

leave you to-night ever hear of your athletic successes, we shall know that the same old spirit haunts these beloved walls, and we will always rejoice to hear the cry :

Grey and Garnet floating high,
Ever tell of victory."

But, fellow-students, remember that the goal towards which your college life should tend is your education, intellectual and moral. Let athletics continue to hold the proud position they have hitherto occupied, but at the same time let them be rated at their value, as simply means to a greater end, as something secondary, subordinate, instrumental to the perfection of the higher man. By attending to your class-work, lay broad and deep the foundations of knowledge. Build up, and strengthen, and round off the superstructure, by ever keeping converse with the world's great minds whose expression is found in the volumes of your libraries. And by taking advantage of your reading-rooms, literary and dramatic societies endeavor to put the finishing touch to the edifice of your education. You will realize ultimately, if you do not now, that the way of work, of honest, faithful labour, is the only one that leads to a successful end.

And now the trying moment approaches and strangely falls upon our ears this word "farewell." Gladly would we prolong our address in hope to keep back the final parting

word. But part we must, and who knows for how long? This much at least we are aware of that many of us shall very probably never meet again in this mortal life. How soon some of us may leave it we cannot tell. Its insecurity I feel to-night, when I remember that not so many years ago there stood in my position a bright and noble-hearted young man* with all the prospects of a successful career before him, and when I recall that mournful day last January on which we followed his funeral cortege to the last sad resting place.

It is but two years since another gentle soul§ was sitting in this hall, happy amidst the honors of graduation. He is not here to-night, nor out beyond in a happy home, but he too has gone to rest with his fellow-student. Just lately cruel death has invaded our very midst and snatched away, almost without warning, a kind and unassuming comrade.¶ He knew not a few months ago that he would never again attend these exercises. Yet such is the case, and in such a way does Providence dispose of things human. Amidst these sad reflections, however, there is for us our consolation, our supreme hope. Now indeed we separate to pursue our several courses; but we know that if we only do the right, there is a future which will bring a lasting reunion, there is a place beyond in which let us hope to meet again.

* W. J. Kekoe, '89.

§ E. P. Baskerville, '95.

¶ Edward Cosgrove, 2nd Form.