

hopes that he may so bear himself in the broad field of the world that others may be the better for his having lived in it. There may be those who, later on in life, lose this "vision splendid" and who suffer themselves so to lapse that they become like Bunyan's "man with the muck rake." And, on the other hand, there are many that have never seen a university who are strong in the spirit of self-denying helpfulness, rich in the power to acquire but rich also in the readiness to impart. The favoured few who can enjoy a college course have no monopoly of the honours of great service. Yet, none the less, the university, as the home of lofty ideals and the training school for noble

character, should be the fittest of all fields, for this highest kind of self-culture, the growth of the spirit of service.

We speak of the "Spirit of Queen's," and we may even be sometimes inclined to pride ourselves upon our esprit de corps. But the spirit of Queen's is not a spirit of mutual admiration; it is a spirit of mutual helpfulness, a spirit of service; and the true sons of Queen's will not confine their helpfulness to fellow-students nor to their Alma Mater, but will find their neighbour in every man that needs them and their field of effort in every worthy cause they can betriend.

D. M. GORDON.

WESTWARD.

Through the silence of the even
When the world is from me falling,
Come the voices of the Westward
From the shrouded distance calling,
"Hither, hither to thy home!"
And my soul of souls makes answer,
"Thither, thither will I come!"

O ye voices of the Westward
I have felt your inspiration,
Heard your clarion cry compelling,
Solemn, eager invitation,
Your imperious commands;
And I cannot choose but follow
Toward your secret-laden lands.

Though I know that on the even
Of the farthest morrow's morrow
You will summon still to Westward
With all tones of joy and sorrow,
Crying "Hither to thy home!"
"Here are love and life and labor;
"Westward ever!" Lo, I come.

—N. F. B.