

"I slept and dreamt that life was a game,  
and found 'twas all a dice."

"I was past the time when twilight  
leaves her curtain down, and pins it with a  
star." It was deep mid'night. The forests  
resigned their mantle of gorgeous colour,  
the field's show of their harvest treasures  
lay like golden bachelors, in the soft and  
mellow moon of night. The rock and  
mountain, the tree and shrub com-  
mingled in one hazy softness. The thousand  
stars of Heaven looked down upon the  
earth and kept bright watch; and like  
a ring of silver the crescent moon hung  
in the western sky. While in sweet repose  
I slept and in dream land floated  
a phantom. No dreams but visions  
strange. I took it for a fairy vision  
which seemed to attract and repel

respectively. No artist with his out-  
spread canvases can picture such a scene.  
No think I see it now. When first  
appeared it came as the morning when  
all nature is endowed with every thing  
that is pleasing. The blue arch of Hea-  
ven held by the Omnipotent shone  
with pleasurable brightness. No dark clouds were  
seen encircling the zone of Creation  
but every thing was <sup>perfect</sup> ~~perfect~~ and secured  
as He had said "Peace be still."

We look again and there in the dis-  
tance we discern life gleaming and  
flashing in the light of early hopes,  
and as the light of the sun shone down  
on its silver lining, it sparkled like  
Kohinoor in the diadem of an oriental  
monarch, rendering it a scene of in-  
describable loveliness.



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beautiful as those days of primitive  
innocence ere sin was known or des-  
olation and decay had fallen upon the  
bosoms of an earthly Eden.

It advances a little nearer, now we  
are in Paradise for 'tis a vision the  
angels in Heaven rejoice over.

We gaze with admiration upon it  
and as we clasp it fondly in our em-  
brace and sing, We would live always  
we arouse from our slumbers to  
dreamy no more, for the season of  
perfect bliss is here, and the thought  
that strikes us, is, from whence came  
this vision of beauty? But we hear  
in response an echo. It comes in  
mystery and in mystery doth it end.  
It is more than a conception for  
"Life is real... Life is earnest"

and it is not an empty dream.  
 For like our childhood it vanished,  
 and we now enter a new era.  
 For we have only glanced amidst  
 the tranquillities of nature, through  
 the glowing lilies of some clear lake  
 in whose crystal depths the sky  
 with all its stars is mirrored.  
 Now we have entered life's welcome pil-  
 grimage. A path of duty, and with  
 glad welcome as we pass through  
 the dewless nights, we hail the shad-  
 owed pinioned night bending over  
 her spangled wings.

Do we not  
 find tragedy and comedy  
 beauty and duty represented  
 every where in the drama of pass-  
 ing events?



Do we not see purity and innocence walking side by side with vice and wickedness, and is it not for our interest, since they are both our teachers for better or worse?

She put flaunting recklessly the robes of her unbecomings that we may discern more plainly the evidence of her disgrace. She other extends to us the robes of purity and honor thus to win us, by the very contrast, to her favor.

Life is a stage and all are actors. Learn to act well some part in the great drama of life, no matter in what sphere you are placed. "Whatever thou hast undertaken to do, do it with all thy might," is a command

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given by him who has appointed us  
a place in his vineyard.

Live so that, in passing from  
this to another ~~world~~ you will  
leave behind you "Foot-prints on  
the sands of time".

Live for something. "Life is a  
black, every page of which must  
bear something worthy of record, or  
a blot that can never be erased."  
then be mindful what you leave  
upon its pages; for it will in time  
and eternity tell what you have  
lived for, and He who keeps a  
record of our deeds will reward  
us accordingly.

The object of life  
is not life merely. Here then the  
pace we would each be the most



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important personages in the com-  
munity. It is not the future for  
every state has its own conditions.  
It is not the present, for that  
would leave us improvident  
and like the brute have no care  
for the morrow. Nor, is it the  
past, for no man looks behind  
him as he walks forward.

"Life, a  
condition of performances prove  
that the business of immortality  
is begun."

"Life is an ordeal which  
proves our powers of endurance  
and our capacities of achievement  
are to be tested in order that  
our future rank may be de-  
termined."

What does the present life the absolute day in which we enter require at our hands? Ascertain that and do it, and all the rest is well. But, if in those lonely and perilous scenes of your voyage you were left without a landmark or a beacon, how sad and fearful were your lot.

But you are not "Far up the rock of ages, there streams a light From the eternal word, the light that David saw and rejoiced, the light that Paul saw and took courage, the light that has guided ten thousand times ten thousand that have already reached the happy isles of the blest"



Here it stands the pharos of  
this dark and stormy scene.

with a flame that was kindled  
in Heaven and that comes down  
from us reflected from man,  
a glorious image of prophet,  
apostle and martyr.

God has en-  
trusted us with a deep, earnest  
work. How nobly it can be  
done. But what a sad miser-  
able record can be sent above,  
if we choose.

For us, this life work  
is just begun. All three years,  
gone, serve but to teach how  
few of the great and glorious  
but he we have leaved.

Locked up in these immortal

minde of ours is a countless store  
 of wealth, waiting only for the  
 hand of energy to be applied.  
 Hee has given us the key. Let us  
 slacken not, relax not and the  
 end will surely be attained.

Let us remember that not a  
 chord we touch but vibrates through  
 eternity not a sound we utter but  
 reports at the throne of God.

Remember Hee but sende to us.  
 "Hee asks, for his reward ripened  
 sheaves and fruits. Shall we then  
 appear before his throne bearing  
 naught but withered leaves"?

Let us act, act in the living present  
 No more intrepid flights of imagi-  
 nation, no more realm making.  
 It is a time which shall call



forth all that is ~~most~~ <sup>earnest</sup> in our  
 nature, a time when labor will  
 bring its own reward. If our paths  
 lie through suffering, sorrow and  
 care, let us work heroically, remem-  
 bering that many narrow foot-paths  
patiently traveled, lead into broad  
 avenues in our onward march.  
 "When we have reached the end  
 it will cheer our hearts to look  
 back and see we have lived by  
 the way."

And then, when this life  
 work is all accomplished when  
 the record is sealed, and sent above,  
 what is written therein will either  
 send us to happiness or misery,  
 to joy or anguish, life or death.



*L*

*Since* *L*



MATTIS Oration

Essay



Written by M. M.  
Greenfield  
Received your letter  
Chil  
Rayton

Handwritten name, possibly "Harris" or "Harris".

Regina  
Chil

Greenfield  
Council

B. B. Beecher

that is true in the state

Matt Fuzell

Dec 1952

Hi School graduation  
address

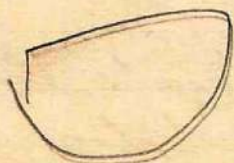


Josie Lida B  
Josie L Lida  
Josie B  
J J

J J Josie Bowen  
Josie Bowen  
J J

Mrs John Devar

Friend



Your letter was received and indeed  
it was appreciated. I was

