Its groves were majestic; its pastures were broad:
Each echoed with labor, a voice from each clod.
Its waters were rivers, swift-flowing and clear;
It took muscle to stem them and keen eyes to steer.

Its hills were precipitous, but sunny withal,
Though the crags were oft dizzy, inviting a fall.
Each one must be clambered, each peak we must mount;
Each fruit must be tasted, we must drink at each fount.

No loiterer allowed in this busy retreat;
No cool, bosky dells there, no carved rustic seat.
If we longed for a ramble, an hour to pass,
We were faced with a notice to ‘keep off the grass.’

Its vault the blue heavens, serene o’er the strife
Of impulse with thought, and of matter with life.
The orb of success had shone clear in its height,
And had flooded the garden with fullness of light.

Yet not ever, for clouds of bereavement have chilled,
And the shadow of sorrow the garden has stilled.
’Tis his wish roll them back till the sunshine appears,
Though the light sparkles now through the dewdrops of tears.

Now the shock of war’s thunders the workers have stirred,
While they watched the low flashes whose echoes they heard,
With eyes that flash back with the hate of the foe,
In the hearts of the men who stand ready to fight.

For minds keen in knowledge see reason in right,
And the hands skilled in arts are the hands that can fight.
Not more than their hearts glow their forges that beat;
Not as strong as their purpose the iron that they beat.

It’s freedom that’s peace, and for freedom they close;
A war for God’s peace is a war we must choose.
If we fight for it here, if we fight for it there,
In the storm of the fight for the sunshine prepare.

This the fruit we have garnered, the Hesperid prize,
That in minds and in hands our stern duty now lies.
To the truth and the state we are pointed the way;
It is ours to preserve it, it’s ours to stray.

Lest we stray, fix the lode star of duties cold height;
Lest we fall, grasp the staff of a reasonable right.
Feed the soul on the manner of Conscience’s ‘well done’;
Lift the heart with the nectar of world’s praises won.

But our parting has come in the youth of the year,
When the vigor of June is all rife on the air.
When our springtime of youth is a season that’s done,
And the summer of life with this day has begun.

To the gate of the garden our footsteps we press,
With a sigh of regret and a laugh of success.
‘Neath the whispering branches of memories’ trees,
That sway with expectancies freshening breeze.

On future’s bright threshold we stand ere we part;
’Tis a grasp of the hand, and a throb of the heart.
And a word that’s the saddest and sweetest to tell,
That seal of remembrance, a heartfelt farewell.

Mr. Wadsworth:—

As time goes on the history of our Class will become more extensive. Few there are who would even venture to guess at the possibility years hence of such a history, augmented by the brilliant achievements of sons of Ninety-eight, if after four short years we can boast such a record as you have just heard. Our prophet, however, who once overheard a conversation between an Englishman and an American, and from it got a number of good points, has written the next chapter in our history. I take pleasure in presenting Mr. John Stearns Bleecker.

Mr. Bleecker:—

Yes; I was in Klondike at the time. It was during McKiheley’s third administration, and after the final overthrow of Bryan by the discoveries by the famous chemists, Drs. C. Spayth Koch and G. Thurston Cottle, of that simple process, now known to all, of turning silver into gold.

I was living on Strickland Avenue, named for the famous Admiral Strickland, who was appointed during the first war with Spain, and afterwards was the hero of the War of 1912.

Governor Winslow and Senator Mayer, both of Yukon State, were staying at the Chapel Hotel, where I had been visiting for several weeks; and on this particular morning, as we smoked our twisters after a delightful breakfast of corned-beef hash and chocolate pie, served in a kingly manner, I asked Gov. Charles-Edward Amory to tell me of his doings since we last met in far-away Boston at the graduation exercises of our Class at Technology. The Class of ’98, I believe it was called.

Charles-Edward A. W. was only too ready, as usual, to relate some of his thrilling experiences during his years of chase for the fleeting microbe; and it was amusing to hear this man, so changed in appearance, —for he had grown a moustache,— talking in his old-time manner, and with the enthusiasm of a Sophomore toastmaster. He spoke chiefly about the men we had known together at college, and of their successes.

He told me of the great assistance which had been rendered him by his political friend and healer, G. Anthony Hutchinson, during his fight for Governor of Yukon.

“Yes,” interrupted Senator Mayer, ‘Hutch’ always was a great assistance to aspiring candidates, and many a time has he helped me to an office. He is so straightforward and open, and the city has been immensely improved since he was elected Chief of