

Valedictory.

Read by Louis P. Callaghan at the Commencement Exercises of St. Dunstan's University on June 1st, 1921.

My Lord, Rev. Rector, Your Honour, Your Worship, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen of the Faculty, Fellow students, Ladies and Gentlemen.

"There is a word of grief the sounding token,
There is a word bejeweled with bright tears ;
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken
A little word that breaks the chain of years ;
Its utterance must ever bring emotion ;
The memories it crystals can never die ;
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean,
'Tis called good-bye."

Already our course is ended and now, before leaving this tranquil port to set sail on the turbulent sea of life we have assembled here to say to our Alma Mater "The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken, the little word that breaks the chain of years."

Yes, fellow class-mates, today we go forth from the sheltering walls of Old St. Dunstan's. Today we part. Our college days are no more. The wheel of our six years' span has revolved to be in turn taken up by others. Tomorrow the lamp of our future career is lighted ; tomorrow we go into our chosen spheres of life's activity. Soon we shall be separated from one another, separated from Our Alma Mater and her environments.

Dear Alma Mater, as we stand on the threshold, ready to betake ourselves from your hallowed precincts we should like to call in review each of the many benefits that you have conferred upon us, and thus show to the world the great work which you are accomplishing. But the transcendent character of your work and the multitude and variety of your benefits render this impossible. It is not only impossible, it is unneces-

sary, for what we find impossible to express in words is daily expressed in deeds. It is expressed in the careers of the many eminent men who rejoice in affectionately owing St. Dunstan's as their Alma Mater.

Her graduates occupy positions of honor and trust both at home and abroad. Whether they labor in the vineyard of the Lord, or have positions on the Bench or at the Bar; whether engaged in the culture of the fine arts or in commercial life they have ever shed lustre upon the institution that fostered them in their youth. So widespread and beneficent has become the influence of those who in the past drank from her fountain of faith and science, that now we can truly say that there is scarcely a nation that has not, at least in some small degree, reaped benefits from the teaching of the institution which we, today, so proudly call our Alma Mater.

Dear old St. Dunstan's! Only we who have had the advantage of dwelling within these walls can realize the wealth of feeling and unction contained in this little phrase. To us the mere mention of it serves as an inspiration. How dearly did we love to hear it repeated as we entered the arena of sport! How often has it cheered us on to victory! How often has its magic power fired our flagging energy and thus enabled us to carry back, again and again, the laurels of victory to our Alma Mater!

Such, then, has been its inspiration in the past but what a wealth of memories it will contain for us in the future,—memories of the campus, the scene of our trials of strength and prowess, of our victories and of our defeats; memories of the classroom where our intellects were trained and developed; memories of the bell whose accents either spoke the stern command of duty or the mirthful call to play; memories of our class-mates with whom we have long been united in the golden bonds of friendship; memories of our teachers who spared neither time, talent nor energy in endeavoring to direct aright our foot-steps in the path of faith and science; and last, though not least, memories of our little chapel where our souls have often found peace and sweet repose from the troubles and turmoil of the world. Oh, what an opportunity was ours and what a consolation it afforded us to assist here each morning at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or to come alone during the day

into the hush of this Holy place and lay before Him, Who is the source of all we have or know, our troubles and our trials, our tasks and our difficulties to receive in return that,

“Peace that renews our desire to live,
Our wish and will be begin again,
To trifle trial and to conquer pain,
To dare our duty, to help, to give.”

These then are a few of the scenes from which we are about to depart. We loved each of them so dearly that they can never fade from our memory. When first we came to St. Dunstan's, we looked forward to our graduation day as a day of liberation, but now that it has arrived we cannot but regard it as a day of sorrowful parting. The pleasure with which we anticipated this day was not more intense than the reluctance with which we now depart. Oh, what a sadness creeps over us when we consider that our happy, happy days at St. Dunstan's are now at an end! Would that we could stay the fleeting time. Would that we could linger to claim yet a while the guidance and protection of our beloved Alma Mater. But it cannot be. We must now depart. The inevitable moment is at hand. We must not linger longer.

Then, oh benignant mother, from whom went forth so many worthy alumni to cherish and spread the truth at home and abroad,—farewell!

How blessed our days, our thoughts how free
In sweet society with thee!

Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along.
But now the pleasing dream is o'er
The scenes must charm us now no more;
Lost to the field, and torn from you,
Farewell! a long and last adieu!

Rev. Rector, Rev. Fathers & Gentlemen of the Faculty:
—Great and noble is your work, your aim is not merely to enrich the mind with learning, but you also seek to imbue it with that Heavenly wisdom ‘whose light cannot be put out.’ We appreciate your painstaking efforts and thank you from the bottom of our hearts for all that you have done for us. That God may reward your achievements and bless and fructify your labors is our heartfelt wish as we say the parting word—farewell!