

joyful inspirations of our commencement, we feel with regret the loss of an old and agreeable companion in the class of 97. Where do you go? It is like sounding echos glen, gone from the symbol of the real into the realms of an invisible future, and as there are elements of discontent in every ones life, it matters not what sphere you may occupy, you will have many mountains to climb—visionary realms to explore but may your mind never hold realms that are not attainable, then will the horizon of your possibilities reflect with glory your achievements.

Press on to the goal that marks the prize of your future career, for your school days are o'er and e'er Aurora reverses the golden clasp that binds the brilliancy of another sun, you will have assumed the responsible duties of citizenship, embarking in the different vocations of life.

Bearing with you those truths and principles and dwelling within a clime best suited for the development of moral questions of honor and integrity, of character, and the concentration of facts, and the perpetuating of their virtues, your future is inevitable.

Possessors of a cherished heritage, to you is intrusted the mantle of a nations trust, the conservation of a nations existence and the perpetuating of a cause so dear that was lost.

Oh touch with angelic hands Eoleas golden lyre, thy sweetest strains are discord all, compared to memorys cherished fancies. We love her hills besod by heroe's blood, her vales bedewed by mothers tears, her Jasmine groves through whose leafy branches there mummings a tender lullaby of song of a day that has gone and the hopes of a nation that were vanquished. Land of Jackson and Lee meteoric lights that will reflect throughout the chaos of time and as satellites mankind can revolve growing radiant in the undying glory. But rather than mar the gladness of this hour by a disclosure of those treasures we guard and cherish so fondly, we will retain them in the bosom in which they are embalmed.