

ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

When a Veteran, in the decline of life, undertakes to address a body of young men just entering upon its active duties, his heart is apt to be too full for utterance. The past comes rushing by, as the impetuous tides of Fundy roll round the base of Blomidon, and the mind's eye vainly endeavors to "look through the blanket of the dark" and estimate, for others, the nature and extent of those perils, which youths are sure to encounter, and which, by the goodness of God, rather than by any skill or wisdom of his own, he may have happily escaped. But how rare the instances where experience has been gained without hazard—where the helping hand of Providence has always been stretched out—where the battle of life has been fought without a wound; and it is this conviction that makes me tremble at the task I have assumed to-night, however gladly I would make it a labor of love. To me the battle of life has been no boy's play, and I address you with a vivid impression of the work that lies before you, and of the dangers which beset the paths you are to tread, however they may be fenced by a mother's prayers or a father's watchful forethought.

But let us brush aside these depressing feelings, in which memories of the past and apprehensions for the