

of attaining my desired goal. Natural inclination would have induced me to continue "dallying in the primrose path of literature," in that profession whose thankless patron ever forgets her neglected devotees, but whose lofty themes and ardent aims have charmed my life from early youth up to the prime of manhood. Wherever my future lot be cast, whatever walk of life I may follow, the school to me will always be rich with the garnered reminiscences of youth. I feel now as if I were quitting some cool, sequestered grove sacred to divine poesy, and were entering on the long, dusty highway of the weary wayfarer. Many a long, lingering look I shall cast behind on the happy days devoted to culling the immortal flowers and gathering the bright gems that adorn the shady path leading to high Olympus, for such has been my delightful task here; and as time rolls the ceaseless years away and the present becomes the past, the events of these few years, with their clustering thoughts, as they recede in the remote distance of bygone days, will ever send down the dim vista of time an echo to my soul—an elfin echo, sweet and low—a magic horn from the mystic past. Thus, when mellowed by the idealizing touch of memory, my time spent as a master in the Collegiate Institute will be to me a perennial source of delight—a beautiful poem, engraved in golden letters on the tablets of the mind, and rich with the illuminated features of those whom I have learned to respect as scholars, to cherish as friends, and to love and esteem as ingenuous youth. Nor is it the least delight of teachers to know that, while engaged in varied and onerous professional duties, we are making footprints on the sands of time, and that as the sessions roll by, wave after wave, our students come up to us and recede, carrying with them the impress of those footprints to the mighty ocean of eternity. This is noble; this is sublime; this it is that makes our profession inferior only to that which "allures to heaven and leads the way." To my many young friends, whose bright faces I am perhaps looking upon for the last time, I would wish, at the risk of being tedious, to say a few words of encouragement, but shall content myself with again thanking you for your share in this testimonial. Like others I long for your sympathy. Nothing more delights a teacher than the consciousness of having been the means of increasing the happiness of others. Your tribute of approbation of my efforts is sweet to me as are the summer showers to drooping nature. I ask you to overlook my failures; I ask you to forget any harshness that stem duty may have imposed upon me. Whatever my influence may have been upon you, I have ever been conscious that we are all making "echoes"

for each other, whose reverberation shall "go on for ever and for ever." Your influence on me has been a pleasant delusion. When under the control of your bright, happy, joyous spirits, I have been deluded into the belief that I, too, am yet a boy, that my spirits are as elastic, my foot as fleet, my heart as light and my hopes as bright as those of a schoolboy, when life is young and hope is high. I thank you for that charm; in spite of some rude awakenings to the realities of life, I thank you for that delusion; I thank you for surrounding me with an atmosphere of golden imaginations, of honest generous impulses, of high resolve, a charm too often dispelled by the rough struggle of "the maddening crowds' ignoble strife." This reminds me of the senior students whom I see before me, about to enter that struggle, and of those absent ones who have already made their first charge. Permit me, a fellow-soldier, to say a few parting words as a common stimulant. Like myself, you are going forth alone to fight the world. Each of you has no doubt resolved, with the poet, to "be a hero in the strife." Yet sorrows may fall and disappointments may come. Many a bright lily of the future will float down the tide of time to pass you a mere empty bubble of the present, and be lost in the idle surf on the strand of the dead past. Hear the poet again:

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Then with your armor on your breast and your courage at the sticking point you can march boldly to the encounter. Take action as your war cry, but see to it that it is prudent action. Let it neither forfeit the future nor embitter the past. The past is memory's and is long as life; the future is hope's, and is long as eternity; the present only is yours, and is short and fleeting. See that you so employ that present as to give you a future bright with sweet hope, and a past rich with glorious memories. You are yet in youth, enjoying the true poetry of life. Keep the fair muse ever by your side. She and youth inspire you with the lofty resolve to obtain noble ends by noble means. Let this be the constant aim of your efforts in the future, and never sacrifice it on the altar of the present, however imperious or however exacting. Throughout your life be faithful to the shrines of your youth. Preserve its ideals. Amidst the storms and struggles of life, keep them before you as a beacon and strive after them unflinchingly, unswervingly, unceasingly, and all will be well. I will add no more than a reiteration of my sincere thanks for this kindness from my fellow-teachers and my fellow-students—I may call you so, for I have ever been, and