

Lord buildeth the city they that build do build in vain."

As the graduates of Westminster Hall move out year by year into their work in the world for the Master, you may rest assured they go forth to stand up for all that is holy and healthy and best in the lives of men; to serve and do battle without fear; not in sorrows to yield, but to push on towards the goal.

Their heart's desire will be a ministry of cheer, of seasonable service, of goodwill and helpfulness. Noble hearts will look kindly upon us; their prayers and consent will follow us as a lasting influence precious beyond price. Good and evil we will certainly have to meet, but we will have what success is appointed us.

All we of Westminster Hall thank the Presbyterians of B. C. for the opportunities their generosity has afforded us of training and exercise for the grandest work to which any man can be called by God, the work of the Christian ministry.

While I may look back with regret at parting it is seasoned with grateful memories and happy associations and my last word must necessarily be one of hope. I thank you for the patience with which you have treated me—I am bidden to step to the marching music of mankind.

"The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow,
We press still thorough,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us—Onward!

And solemn before us,
Veiled the dark portal
Goal of all mortal—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us, silent!

Whilst eager thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantom and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.