

(and justly so), by your parents, friends and State.

Strive to sustain those expectations. Prove to be what you seem to be.

There's nothing under heaven so touchingly beautiful and fit to be admired as ripe young manhood, eager, polished and brave, making ready to enter the work of an untried life. This is the threshold—young men—over which you pause just now. 'Tis but natural for us to feel a concern and interest for your destiny. The Holy Scriptures, where ever they tell of a good man tell also of his mother. Biographers in eulogizing the deeds of heroes tell of his college days and who were his classmates. Then may it be for us when many years have passed, to point in pride to some mighty attainment of your little band and boast the connection, "He was my fellow-student." One after one, year after year, the classes have passed through the gate before you, many of whom have climbed high up the mountains to success and now watch your every effort with an interest and sympathy like unto that of eager elder brothers.

Your is not the struggle of a friendless one in a world of indifference. Things to be found out are without an end. So are the undeveloped resources and industries of your State. If you fail there's no cruel voice to rabble over your downfall. If you succeed, friends, institution and State will shout you the praise of heroes

Looking backward it seems but a week or more since we began our work as 1st and 2d classmen. The quiet autumn had almost slipped away before we became accustomed to our new won ranks and classes. The dreary months of winter found us plunged to the very depths of our studies. Then came the spring with its flowers, green leaves and lazy dreams to steal our minds from the weary text book's pages and lose them in thoughts of home, sweethearts and holidays. At last, Commencement is upon us. The session has gone.

In the hustle and stir of tomorrow's packing trunks and catching trains, we separate, never to be together in the capa-