

## A FEW SPOKEN WORDS

# The Consecration of the Sixties

An Address Given Decoration Day, May 30, 1914, at Columbus, Indiana,  
before Isham Keith Post, No. 13, Department of Indiana,  
Grand Army of the Republic

# Felicitations of a Five-Year-Old

A Toast Given June 23, 1914, on behalf of the Class of 1909, at the  
Annual Alumni Banquet at the Indiana State University

*By*

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## INTRODUCTION

I am glad because of the publication of these addresses. It is an excellent thing to have such actual speeches available for students to consult.

JOHN M. CLAPP,  
*Head of the Department of English,  
Lake Forest College.*

Lake Forest, Illinois, May 10, 1915.



## PREFACE

This printing is of two occasional speeches, "The Consecration of the Sixties," and "Felicitations of a Five-Year-Old." The one is the address delivered on Decoration Day, May 30, 1914, to the surviving veterans of the Civil War at Columbus, Indiana; the other, a toast given June 23, 1914, at the annual Alumni Banquet, at the Indiana State University at Bloomington.

Numbers of persons who heard one or the other of these two speeches and several others like them, have kindly insisted that the entire collection would "look good in print." Did some one venture that suggestion thinking possibly to prevent a waste "on the desert air?" Blessed of course be he who takes some beautiful flower of speech—if it be really beautiful or useful—and transplants it, ere it is wasted, and transforms it into enduring pages of print. But quite a different idea, as may be seen, prompts the presentation of these speeches selected from among a number of others.

Indeed, to date thirty-nine original discourses, similar to "The Consecration of the Sixties" and "Felicitations of a Five-Year-Old" have been preserved with these in manuscript. Too, they all are practical speeches, one would say, representing and illustrating perhaps the entire list of forms of address. And they range in subject matter from a college peace pipe oration to an appeal to a jury for the infliction of the death penalty in the trial of a murder case, from the discourse of prayer to a political exhortation, from things said at an afternoon tea to a speech of acceptance before a judicial convention, for instance, and from an address before a convention of educators to a lecture upon the lyceum platform. However, nearly all the speeches have some special setting or circumstance connected with their preparation or delivery, perchance some sidelight such as always illumines a speech or inspires the speaker, in the form possibly of some personality, an unique association, a historical fact, an ideal, an unusual purpose, some fantasy, or—yes, fiction or even romance, which sometimes indeed do affect speech. But that is quite another matter now.

Nevertheless, in response to the suggestion of friends, only the speeches included in this presentation, two selections, are given to print at this time, and that primarily for complimentary use among only the members of the local post of the Grand Army of the Republic and the members of the class of 1909 of the Indiana State University, to whom the two speeches were respectively originally addressed. So that, in the remainder of this introductory note, chiefly only certain historical facts connected with the occasion of the delivery of the respective speeches and primarily of interest to

the soldiers or to the alumni, and to their friends, will be noted. As to the fiction or romance and all with the story of the "setting" and the "sidelights" of speeches enough to make a book, more of that maybe later.

The address to the veterans of the Civil War was delivered in the afternoon of Decoration Day at Columbus. Shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning members of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. met at their quarters in the County Building and proceeded to the Second Street bridge over White River, where members of the Relief Corps dropped flowers from the bridge to the river below as a tribute for the boys who died in the naval service of the War.<sup>1</sup> From the bridge the party went to the Garland Brook Cemetery. There the ritualistic ceremonies of both orders were given, the graves were decorated and an address was given by the Rev. Lewis King, chaplain of the Isham Keith Post. At 12 o'clock noon the members of the Retail Merchants' Association of the city closed their stores and stood in front of their places of business uncovered with bowed heads for five minutes. During that period the bells of the city were tolled and flags were at half mast.

At 2 o'clock the parade formed at the County Building and moved north on Washington Street. As the veterans did not feel able this year to make the long march, at Seventh and Washington Streets they took conveyances to the gate of the City Cemetery and thence marched on to the Soldiers' Monument in the G. A. R. lot. There, after the ritualistic ceremonies, the speech was delivered from an automobile while the speaker was shaded by an umbrella held by "Marching Through Georgia" John L. Jones.<sup>2</sup> It was a very hot afternoon in the open sun and in order to offset the intense heat the speech was given with a deliberate yet intense delivery. Though hot, it was a fair day; and a lively breeze from the southland played with the foliage, so that each word had to be spoken forcibly and distinctly in order that the several hundred people present might hear. The veterans stood there, some with uncovered heads, in a square group looking up at the speaker. In that group were several men who had seen Lincoln and a few who had grasped his hand. Some of them had fought in one or another of the various battles alluded to in the course of the address. The speaker was looking into the faces of men who one day as victorious soldiers had looked into the faces of Lincoln and Grant and Lee. The heart of any American would be stirred by a group of men present like that.

In that group of veterans, men of various commands and enlistments, of the local Isham Keith Post, Number 13, Department of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic, were present as follows: of the command of the Army of the Cumberland—William F. Ken-

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<sup>1</sup> The Evening Republican, Columbus, Indiana, May 30, 1914.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Jones's favorite patriotic song was "Marching Through Georgia," of which on public occasions, he would lead the singing with much enthusiasm at every opportunity.

dall, Company I, 33rd Indiana Infantry; George Clutch, 2nd. Indiana Battery; Andrew C. Flanigan, Co. K, 145th Indiana Infantry; Gustavus A. Miller, Co. I, 33rd Ind.;<sup>3</sup> James S. Cochrane, Co. H, 145th Ind.; Charles O'Donnell, Co. I, 6th Ind.; William Henderson, Co. I, 138th Ind.; Charles Potter, Co. E, 17th Ind.; Tillman A. Moore, 7th Ind. Battery; Abraham Labar, 5th Ind. Battery; Thomas Brown, Co. I, 33rd Indiana Infantry; James Brown, Co. I, 145th Ind.; Vincent Browning, Co. C, 79th Ind.; George Driver, Co. E, 140th Ind.; George Kocher, Co. I, 33rd Ind.; John Newton, Co. I, 33rd Ind.; Daniel Judd, Co. B, 59th Ohio; Henry Strassner, Co. C, 4th Ohio Cavalry; David Locke, Co. F, 22nd Ind.; John E. Rush, Co. D, 140th Ind.; Noah E. Rush, Co. D, 140th Ind.; William B. Sisk, Co. A, 145th Ind., and Benjamin M. Hutchins, Co. C, 6th Ind., of Columbus, Indiana; Jacob Ault, Co. B, 22nd Ind., Ogilville, Indiana, and William A. Jones, Co. B, 22nd Ind., Waynesville, Indiana.

Those present of the command of the Army of the Tennessee were as follows: Lewis C. Moore, Co. E, 93rd Indiana; William Foster, Co. H, 12th Ky.; Joshua Conn, Co. C, 7th Ind. Cavalry; William Everroad, Sr., Co. G, 67th Ind.; Martin Jewell, Co. D, 67th Ind.; Noah Reedy, Co. F, 93rd Ind.; Virgil Cavanaugh, Co. A, 93rd Ind.; William A. Abbett, Co. D, 67th Ind.; Solomon M. Glick, Co. L, 4th Ind. Cavalry; Calvin A. Adams, Co. G, 4th Ky.; Bluford Sutherland, Co. E, 67th Ind., and James C. Taylor, Co. D, 67th Ind., of Columbus, Indiana; Henry C. Hubbard, Co. A, 93rd Ind.; William Gearhart, Co. A, 93rd Ind., and Oscar Bond, 10th Ind. Cavalry, of Jonesville, Indiana; Josephus Huffer, Co. F, 11th Ind., Newbern, Indiana, and F. M. Poland, Co. D, 67th Ind., Azalia, Indiana; Dr. W. H. Butler, Co. A, 120th Ind.; Elonzo L. Robertson, Co. H, 123rd Ind.; Anson Gill, Co. F, 32nd Ohio, Columbus, Ind.; T. B. Prather, Co. D, 4th Ind., 1230 Columbia Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; (Charles Apel, state service, 9th Ind. Legion, Columbus, Indiana).

Those present of the command of the Army of the Potomac were: John L. Jones, Co. B, 6th Ind.; Jonathan Baker, Co. H, 27th Ind.; William Polen, Co. K, 13th Ind.; John A. Robertson, Co. H, 12th Ind.; William Trotter, Co. H, 12th Ind.; Amos E. Hartman, Co. K, 110th Pa., and Robert Gaddis, 5th Virginia Cavalry (Army of Virginia), of Columbus, Indiana; Lewis King, Co. H, 27th Ind., Franklin, Indiana; Eldridge Anderson, Co. H, 19th Ind., Hope Indiana; Robert Foster, Co. C, 27th Ind., National Military Home, Marion, Indiana.

One newspaper, in speaking of the occasion, said in part as follows: "There was more general interest and more patriotic demonstration here to-day than on any previous Decoration Day in twenty years," said a member of the local G. A. R. post Saturday

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<sup>3</sup> N. B.—The expression "33rd Ind." is of an abbreviated form which following throughout signifies Regiment Indiana Infantry Volunteers.

afternoon. The memorial services at the City Cemetery were well attended and the crowd was an unusually attentive one. The local troop of Boy Scouts accompanied the veterans to the cemetery as an escort. The services at the cemetery were most impressive and the memorial address on 'The Consecration of the Sixties,' by Prosecuting Attorney Lewis A. Harding, was an eloquent and impassioned one. The address brought tears to the eyes of many of the aged veterans and others and the speaker received many compliments on his address when it was finished."<sup>4</sup>

The other speech, "Felicitations of a Five-Year-Old," given at the Indiana State University, is a toast delivered there on the occasion of the annual Alumni Banquet, commencement week, June 23, 1914. The occasion marked the fifth anniversary of the graduation of the class of 1909 and the first reunion of that class, on behalf of which this toast was given.

In accordance with a delightful custom at many universities and colleges, one day at commencement time each year is set aside as Alumni Day. This day of all days affords a feast of festivities for the alumnus who meets again in reunion with his college mates back at their old University. On that day especially the "old grad" revives the enchantment of his college days and recounts again the glories of those "great times." The young "grad" perchance renews his earlier ambitions and formulates additional ones. According to the custom at the Indiana State University, each class of the university holds a reunion every five years. In 1914 the classes of '78, '89, '94, '99, '04 and '09 held reunions on the Alumni Day.

One of the happiest events of this day at the Indiana State University is the Alumni Banquet, held at noon in the auditorium of the Student Building. A speaker at such an occasion has a difficult, but happy opportunity, if he can aptly express or impress the subtle spirit and meaning of the day. The younger speaker on the toast list must be cautious or he gets in the position of an amateur speaking perfunctorily. He must speak in the presence of very learned people and in competition with his elders. He is not to be excused on account of his age, but on the contrary much is expected of him, perhaps for that very reason. Fortunate, however, is any speaker who, at least for the sake of the audience, on whatever occasion he speaks, aims to keep before him the ideal of a masterpiece and says the thing appropriate, be the occasion a memorial or a banquet.

At the Banquet in 1914 five hundred plates were laid. Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, '86, of Indianapolis, was toastmaster, and the toast list was as follows: "Live Wire Alumni," Dale J. Crittenberger, '78, Anderson; "The Class of '89," Judge Bert Fessler, '89, Duluth, Minnesota; "The Larger Mission," W. H. Stout, '94, Indianapolis; "The Alumni Council," Miss Edna G. Henry, '97, Indianapolis; "For Value Received," Mrs. Lillian Corr Rogers, '99, Greenfield; "Felicitations of a Five-Year-Old," Lewis A. Harding, '09, Colum-

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<sup>4</sup> The Columbus Daily Herald, Columbus, Indiana, June 1, 1914.

bus; "The Honor Students," President William L. Bryan; "Response," James J. Robinson, '14, Princeton.

Following the Banquet, with its Neapolitan ice cream, marble cake and salted almonds presently the scene changed to the alumni-faculty baseball game; and there many a banqueter was listening next perhaps to the convincing logic of a peanut vender along the bleachers, to the frantic appeal of a faculty fan, then to a sonorous period of the umpire, and the like. And so it was that so often that day the people passed from the sublime to the delightful and from the delightful to the sublime.

It is thought the two selected speeches following may the better serve their present purpose if prefaced by this brief view of at least a part of the setting or circumstances surrounding the preparation and delivery of each.

LEWIS A. HARDING.

Columbus, Indiana, April 24, 1915.



## THE CONSECRATION OF THE SIXTIES

An Address Given Decoration Day, May 30, 1914, at Columbus, Indiana, before Isham Keith Post, No. 13, Department of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic

Mr. Chairman, Veterans and Fellow Citizens—These glorious flags of our Union and these tender flowers brought here in decoration to-day remind us especially of the mightiest crisis in our nation's past. In that terrible, heroic time hundreds of thousands of men of the best blood of our country fell upon the battlefields of our southland; in that time Lincoln doubted and prayed; then Lee with his men fought and fought and fought; but the boys in blue wrought with Lincoln and Grant through four long years of the very hell of battle and bullets and blood and death, unto Appomattox and peace and the Union forever.

It is in a spirit of solemn pride, therefore, that we honor to-day the heroes of that mighty struggle, so that the drum beats of this day sound now only as peaceful echoes of the conflict of the sixties. And when we look upon these veterans here to-day—noble and honored men—we behold in them I dare say a glory as splendid as the glory of the Republic itself.

Veterans of over half a century! You were born in the generation of the great Webster before the war and in your youthful days took inspiration from his immortal admonitions for the Union of our States. You remember the firing at last on Fort Sumter that shocked and aroused the North. You heard the call for men and the answer in the stirring shout, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." You were in spirit comrades with the sainted Lincoln. Many of you have seen him and heard his voice. Some of you have touched his hand. For country's sake, thank God! you wrought with him and braved the battlefields of death. You rescued from dire destruction and preserved in glory the old flag

for its triumph at Santiago and Manila Bay. Only a few mornings ago your consecration gave inspiration at Vera Cruz to Poinsett and Meisenberger and Schumacher and Haggerty.

You consecrated yourselves to death in order to consecrate our Union to life. Other men have fallen and died for the honor of their country at stake. But your brave comrades who sleep here beneath the flowers in this silent city and those who fell and died upon the field of battle, and yourselves who carried the contest on to victory, fought both for the honor and for the very life of a nation.

You have transmitted to us this flag unimpaired; and we who did not see and know can only fancy the spirit and the struggle of the conflict of the sixties. There was the call, the beat of drum, and soon the Sixth Massachusetts regiment first was marching at the Capital. Soon we see the tide of battles rise and fall and we see again as in a moving picture some of the scenes of the great war. We can see again some of these men here fighting with Grant at Shiloh,<sup>5</sup> where fourteen thousand of his men fell dead and eleven thousand confederates—among them Albert Sydney Johnson, one of the noblest men of the South. And at Antietam!<sup>6</sup>—some of you were there!—the bodies of twelve thousand boys in blue and the bodies of twelve thousand boys in gray lay in ranks like swaths of grass, cut down by the grim reaper. At Murfreesboro,<sup>7</sup> the day before Lincoln's great Proclamation on that New Year's day, fourteen thousand men again fell on the one side and eleven thousand on the other. At Chancellorsville<sup>8</sup> seventeen thousand and twelve thousand.

And at "the high water mark of the rebellion"—Ah! some of you fought there in the sweltering days, at Little Round Top and at Culp's Hill and at Cemetery Ridge where Pickett charged, and you know the awful thunder of guns by day and the weary, painful watches of the night

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<sup>5</sup> Of the veterans present those who had fought in the battle of Shiloh were Benjamin M. Hutchins, Charles C. Crabb and Charles O'Donnell.

<sup>6</sup> Lewis King and Jonathan Baker were present of those who survived the battle of Antietam.

<sup>7</sup> Of the men present who had fought in the battle of Murfreesboro were Tillman A. Moore and Charles C. Crabb.

<sup>8</sup> Andrew C. Flanigan and Lewis King had fought through the battle of Chancellorsville.

where twenty-three thousand comrades of the North fell in carnage and mingled their blood with twenty thousand brave men of the South upon the sacred field of Gettysburg!<sup>9</sup> Some of you fought in the siege and slaughter at Vicksburg.<sup>10</sup> You know how brave men with Grant hammered against Longstreet at Richmond, where ten thousand splendid men of the North fell at Cold Harbor<sup>11</sup> in twenty minutes. And in the hundred miles from Chattanooga to Atlanta<sup>12</sup> six hundred men fell to every terrible mile of the march. But we turn from this vast sacrifice, incomprehensible as it was terrible; for the cost in life was over a half a million of American men ere the surrender and peace of Appomattox, when men turned homeward then from sword and battlefield to the toiling and the plow and the love and happiness of home.

Only he who survived and came back knows the joy of his return. But many a Rachel wept in those days. In a northern home I can see a soldier's mother waiting at the cottage door for a boy who wore the blue, but her beloved son came not. At a southern homestead a fair girl stands at an open gate as chivalrous boys in gray return, but the once joyous hero of her dreams and love returned never again. In the sacred soil of the South, anointed with their commingled devotion, rests the mortality of each. The one gave his life for glorious victory at last, the other, for a lost cause. But their two unknown graves

“ \* \* \* near the hill where bright flowers grow,  
In the wildest woodland shade,”

are to-day the same and indistinguishable. So the nation decorates with flags and flowers to-day and honors the

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<sup>9</sup> Of the survivors of the battle of Gettysburg present were Abraham Labar, Lewis King, Jonathan Baker, Eldridge Anderson and Robert Foster, who had fought in the struggle at Little Round Top.

<sup>10</sup> Among those present who had fought at Vicksburg were: Lewis C. Moore, William Trotter, John A. Robertson, William Everroad, Sr., Henry C. Hubbard, William A. Abbett, Charles C. Crabb, Anson Gill and Martin Jewell.

<sup>11</sup> William Polen was the only one present of the few surviving veterans who had fought at Cold Harbor.

<sup>12</sup> The following men present had been in the march from Chattanooga to Atlanta: William F. Kendall, Charles Potter, John Newton, Gustavus A. Miller, Thomas Brown, Dr. W. H. Butler, Elonzo L. Robertson, Oscar Bond and T. B. Prather.

fortitude and achievement of the boys in blue, bearing tribute also to the same American fortitude of those countrymen whom the North subdued in that great achievement.

What an achievement it was for our country and for the civilization of the world! It made perdurable our federal union, which is the very palladium of our nationality. It enforced the high and holy doctrine of our great Declaration that all men are created free and equal in their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It extinguished secession and abolished slavery. It destroyed the causes of disunion and discord which had fretted this republic since the days of its birth. It gave to our government the fullest security at home and universal consideration and honor abroad. It glorified our flag and purified and exalted the Republic and made it a leader in the civilization of the world.

No wonder that by the Civil War our nation was purified, for in that day it gave freedom and individual opportunity and new life to a race of men. No wonder it was exalted, for it established an indestructible Union of indestructible states. No wonder our flag was glorified then; no wonder its stripes were reddened; the blood of over half a million of our countrymen was spilled about it that as one flag it might wave in peace over one country. No wonder its white stripes were whitened; for the great commander-in-chief, with one stroke of his pen, gave to over three millions of a race the God-given, priceless boon of liberty. No wonder, too, its stars are brilliant, for every state in that victorious Union they represent is a sphere, trust God, of the light and truth of law and freedom.

The character of the soldier enabled men to rise from the level of sectional pride and limited views to a plane from which the people in this country, as individuals, might approach their own greater possibilities, and, as a people, the pathway of a higher nationality.<sup>13</sup> And

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<sup>13</sup> Cf. Senate Document, No. 371, Washington, 1914, "Higher Nationality," Annual Address before the American Bar Association at Montreal, Canada, September 1, 1913, by Right Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

in all that progress the consecration of the soldier serves men well. One of the greatest elements a citizen can possess is the consecration that belongs to a soldier. It enables a mere man without advantage and influence to rise from obscurity to distinction. It gives men victory over temptation and the reformer courage to do right. It gives to the man who tills the soil something of his moral stamina and the dignity of labor. It gives to the genius and the draughtsman the perseverance for a masterpiece. As a noble soldier—not of battle indeed—such a citizen stands, not in the trench at the cannon, but in the furrow at the plow, not engrossed in the cunning of war but laying his hand to the arts and science of peaceful industry. In him the insignia of the warrior become the ornaments of peace as well as the trophies of war.

Let us to-day take inspiration then from the honored knights of battle. As soldiers they had faith in freedom and the right and in the vision of an exalted nation, for which they fought; and that faith and that vision gave them consecration for the battle. To-day let us invoke consecration like theirs in the works of private and public life, in our tasks in the field and the forum. Let us emulate their consecration, not indeed to inculcate unseemly strife and passion, but to promote integrity and force in American manhood and womanhood that our nation with pride may still advance onward heralding peace to the nations and enlightening the world with law and freedom.



## FELICITATIONS OF A FIVE-YEAR-OLD

A Toast Given June 23, 1914, on Behalf of the Class of 1909,  
at the Annual Alumni Banquet at the Indiana State  
University, Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb of  
Indianapolis, Presiding

Madam Toastmaster, Alumni of Indiana University, Classmates and Friends—It is with a relish—I say it is with a relish of pride and over cups of joy I have up to this moment of this happy occasion feasted on the “well done” toasts at these tables here to-day from some of the older “boys” and “girls” of our university.<sup>14</sup> Now, on behalf of a gallant class, I proffer you all as a toast, some felicitations, felicitations they are, too, I am confident, of us children of five summers here to-day, each one trust him or her—and the faculty—a true child, a true younger child of our university.

A true child of a university in these days I tell you is one of the greatest marvels in all the world. But such a child is not exactly like the ordinary dear infant so subtly and poetically described by the master poet. It they all say is also one of the greatest marvels in the world and able sometimes even to rule a home and make both ends meet. Well, I guess even many a five-year-old alumnus certainly can do those great things, too. But a true child of a university is a child that can stand and walk and talk with life and grace and power in the world from the very natal hour he graduates and calls his college “alma mater.”

And that is true of him because on some fine day an inspiration came to him, it may be it was in the sacred country where wild flowers grew and good companions played or amid the dazzling lights of a city made by man; and him alone it lifted up from among a hundred others. He left behind indifference, and over the curse of ignorance rose on the wings of knowledge to the university. There

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<sup>14</sup> See toast list in Preface, ante, pp. 8 and 9.

at a real price of mental work he gained entrance to the great fraternity and fellowship of scholarship; and then he rose onward—amid perils and privileges I dare say—it may be to the very heights of the university. From that high place in one direction he could behold the course of history stretching backward to antiquity. In another immediately present before and below him men were toiling in a valley of harvest fields; but it was beyond that that he beheld a more splendid vision. It was a vision of the future.

That vision was a vision of life in a good land. He beheld on that high plane men and women and boys and girls in peace and brotherhood striving to excel in virtue and industry and great achievements. He, with the choice companionship of his college mates about him, sought that vision and made it all his own, for he had been told by his God that without a vision the people perish. Then in high hopes he set out quickly toward that fine place, with its most wonderful companionship, too, and its great achievements.

Carrying a parchment roll, presently he finds himself in the valley of a thousand harvest fields which he must cross on the way. There a crew of men are toiling and threshing the golden wheat for the bread of life and a farmer gives him the harvest salute—not the chautauqua salute—and hails him with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"I am J. Clarence Dukane, graduate of the university," said he with the parchment; "I am starting on the way to the highlands, but I am hungry."

"Then carry these sacks of golden wheat to my bin and I'll feed you," said the farmer.

A half dozen girls were there on a grassy place in the shade of the trees under a very conspicuous dinner bell. Among them Dukane thought he recognized one of the college girls of his freshman days and it made him think again of the old winding board walk on the campus at his university. Then he murmured to himself:

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your way,  
Make me a freshman now just for to-day!"

Meanwhile he watched the golden grain pour from the

machine and stream into the open sacks. Then he gripped together the mouth of one and threw the sack to his shoulder. He trudged along at a merry gait, when lo, suddenly in the confusion his grip slipped and the golden grain splashed out of the sack and down into the vile weeds.

"Have you been in the university four years and not learned how to hold the mouth of a sack shut?" exclaimed the farmer, smilingly.

"Fire me if it happens again!" said J. Clarence, as he threw down his parchment.

It never happened again; and in the short while that he then worked there in the great harvest field of the valley, he dignified both himself and his host and had learned a lesson and kept it. Then he came to a river in that valley and he it was who discovered it—verily the veritable much debated and elusive "river of doubt"—and he crossed safely over that river, the "river of doubt," perhaps divers times.

He has moved onward, therefore, as he always shall, has this Dukane through five years in his happy, joyous course, a true child of the university, and has exemplified, I propose, the felicitations of these graduates of five years here and for that matter of every true child of the university. For such an alumnus has delighted in keeping in his heart that lesson of the valley; and he has delighted in keeping in his heart also, the vision of the highlands, the vision of the future, the vision of his university!