quaid we exclaim,  
Oh me! Those joyous days are gone;  
I little dream'd till they were flown,  
How fleeting were the hours!  
For lest he break the pleasing full  
Time bears for youth a muffled bell  
And hides hid face in flowers. 

When a young man enters College he stands at the  
first great cross road in the journey of life.  
When his left stand Pleasure and Vice  
with their "golden songs" and all the enticing  
allurements to which human nature is  
able to succumb, and how many alas!  
follow them and find but to late, that  
they are only deceptive "ignis-fatuus" which  
destroy their improvident pursuers only thro'.  
The boggy mires of corruption and degradation.  
"Oh! that you the ideal gay dawning years  
could see the world as it in age appears;  
How many virtues would experience teach,  
How many vices place beyond his reach.  
Parricide, the ocean billows would subside  
And every dark temptation be defied.  

You have all been here sufficiently long  
To indicate, to some extent, by your actions