

Valedictory.

Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Madame de Staël has said, "Were I master of fifty languages I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

I fear I would not be very successful were I to attempt a speech in "the noble Greek," so I must fall back upon the copious English, which seems so poor in words when one needs them most.

Perhaps I could not do better on this occasion than quote from Wendell Holmes:

'Tis here we part; for other eyes
The busy deck, the fluttering streamer
The dripping arms that plunge and rise
The waves in foam the ship in tremor.
The kerchiefs waving from the pier
The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him
The deep blue desert, lone and drear
With heaven above and home before him.

Yes! my friends, we are to put out into the ocean of life, after having successfully sailed down the brook of the kindergarten, the creek of the Separate School, the river of the University, and now we are to be wafted on to the ocean of the world, there to meet other craft, there to mix with other craft, but never to forget the harbor whence we sailed, nor those who stood on the piers to bid us "God-speed" and a happy voyage.

Vacation with all its visions of blissful rest and invigorating enjoyment, is upon us, and, after the work of the past year, do we not deserve a rest? Need I remind you of our successes? Of the silver trophy we hold representative of the Intercollegiate Debating championship, won by bearding Toronto 'Varsity in its den? Of the proud title "International University Hockey Champions?" These are two things which carry with them the material proof of excellence along educational lines and in the realms of sport.

Rev. Fathers, Professors and Teachers: The graduating class of nineteen hundred and fourteen has come to make its farewell bow after the curtain has fallen upon the scholastic year. In this our epilogue we wish to express our appreciation and the deep debt of gratitude we owe you, who have labored so nobly and conscien-