

The Department of Music comes in for strong endorsement, and again attention is called to the absolute necessity of a permanent endowment.

Space does not permit the enumeration of many more points in connection with this annual report, which is placed in the hands of the graduates. A very warm tribute is paid to the generosity and fidelity of the late Professor Marsh.

THE RESIGNATION.

The President makes official record of his letter resigning from his position and refers as follows to the efforts, individual and collective, which were made to induce him to stay in office through the Bi-centennial:

"The President gave the most respectful and serious consideration to the wishes of the Corporation, but he found himself unable to accede to them—believing, as he did, that it was desirable for the new President, whose work was to be in the earliest part of the twentieth century, to have one or two years of official life before the time of its beginning,—years in which he might take his outlook upon the wide sphere of effort and progress opening before him, and might form his plans with the best wisdom for the realization of great results."

The President modestly refused to insert the resolutions accepting his report.

REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS OF 1899.

A supplementary report covers the eventful last half year. On the election of the new President, the outgoing President makes the following official record:

"The Corporation, at its meeting on the twenty-fifth of May, made choice of Professor Arthur T. Hadley as the successor in office of the present President, and he will enter upon the discharge of his duties on the day after Commencement.

Professor Hadley will begin his new work at a most auspicious time in the history of the University—a time when all the inspirations of the past and the future seem to unite together for his encouragement, and when the promise of greater things than have yet been realized may well bring to him with itself an ever-continuing energy and a confident hope. May it be his good fortune to find the graduates and the friends of Yale ready always to provide for its largest wants, and thus to aid him and his associates in the work of making the University worthy of the third century of its life."

To the two officers who have resigned the past year the President pays a very warm and grateful tribute. As some of the ideas of his report are incorporated in the minutes of the Corporation printed elsewhere, they will not be fully repeated here.

The President truly says that it will be a difficult task to find anyone to equal the retiring Secretary in his wide and extended, as well as minute knowledge of all pertaining to Yale life and history, or in his accuracy in the presentation of all facts and detail, or in his facile and successful performance of every duty undertaken, or in his whole-souled loyalty to the Institution.

After commenting on the very able work of the Treasurer, the President cites the fact that "the funds and resources of the University have doubled within the eleven years of Mr. Farnam's Treasurership; and his investments have been so judicious and successful that, as has been already stated on an earlier page, the annual income derived from the funds taken together amounts, at present, to somewhat more than five per cent."

In regard to both these men, the President expresses his own sense of personal gratitude for their relations to him and for their co-operation with him in all his work.

Of the two Dwight administrations, the report says:

"The present President, the fifth in the succession, ventures to hope that the friends of Yale, in their review of these last thirteen years, may feel that he has wrought not unworthily of those who preceded him. There could be for him, certainly, no happier fortune than to be assured that his work has, in some true sense and measure, fitly completed—for the hundred years—that which was begun so grandly by his ancestor. It will always be a pleasant thought to him—if he may have this as-

urance—that the beginning and the ending were, by the favor of God, given to the two men, of the same family and bearing the same name, as their allotment of work in and for the College and University."

The report closes thus:
"With words of grateful recognition of the kindness manifested towards him by the members of the Corporation and the other officers of the University, and of the friendship of the graduates to which they have given most generous testimony, the President closes this last Report of the years of his administration. As he leaves his office, his desire and prayer are that the Divine blessing may ever rest upon this home of learning, which was consecrated by the fathers to the Christian faith."

THE BACCALAUREATE.

President Dwight's Last Sermon in Chapel to Seniors.

[Being extracts from the address delivered Sunday, June 26, in Battell Chapel, to members of the graduating classes. Text—Psa. lxxv. 8: "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice."]

I give you my testimony to-day, as you and I are leaving the University together, and ask you to take it with you. The Summer day is the emblem of life, and the most beautiful light of the Summer day, as we all know, is that of the later afternoon.

Let me turn your thought again to the way in which life moves forward. Why is it that you look with strongest desire to the future, and not to the past—to new experiences which you have not tried and of which you must be, at this hour, largely ignorant, rather than to a renewal, or continuance, if it were possible, of the old ones known so well? It is because, as has been already intimated, you are, in a certain measure, a changed personality. As you turn your thought backward, to-day, even to the beginning of your career here in this place, no doubt you are saying to yourself, How different I am from what I was. How much more I have in my manhood than I had when I moved into these happy years. We all feel thus, as life moves on its way.

But when and how did the change come, my friend? You cannot, as you think over the time that is gone, discover any day or any month within which you suddenly became conscious of the newness. There was no date at which you said to yourself, I was a child or a beginner yesterday, but now the great transformation has come and I am a man or manly. No—the old gave way to the new as the dawn passes into the morning, or the earliest hours into those which are beyond them. The movement was so gradual, so natural, so peaceful, that you did not realize it at the time; you became conscious of it only afterwards, and as you saw and felt the results.

And with the constant, yet silent movement, the enjoyments and satisfactions of the earlier season—those which were characteristic of it and belonged wholly to it—passed away as naturally and as peacefully as did the season itself. They did not cause a break in your life when they left it, or leave a vacancy behind them. They simply retired, as the hours do when their work is accomplished, and opened the way for what was farther on and more. Or, as we may more fitly say, they passed as the successive moments pass, the new coming in while the old were withdrawing, and the man waking up to the experience of the new almost without being aware of what was taking place for him and within him.

The progress of life, again, is one in this regard. You were content in your boyhood with the things that pertained to it, but you have outgrown them now. *Outgrown them*—that is the true expression, which answers to the fact. It is a growth—a continual, ever widening and enlarging, *life-like* development;—and you are more than you were. But the passing of the old things is a mere incidental of the growth. They die away, as it were, and lose themselves in the new, and thus the blessing of the life's experience abides through the changes. It becomes greater as the man is more.

Our testimony is like yours. The men in this University brotherhood, or in this company present here to-day, who have moved on beyond the age of twenty to fifty, or perchance to seventy, tell the same story. We not only find ourselves to-day to be more than we were when we had reached our manhood, and were eager in our thoughts of what it was bringing to us. But we have seen the things which filled our desires and satisfied us—which made up life for us—at twenty or twenty-five losing themselves gradually in what was more and greater,—giving place, as no longer needed, to the larger experiences and gifts of good which were fitted to the later time.

There is nothing more wonderful, nothing more delightful, in human experience, as it seems to me, than this. I know not how it is, but as I look backward I find that I have lost nothing. Lost nothing? Yes, I have lost certain old enjoyments, certain old possessions, the memory of which is a sweet vision for me. But, when I am thinking of *life*, I have lost nothing. I have gained almost beyond my old dreams; and all along the line of the years I find that what was coming in was so constantly filling, and more than filling the place of what was going out,—and was accomplishing this result so silently, so easily, so completely,—that, at every stage of the progress, the one thought called for and rising in the mind was that of present blessing.

AT SEVENTY.

The man leaves his working place at seventy with a satisfaction and pleasure akin, or perchance equal, to that with which at thirty he entered upon its duties. How strange it seems, for the two things are opposites to each other. But even, more strange, to the man's own thought, is the ever-moving process of the transformation within himself, and within the years, which has made the result possible. And still more strange is the silence of the movement—the revelation of what has been realized coming to the man only in some marked experience of life, or in his deeper thinking of himself. . . .

THE LATE AFTERNOON.

The hours go by a little farther to the later afternoon; and what then? The man has changed once more and, as the record of life's work is more nearly completed, the satisfaction in it is that it is finished—the manly work is done and—if it be so—well done. There may be, indeed, no more hopes connected with it or no more realization possible within it. But the anxieties and questionings have gone with the realizations and the hopes into the one great result—and the man moves on.

You and I, young gentlemen, are leaving the College life together at this time. We are alike, and well we may be, in our feeling—though we are separated by our years. There are regretful feelings as we part from the old life, for it has had in it delightful experiences of many sorts, and a happy work the fulfillment of which has placed us among the company of educated men. But—if we have done the work well, and if the experiences have wrought the best results for our truest life,—there may fitly be a feeling of joy, not for you only, but for me also, that one period of our living is ended, and worthily and happily ended. The Summer day moves onward in the afternoon, as in the morning. The strength and glory of the later hours are not a lessening of these that pertain to the earlier ones.

We of the older generation, as the vigor of life remains for us, look not only backward, but forward. We have a pleasure—a very rich one—in what is behind us. But we have a joy, as well as yourselves,—more restful and more peaceful than yours and that of men who are twenty years in advance of you, but resting on as true foundations,—as we turn our thoughts forward. We are still to be thoughtful men, still working in the spheres of mental activity, adding to our knowledge, doing kindly service to others, entering more deeply into the joys of friendship and affection, giving our word of loving counsel or encouragement to those who follow on the way a little after us, living, as we trust, lives that are worthy of our man-

hood in the latest stage of its growth. It is no grievous thing to be passing into the later afternoon. It is to rejoice in the fullness of one's powers, in the rewards of past years, in newly opening opportunities of a new character, in the peacefulness of the hour itself. The hopes of youth are not with us, indeed, or the achievements of the mature years, but we have a blessing which, as it follows upon these that have already been enjoyed, is fitted for the time and has a richness peculiar to itself.

THE PROOF OF GOD.

I have thus called your minds to certain things connected with the progress of our life and the changes accompanying it, which seem to me to make the words "the morning and the evening rejoice" most fitting in their application as I have used them. But the Psalmist says "*Thou makest the outgoings to rejoice*"—and I have one more principal thought to offer to you, which I beg you to take into your serious thinking. My thought is this:—How wonderful this growth and change of the years and the life in them in all these aspects, are, as indicating that we are under a Divine Father's care and education. The proof of God—of the loving God whom the Christian teaching makes known to us—is to be found in the *individual man's history and experience*. Whatever other evidences there may be, and however great their force, to my own mind the most impressive one of all, and the one which is all-satisfying in its power if a man will really give it its weight of testimony, is to be found within the man himself. It is no mere development as of a plant, this growth of which we have spoken. It is a wonderfully ordered movement of an intelligent life, which carries in itself every indication of an ordering by a mind of higher intelligence which is itself under the guidance of love. No father in his plan of education for his son gives clearer proof of thoughtful affection, or more striking manifestations of his desire that the progress should be ever upward to greater and richer experiences. The *plan of life in itself* is the plan of a father.

But how is it as we look at the other things, which accompany the development of the plan? You, gentlemen, are yet in your youth, and you have not had many opportunities to study these things in your own history. But you can all, even at your age, see one thing that I have mentioned—the strange and beautiful way in which the satisfying joys of one period of life, rich in fullness for their own time, pass away without a jar, or a break, or the awakening of a sense of loss—silently and imperceptibly almost—into what is adapted to a new period and is satisfying to its larger desires and needs. Surely, there is nothing more like a father's love than this—nothing that shows more fully loving thoughtfulness as for a child's happy growth through all the years.

I urge this evidence upon your personal meditation now and hereafter. You will appreciate its weight and value more and more, just in proportion as your life, in the passing of the years, moves through and beyond the changes and the experiences to which I have referred. The testimony of the lifetime for the thoughtful, serious man of seventy is, and must be, that a father's love has made the outgoings of the morning and the evening for him to rejoice, and thus that the author of the life which has such a beautiful morning and evening is a Divine Father, who intelligently cares for His children.

GREAT CRISES.

But there is a special thing which, if you study your own lives, you will see as you go forward in the years. Possibly, some of you have seen something of it already. It is among the most remarkable and noteworthy things in our experience, which every man can observe for himself. I refer to the wonderful way in which life seems to be ordered for us in great crises or in matters having a special bearing on our welfare. Sometimes this ordering, as I would call it, comes suddenly, and in a surprising way, after a long period of questioning and perplexity on our part. Sometimes, it comes by means of a strange and unlooked-for combination