

for a moment of one other. There are men in this room who will know already to whom I am about to allude. He was not my teacher in the same sense as were those whose names I have mentioned, but in another way I learned from him as much as from any. He was my fellow-student, but I looked up to him as the pupil looks up to the master whose wisdom he recognizes. Joseph M. Drake, even as a student, was a learned man, and more, he was a wise man. He was the nearest of all men with whom I have been acquainted to Shakespeare's marvelous creation—the melancholy Dane—Hamlet. He was like that most lovable prince, learned, wise, critical, deeply religious, pre-eminently conscientious, and like him, too, he lacked determination, self-assertion and self-confidence; but no truer friend or man ever lived on this planet.

I would not like to have it thought—because I do not name them—that I was blind to, or that I am forgetful of the good qualities of my other teachers. I remember as the observations of yesterday the personal traits of Drs. Hall, Fraser, Wright and Scott. I recognize their learning and their excellent qualities. I remember how soundly I used to sleep—miserable wretch that I was—at the lectures of one of them, and how preternaturally wide awake I used to be at the weekly “grinds” of another.

Of my fellow-students, right good fellows and warm friends as many of them were, and as some of them still are, I will say little except that they are rapidly passing over to join the great majority. Many have long left us. Two have gone within the last few months, but some—good men and true—firm and lifelong friends to me, are still left. One thing I can say, and right proud I am to say it, that I have never known a graduate of McGill to become in any sense unworthy of his noble profession, or of his grand old *alma mater*.

But time will not allow that I pursue these personal matters further, were it otherwise I have said but a small part of what I would say. For as I speak the faces of dear friends—fellow-students and teachers—living and dead pass as in a vision before me. They are all sons of our dear mother. All sons of dear old McGill. And you young men coming to her now, I warn you that if you are worthy of her you, too, will