much of the *laissez-faire* principle about it. If we wish to help Technology onward and upward on the way she has struggled alone long enough, we must urge the abandonment of this policy with all possible earnestness, and join hands with those of faculty and undergraduates who desire to see her occupy a position where she shall stand a lofty example to those around her.

This same idea of action, live and vigorous, each one of us must persistently adhere to if we are to stand among our fellow-men where we ought. A determination to do our share of the duties devolving upon us in the community wherein we may dwell, means to experience a warmer interest in others, and a most wholesome development into a broad, rich life, gaining continually in power and influence by virtue of the control we may exert upon affairs and men about us. It also means hard work; it means, at times, self-sacrifice and a loss of luxury we might otherwise enjoy; but the end,—is it not worth the toil?

Whatever else we may have learned the past four years, two facts stand out most clearly before us to-day. Whatever questions we meet in this world will never be answered to our complete satisfaction unless it is by our own brains; and whatever is worth attaining deserves the toil and patience its pursuit demands. The ability to think and act for ourselves is of supreme importance, and with this must be joined that delight in action which every healthy mind and body experiences.

May we all hope to experience in the future, if we have not already in the past, what Massachusetts' grand bishop once so wisely and truly described: "To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand, in this great system in which we live,—that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of sunshine, or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight through the upper air. The man who knows, indeed, what it is to act, to work, cries out, 'This alone is to live!'"

After more music, which seemed hardly up to Daggett's standard, the poet was introduced as follows:—

"From oratory let me lead you
'Thoughts that youthful poets dream
On summer eves near haunted stream,'
the thoughts coming in this case from our poet, Mr. Arthur Shurtleff."

"AS A METEOR."

I.

Through the zenith, where the old stars brood
With eyes grown small with watching, flies
An arrow with a train of fire
Across the dark concave of night,
To quench its flame in the black flood
Of space unfathomed. The old stars brood
With eyes grown small outwatching time;
And from the top of some low hill,
Housed in his wheeling dome to watch
The skies, the gray Astronomer
Marvels, and doubts his aged sight.
A meteor come from what vast void
Beyond the utmost scan of thought,
To blaze an instant through the night
And plunge again to endless depths!
Yet as a shaft from the true bow
Of Sagittarius flies through
The cunning path the archer's eye
Determined ere the shaft was loosed,
So flies the meteor through the gulf,
Constrained, within the destined path
Which the great sun has bent
Into a wide ellipse, to span
The awful space beyond the stars.

II.

On a tired day, when laborers toil,
And oxen bend the heavy yoke,
Dragging from the fields the harvest's hoards,
Into a cottage home there comes
A life that was not there before,—
A feeble child, in whose young cry
Is heard the language of a soul
Unused to earth; and One will say,
"This soul created here in dust,
Now feels the first impulse of sense,
And breathes the first strange breath of life."
And One will say, "This soul is come
From dwelling in some world unknown,
Or Heaven, or this our earth, to learn
The lessons that were else unlearned,