

ship, and the self-sacrificing devotion you have brought to and continued to manifest in it. But now we must say, Adieu!

Fellow-students, "if you have tears, prepare to shed them now," for we must say to you, Good-bye. Your loss to-night may seem irreparable; but we hasten to assuage your grief. You have some good material left, and there is not as much cause as you may suppose for alarm. As it is expected, we shall give you some advice. Be loyal and loving towards the College and Professors. Come back next year every man of you. Don't leave your Criticals and other class exercises till the last year. Don't go home a day or two before and come back a few days after Christmas vacation. Don't be late for breakfast. Don't slam the doors to make Pine Hill's foundation shake. Be generous towards the Seniors and the *Theologue*. Enlarge the latter if you can. Be as law-abiding as possible. And if you are in need of any further counsel we will not be far away. Do not hesitate to send for us, for we will gladly come. Sad tho' it seems, we must say, good-bye.

Classmates, we too must part. While the bright visions of unbroken intercourse played around us we put the day of parting far away. We felt like the youths

"Who thought there was no more behind;  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal."

It is hard to realize that we have finished our course, that we have entered upon the realities of a more mature stage in our existence, and that we must put away childish things. Not *play* or *pleasure* but *work* is the keynote of the kingdom of heaven. The fellowships of college are sweet but we must be about our Father's business. We cannot if we would, and we should not if we could, remain, although "it is good to be here." *Amplius* should be the Christian's watchword as it was our Master's. He preferred action to the sweetest communion and the most sacred rites. He left the last supper table with the words on his lips which sound in our ears to-night—"Arise, let us go hence." But we should not part without remembering our heroic classmate who took up the cross of duty and who now, instead of standing with us, is toiling in isolation on the bleak and barren coasts of Labrador. His is the true spirit of his Master, "for even Christ