

handsome soldier boy—and with trembling fingers she performs the last little loving office—"God bless and keep you my lad," and he is gone, perhaps forever.

"*L'Addio*," murmurs the Italian lover to the maiden he is leaving beneath the fragrant orange tree, and in that parting a revelation is made which leads to a speedy meeting.

"Good bye! safe journey!" is shouted amid fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hats to the friends on board the ocean steamer, and "Good bye, dear," whispered the school-girl to her friend as they stand on the platform, "Now you will be sure and write soon, won't you?" "O yes." "Honest?" "Yes." And amid many promises they part.

#### VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

OUT of the emotions, pleasant though sad, stirring our hearts, we scarcely know how to frame our parting words. Long have we been associated together in sweetest relationship, and with you has been spent the springtime of our lives. There have been days of blustering March weather, days of April tears and sunshine, days of smiling May—in all of which were sown seeds for the harvest. And what will that harvest be? But the days grow longer, the sunbeams warmer, and—

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June."

Yes, it is *June*—in our lives as well as in Nature's circle, and on its beautiful threshold we pause and say "farewell." First to our *Alma Mater*, whose loving hand has been our guide. Around her are entwined our heart's warmest affections—nor time nor change can sever them. To the Directors and the numerous friends of the College, here and elsewhere, would we offer sincerest thanks for the constant kindness received at their hands. In grateful remembrance are their names engraved on our hearts' tablets. To our school friends and companions, how shall we say the parting words? We know they are expecting some of the usual orthodox advice, which we presumptuous seniors are allowed this *once* to give them, but we will disappoint them agreeably and say to them only "good-bye," in the full significance of the term. Now to the Faculty and

our esteemed Principal would we address our last words. Words cannot express to you our regret at parting with those who so faithfully, kindly and patiently have imparted to us the precious truths. We regret, sir, that more of our time may not be spent under your excellent teachings, and although you have been with us but but one short year, our sorrow at parting with you and your much loved lady is sincere and painful. And now, at the dawn of our summer days, we would bid to all the dear friends of our spring time one last fond—

"FAREWELL!"

THE members of the Alumnae Association have long been renowned for the unqualified success of their receptions and *conversazioni*, but it was a universally expressed opinion that the reception of Friday evening, the 13th inst., surpassed all former efforts. The splendid rooms of the College are admirably adapted for promenading, and the balcony formed a cool retreat for those wearied with the heat and crush of the parlors. By nine o'clock, the handsomely decorated rooms were filled with the *elite* of the city, who were received by Mrs. Pratt, the charming President of the Association, and Mrs. Burns, the equally charming wife of our Principal.

In the drawing-room, an excellent programme was carried out, in the course of which Miss Crawford gave two splendid readings, and Miss Ready, of South Oil City, Penn., sang "The Knight's Adieu," in a manner which called forth well-merited applause. This lady possesses a beautiful alto voice of rare depth and richness, and her singing cannot fail to please.

At about half-past ten the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, disclosing within the long table loaded with tempting viands. The floral adornments of the table were beautiful, noticeable among which was a magnificent centre-piece, the generous gift of Mr. Robert Evans, of this city.

The whole entertainment could not but be voted a splendid success, and many thanks are due the Alumnae.

THE latest from the pen of George Eliot is a series of essays under the caption, "Impressions of Theophilus Such."