

we think him the noblest of the class, has offered himself for service in a heathen land. During his college career, he has never so much as mentioned his cherished wish to any, but at the end he gives himself. Should he go, our prayers and best wishes for his success will follow him to the lonely land in which he may labor. The remaining members of the class will in all probability settle in the older parts of our Dominion where their influence will become a factor in moulding the life and character of our young nation.

With deepest gratitude to our professors, we say farewell. We trust you have imparted to us your fearless spirit in denouncing wrong, your spirit of liberality and toleration, your manly and independent love of truth, and above all, your perfect trust in the infinite love and resources of your God, and your unwavering faith in the power of His Son to save and bless the world. Our obligation to you is of an intellectual and spiritual kind, and can never be repaid. Yet we trust, that in years to come, you may be gladdened in heart by seeing your influence working through us in deepening the hold, and extending the work in the world of the Master whom you love and serve.

To you, the citizens of Montreal, we say farewell. We sincerely thank you for the kindness shown in welcoming us to your churches and homes. And if at times you found us slow to respond to your invitations, it was not, we assure you, through any lack of appreciation on our part, but because of the incessant toil of college life.

In saying good-bye to the undergraduates, we have little to say. We have had advice given ourselves on similar occasions, but it went for naught. We did as we chose, and you will do the same. In a short time you too will become so learned, that you

"Could a hair divide,
Between the west and north-west side,"

and will form the graduating class. We hand you over to the tender mercies of the second year men, and can only hope their tender mercies may not be cruel. Make the most of your college life. Vain regrets at its close are useless, for

"The moments we forego,
Eternity itself cannot retrieve."

Now, fellow-graduates, we have to say good-bye to one another. In a short time we will be scattered across the length and breadth of our land. A life of toil lies before us. But work is the law of success, and the human being who does not engage in work of some kind in this world, lives a life useless to earth and heaven. Let us with unwavering faith in the omnipotence and love of our God, unite in battle against the common foe of mankind, and our lives must be a blessing to the world throughout all time, and throughout eternity. Longfellow tells us in the romance of "Hyperion," how Paul Fleming, while wandering in despair in Switzerland, one day entered a chapel and read this inscription: "Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart." Young Fleming said, "I will be strong," and went forth determined to live a useful life for his fellow-creatures and for his country. So, like Paul Fleming, it is useless for us to look mournfully into the past. There may tonight be vain regrets of time wasted or carelessness in work, but the past is gone forever. The future may be ours. The present is ours. Let us wisely improve it in working for God and for men, and not

"Deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain."