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THE GRADUATES

Time is never-ending, but marches on and on, bringing with it many changes—some good and some bad. The old give way to the young—each generation in its time. It seems that the greatest work of the world is the education of youth, the task of preparing the young people that they may be fit when the time comes that they shall be compelled to take the burdens from shoulders that are weary, old, and worn-out. Call this law of human entail what you may, it is destiny—it is fate; an immutable decree from a power beyond and greater than man.

People of mature years are ever solicitous for the welfare of young people whom they have seen grow up in their midst, whom they have helped to raise and tried to educate. Older heads know the snares and pitfalls that lie along the path of youth, and fear for the fledgeling is in many ways manifested where that fledgeling bids fair to prove worthy. This feeling on the part of older people is natural and the world, both old and young people, are the gainer for it.

But youth is full of life and hope; for years protection has enfolded it and nothing has hurt it; the harder things of life have been warded off by elder people, and never having been harmed it knows no fear. Would that youth could be ever youthful, bold, free, and fearless—but such is not the way of the world. The world is a material one and youth must stand the acid test. Some cannot stand the test and falter, stumble, and finally fall. Some who stumble and fall set their teeth together the harder for the fall, stiffen their backs, and rise again, usually to have so learned the lesson that ever afterward they are careful where they tread. Thenceforth they seek only the well-lighted way and shun shady places with dark paths. Few in the confidence