

that when the last trump shall sound, we will meet to part no more. I bid you all a long, a last farewell.

Response to Valedictory Address.

By T. O. Durham.

Members of the Graduating Class, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Impulsive waves incite the heart to vibrate with tender compassion the cherished remembrances of bygone days, and we abide by memory's customs, and today I am charged with a sacred office, that fills my heart with mingled emotions of regret and pleasure that so distinguished a service was not assigned to abler hands, and pleasure in the thronging memories and tender recollections of love and valor that constitutes the spirit and genius of this occasion.

It is a mark of our dignity and a signature of our immortality that we are capable of the sublime emotions of brotherly love. But the decree of our separation is at hand and in behalf of my class I present you their love and mine; bidding you a fond farewell from the institution within whose filial arms you have been fondly nurtured and those of your associates whose intimacy you have shared.

As students, diligence has marked your course and victory's fervent kiss is impressed upon your brows as a just reward for the noble success of your aspirations.

Bringing tears of affectionate gratitude to the eyes of fond parents, reflecting credit upon your Alma Mater and honor unto yourselves and we who are soon to assume the exalted positions from whence you now descend as senior classmen, are fully impressed with the obligations and responsibilities consigned to us. And in turn may we transmit the bright jewels of trust and honor untarnished and unimpaired that have marked your college career. And while we are yet anxious to enter upon the arena you have just left and are inspired with the