The abstracts were received with marked attention, and occupied the time until twelve o'clock; whether by accident or design the clock had been stopped, and the hands in mute prophecy pointed to noon. At that hour President Walker arose, and in introducing Prof. Rogers, delivered what, in the light of succeeding events, proved a most fitting eulogy. It was a tribute of esteem and affection which found an echo in every heart. Prof. Rogers was visibly affected at this renewed evidence of the regard in which he was held by the instructors, pupils, and friends of the Institute; he arose and essayed to speak, but his voice was low and tremulous, and it was some moments before he recovered self-control. The first few sentences, in which he referred to the kind words of President Walker, were scarcely audible beyond the stage. He acknowledged that he had been an enthusiast, and was happy to know that he was not mistaken in his enthusiasm. He referred to his connection with the Institute, which began even while the diurnal tide was flowing over the spot where the building now stands. The theses, he said, were not intended to be literary productions; garnished with the flowers of rhetoric, but the result of personal investigation in the laboratory or workshop, and were of real value as additions to our knowledge.

He spoke of the absence of music and flowers. "Our exercises are simple," he said, "and we are proud of our simplicity." There was a time when a wide distinction existed between science and practical art, but now ideas had changed and they were considered one and inseparable. He began to speak of the experiments of Stephen Hale with illuminating gas, when he suddenly stopped and bent low over the desk as though consulting notes. Those about him, however, knew that he had none; and the suspicion was but just beginning to dawn on them that he might be ill, when without an instant's premonition he fell prone upon the platform.

He was tenderly lifted and carried to the lecture-room of Prof. Runkle, where everything possible was done to restore him, but without effect.

Prof. Ordway returned to the platform a few moments after Prof. Rogers's removal, and amid the most profound silence distributed the diplomas and dismissed the audience, the larger part of which remained in the halls of the Institute until the result of the fall was ascertained. Silently they then dispersed, and an unusual stillness, like that of death, pervaded the building,—a stillness that will long be felt.

Burial Services.

On Friday of Commencement week Prof. Rogers was buried from the hall that knew his voice so well. Here was a far different gathering from the one that assembled three days previously. On the door of the Institute building hung a little knot of crape, and the happy company of Commencement day was changed for one of mourning.

The National Academy of Science, of which Prof. Rogers was president, was represented by the following named gentlemen: Prof. O. C. Marsh of New Haven, Vice-President; Profs. Wolcott Gibbs and Alexander Agassiz, of the Council; Profs. Brush, John Trowbridge, and Pickering. J. Hammond Trumbull, Esq., and President Walker.

Representatives were also present from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Society of Arts, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Boston Society of Natural History, Appalachian Mountain Club, University of Virginia, Yale College, Harvard University, Boston University, and also members of the corporation.