

bought nor acquired in any way other than by the slow but constant addition of years. It is like the pearl in the oyster. The new University can no more borrow the memories of the old than one man can borrow the soul of another. Remember it is not of the spirit of Alma Mater, of loyalty to our University, that I speak. That will cling to it through all vicissitudes. It is the "fidus Achates" of spirits. The spirit I mean is a still more ethereal, more impalpable spirit—if there are degrees of spirituality—which seemed to pervade and issue forth from every stone of the building we loved. That is the spirit that died, if spirits can die, with the destruction of the old University.

Changes, yes, there are changes: for I can walk across the campus today and be as a stranger in a strange land. On all sides I see new faces and hear new names. Only now and then a name will strike a consonant chord in the harp of memory, and I will know that here in all probability is the brother of one I used to know. Among the professors I can still see many I knew, some who taught me, but even among them are many changes. Some have gone to continue their work in other centres of learning, some have gone as the Master directed to teach the nations, to guard and guide the souls of men. From time to time they return—a passing call. But some have gone and will not return. The finger of God has touched them; they have laid down the burden of life to assume their crown of glory. Two such, I knew very well; they were victims of the fire, perishing with the old University for which they had done so much that was good.

Changes, yes, there are changes, for a University from its very nature must constantly "ring out the old, ring in the new." In my room I have a photo gallery—what college boy has not? and it is there and only there that I can see the old familiar faces. There is Will and Harry and "Mac" and George and Jack and a host of others, whom I used to meet day after day for years. How I can read into each face the look by which I remember it best. How I can recall every kindly word, every kindly act, and they were many, many more, I fear, than they received.

But then came graduation and the parting of the ways. They are scattered far, these classmates and chums of mine. What have the years given to them? Well, all that they wished, I hope. If not, I will not lament for them because they themselves would not complain. That was not the lesson they learned. Success they would strive for in all honour, kindness and truth, but if they failed they would at least retain those virtues and the world