

We'll not, I hope inflict a sting for kindness you have shown,  
Such honeyed words, such royal cheer, demand our love alone.

We represent a brotherhood whose craft, for ages past,  
Has been esteemed a worthy one because their lot is cast

With those who in the field of toil create the world's great wealth,  
And at the same time lessen not its pleasures or its health.

The sweets of life we gather in; we garner nature's waste;  
We horde the nectar from the flowers to cater to man's taste;

We fructify, with busy elves, the orchard and the field;

The spoils we get is but the fee for making blossoms yield.

Without our winned wizard-priests that marry distant flowers.

This earth might be a desert waste where now are fruitful bowers.

Bespoke we then for these our aids, and keepers too as well,

The word of praise that worth demands—that worth their works do tell.

Notice that you have a bee, quite common everywhere—

At least in Uncle Sam's domains she is by no means rare—

And like the "busy bee" of song she buzzeth night and day

(in bonnets mostly worn by men) in a most bewitching way.

The "presidential bee is here as vanguard of our host,

With silver bands instead of gold—the marks bee-men prize most.

In this campaign 'twixt yellow and white we look with longing eye

For some bright ray—some star of hope—from out the murky sky.

Whether gold or silver wins, we want prosperity,

We need the factory's busy hum to stimulate the bee;

For people eat best when they work, and bees increase and thrive

When someone buys the royal food found only in the hive.

The city where now congregate the chosen of our clan

Is named for one immortal in the heart of every man.

Immortal may the friendships be, which on this spot we form

That like the granite hills of God, shall stand both time and storm.

And may the bond of Union between the West and East

Grow stronger as the years go by and each

returning feast.

Fair city of this western plain the salted sea between,

Gem of mid-continent beauty, of prairie cities queen,

We bid thee prosper and grow strong, and like thy giant name

Whose hallowed sound is Freedom's boast, be ever known to fame.

At the close of Mr. Secor's response another song entitled "Dat Happy Bee-man," was sung; Dr. Miller, the composer of the music, singing the solo and part, and the Lincoln quartette joined in the chorus.

Dr. Miller was then called upon for a song and responded by singing "The Rock that is higher than I."

The Rev. E. G. Abbot, of St. Joseph, Mo., addressed the students and those present as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen,—Your chairman has put a handle to my name that would indicate that talking was my profession. It is'n't so at present, nor has it been for fifteen years. I simply appear before you as an ordinary every-day man, a common-place bee-keeper. Notwithstanding there is only a small representation of young people here, perhaps what I have to say to them will not be out of place to older people. As we have had such a flow of eloquence, poetry and music, and been carried so high above the ordinary things of life, it is very hard to come down to the every-day practical affairs. After we have been up among the stars, it is very hard for us to again place our feet on the soil and plod along in the mud and rain, the joys, mishaps and sorrows of life. But this is the lot of us all; we sometimes see visions and dreams, and look beyond the practical realities of life, but the most of life is made up of every day affairs. Life is serious, earnest, practical. It means work, it means constant exertion, it means continued effort if we would get the best out of it. In a great University like this, where young men and young women come to fill their minds with the practical wisdom of the ages, and sometimes to investigate new things, and give to the world new wisdom, there is one danger. These young men and women come mostly from the farms, and I apprehend that at least ninety per cent of them are apt to get the idea that the attaining to success happens only in the professions, or in commerce; that, in order to succeed in life, to make their mark and take their place among men of influence, they must lose their respect for rural surroundings; that they must get beyond fathers and mothers, and launch out into new enterprises. If the country at large is