

common sense to know and keep our own place, without resorting to that contemptible and unmanly way of teaching us the lesson, viz., by snubs and high, cold looks. You have most effectually taught us that the truest way to retain one's own manhood is to be ever ready to acknowledge the manhood of others. We hope you will not think us presumptuous in speaking as we have. We can feel the pulse of the students: we know, therefore, that much of the success of any university must depend upon the cordiality of feeling existing between the students and professors. Believing this, then, we have no hesitation in saying that though in the years to come you will most assuredly be remembered for your eminent abilities by the class of '89, yet on the tablets of enduring memory which live in the heart as a secret recess, your image as sympathetic, helpful men will be indelibly retained, when as mere professors you are relegated to the shades of forgetfulness.

But now turn we in sadness, and with many, fond regrets, to say good-bye to this good old limestone city. We have nothing but good words for Kingston and its people. We have found the city beautiful for situation and its inhabitants all that the people of such a matter-of-fact, substantial old city should be. Common sense in all their dealings, yet hospitable and free in their manner to students to a degree to which our words cannot do justice. If any of our class leave Kingston without having fully worn off that rusticity of speech and manner which no doubt sometimes characterized us, it has not been through lack of delicate and considerate attention from the good cultured people of Kingston. We would like to abide with you always, to be known as citizens in your midst. Were we, therefore, M.D.'s we would immediately after graduation hang out our shingle in some conspicuous part of your city, and after a few weeks' practice expect to wear a silk hat and drive with a jehu-like speed in a convenient two-wheeler through your principal streets, to give the public the impression that we were doing a rushing business. But we are not M.D.'s and it doth not yet appear to some of us perhaps what we may eventually be. We shall, however, we believe, be fulfilling the highest expectation of our Alma Mater, professors, and good friends of Kingston if we strive by God's help to be men. Our heartfelt thanks we offer the good people of Kingston for the amount of genuine pleasure which their kind attentions have infused into the four years' course which we have just completed.

To the students we are leaving to succeed us we have not much to say. We are glad to know that we leave many more to succeed us than have preceded us, glad to know that the coming students will find in Queen's broader and better opportunities for development as the years go by. To you students with whom we are immediately acquainted is entrusted the honor of the college for the coming three years at least. Be faithful, we would say, faithful in your studies, faithful on the campus, faithful in the Alma Mater, and we would almost

say faithful, at least we would say enthusiastic, in blowing your tin horns and kazoos in the gallery during Convocation gatherings. We know you, boys of the first, second and third years, for thanks to the admirable system prevailing at Queen's, no hard and fast lines of demarcation separate one year from another. Yes, we know you and respect you, and this being so, we can safely entrust matters to you for the future. We are sorry to leave you as you will be sorry to leave your fellows when your turn comes. We have had our disagreements, both within and without the Alma Mater, yet in the midst of all we have retained a mutual respect and tender regard for each other, and can pray fervently that it may be our privilege through the coming years to meet under auspices as agreeable as those which surrounded our life when we sang together in the corridors of our dear old Alma Mater, "Queen's College is a Jolly Home."

VALEDICTORY IN DIVINITY—C. J. CAMERON, M.A.

Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Gentlemen of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The graduating class in Divinity is naturally anxious that to-day, as it looks, as students, for the last time upon these dear old walls, its valedictorian should give expression to the feelings which, like Banquo, "bodiless and unbidden," rise up before them to add a new charm or a light touch of regret to the pleasure of the hour. And so, taught from my earliest recollections that poetry is the highest expression of human thought, I have concluded that it, and it alone, could adequately convey the mingling emotions which master them to-day. Of all the various gems of genius which have charmed the world for ages, it seems probable that no one better voices their sentiments to old Queen's at this time than the well known and yet ever beautiful quatrain—

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue:
Sugar is sweet—
And so are you!"

Gentlemen may smile—but if this is not a fair expression of the sentiments of the Divinity class to Queen's, they are at perfect liberty to consider it—to quote the diplomatic language of the Principal—as an expression of their affection for "some of the *friends* of Queen's." And if they still persist in thinking that the poetry inadequately voices their affection for either the one or the other, I can only say that I shall try yet again ere I have taken my seat, and if I fail this time they must e'en give it tongue themselves.

The graduation day of a University is always a time of interest to all men who have at heart the welfare of their country. It is a field day for the veteran—a time in which those who have taken part in the life of the nation—who have served as private or commander in her "battles, sieges, fortunes"—and who carry, it may be, upon their brows or upon their hearts, the scars of many a