

encouraging, but alas ! we know nothing of the future. "As drops of rain fall into some dark well, and from below comes a scarce audible sound ; so fall our thoughts into the dark hereafter, and their mysterious echo reaches us." We gaze on our fellow-students to-night, and as, one by one, each familiar face passes before our eyes, we cannot shut out the appalling thought, that it may be for the last time on earth. Just one short year ago, there sat here among the graduates, one who even now, is no longer among the living.* Little did he think that his time on earth was to be so brief ; his mind was busy, planning for the future. Surely we may be pardoned the pang of grief we feel, at the thought that this flower of promise, has withered so soon. Will any of us ever forget the heart-piercing message to his former schoolmates, and professors, in which he recommended his soul to our prayers, saying that he knew the end was near ? From this touching example must we, the graduates of 1900, draw our first great lesson in life, and resolve to be ever prepared for the eternal summons knowing that "life or death will thereby be the sweeter." But let us not harbor these sad reflections ; let us rather part, forgetful of the uncertainty of life, remembering only the absolute certainty of the sublime truth contained in the lines :—

"An Angel's hand can't snatch me from the grave
Legions of angels can't confine me there."

Fellow-students, we part to meet again. Till that blissful day, one and all, farewell.

*Mr. R. A. O'Meara '99 who died last February.

