

room. The same profound bow, the same Rev. and dear Father, the same address ! This time success attended our efforts. The kind father listened patiently to the words of appreciation, and replied in terms of the greatest affection. We were left to enjoy our "*Deo Gratias* ;" and I believe never was a more pleasant hour spent.

Those days are now gone, and with them

the most pleasant of times. How little do we think of the advantages that are ours when within the walls of our Alma Mater ; but with how much pleasure do we look back upon those days, and recall old faces and the good old times when care and the turmoil of the world were yet for us.

STUDENT, THIRD FORM OF '82.



GOOD BYE, GOD BE WITH YOU.



GOOD bye ! Good bye ! O solemn word !
 What meanings underneath it lie !
 What other word was ever heard,
 So sad, so sweet as this, " Good bye ? "
 So sad—it falls like tears from eyes
 That never can be glad again,
 So sweet—its echo from the skies,
 Seems mingled with an angel strain.

From out the world's sad heart 'tis borne
 By bitter tears, by many sighs,
 And wafted in a cry forlorn,
 Up to the portals of the skies,
 Unto our Father's ears and there
 The sweetness shows, for to His ear
 Doth every sigh become a prayer,
 And glows in brightness every tear.

The proud world stands with haughty brow,
 'Mid battles, pomp and fury ;
 The word " good bye " can make her bow
 And shake with sobs—just like a child !
 Poor world ! she sees the sadness here,
 But not the blessing that is there ;
 She feels the hard word's bitter fear,
 But not its undertone of prayer.