

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

By M. H. MacINTOSH, B.A.

Rev. Principal, Members of Convocation, Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is no time for tears. The emotions that predominate in our breasts to-night are not sadness and regret, but rather gladness and hope. It seems to me not inappropriate to change the usual order of valedictory addresses, and after saying our farewells to the past to conclude with a welcome to the future and a reference to the feelings with which we look forward to our life's work.

To-night we stand at the goal to which we have been pressing onward during many years; and standing here we naturally turn to take one "last, long, lingering look," ere we break with the happy associations of our college home and college life. Memory now carries us back to the time when first we left our distant homes and turned our faces toward Montreal, to seek preparation for the profession which we had chosen. After the lapse of years, we still think it was a happy suggestion that led us to this most cosmopolitan of Canadian cities, where we have come under the influence of men of many minds and diverse talents, where we have rubbed shoulders with students from every province of our broad Dominion, and with some, too, from lands far distant. We believe that here we have been surrounded by conditions peculiarly fitted to stimulate our powers, to broaden the horizon of our thought, to cultivate more catholic sympathies, to develop in us that for which our profession calls.

The preacher, to-day, should be a man of intellectual culture. The time is past when a minister could safely boast that he was not a college-bred man. The people now demand that those who set themselves up as teachers have an expansion of mind which will enable them to appreciate the advances which the world is making in every line of research. To the festering of this demand on the part of the people the Presbyterian Church with her educated ministry has largely con-