voke us to unseemly rivalry. But let us profit by the store of wisdom which the years have brought to them, adding day by day the experiences given to us from our education and our life.

Beyond the sphere of our professions we have calls yet more imperative. The great open hearths in the old country mansions of one hundred or fifty years ago have vanished, or are maintained to-day only as a bit of stylish, antique furnishing. The conditions of life of which they are emblematic, like them, are endangered by the methods of our time. A loss of unity in our families is a menace to our homes. We recall the joyousness of our early days. Shall not the impulses of those times go with us now and abide with us, that we may make our country grander by the harmony existing between her sons and daughters? Let us give to the women of our land all rightful honors, privileges, and respect, ever remembering the nobility of womanhood. But let us still insist that woman shall be woman.

The patriotism of the past is not more glorious than that to which we are summoned. Our strength is the strength of youth. Let our manhood be known by the enthusiasm of our age combined with clear thinking and right acting. The fair fame of the politicians of our time too often has been sullied by acts which are not honorable. We may not be statesmen, but as honest, thoughtful citizens we can protest against abuses, vote against them, act against them. And by united work and sacrifice, in municipal affairs at least, we can suppress them. We are called to this.

Silently and passively the world records our acts. From most of us this history will be quietly hidden as leaf after leaf is turned. But that it perishes we know can not be true. What, then, shall be the writing on those pages? Our moral being places its stamp upon every margin. Each of our fellows with whom we come in contact is affected well or ill by the unsuspected influence of our thought. Rise, then, exert the might of right. Stand ever for the truth, though it cost all ease, though it supplant ancient faiths. Forget not that the brotherhood of man demands our patient zeal, our earnest teaching, our most loving forbearance. Remember the institution which we leave so soon, and love her fondly as the mother of our noblest thoughts, our longed-for success.

Thus growing, thus living from better to best, we shall learn, ere the end, the deep meaning of Browning’s expression,—

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe:
Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle’s to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life’s arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute’s at end,
And the elements’ rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

In concluding the exercises of the day, the Chief Marshal said:—

"It was Bishop Brooks, I think, in this very hall, who said to a preceding class, that the ending of any epoch in a man’s life would be sad if it were not necessarily the beginning of a new career for him, full of promise. In bringing these exercises to a close, I would add to what the other speakers have said, my own wish that for every member of the class the