

hope will give to the boys of U. C. C. both an inspiration and a motto. In the first fury of the German attack in the Second Battle of Ypres, four British guns, which had been loaned to the French, were captured. In the wild night of the 22-23 April, 1915, the Tenth and Sixteenth Canadian Battalions were sent forward just after midnight to retake the wood in which those guns lay. Amid shrapnel and rifle fire and the deadlier hail of the machine gun they pushed on, and swept through the wood like a mountain torrent in spate. A friend of mine, who had stolen out of hospital to join the Sixteenth—then a Private, now a Major—has told me of how time and again the thin line flung themselves down to avoid the bullets, and of how, fearless amid that hell, Major (now Colonel) John Leckie refused to lie down, but walked up and down along the line, cheering on the laggards with the cry "Come on for Canada; come on for Canada."

Boys of Upper Canada College; this world is a very grim and a very pleasant place; I do not know whether its grimness or its pleasures make it the more perilous. Not only in after life, but in this school, there will be times when temptation within and opportunity without will seem to lure you into the baser course. Then set back your shoulders; then tighten your neck-muscles; then bring up your every reserve of resolution with Jack Leckie's call: "Come on for Canada."