

tomorrow we go forth to face the hard busy world. We are young in years and full of hope. Thus far we have had a common interest, now our paths diverge and we enter different spheres of action. The tie that so long has bound us is at last severed. We have different aims in life and have chosen different professions. Some will enter the teaching profession and will spend their lives in moulding the intellect and character of those who are trusted to their care, others will pursue the study of medicine or law, others again will assume the position of pastors and thus lead a useful life. A few and we think them the noblest will give their lives and services for the benefit of the heathen.

Classmates tomorrow is the last time that we will all meet on earth and be able to look into the familiar and friendly faces of each other, yet when we are separated one from another, we will recall many a fond recollection of days spent pleasantly at Acadia. While our paths diverge as we enter the waiting world they will more and more converge as the years roll on to our home beyond and, as we pass from day to day, the truth will with increased assurance be impressed upon our minds that in the beyond we will all meet again if we remain true to our motto—*Fideli Certa Merces*.

Class Valedictory Poem.

BY

M. A. MACLEAN, ACADIA, 1895.

In the morning of life with its battles before,
And its victories yet to be won,
We impatiently stand in the wide-open door
And gaze on the course to be run.

Before us the way leads to heights yet untrod.
Which seem to defy all ascent;
Behind us the plain, with its path smooth and broad,
Where the past of our lives has been spent.

Past, present and future we reckon in time,
Although but the present is ours;
And, regarding the past with its mercies sublime,
We look for more copious showers.

As with hearts all aglow with hope's fondest dreams,
For success which the future contains,
Our minds yet revert to the past as it seems
But a foretaste of what yet remains.