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Valedictory
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At last dear classmates we have reached this point toward which we have striven and struggled. Here before us lies the door of life, and tonight the before seemingly immutable barrier is ready to swing open to admit us into the mysteries of the life to come yet. But, though we have longed to step across the threshold, yet now we have gained it, the tiny persistent spirit of sweet companionship catches and holds us back. Ah how sad the messages he whispers. Is it this feeling we have so long anticipated undergoing?

But, before taking our final step tonight let us give one last loving glance down the long corridor of knowledge we have traversed, and with sweet companionship for our guide, glide once more o'er spots dear to all our hearts. How we will remember starting up this seemingly endless pass, and oh how long and dark it appeared stretching out before us. See the many doors that have led us forward in it, though each and every one looms threateningly up before us, yet through all we pass; slowly, but surely and triumphantly we speed onward. These barriers that formerly yielded so reluctantly to our touch, tonight swing open to the slightest breath of old-time recollections. How many, many stories and pitfalls have stayed us in our course, but over all, led by our dear teachers we have crossed and joyfully and eagerly we have plodded on. See here on the walls as we again hastily traverse the hall of the past illumined by the light from our lamp of memory, here hang pictures of our joys and pains, here we have stumbled and there we have triumphed but always we are pictured together. We have shared our joys, and we have shared our sorrows. Trim well your lamps of memory O Comrades, 'tis the last time we will [ule?] them together.

But as we glide sadly by, what great iron door stands here ready to swing forward with but a touch of the finger. Surely it is not, can not be the barrier that has seemed so impassable, so far away but a short while ago, but so it is. Who shall put forth the hand to open the magic gate as we stand on the threshold of our future life? But see a crack begins to appear, the bright, awing indefinable light of mystery rushes through the crevice to overcome us with its power. Yes, yes, open wide the door, we are yet young, life with all its fascinating mystery lies before us. Open it stands, in front of us stretches the broad, broad field of life. Join hands once more dear classmates before we cross and separate perhaps forever, one parting caress to our tiny guide of sweet companionship and we have crossed.

Hold high your lamps of memory as we go, 'tis the last time we will use them together. Perhaps after years from a hidden chamber we will bring them forth again, but not together. Each may be far from the other; some light may shine upon joys, and some on sorrows to come, but cherish it fondly dear comrades, 'tis the only relic of our schooldays together, and no matter when or where you may chance to be, take sometimes the lamp from its corner and shedding its rays o'er happiness or woe may your rubbing ever bring forth stores of health and joy like Aladdin's lamp of old. So ever be our light of schoolday memory.