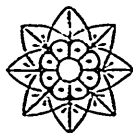


most pleasant memories. We shall ever look to the further progress of Alma Mater—long may she prosper. To all our friends we again extend our best wishes for a happy future—may their voyage over the sea of life be a safe and pleasant one, and when in our own good time all of us shall have passed to that bourn whence no traveller returns, it is our fondest hope that we shall all meet in the beautiful land of promise, the happy home of the Angels where partings are unknown. Once more on behalf of the class of 1901, farewell.

J. E. McGLADE.



THE HOUSE OF DUTY.

Four walls were called Duty ; and therein,
Two spirits dwelt. One murmured at his lot
And cried : " Alas ! to languish it this spot,
Where none but captive souls have ever been !
Oh, could I but my way to freedom win,
And 'scape these narrow walls that please me not ! "

The other, busy at his well-loved task,
Looked up anon and saw the same four walls
Expand to a palace rich and fair.
Bright fountains sparkled in its marble halls,
And beams of strange white glory seemed to bask
On milky pillar and on shining stair.

—JAMES BUCKHAM.