

amusement. You have listened a short time ago to our history as a class. Now all these vicissitudes through which we have been compelled to pass, trivial as they may seem to you, have left impressions upon us, which will not be easily eradicated. From the time when, four or five years ago, we first gazed with open mouths and bated breath, at the large white building on the Hill to the time when as Seniors, we discuss its vastly diminished appearance, the years have passed evenly and pleasantly, each succeeding one endearing us the more to our present life. When as Freshmen at our first anniversary, we watched with admiring and awe-struck eyes the long line of scarlet-hooded professors and black-gowned students, slowly and solemnly marching through the Hall, what visions of delight dawned upon us, when we too would march up under the envious looks of the small boys. However, things or rather our way of looking at things, has changed wonderfully since then. Now we begin to appreciate the fact that we are but very ordinary mortals, with, we hope a better idea of what we don't know than of what we do.

Then the receptions, those oases in the arid deserts of Mathematics and Philosophy. Oh the receptions! How we looked forward to them, as beacon lights, calling us on over the stormy sea of mental acquirement, and then what bliss to retire with the fair maiden into some cosy corner carefully prepared beforehand. But with what righteous indignation our bosoms swelled, when some bump-tious Academician marched into our corner and bore off the afore-said fair one, leaving us with—we leave the rest to your imagination. Those kind-hearted people too, who in the fulness of their hearts, entertained us at their homes will always have a warm place in our affections. This is amply proved by the awful yells, which disturbed the peaceful citizens in their mid-night naps and by which we sought to enforce the truth that our host and hostess were "all right." Then clustered around the door the eager watch in the murky night for the girl we loved, for Oh the awful feeling, which comes over one, who has made a mistake and got the wrong person. And afterwards, the walk through the peaceful and quiet streets each one "seeing his Nellie home." These are the things which though perhaps somewhat sentimental endear this place and these people to us. But however pleasing these experiences may have proved to us, it is our lot henceforth to enjoy them only as memories, as fleeting ghosts of what has been. Henceforth they must be to us things of the past, while we go forth to seek new fields and pastures green.

During our stay here we have as a class, pored over the same books, listened to the same lectures and thought on much the same lines, but with what vastly different ends in view. From this day on, each of us will devote his time more and more assiduously to the profession he has in view. And all callings are represented among us. Here the would-be lawyer sees visions of pliable juries and wealthy clients; here the numerous pastors yet in embryo ready and anxious to minister to a sinful people; here the doctor that is to be,