

## Valedictory

Read by George A. Macdonald at the Commencement Exercises  
on May 29th, 1927.

It is many years since the first graduates of St. Dunstan's left the shelter of her walls to seek fame in a busy world, and to make a name for themselves in their chosen callings. Each year has seen a new group bid adieu to their Alma Mater and go forth to wrestle with the difficulties which life held in store for them. Many of these are now almost forgotten—many especially whose deeds are not writ large in the pages of our annals, for it is human nature to remember those few only whose deeds have influenced the world.

As it has been in the past so it will be in the future. We, the class of '28, will in a few short years be almost forgotten. New students will have come to take our places, and new interests will occupy the minds of those who follow us. The future is theirs, but today is ours. Today will be remembered by us who are the principal actors in this short scene of life's drama, and just as today brings to the minds of former graduates memories of their graduation, so, in future will other graduation days recall to us pleasant memories of our own. Should it not be so? Is not this the day for which we labored and studied during the past six years? Have we not longed for this day when we could realize our ambitions and set out to wrest from the world the treasures she so jealously guards? Those ambitions are now realized, but with the joy of realization comes the bitterness of separation. We, who for the past six years have studied and played together, who have worked side by side and felt the bounds of friendship tighten round us, soon must part. We have become linked by that chain of mutual affection which, we trust, will bind us closer in the coming years. That chain we have forged with willing hands; each link we have wrought and tested in the years we have been together, and we know it will not be broken but rather strengthened by the passage of time. We feel that we have friends on whom we may rely—those friends of college days; for friendships formed in youth are lasting, they sound the depths of our finer emotions and bring out what is best in us.

Self sacrifice and self denial have combined to make the ties of our friendship more secure. We have learned in the classroom and on the campus to respect the rights and privileges of others.



In our sports we have been exhorted to play the game for the game's sake. We have learned to meet defeat smilingly, but defeat only after we have given our best. We have stood together for Alma Mater, and on that common ground our friendship has a firm foundation.

Alma Mater, wise from years of experience, has striven zealously to impart to us the knowledge which is essential. She recognizes the fact that man is constituted essentially of a body and a soul, a body which any education will consider, but a soul which true education must consider. She has taken good care of both. She has always been our champion, and she has ever bidden us strive manfully for the laurel wreaths of victory. More important still, she has enriched our minds with the teachings of Faith and Science. These two form the very foundation of her educational principles, and rightly so, for they are the true basis and the very fabric of all education. Science is ordained to Faith, and, without it, is harmful. A nation, be its people ever so gifted, is doomed to destruction if it possess not morality, morality firm and secure as religion on which it is based.

We made no mistake then when we enrolled as students of St. Dunstan's under her motto: "Fides et Scientia." She has made our interests her interests, our advancement and success her especial concern; and now she sends us forth with the best she can give us. She points with pride to the achievements of her Alumni, and she places before us a lofty standard for whose attainment she bids us strive. To that injunction she adds the appropriate words of the poet:

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;  
Be a hero in the strife.

Be heroes, she says, not only in the big things of life, which will mean glory to us, but in those of lesser significance as well, for true greatness consist, not in doing extraordinary thing, but in performing ordinary actions extraordinarily well.

Few are the hours which remain to us in St. Dunstan's, for the time of our leave-taking is near. Now we meet together for the last time and, like a family whose members are leaving for other climes, we gather around to recall the scenes of former days. Among the most pleasant of these scenes are those we find in the first chapter of our lives. In that chapter we read of the joys of



childhood days, those days of unappreciated bliss, when without a care in the world we trudged proudly by our father's side, or learned our prayers at our mother's knee. The little events which went to make or mar our happiness have all been recorded with labor and care. Here and there, mute evidence of a tender solicitude, a mother's tears—pearls of great price are they—which strangely beautify those records and make sweet memories of boyhood days.

The first chapter is soon ended and we pass on to the second, which takes us through our years in school, when we advanced beyond the sheltered limits of the home circle to meet new faces and to feel the influence of a wider sphere. How fondly we look back to our schooldays, which then seemed to be made up of endless tasks and duties—duties which—boy-fashion—we often shirked for more agreeable but less profitable occupations. We see, herein, in bolder characters, the ambitions and often-times disappointments of those carefree days. Our plastic minds were easily moulded then, and our thoughts easily directed in new channels. We were all hero-worshippers, and many were the reprimands we received when we attempted to imitate—not wisely, but too well—him who, for the moment, was our ideal. In those pages, too, we read of the progress made from year to year, of the class rivalries which meant so much to us, and of vacation days, when school was forgotten and books were hidden securely in the darkest corner. But time did not tarry and our school-days came to an end. We bade adieu to teachers and schoolmates, and so closed the second chapter of our lives.

There is yet another whose events are still fresh in mind, those events, the first of which we recorded on the day of our entrance to college—that day when we took the initial step towards a more complete and necessary education, when we met for the first time those who were to be our classmates and fellow students, and with whom we were to spend our years of college life. Those years passed swiftly. Each season brought new interests which seemed to lend wings to time. Vacations came and went, and now our last vacation is here. Tomorrow we set forth again, not protected by the sheltering walls of Alma Mater, but steering our own barque on the broad and often tempestuous sea of life. But we do not set forth blindly, a prey to every wind that blows; for Alma Mater has provided us with the compass of truth, she has marked for us the shoals and reefs of adversity, and she has erected for us the beacon light of Faith and Science. She has enscrolled on



our ensign the bright motto: "Fides et Scientia." With this pennant at our mast, and remembering the precepts taught us here, we shall surely triumph, though adverse winds may threaten us, cross currents delay us, and storms drive us far from our course.

Before setting out on that voyage, St. Dunstan's calls together our friends that we may bid them farewell, a farewell we would fain delay—an honest farewell from the heart.

To you who are gathered here and to all who have helped to make our college life pleasant we bid that fond farewell.

Farewell to you, dear Rector. You have striven zealously in our behalf. God grant your efforts may bear fruit a hundred fold. To you, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen of the Faculty, we bid adieu. You have been more than indulgent with us in our shortcomings in the past. May you remember, in the future, only our most pleasant associations.

Farewell to you who have been students with us. Remember that you, too, will stand here to bid farewell to those you leave behind. May that parting be mingled with mutual regrets as we feel our parting is today.

Farewell, fellow classmates. Never forget that you have been students of St. Dunstan's, and may that remembrance influence your lives forever. Make each day, as it comes, worth while, by recording on its pages some kind deeds or thoughts for others.

That day is best wherein you give  
Some thought for others' sorrows;  
Forgotten self you learned to live  
And blessings born of kindly deeds  
Make golden your to-morrows.

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Small service is true service while it lasts.  
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—Wordsworth.