

ished scenes which it might well have been our fate never to look upon again. There is no room for any such fear now. Already the joy of anticipated return has more than half compensated for the many heartaches of over-long exile. Here in this hall to-night, out beyond in the great Province of Ontario and the neighboring one of Quebec, far across the border in the manufacturing cities of Massachusetts, still farther to the east in the pleasant valleys of Prince Edward Island and thousands of miles to the westward amid the rolling hills of British Columbia hearts are beating faster than is their wont to-night and faces are lighted up with an unaccustomed joy for dear ones here, and there are thinking of us and of the hour when the vacant chair at the old fireside will once more be filled by our loved presence. Yes, the day for which they and we have longed so eagerly and for such a length of time has come at last, and to them is due the credit that it is a day of joy. Through the long years of our absence their faith in us has never faltered, their love never for a moment grown cold. From early morn till eventide they have toiled willingly, yes gladly, that no obstacle which they could remove might bar our way to success. God bless our aged parents to-night. May there be no trace of sorrow in their cup of joy this evening and may heaven above repay for us the debt of gratitude we owe them, for it alone can furnish a recompense worthy of their self-sacrifice. One quivering cloud only within our breasts sends forth a note of sadness to-night—a note so low, yet so deep that it thrills through the very centre of our beings and sets our inmost soul vibrating in unison with its mournful music. We are here to say farewell—farewell to the old college, farewell to our venerable superiors, farewell to our college companions. Parting words are always sad. They are doubly so when they mean the tearing asunder forever of bonds of love which have been stoutly knit through long years of mutual association and friendship. Such words must be spoken now, though when the heart feels strongly words seem but clanging chains that fetter the true expression of its sentiments.

Rev. Faculty of the University, we who came to you in the days of early youth and whom you have kindly reared to

strength and manhood, must leave you now. You have laid the foundations of our career broad and deep; the hour has come when we must put our hand to the superstructure and build on alone. But whether the edifice prove a thing of beauty or a misshapen pile, your work has been well and nobly done. We value for the first time, perhaps, your self-sacrificing aid now that we are about to lose it forever. The men who habitually burned the midnight oil that we might reap the benefit, are men whose equal in sterling friendship we shall never meet again. Our parting from you will leave a void in our lives that will long be felt. When troubles rain thick and fast upon us we shall miss your fatherly counsel; when keen disappointment comes to us we shall hearken in vain for your kindly words of encouragement, and when sorrow wraps her sable pall about us we shall think sadly of the by-gone days when you were by our side to comfort and support us in our trials and we shall know that the poet spoke all too truly when he said that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering former joys." Mayhap your efforts in our behalf have been but too little appreciated in the past. In the old life that is gone forever—the life in which you were professors and we students—if we have done aught that has caused you sorrow or displeasure, know that we would undo it all to-night. In after years if there be little in our memory to call to your faces the smile of glad approval, let there be nothing to bring into them the look of grave reproach for our past, be assured that however hardened our hearts may become through the rude shocks of the world, there shall always be one warm nook in them for Ottawa University and for our old college professors. Rev. Faculty of the University, the class of '92 bids you a last farewell. Long may the old college live and prosper, and may each and every member of its venerable faculty be long spared to guide its destiny.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Ottawa: We who have spent so many years in your city, do not wish to leave it without saying a parting word to you. Though our personal intercourse has been but slight, we have been brought in contact with you on many public occasions in which we, or at least our college, had a prominent part to play. At such times we have learned to know you and to esteem you as our well-