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Editorials.

NCE more we find ourselves back at our old familiar home. Like birds seeking a more congenial clime, groups of students full of hope and promise, may have been seen for the past few weeks wending their way back to the fair city, whose walls and spires and even whose chimney tops in the distance betoken welcome. A few straggling bands may not yet have found their way hither, but their hearts are with us and we are once more a happy family. Yes, we are glad to be back among old friends and old associations, and the anticipation of returning has in no small measure added to the enjoyment of our holiday season. Yet amid countless joys we are The "yell" has lost its ring, and seldom breaks the silence which lingers round the halls. The old songs have but a sickly sound, and fade upon our lips. But why this change? Why not the joys of former days? We have heard kind welcomes till our ears are full; we have shaken hands till our elbows ache-but all in vain. Our hearts are not content. One face we

miss that used to make us glad—one voice that used to cheer us on. One hand we fain would grasp—a left hand, and what warmth it imparted! Alas! that face has passed; that voice is still; that hand we shall never grasp again. How irreparable is our loss!

During the cloudy days of the long and valiant struggle of that noble spirit for a life of further usefulness. we had felt depressed, but while there was a single ray of hope, we could be patient. But the worst has come, and all seems dark. But we must bear our loss manfully, in the spirit of him we mourn, for whom there could be no sorrow but was converted into hope. and no despair but gave place to higher resolves. Yet, what a treasure he was, and how we wish him back! Could the halls but again resound with the glad old strain which once we all sang with such enthusiasm, "Rule, rule, Geordie, Geordie rules the boys" how happy we would be! Good old Geordie! He is gone, but he lives. he walks with us still, counsels us with his voice, and cheers us on our way-Geordie still "rules the boys."

ESPITE the great loss which we feel our University has sustained in the loss of her Principal, we have reason to be hopeful. It is true, he felt that his work was far from finished, and to the last breath, he clung tenaciously to life, not for what it was in itself, or that he feared death, but for the possibilities he saw of doing still more effective work in the interests of the cause he had so much at heart. But the "one more chance" for which he sighed was not granted. He is gone, and it is impossible to ignore the fact that he has left a tremendous gap, and one which cannot easily be filled.