

## HERE AND AWAY.

This Department has been so long "away" that many old friends were beginning to feel anxious.

We are "here" again, still able to make a fair shew in the flesh, glad to know that our absence was noticed, and promising regular attendance in future.

During the summer months the college buildings were like "a lodge in some vast wilderness," the solemn stillness broken only by a few "birds of passage." But a new day is dawning. From the ground comes up "the sound of that advancing multitude which soon shall fill the desert." They come from Dakota, Manitoba and the Rockies, from the log shanties and pine forests of Algoma and Muskoka, and from down by the sounding sea.

But there are those who will not return. They said "Good-bye" in April last, and stepped out into the untried and uncertain. They have faced the presbyteries for license, and the vacant congregations for—oh! the humiliation of it—calls. A large number, however, found favour in the eyes of the people and have been given leave to toil.

Sitting here, on the eve of a new session, we recall the names of those, who, last year ruled the realm. Their word they thought was law—it is a common weakness in graduating classes so to think—but their reign over the societies and the College has come to an end. Another king will arise that knows not Joseph. The class of 1891 will, during the coming year, be as great heroes and demigods as were their predecessors, and so the apostolic succession moves on. The whirligig of time brings sure revenges. The freshman of yesterday will be a senior to-day and a graduate to-morrow. Each man and each class has a chance. Let those who come wear their honours blushing, and excel those who have gone in their efforts to play well their part, maintain the dignity of the College and hand on its good name unstained to those who follow.

But the men of '90, where are they? Bradley serves under the Stars and Stripes, in St. Thomas, North Dakota. Clark is "doing splendidly," so the *Advertiser* man says, in First Church, London. Crawford, the ex-president, divides public attention with Niagara's roar, and holds his own