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No. I.

A NEW SESSION.

ALL HAIL, thou learn'd retreat, around whose walls Are cluster'd memories dear of happy hours Spent 'neath thy shade. Anticipation paints The future bright for thee; for thou art blest With teachers sage. From out thy walls have gone Those whom we rightly hold in high esteem,—Gone, to return as students to thy halls No more. Within the busy fields of life We trust their labors may be highly blest.

But Time its fleeting course for no one stays.
A session new of college life begins.
The well-known faces of old friends we see,
Their hands we warmly grasp with heart-felt joy,
And language hastes to tell the joys, or woes,
That us befel while in the world, since last
We met within these oft-remembered halls.
Hail, too, the faces new, that come to swell
Our student throng. May each and all become
A living power to speed the work of Christ.
May each, inflamed with holy zeal and love,
Dip deep into the wells of Gospel Truth,
To draw Life-water that shall cleanse the heart
And haste the budding genius of the Church.
Whilst thus our loftiest thoughts are deep engaged