

doubt not, been offered in their behalf, that the rich consolations of the gospel—the only but the all-sufficient consoler in these deepest depths of human sorrow—may be abundantly theirs.

MULCAHY.—Died, Nov., 1873, Rev. M. Mulcahy, late pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Francisco. The deceased was formerly a student of the Canadian Literary Institute, and will be remembered by many who were acquainted with him during college days.

JAMESON.—Died, while absent from the Institute during last Christmas holidays, M. Jameson, of Onondaga, Ont. By his genial disposition, Mr. Jameson made many friends in the short time he was with us, and it is with feelings of sadness that we record his death.

AULD.—Died on Jan. 29th, 1874, Miss Marian Auld, of Delaware, Ont., formerly a student of the Institute. It is with sorrow that we hear of the removal by death of one after another of our college acquaintances. Here we shall meet no more, but we hope to meet in the heavenly home, where death makes no breaches, and partings are unknown.

Alumni Meeting.

The Triennial Meeting of the Alumni Society is to be held on Tuesday, the 7th inst. A Dinner is to be served in the Institute Dining Hall, at Three o'clock in the afternoon; and in the evening a Literary Entertainment is to be given, consisting of Orations, Essay, Scientific Paper, &c. We understand a large number of the Alumni intend to be present, and a very interesting time is expected.

Commencement Exercises.

At the close of the present term three students, Messrs. John MacLagan, George F. Robertson, and T. Williamson, graduate from the Theological department. After spending a number of years with us in preparing for life's work, they now enter more fully upon it. We hope that abundant success may crown their labours. The subjects of their graduating addresses are as follow:—Mr. MacLagan, "The Elements of the Power of the Pulpit;" Mr. Williamson, "Christianity, the Great Teacher;" Mr. Robertson, "The Bible the Friend of Liberty."

The following is the Valedictory Hymn, composed by Miss M. Sinclair:—

Sadly lingering on thy threshold,	And our hearts forget their manhood,
Cherished home of happy years,	Beating with a bitter pain
Sacred memories throng around us,	For the years of joy that vanish,
Till our eyes are dim with tears,	Never to return again