Oxnam, has for years been the home of many of us; here we have all formed friendships and attachments that it would soften a heart of adamant to sever; but especially heartrending it is to leave these scenes, when to some of us they are the only reminiscences that we have of dear friends, whose names, once on the college list with our own, are now inscribed on the roll of mortality. But even if you find here no others charms of endearment, you must become enraptured with this sacred spot and mourn to leave it when you reflect that it is the home of your mind:—The only spark of Divinity, the only fragment of Immortality that you possess. Whether then you leave this Transitory Paradise with sadness or joy, it is my ardent wish for one and all, that, while the hour arrives at last for you to depart, you, in addition to having plundered the most brilliant flowers of education, may look back with pleasure and pride upon your college career and go forth in such a manner that this University shall be the nucleus around which will cluster the most lasting and pleasant reminiscences of