

the sentiments of their hearts and mine. Some happy spirit seems to linger so near us on such occasions as this. The very sound of Commencement Day falls upon our ears like a beautiful song itself. To the little child of public school and the thoughtful young man in his college career, alike, it means a time when joy and gladness, advancement and opportunities come to all.

As we look into each other's faces here this morning, our thoughts run out even beyond our home college and its class. From the first to the fifteenth of June, 1896, in the South alone there will be a thousand happy Commencement Days!! A whole host of Seniors will leave their name and place, their duties and blessing to junior brothers, and with a fond farewell enter the world and its possibilities. Does not this mean something for our country? Seniors—you cannot be too grateful and proud for this day.

Four years ago some two hundred boys entered the Freshman class of this college, we might say with equal hopes and opportunities. Where are they now? Test after test has fallen them out. Sieve after sieve has sifted them down 'till when at last the race draws to a close only you—twenty-four heroes—are left to receive in triumph the good things of your Graduating Day.

Your presence here speaks more of credit perhaps than you think. You have won a great battle. A successful passage through college life is a feat not done by fool or coward. That young man who passes it clear and unsinged has already written the preface to a hopeful life, and left a telling prophecy of future usefulness.

We trust that as you end your long sojourn in these temples of learning, no hated ghost of mispent time, undischarged duties or unapplied talents comes up to mar the peace of your consciences. Four years of your life has been used for honor or for shame.

Prepared or unprepared, efficient or inefficient, you have by attending for so long a period, a great industrial school, placed yourself in a position where much will be expected,