

GREETINGS FROM GRADUATES.

At this time last year the graduating class began to realize that in a few weeks its members were to be scattered abroad and sent out into the world to declare their message. We have all a living message to declare, and we found willing hearers. Little did I think then that it would be my privilege in a few short months to be called to minister to a congregation almost under the shadow of Westminster Hall. As I was not born great nor achieved greatness, it must be a case of "greatness thrust upon me."

First of all let me congratulate the students and senate on the imposing appearance and high quality of the Westminster Hall Magazine. Long may it flourish. Long live the "Felicitous" Editor and his Staff. I have been at a loss to account for the superior finish and style of the publication. Now I understand—it was printed in North Vancouver—another matter for congratulation.

You have been fortunate in having as your teachers this summer not only our own professors, whom we reverence and love, but also such renowned teachers as Dr. Stalker and Principal Garvie. If brevity is the soul of wit, the Editor expects me to be witty enough to know when to stop; this is the time, as "Bill" says in the "Turnip" story, I cannot do justice to the occasion. These great men gave us thoughts and inspiration which are well worth expression and practice. But, "Words, like nature, half reveal and half conceal the soul within."

To the men of 1910 I extend my warmest greetings. To the ladies who have recently joined them, happiness; to the present students, success; to all the blessing of God.

Yours sincerely,

RONALD MACLEOD.