

sensation. If such were its real character, it would defeat the very end it has in view. College life has its dark days as well as its bright, its cloud as well as its sunshine. The fact that we are engaged in intellectual pursuits does not in any degree detract from, but rather intensifies, the sensitiveness to physical and spiritual pain. In the intellectual, as in the spiritual, world we are made perfect through suffering. Not in any spirit of pessimism, however, do we utter these words. Only to the aimless in life does a college course present such a dreary picture. There is a purpose in life, a grand and glorious opportunity of realizing the high end of our being, of making the world of mankind better and happier for our having been in the world. Inspired by such high motives, a college education will be eagerly and faithfully sought as the instrument to that higher and final end in life.

Equally fallacious is the theory that men enter upon such a course simply in order to become acquainted with the contents of books. This, it is true, is a necessary concomitant of a university education, but it is not education itself. A book is a museum of thought, not thought itself; a professor is an exponent of thought, not thought itself. Only in so far as we re-think the thoughts of men and books are we educated by contact with men and books. Much of the work done in a college course is preliminary. We have, as it were, thus far done little more than unseal the book of knowledge. We have climbed, as it were, to a slight eminence, from which, with keener vision, we may scan the broad domain of being. In the language of Plato, books and men are but the imperfect images and agents by means of which our mental vision is cleared and quickened, and through which we rise and grasp the realities of being. Thought is the great evolving power in the intellectual universe. Education is not a process of addition only, but also of evolution. Man is educated not by receiving alone, but by receiving and giving, and thus becoming.

Such are some of the thoughts that hold our minds at this important juncture in our lives. Soon we part, each to engage in his chosen profession. Some return to engage in theological studies; some to the study of medicine or law; while some, it may be, return for post-graduate work in arts. Others will seek their life's work in teaching in this or in other lands. One, we believe, will leave these halls for a home beyond the broad Pacific. At such a season the emotions that surge over our hearts are inexpressible. Conscious, however, that a loving Father's hand shapes and guides our destiny, we go forth. But ere we leave we say to all, farewell. To you, the inhabitants of this ancient city, who have so kindly received us to your homes, your social gatherings and your sanctuaries, we say adieu. If you have soothed the care or gladdened the heart of some forlorn student, yours will be a student's reward.

To you, our fellow-students who remain to complete your course, we wish all the joys of college life, with few

of its sorrows. And when, like us, you come to cross the B.A. line, may you all be there. With the kindest sympathy, we say to you all farewell.

And you, our honored professors, who have seen many days such as this, who have watched with zealous care the leaven of knowledge working in our untutored minds, who have, with such patient mind, gentle hand and steadfast purpose, led us through the labyrinthal mazes of science, of art or of literature, whose constant aim was our good, and whose greatest pleasure was our progress—to you we give a kind farewell. We thank you for all you have endeavored to make us, and humbly trust we may worthily reflect the painstaking care you have bestowed upon us.

And to you, old Queen's, whose rooms are bright with the memories of days gone by, whose spacious hall has often appalled us, whose name we love and whose prosperity we will seek, to you we say, "Long live Queen's!"

#### WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE—MISS A. LAWYER.

*Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

As valedictorian for the graduating class of the Women's Medical College, I will address myself chiefly to them—to those who are just leaving academic life for the sterner struggle and larger strife in the field of practice. The hour belongs to them; if others find patience to listen they will kindly remember that after all they are but as spectators at a wedding; the hour is not momentous to them, but it is to the friends who are kneeling at the altar, and it is of these that the priest is thinking. I speak more directly to you then, ladies of the graduating class.

The days of our education as pupils of trained instructors are over. Our first harvest is all garnered; henceforth we are sowers as well as reapers, and the world is our field, and such questions as these present themselves: How does our knowledge stand us to-day? What have we gained? What must we forget? What remains yet to be learned? Then another question forces itself upon us, How are we to obtain patients and keep their confidence?

We have chosen a laborious profession, and have made great sacrifice to fit ourselves to follow it successfully. We wish to be useful and receive the reward of our industry, and in the short, familiar talk with you I shall give you a few of my thoughts.

Our acquaintance with some of the accessory branches is much greater now than it will be ten years hence. Chemistry, for instance, is apt to spoil on one's hands. We are fresh from the lecture room and the laboratory. We have passed examinations in Anatomy, Chemistry, Materia Medica, and were quite ready in our answers—more ready, perhaps, than men in large practice to-day would be, for they have got rid of the less practical part