

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now? For that force
 Surely has not been left vain!
 Somewhere surely, afar,
 In the sounding labour house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength
 Zealous, beneficent, firm.
 Yes, in some far sounding sphere,
 Conscious or not of the past,
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the spirit in whom thou dost live,
 Prompt, unwearied as here!
 Still thou upraisest with zeal
 The humble good from the ground,
 Sternly represses the bad!
 Still, like a trumpet dost rouse
 Those who with half open eyes
 Tread the borderland dim
 'Twixt vice and virtue; revivst
 Succourest!—this was the work
 This was the life upon earth.

Six months have passed since with the close of session 1901-02 Principal Grant laid down his life work and passed on, leaving it for other hands to carry on. To almost all his death came as a sudden blow, so strong was the universal belief in his wonderful rallying power and in the energy of mind which had so often brought him safely through times of physical weakness and danger. Now as we look back on the long winter of illness and suffering so bravely borne and struggled against, our chief wonder is that he endured so long. The first crushing weight of the blow, the first shock has passed, but to all the permanent sense of loss has deepened as time has gone by, and as we gradually realize how completely he inspired the life of the University in every part, and how great is the blank left now that the support of his presence is withdrawn. The work goes on, the round of university work, which was

his chief interest and care, continues, the buildings for which he laboured, and which owe their existence to his efforts, one by one approach completion. Each one labours faithfully as in other years, perhaps even more so, as with an added sense of responsibility alike on professors and students, but all feel profoundly the blank, the absence of the strong mainstay, on which, whether consciously or not all leaned in the past.

It is a truism to say that Queen's has experienced a crushing loss. We hear it repeated on all sides, with all sincerity, "How can Queen's ever go on without him?" In many ways indeed the loss is irreparable, far more so, and in many more ways than outsiders can at all realize. Yet at the same time, outsiders are prone to take in one sense an exaggerated view of the situation, a view that the friends and supporters of Queen's would never admit. More than once in bygone years, when the University has suddenly been deprived of apparently indispensable aid, as of money, or other support, the Principal has been the first to point out that the removal of these props has been the means of establishing her more firmly on her foundations. And we cannot doubt that it will be so now—we accept the confidence which to the last inspired him as his best legacy. It would be a poor return for the work he has done if those he has left behind should falter. The foundations have been well and firmly laid, the building process has been no journeyman's work with wood, hay and stubble, and in spite of doubt and perplexity we go forward, sadly indeed, but with the firmest confidence that the future prosperity of the University is well assured.