

guests before the breakfast here was over. Carriage after carriage was rolled up the winding drive, and groups on the piazzas greeted friends as they arrived. At 10:30 a. m. the gallery and school room were closely seated. Six girls, dressed in white, in front of the platform, were the graduates. The board of managers sat at their right; the principle and teachers at the left. These young ladies were Esther Hanland Sutton, Naomi Smith, Nellie Peppard, Lucy H. Mareford, Elma Wright and Mary E. Burling. Each in turn read their essays on "Eminent Women," "Notions," "The Beautiful," "Poetry," "School Pictures" and "Culture," all denoting thoughtful minds and practical purposes. M. E. Burling delivered the valedictory, impressively addressing the board of managers principal, teachers, classmates and the entire school. Bouquets of flowers strewed the platform, gifts of relatives and friends. Elwood Burdsall, of Purchase, presented the diplomas, accompanied with appropriate remarks. Aaron M. Powel delivered an address. He drew attention to much which is calculated to set the wheel of thought in motion. Then followed congratulations, friendly greetings, and last, but not least, the collation served in the commodious dining-room. Thus ended the exercises of the day. Stages carried people back to the train, carriages rolled one after another away, and as the sun sank behind the western hills and twilight deepened into night but few remained within the walls of the noble edifice. B.

Purchase, 6th mo., 27th, 1889.

To a friend in Tacoma, who apprised him that his name (and that of Mrs. Langtry) had been used in the naming of new streets the poet Whittier wrote, thanking him for the information, and adding: "As to the incongruity of the association, I can stand it if Mrs. Langtry can. She may have as much objection to a Qua'er as I have to an actress."

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

AT SWARTHMORE COLLEGE BY PRESIDENT
EDWARD H. MAGILL, LL. D.

*My dear Young Friends, members of the
Graduating Class:*

How rapidly revolve the passing years. It seems but yesterday that we bade adieu to the Class of '88, and sent them forth equipped, as best we could equip them, to fight the battle of life. To-day you, in your turn, the class of '89, have come to the parting of the ways, and it becomes my pleasant yet sad duty to say to you the parting words, accompanied by such counsel as may prove of value in carving out for yourselves the several careers that lie before you. I speak of life as a battle, and your career in it as something to be carved out and achieved by the labors of your own hands. The one lesson that seems to me to be the lesson for the hour, and one which it is especially the duty of your Alma Mater to impress upon you, is that of *self-reliance*, always with a humble dependence upon the Divine arm, the unerring pointings of the Divine hand. Let me, therefore, simply and clearly state, at the outset, the one theme which I would select as the thread of my discourse to-day. Let it be, then: "*Life is what we make it, and never a thing of chance.*"

Even in your comparatively brief lives thus far this important lesson must have been pretty thoroughly impressed upon you. Let us see how your college life bears upon it. Four years ago you entered upon your course of study here. At that time the regular members of your class numbered 36, more than one-half as many more being called Fresh men, though entering upon irregular courses of study. Of these last not one is found upon your roll to-day; and of the original number of 36, just one-half, for various causes have fallen by the way. Those, then, whom I see before me, and those who, although absent,