

The capping of the class was then proceeded with. The ladies were received with immense cheering. Lord Stanley gallantly set the example of rising as each lady presented herself, and the homage of all that was great and learned in connection with old McGill to a number of simple though clever young women, was one of the interesting as it was one of the touching features of convocation.

The Chancellor then called upon Mr. D. J. Frazer, who read the following valedictory :

*Your Excellency, Mr. Chancellor, Members of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

The delivery of valedictories is regarded by many as a "custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." The stereotyped form of such addresses in Arts, I am told, is an earnest attempt to immortalize the graduating class, some parting fatherly advice to the professors and a gush of sentiment on bidding a tender farewell to old McGill. However monotonous this routine may be, still I shall not indulge in any intellectual gymnastics in order to depart from the beaten path of my predecessors. Except in its brevity, my valedictory will therefore be, to a large extent, of the rigidly orthodox style. Of the graduating class I shall say but little, because we feel confident that my successor of next year will have the good taste to imitate the practice of the French Academy by devoting his time to a eulogy of us. Suffice it to say that nearly four years ago our class first made its appearance above the college horizon. In coming to Montreal many of its members passed by the doors of several famous seats of learning, attracted hither not so much by the social or even the educational advantages of this great Metropolis as by the personal fame of our honored Principal, whose name is a household word in the remotest corners of the Dominion. Several of those who boldly entered with us on our student career have unfortunately dropped from the race or have been distanced. Others have been "ruled out" by the faculty for the simple crime of holding and expressing on their examination papers opinions different to those of that conservative body! We would gladly pause to weave a chaplet to the memory of our departed classmates who were thus martyrs to their convictions; but time forbids. Others of us could, like Othello, tell thrilling tales of "most disastrous chances," of "moving accidents" and "hairbreadth escapes"; but these things only made us persevere more resolutely on our rugged path. With us—owing in part, perhaps, to the discipline of the Dean—

"Resistless burnt the fever of renown  
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown."

Others came forward to fill up our broken ranks; and now, as the result of this process of elimination and accretion, we are a graduating class of thirty men, besides the four who have to-day swelled our ranks from Morrin College. Along with the ladies, we have been rudely called—by a science man, I presume,—"the thirty nine articles."

And now we need offer no apology for our being graduates in Arts. The "bats and moles" of humanity will stupidly ask us, no doubt, what we now have of

as good market value as the time and money and energy which we have spent in our preparatory education. It is true that we are not yet equipped for the practice of any profession. Moreover, a great part of our vast fund of knowledge in the shape of rules and idioms of the Greek and Latin languages, mathematical formulae, scientific classifications and metaphysical theories will, in itself, be of little direct practical value to many of us in after life. But such learning is not the only nor the highest reward of the patient toil of the Arts student. We may not be able, at the command of the utilitarian, to calculate with pen and paper how much knowledge we have acquired from this part of the University course. But the best teaching is not the mere communication of information; nor does true knowledge consist in a dead sum or capital of facts or theories stored up in the mind. The aim of the faculty in which we graduate is higher than this. It aims not so much at imparting information as at giving mental discipline, intellectual refinement; not so much at filling as at expanding the mind; not so much at sending out students stuffed with facts as men of culture, whose mental horizon has been widened, in whom has been inspired the love, and whose minds have been trained for the attainment of truth. The graduate in Arts who has pursued his studies in a broad and sympathetic spirit has laid that solid foundation of mental culture upon which alone can intelligently be built the superstructure of professional training. If a man is to rise to eminence in any of the "learned professions," he must have received such intellectual refinement. The clergyman who will rise above narrow Sectarianism, the physician who is not content with being a mere practitioner, the lawyer who is not willing to depend for success upon "his quiddits, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures and his tricks," must all be men of broad culture and of intellectual sympathy. Such men it is the office of the faculty of Arts to send out. And when on the verge of our graduation we take a retrospective glance at our long struggle, we feel amply repaid for all our labor, not so much because of the knowledge we have acquired as of our increased *capacity* for such; not so much because of our attainments as of our better *capabilities* to attain; not because we have learned but rather because we have been taught *how* to learn.

But not to be recreant to the task—unpleasant but imperative—which has been assigned me by my fellow-classmates, we must briefly tender our farewells.

To the professors our parting word is,—*we forgive you*. It is true that occasionally "the burden you laid upon us seemed greater than we could bear," that in the examination hall you often expected us to do a day's work in three hours, that some of you, at least, at times "went on refining and thought of convincing when we thought of dining,"—yet in the sorrow of parting with you all these things are forgotten—

"A spring of love wells from our hearts  
And we bless you unaware."

Had we been as diligent in studying as you have been patient in teaching, then we should certainly