

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

By N. D. KEITH, B.A., B.D.

Reverend Principal and Professors, Members of Convocation,
Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen :

It falls to my lot to bespeak the thoughts and feelings of my classmates—not altogether an unpleasant task, you may say, for is not this the day to which you have been looking forward with anxious eye, and now that it has come and the goal has been reached, your feelings doubtless are those of unmingled joy, and, as such, pleasant to express ? But, sir, I hold my lot a hard one, and I have been at a loss to know why the fates should have been so cruel, for during the last two or three days, since the ordeal of examinations passed, and others have been enjoying a well-earned relaxation and disporting themselves at will, I have found it necessary to turn the grindstone still. I awoke at the dawning, it was valedictory ; I walked abroad at noonday, it was valedictory ; I lay me down at night, it was valedictory.

And naturally I cast about to find the reason why mine should be so hard a lot. This one came and that, but I waved my hand and they had gone. At last I thought I hit it. The reason was found in the class itself. We come from far and near ; from east and west, from north and south. We have the genial son of fair Italy, and another from rugged Switzerland. France, that gave us an esteemed professor capable of conversing with Adam or Abraham in their mother-tongue—not the Gaelic, sir—has also given us an esteemed student. Scotland, that gave us John Knox and George Buchanan—pardon me, gentlemen, these are names in Church History—that also gave us our beloved Principal, has also given us a sturdy student.

In our own land, all roads lead to Rome, and so we have the canny Gael from Cape Breton, and to balance that off, our