

Thus darkly conditioned, we passed to that distant and awful clime,
 Where, accompanied by mightiest sages, the Senior stalketh sublime.
 There first we encountered the Doctor ; his face wore an ominous smile ;
 And he welcomed us solemnly, kindly, as somewhat our fears to beguile ;
 But fleeting the fatal delusion ; brief, brief did our last hope endure,
 When we learned, that we know, all we know is, that we know nothing for sure.
 Pleasantly, pleasantly forward the hours in sunshine flew,
 Each day brought its tasks to be studied, and its time for diversion too.
 Do we not with pleasure remember our class-meeting programmes of old,
 Where Ferguson's logic slew, and Moore's eloquence brightened and rolled,
 And Bishop's sweet tones bade the echoes on pinions of melody rise,
 And the keen sword of Davison's wit flashed forth to confound and surprise ?

Never was season so fair, but its splendor departed at last,
 From the life and the glow of the Present to the silence and death of the Past.
 Three times hath the Spring seen us parting, dear class-mates, to gather again ;
 Now earth laughs once more with the blossoms the sweet season brings in
 her train,

Every grove bursting forth into singing ; the flowers are fair on the hills,
 And the lispings low murmur to the shouts of a thousand rills.
 The trees of the myriad orchards are clad in their raiment of white,
 Like brides that stand by the altar, their soul's full affection to plight ;
 And the foam-caps glimmer and glisten, as the ripples rejicingly play,
 Where Blomidon, sombre with shadows, frowns over yon glistening Bay.
 The valley lies steeped in the sunlight ; but, class-mates, a shade glooms the
 heart ;

For the Spring all ablaze with its beauty, cometh only to say, "We must part."
 And day shall give place unto day, and season to season shall yield ;
 The Autumn shall crimson the harvest, and Winter imprison the field,
 And the years with their changes sweep by to the Past and its sepulchred night ;
 But never, ah ! never, may we, as of old we united, unite
 Again in old class-rooms familiar, and list to the accents that fell
 From the wisdom-fraught lips of instructors ; and haply,—for ah ! who can
 tell ?—

To ne'er behold all the old faces again in this world be our doom ;
 For the pathways of life run divergent and only rejoin at the tomb.
 To some Fate may grant a brief season ; they fade in the morning of youth ;
 And some seek the shores of far regions, to bless with the noonlight of Truth.
 Some names Herald Fame may emblazon, to glitter a planet of dawn ;
 But oh ! may no spirit dis-sever its love for the days that are gone.
 'Tis Spring,—but its buds may not linger, for Summer is nearly at hand,
 Then Autumn, when harvests are garnered ; last, Winter glooms over the land.
 Dear class-mates, 'tis our life's Spring with the summertide flaming a-near ;
 That time we must cherish unceasing, and nurse with the tenderest care
 The fruits of the tree we have planted ; that the ripening Autumn may reap
 A worthy and bountiful harvest ; so when we lie down in our sleep,
 When Winter congealeth life's currents, we may leave no regrets ; for one day
 We must die as our fathers before us and slumber as silent as they.
 And the streams of the world shall sweep onward, and sunshine and shadow and
 storm

Shall come to the verdure above us, but not to the motionless form