we come, and whither are we tending? What has this school done for us to fit us for our part in what is to follow?"

We have laid the ground work of a profession; we have mastered the elements of a trade. But Technology differs from other technical schools in that it does more for its students than this. Its aim is to accomplish the truer, deeper education that develops every faculty of the being in its just proportion, that trains the mind to right and reasonable thinking, that enforces the moral of the oldest English poet that "Truth is the highest thing that man may keep."

There is still more, however, in the highest culture than the simple pursuit of truth, the mere desire to see things as they are. Matthew Arnold says, "There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social,—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part."

And this sort of culture is particularly that of the technical man. The student at a classical college is often an individualist; the trend of all his training is selfish, egotistic. The work of the technologist, on the other hand, is without; his aim is service. "The impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery,"—these are his inspirations as he builds roads and public buildings, as he directs the process of industry, as he brings the new and untamed forces of the universe under the subjection of the human will.

There was never a time when the Republic more needed loyal sons to live after the splendid principles of Technology. "Mens et Manus" is our motto,—mind and hand. How can the blind forces of emotion and prejudice be met but by the trained scientific intellect schooled in obedience to law and in the freedom that comes from truth? How can the evils in the body politic, the evils of municipal misgovernment, the evils of industrial constraint, be cured but by the unselfish effort of educated men whose aim is the service of their less happy brothers?

In a nation like ours there is a responsibility in education. The graduate of Technology may not simply seek for success in his chosen profession. If he be worthy of his heritage, if he has imbibed the true spirit of Technology, if he has loved the examples of her great leaders, of the genial far-seeing scholar, William Barton Rogers, of the true knight and gentleman, Francis Amasa Walker, he has a truer and a deeper aim, "the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than he found it."

I have dilated at some length upon our ideal of what a Tech. man should be,—his worth, his modesty, his public spirit. It is common with us here, however, to demonstrate by actual specimens. And, therefore, I am to have the pleasure of introducing, as an example, the man we have fitly honored with the highest office in our gift, the First Marshal of the Class of '98, Mr. George Reed Wadsworth.

Mr. Wadsworth:—

Mr. President, Classmates and Friends: For us classmates this is at once a day of joy and of sorrow. We rejoice that after four years' comradeship as loyal supporters of the undergraduate interests of Technology, we are gathered here to-day on the threshold of graduate life. The memorable past, with its host of pleasant associations, is revealed to us on one side, and on the other we see optimistic visions of the part we are to play as alumni.

We grieve that, look at it as we may, to-day is a semblance of the end. The pendulum which has been leading us here is about to stop and to start again upon a new beat.

To-morrow for the last time we shall be called to order as the undergraduate Class of '98, and then the many strong ties which bind us one to another will necessarily become parted as we step out into the world.

To the friends of '98, let me add my hearty welcome. You are here this afternoon to hear sounded officially what you have heard many times before, the praises of our class; and during the course of events should you be struck with the vanity which would ordinarily be unseemly, I beg you to bear with us, and remember that to-day we live on the clouds, let to-morrow bring what it may.

As every great body has had a history, we can lay no claim to originality from the fact of having a history, but in our historian we have been more fortunate. Four years ago, as a Freshman in '98, our historian became known. A man to whom speech was more necessary than words, and whose password was that impertinent, aggressive, upright, little personal pronoun "I." From this we might expect the history to be almost an autobiography. On the contrary,