

delight to them. But the time has come when we must leave our Alma Mater and the thought saddens us.

Dr. Burns, to you we would offer our sincerest thanks for the pains you have ever taken to instil in us a love for knowledge. You have shown us by example as well as by precept the grandeur of a life of a true student; have taught us how to cultivate our minds, and have guided our steps to the door which opens into realms of delight. We feel that we have merely entered the portals, and will endeavor to show our appreciation of your advice by pressing onward to heights beyond. Your counsel will never be forgotten and your influence will be lasting.

Our college life has been made more homelike by the watchful care of Mrs. Burns. We have never gone to her for advice but have come away brighter-hearted, and when tossing on a bed of suffering hers has been a welcome face. We find in her a ready sympathizer.

To you, the members of the faculty, we would also offer our thanks for the care and patience you have ever shown towards us. Perhaps we have not always repaid you for your trouble, and have oftentimes grieved you by thoughtless words and deeds, but we appreciate your kindness. Often when the class-room work has been over instead of enjoying your deserved freedom you have employed those hours for us, assisting us in difficulties and devising for us means of entertainment. We will carry with us pleasant recollections of the time spent with you.

The monotony of student-life has been relieved by kind friends of the city, and we would thank them and the directors of the college for their kindness. Such attention paid to those who are away from home and under the necessary restraint of school-life is very much appreciated and will not soon be forgotten.

To-night we seem to be standing on the borders of a new and untried life. Our school days are over. What will the coming years reveal to us? will they be as pleasant as those that have just closed? are questions that thrust themselves upon us. During our college years we have made many friends. These are strong ties which bind school-girls' hearts, and in a very few hours miles

will separate those who have for a time been close friends. Friends must part and associations which have been long and pleasant must be broken. We hope that next year when the majority of you will return, when the old halls will re-echoe with laughter and song, that class '87, although absent, will not be altogether forgotten. We wish you all a happy and successful life.

"We meet and part—the world is wide,
We journey onward side by side;
A little while and then again
Our paths diverge."

Let the members of class '87 as they leave their Alma Mater and go forth to meet the realities of life "still attaining, still pursuing," keeping in view some noble object, resolve that no matter what may be the position each is called upon to occupy she will discharge its duties to the best of her ability, remembering that

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well; acts nobly; angel could no more;
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint,
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven."

SALUTATORY.

BY MISS LILLIE HARDY.

To-night, in the name of the class of 1887, I come to greet you. To those with whom we have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance as well as to all who show by their presence here this evening an interest in our welfare, we extend a hearty greeting.

As a class, we feel honored by graduating in this jubilee year. "The horologe of time strikes out the half-century with solemn chime." Not many English sovereigns have worn the crown so long as Queen Victoria. George III ruled nominally for sixty years; Henry III reigned fifty-six years; Edward IV barely reached his fiftieth. Jubilee medals have been cast, jubilee books have been written, the jubilee ode has been composed by our laureate poet, and manufacturers have woven special patterns into their fabrics to commemorate this event. We are on the eve of its celebration in this city. To-morrow the children will be expressing their loyalty in beautiful song; the streets will be crowded with faithful subjects who have left their workshops and their counting-houses to do honor to the occasion. But many of us will be miles away, swiftly journeying to our various homes. Some, perhaps, of this