

Students of the "Sacramento Institute:" This annual commencement of the Institute of which you are the first children, will ever be a marked event in the life of each. You have closed your first academic year under auspices so favorable that each recurrent anniversary will bring to you naught but happy memories. The joyous successes of this evening, the fond hopes that here have borne fruition, will in after years constitute bright spots in the retrospect of the past.

Your lines are indeed cast in pleasant places. Beneath sunny skies, which compare more than favorably with those of famed Italy; in a land, the broad, fertile and beautiful valleys of which invite the farmer and the herdsman; upon a soil which needs but the touch and the response is bread; on every hand are lofty mountains, the grand scenery of which commands the wonder and admiration of the tourist and the stranger; every ravine and gulch and ancient river bed holds within its bosom the golden wealth greater in reality than that of the fabled Atlantis; the gentle breeze which each evening—envious of your opportunities—leaves its home upon the broad Pacific, and comes to caress the fair cheeks and toy with the bright curls of Sacramento's beauties—even it by way of compensation—to repay the stolen sweets, brings upon zephyr wings the precious offerings of life giving health.

Of the generation which has preceded you—some in

France, some in Germany, some in "ould" Ireland—waged unequal contest with man's oppressors and with nature for a scanty subsistence. If in this contest, and under its dread anxieties, the mind lost its balance, Bedlam, or worse, was the unfortunate's lot. If sickness came it gave the husband, the wife and the child to famine. How changed for you is the situation. Man's oppressor is no more. Erect, and in the image of his Maker, man now asserts and maintains his right to think, act and work for himself. Employment to honest industry, or food for hunger, is never denied. Our asylums for the insane, homes for orphans, institutes for the deaf, dumb and blind, hospitals, benevolent associations and societies, universities and schools, magnificently endowed and supported, guard against most ills to which the past was a prey. A great poet of our own country has said:

"Life greatens in these later years,
The centuries' aloe blooms to-day."

That the sentiment which Whittier has clothed in poetic fancy is not exaggerated the world's progress bears most emphatic witness. The railroad train which to-day you look upon without wonder—accept as of every day life—to your fathers was almost a stranger. To them the canal boat, with its six miles an hour, and

the stage coach, with its nine, represented the ultimate speed within the compass of man's power. The proposal to cross this mighty continent, from ocean to ocean, in three days—to you an accomplished fact—to them would have seemed as wild and as visionary as Jules Verne's twenty thousand leagues under the sea or his trip to the moon. To their boyhood the telegraph, now a necessity, was unknown. Morse was yet to draw the lightning from the lurid cloud, and make it the messenger of thought. To your fathers a voyage across the Atlantic represented from thirty to forty days of tempest-tossed agony; to you it is a nine days' pleasure trip upon a floating palace, at any time during which the touch of a bell, potent as Aladdin's lamp, brings to your hand all the comforts and luxuries of life. Your mothers toiled at the spinning wheel and the hand loom, the products of which were the garments that constituted their Sunday's finery and Monday's wear. To-day one woman attends a thousand spindles, and the once costly fabrics then beyond the reach of any save grandees and princes are now brought to all. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" has lost half its pathos. The sewing machine has ameliorated the condition of the c'asses of which the poet sung. The cold attic, the consumptive form, fruits of penury and want, at its hum have given away to green fields and ruddy faces, blessed offerings of this invention to suffering humanity.

War, the kin sister of famine and of pestilence, it is to be hoped and believed, is approaching its end. The Geneva Arbitration marks a new departure in the settlement of international disputes, and is an assurance that differences of opinion and conflicting claims between nations will soon be treated as are kindred affairs between men, by appeals to reason instead of the sword. Already a distinguished American jurist has given to the world the plan of an international code having this great end in view, and I hazard but little in the assertion that there are those now in the hearing of my voice who will live to see it adopted by the nations of Christendom; live to see substituted for war and its attendant horrors, the doctrines of peace and of love, of mercy and of gracious charity, as taught by the Nazarene upon the shores of Galilee.

Your teachers are men trained for the life they lead. They are of the Christian Brotherhood, a society found 200 years ago and devoted to teaching. The Brothers bring to their self-imposed tasks not only the training each individual has received, but transmitted from brother to brother, they utilize the accumulated wisdom of two centuries. They have 1,227 schools, 7,000 brothers or teachers and 396,000 pupils. Their schools are to be found in almost every land. They bear the boon of education to all peoples. It is the boast of a great Power that "her morning drum beats circles the world." These patient self-

sacrificing teachers—in the interest of peace and of humility—may more justly boast that “the sun never sets upon the field of their labor.” Bringing as your teachers do so many advantages, you are especially favored by being their pupils. In your welfare, progress and advancement their life is bound up—they have no earthly hopes or aspirations beyond this—all else in the world they have surrendered. Their battles are yours and the peans that proclaim victory to you is the only music that can ever charm their devoted hearts.

You may not now appreciate all their requirements—it would be passing strange if at your age you should—but that all are for your good admits of no doubt.

The education which you are now receiving is not the end. It is but means to an end. It is to perfect your character—to exalt your nature, to the end that you may become good men and useful citizens, profitable alike to yourselves and to society. That this end may be reached, demands, in addition to all your parents and teachers can give, your most earnest and heartfelt endeavors. Soon you are to take the place of the present actors upon life's grand stage; to fill the positions of honor and of trust in and to guide the destinies of this free Government. Your position will be the most exalted on earth. It well becomes you, as best within your power, to fit yourself for its duties and obligations. Be proud of father and of mother, of teacher and of school, and of the city—of your home. Be good and true men in every walk of life, bearing in mind that there is nothing in the wide world of such value as to be weighed for one moment against truth and honor. For the sake of those who this night love you so well; for your own sakes—

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber, in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave, at night
Scourged to his dungeon,
But sustained and soothed,
By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.—The Governor yesterday appointed Beverly Jones as a Commissioner of Deeds for California to reside at the city of Toronto, Province of Ontario, Canada; also George T. Gorman, as a Commissioner of Deeds, to reside at Pioche, Nevada.