To-morrow! Words which fathom, but cannot express, our present feelings! Our “Yesterday” recalls the simplicity of our childhood, the roguish savagery of our boyhood, the aspirations of our young manhood. Our “To-day” is a period of mingled happiness and regret, of which we cannot judge rightly until years have made it “Yesterday.” Our “To-morrow” is made up of ideals, hopes, perplexities, and doubts.

Mothers! Fathers! As to-day we stand upon the threshold beyond which lies a life of labor, to you we turn first to recognize thus earnestly the patience, the wisdom, perchance the sacrifice, with which you have directed our feet into the paths of learning. Her vistas which provoke our wonder stretch before us to such marvelous distances that their beauty is but half discerned. But the vision has been glorified by the love which brought us hither.

At this time, which seems to be a moment of triumph, we do not forget that science encloses within its labyrinth only a portion of the realm of learning. We are hunters truly, but our game has not yet left its cover. In our future searchings we may wander far beyond the limits of engineering thought and action. What, then, you ask, will be the value of the time just gone? As an answer we would give the thought of Goethe, that “the object of true living is to impress upon the perishable an imperishable worth.” It is true that each instant, even of conscientious labor, at its completion is lost in the greatness of the past. But its value is everlasting, because the mind, the heart, the ideal of the life of man is changed thereby. During these years of study we have been subjected to the kindly influence of men whose minds are trained for concentrated work, whose thoughts are valuable because they are the outcome of years of labor. With them we have traced the growth of inductive science, and are satisfied that all progress is but development. Then, whatever our occupations may be, we shall remember that the advantages of the age in which we live are the results of the strivings of our fathers to “impress upon the perishable an imperishable worth.” When we recall the impulses to honest research gained within these walls we shall know that “there is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.” The influence of these passions we have felt. And to be in our turn the authors of such stimulation will be our aim, because it has been the subject of our admiration during the years which are gone.

My Classmates, as to-day we stand together before the portals which are about to open to permit our exit, let me turn to you with thanks for innumerable kindnesses received from you. Our entrance into the most active period of our life is at hand. And at that entrance there must come partings which will teach us that the friendships of four years cannot be broken without a struggle. You must go your way, and I must go mine. But there are paths so broad, so common, that unwittingly we shall traverse them together, though we be separated by miles of land or sea.

By our acceptance of the privileges which this institution affords we have shouldered a great responsibility. No man is justified in forever absorbing and never giving. We enter life neither maimed, nor halt, nor blind. If our education has been productive it must have given us the power of penetration. Ours has been, indeed, but an introduction to science. But let us recall the words of Lowell,

“O small beginnings, ye are great and strong, 
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong, 
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain!”

The fields we go to glean have been sown and watered, half reaped, and the product garnered by men whose success has depended upon their own remarkable, unaided ability and activity. Let not the pride of youth por-