

of the British Empire, and the part played by our ex-students in her defence.

The hands of jealous Europe were at the throat of the British Democracy, trying to extinguish its life, and with it, all hope of universal progress and liberty. The "Lion" was in danger, and the whelps leapt to her assistance. Canada sent her contingent, consisting of the fairest and bravest of the land; worthy sons of British sires, who gave up all that was near and dear to them at home to fight for the liberty of their fellows in a distant land, and to protect the sacred traditions of their forefathers. "And how can man die better than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers, for the temples of his gods." The Agricultural College contributed its squad of twenty men. It is but too true that the life blood of one of these brave youths has been shed for this country, and that his parents have been wrapt in deepest sorrow. Private Findlay died in the thickest of the fight, where those of us who knew him best expected him to be always found. It is said, and it is but too true from a historical standpoint, that all great reforms must be baptised in blood. Let us, therefore, hope that upon the veldt in South Africa, where the blood of men of all classes and creeds mingled to make a common stream, where the bodies of rich men and poor men, Protestant and Catholic, were consigned to a common grave, that there was buried deep and forever all dissension and intolerance. The ex-students, I therefore claim, are doing their duty to the Empire, both in times of peace and times of war. and I can assure you that in all places and in all circumstances they entertain a most kindly and loyal feeling toward the student body and toward the Agricultural College.

In return for this, what have they received from the Empire? It is true that I cannot point to any special privileges which they enjoy, but they, in common with their fellow-countrymen, enjoy that protection and liberty afforded by the British Constitution—a Constitution which has made it possible for men of all classes and nationalities to live peaceably and prosperously side by side. It is true that the Irishman still loves his "Shamrock," and the Scotchman his "Thistle"; that the Frenchman sings *La Marseilles*, and the German *Die Wacht am Rhein*, but all unite in one grand chorus—"The Maple Leaf Forever." This state of affairs is particularly conducive to successful farm-