

Here we get exactly what we need. Here we learn the true nature of valor. Here we learn when marching over the difficult passages of Livy, to do as did Napoleon in years gone by, get off our "Pony" and wade through the moors and fens without its aid; yea when we have caught the heroic spirit of that upper region we buckle on our "short sword" and feel fully equipped to face any foe or cope with any difficulty.

Upon the campus in our first year, one of our number won the championship, and yet, he the fleetest of limb and strongest of body, the generous-hearted and the true, he alone of all our number has crossed "the great divide."

On the evening of the 16th we caught our first glimpse of real life at a University. This hall was crowded to see the prizes distributed and to hear the opening addresses. But the anger of the gods had been provoked, for an effort had been made to usurp their power by the substitution of policemen. This was a departure from the good old motto of Queen's, whose aim is to make men who can control themselves. You will remember that night the inhabitants of the gallery, the rightful rulers of the mighty host, left their seats of power and with them all the light of the place departed, while gas escaped and panic well-nigh ensued.

Such was the state of the atmosphere at our coming. The stormy element seemed to be silently brewing, and all through our freshmen year we hung like Rhoderick Dhu's clan upon the mountain side, held and only held by a slight thread from combat with the famous *concurus iniquitatis et virtutis*. In our second year the *Concurus*, better known as the Guardian Angel of wayward and non-sodium-chloride students, showed symptoms of being on a declined plane, as did an angel in the long ago, who 'tis said fell towards that region where a certain majesty reigns supreme.

It became our duty and our privilege to make her robes white and clean, and now she righteously seeks to do her duty.

Fellow-students, keep the honour of the *Concurus iniquitatis et virtutis* untarnished. Let its mystic influence help to keep the atmosphere of Queen's pure, healthy and manly. It is an institution worthy of all veneration and such may it ever remain.

Court not a man (I am speaking of course only to the gentlemen now) unless he needs it. But if he needs courting, court him whether he be freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, or divinity, for even to men of this class, such a process might supply them with the necessary equipment for the anticipated manse.

As a class we have always sought to stand for the right, for the honour of our year and for the best interests of our Alma Mater. Our attitude in this respect might be shortly expressed in Irish phraseology by the motto "'98 forever and Queen's for longer."

Let us now take a glance at the field of sports. When we came to College, Queen's in the foot-ball world was in the zenith of her glory, but the inevitable result followed from the method she had been pursuing. She had for years the same men on the rugby team, and these alone absorbed the benefits of the campus. She seemed to forget that time would stiffen their limbs, and duties of life would carry them hence. So when the old were passing away there were few trained men to take their place.

A new system has been inaugurated this year which will bring forth good fruit. And, with the gymnasium, the new campus, plenty of good material and with a live athletic committee, the red, the yellow and the blue must wave triumphantly many times in years to come.

'Tis evident that in the eyes of the College physical development is very important. A man misses part of his College education if he does not chase the pig-skin on the campus. There is a life there of vigor and enjoyment that lifts a man out of the routine of College life, filling them with energy and freshness which makes irksome tasks a delight or an egress of his stored-up vitality. On the campus you can learn the great lesson of give and take so necessary in this life. There is where the body may be strengthened, purified, and made the basis of a high mental and spiritual life.

Queen's wants no namby-pamby creatures going out from her halls, but men in the fullest and truest sense. Let us give such a meaning to that word "Queen's" that it will ever be a synonym for men—men developed physically, mentally and spiritually.

Let us now for a moment look more particularly at the life of the College. In the Latin department we have had three changes of Professors in our time. The Alma Mater of the esteemed Professor of our first year called him back to care for her interests, and to fill his place requires more than native ability and profundity of knowledge; besides these it requires at least naturalization and the proper conception of the value of an hour's time to a Canadian student. (Jokes of a certain kind are very good but they grow stale, yea, very stale, when they take up valuable time day after day).

And here I cannot but make reference to him who won the hearts of all students with whom he came in contact. I refer to the late registrar, Dr. Bell. We did not touch him so close as did those of earlier years, but to meet him, even once, was to feel a