

their number to bid farewell to college and faculty in a valedictor address. "The earliest ceremonies," says Lowell, "seem to have been the recitation of an oration in Latin, sandwiched between two prayers by the President, like a criminal between two peace officers." A visitor describing its celebration in 1850, says: "After exercises in the Chapel a banquet was spread in Harvard Hall for the Class and their guests. This over, dancing followed in the college yard: then the Seniors made the circuit of the halls, coming at last to the Liberty Tree, around which they danced, joining hands and singing *Auld Lang Syne*. At parting, each took a sprig or flower from the wreath which crowned the farewell tree; to be cherished as a memento of college scenes and pleasures. To the office of Class Orator have been added those of Poet, which Emerson, Bancrft, Holmes and Lowell filled in their day; of Marshal, Chorister, and Ivy Orator, a burlesque speechmaker, who adds the indispensable element of fun to the celebration. In our own day the morning is devoted to literary exercises, the afternoon to banquets and dancing and the evening to illuminations, lanterns and fireworks with the class number inwoven. As my first experience of Class Day is yet to come, my information is all second hand. I have some disjointed notes of what was told me, but can only make out some-

thing like this: Orations....Chapelproud parents....silk hats, evening dress, happy Seniors....feasting and dancing....Glee Club—Holworthypretty faces....Liberty Tree.... lights, music, intoxication, sighs, darkness. No one who has passed his Freshman year will have difficulty in interpreting them.

And so the gates of Harvard close behind him, upon his college life with all its aspirations and defeats; its lessons learned and trials endured; and he goes forth to larger class-rooms and to sterner instructors, bearing with him the arms of wisdom found and power won, or the burden of cowardice and sin, to be instrumental of new glory or of further shame. And he goes regretfully. To every hero-worshipper who loves the places where great men have lived and worked, who holds the object sacred because of its association with the sacred dead, the place is full of attraction and inspiration; the very air is magnetic. Cambridge and all about it is charged with historical associations. Here were the homes of statesmen, philosophers and poets; here are their reverend graves; there stands the elm under which Washington took command of the forces; yonder gleamed the colonial camp-fires; across the roofs of Charleston rises the mass of Bunker Hill covered with its spire of stone; to the south of us lies Boston, to the east the