

As my memory turns to those years there passes before its vision a series of events and a throng of individuals. To you those events seem far away and the individuals unfamiliar, but the collective events would strangely resemble the history you are making. For you The Varsity is a flourishing entity beyond the reach of death, or even of serious ill, but we were present when it was brought back from the dead largely through the work of Mr. W. S. McLay, now, I believe, at McMaster. To you the Gymnasium is only a place of recreation or a building, whereas for us it was a great issue in the Literary Society, the outgrowth as well as the occasion of most laudable efforts on the part of the students. How many of the present generation are familiar with the names of Mr. J. D. Webster and Mr. E. Gillis in this connection? And yet these men almost performed miracles. To you J. H. Brown and James A. Tucker are names, beloved perhaps, but only names; to me they are not only ideal types of the Canadian student, but also living personalities. The former had one of the finest intellects it has ever been my privilege to know and Tucker was endowed with a nature supremely lovable and chivalrous to the point of self-effacement.

Either man would have laid down his life unhesitatingly rather than evade a duty or betray a trust.

"Though all too soon in wintry gold  
His sun went down,  
Ne'er braver knight of old  
Won wealth or crown."

But this brings me to the inevitable penalty of retrospection and the letter I began with a laughing heart threatens to end with something most unbecoming a man. It is not without a heavy penalty that the hours reverse the course of time and carry us back to the days of our youth; but it is always worth the payment, for whatever your youth or mine may be, youth itself is the most beautiful thing in the world. I do not speak of mere physical beauty, I mean beautiful to the mind and soul as well as to the eye. Youth is often ignorant, often unpardonably vain, most often criminally thoughtless of others;

but after all it is gloriously beautiful. If it forgets others it is also forgetful of self; it is generous and hopeful, peering confidently into the future with the soul still shining through its eyes, with the cry on its lips "We are young and the world is ours," and in its heart the ever-glowing fires that rally the good in the depths of a man's being, while over it all is the indescribable charm that Coleridge came so near describing when he looked back to youth and wrote, "Life went amaying with Nature, Hope and Poesy." It is not strange that we ever dream of a fountain of eternal youth, for the finding thereof would mean joy beyond the telling. But if you cannot be young forever it is worth while being young as long as you can. Even at the best the day comes

all too soon when we must bid farewell to the quick heart of youth, as to a long-tried friend, and must accept in its stead the duller heart of advancing years; and well it is for the man to whom this day of farewell comes late, to whom a prolonged youth has been a prolonged training for a brave old age.

And, now, with apologies for my preachment, which in all probability none save the poor proof-reader has followed, I may subscribe our brief and time-honored confession of faith. "I believe in a University as a saving power as long as it does its part in the large function of Nature." "And making men is Nature's chief concern

For right men bring things right."

It is true that at the University of Toronto some men have been made and it must always be true that some are in the making. How many shall be made and how strong they shall be must depend upon the students themselves to a far greater extent than you or I can say.

Very sincerely yours,  
Fred B. R. Hellems.



"If I were offered the choice between four years of academic work and four years in residence I should, without a moment's hesitation, choose the latter."—Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.

"He is not born for glory who knoweth not the value of time."

