

energy that has placed America in the front rank in all that pertains to practical and applied science will surely develop its latent powers in the direction of the higher forms of culture. Year by year, with the accumulation of wealth and the extension of facilities for the acquirement of higher education, we are gradually approaching an era of intellectual life which will in all probability transcend that of the present day, as this does the intellectual life of the dark middle ages. In the growth of this wonderful tree of knowledge—literature, art and science—let us hope, and I think we have good reason to expect, that some of its thriftiest branches and some of its richest fruit will be found springing from Canadian soil. The good seed is sown in thousands of common schools throughout the land; here we see the swelling buds—youthful minds in the spring of life drinking in the vernal sap of knowledge. In our higher schools and colleges the tender leaves have become unfolded, and in our universities the choicest buds have burst forth into full bloom. In this last cast category belong all our undergraduates, and some of them, I am sure, are blossoms of great beauty and promise. But you, gentlemen of the graduating class, who are here to-day to say farewell to your Alma Mater, you have now advanced a stage further; you have shed the petals and are now the young and tender fruit. As such you are about to be exposed to trials and difficulties of a different order to those that have hitherto beset you. Now the cold bleak winds of distrust and worldly indifference will have to be faced, a blighting influence that works discouragement in many a sensitive nature, and one which weighs especially heavily upon our profession. For some of you there will be a long and weary period of waiting for work that you have carefully prepared yourselves to do, and which you feel you ought to be doing, but it will not come to you. With this period of enforced idleness you will be exposed to a thousand temptations that ever beset the unemployed. This is the time when much of the young fruit is stung with the busy moth of vice and intemperance, cankerworms which, once having penetrated the pericarp of the human soul, rob it of all proper nutriment, blighting all its noble powers of development, so that