

those who are most earnest advocates of foreign missions are most actively engaged at home. Among other examples he cited the noble work done in Toronto by Mrs. Ewart and Mrs. Harvey. The prayer no longer is, "Lord, open the doors," for all the doors are open; nor is it, "Lord, thrust forth laborers," for there are 3,000 who have volunteered for service. It should rather be, "Lord, help me to thrust my hand into my pocket and help to send those who have volunteered."

Judge Macdonald, of Brockville, and Mr. P. C. MacGregor, B.A., of Almonte, then told of their interest in the mission work of the College, and expressed their pleasure at the general enthusiasm of the meeting. Rev. R. Campbell, D.D., of Montreal, and Rev. S. Childerhose, B.A., of Madoc, in short, spicy addresses, concluded the evening's proceedings. The missionary association met next morning at half-past ten o'clock and finished up the business connected with the present session.

THE VALEDICTORIES.

The Convocation for valedictories, etc., was held on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. There was a very good attendance, the gallery being especially patronized by unchained students. The proceedings were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Scott, of Perth, after which the Chancellor introduced the valedictorians.

VALEDICTORY IN ARTS—R. M. PHALEN.

Farewells occupy a prominent place among the sad and glad events of our existence. We say sad and *glad*, for to assume that farewells are always *sad* is to believe that we are never called upon to sever ties that are perhaps disagreeable to us, or to break loose from associations that have been other than conducive to our happiness. We can conceive of "Robinson Crusoe" when he took the last look at his lonely island, raising a whoop of delight that would put to the blush an ordinary Indian or cause the noisiest student in a street procession to turn green with envy. Then again, if the modern funny man is to be believed, the average husband says good-bye to his mother-in-law with a thrill of joy and a feeling of superlative gladness which the initiated alone are capable of fully appreciating. Many other instances, perhaps not so extreme as these, might be adduced to show that farewells may be, and very often are, the real bright spots in our existence.

But while this is so, we are on the other hand frequently called upon, through the vicissitudes of ever varying fortune, to say farewell when the dearest wish of our heart rebels against it, and sheer necessity alone compels us to go through the painful ordeal. Perhaps no nobler word picture of Robert Burns is handed down to us than that which portrays him standing as he thought for the last time on the shores of his much-loved Scotland, and through a mist of tears and oppressed with heart-breaking grief, saying,

"Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales,

The place where fancy loves to rove,  
Pursuing past unhappy loves,  
Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,  
My peace with *these*, my love with *those*,  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr."

This was the cry of a manly heart, when asked to part from friends whom he had learned to love, to sever friendships, or rather companionships, which were dear to him as life itself, and to go forth into the unknown and untried future friendless and alone. Scotland was dear to Burns, and Scotland he could not think of parting from without finding the scalding tears coursing down his cheeks. This intense love for country, for community, for home, kindred and friends, is one of the most redeeming traits in the otherwise irregular character of Burns. His tears on this occasion are not to us a sign of weakness, but rather of strength, for only the strong man is capable of deep feeling.

We, the class of '89, desire this afternoon to unbottle the phial in which these tears of Burns have been handed down to us, not that we, like him, should weep, but that we should at least as we are about to say farewell to our Alma Mater, catch somewhat of the spirit which these tears embody, the spirit of loving regret and genuine sorrow, that circumstances force us to say good-bye to all the associations and loving ties which have held us willing captives to our Alma Mater for the last four years.

We know full well that to a casual observer who does not know the inner feelings of the average student, our adieu to-day may appear to be one of greater gladness than sadness. Ah! but deny us not our little season of gladness. The big sorrow will come later, and all too soon. When convocation is over and the crowd of beautiful ladies and passable gentlemen dispersed, and we come to the full realization of the fact that we have been kindly yet firmly thrust from the nest in which we have been nurtured to make our own way in the big world, then, and perhaps not till then, shall we fully realize the great place our Alma Mater occupied in our affections and the many cherished relations about to be lost to us, which cluster round her revered halls. Sorrow is the sister of joy, and the student who perhaps appears most hilarious at present will, ere many days be past, find himself longing, perchance with tears, for the tender grace of his dead college days. We cannot think of him as less a man or more incapacitated for the faithful performance of life's duties because he may feel as we have described.

But the lines of joy and sorrow must converge, at least on the day of graduation, for every student, and for us in common with others: sorrow that college days are over, but joy because our benign mother is about to enroll our names among those of her worthy sons. Then again this is a day of joyfulness for us, because it marks our triumphs over many difficulties, difficulties which we