

# Queen's University Journal

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## Editorials.

PERHAPS the truth of the text, "He being dead yet speaketh," was never more touchingly shown than when the picture of the late Principal Grant was thrown upon the screen at the mass meeting of the students after the elections on Saturday. It was a moment full of meaning when such an excited mass of noisy, bantering students, could, on the instant drop all frivolity to pay their silent tribute to the memory of a man of whom the majority present had merely heard. It speaks volume for the character of the life that has gone, and suggests how potent and real is the influence that it now exerts. On the other hand, if they had been present, it would have been instructive to those who are continually reminding us that students, perhaps Queen's students in particular, are irresponsible and irreverent. No better criterion of student life could be given, than this which they unconsciously gave themselves to the memory of him to whom this extract has often applied:

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world: 'This was a man!'"

It is deplorable to see the way our lawns are being tramped up. It takes years to grow a rich velvety lawn and if things go on as they have been doing Queen's will never have such a possession. Morning, noon, and night, students troop across our grass areas and tramp them into mud. The growth of the summer months is entirely destroyed during the wet weather of the spring and fall, and so we never get any further ahead. Beautiful lawns would add much to the general appearance of Queen's and we think our students should show enough love for their Alma Mater to keep to the sidewalks while the ground is soft, even at the expense of a few extra steps.

The jam and crush around the post office door twice every day is, to say the least, most unseemly. It gives our few college rowdies an excellent chance to display their boorishness and they never fail to take advantage of it. When the