

## Department of Practical and Applied Science.

### VALEDICTORY.

MR. CHANCELLOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Allow me to compare our Canadian nation to an heir in possession of an estate of whose value he is ignorant. To us has been bequeathed by the valor of Wolfe and his stalwart British comrades a vast inheritance—the half of this Northern Continent. To our judgment is entrusted the destinies of a great country. Now that we have passed through the period of childhood and are absolved from the guardianship of our parental nation, it is time for us to assume the duties and responsibilities of man's estate. And we shall not fail in filial respect for Britain by cheerfully accepting the burden devolved upon us by our coming of age on the day of confederation.

But how can we fulfil the duties of our position unless we understand it aright? We shall be responsible if Canada does not speedily emerge from the lowly position of an agricultural people (suited only to the infancy of a great nation) and enter upon a career of higher usefulness as the manufacturer and utilizer of its own as well as of foreign products.

It cannot be denied that the best mode of shaking off this fatal lethargy and entering upon a nobler career, is to train men in all the latest results of science to be the leaders in this enterprise, and to reveal to us the unknown resources with which Providence has blessed our land.

The necessary prelude is being zealously urged on by our much-honoured Principal in the School of Applied Science; and to-day the first fruits of this work are gathered. Now, for the first time in our country's annals, a Canadian University bids Goodspeed to a band of her alumni as they go forth armed with all the powers of science to wrest from Nature her hidden treasures.

Would that the founder of this institution could have lived to see this latest and very practical result of his generosity. It is but yesterday that I stood beside his neglected grave. I dare not attempt to express the thoughts and feelings that passed upon me as I stood beside that prostrate, shattered urn, and even with the strong light of day failed to spell out more than the six letters of his name on the weather-worn, defiled sandstone. Words fail to express such thoughts! But who hesitates as to which they would prefer for a monument of their career; such a shattered stone as that which the very weeds seem to despise as they flout their summer colours before it, and intercept the sunbeams that seem sent to brighten the last resting place of a body that was the acting agent of James McGill's great soul in his brief career here below, or else this great group of buildings set apart for its destined work and provided with the requisites for accomplishing our founder's patriotic purpose. May some one present here this day be moved to perfect this splendid work by similarly endowing our infant school of Science.

But even if Dame Science fail to find a champion among our many men of wealth and be still compelled to wrap herself in the classic cloak of poverty, the fair daughters of Canada assure me, by their bright presence here this day, that they will reward her votaries with their smiles.

To you, our professors, we graduates feel grateful for your countless acts of kindness, and we take this opportunity of acknowledging the efforts you have made to convert the stony path of learning into a royal road to knowledge. When we first meditated an incursion into the *terra incognita* of these technical studies, we dreaded least our surveys of these varied fields would be too arduous and exhausting. But in our daily work we have ever found that by your skillful toil the swamps of Mathematics were drained, the rocky heights of Natural Science graded, the noxious vapours of Chemistry deodorized, and the torrent of Applied Mechanics avoided, so that we have returned laden with the spoils of the reconnaissance without the loss of a single man.

Undergraduates, we feel loath to part with you. The days spent with you in the field, the lectures we have heard in company, and the perilous examinations that we have braved together, shall ever be bonds of sympathy between us. It would be unbecoming in us to offer you advice when that of your professors is ever at your service. Let us simply say to those about to occupy the senior seats in your classes, we trust that they may profit by the errors of their predecessors and ever set to their fellow students a more consistent example of high honour than we have in the by-gone days. We anxiously await the day when you in turn will be at liberty to join shoulder to shoulder with us in the stern work that lies before us.

In turning to you, my classmates, my heart is full. My mind

is filled with memories of many acts of kindness at lecture or in drawing hall, true symptoms of the warm manly hearts that dictated them. No petty jealousies have embittered the honourable rivalry so often practiced in this hall. And even if the breadth of the Dominion separates us hereafter, pleasant recollections of old McGill will ever knit our hearts together.

Let us leave this hall with high hopes and noble resolves. Remember! to-day our University confides to us a sacred trust. We have received from her an unknown degree. To our hands it is committed to secure for it an honourable recognition by the members of our profession. Let us be ever loyal to this trust and prove worthy of the confidence reposed in us. We have sworn to uphold the honour and reputation of this College; see to it that we redeem our pledge.

"Better not be at all,  
Than not be noble."

J. FRASER TORRANCE, A.B., B.A.Sc.

McGill College, May 2nd, 1873.

The following poem was composed a few years ago by a young man who is now a third year student in Arts at McGill. The story of the "Gallant Pilot" may be yet fresh in the memory of some of our readers. The poem is in the style of Mrs. Hemans' "Casabianca," and is by no means unworthy of its model. It appeared immediately after its composition in a local paper. Our readers will remember the witty verse on "A Freshman Learning to Shave," and, perhaps, they will not be displeased when we assure them that the verse referred to and "John Maynard" are both by the same writer, who has encouraged us with the prospect of a contribution for each issue of our paper:

JOHN MAYNARD.

John Maynard scanned the steamer's deck,  
His hand was on the wheel;  
'Neath frightened crows, the flaming wreck  
Was quivering to her keel.

"They forward push'd with faces pale,  
And gather'd to the bow;  
But refuge there will not avail,  
If Maynard fail them now.

But onward sped the burning ship  
To reach the nearest land;  
And never swerved by fault or slip  
Of that firm, guiding hand.

The raging flames shot up high,  
They reign'd supreme below;  
The cleaving waters, gurgling by,  
Were but a distant foe.

Yet never quail'd th' intrepid soul  
That did not fear to die;  
The ship rushed on to reach the goal,  
And Maynard—looked on high.

His hand was scorch'd, he seem'd to reel  
When last he met the view,  
He press'd his shoulder to the wheel,  
And kept it firm and true.

When blinding smoke and scathing flame  
Surcharged the land air;  
The ship maintain'd her course the same,  
For Maynard still was there.

—Was there! to hear the trumpet's cry  
"John, can you hold on still?"  
And shout, through flame, his grand reply,  
"By God's help, sir, I will!"

At last the ship had reach'd the shore,  
The retrace-bourse was won;  
But noble Maynard's was no more,  
His saviour-work was done.

"Twas vain to strain the longing eye,  
Or shout that deathless name;  
The hero's soul had flown on high  
On rushing wings of flame.

Did tears below the cheeks so late  
With mortal terror wain?  
Did grateful scores lament the fate  
Of that sublime old man?

His awful task was grandly done,  
For Duty bore the rod,  
He fear'd no fate beneath the sun,  
Because he walk'd with God.