

carried with them to the very last the spirit of Youth. Each went to his grave planning for the days that were to come, and not simply looking back in critical satisfaction upon the rich accomplishment of the years that had flown. One of these youthful old men was Gladstone, four times Prime Minister of England, who died at eighty-eight, yet still vigorously planning a solution of one of the most vexatious political problems of modern times, for which the key has even yet not surely been found. The other was Frederick A. P. Barnard, tenth President of Columbia University, who was born in the same year as Gladstone and who died at eighty with his mind full of plans upon which those who followed him have been working for nearly forty years.

It is short-sighted indeed not to look beneath the surface of this much-vaunted revolt of Youth against Age and see what it really means. It is only one more turn of the potter's wheel in the shaping of that human product, the material for which one generation after another draws in from the surrounding atmosphere of appearance in order that it may convert these appearances into the realities of spiritual life.

There are those who in the name of Youth would think it clever to contradict all human experience and to despise it, but these are not really representative of Youth; they are the hopelessly and permanently young. It is a far cry from such as these to that genuine and ingenuous Youth which, testing for itself the experience and the wisdom of the past, can say with wise old Solon,

*γηράσκω δ' αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος,*

I grow old constantly learning many new things.

It is my confident hope that such may be the experience of that great company of eager men and women which goes out from this University today taking with them the pride and the blessing of Alma Mater.