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The Wesley graduating class of '98 is numerically small but almost everyone of its members have taken an active part in college life, and we believe their memory will long live among us. Fame at best is a very transient thing,

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be."
and college fame is, perhaps, the most short lived of all, but there are students in the class of '98 who have left an impression on our college life and institutions which will not be effaced long after their names have been forgotten. The all absorbing activities of the present afford little

time for retrospection, but the achievements on examinations, on the football field, on the pages of our journal, or elsewhere, of those who leave us this year will afford inspiration to others for some time to come. But we cannot promise that it will last. It will not be so many years hence, perhaps, when some future student, whose eye may rest for a moment on some biography contained in this number of our journal, will feel somewhat as Oliver Wendell Holmes must have felt, when, on seeing the long forgotten name: Gul. Cookeson, E. Coll., Omn. Anim. 1725, Oxon., on the title page of an old volume wrote: "O William Cookeson, of All Souls' College, Oxford," then writing as I now write, "now in the dust, where I shall lie. Is this line all that remains to thee of earthly remembrance? Thy name is at least once more spoken by living men; is it a pleasure to thee? Thou shall share with me my little draught of immortality—its week, its month, its year, whatever it may be—and then we will go together into the solemn archives of Oblivion's Uncatalogued Library."

Wesley College has been coming rapidly to the front in recent years, but in one respect at least we are very much behind. Nominally we