

Chemistry

Class I. —
 Class II. —
 Class III. — 1. Kennedy; 2. Jeffrey; 3. Burns, Laws, Shortt, (below lines.)

Hydrostatics.

Class I. — Jeffrey.
 Class II. — Burns.
 Class III. — 1. Kennedy; 2. Shortt; 3. Laws.

(Dynamics (Supplemental))

Class I. —
 Class II. —
 Class III. — Shortt (below lines).

FIRST YEAR.

Projections.

Class I. — 1. Duggan, G. H.; 2. Fotheringham, T. T.; 3. Moffatt, J. W.
 Class II. — Tyrrell, J. W.
 Class III. — Henderson, E. E.; Huley, T. F.

Surveying.

Class I. — 1. Duggan; 2. Moffatt; 3. Fotheringham.
 Class II. — Tyrrell.
 Class III. — 1. Henderson; 2. Huley.

Applied Statics.

Class I.
 Class II. — 1. Duggan; 2. Moffatt; 3. Henderson; 4. Fotheringham; 5. Tyrrell.
 Class III. — Huley.

Drawing.

Class I. — Duggan, Moffatt.
 Class II. — 1. Henderson; 2. Fotheringham.
 Class III. — 1. Tyrrell. 2. Huley.

Chemistry.

Class I.
 Class II.
 Class III. — Huley, Tyrrell, Henderson, (below lines).

Euclid and Algebra.

Class I.
 Class II. — 1. Moffatt; 2. Fotheringham.
 Class III. — 1. Duggan; 2. Henderson; Huley, Tyrrell, (below lines).

NOTE.—Those below the line will be required to take the Supplemental Examinations at Easter in the subjects in which they have failed.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

FROM PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
 The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
 Of the departed year. No funeral train
 Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
 Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
 As by a mourner's sigh; and, on yon cloud,
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
 The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand,
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter, with his aged locks,—and breathe
 In mournful cadences, that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
 Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time

For memory and for tears. Within the deep
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions, that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. The spectre lifts
 The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
 And bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers,
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year

Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course

It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man; and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry; where thronged
 The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
 Flashed in the light of midday; and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! What power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wing at night-fall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
 And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinion.

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming scrow; cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
 To heaven their bold and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain; and empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations; and the very stars,
 Yon bright and glorious blazonry of God,
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
 To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
 Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
 Upon that fearful ruin he hath wrought.