

well-fought field or many a hard-won fight—come down to look upon the raw recruits who are coming forth at the country's call to fill the ranks of the recreant or the dead, and judge of the fitness or incapacity of the sons to take upon them the burdens which for many a long year their fathers have so well sustained. Ah, yes—graduation day means more than a mere going forth from one class room to another and a larger one—more than a mere parting from those

“ Whom we have only known to love —
And loved to know ”—

more than merely another son sent forth into the world well equipped for the struggle, to lift the mother or the father or the family a step higher in the way of comfort or social standing, or a step nearer to the luxuries which have become so necessary to those who have

“ fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life.”

It is important to the individual—it is of moment to the family—but to the NATION it is a thing of life or death !

It means the sending forth of a band of young men who will strengthen the hands of evil or of good—who will make the hard task which those who are toiling for her welfare have before them yet harder, or who will cast into the scales on the side of Right that inestimable influence which youth, energy, enthusiasm, faith have given them—and nerve with a cheer the hands already trembling and the hearts already faint with “the heat and burden of the day.”

It is important as a day of results, first, to the graduate himself. Consciously or unconsciously, he reviews the work done by him during his four or seven years' course, and the review shows him how far his work has been a failure and how far a success. Read rightly, faithfully, conscientiously, it will nerve him for the work that lies before him—it will guard him against the errors that are behind him—it will give him courage for the efforts of the future.

What it has taught him he alone knows—not the College Don, not the Faculty, not the Senate, but himself. And if we venture to read aloud some of the lessons which experience has borne in upon us, we believe that the boys, whom—with all the little differences of opinion that have existed between us—we still love, will receive the little that we have to offer them in the same spirit in which it is given, as a symbol of our common struggles, our common hopes, our common aims, and as a token, however slight, of that imperishable fraternity that exists, and must exist forever, between all the sons of Queen's ! And so we say—

HAVE LOFTY IDEALS.

Not every man who has them is great, but no man is great who has them not. I know—no one better—that there is nothing more prosaic and practical than the constant grind of college work. I know, no one better, that the student's heart yearns, when he is overwhelmed with

toil, for a word of sympathy and encouragement from those who are qualified, by their broader experience and their supposed wider Christian life, to be able and willing to give it to him. And I also know—no one better—that for the most part he looks for it in vain. Is it wonderful, then, that some of us have learnt to appreciate to the full the worth and beauty of the Laureate's words—

“ Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !”

But all this is a mean to an end. Disappointed in the practical, the student turns naturally for comfort and hope to the ideal ; and if only his ideals be high enough, and his efforts to their attainment strenuous enough, he will, by the force of that “divinity that stirs within him,” rise superior to all circumstance and *compel* the recognition which mediocrity is ever so slow to give.

Live with good and great men.

We do not mean in the social and political sphere. This is a part, but only a very small part, of the life of the individual. You may be of that cynical disposition which takes small pleasure in the latest style of spring bonnets, the newest thing in cuts, or the last shade of dress goods. It may not be Paradise for you to gossip for hours over the next wedding—the beauty of the bride or the terror of the groom. This is, in all probability, due to a defect in the constituent elements of your nature—but there are all kinds and conditions of men, and you may be one of this kind. You may not be beside yourself with joy at the defeat or election of the Grit or Tory candidate in the Island of Anticosti. You may even go so far as Carlyle, and hold that you are a unit in a population of 25,000,000—mostly fools.

But all this is a matter of small importance. It is the *inner* life that makes the individual,—

“ The soul is its own place, and of itself
Can make a heaven of hell—a hell of heaven.”

A man may live with poachers, tapsters, flunkeys, and yet, with Shakespeare, swing the world behind him.

See the good in all literatures, philosophies, religions. The effect of University life should be to give you culture, and culture consists in the acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the thoughts and lives of all other civilizations as truly as your own.

When you see this good, USE IT. We are told that the pulpit has lost its hold upon the race. If this be so, it is the fault, not of the faith *behind* the pulpit, but of the *man in it*. There must be a progression in the pulpit as truly as in the state. It is the task and privilege of the minister to adapt himself to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. If men will persist in using the phraseology and the forms of thought of a century ago, they have no right to expect the indulgence of those that hear them. Did the daily press act upon this principle, the minister in question would, in all human probability, be the first to object, and he would likely object pretty dogmatically, too. For the Theology of the past I have