

Voladictory

We have now come to the closing hour of our term and it is our sad duty to say the mournful word farewell. All earthly Affairs are transiently fleeting and uncertain. The pleasures of the day introduce the troubles of tomorrow. Life is but a play ground but the battlefield of man. Schoolmate for the past few weeks we have been undergoing most thorough discipline that we may act nobly our part on the great battlefield of life. We have been receiving that intellectual food which has ever given an healthy tone to the souls endeavors, and have made our New England, the home of the happy virtuous and the free. Our opportunities have been great, and our responsibilities will reach far forward into the eternal future. Some of us have during the past term enjoyed the pleasure and the profit of school. Our school days are done. And it will be well for us if we heed the advice of Americas best poet. In the wide broad field of battle

In the business of life
Be not, like dumb driven cattle
Be a hero in the strife.

Our educational advantages bid us on to seek the highest position in any occupation in which we are engaged. Duty tells us to write our names high among the efficient, the noble, and the good. Religion invites us to her ranks, and tells us that we are mortal. That our hearts like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave. The solemn fact reminds us that we are mortal. Within a year Death has entered our happy bands. He has taken the lowliest and the noblest who now lie bared the green sward awaiting the great resurrection day when the Ocean shall give up its dead. and we too that aged man that father in Israel. The instructor of our youthful minds, and the guide of our never dying souls.

We have heard the knell tolling his departure. He has gone to the land of spirits, to the home of the just. He is now tuning his harp to the praise of the Saviour whom he loved so well. Let all my schoolmates emulate his example so that when we are called to join the immortal caravans which pass to that mysterious realm where each shall take his place in the silent hall of death we may not go like the quarry, lone whipped and scourged to his dungeon but as one who with fearless and unflinching trust wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lays himself down to pleasant dreams. We shall never forget the noble efforts exerted in our behalf by our efficient committee. With careful guardianship they have watched over our interests and have often cheered us on with their kind presence & words of encouragement.