

by the prayers and labors of those who rightly valued the precious jewels entrusted to their keeping. From within its portals have issued streams of good, whose influence has ennobled and purified the world. The causes set in motion within the walls of our Alma Mater, have produced effects lasting as eternity. As the mighty river is formed of tiny rivulets, which meander noiselessly through the grassy valleys, so numberless tributaries of good thoughts, words and actions compose a virtuous life; and these have their sources in the droppings of wisdom instilled into youthful hearts and minds.

It is pleasant to retrospect; for the pictures presented to our view have the lights and shades beautifully blended—the many joys contrasted with the few sorrows. A short time since, we enjoyed life as happy school-boys and girls. With what expectation and trembling did we enter the High School, the first morning. Strange faces appeared on all sides; occasionally a familiar countenance, like a gleam of sunshine, met our vision. Every syllable uttered by our teacher was carefully noted; and, as he pointed out the path we expected to tread, across our imaginations flitted visions of future eminence, when the wished-for goal should be reached. The path seemed flowery, and we felt that no obstacles could deter us from traveling that road, that royal road, until we had reached the point where we might pause to obtain the victor's crown of success.

Every morning found us assembled to ask God's blessing. Although we did not rightly value the precious privilege of meeting our associates and teachers, still we are nobler men, truer women, for those few moments spent in communion with our God. And neither time nor the world can efface the indelible impress stamped upon our characters.

So many steps must be taken, so much progress made, before the setting of the sun. Pleasure beamed on the faces of our guides when they witnessed our persevering efforts to overcome the obstacles lying in our pathway. But a changed look was depicted on their countenances when it was evident that we were tired of the journey—when com-