

ada or the United States, in Newfoundland, in Australia, or even in far off sunny Persia, may we never forget those happy days spent in Queen's University."

Those who know Professor McComb realize how impossible it is to do justice to one of his inimitable speeches, pregnant with humor, satire and eloquence. What would old Queen's be without an Irishman? Without Senator Sullivan Convocation would have been as dry as a bone. Professor McComb fully filled the jovial Doctor's place—and that is saying a good deal—leaving his hearers with aching sides, yet like *Oliver Twist* eager for more. Yet with all his wit and satire Dr. McComb managed to give the graduates much sound advice. To be successful, he said, they must believe in their calling even when things look discouraging. They must be workers too. The speaker warned them to be on guard against the danger of over-specialization, the danger of being one-sided; instead of becoming free men, being the slaves of prejudices. He warned them not to forget the spiritual and intellectual in the merely physical. If they did forget, then all their skill would fail in the diseases that lie deeper than the physical art. "Be faithful, self-denying and loyal servants of humanity," were Prof. McComb's concluding words.

Principal Grant's address closed the Convocation ceremonies. He spoke of the crying needs of the Medical Faculty, of the self-sacrificing spirit and noble generosity that prompted the professors of that faculty to rebuild and equip the medical building and their attempt to raise \$6,000 more for

equipment to make the institution one of the best in the land. In concluding he paid an eloquent tribute to Lieut. Bruce Carruthers and the Canadians who had fought at Hart's river in the Transvaal.

"But one thing I mourn," continued the Principal, "the Canadians are there on their own account; they are not our soldiers for they are paid by the old country. They are merely individual volunteers, and the credit is due to them individually and not to Canada. I desire to pay tribute to the heroism of those Canadians who died at Hart's river in South Africa." (Applause).

Finally the JOURNAL extends its congratulations to these twenty-eight young doctors and wishes them every success in the careers they have chosen.

QUEEN'S IN THE SIXTIES.

OUR First of July orators tell us that it is a good thing for Canadians once a year to look one another in the face and take stock both of their heritage and of the progress they are making. This truth holds good in reference to many other institutions besides our beloved Dominion. When, therefore, the Editor of this JOURNAL some time ago asked me to write a brief article of a reminiscent nature and dealing with college matters in my student days, I consented, because I felt that to look back is not always to meet with the fate of Lot's wife, and that a brief comparison between the Queen's of then and of now, could not fail to show the phenomenal progress she has made in the past forty years, and might stimulate us all in some