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A Greeting from Ralph Connor

My dear Varsity:—

A word of greeting through you to the men of old 'Varsity, wherever they be and whatever doing.

At this season of the year great thoughts and great emotions lie near our hearts. A good fortune is ours in that we are Canadians, and that to us is given some large part, or small, in the greatest of all enterprises, the making of the last of the Anglo-Saxon empires. Our fathers, by the sea or in the forests of old Canada, fought bravely their fight and built solidly their foundations. To-day our heritage is the noblest ever nation received, our opportunities greater than those our fathers wrought with, and the promise of return richer.

For this it was we began to fit ourselves at the old 'Varsity, and for this we have been fitting ourselves in the world's greater gymnasium ever since. Now let us get at it, building each in our place solidly, honestly, and enduringly, fighting each our fight in the great warfare appointed unto true men for righteousness, for country, for God; and all, too, in charity and mutual forbearance. For Canadians are brothers whatever be their speech toward men, whatever their faith toward God.

Thus building and fighting, Canada shall be the better for us, and our fathers' sons will not prove unworthy of their sires, nor recreant to their trust, but will keep free from taint our name and fame, and pass on to those that follow this task of making an empire worthy of the great peoples whose sons are here to-day steadfastly regarding the magnificence of their great attempt, and humbly praying God that they be worthy.

CHARLES W. GORDON.