Ritchie, P. E.—[High School, Montreal.]—Prize in Classics; Prize in French; Prize in German.

Rochester, W. M.—[Ottawa Collegiate Institute.]—Prize in Classics.

PASSED THE SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

Kerry, Patterson, Macdougall, Livingstone, Swabey, McRae, Ritchie, Rochester, McOuat, Sparling, Wallace, Clerk, McKerchar, Chalmers, Hibbard, Pedley; Fyles and Stevenson, equal; Thomas, Dewar, Holden, [E. D. F.], Craig, Clements, Dalpé, Sanders. *Aeger*, Evans, [W. H.]

ANNE MOLSON MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

In September, 1882, the *Anne Molson Mathematical Prize* was awarded, after a special Examination, to J. Ralph Murray [4th Year].

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY'S PRIZE.

On the merits of an examination held in January, 1883, the New Shakspeare Society's Prize was awarded to Alexander Scrimger [4th Year].

The following is the prize and honour list of the Science Faculty:—

GRADUATING CLASS.

Donaldson Bogart Dowling—Lorne Medal; $50 exhibition; Leslie Skelton Prize; Certificates of Merit in Applied Mechanics, Designing, Hydraulics, Bridge-Construction, Thermo-Dynamics and the Steam Engine. William Henry Howard—First Rank Honours in Natural Science; Certificate of Merit in Assaying.

Passed the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science.—Civil Engineering (Advanced course). Donaldson Bogart Dowling.

Civil Engineering (Ordinary course)—In order of Merit.—James McEvoy, Richard F. Smith.

Mining Engineering.—William Henry Howard.

THIRD YEAR.

Cecil Brunswick Smith.—The Scott Exhibition; Mathematical Prize of $25; Prizes in Mathematics, Experimental Physics, Descriptive Geometry, Surveying, Applied Mechanics and Materials. David Ogilvy—Prizes in Mathematics, Surveying and Geology. William Graham—Prize in Mechanical Work.

Passed the Sessional Examinations.—Civil Engineering (Advanced course).—In order of Merit.—Cecil Brunswick Smith, David Ogilvy, John McDonald. Civil Engineering (Ordinary course)—In order of Merit—John M. McKenzie, Allan R. Davis, John L. Hislop.—Mechanical Engineering.—In order of Merit.—William Graham, Duncan Donald McTaggart. Mining Engineering—Joseph Alfred Robert. Practical Chemistry—Edward Henry Hamilton.

SECOND YEAR.

Hedley Vicars Thompson.—Mathematical Prize of $25; Prizes in Descriptive Geometry; Surveying, Mechanism and Mathematics. Ernest McCourt Macy.—The Burland Exhibition of $100; Prizes in Mathematics and Practical Chemistry. Charles William Trenholme.—Prizes in Zoology and Experimental Physics. Samuel Fortier.—Prizes in Materials and French.

Passed the Sessional Examinations.—Civil Engineering.—In order of Merit.—Hedley Vicars Thompson, Samuel Fortier, Samuel Henry Pitcher. Mining Engineering, in order of merit.—Charles William Trenholme, Ernest McCourt Macy, Edward Payson Mathewson.

FIRST YEAR.

Nevil Norton Evans.—Prizes in Mathematics and French. Arthur Weir.—Prize in Chemistry. Walter Frederick Ferrier.—Prizes in Freehand Drawing and Chemistry.

Passed the Sessional Examinations.—In order of Merit.—Nevil Norton Evans, Walter Frederick Ferrier, Arthur Weir, Charles Percy Brown; Geo. Herbert Dawson and Thomas William Watson, equal; Daniel Taylor, Wm. Cyrus Perkins.

PROFESSOR MOYSE'S ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Delivered at the recent Arts Convocation.

I need make no apology for addressing specifically those on whose behalf we have met here to-day. I would it were in my power to say to them something around which pleasant memories might gather, and which might lend an incentive to wise and beneficial work. But I have to make an apology for speaking in a manner free from the formalism with which such addresses as this are associated and in words often very humble and plain. Still I may hope that they will not on this account be less fitting or trustworthy.

Time and circumstance now place you, gentlemen Graduates, at the summit of your academical hopes, but it may be doubted whether any one of you has pondered—perhaps I might well add, has secured leisure to ponder—on the influences which have been modifying your thoughts, modifying them quietly, unobtrusively, yet permanently, during the last four years. Their effect *will* remain, that you must soon learn,—will remain for good or ill, for content or discontent, for praise or blame. You may imagine that days of despondency are far off You are happy in the consciousness of greater attainments than are won by your fellow-men in the gross, or presuming on your intellectual worth when it shall be brought face to face with the emergencies of practical life, you view to-day your future career with equanimity. And yet if the experience of mankind may be trusted, disappointment in some form or other awaits you. I do not speak of the disappointment which falls to the lot of people in general, but disappointment peculiar to yourselves,—disappointment that others except those situated as you are can scarcely ever know, and can certainly never feel as intensely as can cultured minds. It may be that you have just studied critically the finer beauties of language—those lights and shades of expression that reveal in all their distinctness and force the choicest passages of classic authors—and lo, when your exultation and banquets are done, you are hurried away to spend your days in teaching the very rudiments of grammar to a wayward and seemingly a thankless class. You may be deeply learned in mathematics or intimately acquainted with the technical minutiæ of natural science, but the time is coming to some of you when your energies will be expended in instructing others in the fundamental principles of arithmetic or in brief talk about the merest elements of zoology or botany. And the remarks I made a few moments ago hold good in regard to others whose lives are not to be given up to teaching. These may have taken their degree in Arts to enjoy a more varied mental life, or to be enabled to discuss reasonably and wisely matters of interest to all, or to profit by the status a degree is supposed to confer on those who own it, or simply because its possession is a mark of some culture, or possibly because it will be a valuable addition to studies which are to form the earnest portion of life-work. But two questions will intrude themselves on such among you as have been true and faithful students, whatever your future aim, and these questions will, unless rightly regarded, cause the disappointment already mentioned, especially if your daily toil is severe or distasteful. The first of these—what good is my academical training to me?—demands for the answering more time than is at my disposal now, but the other—how can I keep my old intellectual love alive?—seems appropriate and profitable. The perplexity and despondency it very often causes I once deeply felt, although my life now forbids me to feel it except in a partial, a very limited sense.

There must be some of you that know the keen zest that knowledge pursued for her own sake creates. What matter if Alps arise on Alps? Freed from the trammels of your University course, you will scale those you fancy. No uncongenial subject shall longer compel you to climb its forbidding heights, though you have the best of guides at your service. Rejoicing in your freedom, strong in your intellectual affections, you will wander as you please, and you are planning, some of you, I am sure of it, schemes whereby you will win greater mental vantage, greater mental pleasure. But you will find the hourly task sapping your ambitious resolve: you will, if that resolve is somewhat steadfast, partly gain the ascent and then in a moment of despondency you will turn and gaze on the plain beneath, especially if your path is not an educational one. Down there the every-day folk are hurrying to and fro absorbed in meaner but in needful pursuits, winning wealth, and setting righteous and unrighteous store by it—the majority of them dying in wilful ignorance, sometimes when too late repenting thereof, sometimes not. Your ambition was laudable, but you discover it to be inexpedient, to be harassing. You will go down to them and they will pipe to you on their scrannel pipes and you will dance in hollow and unsatisfying mirth. You think I am writing hyperbole, straining facts, trying to indulge in a pretty play of words. Not a whit. Whatever gift of tongue a man may have, however earnest he may be, there is no eloquence, no earnestness which can adequately impress on you the importance of cherishing in some form what you have hardly won. I could, did opportunity allow, read to you words glowing with the fervour of enthusiasm, with the ardency of conviction: words uttered by men of diverse habits of thought, but all bearing witness to that despair which one of our poets in a happy comment calls leaden-eyed—despair begotten of ordinary life—heavy of eyes indeed, tired of head, sick of heart. But by the side of these are other words of thankfulness and of joy because of the soul of goodness that lay beneath evil appearance. How can I keep my old intellectual love alive? Not by falling into the common error of trying to compass vast realms of knowledge as soon as you are thrust out into active life. Keep your ambition by all means. Do not, to use familiar phrase, fling it away even though angels fell by it. But you will have to take to heart the need, the imperative need, and I might say the blessing of daring to be ignorant of some things. Thos. De Quincey, in a little book addressed to a young man who was anxious to improve his education, lays convincing stress on this point. It is simply the old truth, *ars longa vita brevis*, and whether you establish it by mathematical computation, as De Quincey oddly does in one place—showing there how small is the portion of general literature an industrious reader can skim in the course of a long life as compared to the portion unread—and he gives his reader the merit of having conned some 20,000 books—or whether you establish it on a broader and more thoughtful basis, as he elsewhere does—asserting the majority of books to be mere repetitions and *ephemeridæ*—the maxim holds good. Be men of few books, I beseech you, though the educationists of these days bid you snatch at every fact, great and small, relative to yourselves or irrelative thereto, or to anybody else for that matter. Knowledge is one thing, fact something vastly different. What you know you feel; it forms a vital part of your being, actuates you from hour to hour; you bring everything to it as to a touchstone: but to be a heartless, unenthusiastic, aimless, chaotic gobbler—excuse the word, gentlemen—gobbler of odds and ends of other people's thoughts is to degrade your noblest faculties and to make yourselves mere machines. There are enough "Bookful blockheads ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in their head," to slightly alter a well known couplet from Pope. And whatever your duties in life may be, you can, as a dear and highly-cultured friend of mine once phrased it, "keep one of those great fellows always on the stocks". I need not say who these great fellows are: you have been introduced, not more than