

the world, prepared to enter the arena of life. These are the ones who will take up the work left unfinished by those who have gone before, perfecting its completion. These are the ones who are ordained to fill those stations in life, irrespective of the vast throng who thirst for the opportunity of serving their fellow man. For their ability the world respects them; for their intelligence the world will trust them. And we consequently, upon this occasion rejoice; for out from our University comes the class of '77, of which we are proud, and of which our University can boast.

From many of the young people, who are thus commencing upon the new life, we are doomed to disappointment; the hopes of the anxious ones are not to be realized. Barely escaping from the colleges, with less space between them and failure, than had Tam O'Shanter between life and death, upon the night of his perilous ride. From these the world expects but little, and receives less. But from this, the pioneer class of our institution, the prospects are fair, that our hopes and anticipations are to be realized.

Commencing at the bottom, they have now reached the destination of college life; the termination of college work. Within the glowing realm of fancy, there is a space allotted to the contemplation of an idealistic period in the future, that this will be attained by the class of '77, we can only conjecture. All is wrapped in uncertainty, except the conviction that it will come. That they will be strong and show themselves men, we have great faith. And in the future, not far distant, when they may come to claim their *Alma Mater*, we trust it may be an honor for our University to point to them as samples of her work; as the result of her labors; as the pride of her accomplishments. If the development of the heretofore latent powers, shall have borne them on past their present ideal of success, there will yet remain time enough to record their

achievements.

Gaudet tentamine virtus.

COMMENCEMENT.

The bustle, telling the death of the old year, has died away, numbering the sixth year of our University with the past. The usual proceedings have taken place, students have gone, and in their place where was wont to be mirth and happiness, silence reigns supreme, with nothing to disturb it except the occasional click in the sanctum, as the typo lingers behind to tell what we have done.

Upon Sunday eve, June 24th, the Chancellor delivered his

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

taking for his text, the words "Be strong, and show thyself a man." Much good advice was given to the young men, who were about to go forth to mingle with the world and which, if followed, will alleviate the trials that all mankind are doomed to bear. Upon Wednesday morning, the students and many citizens assembled on the University campus and, headed by the Lincoln band, marched to the Opera House to witness the closing ceremonies of the school year. The Lincoln string band and the popular choir, consisting of Misses Sessions and Gerrans, Messrs. Alford and Jones, discoursed the music. And, in compliment to the choir, we would say that the music added much to the enjoyment of the occasion, and convinced the large audience present that Lincoln possesses some of the best musical talent in the west.

MR. CHARLES S. BRAINARD.

the second graduate in the department of Agriculture, has been a hard and faithful student. With the ambition of being farmer, he entered upon his school duties with that object in view. Believing, that to accomplish any thing well, one must know how. And knowing that to till the soil required mental, as well as physical labor, he has prepared himself for the former, believing that he had been