

Mystic River and Medford town, to the north, Kingston; every height had its part in the nation's history, every valley is famous in song and story! And they—the makers of the song and story—choice heroic souls who gave their lives, by thought and word and action, for their cause—many of them were nurtured here, and here found training for their noble parts. Harvard is a place

“Full of old memories, and still to be
Nurse for heroic men,”

full of voices from the “mighty dead,” who came in lusty youth and “burning with high hope,” each “imposing high tasks for himself, framing high destinies for the race of men,” and as they worked and studied felt those forces stir within them, which were in after years to work so mightily for truth and freedom, in

study, on platform and in the battle's dint. Here they worked and played; these stones were worn by their feet; their voices rang merrily along these halls; the whole place is vocal of them, “a dream and a glory hover round its head, as the spirits of former times, a throng of intellectual shapes are seen retreating or advancing to the eye of memory; its streets are paved with the names of learning that never die out, its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings innumerable after the past, and of loftiest aspirations for the future!” And giving to us who come after, as one by one we go out from here, the treasures of her wisdom and instruction, to be the legacy of a fruitful past, and the pledge of highest well doing in the years to come.

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“Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortune come,
I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;

They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.” —*Burns*.