

## VALEDICTORY

*Read by Raymond A. Hughes at the Commencement*

*Exercises on May 28, 1929*

TIME—not a big word, truly, yet what an important part it plays in the workings of this great universe, and in the hands of the Omnipotent what a potent factor it is toward the shaping and swaying of the destinies of men. The most striking quality of time is movement. Men are familiar with, but more or less thoughtless of the sure swift passage of time. A closer and more frequent consideration of this might conduce to that admirable virtue, humility. In common with many of nature's great forces, time in its passing claims exemption from man's interference or control. He may use it or abuse it to his own gain or loss, but he cannot stay its onward motion, nay, no more than he can change the current of the wind or check the planets in their course. Such realizations serve to show man his limitations, his littleness, despite the greatness of his material achievements.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course" and in so doing ticks off with unalterable and unerring accuracy in its circuits periodical portions known as years; thus in a long succession of years comes the close of the Scholastic one 1928-29. In unison therewith comes Commencement Day to St. Dunstan's University. Time's fiat has one forth reminding St. Dunstan's to issue once again her customary call to friends and relatives to be present at the closing scene in the University career of her graduating class. We have finished the course, valedictory day has arrived with its mingled emotions of regret and rejoicement, gratitude and hope tinged with fear. Naturally the day invites retrospection, and, as we look back and think over the years spent in these hallowed precincts, there arises within us a flood of thoughts that do lie too deep for words.

Memory quickly recedes even to the day, when by the intervention of kind fate or good fortune, directed by a wise dispensation of Providence, we entered here in quest of riches that time might not destroy. Year followed year in rapid rotation, and guided by competent heads and hearts we delved ever deeper into the depths of the font from which a knowledge of Faith and Science flows. St. Dunstan's inspired motto, "Ex eodem fides et scientia,"



placed where all may see, proclaims to the world her pretensions, the power of which has been amply proven by the fruitful effect of her long service.

The mode of St. Dunstan's training is the truly ideal. Religious and secular education go hand in hand, and each phase of man's nature, intellectual, moral and physical receives its just share of care and cultivation. Genuine knowledge is freely imparted and correctly assimilated, reason is developed, the relation of one truth to another is made clear. We are taught to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the principles of real Christianity, and how its truths accord with human aspirations. Our University supplies scope for discussion, for the exchange and origination of ideas. At times she becomes a place of inspiration where sparks of ardour, thought and eagerness are joined together forming a conviction of Catholic doctrine, that is bound to stand the test of time.

Alma Mater provides daily access to the sanctifying influence of the sacraments, which bring to souls the beauty of Christian virtue, and a firm and unconquerable belief in their destiny, and which also strengthen and purify lives dedicated to noble ideals, in the upbuilding of all those finer and purer elements of character which produce the permanent fruits of true manhood.

While St. Dunstan's instructs in all that is necessary for the intelligent exercise of all the duties and rights of citizenship, and yearly contributes her quota of good men to worth while walks in life, the most sublime motive of her labour of love is the extension of God's kingdom on earth. Vocational guidance, tending to a generous provision of labourers for the Lord's Vineyard, has always been one of her main purposes. What more natural sequel to years spent in her spiritual atmosphere, in intimate union with God, in daily imbibing the full significance of that great fundamental truth, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his immortal soul?"—What more natural, I repeat, than that numbers of her young men should yield to the irresistible lure of the altar and hasten eagerly to consecrate their lives to God's service, thus bestowing on Alma Mater the rich reward of "Love's Labour Gained?"

St. Dunstan's enjoys many external as well as internal advantages. It would almost appear that from the beginn-



ing God had ordained this lovely location, in so fair a nook of one of his most favoured countries, as the site of an institution wherein his divine interests might be specially advanced. Situation and surroundings are all that need be desired, and the happy blending of urban and rural life and scenery makes a pleasing variety of conditions in work and play. The campus furnishes opportunity for the latter and lighter forms of recreation, and these combine with more strenuous sports in directly producing steadiness of nerve, toughness of fibre and evenness of poise, and in indirectly aiding the acquisition of pure souls, sound minds and healthy bodies. The theme of our writing would lead us on and on, but time presses, and we cannot bid adieu to Alma Mater without a brief reference to an auspicious event of the near future.

A movement is already launched to commemorate her Seventy-fifth Anniversary by calling together as many as possible of her numerous Alumni in a grand reunion. We, her infant Alumni, take the proud privilege of congratulating Alma Mater and extending to her our best wishes in anticipation of the unqualified success of this celebration. May such an army of grateful and affectionate sons congregate about her that her most ardent hopes and dearest desires shall be fulfilled. May time continue to sit lightly on Alma Mater and make no visible claim on her in the matter of age. May she, a quarter of a century hence, still stand demure and dignified in her stately simplicity, graciously greeting other groups of Alumni gathered in response to another far flung call on the occasion of her Centennial birthday. Who, and how many of us will be here on that day only time will reveal. The strength of cherished and mellowed memories will surely suffice to send those of us who may survive to revisit in spirit if not in flesh, the sacred scenes of our youth—those scenes to which we must now bid a fond farewell.

“And 'tis hard to bid farewell  
To the scenes of friend and youth,  
That have by their sacred spell,  
Filled our breasts with tender truth.”

The kind friends assembled here today merit from us and St. Dunstan's, the courtesy of a passing word. We appreciate the respect and admiration that your presence indicates for Alma Mater, her traditions, and her stand-



ards. We trust the exercises bring to some the sunshine of reawakened reminiscences that rejuvinate the heart by recalling beloved associations of bygone years. We hope the day holds something of interest and entertainment for each one, and we cordially bid you all a gracious adieu.

Reverend Rector, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen of the Faculty—as we turn to you, a deep sense of indebtedness renders us almost mute in the moment of farewell. The prudence, patience, and perseverance, you practiced in preparing us to take our proper places in the world, have made a lasting impression in our souls. We humbly and sincerely hope to cancel at least a part of our great debt by regulating our conduct in life in a manner becoming graduates of St. Dunstan's, and by striving to keep as models before our mind's eye the noble men who moulded our youth.—

“From morn till noon, from noon till night,  
From night till hours of wakening light,  
From days to weeks, from weeks to years  
Through rain and shine, thro' smiles and tears,  
God bless you.”

#### FAREWELL

Fellow students, we would remind you in parting that your term at St. Dunstan's is gradually nearing an end. Treasure the time that remains, make good use of it so, that you may go out into the world with a fuller and more complete knowledge of the obligations you owe to life. We confide to your care Alma Mater's fair fame. Be loyal and true to her and to your own selves be true—

“And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.”

#### FAREWELL

Fellow classmates, *we* stand today where rill and river meet. Time snaps the golden chain that binds us to youth, and in friendship to each other, but—

“As o'er the glaciers frozen sheet,  
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,  
So through life's desert springing sweet  
The flower of friendship grows.”

Life, like time, slips quickly away, and its different stages bear some relation to the different seasons of the year.



Thus graduation coming as it does with the close of spring, brings us to the end of youth's journey. Tomorrow we enter manhood's great fold wherein it behooves us to find quickly our life work and earnestly set about doing it. May we, like former St. Dunstan's men show self-reliance and readiness of decision, and may we always be what Alma Mater in blessing her departing sons desires us to be, till in the fullness of time, those links, that were sundered by earth in the chain of friendship, will be reunited in Heaven.

FAREWELL



### GRADUATION

The curtain rises, and new scenes appear,  
Behold before us life's temptestuous sea!  
Its foamy breakers dashing forth severe:  
Trials, temptations, lust, and vanity.  
We must launch forth alike to fellow men  
To meet the world with its oppressive dole;  
To each appears the writ of Master pen:  
'Whate'er thou dost, save thy immortal soul.'  
Those college days, which seemed so burdensome,  
Oh, how we wish they could return again;  
But all too soon the waited hour has come  
To add our link to Alma Mater's chain.  
It now remains, to comrades staunch and true  
To speak one word, one parting word,—Adieu!

W.E.L. '29

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Come sleep; O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low.

—*Sir Philip Sidney*

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Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest  
spirit flieth with anger. —*Tupper.*