

course, giving them fair weather in life, and a happy entrance into mansions of rest at last.

Those of us who once journeyed so lovingly together, meet but seldom now; but the warm pressure of the hand of a school friend sends a thrill of pleasure to our hearts. At our re-unions, our pathways cross each other. They are mile-stones where we may pause and glance backward over the road we have traveled, since we last met. Together we recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, and, throwing off the mantle of manhood and womanhood, don the buoyant spirits of our youthful days.

In our retrospect, should we forget those of our number who sprang to our country's aid, in her hour of peril, when her glorious banner had been trailed in the dust by traitors? No; our thoughts are with them continually. They have our earnest wishes for their success. With God overhead, and right on their side, their hearts will yet rejoice, when the pean of victory and liberty shall resound throughout the land. While standing by the graves of those whose young lives have been sacrificed on the altar of their country, we have dropped the tear of sorrow. The remembrance of those noble brothers will ever be most precious to us.

Six of our associates will meet with us no more on earth. Does a feeling of sadness steal over us, that these friends, so dear to our hearts, have left us? Let us not grieve; though snatched away, in the early vigor of life, they had completed their course. We would glance, with the eye of faith, to that land where sorrows and tears are not, and partings are unknown, and trust that they are safe, in the bosom of their God; that to them,

"Heaven is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
When faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before the eternal throne,
Bliss, everlasting and unknown."

Although separated in life, each one fulfilling the mission marked out by a loving Father, we would not forget that