

have turned in the diary of our college course, and which have gone into the presence of God, where they will meet us when the books are opened, sometimes flutter back as they do to-night, to sadden us in the hour of mirth or to add to our depression in despondency. It is thus that the retrospect both of the joys and sorrows of the past produces, though in varying degree, those pathetic regrets which all have felt, and which we now feel as we pause to glance back.

What, then, are some of the things which impress us most as we briefly review the past; the things that will blaze brightest on memory's picture in the years that are to come? There is *first* the college by the Arm, henceforth to teem with other human form. Even now it seems a thing of the past and already "fades the glimmering landscape on our sight." But this cannot be, for that splendid scenery which painted itself panoramic and bewitching on the eye that in rapture gazed upon it from the college cupola in the mellow light of September's setting sun, will live and glow in memory "where'er we roam whatever realms we see." These things will continue with us, and cause us to often and devoutly thank God that he has given to the "Sons of the Prophets" such a goodly heritage. But it is when we in thought will enter the building, and walk through the halls and rooms, and there listen to the many voices which speak to us, that our hearts will be most deeply stirred. These sound out on every hand, voices speak from the old clock which has ticked itself to death in the hall, from the awe-shrouded senate chamber where we handed in our certificates and paid our little fees; where we presented our petitions when we felt our health required less work or more holidays. Voices come from the class-rooms with their familiar furniture where we patiently sat, listened to, and tried to report lectures. In those seats we sat surrounded by dry and dusty volumes of Owen and the fathers, facing John Knox who looked down not very inspiringly upon us from the wall. Before us, too, sat the oracles in theology, history, Hebrew, and Greek, who uttered their oftentimes too rapid responses over an antique desk from a capacious and historic chair. What shall I more say? Can I speak without emotion of the voices which speak to us from the rooms where we have talked and talked and