

great moment to us to know whether our good teachers rate us as worthy to receive this evidence of their confidence in our acquirements and fitness to represent the standard of teaching at this, our Provincial Normal College. Were these months of hard study the full price demanded of us in consideration for what we have received, we should be happier to-day. We cannot, it seems, try as we may, banish that harassing thought that the diploma for which we have toiled so hard and stood by each other so loyally, carries with it a meaning, not written, it is true, but all too apparent—too deeply and too keenly felt. Standing out clearly and boldly on its surface and ringing in our ears is that cheerless, heartless, inevitable word "separation,"—the interpretation of which to us all is that we soon must "go divergent ways as God sees best." In this thought is the sting, in this reality is found one of the larger units in the price which we have been called upon to pay for the gratification of our ambitions, and in remembering the happy months which we have spent together in the old College, the friendships, lasting friendships, which have been formed, months and friendships which can never be exactly the same again, there is a twinge of sorrow, a tugging at the heart-strings—for "sorrow's crown of sorrow is in remembering happier experiences in school life than that of being politely and graciously told to "go," by being handed a highly engraved diploma, bearing the signatures of those whose rule over us has been so wise and so good. Ah! no; graduation day is not the pleasantest day in school-life. There are too many unseen, mysterious somethings whispering in our ears sad messages, and in listening to which we feel the touch and the sting of pain.

"*Télicité vaine
Qu'on ne peut saisir:
Trop près de la peine
Pour être un plaisir.*"

But what of us, "companions that do converse and waste the time together?" As to number of classes in this year '08-'09, "we are seven." Familiar words, are they not? A writer made them so. Rory O'Moore said there was "luck in odd numbers," and we hope he was right. Yes, the mystical number—the three sides of a triangle and the four sides of a square. These numbers which, when added together made the seven, had