

Last I tax your patience I will leave you to complete the list. People like to talk of good fortune but it will generally be found to be the gritty seizing and sticking to an opportunity by the supposed lucky man. The man who neglects an opportunity or does not pursue it undauntedly is termed unlucky but without cause, but the trouble is he did not have the grit. Grit frequently overcomes the most continued ill luck and wins good fortune out of the most unpromising circumstances. Ill luck in nine cases out of ten may be set down to lack of foresight, lack of energy and shrewd, grit.

Owing to lack of space we are forced to leave Martin Wollan's oration over until next week.

Sunday Evening.

Sunday evening, June 30th, will ever be remembered by all who had the privilege of being present at the chapel when the Baccalaureate sermon for the class of '03 was so eloquently and so admirably delivered by the Rev. Dr. Kastner, of Salem.

As one entered the chapel the dainty decorations of pink and white charmed the eye, while the perfume of the roses, pink and white only, and of the other beautiful flowers, all pink and white, so as to preserve the color scheme, delighted us with their fragrance. The pulpit, platform, and windows at the rear of the platform were properly decorated with flowers and hanging—pink and white. The whole chapel, from the ceiling down, glowed with the faint, rosy tinge. The electric lights were shaded with the same color, and as color is admitted by those who know to have an effect upon individuals all present seemed to be looking at the world through rose-colored glasses as the happy, cord-natured faces of pupils, employes and superintendent surly testified. Dr. Kastner chose as his text—Mark 3, verse 14.

It was one of the finest baccalaureate sermons we have ever heard delivered.

When Dr. Kastner, near the close of his address, turned to the graduating class who rose to their feet to receive his kind words of advice and blessing, everyone was thrilled with the wish and hope that those dear young people would meet the battle of life with the spirit and courage that the speaker so earnestly and solemnly showed them how to acquire and use.

There were many visitors in attendance and all say they felt more than repaid for attending the opening exercises of Chemawa's Commencement week. Dr. Kastner spoke especially of the beautiful singing by the choir.

The anthem, "Rejoice and Sing," to God, was sung with a spirit and feeling far superior to any thing hitherto attempted. The singing by the school was unusually fine. In fact Chemawa has made another stride ahead and it will be a joy to accomplish anything better for next year—but we'll do it. Dr. Kastner spoke of the great improvement since last year and seemed to be much surprised at rapid advancement in such a short time. His words of praise give us courage to go forward and do still better.

At the close of the services Superintendent Patter made a few remarks which were, as usual, timely and well received.

After the benediction we dispersed and congratulated one another upon having spent such a pleasant, profitable and successful evening.

Tuesday Forenoon.

Commencement Day is over. As the Salem Statesman says, "The exercises were the best ever held at the institution upon a similar occasion." At 8 a. m. the guests began to arrive and the work was a continuous round of surprise and enjoyment to them. Visitors to the building discovered Indian boys doing work in the various departments of tailoring, harness-making, blacksmithing, carpentry, plumbing, engineering, shoe-making, wagon-making, painting, etc., which are unequalled in the State. The preparation