

Those of us who have the privilege of attending in our childhood days one of those seats of learning generally known as the "old brick school house," we can remember how much our liberty affected our like or dislike for school going. If the teacher were a man who always sought to discover the faults in us and punish them accordingly (and oftentimes unduly), who was ever laying traps into which we might fall and incur his displeasure, who in other words was a tyrant in his little domain, we know how we disliked the teacher, the school and our attendance of it. On the other hand, if the teacher was careless, and did not seek to control us but allowed misdemeanors and good behavior go alike unnoticed, we disliked his rule as much as that of the other. But when our teacher was a firm, kind, well principled man, who sought the highest interests of the school and his pupils, who trusted in our sense of manliness but corrected our misdeeds and faults, then we prided ourselves in our school and teacher, and sought to do our best to succeed in our studies. We had the true, well-governed freedom, and as a result of it we cultivated the true *Esprit de Corps*. In the second place, there must be the feeling in the member that he is part of the organization and that the organization is part of him. He must feel that he is an essential member in the home, and the home is an essential part of his life. He must feel that the flag of his country floats for him and that he fills a place beneath that flag no other man can fill. He must feel that he is a member of the human race and that its progress or decline, its success or failure affects him, and that his life more or less affects it. Then there is the third factor—the knowledge that the institution to which we belong is playing an important part in the world's history. Whether that institution be the home, the municipality, the seat of learning, the country, or the empire, we must feel that the world can not do without it, and that it has a place in working out the world's destiny.

The *Esprit de Corps* in University life, thought by many to be entirely different to the corresponding spirit, which manifests itself in other life, is nevertheless the same. University spirit does not altogether consist in the upholding college traditions, rooting our teams to victory in athletic or literary contest, and taking an active interest in the affairs of University life. These are but the effusions of *Esprit de Corps*, the spirit itself lies deep in the hearts of the students. Let us examine the University spirit along the same lines as we examined the general *Esprit de Corps* of life. The first factor we notice was that of liberty. Liberty is also a developing factor of the University spirit. The college man is not an isolated being, but has instincts, qualities and laws of life common to mankind, but these are, or ought to be, developed to a higher degree than those of the ordinary rank and file of humanity. His liberty therefore should be deduced from the same standard as that of the ordinary public. It should not manifest itself in ways that would indicate that law is not binding upon the University man, but rather that he needs no law to bind. The truer, higher liberty also needs to be developed in order that we may cultivate and sustain the true *Esprit de Corps*. Freedom of thought, freedom of opinion, freedom of action constitute the highest type of liberty. When we are able to think independently and truly, when we are able to judge things and men according to their real merit, when we are able to act according to our true convictions, recognizing our duty to ourselves, our fellow students and our University, we shall have a

factor in our Alma Mater which is bound to develop the true *Esprit de Corps*. We also must feel that the University is a great force in the upbuilding of our manhood. The intellectual training of the studies, the strong influence of the professor, the associations which weave themselves about us in the meeting and knowing of the best young men which our country produces, are all perhaps the mightiest forces in our lives; and we should realize and appreciate that fact. Then there is that other side—the feeling that we are part of the University. Every success of ours is that of the University, and every failure her loss. Every noble act of ours lends a leaf to the garland that is weaving about that "old grey tower," and every "deed of shame" is certainly a blight upon her well-earned laurels. Then comes the pride in the University for what she is, and the part she is playing in the advancement of the county, the empire, yea, even the civilization of the world. Surely the stately old grey pile, and the edifices of her affiliated colleges with her campus and beautiful situation is incentive enough to stimulate fervent pride in the most selfish student heart. Surely the fact that our University is the cornerstone of our Canada and the hope of her future, that she is a most potent power in the upbuilding of a mighty nation and a noble people, solicits our staunchest loyalty to our Alma Mater.

And when we have reached that stage when we truly love, and revere, and uphold our University; when our class spirit and college spirit shall diffuse into fervent University *Esprit de Corps*; when we recognize and realize the importance of our University and her duty to our country and to the world, and when we are willing to spend and be spent in the accomplishing of that duty (for the highest interests of the University are our highest interests); then shall we have a united, co-operative, aggressive strength. Then our loyalty and *Esprit de Corps* will be such that we shall weave in a royal blue and white banner that old motto, "Excelsior," and we shall climb the steep pathway to success. And when we have reached a point far up the height, which now challenges our highest ambitions, we shall still cry "Excelsior" and climb further upward. For our success will be a stone in the wall of the University and a thread in the warp that is weaving the destinies of mankind.

Norman A. McEachern.

CATULLUS CL.

Thro' many peoples, brothers, over many seas,
I've come to these untimely obsequies,
To pay last tribute to the dead. Alas! alas! in vain
To invoke thy ashes, deaf to all my pleas.

O fortune blind, that stole my love's life breath away,
Unhappy brother! O untimely day!
I bring these last sad gifts, our fathers' ancient rite;
Gifts much bedewed with brother's tears are they.

Accept them, till I come, once more with thee to dwell,
In lands where blooms sweet-scented asphodel;
Take meanwhile, brother true, these sorrowing gifts of
mine,
And now forever hail thee and farewell.

C. F.