

by smoky oil lamps, where the stillness is only broken by the falling of a log in the wood-stove, or the deep (suspiciously deep) breathing of a tired parishioner who has had to drive seven miles for this little rest. The multitudes are not there to thrill, but what matters it so long as the preacher feels sure they would have been thrilled if they were. From an artistic point of view the Divinity who takes a country parish has a more interesting life than the one who goes to assist in a city church. The characteristic difference is shown in a commonplace incident—the one hails a down-town car, talks to the man next him or reads his paper, and alights at his church, finding everything more or less cut and dried, the same from one week to another; the other jogs along a lonely country road "where the quiet end of evening smiles, miles and miles," with no companionship but his thin horse (did anyone ever see a minister's horse that was fat?) but around him on every side speak the infinite voices of nature. Then, too, the country is full of surprises, he never knows just what he is coming to.

Other graduates will have crossed the sea or the border, in search of wider knowledge than Queen's could give them; others will have taken up their life work, settling down to build up this Canada of ours. In any case, may the teachings instilled by their old Professors ever be with them.

But it is the undergraduate who, three months hence, will be revelling in the delights of his summer career. When you take a trip down the river you are sure to recognize several of your dance partners of the previous winter, in the solemn, blue-coated, brass-buttoned youths, who count out dollars and cents or carry around

glasses of soda water, as if they never knew the glory of "taking a third place, Second Division." Quite a painful shock you give your maiden aunt when you rush up to the purser, or the cook, or the candy-man, and talk and laugh familiarly for fifteen minutes. "A third year Arts man? Why, what's he doing here! Seeking 'experiences' or a plot for a story? Bessie, are you sure he gave you the right change? Count again." Our aunts pick up very queer ideas of college students and their ways—"putting himself through" is a phrase full of wonderful suggestions to them. Like as not when you arrive at your summer hotel the porter will be recognized as an old rival in the Latin class, or there will be a spic and span youth who wields his tray with native dignity and an ease that speaks of long practice, who will wait on you and your party with wondrous alacrity, the cause of which deference is totally unsuspected by your aunt, until she recognizes him again in the irreproachably correct young man who comes to take you for a row in the evening. "Putting himself through," you explain to that harassed lady who, however, soon catches the contagion, and shares your enthusiasm for the self-made collegian. For we all honor the man of ambition and energy who, whether from choice or necessity, prefers to engage in honorable work rather than idle his summer away. The glory of a college does not depend on the number of millionaires enrolled in its register, but rather on that strong, sturdy element of self-made men, who are putting themselves through, and who ennoble the most commonplace work by the spirit in which they do it.

But there is another important ele-