

Dear classmates,—we rejoice today that the ambition of our young lives has been realized; but still are we depressed at the thought that our dear old college days are no more. That those days of mutual intercourse were both profitable and pleasurable to us all, the sadness that glooms our parting makes all too evident. And what of the future? True, indeed, the eye of Providence alone can read the book of life but this much at least we do know, that, whatever be our station or calling, we shall all be linked together in the chain of loving remembrance that binds us to our Alma Mater.

And now I have almost finished my very few words. There remains but to inquire what souvenir we carry from our college home. I have read somewhere that at a certain festival in the olden time a famed guest was about to take his departure, but before allowing him to go, the host handed him a goblet of rich, red wine. When the guest had drained the goblet, he found at the bottom a pearl of wondrous brilliancy, which he took as a souvenir of the hospitality that had been shown him. This goblet, dear classmates, is not unlike our college life. Having drunk to the full of its sweet and wholesome joys, we have found at the bottom a brilliant pearl, the pearl of truth which as a beacon shall guide us onward and upward to the last blissful abode where lips shall never have to frame the cruel word farewell.

W. A. MARTIN.