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VALEDICTORY.

DELIVERED BY MR. DENIS MURPHY, B.A., L.Ph., AT COMMENCEMENT, JUNE
22nd, 1892.

Rev. Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen of Ottawa and Fellow-students :



THE clock of our college life is striking twelve to-night, and as we, the members of the class of '92, sit here listening to it tolling out the old and chiming in the new day of our existence, varying fancies speed through our minds and conflicting emotions arise in our breasts. Hark! the last stroke has fallen on the still evening air; our college career is over. The old sense of longing, faint at first but waxing stronger as we neared the goal, is felt no longer now. In its place has come a sense of joy—yes, of exultation, that we have stood true to our colors through the long, long years of battle and are here to-night to wear the laurel crown of victory. Seven years ago on a bright September morning 34 merry-hearted lads gathered in one of the lecture halls of Ottawa University. They were those who were to constitute the class of '92. Of those 34 who that morning began to climb the ladder of college life five only are here to scale its topmost rung. Of the rest a few there are that sleep the sleep that knows no waking; the great majority grew weary of the struggle, went forth into the wide world leaving us to battle alone. We, too, had our days of dark despondency as we saw comrade after comrade drop out of the race; when the goal seemed to recede as we advanced and when there came a half-formed dread that our strength too must fail ere we had crossed its magic line. But bright-eyed Hope

whispered words of sweet encouragement and stern-faced Duty producing a scroll before our eyes pointed in silence to the legend, "No cross; no crown." You see the crown this evening, but be sure the cross has not been wanting. We may be pardoned, then, I think, a thrill of satisfaction at the consciousness that our first great battle in life has been fought and won.

And now the future stretches before us its long vistas festooned with ill-defined but glorious possibilities. The dawn of our new life has broken most auspiciously. Will its noon-tide be as unclouded and will its sunset glow cast a mellow light over aspirations realized and success achieved? Classmates, God grant it may be so, but let us ever bear in mind that the best laid plans of men gang aft a-glee, so that if our fair sky becomes o'ercast by the clouds of disappointed hopes we may learn to look beyond the gloom to the bright land of eternity.

One joy at least the future holds in store for us that must be ours. To-morrow morning we turn our faces homeward. "Home! home! home! home is like heaven!" Long years have elapsed since some of us have gazed upon the place where first we saw the light and since any one of us has sojourned there for a considerable length of time, but its memory is as green and its associations are as dear to-night as they were on that day when we crossed our natal thresholds to come away to college and cast a last fond look on those dear faces and those cher-