

Lucy Lazear, "Valedictory Address," handwritten document, 1853, Waynesburg College Female Seminary, Class of 1853; Waynesburg University Paul R. Stewart Museum, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. Lucy (Lazear) Stephenson was the valedictorian of the women graduating from the Waynesburg College Female Seminary. The women attended classes in Hanna Hall, but had their own coursework and received lesser Diplomas than the Degrees that the men received.

A transcript of the original ten handwritten pages was created by Waynesburg University's History 295 class led by Dr. Elesha Coffman, 30 January 2009. Students participating, in order of pages, were: Marisa Hodge, Breanne Tomi, Ricky Keys, Amber Churney, Sara Schieb, Chelsey Clark, David Burch, Seth Farley, Tyler Emmerson, and Laura Garcia. Dr. Coffman submitted the transcript to Candice Buchanan, archivist at Greene Connections, for inclusion on Lucy (Lazear) Stephenson's Waynesburg College alumni profile page.

Source note:

Valedictory Address at Waynesburg College
Sister Lucy (Lazear)
Fall of 1854
Class of 1853

Transcriber's note:

Transcribed by Dr. Elesha Coffman's History 295 class on January 30, 2009, from facsimiles of 10 handwritten pages.

Text:

1st

The picture of human life is greatly diversified — its prominent divisions representing the four periods of life, are as different as the spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter of the year. But the whole picture, regardless of any division or period, presents a surface not only variegated but extremely irregular. The particular incidents of individual history are distributed among each other like the forms and hues of an extended landscape, subject to no fixed or established laws. The times, the order, or the manner of their occurrence no foresight can predict. We know that pain and pleasure, joy and grief, hope and disappointment will surely come; but when or how or under what circumstances, must be determined only by the event. The heart may now be as tranquil as the soft serenity of midsummer, but how often the drifting cloud suddenly breaks in on the calmest sky. — Associations the sweetest may cluster round this pathway, but who can tell what wayward destiny is ready to cast them asunder, or how long they shall

continue. High-wrought expectations may wrap us in the brightest dreams, but how soon may we mourn in the bitterness of disappointment. Such is the mutability, the uncertainty, the vanity of life. Enjoyment is of short duration and even while it lasts, is attended with an uneasy sense of insecurity. But when viewed aright, does not this arrangement of Providence impress us with an important truth? Is it not an evidence that life is only a period of probation, and that we are destined to a better state of things after death? How consoling in this hour of mutual separation, is the hope that points to a blissful land “where every tear is wiped away, and partings come no more.” & where the communion of hearts is unbroken, and the commingling of affections as pure and unceasing as the brook that flows “fast by the oracles of God.”¹

2nd

Citizens of Waynesburg,

An institution like this becomes valuable to your community not only as a fountain of learning and morality, but as an attractive resort for the youth of other places. The circles of your society are thus enlarged by many agreeable accessions. But their residence here is not permanent, but continues only till the object for which it commenced is accomplished. Those young ladies from abroad, who this evening complete the prescribed course of study must, therefore, cease to be dwellers in your town, and the associates and acquaintances of your daily intercourse. Those retreats of hospitality where they have shared your domestic enjoyments; those scenes of mirthful pastime where they have joined your cheerful converse and merry laughs; those solemn sanctuaries where they have met you in holy communion with the God of their fathers, — these must now be abandoned and their footsteps must turn towards the home of their childhood. Blame them not if this anticipation excites them to the liveliest emotion of gladness. It is not the separation which rejoices them, but the prospect of returning to that spot which is consecrated in their affections as the loveliest attraction of Earth. Its sweet recollections and hallowed associations stretching over the long miles of distance, bind their hearts in chains which they are neither able, nor willing to cast loose. True to the instincts of humanity, what a full tide of delight must swell their bosoms when a heartfelt welcome shall greet them to that circle, which, in all past years, has been their ready shelter from the cares, and toils, and anxieties of the world. But still this joy will not be unmingled. Even now as hope paints its glowing in the future, a shade of regret is stealing gloomily across their souls, — regret for all they now leave behind them, perhaps forever. Glancing round on your familiar faces and occurring in imagination to the places of their wonted resort, they would most earnestly assure you, that no dark

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billow of forgetfulness shall roll over the days of their sojourn here. Their life may be filled with vicissitudes, and their years increase till the heavy burden bend them to Earth, but their faithful thoughts will often stray hither, mingling with the pleasures of recollection, the purest sentiments of gratitude for the many kindnesses they have received at your hands. Even the inanimate objects of surrounding nature are daguerretyped indelibly on their memories. Your hills, your streams, and your groves

where they were wont to stroll in their morning and evening walks, have become as time and tried friends, from whom it is sad to part. But to them and to you they must speak the word

“which must be and hath been
A sound that makes us linger &
— farewell!”²

Respected Trustees!

The annual recurrence of an occasion like the present, is to you an event of extraordinary interest, for it marks an important era in the history of the institution committed to your care and control. But is it not likewise of some interest to your minds as an important era in the history of those who then make their final exit from these walls to enter upon the tempestuous voyage of life? True, the relation of trustees and pupils as such, is not an intimate personal relation. Their duties and your duties are separate and may be discharged without even the necessity of a mutual acquaintance. But nevertheless this relation may originate feelings the warmest and purest that ennoble and dignify the heart. Therefore we are not presumptuous in the proud thought, that this momentous period of our career enlists an interest on your part, resembling the solicitude of fathers, and that your prayers and kind wishes will accompany our departing forms, till they rest in the grave. On the other hand, we on our part recognize this dissolving connexion to

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be strong and tender. Recalling those days no longer ours, we cannot forget the guardians and protectors of our alma mater. Retracing those streams of learning where we have so often drank, and those shades of science where we have so often reposed, we cannot forget those who prepared them for our use and enjoyment. Permit us here to express [**sic**] the common gratitude of our sex, for your active and efficient labors in the cause of female education. They are labors of time and genuine philanthropy [**sic**]. Woman's claims to intellectual culture, have, in past ages, been woefully [**sic**] neglected. But this error is now vanishing like the mist of morning — a sure indication that the Sun of Christianity is ascending to a higher place in the heavens. Cease not then your laudable zeal. Open the fields of Literature to the female as to the male, then the world more refined and elevated will acknowledge you as the greatest benefactors of your race. Repeating the assurance of our high esteem and regard, we bid you, honored trustees, a kind farewell.

Instructors of our Youth!

We turn to you with much the same emotions that a child takes leave of a parent. The remembrance of helpless infancy and dependent childhood with all their associated endearments only is wanting to deepen the solemnity of the present moments. Our relationship began later in life, and has continued for a shorter period. But still the parting is attended with many such recollections [**sic**] as overwhelm the youth while casting a last glance at the native threshold. From the first hour of our connexion with you as pupils, we have been the object of your most unceasing anxiety and parental regard, both

in the recitation room and in the social walks of life. Some of us sought this place as strangers mourning the loss of a distant home, but with kind words of consolation, you generously reconciled us to the separation from friends and family. With feelings dearer to our hearts

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than selfishness or vanity, do we recal [sic] your assiduity to qualify us for the great ends of existence. No pains were spared [sic] to remove the perplexities and discouragements of study and to impress the important principles of science and philosophy, clearly and intelligibly [sic] on our minds. Nor were you desirous that our education should be restricted solely to scholastic truths. It was your earnest solicitude to infuse lovely traits in our personal character and develope [sic] in our souls those lofty affections which comprehend the whole range of duty. Many fervent aspirations you lifted to the throne of grace in our behalf. And did they pass on our ears like the murmurings of an idle breeze? No: With blissful confidence, some of us will remember our School-days as the season of a conversion to God. But, mind teachers, we can no longer repose under your tender watchfulness — no longer sit at your feet and listen to the instructions of wisdom. Other scenes and other localities will shortly claim our attention. But we go acknowledging a debt of gratitude from which no lapse of years, no course of events can release us. And is this the only return for toil so patient and unwearied? No: You are richly compensated in the smiles of an approving God, in the sense of duty discharged, and in the consciousness of benefitting your fellow-man. How truly may this be said of our worthy president who for many years has been engaged as the instructor of youth. What feelings of grateful exultation must come over his heart as he looks round and beholds the valuable fruits of his labors in all the different vocations and professions of society. Happy, fortunate man, this is your reward, — not the conquerors wreath won by slaughter and steeped in orphans' tears, but the bloodless mead of philanthropic exertion. Sir! The sun of your life has just passed its meridian; May it long shed its genial blessings and set only at the farthest horizon; Then may it sink upon the ocean of Eternity with all the sweet calmness [line cut off]

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One word more, beloved faculty, and we leave you. Bound to you all by sentiments of lasting regard, you must forgive us if our hearts yearn most fondly towards the conductress of the department when our duties have been exclusively confined. Being immediately under her care, more constantly in her presence, this partiality natural — Greater intimacy necessarily produces deeper affection, especially when it is the occasion for the display of those engaging qualities which adorned her deportment during our whole intercourse. That sisterly devotion which labored so ardently for our good — making our interests her own, that affectionate sympathy which joined in all our sorrows, that sweet gentleness which calmed every ruffled feeling of our breasts, forgave every error, and threw a mantle of charity over our weaknesses, all contributed largely to hallow our school-days — a green isle in the ocean of memory. Dear Miss Bell, as teacher and pupils, the bonds of the past are forever dissolved. Not so the tie that endears

your name to our affections. This is a personal tie, unchangeable by time or distance, & stronger even than death. — But preceptors, counselors, friends, — a last, a sad farewell!

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Beloved Schoolmates,

Time like a resistless tide is hurrying us on over the great sea of life. This progression is forcibly, mournfully realized, when death announces the end of the voyage. But prior to this event, certain **[way]** marks indicate the same fact: for here and there, along the passage, enchanted spots make their appearance, regaling the senses with luxuriant verdure and fragrant airs; anon, they gradually recede in the distance till the eye beholds only a fading speck — then are we convinced of the onward motion of our barks; and while the understanding is enlightened, the heart also is bitterly affected that pleasures thus vanish, no more to be enjoyed. Our School-days may be likened to such beautiful spots; and even this comparison is hardly an adequate illustration. Sad, then, is the melancholy reflection that they are fast leaving the view, shortly to be thought of only as objects of retrospection — the charms that consecrate these days are peculiar. Like all other days, they begin and end with the same rising and setting sun, are completed in the same number of hours and minutes, and are accompanied with the same physical changes of nature. The difference consists in other causes. A thousand delightful associations convert this period into that soft green of the soul — that lovely oasis sending out balmy memories over the wide waste of years, to cheer the whole pilgrimage of life. How sweet now to review our past attachments fired with the ardor of passionate youth, the offspring of pure benevolence—the impulse of artless bosoms “untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign”³ — and **[holding]** the affections still more closely by a sense of common interests, common pursuits, and common sympathies — such recollections now come up to our mind, as mellow strains of distant music “pleasant but mourn- **[page ends abruptly]**

8

+++ Farewell, School-mates, forever. Forever, did I say? Yes, you go to return, we go to return no more. A short vacation rolls by, and you are here again to renew your mutual vows at the altars of former friendships. But no summons will cite us to the joyful meeting. The morning breeze laden with the notes of yonder prayer bell, will melt away long ere it reach our ears. — Nor shall we all be assembled again this side the grave. — A future occasion like the present may bring a few of us together; but some one will be wanting to fill up the number, some heart to complete the joy. A day is coming, however, which shall collect us again far beyond the limits of time in presence of the great Judge. Yes, companions you too are only wayfarers. The unceasing current of Time is bearing your vessels continually onward, and soon the dashing waves will roam along the shores of Eternity. This event awful in itself, is still more awful in relation to our everlasting destinies. — Like Mary, let us choose that better part which shall fit us for the communion of saints, and secure our unending reunion in realms of unfading glory.

Dear Classmates

The period so long wished for with ardent hope and joyous expectations, has come at last; and now we are freed from confinement to books and and [sic] the rigid rules of study. But is the change in reality all it seemed in anticipation, or is it only a fresh proof that blessings once misconceived and undervalued, appear in their true light when possession ceases and nothing remains save a desire for their return? No return, however, will again bring these back to our enjoyment. We stand now at the grave of closing joys, and opportunities with no hope of restoration to relieve the sorrowful gloom. But we can never forget them. This place of their burial will be the Mecca of many a holy pilgrimage

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of thought, many a sad sweet tear of memory. We go forth into the world to appreciate more and more the loss of the golden privileges, the juvenile sports, the tender intimacies of our literary childhood; and while the mere recollection of them is left, that will be a treasured relic which no blast of time nor vicissitude of fortune can destroy. The blaze of prosperity, the splendor of affluence cannot obscure its light; the shadows of adversity will serve but to increase it, and its charm will rather be heightened than impaired by the wasting decline of age +++ The mutual relation of classmates, the various circumstances of familiarity, the assurance of the past, the feelings of the present, forbid the slightest suspicion, that as individuals we can ever be indifferent to each other's welfare. No: It is not in human nature to retain a careless regard or faint remembrance of those who have participated in our toils, shared our troubles, and pleasures, supported us in discouragements, congratulated us in triumphs and joined in our most intimate relations. Only the power that crumbles mortality back to its mother dust, shall extinguish the fire now burning for each other on the altars of affection +++ Doomed to forsake the flowery paths of youth and launch out on scenes untried and uncertain, this occasion is deeply interesting to us in respect to our future life. What fate, what fortune awaits us, is known only to him who holds the destiny of man in the hollow of his hand. Fulness [sic] of years, comparative ease and happiness, or a premature death and crushing misfortune, may be the lot of some or all of us. But remember that every dispensation of Providence, whatever its appearance, becomes either a blessing or curse according to its connexion with duty. In duty alone consists the great object of existence, the only secret of real bliss. Love to God and man, obedience to divine precepts will give a double relish to every earthly enjoyment and crown us victors over every adversity and trial. Remember also that duty is not merely a passive sentiment, but extends to our actions as moral agents; nor is it simply personal, for it regards us as standing in various relations and forming important links in society. The glorious results accruing to our fellow beings from a proper

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discharge of duty cannot be estimated by existing circumstances or human calculations. Let not, therefore, the condition of our sex be any excuse for indolence or any discouragement to the most zealous activity. True, the sphere of women is not where the din and tumult of the world, are the loudest, but in the quiet retirement of domestic walls. Still, usefulness is not exclusively the effect of bold and violent effort, nor does its extent

depend on great power. The dew that wakes all nature to life and beauty, is distilled by a gentle and silent process. The pebble, that descends noiselessly to ocean's depths, communicates motion to the remotest shores. The leaf that rustles unseen in evening zephyrs, shakes every particle of air surrounding the globe. Thus it is with woman's influence. The offices she is called to perform, and for which her nature is peculiarly fitted, though seemingly small and removed from busy throngs of men, may, in their consequences, be stupendous as eternity, and, as means of good, more potent than tongues of statesmen or swords of warriors. Complain not then that no lofty niche in the temple of Fame, no proud memorials of art, shall reward your labor. These like all sublunary things, soon decay and at best, are only trophies of vanity, not sources of happiness. Seek no recompense on Earth but the smiles of Heaven and peace of an approving conscience, casting your hopes towards that crown of rejoicing, which shall gleam forever in the sunlight of Heaven, when

"Victor's wreath and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust."⁴

Loved classmates, my task is done; Permit me to bid you a solemn and an affectionate farewell.

Transcribers, in order of pages, by Marisa Hodge, Breanne Tomi, Ricky Keys, Amber Churney, Sara Schieb, Chelsey Clark, David Burch, Seth Farley, Tyler Emmerson, and Laura Garcia.

¹ John Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

² George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Childe Harold*.

³ Byron, "Childish Reflections."

⁴ From the hymn "Awake My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve."

12
The picture of human life is greatly diversified. Its prominent divisions representing the four periods of life, are as different as the Spring, and Summer, and Autumn, and Winter of the year. But the whole picture, regardless of any division or period, presents a surface not only variegated but extremely irregular. The particular incidents of individual history are distributed among each other like the forms and hues of an extended landscape, subject to no fixed or established laws. The time, the order, or the manner of their occurrence no foresight can predict. We know that pain and pleasure, joy and grief, hope and disappointment will surely come; but when or how or under what circumstances ~~they will come~~, must be determined only by the issue event. The heart may now be as tranquil as the soft serenity of midsummer, but sometimes the drifting cloud suddenly breaks in on the calmest sky. - Associations the sweetest may cluster round this pathway, but who can tell what wayward destiny is ready to cast them aside, or how long they shall continue. High-wrought expectations may wrap us in the brightest dreams, but how soon may we mourn in the bitterness of disappointment. Such is the variability, the uncertainty, the vanity of life. Enjoyment is of short duration and even while it lasts, is attended with an uneasy sense of insecurity. But when viewed aright, does not this arrangement of Providence impress us with an important truth? Is it not an evidence that life is only a period of probation, and that we are destined to a better state of things after death? How consoling in this hour of mutual separation, is the Hope that points to a blissful land "where every tear is wiped away, and partings come no more." & where the communion of hearts is unbroken, and the commingling of affection as pure and unceasing as the ~~brook~~ that flows "fast by the rocks of God."

Jm 6

Legions of Haymeston.

An institution like this becomes valuable to your community, not only as a fountain of learning and morality, but as an attractive resort for the youth of other places. The circles of your society are thus enlarged by many agreeable ^{associations} ~~associations~~. But their residence here is not ^{permanent} ~~permanent~~, but continues only till the object for which it commenced is accomplished. Those young ladies from abroad, who this evening complete the prescribed course of study, must, therefore, cease to be dwellers in your town, and the associates and acquaintances of your daily intercourse. Those retreats of hospitality where they have shared your domestic enjoyments; those scenes of mirthful pastime where they have joined your cheerful converse and merry laugh; those solemn sanctuaries where they have met you in holy communion with the God of their fathers; - these must now be abandoned and their footsteps must turn towards the home of their childhood. Blame them not if this anticipation excites them to the liveliest emotion of gladness. It is not the separation which rejoices them, but the prospect of returning to that spot which is consecrated in their affections as the loveliest attraction of Earth. Its sweet recollections and hallowed associations stretching over the long miles of distance, bind their hearts in chains which they are ^{scarcely} ~~not~~ able, nor willing to cast loose. True, the instincts of humanity, what a full tide of delight must swell their bosoms when a heartfelt welcome shall greet them to that circle, which, in all ^{past} ~~past~~ years, has been their ready shelter from the cares, and toils, and anxieties of the world. But still this joy will not be unmingled. Even now as Hope ^{paints} ~~paints~~ it glowing in the future, a shade of regret is stealing gloomily across their souls, - regret for all they now leave behind them, perhaps forever. Glancing ^{around} ~~around~~ on your familiar faces and recurring in imagination to the places of their wonted resort, they would most earnestly assure you, that no dark

billows of forgetfulness shall roll over the days of their sojourn here. Their life may be filled with vicissitudes, and their years increase, till the heavy burden bend them to earth, yet ^{but} ~~not that~~ ~~their~~ ~~gaze~~ ~~is~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~ages~~ their faithful thoughts will often stray hither, mingling with pleasures of recollection, the purest sentiments of gratitude for the many kindnesses they have received at your hands. Even the inanimate objects of surrounding nature are daguerreotyped indelibly on their memories. Your hills, your streams, and your groves where they were wont to stroll in their ~~evening~~ and evening walks, have become as true and tried friends, from whom it is sad to part. But to them and to you they must speak the word.

"which must be and hath been
A sound that shakes ~~them~~ ^{us} higher + + +

Respected Trustees!

— farewell! ^W

The ^{annual} ~~annual~~ recurrence of an occasion like the present, is to ^{you} an event of extraordinary interest, for it marks an important era in the history of the institution committed to your care and control. But is it not likewise of some interest to your minds as an important era in the history of those ~~those~~ ^{then} who make their final exit from these walls to enter upon the tempestuous voyage of life? True, the relation of trustees and pupils as such, is not an intimate personal relation. Their duties and your duties are separate and may be discharged without even the necessity of a mutual acquaintance. But nevertheless this relation may originate feelings the warmest and purest that ennoble and dignify the heart. Therefore we are not presumptuous in the proud thought, that this momentous period of our career enlists an interest on your part, resembling the solicitude of fathers, and that your prayers and kind wishes will accompany our departing forms, till they rest in the grave. On the other hand, we on our part recognise this dissolving connexion to

be strong and tender. Recalling those days no longer ours,
 we cannot forget the guardians and protectors of our
alma mater. Retracing those streams of learning where
 we have so often drank, and those shades of science where
 we have so often expounded, we cannot forget those who
 prepared them for our use and enjoyment. Permit us
 here to express the common gratitude of our sex, for your active
 and efficient labors in the cause of female education.
 They are labors of time and genuine philanthropy.
 Woman's claims to intellectual culture, having in past ages,
 been woefully neglected. But this error is now vanishing like
 the mist of morning — a sure indication that the ^{sun} ~~sun~~ of
 Christianity is ascending to a higher place in the heavens.
 Cease not then your laudable zeal. Open the fields of Literature
 to the female as to the male, ~~then~~ the world more refined and
 elevated will acknowledge you as the greatest benefactors of your
 race. Repeating the assurance of ~~your~~ ^{our} high esteem and regard,
 we bid you, Honored trustees, a kind farewell.

Instruction of our youth!

~~much the same~~ The turn to you with
 much the same emotions that a child takes leave of a parent.
 The remembrance of helpless infancy and ^{only} dependent childhood
 with all their associated endearments is wanting to deepen the
 solemnity of the present moments. Our relationship began ^a later
 in life, and has continued for a shorter period. But still the
 parting is attended with many such recollections as overwhelm
 the youth while casting a ^{last} glance at the matron threshold.
 From the first hour of our connection with you as pupils,
 we have been the object of your most unceasing anxiety and
 parental regard, both in the recitation room and in the
 social walks of life. Some of us sought this place as strangers
 mourning the loss of a distant home, but with kind words
 of consolation, you generously reconciled us to the separation
 from friends and family. With feelings dearer to our hearts

than selfishness or vanity, do we recall your untiring ^{as we do} assiduity
 to qualify us for the great ends of existence. No pains were spared
 to remove the perplexities and discouragements of study and to
 impress the important principles of science and philosophy,
 clearly and intelligibly ^{your} on our minds. Nor were you desirous
 that our education should be restricted solely to scholastic truths.
 It was your earnest solicitude to impress lovely traits in our
 personal character and develop in our souls those lofty
 affections which comprehend the whole range of duty.—
 Many fervent aspirations you lifted to the throne of grace in our
 behalf. And did they pass our ears like the murmurings of an
 idle breeze? No! With blissful confidence, some of us will
 remember our School-days as the season of a conversion to God.
 But, kind teachers, we can no longer repose under your
 tender watchfulness—no longer sit at your feet and ^{listen} ~~listen~~
 to the instructions of wisdom. Other scenes ^{and} other localities
 will shortly claim our attention. But we go acknowledging
 a debt of gratitude from which no lapse of years, no course
 of events can release us. And is this the only return for
 toil so patient and unrewarded? No: You are richly
 compensated in the smiles of an approving God, in the
 sense of duty discharged, and in the consciousness of benefitting
 your fellow-men. How truly may this be said of our worthy
 president who for many years has been engaged as the
 instructor of youth. What feelings of grateful exultation
 must come over his heart as he looks round and beholds
 the valuable fruits of his labors in all the different vocations
 and professions of society—Happy, fortunate man, this is
 your reward, — not the conqueror's wreath won by slaughter
 and steeped in orphans' tears, but the bloodless reward of
 philanthropic exertion. ^{and} Sing the sun of your life has just
 passed its meridian; May it long shed its genial blessings
 and set only at the farthest horizon; then may it sink
 from the ocean of Eternity with all the sweet calmness

One word more, beloved faculty, and we leave you.
Bound to you all by sentiments of lasting regard, you
must forgive us if our hearts yearn most fondly towards the
conductress of the department where our duties ^{have} ~~have been~~
exclusively confined. Being immediately under her care,
more constantly in her presence, this partiality is natural -
Greater intimacy necessarily engenders deeper affection,
especially when it is the occasion for the display of those engaging
qualities which adorned her ^{department} ~~department~~ during our whole
intercourse. That sisterly devotion which labored so
industriously for our good - making our interests her own,
that affectionate sympathy which joined in all our sorrows -
that sweet gentleness which calmed every cuffed feeling -
of our breasts, forgave ^{every} ~~every~~ error, and threw a mantle
of charity over ~~all~~ our weaknesses, ~~these~~ ^{all} ~~invaluable~~ traits
contributed largely to hallow our school-days ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~perpetual~~ ^{ad-}
^{agreeable} ~~is~~ ^{in the ocean of memory} ~~in the ocean of memory~~. Dear Miss Bell, as teacher
and pupils, the bonds of the past are forever dissolved.
Not so the tie that endears your name to our affections.
This is a personal tie, unchangeable by ~~distance~~ ^{distance} of time
or ^{distance} ~~space~~ stronger even than death. But preceptors,
counselors, friends, - a last, a sad farewell!

Beloved Schoolmates.

Some like a restless tide is hurrying us on over the great sea of life. This progression is forcibly, mournfully realized, when death announces the end of the voyage. But prior to this event, certain waymarks indicate the same fact; for here and there along the passage, enchanted spots make their appearance, regaling the ~~senses~~ ^{senses} with fragrant verdure and fragrant air; anon, they gradually recede in the distance till the eye beholds only a fading speck — then are we convinced of the onward motion of our backs; and while the understanding is enlightened, the heart also is bitterly affected. That pleasures thus vanish, no more to be enjoyed. Our school-days may be likened to such beautiful spots; and even this comparison is hardly an adequate illustration. Sad, then, is the melancholy reflection that they are fast leaving the view, shortly to be thought of only as objects of retrospection — the charms that ~~consecrate~~ ^{consecrate} these days are peculiar. Like all other days, they begin and end with the same rising and setting sun, are completed in the same number of hours and minutes, ^{and are} ~~are~~ accompanied with the same physical changes of nature. The difference consists in other causes. A thousand delightful associations convert this period into that soft grain of the soul — that lovely oasis sending out balmy memories over the wide waste of years, to cheer the whole pilgrimage of life. How sweet now to review our past attachments, fired with the ardent passion of youth, the offspring of pure benevolence — the ignorance of artless bosoms' entanglements by worldly wisdom how to feign — and ~~thinking~~ ^{thinking} the affections still more closely by a sense of common interests, common pursuits, and common sympathies. Such recollections now come up to our minds, as mellon strains of distant music "pleasant but mourning."

8

*** Farewell, School-mates, forever. Forever, did I say?
Yes, you go to return, we go to return - no more.
A short vacation rolls by, and you are here again to
renew your mutual vows at the altars of former
friendships. But no summons will cite us to the
joyful meeting - The morning breeze laden with the
notes of yonder prayer bell, will melt away long ^{ere} it
reaches our ears. - You shall all be assembled again
this side the grave. - A future occasion like the present
may bring a few of us together; but some one will be
wanting to fill up the number, some heart to complete
the joy. A day is coming, however, which shall collect ^{again} us far
beyond the limits of time, in presence of the great Judge.
Yes, companions, you too are only wayfarers. The ever-
moving current of time is bearing your vessels continually onward,
and from the dashing waves will rear along the shores of
Eternity. This event awful in itself, is still more awful
in its relation to our everlasting destiny. - Like Mary, let
us choose that better part which shall fit us for the
communion of saints, and secure ^{our} ~~an~~ unending
reunion in realms of un fading glory.

Dear School-mates

The period so long wished for with
ardent hope and joyous expectation, has come at last; and
now we are freed from confinement to books and the
rigid rules of study. But is this change in reality all it
seemed in anticipation, or is it only a fresh proof that blessings
once misconceived and undervalued, appear in their true
light when possession ceases and nothing remains save a
desire for their return. ~~to return~~ However, will again bring
them back to our enjoyment. We stand now at the grave
of closing joys and opportunities with no hope of restoration to
claim the sorrowful gloom. But we can never forget them. This
place of their burial will be the scene of many a holy pilgrimage

of thought; many a sad sweet tear of memory. We go forth into
the world to appreciate more and more, the loss of this golden
privileges, the juvenile sports, the tender intimacies of our literary
childhood; and while the mere recollection of them is left, that
~~recollection~~ will be treasured relic which no blast of time nor
vicissitude of fortune can destroy. The blaze of prosperity, the
splendor of affluence cannot obscure its light; the shadows of
adversity will serve ^{but} to increase it, and its charm will rather
be heightened than impaired by the mellowing decline of age.
The mutual relation of classmates, the various circumstances of
like familiarity, the assurance of the past, the feelings of the present,
forbid the slightest ^{relaxation} ~~superiority~~, that as individuals we ever be-
indifferent to each other's welfare. No! It is not in human nature
to retain a careless regard or faint remembrance of those who par-
ticipated in our toils, shared our troubles, and pleasures, supported
us in discouragements, congratulated us in triumphs and joined
in our most intimate relations. Only the power that ennobles
mortality back to its mother duty shall extinguish the fire now burning
on each other on the altars of affection - doomed to forsake the
winding paths of youth and launch out on the ocean's untried
ent. and uncertainty, this occasion is deeply interesting to us ⁱⁿ respect
to our future life - What fate, what fortune awaits us, is known only to him
who holds the destiny of man in the hollow of his hand. Distress &
late years, comparative ease and happiness, or a premature death and crushing
this misfortune, may be the lot of some or all of us. But remember, that every
dispensation of Providence, whether its appearance becomes a blessing or a
curse according to its connexion with duty. In ~~this consists~~ ^{duty alone}
consists the great object of existence, the only secret of real bliss. Love to God and man,
and obedience to divine precepts will give a double relish to every earthly
enjoyment and crown us with victory over every adversity and trial.
Remember also that duty is not merely a passive sentiment, but extends
to our actions as moral agents; nor is it simply personal, for it regards our
standing in various relations and forming important links in
the society. The glorious results accruing to our fellow beings from a proper

