

irredeemable, yet transcending the poignant regret of personal friendship is the reverent awe and interrogation with which one regards cataclysms in nature and the deaths of great men. A mole-hill may be built or a common man die and the great processes of the universe seem far away. But when a city is destroyed by earth-

quake or a great man dies, Providence seems to have drawn near, the Universal mind to be imminent, and personal feelings sink into insignificance before the apparent vastness of the purposes of God.

L. Owen.

Vancouver, Sept., 1907.

### REGINALD JAMIESON

By Edmund Sheppard, in Saturday Night

May I be permitted to weave the warp of words and the woof of affection into some little fabric to wrap about the name of Cyril Reginald Jamieson before we put it away in the casket of our farewells? Some of the leave-takings that we see there are crumpled as with the heart-break of the good-bye or the frantic embrace of farewell. Some are stained as with kisses or tears, yet others are folded smoothly as if placed away in almost unappreciative surprise, or in that peaceful suddenness which comes like a jolt to a company journeying down to the sea, after which they notice that a companion is missing and hold hands in silent appreciation of the one who has disappeared. It is better thus, for the sum of sorrow is but a recollection, either of a terrible leave-taking or a long-lasting wonder as to when the agony would be over. Jamieson's unburied body may yet be tossed about by the fierce northern waters in which he was drowned, yet the memory of the young man and his work will mostly rest upon the nobility of the unconfessed degree of our University, against whose narrow chicanery he fought and whose shallow smuggerly he detested. The University authorities, with the cold arm of French River that wound about his neck and dragged him down, have the honor of competing for the early loss of one of the noblest souls and gentlest spirits with which man was ever endowed. He toiled as a missionary, without the slightest impulse of the traditional parson or the priest. He burned to make the world better, and was willing to sorrow to make others glad. I feel it incumbent upon me at this unhappy moment to make it clear that his letters as "Junius, Jr." were not prompted by any journalistic impulse of finding new matter or disturbing material, but were solely the outcome of a gentle and justice-loving heart. He knew at that time, and convinced me afterwards, that journalism was not his vocation.

A clergyman's son, he was born in dreamland, and as a son of the Most High, he toiled to make better the world he lived in. The wilds called him, and it was in the wilds he died because of his wife and another. After two days of strenuous heart-shrieking that could find no relief, he sought the mainland by swimming, and found it not. May we hope in that larger sphere, that was so large to him, he may find that shore hitherto undiscovered.

We may not pass rudely or unthinkingly through the graveyard of the recent past, for when we think of Cyril Reginald Jamieson and his dark gentle face, it would be inconsiderate of us to forget the face of another leader of a previous University revolt. As we loiter down to the sea, it would be unkind not to take a glance at the gravestone of the late James A. Tucker, journalist, poet, and enthusiastic student in the world's school of making people gentler and better. On the surface it may seem strange that these gentle souls should have led the two revolts which, it is to be hoped, at some time, in some way and somewhere, will make our University better. The self-centred and insincere, as the strong usually are, would rather be on the jury and decide with the lords of education, than be on the right side and suffer for it. Fellow students know that the world is better that Tucker and Jamieson lived. Early death such as theirs is a tragedy, marking the release from earth of a soul unfit to contend with the materialistic and self-seeking conditions where the fine suffer that the coarse may gloat. As between the deaths of the two, I would take that of Jamieson for what is more beautiful than the death of a man who gives up his life for another? And what does it all matter when all our pitiful little camp fires are so near the tideless sea, the eternal blackness of which has never been broken by the laugh or song of returning crew!

### FROM PRINCIPAL HUTTON'S ADDRESS TO THE CLASS OF 1911

The most conspicuous life of recent graduates of this College which has been taken from earth since this time last year is the life of the Rev C. R. Jamieson.

Some of us lean constitutionally to the leading of forlorn hope, to crusading, to Quixotry of all sorts; and constitutionally reject the trivial round of common task. The Abana and Pharpar, the great wild rivers of the unknown world, call us with an insistent call, and take us from the tame banks and tamer tasks of Jordan. Mr. Jamieson was a man, I think, of this stamp.

He was a man, too, of generous impulses, who helped with his purse needier students. He was not really ungenerous in intention, I think, or insincere in other and more controversial and more controverted activities.

He was drowned in the waters of the "Bad" river, attempting to bring help to companions in misfortune. It is the style of death I fancy he would have chosen, could he have been given a deliberate choice. He died—as one of my colleagues aptly said—even as he lived, swimming hard against the stream.