speech. Our language is rich with phrases from his 37 plays. In the first two acts of Hamlet alone are these colloquial or poetic phrases which have lived to this day: Not a mouse stirring; the memory be green; in my mind's eye; frailty thy name is woman; he was a man, take him for all and all, I shall not look upon his like again; almost to jelly; foul play; when the blood burns; something is rotten in the State of Denmark; I could a tale unfold; what a falling off was there; with all my imperfections on my head; one may smile and smile and be a villain; there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy; the time is out of joint; brevity is the soul of wit; more matter with less art; words, words, words; they have a plentiful lack of wit; though this be madness, yet there is method in it; there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so; what a piece of work is a man; they say an old man is twice a child; use every man after his desert and who would 'scape whipping; neither a borrower nor a lender be; to thine own self be true. One soliloquy alone has given **six** phrases: to be or not to be, the law's delay, the insolence of office, might his quietus make, the pale cast of thought, from whose bourne no traveller returns.

All these and more are in two acts of Hamlet. No wonder that a reporter for a Texas newspaper, writing of Sir Laurence Olivier's Hamlet in moving pictures, said that it had a great many quotations from Shakespeare.

But pithy phrases, though showing how far Shakespeare has entered into the texture of our language, are minor. The main matter is Shakespeare's training of the ear. In his day all classes went to the theatre except the Puritans, and they had the Bible as teacher. Fine gentlemen sat on the stage and in the galleries; the groundlings for a penny could stand in the pit. Now and then they had bits of nonsense or fustian tossed at them to keep them quiet, but even they learned to love fine words. To me, Pistol was inadequately done in Olivier's Henry V. The fun that Shakespeare intended was missed. Pistol was a coward and a pickpocket who liked to talk and act as one of the lordly romantic characters he was daily seeing on the stage. In his imagination he was Herod, or Hercules, or Tamburlaine, "threatening the world with high astounding terms". In trying to speak their speech he makes an imposing lingo of remembered and parodied fragments of plays, achieving what Nash in bitterness called Marlowe's lines, "the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse". When Bardolf accepted the job of tapster, Pistol loftily reproached him: "O base Hungarian wight, wilt thou the spigot wield". When the cowardly Nym threatened him, he swaggeringly declaimed:

"O braggart vile and damned furious wight

The grave doth gape and doting death is near,

Therefore exhale."

The last word is Pistolese grandiloquence for "draw your sword".

It is rich fun to see him impose on others - even for a time on the doughty Fluellen, even on the King, most of all on a French

gentleman whom he takes prisoner not by sword but by words and manner learned from the stage:

"Yield cur,

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat

In drops of crimson blood."

The French gentleman kneels and says he is happy to have fallen into the hands of the bravest, most valiant and most distinguished lord in England.

Thus Shakespeare shows that the plays of his day coloured the speech even of cony-catching rascals. From then till now his own voice has been dominant, partly through the constant reading and study of his plays, but most of all through great actors in unbroken succession from his friend Burbage, the first Hamlet, to Sir Laurence Olivier, one of the latest. In his characters the greatest players have found their greatest parts. But while now production is occasional and regional, it was, for a long time in England continual and general. Shakespeare's own company acted in his lifetime in 31 towns outside of London. In a period of 120 years, roughly 60 years on each side of 1800, Shakespeare's plays were on the stage almost every night. This period began in 1741 with David Garrick who for the next 38 years appeared annually in a dozen different plays. He is buried in Westminster Abbey at the foot of Shakespeare's statue.

But an even greater era followed. Interest and national pride in Shakespeare grew steadily from his own time. Edition followed edition of his works, with scholarly and famous editors, Pope and Dr. Samuel Johnson, friend of Garrick among them. The aesthetic-philosophic school of criticism developed about 1800 led by Schlegel in Germany and Coleridge in England. The essayists of that time, Hazlitt, Lamb and Leigh Hunt and the weighty new-created Scottish periodicals - the Edinburgh, the

Quarterly, and Blackwoods, gloried in Shakespeare on the stage and in the study. This was the second great literary era in England. The first was the Elizabethan, centering about 1600, culminating in the Bible and Shakespeare; the second was the romantic revival just before and after 1800 which worshipped Shakespeare in books and in the theatre, and tried to emulate him in verse drama for the stage. All know Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Scott, and Byron as poets. Few know them as dramatists. Yet these and many lesser persons under the inspiration of the period's praise of Shakespeare in books and magazines and nightly production by great actors on the stage, themselves tried to be dramatists in the Elizabethan manner. Several of them went to the extreme of closely imitating Shakespeare's style; all of them, small and great, instead of trying to write fresh drama for their own day in the speech of their time, produced verse tragedies on the old model, using over and over worn-out situations and emotions. As the Edinburgh Review said, they wrote as they imagined they would have written 200 years ago. And yet, the Edinburgh, showing the taste of the time, declared that "there is something delicious to our ears even in the faintest echoes of those enchanting strains which were born in the golden days of our poetry," and the Quarterly recommended such long study of the old models as would cause writers "even to think in the same strain".

Now look at the stage of that time which so excited and enticed the greatest writers. For 29 years John Philip Kemble was a dominant actor-manager. Neither he nor his sister Mrs. Siddons wanted new plays. They thought the old were the best and Shakespeare's the best of all. Kean and Macready who followed showed some favour to new plays but found their most famous parts in Shakespeare. So for more than half a century, centering around 1800, at each of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres in winter and at the Haymarket Theatre in summer, from ten to seventeen

different plays of Shakespeare were acted each year. In London alone Shakespeare could be seen 200 times in the season, - in Bath 50, in Liverpool 30, and so on. The London actors played also in New York and other American cities. The voice of Shakespeare sounded widely through the English-speaking world. Newspaper and magazine commentators discussed acting, interpretation, and even intonation. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted Garrick's portrait and won high fame with Mrs. Siddons as the Muse of Tragedy. Byron would hear no other actress lest his memory of her be dimmed. Coleridge said that to see Kean was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. On Macready's death in 1851 Tennyson wrote:

"Farewell Macready, since this night we part,
Go take thine honours home; rank with the best,
Garrick and statelier Kemble and the rest
Who made a nation purer through their art ...
Farewell Macready; moral, grave, sublime;
Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased through twice a hundred years on thee."

These great actors had great successors. Sir Henry Irving produced twelve of the plays and made London flock to Shakespeare as never before. Beerbohm Tree produced even more and Benson almost all.

Through these actors and many others, through amateur playing, through radio, phonograph and moving pictures, through study in school and college, through critical works and new editions in constant flow, Shakespeare's name and fame and words have been kept alive for more than 300 years.

English speech and civilization have been sustained by a multitude of noble writers. But the greatest influences have been the Prayer Book, the Bible, and Shakespeare. The English language is heard

in beauty in the Collects and in the antiphonal petitions of the Litany:

"From all blindness of heart; from pride, vainglory and
hypocrisy; from envy, hatred and malice, and all
uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us."

"Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts,

Mercifully forgive the sins of thy people."

It is heard in such consolation as the seventh chapter of Revelation, whose images are for Oriental desert dwellers, whose promises are for all in the white robes of redemption:

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;
neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the
Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and
shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God
shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The same music swells and falls in every play of Shakespeare. It is heard in storm in Lear's railings, in calm in Cordelia's tenderness, in despair in Macbeth's imaginings, in judicial sorrow and nobility in Othello's killing of Desdemona:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men."

It is heard in Hamlet's assertion of the dignity of human kind:

"What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, in
form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an
angel, in apprehension how like a god."

The same high thought is in the 8th Psalm and is repeated by Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews:

"What is man that thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honour."

Ladies and gentlemen, we are of high lineage and long descent. The King's English is the speech of our heritage. It is nobly derived. Let us keep it noble.

(The remaining three lectures deal with the tarnishing influences of the democratic present and the need of resisting them.)

ADDRESS BY W.A. MACKINTOSH ON BEHALF OF THE ACADEMIC
STAFF AT THE UNIVERSITY DINNER TO DR. W.E. MCNEILL

Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Principal, Dr. McNeill, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am glad to be given a few minutes to say some things for a not unimportant group in this University - my colleagues of the academic staff. Those of us, who have known him for any length of time, are well aware how much of Dr. McNeill's interest has lain in the teaching and scholarly work of the University. Scripture notwithstanding, there is in Treasuries but narrow accommodation for hearts and, over the twenty-seven years of his office, Dr. McNeill's heart has been among us.

There is a larger group, though with a smaller representation here, which needs a spokesman. Some of us sat as students in Dr. McNeill's classes in English Literature. I can see him clearly now. At seven minutes past the hour, just as the last stroke of the gong faded, he closed his roll-book, rose from his chair, grasped his gown just below his collar, gave his head that little upward tilt, as if to fix his eyes a bit above the horizon, -- a bit above worldly things but not too far above -- and began, without preliminary, a clear positive statement of the substance of his lecture. We learned something of Grimm's Law and something of Chaucer, we caught, according to our several abilities, some of his enthusiasm for Shakespeare, but we learned even more of a higher morality in the use of evidence and logic and of the futility of introductions and all vagueness.

Some of us too have known Dr. McNeill as a teaching colleague. In my own case it was only a matter of weeks. Most of us know him as a man under authority, who has others under him, who says to this man go and he goeth;

and to another come and he cometh - and to yet another, make do with what you have and he, perforce, maketh do. Treasurers are of necessity annoying reminders of hampering reality to their soaring colleagues -- and sometimes as well to impulsive Boards of Trustees. I will not say that Dr. McNeill was never annoying, for that would be to say he was not a Treasurer, (that he was purely Vice-Principal), but we have always known that our Treasurer with all his caution, burned with enthusiasm for this University. He was always ready to be bold in recommendation and in action where able staff and exceptional work were at stake. If at times he argued for smaller staff and simpler arrangements, he argued still more strongly for abler teachers and better scholars. Over the years, we came to know with admiration a scholar who by thorough preparation, by care and skill in the marshalling and weighing of evidence and by lucid forceful exposition became great in practical achievement.

But now Dr. McNeill is no longer in a place of authority. He has shorn himself of his power. I have not forgotten, Mr. Chancellor, that he has recently been appointed to the Board of Trustees, that august body which governs the narrow and arid realm left to it by the Alma Mater Society and the Senate. I suspect that Dr. McNeill feels that the Board of Trustees is somewhat as Mr. Macdonnell is afraid a Government is -- a body of persons entrusted with great authority who, if they are sensible, will do what their permanent officials advise. And so I say that Dr. McNeill is no longer among us as a man having authority; he is now with us in his richest and most attractive guise -- as a person. We hope that in freedom his talent for friendship will blossom, that his love of good talk will have free rein, and that he will share his leisure with us.

This is, I am sure, Dr. McNeill, a notable occasion for you. It is a memorable occasion for us, and my colleagues and I wish to mark it with a gift. Perhaps because we recognize that, in your work among us, your insistence on the relevant and your respect for realities, your care in preparation and your economy in execution have given your creative powers form and given your life the colour and style which for us are the authentic W. E. McNeill, we have selected a painting. It is a painting of a market place, which may serve to remind you that you left your study and classroom for the affairs of business, but that to the idols of the market place you never bowed the knee. It is a picture of Kingston where you have taken deep root and for which your youthful years were but a preparation. It is painted by Andre Bieler, who was your happy choice as resident artist. These things may add something to the enjoyment which we hope you and Mrs. McNeill will draw from this picture. But whatever the painting may symbolize to you, it is our chief hope that it will be witness between us to very great friendship and very warm affection.

October 17, 1947.

In Memorium

W. E. McNeill

1876-1959

"Sir, your last watch is over: curt and terse
Are the bells of Time; they beat, and all hands wait
To hail, to honour their departing Mate. . . ."

This salute was written in 1947 by his old friend and colleague George Herbert Clarke to mark the retirement of William Everett McNeill as Treasurer and Vice-Principal of Queen's University.

And now, to mark his passing, with the flag flying at half mast over the grey limestone tower, and the young spring leaves just emerging around the campus he loved, we who were his colleagues pause to hail, to honour his memory. We hail him first as a scholar--he would be gratified to know that we place this first. That Professor Kittridge of Harvard had, in 1907, chosen him to read his papers in his course on Shakespeare was a life-long source of quiet pride. We hail him also as a conscientious teacher who instilled a love of English literature in many of his students. We honour him as a man of practical wisdom in University affairs, a staunch and loyal friend, a man of character with a powerful will yet withal a gentle spirit and a diffidence born of sensitive self-criticism.

It was this diffidence that made him value so highly and treasure so carefully letters and little notes in which friends and colleagues and some whom he had never met expressed their appreciation and enjoyment of one or another of his addresses or paid heartfelt homage to his influence as a teacher and as a scholar quick to encourage scholarly endeavour in others. Somewhat apologetically and hesitantly he would now and again show a few of these warm tributes to a friend, dwelling upon the pleasure and encouragement he derived from them. To one friend, a colleague and neighbour for twenty years, he entrusted several folders of letters, clippings, typescripts of

addresses and of citations composed when, by virtue of his office as Vice-Principal, it was his task to present distinguished men for honorary degrees. From this material a few excerpts are selected for the Queen's Review so that colleagues, graduates and friends far spread may be reminded of his influence and of his rare ability to express noble thoughts in fitting and beautiful prose even as "apples of gold in baskets of silver" a phrase from the Book of Proverbs which he greatly loved.

Offering his thanks at the ^{dinner in} 1947 ~~Convocation~~ when his portrait was presented, he said, "My heart's desire was to look like a Professor of English. I should like best of all to look like a Queen's man." He then spoke of his colleagues during thirty-five years at Queen's: "All these, seen and unseen have put windows in my mind. They have made me a Queen's man and so in that portrait I hold my head high."

On this same occasion he said of Principal W. A. Mackintosh, "He is a great economist because he is so much more. He has humour in his head and poetry in his heart. He worthily wears the large Mantle of Shortt and Skelton."

In the interregnum of the spring of 1936, the Convocation became the Vice-Principal's responsibility and Dr. McNeill rose to the occasion with an eloquent Convocation address based on the scriptural admonition, "Be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The university could teach a man human dignity and worthwhileness in life, and impart what Thomas Hardy so hauntingly portrayed as "radiance rare and fathomless/When I come back from Lyonesse/With magic in my eyes."

On his retirement in 1947, he again gave the Convocation address—the oft quoted and well remembered "~~What have you~~ ^{Have you anything} to declare?" It was reproduced in Canada, it was reproduced in Scotland. Letters of appreciation came to him from near and from far bringing him a sense of achievement

that warmed his heart. Other letters which he filed with appreciative care were from past students testifying to beauty in poetry, prose and drama which his class-room lectures had revealed; or to the delight which his public lectures on Carlyle and Milton had given, and his scintillating Story of Queen's, perfect in substance, in expression and in delivery. In his Chancellor's lectures to the Theological Conference in 1949 entitled The King's English his erudition shone forth with unostentatious richness.

In some memorable addresses, in succinct citations and moving memorial sketches Dr. McNeill praised famous men and women with discrimination, sincerity and eloquence. Phrases from some of these fine tributes are right worthily applicable to himself. Like Professor James Cappon, who was to him "a quickening and liberating power. . . . The high priest of my salvation", he thought of languages as "repositories of man's spiritual experience"; and like Cappon he loved the subject which he taught. What he said of another older colleague, Professor John Watson, is equally true of himself, "his voice is yet heard . . . and his power still goes out unbound like the sweet influences of the Pleiades". Likewise applicable to himself were his words in praise of J. M. Macdonnell, Chairman of the Trustee Board, in 1955: "He has represented Queen's with distinction on many notable occasions . . . perfect in every sentence . . . a strong man in helping maintain the best traditions of the University . . . wise and judicious always, and when necessary as authoritative as a Prime Minister . . . Queen's would have been a much lesser place without him."

So too, the sympathetic tribute to Dean Matheson, Professor of Mathematics, was a self-portrait when he wrote, "His fineness of character

and fairness of mind illumined a way of life for all to follow. . . . He loved truth and honour and courtesy. All his deep instincts were to do justly, to show mercy, and to walk humbly. He spent his life prodigally for Queen's University, believing with quiet passion in its ideals and mission. He spent his life for something that will outlast it. No man can do better than that."

To the impact of Dr. McNeill's addresses the words apply which he penned in praise of his respected Principal, Dr. R. Bruce Taylor, "He was a master of kindling thought and vivid words that stirred the imagination and revealed truth like flashes of lightning."

One of Dr. McNeill's tours de force was his tribute to Lord Tweedsmuir delivered at less than a day's notice at the Memorial Service in Grant Hall in the winter of 1940. The opening and the closing sections of this superb oration read thus: "This hour, though shadowed with sadness is lighted with gladness. A knightly spirit has gone by to the sound of triumphal acclamations:

'Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight'

That the dust of the ground can take so valiant a shape is the urge of our striving. That the dust of the ground can flower so whitely into virtue is the end of our hoping. . . .

All fires burn out at last. 'The sweetest canticle', wrote Lord Bacon, 'is Nunc dimittis, when a man hath obtained worthy ends.'

God accept him, Christ receive him."

Thus with his own words upon our lips knowing full well that our minds and spirits have been enriched through association with his, we bid him a respectful, an affectionate and a grateful farewell.

A. Vibert Douglas
May 12, 1959

Correct
in account with
Benson

FIRST OFFICER

(To William Everett McNeill)

Sir, your last watch is over: curt and terse
Are the bells of Time; they beat, and all hands wait
To hail and honour their departing Mate;
Earnest their tones, nor do they need rehearse
Praises, but as a poet feels his verse
Reach for its rhythm, so they celebrate
Your good and faithful service, truly great
When storm savaged the ship and fears grew worse.

Alone, off duty, you would read once more
(Your secret strength) ancient, ancestral tales
Of Beowulf and Tristan, Hamlet, Lear,--
Seeming to mark the while, from some far shore,
Lute music, or a gust of nightingales
Chiding the silence of a midnight mere.

George Herbert Clarke

A timeless Power overshadowed Time
And Man was born,
To think eternal thoughts, yet to be torn
Between the invisible world that looms sublime
And this apparent, this ambiguous star
That feeds her teeming tribes, but cares not what they are.

She cares not, for they memorize no past,
Foresee no future, brutish to the last--
Captives of Time, save one aspiring clan,
The tireless race of Man:
With him they share the blood-stream's vital heat,
Yet he and they as doubtful strangers meet,
And when the jungle-kill has flung them prone,
Through desert wastes their bitter dust is blown.
But love of his own kind:
Moves Man to measure every painful gain
Wrung by rapt study from Immortal Mind--
To found the college, the high-altared fane,
Libraries, halls of art, free parliaments
Sifting the will and conscience of the state,
That he may re-create
The thoughts of his Creator and go hence
Leaving his heirs a trust inviolate.

His heirs, for like great waters, cadenced deep,
That swirl and leap,
Cascading o'er a highland wild and steep
Down to the tenebrous canyon far below,
Our human generations, even so,
Fulfil their destined flow:
Into the perilous pool they must explore
They plunge, to find at last an unfamiliar shore.

It is well. We mortal men, while yet there is light enough,
Consider the works of God and labour to make them plain,
Trace and retrace, for truth is of complicate grain,
And our pens, corroded and rough,
Construe it as best they can,
Toiling to fill a page in the epical bible of Man.

G. H. Clarke
Commemoration Ode
1941.

Tribute to Lord Tweedsmuir
by W. E. McNeill

Speaker at the Memorial Service in Grant Hall, 11:00 a.m., February 14, 1940

(Written overnight on less than 24 hours' notice)

This hour, though shadowed with sadness, is lighted with gladness. A knightly spirit has gone by to the sound of triumphal acclamations:

"Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight."

That the dust of the ground can take so valiant a shape is the urge of our striving. That the dust of the ground can flower so whitely into virtue is the end of our hoping.

Once more the idealism of a Scottish manse has enobled a life and enriched the world. Once more the English Bible has been a lamp to a wayfarer's feet and a light to his path.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

In this hall Lord Tweedsmuir gave his own interpretation:

"It sounds like an anti-climax, like a descent from the greater to the less. But I think the meaning is exactly the opposite. It is an ascent from the easy to the difficult. It is the last feat which is the hardest. It is not so difficult in a great crisis to rise like eagles; it is not so difficult in moods of excitement to run and not be weary. But most of the world's work has to be done at a foot's pace, and the hardest task of all is to walk the prosaic roads of life and not faint."

There he spoke from his heart. His soaring spirit, though disciplined to lowly tasks, longed for adventurous flights. He was born beside the River Tweed in the romantic border land, whose tales and songs entering the blood of a lame boy

called Walter Scott had turned him into a knightly figure. To John Buchan the same voices spoke. His imagination grew large, an unquenchable zest for life burned in his veins, a passionate love of country shaped his mind. Scott was his first hero, then Stevenson, then Scott again unto the end. A Scottish manse gave him idealism; the English Bible taught him to serve his fellow men; but Sir Walter Scott made him one in mind with the heroes of old. Though, like Scott, most of his work was in the writing of books, he would rather have been a soldier. He inherited Scott's bold and adventurous spirit, his courage, his kindliness, his wholesomeness, his complete sanity, his love for dogs and horses, his liking for the plain man. Fragile in appearance and never strong physically, he desired hard adventurous tasks, but with a frolic welcome he took what came. He found life good in all its diverse forms. In fiction he roamed in greatest joy with Ulysses, the very symbol of the adventurous warrior, but he joyed next in the company of Falstaff, the chief of Shakespeare's wits and sinners, and of poor old Sairey Gamp, Dickens' bibulous fat nurse with the moisty eye. These were the people he would have most liked to meet if characters could walk out of books in flesh and blood. But the author whom, if he could, he would bring out of heaven to be his shoulder companion on earth was Sir Walter Scott, lover of the knightly life.

As a youth of twenty-three, with the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford behind him but with no visible future before him, he prayed that his dreams might come true:

"O Thou to whom man's heart is known,
Grant me my morning orison.
Grant me the rover's path to see
The dawn arise, the daylight flee.
In the far wastes of sand and sun
Grant me with venturous heart to run
On the old highway, where in pain
And ecstasy man strives amain ...
Grant me the joy of wind and brine,
The zest of food, the taste of wine,
The fighter's strength, the echoing strife,
The high tumultuous lists of life ...
May I ne'er lag nor hapless fall,
Nor weary at the battle call

The prayer was answered. The brimming cup was presented to his lips. Timeless Wisdom worked her will.

Law was tried but found too dusty. So to South Africa where the Boers were fighting. Thrilling days: Secretary to Milner; trooper in the Rand Mounted Rifles; helper at the peace council table, watching the masterful Kitchener. Back to England to the congenial adventures of a publishing house and the romance of journalism. Then war again; once more a soldier; headquarters staff in France, Director of Information for the Government. Later historian of the war. Then in succession the House of Commons, the Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, with occasions of almost regal pomp; the peerage as Lord Tweedsmuir, the title showing his love of the pebbled River Tweed; the post of Governor General of Canada; official functions which he faithfully discharged but without heart. What he did love was the romance and adventure of a new land. He saw its mines and its wheat fields, its lumbering and its fishing. He travelled by canoe and aeroplane. He went deep into the Arctic circle - everywhere with the desire of knowing at first hand the men who with brawn and brain are building a new nation. His mind was stirred by the vast mysterious north, with its invitation to adventure, with its challenge to courage and resource. Undeveloped Canada called to all the deep places of his heart.

And then by way of contrast - Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh; constant writing - 60 books in all of biography, history and romance, constant speaking, living a gracious life, winning all hearts.

This was a man indeed. He was presented for an honorary degree at Yale with the words "He is the kind of man every young man would like to be".

And now let him speak in his own words. As one who had stood before kings and was himself vicariously a King, what was his notion of sovereignty?

"The essence of the British monarchy", he has written, "is that the King, while lifted far above the Nation, should also be the nation itself in its most

characteristic form. There is no place on our throne for the superman, whether he be conqueror or dreamer; its occupant must be recognized by his subjects as of like nature with themselves, exalted indeed, but with the same outlook on life, the same traditions and tastes, the same staunch and familiar virtues.-- In the Platonic Utopia the King was the philosopher; it is more important that he should be the plain man. -- With the Queen to help him, he has made Britain not only a nation, but a household."

As Lord Tweedsmuir once said, his official position did not permit him to express political opinions. He had to confine himself to Governor Generalities. Yet in this passage he adroitly steers past isolation and North Americanism.

"Canada is a North American nation with a jealously maintained European connection. She has therefore many problems in common with the United States, and certain others due to her membership in the British Empire. That is to say, she has affiliations with the world at large which differentiate her from other North American peoples... I like to think of her with her English and French peoples, as in a special degree, the guardian of the great Mediterranean tradition which descends from Greece and Rome, and which she has to mould to the uses of a new world."

This is what he says of our relations to the United States:

"I believe... that on a close understanding between the British Commonwealth and the Republic of the United States depend the peace and freedom of the world... There is no other pair of nations so closely linked together." And then with a flash of that ready wit, so revealing, so endearing, he dismissed Henry James's desire that the United States might have the "close and complete consciousness of the Scots." "What would happen", he asked, "if you had 120 million Scotsmen living in the same country?"

He was a constant champion of democracy and the rights of man.

Listen to scattered sentences:

"The essence of the Reformation was the restoration of the importance of the individual soul and of the value of the individual judgment."

"The State must not be a machine" to crush and blur that most precious thing, the individuality of the citizen.

But, like Tennyson, he feared the falsehood of extremes. "Extreme courses", he has said, "are easy to follow. They only require blind eyes and a hot temper."

He had a sense of history and a respect for the past. Every problem is long descended. "The councils to which Time is not called, Time will not ratify," he quoted from Sir Walter Raleigh. True progress is an organic thing like the growth of a tree. He was amused at "the rootless progressive who is crazy about anything, however foolish, provided it is new."

He exalts the mind:

We "must reverence human reason, not because it is infallible but because it is the best thing we have got."

In education, "It is our business not to load memories but to train minds." There are needed humane studies, which broaden human interests. "A university cannot be too practical in the right sense... But first and foremost it must make... citizens in the full sense, citizens of Canada, citizens of the British Commonwealth, citizens of the immortal kingdom of mind and spirit."

Above all, he was ever urging the good life.

"Our task, our urgent task, is to adapt (our creations) to the higher purposes of humanity", to harness them "to the uses of a better life". With Socrates he ever prayed, "Grant to me to become beautiful inwardly, that all my outward gifts may prosper my inner soul."

So for five years he taught and wrought, giving freely the fruits of

a rich life and of an abundant mind, leading this young nation to the heights.

All fires burn out at last.

"The sweetest canticle", wrote Lord Bacon, "is Nunc dimittis, when a man hath obtained worthy ends."

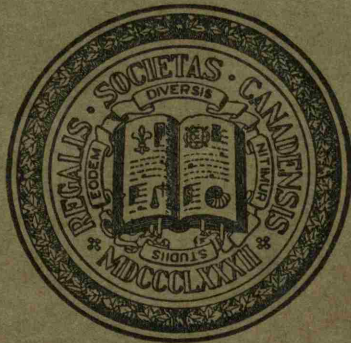
God accept him, Christ receive him.

To Dean Dangler
With the compliments of the writer
W. M. Neil

JOHN WATSON

Born 1847

Died 1939



Reprinted from the Proceedings of the Royal Society
of Canada, 1939

JOHN WATSON

(1847-1939)

JOHN WATSON was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on February 25, 1847. He was educated at Kilmarnock School and at the University of Glasgow, where after a brilliant course he received in 1872 the degree of Master of Arts with first-class honours in Philosophy and English. He went out into life sealed with the seal of Edward Caird. A few months after his graduation the Board of Trustees of Queen's University agreed "to entertain favourably the application of Mr. Watson of Glasgow" for the chair of Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, and on October 16, 1872 he was formally installed. His inaugural address of thirty-seven printed pages, more in length and weight than a modern audience would willingly hear, was listened to with wonder and respect by the serious-minded university audience of that time. A new and authoritative voice was heard in Canada. Though only a youth of twenty-five years Watson surveyed maturely the whole field of philosophic thought and defined his attitude—never to change—towards his great subject and towards religion: "The three departments of Philosophy of which we have spoken," he said in conclusion, "are intimately related to one of the most important subjects that can engage the attention of the human mind. . . . Logic and Metaphysics and Ethics were incomplete if they did not, as their final result, lead us up to the Infinite and to God. Philosophy elevates itself above all mere opinions, above all untested assumptions, above all caprice and impulse . . . and lives and moves in the realm of necessary truth. . . . Only by the elevation of his individual will to the high standard of duty, can man enter into the glorious liberty wherewith the truth makes free."

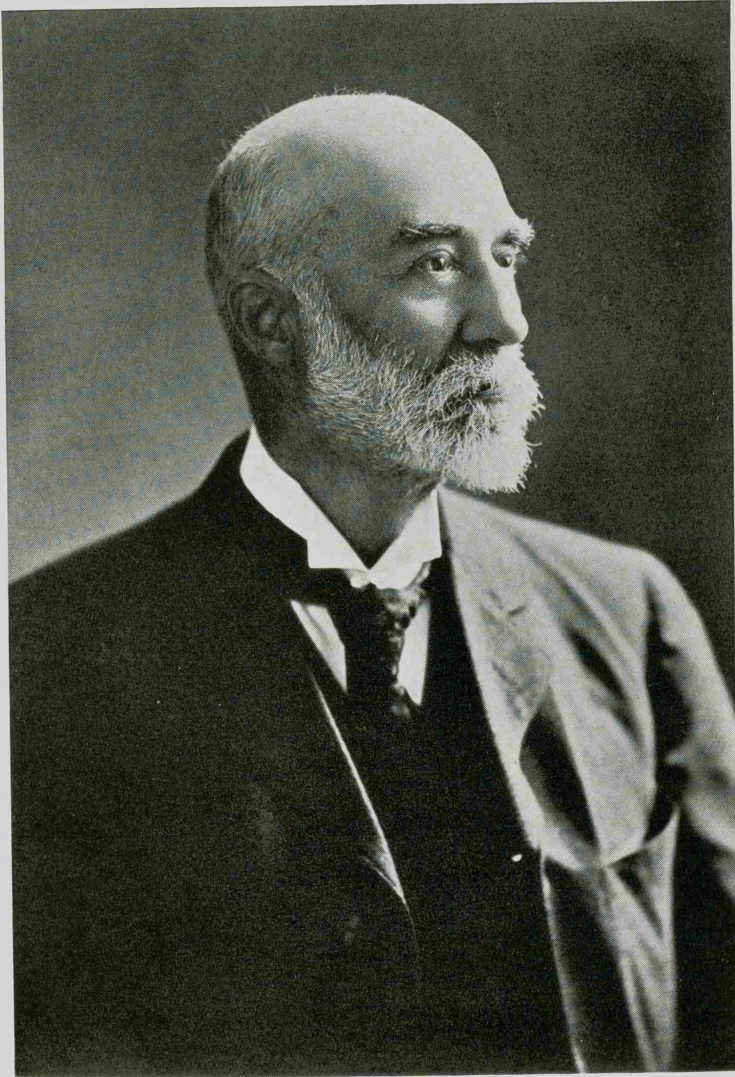
He was the last of a group of thinkers who for over half a century made philosophical idealism prevail in British and American universities. He was of the faith of Edward Caird, T. H. Green, F. H. Bradley, Bernard Bosanquet, and Josiah Royce. Throughout his time at Queen's he opened his first class of the day with the lines of the collect: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help." But student tradition, rejoicing in his vigorous attacks on materialism, liked to report that John Watson really said: "God bless me and Immanuel Kant; damn Comte, Mill, and Spencer, and all the Hedonists."

He was a prolific writer. In philosophical and other magazines he engaged in current discussion. "Science and Religion" was directed against Tyndall, "The World as Force" against Spencer. In the same category were "Ethical Aspects of Darwinism," "The New Ethical Philosophy," "Pragmatism and Idealism," "German Philosophy and Politics." Other periodical articles were "The Problem of Hegel," "The Absolute and the Time-Process," "Nietzsche's Genealogy of Morals," "Dante and Mediaeval Thought," "Gnostic Theology." Many of his books were revised and reprinted several times. The most important are: *Kant and His English Critics*, *The Philosophy of Kant Explained*, *Schelling's Transcendental Idealism*, *Outline of Philosophy*, *Hedonistic Theories from Aristippus to Spencer*, *Christianity and Idealism*, *The Philosophic Basis of Religion*, *The Interpretation of Religious Experience* (Gifford Lectures), *The State in Peace and War*. His whole work bears over sixty titles.

John Watson taught Philosophy at Queen's for fifty-two years. His fame grew steadily. The Universities of Glasgow and Toronto gave him LL.D.; the University of Michigan, D.Litt.; Knox College, D.D. He was the first Canadian to receive the high honour of being invited to deliver the Gifford Lectures at Glasgow. He was a member of the Royal Society of Canada from its beginning in 1882. He was made Vice-Principal of Queen's under Grant in 1901 and continued in service till 1924. Then he retired, not to rest or rust, but to continue his thinking and writing. He died on January 26, 1939, within a month of his ninety-second birthday.

John Watson was not merely scholar and writer and teacher. He had a wide range of activities and interests. He golfed and curled and bowled. He painted a little and delighted in music. He was a witty speaker and enlivened many a dinner with Scottish stories and sometimes with song. It was a joy to hear him render with appropriate action the blood-curdling ballad of "The MacPhairsons." He liked to take part in Shakespearian readings. His Shylock was a fearsome character; his Sir Toby Belch was so delightfully rowdy as to suggest that his own youth might have been misspent. He once wrote a play, hoping to have it produced as a money-maker for the construction of a Women's Residence, but here Kant and Hegel failed him. He was a man of good talk and pungent wit, of wide learning outside of his field and of invincible authority within it.

Great as he was as philosopher and thinker, John Watson was probably greatest in the classroom as teacher and personality. No one went lightly to his classes, for each person knew that any day he might be subjected to an hour's questioning which would reveal



JOHN WATSON

the depths of his ignorance. The cross-examiner was patient and kindly in his explanation, but he was also deadly in his detection of sham or intellectual indolence. But no serious student missed these classes; the whole university knew that minds were transformed there. In paying a tribute in 1900 to his associates on the Queen's staff, Dr. Watson described his own aims as a teacher: "We have not attempted to keep our pupils in leading strings. We have taught them to think for themselves. . . . Timid people think we are dangerous. I think we are. We are very dangerous to superstition and tradition and intellectual sloth. . . . I venture to say that we have saved young men from shallow scepticism and shallow traditionalism by teaching them as men, not as babes. A university has as its main aim to supplement the weakness of the individual by the strength of the race."

With such ideals and purposes he taught Philosophy for over half a century. Few teachers have left to their pupils such enduring or such grateful memories. To them he was the greatest living philosopher. Through them his voice is yet heard in many a classroom and pulpit, and his power still goes out unbound like the sweet influences of Pleiades.

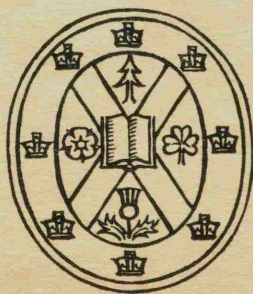
W. E. MCNEILL

An Address

by Dr. W. E. McNeill

at the Autumn Convocation
Queen's University, Kingston
October 18. 1947

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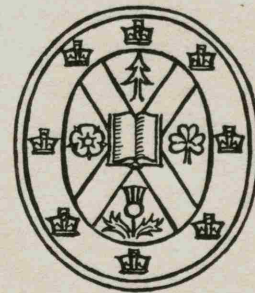


An Address

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“HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?”

An address by Dr. W. E. McNeill at the Autumn Convocation, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, October 18th, 1947, on the occasion of his receiving the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, following his retirement from the position of Vice-Principal and Treasurer of the University.

A DISTINGUISHED university President, when asked whether he approved honorary degrees, replied that since they seemed to increase the sum total of human happiness he was in favour of them. For that reason Principal Wallace should have much satisfaction today. He has greatly increased the happiness of two persons. They warmly thank him and the Senate.

I speak mainly to students, who are highly resistant to advice. I shall therefore put the pith of my talk into five words in the hope that if all else is ignored these alone may ring a bell. I know that many have found life's adventure even in a phrase. Boys and girls have gone out from this University men and women because of something Grant said, of something Wallace said. Loitering students at Harvard have been spurred by President Eliot's two recurring phrases—"this society of scholars," "the durable satisfactions of life." Men have lived by Carlyle's, "Do the duty that lies nearest." A reproaching question of four plain words, "Why persecutest thou me?" changed Saul of Tarsus into Paul the Apostle.

My five words are a probing question. They are the title of an anthology by Maurice Baring,—“Have you anything to declare?” The author professes to have dreamed that he arrived at the borders of the next world and was there confronted by a stern guardian with the demand, “Have you anything to declare?” The question was not about wine or tobacco or lace or diamonds or bank balances, but about moral and intellectual worth. What have you in heart and mind that will qualify you for admission to the more abundant life?

Many do badly in this final test. Matthew Arnold has written:

Most men eddy about
 Here and there—eat and drink,
 Chatter and love and hate,
 Gather and squander, . . .
 achieving
 Nothing; and then they die—
 Perish;—and no one asks
 Who or what they have been,
 More than he asks what waves . . .
 Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
 Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

No normal youth wills to be nameless and null. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts and compass years on years ahead. Nothing small or petty is there, nothing but great and noble hopes. But fulfilment is not easy.

What should university men and women be able to declare of durable gains?

1. *Character.*

First, Character.

In the final reckoning what one *is* counts more than what one knows or does. The Hitlers of this world are transient. The abiding powers of the human race are moral. Twenty-three hundred years ago Plato said in his *Republic* that the ultimate aim of education is the training of character. Two years ago Sir Richard Livingstone, then Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, said the same thing at the University of Toronto.

Is modern education sufficiently concerned with character? In the great days of Greece when thinkers met together the main subject of discourse was the good life. Arnold of Rugby moulded a generation of English school-boys by making character as important as classics. Until a half century ago it was axiomatic that education must be based on Christian principles. Have we swung too far away? The most earnest of to-day's prophets are concerned not with individual but with social, political, and economic good. This is not fundamental. Almost any system will serve if worked by good men; any system will fail if worked by self-seekers. In a baccalaureate sermon in this hall a few years ago Dr. Sclater flashed a light on the well-known phrase, “O brave new world.” He completed the passage. Shakespeare's Miranda, exiled from infancy with her father to a desert island, on first seeing, years later, civilized youth in fair array, exclaimed:

How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world
 That has such people in't.

There's the vital thought—"that has such people in't." What must people have to make a brave new world? Paul had a good answer: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Perhaps all these are included in the word *honour* which has been a kingly word in English speech and life for seven hundred years. Chaucer's mediaeval knight dedicated himself to "Truth and honour." Shakespeare exalted honour throughout his plays, "If I lose mine honour, I lose myself." Thomas Jefferson wrote *honour* as the last word of the last sentence of his country's Declaration of Independence: "We mutually pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour." The highest affirmation of our manhood is "On my honour."

University men and women should be honourable in all their ways, declaring first of all, Character.

2. *Skills or Knowledge*

Next, Skills or Knowledge.

One of the durable satisfactions of life comes from the ability to do something extremely well, whether kicking field-goals, or conducting a symphony orchestra, or writing a history of Canada. The English philosopher, L. P. Jacks, has called man "a skill-hungry animal, hungry for skill in his body, hungry for skill in his mind. The happiness that man's nature demands is impossible until his skill-hunger is satisfied."

But a price must be paid. The goal of perfection is not reached by eddying about. Only those who row hard against the stream ever see distant gates of Eden gleam. The peculiar temptation of college students, especially of Arts students, whom a wit has called the only leisure class in America, is to listen to siren voices like these: "There is better preparation for life in student activities than in class-rooms; more light in ladies' eyes than in the Douglas Library; it is not the best student who succeeds in later life." All this is false. It is a weak man's excuse for easily eddying about instead of resolutely doing the nearest duty.

Of course some high scholars do poorly in later life. How could it be otherwise? Defects of temper, taints of blood, lack of personality, lack of looks, sheer chance may keep a good man down. Of course there are poor students who later do well. Boundless assurance and a nimble tongue or an uncle on the board of directors may sometimes be better than a first-class degree. It helps to marry the boss's daughter instead of his stenographer. But more important: there are some persons with special gifts or aptitudes who cannot adapt themselves to college routine and yet succeed later, just as there are men who have never seen the inside of a college and yet have risen to the highest places. But do not commit that most stupid fallacy of generalizing from a few cases. The proved fact is that on the whole one's record is consistent. The shirker continues to shirk and gets nowhere; the worker continues to work and becomes Prime Minister. Of those who enter college, the high matricu-

lant becomes the high Honours graduate and the high Honours graduate wins life's best prizes.

This truth is not questioned in England. In the United States, where the false doctrine prevails, investigation has found the facts and they have been repeatedly published. The records of Harvard's three hundred years and of Yale's two hundred and fifty and of other institutions show that more than fifty percent. of the best scholars achieve notable distinction and only about seven percent. of the total graduates. How could it be otherwise? The man who knows is wanted. He builds the bridges, wins the lawsuits, performs the delicate operations, preaches the good sermons, becomes a university Principal, does the honest thinking.

"Honest thinking," that is, thinking based on full knowledge. Some flabby persons try to make education painless. Do not, they say, ask students to learn facts, but teach them to think. O Thinking—what intellectual crimes are committed in thy name! How can a man think if he doesn't know? Charles Darwin gathered biological facts for twenty years without seeing any binding relationship. Then one day, while he was walking through an English country lane, the idea of evolution suddenly came to him. That's what thinking is—the flashing emergence of an idea after facts have been mulled over a long time. Even then it is probably wrong. It must be well tested. Roentgen, the discoverer of X-Rays, when asked what he thought they were, replied: "I do not think; I experiment." Thinking is a highly dangerous

performance for amateurs. You cannot think with hopes and fears and ignorance, but only with a well-trained and a well-filled mind.

From hard facts and hard practice alone can come that joy-giving mastery of a skill which is essential to happiness. I leave with you a line from Geoffrey Chaucer, wise English poet of six hundred years ago:

The life so short, the craft so long to learn.

3. *The Cultural Heritage*

First, Character; then, Skills; last, the Cultural Heritage.

Skills are not enough. Though they make great and happy men they do not make the greatest or happiest.

The writer of *Ecclesiasticus*, greatest of Wisdom books, pondering under Egyptian stars two thousand years ago, saw that clearly:

How can he get Wisdom that holdeth the plough?
He giveth his mind to make furrows. So every carpenter
and workmaster . . . and they that cut and grave seals
. . . the smith considering the iron-work . . . the potter
turning the wheel. . . . Everyone is wise in his work.
Without these cannot a city be inhabited. They will
maintain the state of the world.

But they shall not be sought for in public counsel,
they shall not sit on the judges' seat, they shall not be
found where parables are spoken.

But he that . . . will seek out [ancient] wisdom, that
will keep the sayings of the renowned men, . . . he shall
serve among great men and appear before princes . . .
his memorial shall not depart away.

That is as true as when the Pharaohs lived. It is not enough merely to be wise in one's own work.

The view is too short. The individual must see beyond his immediate task; he must gain a sense of life as a whole; he must make his own richer in thought and feeling and beauty by drawing on the cultural heritage for ampler vision, ampler values.

Where are these to be got? From many sources: from history and philosophy, from religion and the fine arts. Science, once thought alien to the humanities, as taught by wise men, can point a way to the fuller life. But there is one subject of highest value. Literature records the spiritual history of mankind, its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, aspirations and defeats, the earthy worst, the heavenly best. It shows life whole.

The value of literature as a means of education has been well tested. For five hundred great years of Greece and Rome and for nearly fifteen hundred years more, education consisted mainly of a study of the poets. The literary education that nourished the great men of twenty centuries has proved its high use. It must not perish. Latin and Greek are passing but English Literature worthily succeeds. Much of it has been written by men who knew the classics as well as their own tongue. Thus it enriches our native northern thinking and feeling with the great Mediterranean cultures. It is now the main accessible repository of the sayings of renowned men. It is the main subject with values beyond skills. Sir William Fyfe, Principal of Aberdeen, formerly of Queen's, as Chairman of the Advisory Council on Education in Scotland has issued a Report with these words: To fail in mathematics or

Latin is to be deficient in these subjects; to fail in English is to be fundamentally uneducated.

Further, English Literature is the best single subject to provide a common element in the bewildering diversity of modern education. Fifty years ago almost everyone studied the same subjects—literature and language, history and philosophy, mathematics and science. Because teachers were similarly trained, a student who passed from a class in Greek to a class in history or philosophy found the same set of values. Common beliefs and common ideals widely prevailed. An excellent way of life was firmly established. It may have been too stereotyped. But to-day, an alarmingly opposite condition exists. Mass education has filled schools and universities with those who have no interest in the traditional studies and a vast variety of instruction has been provided to meet the vast variety of interests and ability. A post-card request to a large American university for information brought one hundred and seventeen different publications with offerings of thirty-two modern languages and fifty-two kinds of psychology. Education has lost its common element. There is national danger in this diversity. A common element in education is a requisite for a common citizenship. English Literature best provides it since it enshrines our way of life.

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and
Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen
and chainless land.

From this a corollary: if English is the subject best suited to transmit the cultural heritage and to

provide a common element in education, it must be taught so as to serve these high purposes, and not be made as sometimes,

An undigested mass of dates and sources
Roll'd round in academe's diurnal courses,
Where scholars prepare scholars not for life
But gaudy footnotes and a threadbare wife.

And it must be more widely required. Three-quarters of our three thousand students, including all in engineering and medicine, have only one class in English. There is a case for prescribing English in each year of each course in order that graduates may go out with knowledge beyond skills and a share in the cultural heritage.

I make a plea for more English composition. Sir William Fyfe, in the Scottish Report I have mentioned, reduces education to four fundamental subjects, the first of which is "Spoken and Written English." What weight of authority lies behind that proposal! The Greek rhetoricians taught their language as a means of convincing a free assembly through public oratory. In 1644, John Milton in his *Tractate on Education* gave chief place to "the arts which enable men to discourse and write—so that whether they speak in Parliament or Council, honour and attention will be waiting on their lips." In 1913, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his first lecture as the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge said:

Literature is not a mere science to be studied, but an art to be practised. . . . I seriously propose to you that here in Cambridge we practise writing . . . to make appropriate, perspicuous, accurate, persuasive writing a recognizable hall-mark of anything turned out by our English school.

By all means let us study the great masters of the past . . . but let us study them for our guidance that we, in our turn, having (it is to be hoped) something to say in our span of time may say it worthily.

I respectfully suggest to our Professor Harrison, who writes so well, and whose department writes so well, that he consider establishing several courses in spoken and written English, of which one shall be in Honours.

Most cultivated Englishmen speak and write better than we do, because they have more faithfully kept the sayings of renowned men. Great words from the past come knocking at the doors of speech and thought. Winston Churchill constantly draws from his treasury of poetry. In England's darkest hour he stirred a nation's chivalry with Andrew Marvell's tribute to Charles I in his hour of doom.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.

The last war was won not only by great deeds but by great words—

Words that have drawn transcendent meanings up
From the best passion of all by-gone time,
Steeped through with tears of triumph and remorse,
Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed in martyr-fires.

In the British Commonwealth of Nations English Literature should be the keystone of education because it preserves the cultural heritage. Listen to Lord David Cecil of Oxford in his introduction to *The English Poets* in a new British Art Series:

Every great nation has expressed its spirit in Art. . . . The Italians are famous for their painting, the Germans for their music . . . England for her poets. . . . English is a poet's language. . . . It is ideally suited for the expres-

sion of emotion. There is no better language in the world for touching the heart and setting the imagination aflame.

Here is something beyond skills.

Touching the heart. From a thousand examples I take John Donne's humanism of three hundred years ago:

No man is an island, entire of itself. Every man is a piece of the continent. If a clod be washed away by the sea, England is the less. . . . [So] any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee.

Setting the imagination aflame. From a thousand examples I take the first selection in the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. It is Walter Pater's imaginative interpretation of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, a portrait six years in its meticulous making, the figure of a woman with an inscrutable face, an enigmatic half-smile, eyelids a little weary, hands crossed. Pater imagines that she has had vast experience of living through successive incarnations. She has been a pearl fisher, a gypsy trader, a Grecian lady, a Christian saint. This is what he wrote:

She is older than the rocks among which she sits;
Like the Vampire,
She has been dead many times,
And learned the secrets of the grave;
And has been a diver in deep seas,
And keeps their fallen day about her;
And trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants;
And, as Leda,
Was the mother of Helen of Troy,
And, as Saint Anne,
Was the mother of Mary;
And all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes,

And lives
Only in the delicacy
With which it has moulded the changing lineaments,
And tinged the eyelids and the hands.

I like to think of these lovely lines as a parable of the life of a student, ever growing in wisdom and knowledge through ever-widening experience of past and present, hearing ultimately the lyres and flutes of glad fulfilment.

Have you anything to declare? Out of high character, out of mastered skills, out of the great books that light the mind and touch the heart and set the imagination aflame, shall you in the time of testing be able proudly to answer:

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

If so, you have not eddied about; you have striven and achieved. The great law of culture, says Carlyle, is that each become all that he was created capable of being.

Mr. Chancellor, ladies and gentlemen, I now take my leave.

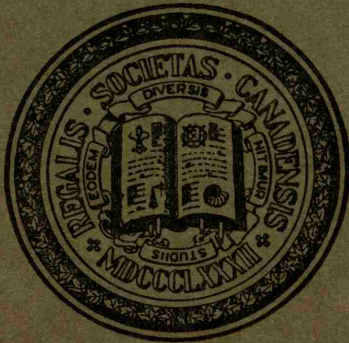
To Sean Douglas
With the writer's compliments
W.H. Hall

JAMES CAPPON

Born 1854

85 yrs

Died 1939



Reprinted from the Proceedings of the Royal Society
of Canada, 1940

JAMES CAPPON

(1854-1939)

85-4/2

Born at Broughty Ferry, Scotland, March 8, 1854.

Educated at the University of Glasgow, M.A. 1879.

Tutor and lecturer in Glasgow for six years and teacher in an English school in Genoa for three years.

Appointed Professor of English Language and Literature, Queen's University, 1888.

Appointed Dean of the Faculty of Arts, 1906.

Retired, 1919.

Died, September 19, 1939.

Honours: LL.D., McGill and Queen's; Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, of the Royal Society of Arts, of the North British Academy of Arts.

JAMES CAPPON made his first appearance at Queen's University on a stormy October night, 1888. He had just arrived from Glasgow and had gone directly from the railway station to the autumn convocation. Though wet with rain and an hour late, he walked briskly through the audience to the platform. The students cheered and demanded a speech. The *News* next day merely reported that he had made "a few remarks," but one who was present recalls that the whole audience recognized in his words and manner the advent of a personality.

The new Professor of English was to show many notable qualities in the next fifty years but none so marked as personality. Varley's portrait, painted in 1919 and here reproduced, is proof enough. Many a man and many an argument have wilted before that resistant face and that firm posture. In his mature years as Dean of the Faculty of Arts, no motion failed that he strongly supported, no motion passed that he strongly opposed. "I will not permit it," he once insisted. Then even the mover did not vote for his own proposal. In the classroom, though he usually led to reasoned conclusions, he was often vigorously dogmatic: "There are not a dozen men in Canada who know good literature from bad." In English criticism "we have . . . mostly only academic Collinses and absurd Chestertons splashing about in a frothy sea of their own making." When "Cappy" discoursed to his students on the significance of Wordsworth's "his legs were thin and dry," they faithfully took notes. He spoke as one having authority.

Cappan was by nature a scholar. He took all humane learning as his field—Literature, History, Philosophy, Art. He knew Greek and Latin, French and Italian, German and Norwegian, not primarily as languages but as repositories of man's spiritual experience. He knew

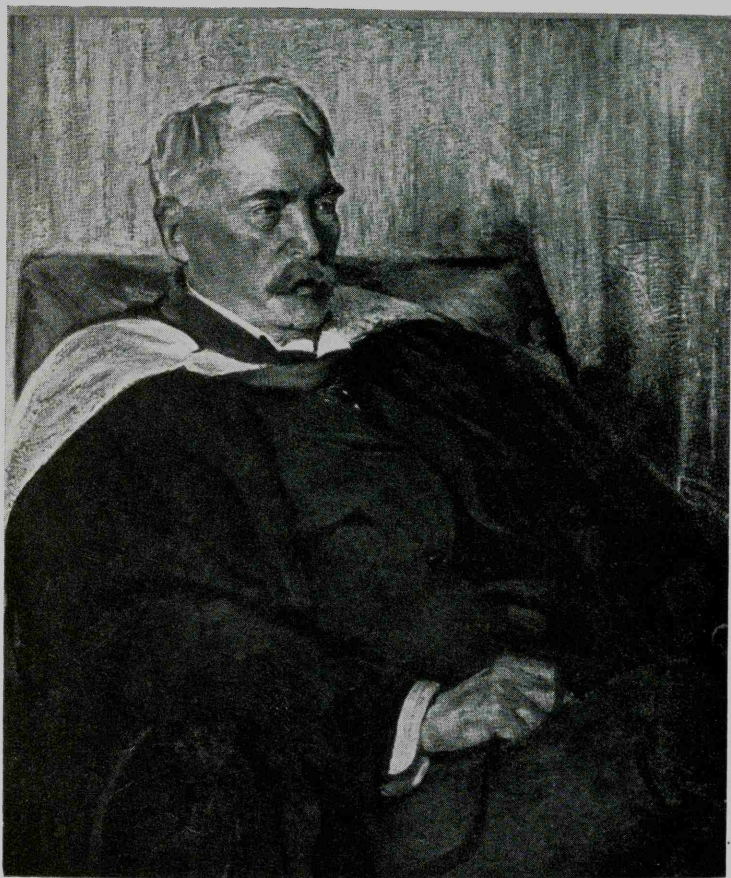
Literature, not only in its broad highways but in many curious by-ways—not only Homer but also Hippocrates, not only Sainte-Beuve and Anatole France but also Villehardouin and D'Alembert. Of Science he said, "A little contents me." He thought of the Physics Building at Queen's merely as a place "having glass bottles with wires in them." But in humanistic studies, he said, education has still its ampler meaning.

He read slowly and reflectively, pipe in mouth and pen in hand, recording ideas and reactions. "Even when reading merely for delight I find myself often stopping to make an analytic note for my students. Few books beguile me past that habit." . . . "When anyone enters my library he sees that he is not expected there for the chairs are generally encumbered with books and memoranda which have to be cautiously displaced." The only privileged visitors were his cat Toppy and an old dog. Night after night, regardless of slowly weakening eyes, he outwatched the Bear.

What stacks of notes he had! They were piled high in a closet, an unmanageable bulk. That was one reason he did not publish more. Another was his inability to find a starting place. A projected study of Ibsen took him to Norway. He gave a winter to the Scandinavian drama, and then found he must explore its sources in the French. The trail led back to Latin and Greek. He could not begin till he had a fresh knowledge of everything. And all the while mountainous notes rose higher.

His main books were: *Victor Hugo, a Memoir and Study* (1885), *Britain's Title in South Africa* (1901), *Roberts and the Influences of his Time* (1905), *Bliss Carman and the Literary Currents and Influences of his Time* (1930). For twenty-five years he wrote for the *Queen's Quarterly* on a wide range of subjects. His earlier articles were literary: "The Verse of Endymion," "The Legend of Ulysses in Dante and Tennyson," "Shelley and Browning." His later articles were mostly on current events: "Canada and the Fisheries Dispute," "The Growth of Federal Control in the United States," "The Scandinavian Nations and the War."

Some of these seem strange topics for a Professor of English. But not for Cappon. He held with Emerson that a scholar who comprehended his duties was above all men a realist and a student of the world. In his inaugural address in 1889 he declared that "we in Canada cannot afford to maintain institutions which are careless of the practical relations of their studies to life." The word "practical" appears many times in that idealistic address and also in his latest reports as Dean. "It is easy to put ideals on paper," he wrote in 1916,



JAMES CAPPON

"but the important thing is . . . to meet the practical and cultural requirements of the country." He insisted throughout his life that literature properly studied gave a student "a training of a highly practical kind, a training which will help him judge much that he sees around him in the world" and keep him from being "caught with crude novelties in art and speculation."

So Cappon sat in judgment on all university and many world problems. He pondered and domineered over matriculation requirements and courses of study; he fought for separation from the Church; he devised the present constitution of the various academic bodies in the University. He wrote a book to justify the ways of Great Britain in South Africa, a time-consuming, fully documented study of over three hundred pages, requiring a working knowledge of Dutch and Portuguese and the reading of everything relevant, including travellers' tales and missionary reports. His *Quarterly* articles ranged from "Church and State in France" to "Chicago Meat Packing Scandals." Though he spent his great hours in his palace of Art, he often left it to walk in busy, dusty streets.

He was a "born teacher," as he once said of himself. His lectures did not permit "an indolent receptivity of mind." His method was to take a problem and work it out with his students. To him the study of literature at its highest was the study of "the character and ideas of a nation, of the long struggle its writers and thinkers have had to express, each for his age, from the author of the Beowulf to Robert Browning, the deepest thoughts about life and its problems." Like Dante's master Brunetto Latini he strove to show how man becomes part of the eternal, "come l'uom s'eterna." He had the outlook of a philosopher.

Edward Caird in 1888 prophesied that Cappon's teaching would "be no mere routine but a living influence." On that point some sentences from a letter by a former student bear eloquent witness: "Even as I write his name on this page," says one of the most cultivated of Queen's graduates, "I am conscious of the surviving and pervading influence he exercised upon me, which will be part of me to the end. To me he was a quickening and liberating power. I may truly say that James Cappon was the high priest of my salvation. . . . One evening I said I wished to take the opportunity of letting him know how greatly he had helped us all and what a wonderful power he had been in our lives. After a brief pause he said, 'I loved my subject.' James Cappon loved his subject and his magic overflowed to us even if he did not know our names. It may be that here is a larger affection

than the love of persons. It is the love of an artist for his picture rather than for the one who buys it."

Homage like this came from hundreds of students. Cappon was indeed a living influence. His personality, his sanity, his learning, his authentic literary and artistic sense, his philosophical outlook gave him distinction everywhere. But he sought no fame. He had kinship with Browning's Pictor Ignotus, the unknown painter, who could have rivalled Raphael but would not compete for the world's favour. He shunned the noisy market place and chose rather the sanctuary's gloom where no merchant traffics and where vain tongues are still. He had kinship with Epictetus the Stoic from whom he learned not to expect from the world the things for which he was not willing to pay the world's price. "Instead of a better place at the banquet," he said, "I have more freedom."

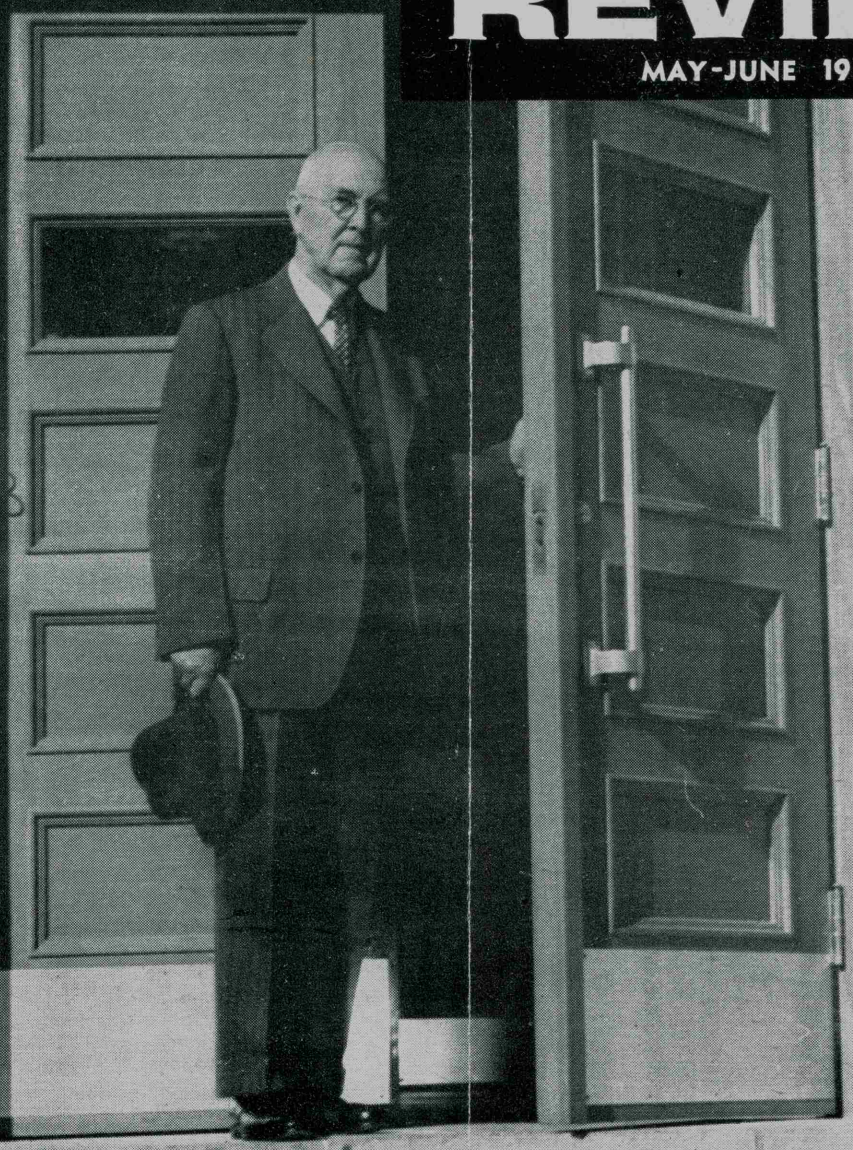
He was buried on a gray September day. Some yellow leaves, too early sere, brightened the ground. Only a half dozen old friends stood by the grave for he had outlived his generation. But his influence streams on forever.

W. E. McNEILL

MCNEILL HOUSE

the *QUEEN'S*
REVIEW

MAY-JUNE 1959



William Everett McNeill
1876 - 1959

the QUEEN'S REVIEW

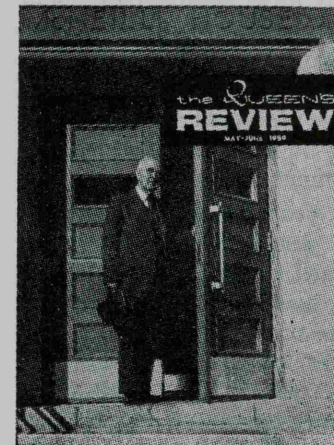
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Cover

Dr. W. E. McNeill standing at the door of the first unit of the men's residence, McNeill House, which was named in his honour.

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In Memoriam

Dr. W. E. McNEILL

Though I am not a Queen's man born, nor a Queen's man bred, yet when I die there's a Queen's man dead. So works the magic of this place.

● So spoke Dr. W. E. McNeill on the occasion of Queen's University's hundredth birthday in 1941. Today there is a Queen's man dead.

Dr. W. E. McNeill, M.A., Ph.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.C., died in Kingston General Hospital on May 8, in his eighty-third year. He had been in failing health since 1951, but up until a few months ago Dr. McNeill could be seen taking his daily walk through the campus which he claimed had worked such magic for him.

It is true that he was not a Queen's man born, though he claimed some advantage in having had a mother baptized by the young Rev. George Monro Grant. William Everett McNeill was born at Lower Montague, Prince Edward Island, November 29, 1876. After graduating from Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown he proceeded to Acadia University in Nova Scotia where he graduated with his B.A. degree and the Governor General's Medal. After a year at Harvard where he earned his second Bachelor of Arts degree, he taught for three years at Bates College. There he met his future wife, Caroline Emily Libby, who was to serve as Professor of Romance Languages and Dean of Women. This gracious lady predeceased Dr. McNeill in 1948.

In 1905 McNeill returned to Harvard as a James Savage Scholar and as a teaching assistant in English. Harvard awarded him his M.A. in 1907 and his Doctorate two years later.

In 1910 and 1911 Dr. McNeill spent his time between terms at Oxford Uni-

versity, continuing his study of English under some of the most brilliant scholars of the time. It became a long-standing custom for him to use his time away from lectures in this way to improve his teaching.

It was fully a half-century ago that Dr. McNeill turned down more lucrative positions to accept an appointment at Queen's as assistant professor of English under Prof. James Cappon. His students recall his lectures as being extraordinarily clear and lucid with an excellent and brilliant style of presentation. Indeed, Dr. McNeill's lectures were known as some of the most interesting and profitable in the University. During the course of time, he was made acting head of the Department of English.

As the 'teen years drew to a close Dr. McNeill was made chairman of the University Board of Studies in Arts, the board which was responsible for the modernization of undergraduate and graduate study courses in Arts. His whole life was changed in 1920 when Dr. McNeill was appointed the University's Registrar and Treasurer upon the resignation of George Y. Chown. He also served at this time as secretary to the Board of Trustees and in this capacity he sat in upon planning committees during Queen's great period of development after World War I. After ten years, Dr. McNeill dropped the position of Registrar to become Vice-Principal and Treasurer of Queen's.

Even after his retirement in 1947, Dr. McNeill officially served the University until 1954 as an elected member of the Board of Trustees. It was under his chairmanship that both R. C. Wallace and W. A. Mackintosh were installed as Principals of Queen's, two of four under whom he served.

One of the greatest testimonials to Dr. McNeill's versatility was his success during the 1920's with the debating teams. He coached the Queen's teams to several intercollegiate championships and to victory over the Imperial Debating Team from Great Britain. It was his facility in choice and presentation of words which made Dr. McNeill one of the great public speakers of his day, and his Convocation addresses in particular are remembered as masterpieces.

He had more occasion than most scholars to make such addresses. In 1933 Acadia honoured Dr. McNeill with the degree D.C.L. and in that same year the University of Western Ontario granted him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Perhaps his best-known address is "Have You Anything to Declare?", the one which he made upon receiving an LL.D. from Queen's in 1947, the year of his retirement. In an editorial which appeared in the *Ottawa Journal* following Dr. McNeill's death, it was said of this address that "for scholarship, for understanding, for grandeur of advice and beauty of form, this was one of the noble utterances of our time."

"If I could find one word which would best describe him, I think it would be the word loyalty." This was another of the tributes heaped upon Dr. McNeill's memory, this being from the funeral address of the Rev. Dr. H. A. Kent. The funeral service was held on May 11, in Chalmers United Church, Kingston. The Rev. Dr. W. F. Bannister officiated with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. George A. Brown and the Rev. Dr. Kent, a former principal of Queen's Theological College during Dr. McNeill's time as an administrator. Heading the list of many friends and colleagues gathered to mourn this distinguished gentleman was his cousin, Mr. A. G. Cameron of Trail, B.C., a graduate of Arts '06.

Dr. Kent praised Dr. McNeill's loyalty to his work, his colleagues, and his friends, recalling that during the dark days of the depression "he stood be-



DR. W. E. McNEILL

tween the University staff and the dangers threatening them as an immovable barrier. . . . He loved good things: good writing, good speaking and good behaviour. He had the reticence of his race . . . and spoke seldom of his inner life . . . but he loved God and goodness all his days."

A brief committal service was held at Catarqui Cemetery where Dr. McNeill was laid to rest in the ground hallowed to Queen's University. By Dr. McNeill there lie in adjacent graves three former principals—George Monro Grant, Daniel Miner Gordon, and Robert Charles Wallace.

It was Principal Wallace who described Dr. McNeill upon his retirement as "one who has rendered conspicuous service to Queen's University. An exponent of English prose, pure and undefiled, a financier of unusual sagacity, a careful husbender of University funds, a wise counsellor and a warmhearted friend, he has made a mark on Queen's that will endure."

These sentiments were echoed by a host of graduates with whom his influence remains permanent when Dr. McNeill was presented with the Montreal Medal for bringing honour to his university and distinction to himself.

At Queen's his memorials are everywhere. He himself considered the modernization of the course of study in Arts as one of his major contributions to the University. At the end of Dr. McNeill's tenure of office, half the university was new and all the rest renewed but two frame buildings, now replaced. He played a leading role in this tremendous programme of development and much of the burden of planning and financing fell to him.

Among his lesser known but lasting contributions to the University are several inscriptions either composed or chosen for plaques in the Students' Memorial Union. His remarkable collection of speech recordings taped by Queen's contemporaries or by notable personages visiting the University and the contents of his study will never be sold, but have been left in the hands of University officials for distribution to selected students and members of staff. Each piece will be a memorial, small perhaps, but highly cherished, for he himself was a cherisher of memoirs and mementoes.

The greatest visible tribute to his memory, though, is one most enjoyed, paradoxically, by those who knew him least — McNeill House, the first men's residence to be erected on the campus (1955). Over the fire-place in the common room hangs an impressive portrait of this "outwardly austere gentleman" who proved to previous generations of boys "a very gracious and human sort of man."

Respected and admired by thousands of graduates the world over as teacher, scholar, administrator and orator, Dr. McNeill was for fifty years a force to be reckoned with in educational circles across the continent.

Tributes

Principal W. A. Mackintosh:

The death of Dr. W. E. McNeill ends a career which had singular significance and fruitfulness for Queen's University. For the thirty-eight years of his active service and in nearly twelve years of association during his retirement, his administration for scholarship, his respect for facts, his fine precision of speech and thought, and his devotion to the interests of the University, were of immeasurable benefit. Whether as Professor, Registrar, Treasurer or Vice-Principal, he believed in being prepared. In the very difficult days twenty-five years ago, his prudence and unremitting care saved the University from the serious effects of the depression. His name will be remembered not only by those who pass McNeill House but by all who know the history of Queen's University.

M. C. Tillotson, University Treasurer:

The announcement of the death of W. E. McNeill has saddened the day of all who know of his contributions to Queen's University. From the Department of English he succeeded to the position of registrar and treasurer in 1921, with little or no training or understanding of business administration. Within a relatively short time, he acquired a very considerable knowledge of accounting, economics, and finance. He understood the educational objectives of Queen's as well as the business and fiscal aspects of these objectives. He was an educator in a broad sense of that term.

As indicated in his character, his decisions and his way of life, he had, in large measure, the qualities of integrity and moral courage, a sense of personal responsibility and the stamina to stand against pressure. He had the ability to marshal and weigh evidence objectively. He was a wise counsellor, a devoted officer and Trustee of the University. On the occasion of his retirement in 1947,

the late Professor George Herbert Clarke composed the following poem in his honor:

FIRST OFFICER

Sir, your last watch is over: curt and terse
Are the bells of Time: they strike, and all hands wait
To hail and honour their departing mate;
Earnest their tones, nor do they need rehearse
Praises, but as a poet feels his verse
Reach for its rhythm, they would celebrate
Your constancy and courage, truly great
When storm ravaged the ship and fears grew worse.
Alone, off duty, you would read once more.
(Your secret strength) ancient ancestral tales
Of Beowulf and Tristan, Hamlet, Lear —
Seeming to mark the while, from some far shore,
Lute music and a gust of nightingales
Chiding the silence of a midnight mere.

Gordon J. Smith, former Treasurer:

It was my great privilege to know Dr. W. E. McNeill for a half century, and to be closely associated with him in the affairs of the University for almost twenty-five of these fifty years.

My first contact with him was in the fall of 1909—when he joined the staff of the Department of English at Queen's and when, as a lad of seventeen, I sat in his "Senior English" class. Even yet I well remember the vigour and lucidity of his lectures.

Then from 1926 until his resignation in 1947 as Vice-Principal and Treasurer of the University, I had the good fortune to be in constant contact with him in connection with the various administrative and financial concerns of Queen's. In the several posts which I held in the Alumni and University organizations during these years, Dr. McNeill's kindly help and invariably wise counsel were always gladly given and deeply appreciated.

When I succeeded him in 1947 as Treasurer and as Secretary of the Board of Trustees, his invaluable advice con-



Dr. J. A. Corry, vice-principal, Dr. W. E. McNeill, vice-principal emeritus, and Dr. W. A. Mackintosh, principal, at the opening ceremony of the first men's residence.

tinued to be available to me at all times. He was an ever present help in time of need. And the warmth and the mellowness of his personal friendship during the years of his retirement were among my most cherished possessions.

Dr. McNeill was a man among men. As scholar, teacher, writer, speaker, administrator, financier, his tremendous and versatile knowledge and abilities were constantly a source of amazement to me. Year by year

the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

To be transferred suddenly, as he was in 1921, from his academic post as head



Dr. McNeill places the hood on Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada, at a Special Convocation, 1946.

of the Department of English to the combined offices of Registrar and Treasurer of the University and Secretary of the Board of Trustees — to become virtually the business manager of Queen's—would be a frightening change for any man. But Dr. McNeill's immense capacity enabled him to meet this challenge. He filled his new and strange positions with conspicuous success. For twenty-six years — through times of serious financial stress and other difficulties—he served the University faithfully and well. His analytical mind, his remarkable ability to marshal his facts and to present them clearly and succinctly, were not the least of his many attributes.

In 1930 he gave up the Registrarship, but retained his other offices. And in that year an additional honour came to him by his appointment as Vice-Principal. Then for several years after he relinquished his formal duties, he continued to render valuable service as a member of the Board of Trustees. The University will for all time owe an incalculable debt to Dr. W. E. McNeill. He was truly one of the "Makers of Queen's."

Dr. A. Vibert Douglas, Dean of Women:

Sir, your last watch is over: curt and terse
Are the bells of Time; they beat, and all hands wait
To hail, to honour their departing mate. . . .

This salute was written in 1947 by his old friend and colleague George Herbert Clarke to mark the retirement of William Everett McNeill as Treasurer and Vice-Principal of Queen's University.

And now to mark his passing with the flag flying at half mast over the grey limestone tower and the young spring leaves just emerging around the campus he loved we who were his colleagues pause to hail, to honour his memory. We hail him first as a scholar—he would be gratified to know that we place this first. That Professor Kittridge of Harvard had, in 1907, chosen him to read his papers in his course on Shakespeare was a life-long source of quiet pride. We hail him also as a conscientious teacher who instilled a love of English literature in many of his students. We honour him as a man of practical wisdom in University affairs, a staunch and loyal friend, a man of character with a powerful will yet withal a gentle spirit and a diffidence born of sensitive self-criticism.

It was this diffidence that made him value so highly and treasure so carefully letters and little notes in which friends and colleagues and some whom he had never met expressed their appreciation and enjoyment of one or another of his addresses or paid heartfelt homage to his influence as a teacher and as a scholar quick to encourage scholarly endeavour in others. Somewhat apologetically and hesitantly he would now and again show a few of these warm tributes to a friend, dwelling upon the pleasure and encouragement he derived from them. To one friend, a colleague and neighbour for twenty years, he entrusted several folders of letters, clippings, typescripts of addresses and of citations composed

when, by virtue of his office as Vice-Principal, it was his task to present distinguished men for honorary degrees. From this material a few excerpts are selected for the *Queen's Review* so that colleagues, graduates and friends far spread may be reminded of his influence and of his rare ability to express noble thoughts in fitting and beautiful prose even as "apples of gold in baskets of silver" a phrase from the Book of Proverbs which he greatly loved.

Offering his thanks at the dinner in 1947 when his portrait was presented, he said, "My heart's desire was to look like a Professor of English. I should like best of all to look like a Queen's man." He then spoke of his colleagues during thirty-five years at Queen's: "All these, seen and unseen, have put windows in my mind. They have made me a Queen's man and so in that portrait I hold my head high."

On this same occasion he said of Principal W. A. Mackintosh, "He is a great economist because he is so much more. He has humour in his heart and poetry in his soul. He worthily wears the large mantle of Shortt and Skelton."

In the interregnum of the spring of 1936, the Convocation became the Vice-Principal's responsibility and Dr. McNeill rose to the occasion with an eloquent Convocation address based on the scriptural admonition, "Be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The university could teach a man human dignity and worthwhileness in life, and impart what Thomas Hardy so hauntingly portrayed as "radiance rare and fathomless/When I come back from Lyonesse/With magic in my eyes."

On his retirement in 1947, he again gave the Convocation address—the oft quoted and well remembered "Have You Anything to Declare?" It was reproduced in Canada, it was reproduced in Scotland. Letters of appreciation came to him from near and from far bringing him a sense of achievement that warmed his heart. Other letters which he filed



Dr. W. E. McNeill at the door of McNeill House, the first unit of the men's residences.

with appreciative care were from past students testifying to beauty in poetry, prose and drama which his class-room lectures had revealed; or to the delight which his public lectures on Carlyle and Milton had given, and his scintillating *Story of Queen's*, perfect in substance, in expression and in delivery. In his Chancellor's lectures to the Theological Conference in 1949 entitled *The King's English* his erudition shone forth with unostentatious richness.

In some memorable addresses, in succinct citations and moving memorial sketches Dr. McNeill praised famous men and women with discrimination, sincerity and eloquence. Phrases from some of these fine tributes are right worthily applicable to himself. Like Professor James Cappon, who was to him "a quickening and liberating power. . . . The high priest of my salvation," he thought of languages as "repositories of man's spiritual experience"; and like

Cappon he loved the subject which he taught. What he said of another older colleague, Professor John Watson, is equally true of himself, "his voice is yet heard . . . and his power still goes out unbound like the sweet influences of the Pleiades." Likewise applicable to himself were his words in praise of J. M. Macdonnell, Chairman of the Trustee Board, in 1955: "He has represented Queen's with distinction on many notable occasions . . . perfect in every sentence . . . a strong man in helping maintain the best traditions of the University . . . wise and judicious always, and when necessary as authoritative as a Prime Minister . . . Queen's would have been a much lesser place without him."

So too, the sympathetic tribute to Dean Matheson, Professor of Mathematics, was a self-portrait when he wrote, "His fineness of character and fairness of mind illumined a way of life for all to follow. . . . He loved truth and honour and courtesy. All his deep instincts were to do justly, to show mercy, and to walk humbly. He spent his life prodigally for Queen's University, believing with quiet passion in its ideals and mission. He spent his life for something that will outlast it. No man can do better than that."

To the impact of Dr. McNeill's addresses the words apply which he penned in praise of his respected Principal, Dr. R. Bruce Taylor, "He was a master of kindling thought and vivid words that stirred the imagination and revealed truth like flashes of lightning."

One of Dr. McNeill's *tours de force* was his tribute to Lord Tweedsmuir delivered at less than a day's notice at the Memorial Service in Grant Hall in the winter of 1940. The opening and the closing sections of this superb oration read thus: "This hour, though shadowed with sadness is lighted with gladness. A knightly spirit has gone by to the sound of triumphal acclamations:

Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight.

That the dust of the ground can take so valiant a shape is the urge of our striving. That the dust of the ground can flower so whitely into virtue is the end of our hoping. . . .

All fires burn out at last. 'The sweetest canticle', wrote Lord Bacon, 'is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends.'

God accept him Christ receive him.

Thus with his own words upon our lips knowing full well that our minds and spirits have been enriched through association with him we bid him a respectful, an affectionate and a grateful farewell.



HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?

. . . The man who knows is wanted. He builds the bridges, wins the lawsuits, performs the delicate operations, preaches the good sermons, becomes a university Principal, does the honest thinking.

"Honest thinking," that is, thinking based on full knowledge. Some flabby persons try to make education painless. Do not, they say, ask students to learn facts, but teach them to think. O Thinking—what intellectual crimes are committed in thy name! How can a man think if he doesn't know? Charles Darwin gathered biological facts for twenty years without seeing any binding relationship. Then one day, while he was walking through an English country lane, the idea of evolution suddenly came to him. That's what thinking is—the flashing emergency of any idea after facts have been mulled over a long time. Even then it is probably wrong. It must be well tested. Roentgen, the discoverer of X-rays, when asked what he thought they were, replied: "I do not think; I experiment." Thinking is a highly dangerous performance for amateurs. You cannot think with hopes and fears and ignorance, but only with a well-trained and a well-filled mind.

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