

# The Colby Echo.

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## The Colby Echo.

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The ECHO Board herewith present to the students and alumni of Colby, a Commencement number. The '92 Commencement at Colby was one full of interest to all. The inaugural of the President-elect, together with the graduation of a large class, made the week one of unusual interest. It is hoped that this ECHO in its enlarged form will report, in some degree, the exercises of the week. The editors regret that so little space could be given to Dr. Small's Baccalaureate Sermon.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

June 26, 1892.

John 18: 38.—"What is Truth."

The question is abstract and general. The answer is concrete and specific. Pilate's manner implied that the only possible answer would be a reiteration of one of the scholastic Jewish theologies, or possibly one of the current philosophies or theosophies, each of which contemporary scepticism had discounted in advance. The best this man can do, thought Pilate, will be to quote the phrases of Pharisee, of Sadducee, of Pythagorean, or Platonist, of Epicurean sensualist, or Stoic intellectualist. Mark the languid, dilettantist, quizzical indifference of this Roman amateur in philosophy as his official hearing thus wanders upon what he might call the worn threshing-floor of profitless pedantries. Had Pilate's calculation proved correct, Jesus would have added only one more to the number of the world's metaphysicians. He would have been like all the rest; a revealer of nothing; a dreamer with his back to the light of life, projecting his own shadow towards the infinite.

You, members of the graduating class, must live in an era of the most microscopic criticism of truth, in which the sum of phenomena which the systems known to Pilate, attempted to comprehend, is multiplied by the addition of that whole new world of religious experience within the range of New Testament history. The task of construing the universe, which was superhuman before, is now incalculably complicated through the involutions introduced by this very

interpretation of the universe which the New Testament revelation is supposed to contain.

Some of you have already discovered that the friends of religion are perplexed and alarmed for the authority of religion, because the Gospel has been treated as a repository of metaphysics, and because there is growing distrust of the systems which men have superimposed upon revelation, which claim to have found a place for everything and to have put everything in its place. Believe me, therefore, when I tell you, on the one hand, that agnosticism of an enlightened sort is not only a rational necessity, but a Christian duty, and, on the other hand, that no authority is in danger, that ought to survive.

The Bible will be an even grander force in the future than it has been in the past. The Gospel will be the power of God to a richer salvation than humanity ever conceived. Jesus will reign more royally than the most clear-visioned prophecy ever predicted.

The cardinal argument of Christianity is: That is truth in man which essentially duplicates the personality of Jesus.

If there is any flaw in this fundamental Christian argument, it must be in the premise, that the reality of Jesus is typical reality; or that the personality of Jesus is a standard personality. In other words, if Christianity is vulnerable, it must be in the falsity of Jesus' personal claim: I am the way, the truth and the life.

The fact is, there is absolutely no controversy in Christendom worth serious attention, about the real Christ. Good men still wage wordy warfare about the conventional and conjectural Christ. There never was such approach to unanimity about the self-evident authority of the concrete Christ.

Men do not see Him with the same eyes, but there is now meaning in their use of Pilate's words: "I find in Him no fault."

Christianity does not resolve these mysteries, because in the nature of the case, the removal of one mystery must disclose another beyond.

In fact, Christianity provokes more questions, and profounder, than it settles. But to the most practical and personal question of them

all, Christianity does furnish a sufficient reply. When we ask—Why are we here? For what end were we born? What vindicating purpose does this confusion cosmic economy serve? Christianity replies with the censummate, the conclusive man. The proclamation of Christianity is:—Whatever be the vast unknown of metaphysical origins and ultimates, this peerless person is one self-sufficient fact. This transcendent person is culmination and interpretation and vindication at once. He is reality, and he is truth. The man who is in moral contrast with him is self-evidently unreal and untrue. The potency of such personality among men estops all further question, why men exist. The moral order which eventuates in such personality is venerable in its own right. This Christian person approves himself to the moral judgment of men as the paragon of moral verities and the criterion of moral values.

## ABSTRACT OF INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

June 26, 1892.

### IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

Theories of education have undergone a significant change. Mechanical have given place to more rational theories. Less stress is now laid upon the acquisition of a limited body of facts and more upon preparation for dealing with the great body of facts which life presents. The external is subordinated to the internal, in order that the soul may be girded for its work. This is pre-eminently the aim of Collegiate education. Technical, professional, and strictly university courses propose somewhat different ends. They stand in special relations to life. The college course stands in a relation of general preparation. It looks to the direction of powers already in exercise. It looks to the awakening of others as yet asleep. The curriculum is arranged with reference to discipline in its large and true sense. Art is brought to bear upon Nature, not as a substitute, but as an aid to the better doing of Nature's work.

There is no need at this time to discuss the relative merit of collegiate studies. Part of

them have stood the test of time. Others are now working out their vindication. Nor is there need to discuss the secret of their disciplinary power. We assume that the best available means and methods are employed. The question for us, is simply this: What ends shall we propose to ourselves in the use of these means and methods? Assuming as we do, that our mission concerns the entire manhood and womanhood of those we are called to instruct, we may expect the answer to this question to suggest our ideals. Along what general lines, then, shall we work? The answer grows up about three words. With these to guide us, we may define somewhat our task.

The first word is:—

#### I. EMANCIPATION.

Every man is conscious of limitation in the exercise of his powers. Part of this limitation is inherent. Finite life is subject to finite conditions. Man is not God. But even in the sphere where man should be independent, most men are painfully aware of limitation. There is a first hand experience of restriction, constraint, subjection. The life is less that of a free soul than that of a soul struggling to be free. That the soul is not free, most men know. That it should be free, all men believe. The problem, then, concerns the enfranchisement of the soul. The problem is threefold and concerns:

##### 1. Rescue from the dominion of sense.

The spirit of man is girt about with flesh. It serves itself by means of the flesh. Part of its limitation is due to this. If flesh is to serve spirit, it imposes conditions to which, if the spirit is to be served, the spirit must submit. Besides this, union of spirit with flesh opens the spirit to manifold influences which find entrance thro' the flesh. Indeed, in common language, the flesh stands for the entire class of influences which are unfavorable to the life of the spirit. And the trouble is, that the flesh has usurped dominion over the spirit. Backed by influences hostile to the best life, it has pushed its advantage to the soul's hurt.

We shall wonder little that there is so great need of rescue when we consider:—

##### (1.) The immediate appeal of the senses.

The world reports to us through experience which men seldom stop to question. That which we can see, hear, touch, taste and smell, we accept without hesitation. This testimony is direct. The response is ready, in conviction of the reality of that concerning which the senses make report.

(2.) Priority of sense experience to spiritual experience.

It may be that the spirit fashions the body in which it is to live its life, but it is long in getting control of that body. The early life has a strong physical tendency. It is probably in accordance with the facts, when we speak of the mind awakening, the spirit discovering itself. That discovery marks the beginning of self-conscious life. And it comes not first, but last.

(3.) The darkening of spiritual life.

This is partly hereditary and partly personal. Part of every man's life is determined by those who went before him. Only too generally that part is determined ill for him. Along with consciousness of that is consciousness in every man that, irrespective of what others have made hard for him, all too often he has betrayed himself. The earthward tendency seems the natural one. Our ancestors and ourselves co-operate to make it easy to follow this tendency.

All this is favorable to the predominance of the non-spiritual. The soul is indifferent or rather, sluggish. What is needed is a strong hand to be laid upon it while a voice says, "Know thyself, control thyself, deny thyself." This will mean for the life of sense, not annihilation, but discipline. Only when to the last it refuses to obey, need it be crucified. The spirit is to be rescued from usurped dominion and given its rightful place as ruler over sense.

2. Release from bondage to Misconception and Fancy.

Many go through life honestly and ignorantly in the wrong. Prejudice is always unfortunate, but it is not necessarily dishonest. It is partly an act, prejudgment, partly a habit of mind induced by such pre-judgements. The difficulty is largely due to:—

(1.) Defective methods of early training.

Early training is very likely to be partial. This is indicated by the fact, that the grace of

childhood passes into the awkwardness of self-consciousness. Much of the first work of the man, is to undo the work of the boy, and seek rather a maturity of the childlike spirit. Our generation is wiser than our father's in this, but still we suffer from defective methods. Form is emphasized at the expense of substance, sound at expense of sense. Facts joined together by creative ordinance are put asunder. Fragments of truth are grasped, while systems are overlooked. The blind lead the blind with the inevitable sequel—the dead bury the dead.

(2.) Wrong theory of life.

Much in defective methods due to this. The end a man proposes for himself determines the methods he will employ. In the long run, life will match its theory. A misconception in theory holds the soul in bondage and binds it back from its true development.

(3.) Untutored Imagination subject rather to Caprice than to Reason.

The soul forms its own ideals. The power of imagination is for weal or woe. Against ill exercise of it we need to guard. If not controlled it will make the mind a chamber of folly. It opens the way to all the tyrannous exactions of a mistaught conscience. It leads the soul through all waste places until it is exhausted with working out futilities. Lives made shallow and worthless by dreams which do not even touch reality, should be a warning to us here.

Defective methods and misconceptions and fancy, perilous as their bondage is, yet mark a higher stage of experience than the dominion of sense. Better misdirected effort than decay. Effort is promise of achievement when once right direction is found. But the bondage here, because more spiritual, is perhaps more dangerous. And from the bondage of misconception, as from the dominion of sense, emancipation is sought.

3. Deliverance from the oppression of false authority.

Spiritual elements cannot safely be subjected to physical rules. Goodness does not respond to the measuring rod. Mental achievement cannot be reduced to figures. There is no common unit. Yet it has always been a passion with men of a certain type, to insist that spiritual attainment

of every kind shall accord with rules more or less mechanical. These rules mainly take three forms:

(1.) Tradition, not as the record of past achievement but as the fixed form of past thought.

There is good tradition and there is bad tradition. Good tradition is an inspiration. Bad tradition is bondage to a dead system. To insist upon the thoughts of a past generation, cast in the same mold as theirs, is to insist upon the world turning back. That the world must not do. Its hope is in progress and progress is possible only in the death of traditionalism. We shall not be forgetful of the past. Our progress was secured thro' earlier struggles. Only the past must not fetter us. To it the soul says, "I must work my work as you wrought yours. The world cannot turn back, and must not."

(2.) Creeds, not as aids but as limitations.

Formal statements of belief are great aids to clear thinking. Creeds inevitably take shape when men wish their minds cleared. But as soon as a creed is formed it becomes a source of peril, because of the demand that the expression of faith of one generation shall be authoritative for all generations. This demand is contrary to the genius of the Christian spirit, which requires candid investigation, enforced application, and the completest expression that can be given. The moment a statement already made forbids such dealing with the Word and works of God, that moment it forbids appeal to the final authority and puts man's thought in place of God's.

(3.) External compulsion of censorship.

The case is not changed when the oppression is that of a person instead of a formula. It makes no difference whether the censor is one or a multitude. There is place for criticism, but when criticism becomes compulsion, human rights are invaded. Only on score of self-defense, can we speak of compulsion at all. This does not mean that no use of means shall be made in behalf of right thinking. It means simply that there shall be no tyranny.

The thought of Emancipation is important. It looks to the deliverance of the soul so far as habits and environment are concerned. It is an appeal for deliverance, not from authority, but

from false authority, not for license, but for *legitimate* limitation. The soul seeks to be free because it ought to be free.

The second word is:—

## II. REDEMPTION.

The sphere of influence suggested by Redemption is different from that suggested by Emancipation. It is a fact which needs frequent expression, that Christianity plants two commencements, provides for two developments. It plants the germ of God's Kingdom and provides for the development of Christian character. It also plants the germ of an independent kingdom in the world, providing for the development of all natural endowments—in their relation to culture and civilization, by liberating and educative influences, working for men, irrespective of their membership in the Kingdom of God. Emancipation is intended to suggest the latter work. It is as Bishop Martensen suggests: "Deliverance from cramping barriers, from powers of nature and powers of the world, from false traditions and false authorities, through which liberty is oppressed, but which are predominantly external to man. It is release to the rights of man; to sovereignty over earth, to the full and unrestricted use of the faculties with which man is equipped,—among others, the faculty of determining himself in relation to that which is unseen and imperceptible by the senses; freedom for what in our days is usually called 'the purely human.'" In Redemption, we consider not the external, but the internal, not the coercion of matter or of outward authority, but the compulsion which the inmost powers of the soul have developed. In the consideration of this thought we notice:

### 1. The Soul's vision of itself.

Acquaintance with self is usually among the latest attainments of life. There is constant danger of overlooking this element of knowledge. But it may not safely be neglected. It will aid us if we bear in mind:

(1.) The hindrances to acquaintance with self.

These are mainly two:—

FIRST—The difficulty of introduction; and,

SECOND—The pain of moral judgment involved.

(2.) The importance of acquaintance with self.

This is worthy of emphasis whatever the view of life. It is important to the materialistic of every shade with its gaze fixed on the present. The interest here is keen because the present is all. It is important to the spiritual view of every shade with its upward look. The interest here is far-reaching because of what is beyond. The present is not to be overlooked in either view. Whether the future is an eternity of weal or woe, or is an eternal sleep, every man is concerned in what he is, and can do *now*.

(3.) The attainment of acquaintance with self a proper educational aim.

The student has a right to expect the training which will develop to the highest degree the powers that make him a man. The only way to such development lies thro' acquaintance with self. The office of the instructor has to do with the whole man. Any system of education which leaves a man ignorant of a great part of himself is defective.

## 2. An inner compulsion discovered.

The thoughtful man when introduced to himself is likely to discover:—

(1.) Discord among his spiritual powers.

(2.) Practical control by the lower.

(3.) Inability to insist upon the right order.

Practical helplessness is recognized. Spiritual power seems likely to exhaust itself in futile efforts. And with all else persists a conviction that we are moral beings, in some way bound to make answer for the anarchy of the soul. Yet how we shall give account we know not; a compulsion which is of the soul's own making holds us in bondage.

## 3. A new impulse gained.

Man has not been left unaided in his struggle for spiritual freedom. God works for him. A new impulse is given to the soul so that it can break its thralldom and claim its right of freedom as the child of God. The impulse is given in Jesus Christ. He shows how the soul can find God. His life is a picture of what man should do and what man should be. To humanity in its upward struggle he says: "This is the way to reach the goal of your effort." He declares the power of human nature to receive

God. By his example and by his impartation of new life, he transforms men. We cannot tell how the process of transformation is carried on. An impulse is given to life which bears fruit in triumph over the opposition of unfavorable surroundings, in liberty of spirit, in mastery over subordinate powers, in righteousness of life.

Through the new impulse comes:—

(1.) Consciousness of right relations with God.

Consciousness of some kind of relation to God, is with most men a matter of daily experience. At least a struggling faith claims recognition, and bids man know how his soul stands with God. This the impulse of the divine life in Christ, the soul awakens to fresh faith. It finds God. And in finding God, it finds itself. The old conflict is gone. The personal will proves its greatness by submission to the universal will. The individual purpose becomes the realization of the divine.

(2.) Freedom from the entanglements of the past.

Every choice fixes so much of life. Every act determines other acts. It is true, alike for good and evil, that man's present is largely what the past has made it. When we reap the fruit of good it is well. The difficulty is, so to be delivered from the past that its entanglement shall not check upward development. In the new impulse gained through Christ the problem is solved. Under that impulse the soul has power to break with its past and enter a new course of life. This is a matter which experience makes certain.

(3.) A worthy motive controlling life.

Life in the new course is not left to itself. Its ideal gives right direction and calls always to a work worthy of the child of God. With every attainment comes better endeavor. We seek this obedience,—to prove our desire to be the sons of God. To aid us we find everywhere the working of that law by which men are transformed into the likeness of the object of their devotion.

Each will interpret this general thought according to his understanding of divine things. But to many it may be hoped, it will not seem apart from the legitimate work of education.

Lower ideal we should not dare follow; higher, we cannot.

The third word is:

### III. POSSESSION.

Emancipation and Redemption are means to this. Three thoughts claim us here:—

#### 1. Development.

The ideal man is a perfect soul in a perfect body. Every departure from that may be considered abnormal. In proportion to such departure must the efficiency of life be lessened. Men are not equal. Native endowments differ. Degrees of development differ. Partly conditions can be changed. Partly they cannot. Native endowment is God's matter. Development is ours. Our chief obligation lies in relation to that. Concerning it we may consider:—

##### (1.) Undeveloped and unshaped powers.

In most lives there are unused gifts. In most lives there are germs of power worth being made productive. In most lives are impulses which need to be shaped into vehicles of lasting good. Gaps and excesses mingle. Eminence is gained in one part at cost of sacrifice in another.

##### (2.) Possibilities suggested by experience.

Much can be done with simple material. A mountain taken to pieces is nothing but atoms. Other than mechanical methods of development must be employed. Spirit is subject to spiritual laws. No outward pressure can shape the soul. Inward inspiration alone can do that. Quickened the soul and the work is done. All the elements of life are to be taken into account. The sensuous, the intellectual, and the volitional are alike the work of God. One element may rank higher than another for purposes of life, but none can be sacrificed without loss. The internal rather than the external is to receive the emphasis. "The great thoughts come from the heart." The new of life is settled then, for vision is of the soul, not of the body.

"What the world teaches profits to the world,  
What the soul teaches profits to the soul,  
Which then first stands erect with Godward face,  
When she lets fall her pack of withered facts,  
The gleanings of the outward eye and ear,  
And looks and listens with her finer sense;  
Nor Truth nor knowledge cometh from without."

LOWELL. Parting of the Ways.

##### (3.) The model.

Nothing helps understanding more than an

example. We have one here. Whatever the world thinks of the higher claims of Jesus, it willingly accepts the type of life seen in him. The closest scrutiny through centuries has resulted in uniform confession that whatever else he may or may not have been, he was the perfect man. There was in him a perfect balance of powers. We are not conscious of defect in him as we read the memorials of his life. Great as were his deeds, we feel that he was greater than anything he did. And his greatness was held to duty in a most manly way. Justice, temperance, truth, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain, regard for public good, exertion in preference to sloth,—name the virtue and it will be found in him. And this type was possible only because there was in him no conflict between spiritual and physical. All elements were in right order and in right development. Our aim may well be to imitate him for in looking the world over nothing will be found to match the development which gave to his character beauty and strength.

With good reason a man may say, "This work is great." It is great. With good reason a man may say, "This work is hard." It is hard. The proverb is true of all development: God sells knowledge for sweat." We attain through conflict. The earnest man will welcome the strong words the poet seer speaks:—

"No, when the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,  
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—  
He's left himself, 't the middle; the Soul wakes and grows."

Browning, Bp. Blongram's Apology.

For his soul's sake the best development he can attain is the least man owes himself.

#### 2. Control.

Control must accompany development. In this we look for:

##### (1.) A unifying purpose.

Right order is important. This can be secured only by a right purpose unifying powers. Dr. Wayland's words are suggestive, "I am built rail-road fashion, I can go forward if necessary, and if necessary I can take the back track, but I cannot go sideways." Such a course brings the different powers into line and that means a right order for them. This is important. If powers are not in right order they work at a disadvantage.

Even when we put the cart before the horse it is the horse that does the work. What purpose shall control him each must decide for himself. When he has chosen let him press on to the goal. The prize is there. If it is worth reaching he need count no cost great at which he presses on. The greatest purpose is to shape life according to the will that rules the world. This means the opening of the ears to the Spirit's message, the attuning of the soul to divine harmonies. Then the conscious and unconscious powers of the world become subject to man and the powers of his own life learn obedience.

### (2.) Responsiveness.

The faculties are to be made to respond quickly. Long training may be necessary to this. A valuable suggestion may be taken from the art men gain from long practice, to shape outlines with an easy touch. Free hand drawing speaks a moral message. It bids the soul so train its instruments that they shall be responsive. Huxley's definition of the object of education is good, "The ability to do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not." Happily such practice makes the rule grow easy. "Do right by rule and presently you will do right by impulse." This brings us to a noble and true conception of liberty. "Liberty is not idleness; it is free use of time; it is to choose our labor and our relaxation; in one word, to be free is not to do nothing, but to be the sole arbiter of what we do and what we leave undone. In this sense how great a good is liberty." La Bruyere.

The realization of this thought is to give man possession of himself. The untrained man does not possess himself in the most important sense. Right training brings self-possession because it makes every power responsive.

### (3.) Concentration.

Responsiveness makes concentration possible. There is no grander thing than this; the ability of the soul to focus its power, to direct all its forces to one object, to fix every faculty to the attainments of that object. Self-possession finds in this its crowning evidence,

### 3. Adaptation.

What shall be done with self when it is brought into possession? Let us find our answer in:

### (1.) Variety of service needed.

The world's work is manifold. One has only to think of the departments of thought and life to see how uncalled for is the fear of any that there is no worthy place for him. It would be idle to enumerate the varied forms of service possible.

### (2.) Fitness for specific work.

To every man his service. Only the foolish man will waste his whole day trying to decide where he will work. Circumstance, providence, aptitude, call it what you will, something will help him decide. All his life he has been getting ready for that work.

### (3.) The personal calling.

Man is equal to himself plus his opportunity. Sooner or later the conviction possesses a man that in the great world plan, his life has a definite place. The gift of seeing his duty is given to him. He rises to the creed of all sincere hearts that come what may, he is to play his right part in the world. According to his light he will labor to give the world the one word his life is fitted to utter. If his heart is true and his faith clear he will see the issue in the uplift of others and find that preparation for any worthy service is one of the activities of the Kingdom of God.

We shall not work out our ideals all at once. The element of time is important. "Tomorrow will be another day" said the old monarch to solace himself for defeat and disappointment. Timid and brave alike may well ponder the word. Results at a given moment are likely to be meagre. But we can afford to be patient.

"Forenoon and afternoon and night, forenoon  
And afternoon and night,—  
Forenoon and, what!  
The empty song repeats itself, no more?  
Yea, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime;  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And time is conquered and thy crown is won."

Not only sum total, but elevation and quality of work must be taken into account. One advantage to the faithful worker is to be added, when a man walks toward the light, the shadows fall behind him. Direction and motion mean everything. Spiritual elements enter largely into the problem. One question need not concern the approval of majorities just at present. It touches a much more important matter when we ask if it is a part of the great plan of things.

## ABSTRACTS OF SENIOR PARTS.

Wednesday, June 29th, 1892.

## RATIONAL BASIS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Between science and religion there can be no conflict. In this all thinkers have at last agreed; but the leading investigators in each of these great departments of thought, while admitting that those in the other department may be in possession of important truths are in general very loath to investigate those truths for themselves.

Between Christianity, however, which is by far the most advanced of all religions, and science, so far as it is understood to-day, there exists so close an inter-dependence that each becomes indispensable to the other.

The different divisions of science point to the attributes of an Omnipotent, reasonable and good being; man's very nature demands a belief in this being, which, limited by the condition of his reason, must be based on simple, unchanging fact; in the founder of the Christian religion we discover such a fact,—a fact so comprehensible and so invariable it places Christianity on a basis essentially as rational as that of any of the recognized sciences in existence.

All known sciences may be divided into three distinct classes, viz: the physical, mental and social sciences.

The physical sciences teach us unmistakable lessons of invariability and of Omnipotence.

The mental sciences point to the identity of the power exhibited in matter with that power from which the mind originates, and demonstrates, too, that that power must be a reasoning being.

Social sciences give to this supreme, reasoning being an attribute of goodness. The ideal of Sociology is the universal practice of the Golden Rule.

Man, then, has discovered scientific facts, by which to be guided in his physical, mental and social life. There is recognized in man's nature, however, a fourth constituent—the religious instinct, which demands of him reverence for that

supreme being who reveals himself through nature.

Religious thoughts and beliefs, however, must be grasped by the same mind that can comprehend physical, mental and social phenomena. For the satisfaction of his religious instinct, man must have a rational religion based upon facts—facts as real and changeless as those which form the corner stone of any of the recognized sciences.

Is it possible to find such a religion? We have deduced from sciences only an abstract idea of some Supreme Deity, who controls the whole universe; we have arrived at no conception of what that Deity is, nor of His relation to us as individuals. The infinite must be clothed in the finite before our finite minds can comprehend it.

The Christian religion solves this seemingly insoluble problem when it offers to the world as its distinctive feature, the sublime conception of the God-man.

The Supreme Being whose attributes we have discovered in science is the Almighty, Omniscient, All-loving, Christian God, whose infinity has been exemplified in the finite man—Jesus, the Christ—the powerful Jesus who could still the waves of Galilee—the reasoning Jesus, who could confound the learned doctors while still a boy,—the loving Jesus, whose sympathy for the sick and suffering, for the weak and erring never failed. To Newton it was given to make the discovery which should place physics forever on a rational basis; to the humble Nazarene it was given *to be* that which should place Christianity on a basis just as rational.

There is coming a time when the inter-dependence of Christianity and of the recognized sciences will be better understood. We are standing on the threshold of an era, when advanced scientific thinkers will necessarily be advanced Christian thinkers; a era, when Christian teachers will promulgate Christian truths by means of scientific truths, and all will be for the advancement of the glory of the All-powerful name of Jesus, the Christ.

"All is of God that is  
and is to be  
And God is good."

GEORGE ARTHUR ANDREWS.

## THE CRUSADE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

On the Isle of San Pietro, looking out over the Mediterranean, there is a ruined church, within whose crumbling walls thousands of shipwrecked children are sleeping. This is the only monument of an almost forgotten tragedy, the Children's Crusade, whose watch-word was: "We go to get the cross beyond the sea, and to baptize the Moslem intruders!"

To-day, a similar watch-cry is sounded by the crusaders of the nineteenth century. "*Let us evangelize the world in our generation*" is the thought which has moved 6,200 young men and women, within the last five years, to pledge their lives for foreign missionary service.

A little group of young men in Princeton College, voluntarily bound themselves by the pledge: "I am willing and desirous, God permitting, to become a foreign missionary." Two years later, 251 young men, from 89 colleges of the United States and Canada, met, at Mr. Moody's invitation, for a month of Bible study at Mt. Hermon, Mass. The leading spirit of the Princeton band, Mr. Wilder, soon gathered around him twenty others. Missionary interest intensified, until exactly *one hundred* student volunteers had cheerfully taken the cross.

That was in 1886. What do we see in 1892? More than *six thousand* volunteers in various stages of preparation—and more than 300 of these working in foreign countries.

Now many are the points of likeness between the Student Volunteer Movement and the Children's Crusade—but the difference between them is measured by the difference between success and failure, between the possible and the impossible.

Both armies are of young people zealous for the same Christ. "Why," you say, "in the light of that other failure, prophecy success for the crusaders of today?" "Just because it is today," we answer. This is fitly called the "young people's age." People are ready to believe in us—they are not shocked or ever frightened at the sight of a band of young people, whom a steady purpose is sending around the world. Volunteers are bidden "God-speed."

Again organization and method are distinctive features of the Student Volunteer Movement. Like a carefully welded chain, it is made fast, at the one end to the colleges and seminaries, at the other to the missionary boards.

The next reason for a hopeful prophecy is that it is a *Student's* Movement. I cast no reproach upon uneducated consecration and piety, yet I think I make no revolutionary claim, when I say that the same arguments for an educated ministry at home, apply to work abroad.

In some heathen countries men are paid for making it their business to puzzle the missionary and make him the laughing-stock of his audience. They are provided with all the sharp questions that can be gained from the keenest infidels.

Shall we send inferior men to contend with New-Buddhism and infidelity in Japan? Are any too brilliant to deal with the subtleties of Hindooism, or the modern philosophic cults in India? England's able scholars, Bishops Pattison and Selwyn, found their talents taxed to the utmost in their work for Polynesian savages.

The other reasons, though important, may be briefly told. False religions are giving way. In many cases, heathen people are begging for white teachers. The whole world is open.

Foot-sore and weary plodded the little pilgrims of old. We may yoke lightning and steam to our chariot. "Science is the hand-maid of piety in these days."

The final contrast is seen in the spirit in which the new crusade is undertaken. With cool judgment, the average volunteer takes his place. The little ones knew not how to count the cost. The one is a torrent in the spring-time, leaping down the mountain-side, destructive, spending itself in useless endeavor. The other is a deep, strong river; carrying life wherever it goes. "Surely in the whole compass of human benevolence, there is nothing so grand, so noble, so Christian, so truly God-like, as the work of evangelizing the world.

NELLIE STUART BAKEMAN.

## CONCERNING RELIGION.

The human mind has never ceased to agitate the question of cause; it has tried two methods of solution—the religious and scientific—hence the illusion of two objects of research and the apparent antagonism between two processes which hide the deep sense of their common tendency.

Science represents the sum of positive, definite and verifiable knowledge in regard to the order that reigns among the phenomena which surround us. It ends at last by acknowledging the same mystery before which religion bends: a transcendent, that is to say an unconceivable cause of the universe.

Positive knowledge does not and never can fill the whole region of possible thought. As it is impossible to think of a limit to space so as to exclude the idea of space lying beyond, so we cannot conceive of any explanation of things profound enough to exclude the question, What is the explanation of that explanation?

Science is incompetent to throw light into these regions. Philosophy is summoned to admit the radical powerlessness of the human mind to know the truth on questions in all time regarded as fundamental.

The problems which general science is unable to solve, religion takes up. She has always had them in charge. To the fundamental question regarding the cause of the universe and the end of things, severally and collectively, as well as to many others, the different forms of religion have offered different replies. Theology and philosophy rush in where science fears to tread.

Since it must always continue possible for the mind to dwell upon that which transcends knowledge, there can never cease to be a place for something of the nature of religion. I do not believe that the idea of God is innate, but when the idea is presented, the intellect is so made that it quickly responds to it. As we go back into the history of peoples we find the religious idea pervading the national life, woven into their poetry, their law, and their polity. The essential content of the religious consciousness is two-fold,—the idea of God and the conviction that man needs and may obtain the help of God. Each of these elements is the product

of reflection. Religion grows as society grows

Religion is so prominent and definite an element of social life, that it will be the object of more or less earnest reflection on the part of men in every community. Its fundamental ideas and practices will shape themselves in accordance with the intellectual moral status of the nation. The religious system of a people will express its attempt to construe the world in accordance with its highest instincts; the national thought will be forever reaching out after some better definition of the relation between the human and the divine. Old customs and ideas which have become unsatisfactory, will be modified or abandoned, and new customs and ideas adopted.

Each generation will remodel, in its own interests, the material of its predecessors, retaining what it can use, and fashioning the whole after the highest ideal. If it retains and reverences old forms, it will nevertheless interpret them in a new fashion.

Christianity, (to say nothing of its moral and spiritual superiority), is the religion of the great civilized and civilizing nations of the world, in whose hands are science and philosophy, literature and art, political and social progress.

European and American civilization, in the gradual encroachment on the other people of the world, necessarily carries along and plants Christianity. This implies that the other great religions of the world will not be able to adapt themselves or systems to the new social order of things. Some parts of their apparatus of creed may survive, some view of life may commend itself to the new civilization and enter into and color the established European creed; but if we may judge from the present condition of the Asiatic peoples, their religions must, as systems, pass away with the civilization to which they belong.

Nor is it probable that Christianity, if it should be the sole survivor of the world's religious creeds, would retain its present form unmodified. It is more likely that it will from generation to generation, feel the double influence of territorial expansion and inward development of thought. Having the whole world for its heritage, it will adapt itself to the world's

highest needs. Assimilating the world's highest thoughts, appropriating all that is necessary to the practical guidance of conduct, rejecting whatever proves to be inconsistent with the present ethical religious conceptions, and retaining all that satisfies spiritual and intellectual needs, Christianity will demonstrate its identity with everything that is universally and eternally true.

WILLIAM LOWELL BONNEY.

### TOLERATION FOR THE CLASSICS

During the past month, hundreds of graduating exercises have occurred all over the country. A familiar figure has been the young man with an oration on *Our Debt to Science*, or some similar subject. As a rule he has taken occasion to sweep the Classics utterly from the college course and hold up scientific study as the proper mental discipline. The educators of our nation, however, have come to see that too much attention to science is as grave a fault as giving too much prominence to classical study; yet young enthusiasts dazzled by a term or two of elective science, will doubtless continue, annually to demolish the literary courses for at least a decade.

The truth is that each line of work is a part of the well rounded plan by which our modern college attempts to give men a truly liberal education. The importance of neither should be exaggerated or diminished. Since, however, we hear so much of the one, it is fair to look a few moments at the record of the other. Modern science with its positive philosophy and its inductive methods is usually referred to as if it had sprung into existence as an example of that spontaneous generation which it once advocated.

But where do we find its origin? Where, but in the great intellectual awakening of Europe, which confessedly resulted from the revival of interest in the ancient Classics. The inductive method, of which we hear so much, claims Bacon as its originator. But, Aristotle, whom Bacon affected so to despise, laid down the principles which his detractor elaborated to nobler development and greater usefulness. Literature and science are not rivals but co-laborers, each with its own sphere on which the other should not trench, but neither all-sufficient.

Science deals with facts, hard, material facts, appreciable by the physical senses,—facts in all the grand simplicity with which they come from the hand of the Eternal. Much is made of this regulative tendency of scientific study in the most noted schemes of preparation for the science of sciences, Sociology.

Let us freely grant all honors to science for this work; yet there are abundant facts of the mind and emotions which even the most pronounced materialist must reckon with as no less real than the tangible and material facts of natural science. The man who devotes his life to the investigation of natural facts and law, in neglect of the human and social side of his nature, is comparable to the Christian Mystic who turns from earth's realities and possible achievements to pass his life in dreamy speculation on subjects of which he will have little certainty till death draws back the veil and shows him the vanity of his theories.

Whether he regards science as the knowledge of the laws of God or the laws of nature, the student often thinks it grander to study something greater than man. Yet we are creatures of limitation. Well sung the bard,

"Presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man."

The recognized value of scientific work is the analytical habit of thought which it engenders. It teaches close observation, accurate discrimination. Exceedingly valuable traits are these. Great blessing have they conferred on mankind. But let us look at the great forces of human life, love, hate, gratitude, ambition, patriotism, charity. What has analytical science to do with them? These are the characteristics of the human race; and we are learning that it is only in adjustment to his fellowmen, that man finds his highest development. It is through the study of literature that we come close to the throbbing heart of humanity. The records of other men's efforts to exploit this life are shafts already sunk by which we come at once before our problems.

As we begin to realize what an important factor of life literature is, instead of a mere ornament, we grasp, too, something of the work of the classic languages, whose literature stands

unrivalled, whose histories of infant humanity picture the fundamental phases of man's progress. When we ponder the fact, that every great advance in civilization has resulted directly from a revival of interest in humanistic learning, we dimly appreciate that our debt to literature is something inestimable. Even what science has given us we must credit indirectly to the classical Renaissance.

WINFRED NICHOLS DONOVAN.

### ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Capital punishment is a necessity of barbarism. When the largest state, the most widely extended society was included within the limits of a single tribe, prisons did not exist. Criminals, therefore, could not be imprisoned. But something must be done with them; else how could society be protected, or the chief's authority maintained? With barbarous cruelty criminals of an inferior grade were flogged, tortured and disfigured; but criminals of the more violent type,—owing to the lack of prisons to prevent them from doing further injury,—were necessarily consigned to the keeping of that faithful but relentless jailor, death.

After time and civilization had evolved from the scattered and warring tribes, united and comparatively peaceful nations, rude prisons began to be erected. Obviously the erection of these prisons changed the motive for the further infliction of the death penalty from that of necessity to that of expediency. "Is capital punishment the most efficacious preventive of crime?" was the question which confronted the early law-givers.

Basing their reply on that mistaken principle of ancient jurisprudence, "Capital punishment will totally abolish the smallest, and most effectually restrict the greatest crime" the early English legislators answered yes.

But experience taught otherwise. When the people of any country believe that the penalties prescribed by their penal code are not graded in severity to the enormity of the corresponding offences, it becomes utterly impossible to inflict those penalties with any degree of certainty. Eye witnesses of crime will fail to report its perpetration; witnesses will deliberately commit

perjury; juries, through compassion, will either acquit the accused, or mitigate the nature of his offence; while judges,—if nothing more,—will repeatedly recommend those convicted to the clemency of the pardoning power.

The inevitable result of such evasion of the law, is an ever increasing uncertainty in the infliction of the law's penalties. No class of people, more quickly than the criminal class, perceive this increasing uncertainty; and naturally an increase in crime immediately follows.

What cares the criminal class, if the penalty is death, when that penalty is seldom, if ever, inflicted?

That certainty and not severity is the preventive element of a penalty, finally dawned upon the legislators of England, who, with characteristic conservatism, set about a gradual reduction in their criminal code of one hundred and sixty capital offences. The first proposals to reduce what Blackstone himself termed "so dreadful a list," was met by the advocates of capital punishment with direful predictions of the great increase in crime which would follow such a reduction.

But happily, after each reduction, experience showed that the increased certainty in the infliction of a penalty of reasonable severity, proved a better deterrent of crime than the uncertain infliction of a penalty of unreasonable severity.

Consequently, in the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, the list of capital offences in England, suffered successive reduction until, for some years past, the death penalty has been inflicted only upon those who have committed murder in the first degree.

In the United States, where the capital code of England existed while the states were still English colonies, a similar, though somewhat more rapid, reduction has universally taken place; while four of the states, including Maine, have gone still further and totally abolished capital punishment.

In so far as capital punishment has been abolished, the happy results, which have universally followed, favor its further abolition while other considerations urge it also.

Circumstantial evidence has only too frequently in the past, sent the innocent to the scaffold. But, you say, at present there is but little danger of any but unquestionable evidence sending a man to his doom. True. But why? Because there is an ever increasing public sentiment opposed to the infliction of the death penalty under any condition. Right or wrong, this increasing public sentiment cannot be ignored, as the monstrous petitions, frequent pardons, and repeated agitations, in favor of the abolition of capital punishment testify.

Capital punishment is no necessity of the nineteenth century. Stone and iron are now moulded into substantial prisons, which, if properly officered, are no less effectual in preventing a murderer from repeating his offence than the confines of the grave.

Let us hope that it will not be long before life imprisonment is universally adopted. And we venture to assert, that, when that time comes, the increased certainty in the infliction of the life, instead of the death penalty, will reduce, if not wholly abolish, the number of those disgraceful lynchings throughout our country, which are but the protests of communities outraged by the present uncertain infliction of capital punishment.

GEORGE PERLEY FALL.

### THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

The Sweating System as defined by the Century Dictionary is "the practice, particularly in the tailoring trade, of employing men, women and children to make up clothes in their own houses for scant pay." It has also been defined as "the system where the manufacturer lets his work to a certain man, who sub-lets it to the parties who work in tenement houses."

To illustrate: A clothing dealer does a large business in Boston. He lets out the making of his clothing to a contractor. This contractor lets out to sub-contractors, who in turn find people to work for them who will do the work at the lowest rate. Some of these people may live in Boston; many to whom work is sent live in Maine; while a large per cent of the work is performed in the tenement house districts of New York among the immigrant classes who

are crowding so many Americans out of work by underbidding in prices of labor.

Among the many evils incident to the system we note two prominent ones: the poverty and consequent degradations of the victims who work at starvation wages: and the disease that is spread among all consumers by the germs carried in clothing that is made in filthy tenements.

As to the former evil, as recently as ten or fifteen years ago those who were employed by the class now known as "sweaters" received comparatively fair wages for their work. But their condition since then has been growing worse, because of the constant competition of workers in the country and of the immigrant classes, so that all their time must be given to their work, leaving none to devote to cleanliness or care of home.

As to the latter evil, such unhealthful conditions prevail in the homes (if so they may be called) of these workers, that the fostering of disease germs of every kind is inevitable, and these germs penetrate the garments that are to be sold to people all over the country. Surely some remedy is demanded for these crying evils.

Many people hailed with rejoicing the passage of the bill presented to Congress by Representative Hoar on February last, authorizing the Committee on Manufactures to investigate the sweating system of tenement-house labor, and the results of their investigations so far have been eagerly watched. The system has been found to be prevalent to a greater degree than many suppose, and various methods by which legislation should remedy the evils have been suggested: for example, "to hold the owner answerable for the filth and overcrowding of the tenement houses;" "to label all clothing to indicate that it is tenement house make etc."

The matter is a serious one and of vital importance to the welfare of society. It appeals not merely to the sentiment of philanthropy; it appeals to that sense of justice that ought to reign supreme in every human breast, and prompt to efforts for the eradication of every evil that may invade and infest our social system.

In the words of another "No good-will, no

charity, however splendid, fills or can fill the place owned by that need which is forever first and most vital between man and man,—*justice*. No love, no labor, no self-sacrifice even, can balance that scale in which justice has no place. There are moments when the student of social conditions abhors Philanthropy; when a disaster that would wipe out at one stroke every institution the city treasures would seem a gift straight from God, if only thereby the scales might fall from men's eyes and they might learn that hiding foulness in an asylum is not extirpation; that something deeper and stronger than Philanthropy must work before men can be saved."

ALBERT GORDON HURD.

### MAN, MYTHIC AND LITHIC.

Long, long ago, according to ancient myths, our earth was even more beautiful than it now is; everywhere grew the grass, flowers and forests, the sun always shone, there were no extremes of heat and cold. But more than that, the gods lived near the earth and their descendants, wonderful heroes, enjoyed all these beautiful things under their protection.

Now two of these giant heroes, Prometheus and Epimetheus moulded from clay a man and endowed him with celestial fire that he might surpass all created things. To him they gave a woman whose marriage gift was a box holding every blessing; but soon all save hope escaped and so hardships and suffering came to men and the Golden Age became hard and cruel, like iron.

In spite of the fanciful conceits mixed with these mythic tales of man's origin, much truth is discoverable. Yet more easy to read are the contemporaneous records found in stone. Without distinguishing between Paleolithic and Neolithic records let us briefly compare the lithic and mythic accounts.

In stature and general appearance, the lithic man differed as little from the average Caucasian as do some of the African races; and he possessed the germs of like tastes and instincts. He had a rude home and decorated himself with beads and ornaments. Arrow and spear heads show that he lived mostly by hunting and fishing. He worshipped a divinity whom he some-

times tried to appease by human sacrifices and he believed in immortality.

To particularize a little: mythology first tells of man in the indescribably happy state of the Golden Age from which he speedily fell to the conditions of the Iron Age. The earliest lithic man appears in surroundings which correspond to these of the Iron Age. Here man existed as a rude savage, living on roots and animals of the chase, ill-clothed, often ill-fed, having scarcely any language, no perception of a Higher Power, save as a being to be propitiated, and ignorant of the simplest facts of nature. His dwelling was a cave or hut of bows; his mechanical and artistic skill are proved by implements and drawing.

In mythic literature it is impossible to trace the progress of the race with the same clearness as in lithic records. We simply see man as an absolute savage, a nomad, then a settled agriculturist, craftsman, etc.; each picture is vivid in itself but without links to connect it with its associates. Still, this fact is impressed. After the first great gift, fire according to mythology, the spirit according to the Scriptures, no supernatural gifts have been bestowed, the Deity has not interfered directly with the working out of natural laws but has furnished an environment and allowed the divine individuality of each to struggle as it may for expression. Doubtless the struggle has been long but "it matters little whether for one hundred thousand years or as many centuries" for the knowledge of it comes to us as an inspiration. "What man has done, man can do," and it seems not too presumptuous to expect that, in the future as in the past, man may, by self-adjustment to the divinely bestowed environment, attain the stature of the perfect man and the full possession of his birthright as a "right royal creature."

DORA FAY KNIGHT.

### THE TRUE AIM OF SCIENCE.

The day of wild speculation in the realm of science is past. The untiring efforts of her devoted followers have brought about a new era in which the search for truth is the watchword. Men are after facts to-day and are not satisfied until they have exhausted every source which

will furnish any new material to their ever increasing store.

The true aim of Science was never more fully appreciated than it is to-day. The distinction between fact and theory was never more clearly defined. And, yet, we find in this enlightened age, some vigorous opposition to that searcher into the world of fact—that intellectual hero—the scientist.

But to get a clear understanding of terms let us consider what Science is. Science, in its broadest sense, deals with all the actually existing phenomena of the Universe as we find them. It must not be confounded with Philosophy, for whose errors it has too often been compelled to suffer. Science does not claim to deal with the metaphysical and philosophical, but simply to investigate the actual and to determine the laws which govern phenomena. Hence, we must agree that scientific study is legitimate so long as it confines itself to the investigation of facts.

But why is it that so much of distrust attaches itself to scientific research? Is it because people prefer to live in ignorance rather than seek the treasures of knowledge which lie within their reach? The difficulty cannot be here, for, surely, no one will despise knowledge or reject truth.

The germ of the difficulty may be traced to the antagonism which has existed between Science and Theology. The scientist was charged with atheism because the facts revealed by his investigations seemed to oppose the already carefully formulated creed of the theologian. And there was not always an *apparent* discrepancy between them. The facts revealed by science were not seldom diametrically opposed to the dogmas of theology.

But what is the significance of all this to us? Does a belief in the revelations of Science compel us to relinquish our belief in the fundamental truths of religion? There can be no conflict between science and religion for they are both essential parts of the great universal whole.

The fact that the various systems of theology have been often revised to suit the demands made upon them by the progress of knowledge does not alter the great Fact that lies at the

basis of all theology and of all knowledge. Science has been charged with leaving God out of the universe by explaining every phenomenon as resulting from natural causes.

The old adage, that "the undevout astronomer is mad", might just as well apply to any other branch of science. True, it is, that *some* of the most eminent men in nearly all branches of science are those who were opposed to a belief in a Supreme Being. But why single out such men and overlook the fact that there are others who were even more eminent in their respective departments, but whose belief in God and in Christianity was fixed and unshaken. The fame of such men as Tyndall, Huxley or Spencer, is surpassed by that of Faraday, Thompson, Newton, Dana and Gray. But granting, for the sake of the argument, that some of the great men of science are unbelievers, they do not base their disbelief in God upon any scientific demonstration; but to dispel the thought of a Maker—a thought which they dislike to entertain—they adduce the common excuse of the agnostic philosopher, that it is impossible for the finite to comprehend the Infinite.

The facts of science, far from opposing a belief in a Creator, make such a belief necessary. The late Clerk Maxwell is reported to have said, not long before he left this world, that he had scrutinized all the agnostic hypotheses he knew of and found that they, one and all, needed a God to make them workable.

On the other hand, the examples of intelligent design in nature bear witness to the existence of an intelligent designer. The skillful arrangement and adjustment of the parts of this great Universe are but the expressions of an Infinite Will behind all material existence.

The aim of Science is, then, to investigate the facts and phenomena of the Universe, and from these facts induce the laws according to which Nature is governed. But the mission of science is far from being realized if it leaves its student content with beholding and delighting in the phenomena of the material Universe.

The sight of a carefully and skillfully contrived piece of mechanism at once suggests to us the idea of a maker, and we are immediately prompted with a desire to know something of

him. How much more ought the existence of a universe so intelligently fashioned, so skilfully adjusted, to suggest to the student of nature the idea of an Infinite and intelligent Maker and prompt within him a longing to know something of His attributes and something of His exalted character.

HARRY LINCOLN PIERCE.

### PERSONAL LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

The understanding of one's own ignorance is said to mark the dawn of real maturity. As a man grows older his mind naturally expands; and yet at the same time he comes to realize more and more the meagreness of his own attainments as compared with the vast sum of that which remains to be known.

The time has passed when all the world's knowledge can be compassed in one mind. This is an age of specialists. President Eliot says it would take forty-four years to complete Harvard's courses, and who can spend forty-four years of his three score and ten in an attempt merely to taste the fountains of knowledge? And when to these conceptions, we add the idea of the realm of utterly untouched truth, we pause breathless at the contemplation and our finite minds are lost in wonder and despair.

But the picture is not altogether dark, for it is from a recognition of these ideas that there has occurred a revolution in educational methods. Students are no longer regarded as buckets to be pumped full of facts. Recognizing the fact that the shortness of human life allows to one man only a minute fraction of knowledge, our educators are aiming rather to fit people to be worthy men and women.

But let us look at these matters from the standpoint of the individual. What ought to be his position in regard to this overwhelming vastness of knowledge? In looking at the problems of life two positions are possible. In one of these the individual says, "These problems are altogether beyond me. I am a mere nothing in this immense universe, so I will get through this world as easily as possible." Such is the position of laissez-faire. Although it portrays with master hand the dark side of the picture, yet it totally ignores the brighter side,

namely, the germinal capacities of human greatness which are destined to grow until that glorious harvest time when all men shall be truly brothers. The second position, therefore, is the rightful one for men to hold. This position urges each of us to say "I will do my best to use my talents, small though they are, for my own advancement and that of my fellow-men."

The revolution, then, which has taken place in educational methods is a type of the revolution which ought to take place in individual minds. Almost every man of philosophic inclination reaches a point where he is staggered by the vastness of the universe he lives in; where he feels keenly his own limitations. Then comes a period of darkness. But be this period longer or shorter, if the man is really earnest in his pursuit of truth, there will come a time of reaction. Then will he acquire a fixed, settled, thoughtful habit of life which will be full of endeavors to accomplish the rightful ends of existence. It seems, therefore, to be the duty of every man according to his ability, to acquire this thoughtful habit of life. And yet in spite of this obvious duty, we see multitudes of human beings, endowed with magnificent possibilities of development, who are inspired by no lofty purpose and quickened by no ennobling inspiration. It makes one's blood boil to think of such wicked waste of God-given capacity.

Laissez-faire is cowardice. It is the position of one who dares not fight the problems of life and who trumps up the base and ghastly excuse, "Why not let matters go as they will? We poor mortals cannot change them." Let all true men fling to the winds such soul-murdering conceptions. Let them rather say, "Though I am weak, though I know but little, yet I am a human being, I am an integral part of God's great universal creation, and as the whole cannot be perfect without every one of its parts, I have some mission to fulfill in this life. I will, therefore, use what God-given power I have towards the progress of civilization, towards the advancement of men from finite materialism to infinite spirituality, towards the bringing to pass of the Golden Age."

STEPHEN STARK.

## ABSTRACTS OF JUNIOR PARTS.

Monday evening, June 27, 1892.

## THE ANARCHIST.

We have witnessed within the past few months, the continent of Europe trembling in terror. In a town in Spain dynamite was exploded through human agency. Then city after city saw the same foe, until from France to Russia, from Italy to Sweden, a continent was startled; and the terror of the anarchist appeared even on this side of the sea.

The simultaneousness of these dynamite outrages gave suspicion of a secret organization for the overthrow of society. But this fear was found to be groundless.

The student of history is quick to detect here evidence of an oft-illustrated principle, viz: manifestations of a social movement do not come singly; movements in society are widespread. We must look deeper for the cause of the anarchist. He is not a mere blood-thirsty brute. He has another significance besides being an enthusiast. His existence has its root in the discontent of the working classes. The anarchists are the extremists of a great movement.

By their doctrines they profess to be champions of the oppressed. Their fundamental principle is the ideal of the noblest religious systems: All men are brothers. But the anarchist sees that between him who rules and him who serves there can be no brotherhood. He declares that governments are failures and oppressions; that rulers are tyrants.

His motto is: "To each according to his needs, from each according to his powers." But he sees by the side of untold splendors, want consuming the vitals of entire populations. Society offers no relief; nay even denies the consolation of hope. The misery of the poor, the luxury of the parasites of the social order maddens him, and he cries: "Death to the old world. Annihilate the good with the bad. Down with the tyrants of throne and altar alike. Then when spring shall come again over the whitened sepulchres of by-gone generations a new fresh life will manifest itself."

If the anarchist is but a manifestation of a spirit of discontent he yet reacts upon that spirit and intensifies it. Among many he is regarded as the last forlorn hope of the army of the discontented.

Full of enthusiasm and fired with hate he proceeds toward the realization of his ideal. Thrones are made to tremble and courts of justice are intimidated. Can these means be justified? No! The only justification of a violent revolution is absence of means for a peaceful one. But the anarchist does not accept peaceful means which are at hand and which other idealists use.

Will the anarchist succeed? He thinks so, for he believes the workingmen to be on his side. But the unmistakable tendency of labor is toward organization and more law, while the anarchist cries: "Away with organization. No law."

The anarchist too mistakes his case. The reason for the discontent of workingmen is not increased oppression. They are beginning to rise, and with a better knowledge of what justice they demand feel recognition of their rights.

Still the anarchist insists that he has inaugurated a terror parallel to the great Reign of Terror, and that it will succeed. He is wrong. The Jacobins did not use terror till they were in power. Terror is useful only as a defensive weapon and in the hands of those already in executive authority. As an engine of aggression it is worthless. For, when prematurely awakened, it unites all the conservative forces of society in an impenetrable phalanx. Hence the ease with which the recent terrorists have been put down by the strong arm of the law.

The anarchist is easy to account for. Right is sacred in the breasts of all men. Nature telegraphs this perception by sympathy of mind until there is a simultaneous response in every quarter of the globe. The Indian sees the wrongs of his people and is looking for a Messiah, just as the anarchist voices the discontent of the toiling masses and manufacturers for them a hope.

Far from being a menace to civilization the anarchist is rather a friendly warning by that Providence which watches over the affairs of

men and which, as history repeats itself, visits us with its leveling process and vindicates the majesty of man.

The leveling process may be violent. Despotic powers proceed upon the basis that might is right. Might is not right! this is the new gospel, of which the nihilists of Russia are the exponents.

The anarchist rioter is an ordinary criminal, and should be dealt with as such. But let us grant justice to the anarchist and allow him the privilege of free speech. Nay, let us gladly listen if he urges that above the hilltops of time he can see the approaching dawn of a brighter day for the masses whose cause he pleads.

DENNIS EVARTS BOWMAN.

#### A LITERARY PARALLEL.

Of all the writers, ancient and modern, who have charmed the world with their wit or wisdom, there are two who are so much greater than the others, that if the old axiom be true in literature, they may be said to include the less. If Dickens and Dante had never been born, if Howells and Haggard and Homer had died in their cradles, if Thackeray had not written a single novel or Browning a scrap of verse—the world would still be rich in literature if only there remained the works of the two great geniuses, Shakespeare and Mother Goose. From the cradle to the grave these two great authors are sufficient, for one is never too young for Mother Goose, and never too old for Shakespeare.

Their works are classic; does anybody doubt it? A classic is the work that holds the largest audience for the longest time. In this literary nineteenth century, when of making many books there is no end, when the standards of literature are higher than ever before, and verses are written by hundreds that would have made a poet famous a century ago, the world still looks to Shakespeare as the greatest of England's poets, and we who speak his language are proud to call him the greatest poet who ever wrote, in any tongue, in any age. The largest audience for the longest time—does anybody doubt that Shakespeare is a classic?

In this same nineteenth century of ours a new department of literature has arisen, of which

Mother Goose was the great and glorious prototype, a literature for children. To-day, there is hardly a great poet who does not sometimes use his talent for the delight of childhood, nor hardly a great novelist who does not sometimes write children's stories. And yet, although surrounded by so much delightful reading, the best efforts of the best talent of the day, the hearts of the children are still true to dear old Mother Goose, who lived a hundred and seventy years before her time, and sang her quaint rhymes and ditties in sublime unconsciousness of the fame that awaited her. The largest audience for the longest time—does anybody doubt that Mother Goose is a classic? As the children's greatest classic, should she not rank beside that other greatest classic, and is not the parallel between Shakespeare and Mother Goose a fair one?

Many points of similarity suggest themselves to the student of Shakespeare and Mother Goose, of which only a few can be noted. It is the great glory of Shakespeare's genius that there is hardly a deep fact of human experience—sin, repentance, forgiveness, justice, mercy—that does not find its best expression on his pages. So, likewise, is Mother Goose a great ethical teacher.

The constancy of Shakespeare's famous lovers, who perished in the tomb of the Capulets, is paralleled by Mother Goose's unfortunate couple Jack and Jill; while the irreparable fall of Humpty Dumpty suggests the great prelate who cried, "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness." Examples of wife-training are found in both authors; but that in Mother Goose, in which the gentleman resorts to the expedient of putting the lady in a pumpkin shell, "where he kept her very well," is truly eclipsed by Shakespeare's case, in which the wife is reduced to such a state of subjection, that she declares that if her husband is "pleased to call the moon a rush candle, she swears it shall be so to her."

Passing over the parallel elements in the genius of Shakespeare and Mother Goose—their knowledge of human nature, their imaginative and creative powers—one more point of striking resemblance remains to be noticed. Nobody quotes so delightfully as Shakespeare, except Mother Goose. It is safe to affirm, that if all

the books that ever were written, should be suddenly swept out of existence by fire or flood or earthquake, the world would be able to reproduce from memory more of the writings of Shakespeare and Mother Goose, than of any other two authors who ever lived.

In Stratford, Shakespeare's native place, there stands a beautiful building, a memorial of the great poet. It contains a theatre in which his plays are acted, a library in which all the books ever written about him and his works are collected, and a picture gallery filled with choice paintings illustrating his life and writings. In Boston, the city of Mother Goose, let a similar building rise as her memorial. Here let there be gathered all the relics possible relating to her works—the spider of Miss Muffett fame, a horn of the athletic cow that still holds the record for high-jumping, a piece of shoe-leather from the residence of the old woman with the large family, and the corner made immortal by the egotistical little plum-eater. And so let these two memorials, rising toward heaven on either side of the water, attest the world's gratitude to its two great geniuses—the Swan of Avon and Mother Goose.

GRACE MAUD COBURN.

### EVILS OF UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

Now that the government has excluded the Chinese from this country, it is time to inquire if immigration from other quarters does not also demand legislation. Are not our peculiar institutions and civilization threatened by the ever-increasing stream of immigrants which is continually pouring into this country?

The increase in our foreign population during the last twenty years is without a parallel in the history of nations. The whole number of immigrants to the United States for the ten years ending in 1890, amounted to 5,246,000.

In New England the foreign-born population has increased from 763,000 in 1880, to 1,142,000 in 1890. Basing our estimates upon the past decade, it is apparent that the foreign-born population of New England will soon exceed the native-born.

During the last fifty years the quality of im-

migration has been steadily degenerating, until now, the immigrant comes from the lowest and most degraded class. This change is in a measure due to the custom, which has grown up in Europe, of getting rid of criminals and paupers by sending them to America. Not only is this work carried on by organized societies, but it is also encouraged and engaged in by the European governments themselves.

Although the evils attending this influx of the outcasts of Europe are many they may be discussed under three heads.

First, their influence on our political institutions; second, their influence on our society and morals; and third, their effect upon our social economy.

The influence of immigration upon our political institutions is a menace to our government which calls for prompt and energetic action. The mass of immigrants are without education, and many of them can not even speak the English language. They know nothing of our constitution and methods of government, and readily fall a prey to scheming politicians.

Immigration has given us a German vote, an Irish vote, a Catholic vote, and a Rum vote, for as we shall see later, the Rum vote is to be traced directly to the foreign-born population.

The very existence of these different votes proves that the people carrying them have not become true American citizens; and there are several forces at work which prevent their becoming Americanized. There is a tendency among them to flock together and retain their own language and customs; but a far stronger force is the system of parochial schools established by the Lutheran and Catholic churches. As a result of the training received in these schools, the second generation grows up as antagonistic to our institutions and nearly as ignorant as the first.

Anarchy in America is also the child of immigration, and Chicago, the stronghold of American anarchy is a city of foreigners.

That immigration corrupts society by lowering the standard of morality is shown by our prison statistics. The record of the Rhode Island House of Correction shows, that of 6202 persons committed, only 1500 were of American

parentage. In 1880 over eight tenths of the criminals in the Massachusetts Reformatory Prison for women were of foreign parentage. In 1870 only 20 per cent. of the population of New England were of foreign extraction, yet this 20 per cent. furnished 75 per cent. of the crime.

Illiteracy may also be urged against the immigrant, but illiteracy sinks into insignificance when compared with his great sin against society, the perpetuation of the liquor traffic. In 1880, 63 per cent. of the liquor dealers and 75 per cent. of the brewers were of foreign birth, while a large share of the remainder were of foreign extraction.

The third great evil of unrestricted immigration is its effect on the laboring classes. Of what avail is a tariff designed to protect the American laborer from the pauper labor of Europe, if the manufacturers are allowed to import this same pauper labor and bring it into direct competition with American labor.

The American laborer can not compete with the foreign laborer without lowering his standard of living to that of the foreigner. But this is not desirable, for inasmuch as the standard of living in America is in advance of that in Europe, by so much is the prosperity of America in advance of European prosperity. We can not raise Europe to our standard; she must not pull us down to her level.

The appeal for restriction, which is now agitating this country, is an appeal for honest government; an appeal for education, temperance and morality; and lastly, an appeal for the prosperity and happiness of every American citizen.

NATHAN GRANT FOSTER.

#### SUGGESTION FROM THE RENAISSANCE.

There is one value in classical study which we seem likely to forget. That value is most clearly shown in the classical study which was so marked a characteristic of the Renaissance. Men who had been cramped and fettered by Scholasticism, and under the withering, stifling influence of the Middle-age spirit, were, by classical study, it is said, made free and natural in thought, and led

to see and enjoy the beauty of which the world is so full.

This fact suggests, that we, to-day, do not always derive all that we might from the study. Of course its relative importance has greatly diminished since the Renaissance, when the classical literature was almost the only one worth studying. Modern literature and science have large claims on our interest and attention, to-day. Yet the intense enthusiasm of the students of the Renaissance period, for classical study and its marked effect on them, suggest that there may, now as then, be a something in the study which we, in some degree, fail to derive from it.

Classical study seems to be regarded, to-day, as chiefly useful for its peculiar form of disciplining the mind. Its opponents urge that if it is valuable for this only, it is largely a waste of time. For other studies,—the various sciences, especially,—which furnish a vast deal more than mere discipline, are found to be nearly, if not quite, as good a means of discipline as classical study.

While we differ with these opponents as to the relative disciplinary power of their favorite studies and classics, while, furthermore, the chief value of classical study may, indeed, be its power to discipline, may it not do much more than this, may it not now, as in the Renaissance, be able to make the student wiser and better, to make his life fuller and richer?

The secret of its effect at that time is not hard to find. Men read Homer, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, simply as literature, for the sake of the thought, the imagery, the simple, true pictures of nature the portrayal of man in a free, normal state, the faithful delineation of sorrowing, loving, hoping, fearing humanity. The thought of the classic literature became their thought; the ideals of noble, fine manhood it contains, gradually transformed, their character.

Do not we, to-day, on the whole, think of classical study as the study of Latin and Greek rather than the study of Homer, of Xenophon, of Demosthenes, Cicero, Horace? The study of these languages, merely as languages, does give us the discipline we aim at; but the study of Greek and Latin literature, as literature, will give us what the Renaissance student obtained

from classical study, a vast amount of inspiring, refining, broadening thought.

Such study will enable us to understand, in some degree, the ancient world and those two remarkable peoples, the Greek and the Roman, which did so much to make the world what it is to-day. A writer of note has said that "Except the blind forces in nature, nothing moves in this world that is not Greek in origin." According to Emerson, "Plato is philosophy and philosophy is Plato." The mere name of "Greek" suggests a people with a rare sense and love of beauty, and singularly active and richly endowed minds. and the Roman was no less remarkable in his way. When we think of that little village on Tiber's bank growing to be the mistress of the world, we must think that there was something out of the common in the Roman genius. This Roman genius is reflected in Latin literature.

Of course the student cannot, in any case, fail to get something of this treasure of thought contained in the classic literature. But is this benefit from the study, this opportunity in some sort to live in the ancient world, held up before him and made an object to be attained by the study? Too much of our study of the classics is done with hardly any object except to "get out" a lesson. A new interest is awakened, if the study is thought of as the study of valuable and perfectly expressed thought, of a literature which for five hundred years has been moulding the world. Such study will do something more than merely discipline; it will stimulate thought, it will call into play the imagination, it will enlarge the sympathies, it will in some degree transform the character.

LEON OTIS GLOVER.

### PROHIBITION AND TEMPERANCE.

There is, unfortunately, in the state of Maine, a prevailing sentiment that temperance and prohibition are inseparable. If a man slips a word against the prohibitory law he is not only considered an enemy of temperance, but is denounced as a reprobate and a rummy. Now this is a lamentable state of affairs, for there are thousands of temperance people, to whom the rum-seller is the most despicable man in the community, but

to whom also prohibition seems worse than useless. Without doubt prohibition is aimed in sincerity against the liquor traffic; but this traffic is the effect of a cause; and that cause—man's appetite for drink—no law can ever reach. If in any way you check the sale, you only aggravate the appetite; but if on the other hand you turn your attention to some method of checking the appetite, the question of drink and intemperance is solved.

We keep legislating against the sale of liquor but the real evil is inherent in man himself; and until he becomes a very different being from what he is now, statutory prohibition, backed by the constable, will never keep rum from him or elevate his moral character.

In my opinion stealing is a better business than rum-selling, but I also believe that the unrestricted sale of liquor would confer a greater boon upon the temperance cause than a prohibitory amendment in a state constitution. In the one case temperance work is in the hands of earnest, energetic men and women, in the other it is managed by law and the policemen. Which of these agencies is more potent in uplifting humanity? In this discussion of prohibition, the distinction between vice and crime is pivotal. Every one knows that drunkenness is a vice. The state may deal with crimes, but has no right to interfere with vice, except when the vices take form in actions inspired by malice. If prohibition met with success we could excuse in a measure its defects. The rum curse in our state is enormous. Where prohibition has been seemingly triumphant, it has succeeded only in driving the traffic into secret channels, and has led to the formation of private drinking clubs. Respectable young men who would blush to enter a public saloon, conscientiously go into the gorgeous club-room, and there contract the drink habit. There are nineteen such clubs in Lewiston alone. The people of Bangor need no such clubs, for they never seem to have heard that a prohibitory law has been passed. In every one of our cities the law is hourly violated. Disrespect for one law leads to contempt for all law. Maine (leaving out the hundreds of unlicensed liquor sellers) has more United States licenses per capita than a dozen other states without

prohibitory laws. Rhode Island under prohibition had more dram-shops per capital than any other state in the country. The present county attorney of this county has collected in the past five years \$41,000 in fines from liquor sellers. Yet there is more rum in Kennebec county today than there was five years ago. It seems to me, I cannot be refuted, when I say that a prohibitory law means simply the free, unlicensed and untaxed sale of liquor.

The part that a prohibitory law plays in politics, is in Maine what it is in every state. In some states of the North the Republicans for party purposes have sided with the prohibitionists; in the South the Democrats through selfish motives have done the same thing. Hypocrisy of man and failure of law are the results. More than a dozen states have tried prohibition. Most of them have abandoned it, but not through lack of zeal in the temperance cause. If we compare the present condition of public opinion on the temperance question with that of twenty-five years ago, we notice that although prohibition has been losing ground, temperance has been gradually gaining. The advance has been made, not through prohibition, but in spite of it. By insisting upon impracticable measures the prohibitionists have systematically retarded the temperance movement. Meanwhile true temperance in the church, the school, and the home has gone on without them.

ALBERT ROBINSON.

### WORDSWORTH AND TENNYSON.—A COMPARISON.

The poetry of William Wordsworth marks one of the most interesting periods in the history of English literature. The time had come when the mere finery of poetic art and the display of pedantic criticism by rival authors and reviewers failed to satisfy the reader. There began to arise a demand for verse that should portray the actual phases of daily life.

This new ideal of poetry had received its first expression from Shakespeare, later it derived a refining touch from Pope, and now, despite the excesses of criticism, it gains a fearless champion in Wordsworth.

Of this new movement, Wordsworth was pre-eminently qualified to be a leader. His early life and school training were passed under influences and amid scenes the most favorable for the awakening and development of his genius. Early had he imbibed a love for nature—a love that deepened into worship.

Wordsworth believed that nature has a self subsistence, wholly independent of the thoughts and feelings of man,—a spirit within, which, though invisible, speaks audibly to the human soul; that this life of nature has characteristic qualities: *calmness*, which soothes and refreshes; *sublimity*, uplifting and ennobling thought; *tenderness*, shown in the existence of the tiniest wayside flower; that the union of man's spirit with the life of nature produces, in the poet's mind, a new creation,—a something neither wholly mind nor wholly matter—but the product of both; and that this result is the highest source of poetry.

As an interpreter of Nature, Wordsworth had his own peculiar theory of poetry, and in his poems he has given it ample illustration. It was not the *exterior* of the world, however attractive, that he desired most to present, but rather its *hidden powers*, its *silent voices* to the spiritual element of man. And in dealing with humanity, he was not a dramatist, presenting merely the *surface action*, but a skillful delineator of that simple, yet sublime under-current of sentiment that daily pulses through human life.

If now we turn to the poetry of Tennyson, we shall enter a sphere of poetic thought and style quite different from that of Wordsworth.

It was in an age of awakening genius and culture that Tennyson began his work as a poet. He has ever worked with a sense of the divine mission of poetry. Early possessed with an ideal, he has conscientiously worked toward its realization. Tennyson is pre-eminently a master of *charm*, and the English language owes much to him for the good influences he has set in operation in the field of literature. The dominant idea in his poetry is, that the well-developed man must be carefully poised between the active and passive virtues; that he must unite with his intellectual and moral greatness, the sweetness and tenderness of goodness.

To compare the poetry of Wordsworth with that of Tennyson, is to compare the pure or classical diction with the ornate style. As a representative of the classical diction, Wordsworth stands in the first rank if not at the head of English poets. The distinguishable qualities of this style are, that it should have nice and appropriate settings; that it should be done with few strokes; that it should use sufficient detail without unnecessary amplification.

Directly opposed to the pure style is the ornate diction. This surrounds the object with a certain profuseness of decoration. With his exquisite finish and elegance of diction, Tennyson is, of English poets, the best illustration of this ornamental style. How simple, for instance, is the story of Enoch Arden when despoiled of its garniture: A sailor who sells fish breaks his leg, gets dismal, gives up selling fish, goes to sea, is wrecked on a desert island, remains there some years, returns home, finds his wife married to a miller, speaks to a landlady on the subject, and dies.

The great defect, therefore, of ornate poetry is its lack of simplicity. Things are not represented as they *are* but as they *should* be to please the reader.

Then may we not say that Wordsworth has employed the higher art? Tennyson calls to his aid the *ideal* and *artificial*; Wordsworth holds a mirror up to nature; Tennyson cloy the mind with excessive ornamentation; Wordsworth, with his picturesque touches, refreshes the spirit, and gives a deeper significance to the common incidents of daily life.

JOEL BYRON SLOCUM.

### THE FLORENTINE SPHINX.

Four centuries have passed. The enigma propounded by Niccolo Machiavelli remains unsolved. To the world of thinkers, the Florentine Secretary has not sufficiently revealed himself to be accorded his proper place. Denounced by Frederick the Great and by Voltaire as perfidious and impious, condemned by the Jesuits as a teacher of intrigue and bad faith, and by Shakespeare termed the notorious, the murderous Machiavel, the author of the "Prince" has given his name to posterity as a synonym for

political duplicity. Held in honor by Italian contemporaries as a patriot, eulogized by Bacon, Rousseau, and Macaulay for genius and elevation of sentiment, worshiped by the Florentines of to-day as the father of Italian liberties, Machiavelli may seem to deserve a nobler fame.

To study this protean character is to look upon a master mind in its sad attempt to bring light out of darkness. In the times of Machiavelli are to be found the contradictions and incongruities, indistinctly imaged in the character of the man. The brightest flashes of art and literature in the darkest gloom of corruption make a picture alike intense and depressing. With Dante's Divine Comedy began the intellectual awakening of Italy. Yet this dawn of the Renaissance served only to intensify the blackness of the cloud that betokened political storm and national devastation.

Italy was weak, and foreign invasion threatened her ruin. Italy was corrupt, and the Pope was a prophet without honor. Nay more, Italy was at the mercy of that most unchristian of tyrants, the Holy Father of Rome. At Florence, Savonarola preached reform, and fanned into a blaze the smouldering spark of liberty. At Florence, too, another lover of liberty dreamed of the salvation of his country. It was Niccolo Machiavelli.

Secretary of the Florentine Republic, ambassador to foreign courts, creator of the Florentine militia, Machiavelli served Florence well. But the Florentine Secretary had a greater dream than that of Florence, a metropolis. His one purpose was Italy—a nation.

The restoration of the Medici brought banishment as the lot of Machiavelli. To serve Florence even under her new masters was the desire of the ex-Secretary; but the activity of the statesman was forced to turn into literary channels. The "Prince" was written.

It is this "Prince" which has brought upon Machiavelli, the censure and infamy of the centuries. If some essayists are to be believed Machiavelli in the "Prince" gives to all tyrants, to all traitors a manual of deceit, perfidy and treachery. Ingenious manipulators of history have traced to the "Prince" every political sin of the past four centuries.

Yet, the fact that the author of the "Prince" was in exile and had even suffered the rack as a zealous republican, should lead to further inquiry into the nature of the work. Did this friend of Italian liberty become an apostate? To this charge, the author himself makes answer. In the "Prince" itself is expressed the dominant thought of Machivelli. The Medici as the most powerful of Italian families are exhorted to use these means of becoming the deliverers of Italy. It is the last appeal of a despairing heart, a last prayer for the unity of his country.

A charge, other than that of apostasy, remains. The art of politics is treated by Machiavelli, in a way that seems to presuppose the absence of all conscience, all morality, all good. He openly advocates cunning and dissimulation as attributes of the successful ruler; "the semblance of good qualities is useful, while their reality may be prejudicial." Is it strange that Machiavelli is charged with having perfected a system of irreligion, perfidy and tyranny?

Again, his detractors seem to have overlooked his own words. Machiavelli himself, thus comments upon his maxims for gaining power: "These methods are indeed most cruel and destructive, not only to all Christian, but to all human being; and every man ought to avoid them, and prefer, rather, to live a private man, than to be a king with so great a ruin of mankind."

Machiavelli is ever the patriot. His subordination of *what ought to be* to *what is*, his false theory of the ends justifying the means, may well be overlooked as we regard his ardent and irresistible love for liberty, his country, and even for virtue. The great Florentine Secretary was the preacher of the political reformation of Italy. His faults were but his birthright in that age of corruption, but the national idea, the conception of a united Italy is his bequest to his country.

GEORGE OTIS SMITH.

### POLITICS AS A PROFESSION.

The fate of democratic governments hangs on this question. "How can honest, able, well-trained men be induced to enter politics?"

The speculative problems connected with our

government are vastly more numerous and complicated today than ever before. Yet our best intellectual effort is no longer expended in solving these problems.

Our scholars and men of science are not politicians. Too many of our clergymen are ignorant or careless of political problems and the true principals of state-craft.

Before this lamentable state of things is bettered several prevalent popular superstitions must be swept away. First, the widespread conviction that good laws whether well-executed or not constitute good government. Second, that culture, training, intellectual equipment of any high sort are hindrances to a political career. That adroit manipulation is more valuable than distinguished merit. Again, that to grant a people, or a class, the suffrage, educates them *per se* to fitness to use it. We have been trained by the suffrage and our fathers before us; yet we tumble into our political opinions at the behest of demagogues who as ridiculously tumble into legislation.

Finally, we find morality paraded as the chief desideratum in politics, and much we regret its conspicuous absence. But a good heart yoked with poor brains, or none at all, is a weak team in politics. The difference between good and bad politics is more intellectual than moral. Men must have clear eyes, good heads, real knowledge of realities, and then good hearts may do their perfect work. But such requisites are impossible for the mass of men, hence the need of wise leaders.

Yet we cannot depend on our politicians for such wise leadership, since the men actually making politics their business only emphasize the fact that knowledge of political science and dabbling in practical politics are widely different things. The number of congressmen who have any comprehensive knowledge of political science is very small.

A day or a decade may bring tremendous changes in our institutions and forms of government. Great changes should be based on great principles fundamentally sound. For these are substituted well sounding propositions whose truth or patience is little regarded. Many of our so-called advanced ideas, are, on close in-

spection, but the musty fakes of centuries.

Our politicians vociferate the party shibboleths, scratch the surface of national issues; and the people are only too ready to accept noise for accomplishment, stump-vituperation, fire-works, and brass bands for statesmanship and fidelity to large trusts.

We shall have gained much when men, because of superior endowments, advantages of wealth, attractions of refined leisure, or relish for philosophical pursuits, do not grow unwilling to perform their full duties as citizens. But we need still more than this to counteract the evils of inefficient political service. We need men who can view conditions in their causes, who can throw on measures the light of universal, controlling principles. Men who can forecast the consequences of any change, its tendency to elevate or to degrade national standards.

We need a body of educated, trained statesmen who can deduct from speculation such lofty maxims and principles, based on experience and human needs, as shall be, not *absolute* and *final*, but rather a working hypothesis for the state. We need a body of men directly connected with public administration, who have in their possession the facts of history, an exact knowledge of the development of institutions, and of the elements which determine the progress and decay of states as revealed by the past. We need political specialists who are conversant with the ripest results of specialists in the historical, economical, and sociological departments of learning.

Under our form of government the professional politician is a necessity. Logically, then, we should demand trained statesmen as politicians. The demand will create the supply. Say to your young men in college that there is room in politics for statesmen; that you believe Dr. Arnold was right when he declared that "to take a part in the administration of the state is the highest earthly desire of the ripened mind. Urge the college men, whose fine enthusiasm and unflinching ambition might incline to political life, to fit themselves by long years of study for the career of enlightened statesmen.

Urge them to serve their fellowmen in the widest field which our country offers to a young

man who is strong, who has high aspirations for public service, who is capable of great self-sacrifice, endurance of obloquy, discomfort, sleepless nights and toilsome days. Urge them to make themselves worthy an exalted place in this profession which is the peer of any in its grand possibilities, its solemn obligations, its holy ambitions, its legitimate rewards.

CYRUS FLINT STIMSON.

### THE UTILITY OF ART.

Most of us if asked our opinion of art, would doubtless characterize it as a something belonging to the æsthetic realm of our nature, to be considered only by those who have special bent for it, or time for pleasurable pursuits. We commonly set it apart in a sphere where its sole mission is the gratification of the sense of beauty, or of the longing for pleasing diversity; but divorce it from any practical bearing on our lives.

Ruskin says of it: "The entire vitality of art depends on its being either full of truth or full of use."

In many ways is its utility apparent, when we pause to consider. Crude pictures helped our savage ancestors better to express thought. From pictures we learn much of the history of ancient times; the manner of living, implements of warfare, hunting and fishing, modes of dress, and daily habits of life. Ancient Egyptian paintings have a twofold value, as works of art, and as pictorial history. In mediæval times, when the Bible lay chained in the church, and the mass of people could not have read it, had they been free to do so, almost the sum total of their religious instruction was gained from paintings on the church walls.

Beauty though a requisite of art, is not its one chief aim, apart from use. Beauty in art, like happiness in life, when made the first and leading object, defeats its own purpose, and is lost in the very effort to gain it. May we not marry use to beauty, and enhance each by the union?

This proposition is susceptible of mathematical demonstration. Romanesque arches, which are strongest for the support of weight, are most beautiful to the eye. Thus, ever, do we find that in conforming to the principle of utility, in seek-

ing the most economic form, we have, too, the most artistic.

"A square building, well warmed and lighted, would serve the purpose of use in accommodating those who wished to hear preaching better than a Gothic Cathedral. But the cathedral is a work of art, built to express the religious aspiration of the age, and it speaks to the souls of the people, though the preacher's voice is lost in it." To-day we cherish the home more than the church. Should we not make that, too, a temple of art, worthily expressing the love, truth, and earnest labor that are to consecrate it? Surely it is not time spent in vain, that devoted to art in the home, decorative art, if thus life is made more comfortable, cheerful and enjoyable.

In its varied uses one of the most subtle phases of art is the power to stimulate the imagination. Shelly has said: "The true secret of morals is imagination." As the power of art is to express what is in the soul of humanity, so she impresses that same thought on other receptive souls. But there must first be the right moral state before there can be the art. The art, when once obtained, brightens and completes the moral state from which it arose, and further, by the subtle powers of imagination, communicates the exaltation to other minds, which are already morally capable of the like. It is not by depicting the results but by the very essence of good and evil art affects us. We draw in horror away from the terrible picture of the Duke of Gueldres, we draw in love toward the holiness of St. Sebastian, though he is chained and tortured.

Art influences us, not by what she bids us to do, but by what she makes us be. She creates a new spirit within us, and "out of that spirit are the issues of life."

Though she never intrudes herself, unmasked, if we welcome her influence, it will help to raise us above self and narrow prejudices.

Thus drawn from self, we are enabled to imagine the life and needs of others, to love them, and do rightly by them.

"Like nature, a touch of art will make the whole world kin."

EVA MARION TAYLOR.

## PRESENTATION DAY.

June 27th, 1892.

The Junior class held their Presentation Day exercises on the Campus on Monday afternoon. Music was furnished by the Waterville Military Band. The programme began with prayer by J. B. Slocum. After the singing of the class ode, came the Junior Oration by C. F. Stimson. After music, C. E. Smith delivered the poem:

### LIVING? WHY?

What give this world, so full  
Of toil and eager striving,  
The balm of pleasantness?  
Our life,—why worth the living?

I seek the answer long,  
And fain would give up trying;  
But still I question why,  
For life we're always sighing.

I live to pile up wealth;  
I seek to gain by buying,"  
So said the merchant gray,  
"For this I'd postpone dying."

I question next the sage,  
Renowned for mighty learning;  
He slowly shook his head,  
Then saw my eager yearning:

Said he, "My son, I live,  
To search out wisdom, trying;  
Into the secret past  
My soul is ceaseless prying."

The politician next,  
The vexing question plying;  
Said he, "'Tis fame I seek,  
To hear my praises flying

Adown the stormy breeze;  
For this I'm always vieing,  
To hear my name the theme  
Of myriad voices crying."

I homeward took my way,  
Long while each answer pond'ring;  
And at life's varied maze,  
I sat in thoughtful wond'ring.

But once again abroad,  
In thought intently musing,  
On the vexing question of my life,  
The puzzle dark perusing;

I saw on swollen stream  
A truant ship swift sailing,  
To bring it back, availed  
Not all its owner's wailing.

I sought the tossing thing,  
With a pole its flight arresting,  
And brought it safe to land,  
The roaring torrent breasting.

The lad received it back,  
His tear-stained face all beaming;  
As sunbeams after storm  
Through forest tree-tops streaming.

I saw his keen delight,  
And on my way went thinking;  
My soul had caught the glow  
At love's deep fountain drinking.

I knew what the Savior meant,  
The head of a child caressing,  
"A cup of cold water to these  
Will always return you a blessing."

I found here the answer at last,  
In that smile of happiness beaming,  
In vain sought from lips of the sage,  
On the child's face clearly gleaming.

For love makes life what it is,  
'Tis love makes our life worth living,  
'Tis love gives a zest to our toil,  
Yes, love gives us pleasure in striving.

CHARLES FREDERIC SMITH.

The class historian was H. T. Jordan, who related the following facts about '93:

#### HISTORY OF '93.

It is a well known saying that no one can write an impartial history of any event or party until at least one hundred years have elapsed from the time when the event occurred or the party had its being. But all sayings have their exceptions and it will be the endeavor of the historian of '93 to prove one of these exceptions by giving a fair and impartial description of the various doings of the class. Indeed the historian in his anxiety lest he may seem to boast or exaggerate may go to the other extreme and not give to '93 the credit and honor to which she is due.

It was on Sept. 5, 1889, that we made our first *grand entree* at chapel. On that morning

we were forty-two in number, eight girls and thirty-six boys. As we entered the chapel we were greeted with a burst of applause, which came to an untimely end, however, when the President arose and made the statement that henceforth no such demonstration would be allowed.

Our first week was a very stormy one. It was then that we saw for the first time the phenomena of water decending from a clear sky, and such was the violence of many of these sudden showers that the *aqua pura* actually made its way through the roofs and walls of our sleeping apartments. But we were not to be discouraged by a little dampness, and faithfully dug away at our Greek, Latin, and Geometry. At last, however, patience ceased to be a virtue, and so on the first Friday evening of the term, we held our first class meeting, in order to decide upon some plan of getting even with the enemy. That our action might be kept secret, Mr. Hall offered the class the use of his father's parlor as a place of conclave. His offer was gratefully accepted and shortly after supper nearly all the boys of the class assembled at the *rendezvous*. A spirited discussion here took place concerning the situation. Telling speeches were made by Mr. Foster and Mr. Gallert, and excitement was raised to the highest pitch. As soon as the applause which followed Mr. Gallert's speech had subsided, Mr. Butterfield the member from Wilton arose to give his views on future redress. Right in the midst of one of his best sentences he was interrupted by the hasty entrance of the outside guard who commanded instant silence, as a spy from the enemy's forces was outside. A deep quiet followed broken only by the excited whispers of Mr. Foster who thought the spy ought to be captured. Soon, however, business was resumed. A committee to arrange some plan of action for Monday night was appointed. The meeting then adjourned.

On next Monday morning it was apparent that '92 had some *great* scheme on foot for the night.

During the day the rumor gained credence. We were informed that certain ones of our number were to be buried in an open ditch on

the Campus. Rather than run the risk of such indignity, we decided to take our stand collectively on the Campus. The Sophs somewhat surprised by our move, delayed action. While we were drawing up, awaiting their onset an unexpected spectator appeared. This was none other than the new President. We were commanded to disperse to our rooms.

This command placed us in a curious position. To obey was to place ourselves at the mercy of the Sophs. Not to obey was to incur the wrath of the Faculty. '92 settled the question, however, by suddenly moving on us with their buckets. We rushed to meet them and the battle was on. Prodigious were the feats of valor performed that night. After a long struggle, in which neither class seemed to gain the supremacy, a halt was called and hostilities postponed. By this struggle '92 was made to see that she had found a worthy opponent, and '93 gained confidence in herself as a class.

At base ball the Sophomores managed to beat us by the close score of 23 to 22. Although we lost the game, we played such good ball that '91 gave us a jolly banquet.

A fitting climax to our Freshmen year was the class exit, held at Bangor, on the 28th of June, '90. At the banquet great oratorical talent was for the first time displayed, and the speeches made were both witty and spirited.

On our return to college in our Sophomore fall, we found the largest class of Freshmen awaiting our paternal care and discipline, that Colby ever contained. We did our duty by '94, and, on Bloody Monday night, gave them a good start in college life. In our first skirmish with '94 on the diamond, we beat them by a score of 15 to 5. This defeat proved very efficient in reducing the freshness of the class.

In the latter part of the fall term a little incident occurred which resulted rather disastrously for the parties concerned. During prayer, four observing Sophomores noticed a restlessness among the Freshmen which disturbed the exercises. The four Sophomores, actuated by a noble desire to assist the hard worked Faculty, procured a quantity of that sticky liquid known as molasses, and proceeded to put it on the Freshmen seats. Strange as it may seem, their

labors were not appreciated by the President, and they were permitted to take a short vacation. Whether the punishment inflicted was just or not, is not here to be discussed.

Two other events, which space prevents from being enlarged upon, were the midnight ride of the whistling wonder, and the cane rush following the "Freshman Reading." Thus ended a Sophomore year, upon which we can look back with pride and satisfaction.

The last year has been an enjoyable and prosperous one. If, however, there is any member of '94 who is dreaming of a sweet-do-nothing life next year, '93 can tell him that he is doomed to a sad awaking.

Before closing, a word must be said concerning the ladies of the class. All through the course our ladies have taken a keen interest and active part in all our deliberations. They have shared both our sorrows and joys. By them have we, the boys of the class, always been kindly treated, and the receptions with which they have yearly honored us have been among the most enjoyable, social events of our college life. By their many kind deeds have they won our friendship and regard, and they may rest assured that the boys of '93 will never forget their girls.

In all departments of college life we have our representatives. In the classroom as good scholars as Colby has ever seen. In athletics we have had the honor of taking the class cup at the last two Field Days.

To the college we are loyal, and we hope and believe that it will have a brilliant future.

In bringing this history to a close we can but say that while we recognize our faults and imperfections, we have yet hope that when we graduate, the coming year, we may leave back of us a reputation that will reflect credit, both upon the college and the class.

HARRY THOMAS JORDAN.

Next came the awarding of prizes, by G. O. Smith. The following were the awards:

The first award was a pair of pincers to D. J. Gallert, the Class Political Wire Puller. Our Timid Hercules, C. N. Perkins, received for his self-defence an insect gun. S. D. Graves,

'93's Model Student, was awarded a knife, with which he might do his cutting. '93's Smiling Maiden, was Miss Cummings, who received a hand-mirror, that still another might be cheered by her smiles. Two Inveterate Prize Winners, Bowman and Hall, for the first time, received—*nothing*. C. F. Stinson, the Incessant, Irrepressible Conversationalist, was presented with a gas-meter. J. B. Slocum, the Algebraic Acrobat and Trigonometric Tumbler, received as a reward of merit, a slate. The Awarder of Prizes next presented the President of '95, the class horn and water pail.

The remainder of the exercises were held in Memorial Hall. Here the cast of the Marble Faun was presented to the University by the President of the class, J. H. Ogier. Mr. Ogier made the following remarks:

Mr. President: Three years of college life have left us with two marked results, a warm class spirit and a loyalty to our Alma Mater.

We give material expression to these feelings in observing the custom of Presentation.

So to-day, in addition to our former gift of the Historical Library, we bring to the college, a statue representing a subject taken from our own times.

We hope that our gift will meet the favor of the college and that it may ever stand within its walls as a token of '93's best wishes and sincere esteem.

Mr. President, I feel proud to have the honor to present to you, in the name of the class of '93, a cast of Praxiteles' Marble Faun.

The Presentation Ode was now sung by the class.

#### PRESENTATION ODE.

AIR:—"On the Chapel Steps."

Straight down from heaven an angel flew,  
A message sweet he bore,  
He whispered in the Artist's ear,  
Then winged his flight once more.  
The Master understood the word,  
Long time in marble wrought;  
There grew from out the lifeless stone  
A pure and holy thought.

Ere long the Artist passed away,  
The thought divine still lives;  
It sweetly enters human hearts  
And inspiration gives.

O Marble Faun! So fair a thing  
Art thou—and born above,  
We place thee in our college halls,  
Expression of our love.

Bird-songs and little children's joys,  
And dancing beams of light,  
The sound of brooks, the breath of flowers,  
In thy glad face unite.  
Thy presence here shall speak of peace  
To care-worn mortal breast;  
Thou makest man and nature one—  
Thy message sweet is—rest!

HELEN REED BEEDE.

#### THE MARBLE FAUN.

The class of '93 have been very fortunate in their selection of a statue as a gift to the college on Presentation Day. It is a cast of the famous Faun of Praxiteles in the Capitol Museum at Rome. This has been celebrated by Hawthorne in his fascinating romance of the Marble Faun. It is supposed to be a copy of an original bronze statue. It is of Pentelic marble and was found near the villa of Marcus Aurelius in 1701. The youthful figure leans in a graceful attitude upon the trunk of a tree, bearing a panther's skin upon his shoulder. Much has been said and written in praise of this work of art, and no visitor to Rome fails to see it. Nothing exceeds Hawthorne's own description of it. "The whole statue, unlike anything else that ever was wrought in the severe material of marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment toward it, as if its substance were warm to the touch and imbued with actual life. It comes very near to some of our pleasantest sympathies."

#### CLASS ODE.

AIR: The Church in the Wildwood.

There's a spot 'neath the willows on the Campus,  
'Tis the loveliest place in the town;  
It is here that the rains often damp us,  
Alas for the new Commencement gown.

CHORUS:

Then come, come, come, come,  
Come to the spot on the Campus,

'Neath the shade of the wide-spreading tree;  
Here the warmest of welcomes awaits you,  
From the wonderful class, ninety-three.

Then come to the spot on the Campus,  
And pay us the tribute that's due;  
We can read, we can write, we can translate at sight,  
In athletics, we are not a few.

CHORUS:

Then come to the spot on the Campus,  
The swift-flowing water beside,  
We will laugh, we will sing, we will make the woods  
ring,  
In the praise of old Colby, our pride.

CHORUS:

## JUNIOR PRIZE EXHIBITION.

Monday evening, June 27th, 1892.

At the Church on Monday evening, the following programme was given:

MUSIC.	PRAYER.	MUSIC.
Evils of Unrestricted Immigration,	NATHAN GRANT FOSTER.	
A Suggestion from the Renaissance,	LEON OTIS GLOVER.	
The Utility of Art,	EVA MARION TAYLOR.	
	MUSIC.	
The Florentine Sphinx,	GEORGE OTIS SMITH.	
Prohibition and Temperance,	ALBERT ROBINSON.	
A Literary Parallel,	GRACE MAUD COBURN.	
	MUSIC.	
Politics as a Profession,	CYRUS FLINT STIMSON.	
Wordsworth and Tennyson, a Comparison,	JOEL BYRON SLOCUM.	
The Anarchist,	DENNIS EVARTS BOWMAN.	

The music was by Pullen's Orchestra. Abstracts of the above Junior parts are given on pages 50-59.

## CLASS DAY.

Tuesday, June 28th, 1892.

The Seniors held their Class Day exercises Tuesday forenoon and afternoon. At 10.30, the class under charge of Marshall Sturtevant marched down to the Baptist church, where prayer was offered by A. H. Hurd. Then came music by the Waterville Military Band, after which the class history was given by C. J. Ross:

### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '92.

Thursday morning, September 6, 1888, forty-five Freshmen filed into the seats on the west side of the chapel. We knew we were Freshmen and accepted the situation; but we felt that we were destined to distinguish ourselves because our first appearance was greeted with such substantial applause on the part of the Sophomores. Immediately after chapel it rained, not pitchforks to be sure, but sometimes bucketfuls. One morning a short time afterwards, when we had become satiated with Sophomoric applause and did not consider our performance worthy of such demonstration, it was answered by a sharp, protracted hiss; whereupon our honored president arose and in a kindly manner rebuked both parties to the disturbance.

Bloody Monday night came and with the troop of diabolic visitors whose actions belied their looks. The initiation ceremonies of the ancient order of  $\Phi X$  was evidently not a sworn ordeal; they consisted of a short catechism and horn concert; the recipient of the favors, if he happened to be in bed, was bound by courtesy to get up, and to admit his visitors, and to remain with them until the ceremonies were over.

The next important event was the Freshmen—Sophomore ball game. We were not very confident of winning the game, but we took out some horns to celebrate with in case of victory. Strangely enough those horns were offensive to the Sophomores, and the game was occasionally interrupted by a horn fight in which the members of both nines participated for the sake of variety. Some of those horns still survive after four years of service, but for the past year they have

been like the "harp of Tara's Halls." The umpire in some way got the impression that the Freshmen were trying to delay the game and finally called the game 9 to 0 in favor of the Sophs, when it actually stood 2 to 1. Nevertheless they congratulated themselves on a victory, and, while they were enjoying oyster-stew as a result of their prowess, we were preparing for the Peanut Drunk. Many peanuts and much water were conveyed to the hallway on the fourth floor in North College, and the stairway was barricaded with a massive gate. Soon they rushed into the lower hall with a mighty shout, and then the Freshmen began to eat peanuts. They met with a stubborn and damp resistance, while coming up the stairs, and when they at last gained the upper floor the peanuts were no more; only a few shells were left to mingle with the water and blood of battle, and we do not consider that we were worsted in that battle in any particular. After this event hostilities ceased until Spring.

In the winter term a number of the class were out tracking and the term was comparatively uneventful. The time, however, was still occupied by our studies, which, indeed, had been by no means neglected in the preceding term.

In the spring the Sophomores, with much solicitude for our growth and vigor, applied more water—sometimes a paper-bag full, occasionally a pail full. During the term one of our number left us for the advantages of West Point, and a farewell banquet was tendered him. The Freshmen Reading was a credit to the class and especially to those who participated.

We were sorry to learn that we were to lose our President, Dr. Pepper, at the end of the year; for we esteemed him very highly, and felt that he was a friend to each of us. However, we judged rightly as events have shown, that his place would be successfully filled and admirably filled by his successor. The close of the year was celebrated with a glorious exit at Augusta.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year we were less in number by two. But we started in to carry out the programme, as set forth in the college curriculum, and as established by college custom. We "wooded up" the Freshmen, and

watered them finely, without money and without price. Bloody Monday Night was observed by speeches in their rooms, on the part of the Freshmen, and water was liberally applied to them on the Campus later in the evening, until the upper classmen closed their ceremonies.

The Sophomore-Freshmen ball game was played, and we won it by a score of 21 to 20. The class of '90 treated us to the customary oyster-stew in consequence of our victory.

When the time for the '95 Freshman Reading came, it was advertised gratuitously in the "*War-Cry*." By the way, the people said the "*War-Cry*" was a "False Order," and even insinuated that it originated in the class of '92.

There was no clash on the night of the Reading; the Freshmen carried no canes. When the Reading was over, the two classes met by chance on the depot platform, and each gave the yell of the other; after this compliment the classes marched back to the Bricks with mutual good feeling. Indeed, it is doubtful, whether better feeling ever existed between two classes which have been Sophomores and Freshman at the same time, in this college.

The Junior year came bringing its problem of elective studies. The problem of elections being solved, we settled down to work. Let those, who will talk of Junior ease, we shall always think that such talk is irony. Yet, the studies of the Junior year were so attractive, that the idea of ease fades into insignificance in comparison. The required chemistry met with such hearty approval, that every member of the class elected the laboratory work in that science in the spring term, and as there was not room enough in the laboratory to accommodate us all, the matter was decided by lot. Mechanics proved to be somewhat of a stumbling block to us; so much so that a dozen of us were invited to a special session in the physical laboratory. This session has since been known as the banquet of Mr.<sup>2</sup>

One of the important events of the spring term was a slight dissention about Commencement arrangements. We gradually became settled into two parties, when the contested arrangement was settled by vote and without bloodshed.

'92 has always been well represented in society, and the society spirits planned a grand hop,

which they called Pan-Hellenic. It proved to be one of the events of last Commencement.

In the beginning of the Senior year, we had dwindled to thirty members, and all but two were present. These two soon returned. But one of our number has been obliged to leave on account of ill-health; so we number but twenty-nine, to-day.

During the year there has been a mutual appreciation between the class and Faculty. They have seen that we are not all black sheep and that we have not been wholly bent on mischief.

Now we leave the old college and all its associations with regret, but we go out with the hope that we may live lives of honor and usefulness to our fellow-men.

CHARLES JOSEPH ROSS.

The singing of historical ode followed:

AIR—Auf Wedersehen.

We drink to-day the mingled cup,  
With smile and song and sigh;  
Together we have toiled, but now  
Our paths asunder lie.  
We part, alas! but cannot say  
When we may meet again,  
Or what for us the future holds  
Of pleasure or of pain.

Here where our kindly mother wears  
Her crown of honored years  
We gather in this parting hour,  
Whose end already nears.  
We hear life's trumpet call to arms,  
Each heart makes quick reply  
To Duty's summons to the strife  
And answers: "Here am I!"

Let mem'ry weave her mystic chain  
O'er days forever past  
And bind us in sweet fellowship,  
While life itself shall last.  
Though sundered far by time and space,  
Still may each heart beat true  
To Alma Mater and her child,  
The class of '92.

Miss Bakeman read the Class Poem:

MAIDENHAIR.

Here in the woods I have found you,  
Wild, sweet thing!  
Drooping your head at the love-songs  
Wood-birds sing.  
Bending and waving and swaying,

Zephyr-fanned,  
Veiling, with lace-like verdure,  
Meadow-land.  
Delicate, feather-tipped frondlets,  
Richest green,  
Over stems ebony-pencilled  
Fondly lean.  
Queen of the charm-breathing woodland,  
Maidenhair!  
Surely, a great, tender God-thought  
Placed yon there.

Spice-laden breezes blew soft through the palace  
Where, in the orient half of the earth  
Amytis lived, the maiden called Sun-child,  
Rich in all graces and noble in birth.  
Amytis, "winsome, and witching,"  
Or Amytis, "lily-fair,"  
But everywhere, Amytis, "Sun-child,"  
Named for her sun-gold hair.

Keen-visioned priestesses said that the Sun-god,  
Gazing each morning in eager delight,  
Covered her tresses with swift sunbeam kisses,  
Thus were they ever so shimmering-bright.  
Wavering, wreathing and glinting,  
First on her forehead sweet,  
Pale golden lights and bronze shadows  
Frolicked e'en down to her feet.

Fast in the silken, luxuriant meshes  
Cyril, her lover, was hopelessly bound.  
Many had sought her with anxious devotion,  
Favor and happiness he only found.  
Truly and fondly he loved her;  
Fond and more true was she,  
Till Duty with voice unrelenting  
Told her it must not be!

Amytis heard of the wonderful Christ-life,  
Over in Palestine, near to her home,  
Heard of the terrible, heart-rending Christ-death,  
Heard that from love to the world He had come.  
Gratefully, gladly she heard it,  
Child-trust in Him she placed.  
Christ was not risen a twelve-month,  
Ere she the faith embraced.

O, then the anger of Cyril, her lover!  
"Amytis, false one, dost love him?" cried he,  
"Love a dead dog of a Jewish impostor!  
Well rid were I of a changeling like thee!  
Hast thou not gods enough now, pray?  
Or is my love too small?  
Thinkest thou I'll have thy half-love?  
Life of me, I'll have it all!"

"What art thou whispering to me, thou mad girl,  
Saying thou wouldst make a Christian of me,  
Make me vow love to this Nazarene Jesus?

I will have no other gods before thee!  
Amytis, hear my entreaty,  
Pity these womanish tears,  
Part from this fanciful frenzy,  
Lo, I have loved you for years!"

Silent the maiden, through anger and pleading  
Wavering poised she, half willing to yield—  
Resolute knelt she, and veiled in her tresses,  
Bravely and tenderly, thus her fate sealed:  
"Heart's-love, thou knowest I love thee,  
More than all earth beside!  
Gladly my life would give thee  
Raptured—become thy bride!"

"One master have I, my Cyril, before thee,  
Christ in the Heavens, is King of my heart,  
Sure, I must love Him far more than a mortal—  
No? Then, oh, light of mine eyes, we must part!  
One thing I ask—seek me not, love,  
Trust me—I may not tell.  
Amytis prays for you ever,  
Cyril, a long farewell!"

Know ye the cave on the side of the mountain,  
Out o'er the desert-sand, far from all strife?  
Dank, reptile-haunted, and gruesome and lonely—  
There lived the Sun-child her pure hermit life.  
Daily became she more saintly,  
Daily her soul grew fair,  
Thus, in the shadow stillness,  
Lived she a life of prayer.

Day-dawning found her in tireless devotions,  
Heavenward incense, a worshipful flame,  
Evening-star, too, as he glanced in the cavern  
Saw her rapt, deep-musing, ever the same.  
Seemed she with spirit-gaze holy,  
The Christ-face, unseen, to know.  
What but a heaven-reflection  
So made her pale cheek glow?

Ever and ever the thought-birds escaping,  
Fly from her heart-nest to Cyril, afar,  
Over and over she hushes her longings,  
Fears lest the strength of her vow she should mar.  
Ardently for him her prayers rise,  
Mingled with heart-throbs oft;  
Kneeling a vision seraphic,  
Haloed in gold-light soft.

Months passed. The maiden was languishing, fading,  
Hushed to a whisper, the voice of her prayer.  
Bravely she struggled, then calmly she yielded  
To mountain-winds keen, and the rough desert-fare.  
Prone on the cavern's cold rock-floor,  
Wasted and worn she lay,  
Warm light of Heaven beholding,  
Nor longing on earth to stay.

Rustle and flutter  
Soft-whirring wings.  
Angel-songs sweeter,  
Than mortal e'er sings,  
Swell out triumphant—  
Mountain-side rings—  
"Alleluia!"

Hovering, poising,  
Glorious sight!  
White-winged seraphs,  
Blazing in light,  
Enter the cavern—  
Lo! all is bright—  
"Alleluia!"

Silver-toned Gabriel,  
Pausing close by,  
Breathes to the maiden  
Words from on high;  
While, in rich cadence,  
Comes the reply—  
"Alleluia!"

"Greeting, blest maiden,  
Comes from above.  
The Lord Christ hath seen thee,  
Knows of thy love.  
Knows how thy heart, child,  
Seemeth to break,  
Knows thy devotion,  
All for His sake"—

"Christ loves thee, sweet one,  
Would have thee dwell  
With Him in Heaven—  
Come—it is well.  
Bids us to bear thee,  
Where is no pain,  
Heart-ache nor longing,  
But endless gain "

"This boon, dear Sun-child,  
He grants to thee,  
Comfort for Cyril  
Ever to be—  
What of thy beauties  
He deemed the best,  
That name thou truly—  
'Tis Christ's behest."

"He will transform it,  
Make it to live,  
Keep it immortal,  
Solace to give  
Thy wretched lover.  
Speak, virgin fair!"  
Gently, she murmured:  
"He loved my hair."

Straightway the angels then bore her to Heaven,

Winging their upward way, tender and slow,  
 Heard she their voices in melody chanting;  
 "Dear Sister Amytis, look, look below!"  
 Lo! at the door of the cavern,  
 Fast as they upward flew,  
*Maiden-hair fern* in its beauty  
 Higher and lovelier grew!

"This is the memory left to my lover,  
 Heaven-sent message of comfort and peace.  
 Now as of old, will my maiden-hair ever  
 Gladden his life, until life, too, shall cease.  
 Angels will tell him the wonder,  
 'Tell of my constant love!'"  
 Thus mused the damsel enraptured,  
 Soaring to bliss above.

Deep was the heart-cheer of Cyril, her lover,  
 Joyful he gazed on the exquisite thing.  
 Fierce raged his wrath as he thought of that Jesus,  
 Never, thrice never, would he own Him king!  
 Now he carresses the fern-fronds,  
 Once that loved maiden's hair.  
 Now is he fiendishly cursing  
 Him who has placed them there.

Go at the dawning to yonder green woodland—  
 Moist is the ground where the Maidenhair grows,  
 Water-drops cling to the tremulous leaf-tips,  
 Why and whence happen there, who of you knows?  
 Unthinking folk say the dew fell,  
 Grant them the childish thought!  
 He who has heard Nature's secrets,  
 Has been more truly taught.

Nightly the shade of the blasphemous Cyril,  
 Doomed here to wander for unnumbered years,  
 Visits each spot where the Maidenhair rises,  
 Mourns there and wails there and sheds mortal tears.  
 "Why did I scoff at the Christ-love?  
 Why wound my Amytis so?  
 Now by the Maidenhair ever  
 Must moan—oh, woe, oh, woe!"

This have I learned where I found you,  
 Wild, sweet thing!  
 Drooping your head at the love-songs  
 Wood-birds sing.  
 Bending, and waving and swaying,  
 Zephyr-fanned,  
 Veiling, with lace-like verdure,  
 Meadow-land.  
 Delicate, feather-tipped frondlets,  
 Richest green,  
 Over stems ebony-pencilled  
 Fondly lean.  
 Queen of the charm-breathing woodland,  
 Maidenhair!  
 Now know I a great, tender God-thought  
 Placed you there!

After music, C. A. Merrill, the Class Orator, delivered the oration, "America in its Relations to Universal Organization."

#### ON THE CAMPUS 2.30 P. M.

Prayer was offered by A. G. Hurd. After music the Prophecy was given by G. P. Fall, of which we give the following abstract:

#### CLASS PROPHECY.

Half a dozen presidential terms had been served by as many Republican Presidents since 1892. Toward Chicago, the place of the 1916 convention, delegates from all parts of the country were speeding at the rate of 288 miles an hour, upon the overland electric air-line system, the invention of the eminent and wealthy electrician, Herbert E. Wadsworth, whose first impulse to follow his chosen calling had been generated, during his college course, by Prof. Rogers and his well known catskin.

Having been chosen a delegate from the city of Lowell, Mass., I had stopped off at New York city, to dine with my old college classmate, the Right Rev. G. A. Andrews, pastor of the largest Congregationalist church in the city. The cordial manner with which he grasped my right hand in both of his when we met at the station, showed that the arm which had received so serious an injury while boating on the Messalonskee during his college days, had fully recovered its pristine vigor; while the portly form, snugly-fitting Prince Albert, and luxurious side-whiskers bespoke the well-fed, happy and contented parson. The principal cause of all this was seen when we reached the parson's home and were met by the trim figure and animated countenance of a little lady, whom I remembered as sitting in Recitation Hall at Colby, with several other ladies of her own height, upon a settee, the legs of which had been shortened to better suit the convenience of those occupying it.

Just before tea, a violent ringing at the door bell announced the arrival of one whom I had not seen since we parted on graduation day at Colby. The energetic movements, sturdy frame, and choice language of our caller, showed that time had made but slight changes in Bonney, physically, although he had developed into a full-

fledged Unitarian divine. Remembering the numerous discussions relative to evolution which used to take place in President Small's classroom, in which Arthur and Bill were frequent and active participants, I purposely turned the conversation upon that subject. The discussion which followed soon became so heated that it brought from the library a huge volume entitled, "The Metamorphological Hypothesis Concerning the Evolution of Anthropologic Genera," by G. A. Andrews, D.D. From this volume the eminent divine read his definition of evolution, the great length and ponderous words of which left the reverend gentleman in a very flushed and breathless state. Surely, thought I, if there is anything in that definition, it is enough to establish any hypothesis. Bill, I guess, is floored. But Bill was equal to the occasion, quoting a definition of evolution, from a scientific treatise published by himself and W. N. Donovan, in so earnest a manner that the cat in the corner prepared to spring through the open window provided Bill exhibited any further signs of insanity. To save Mrs. A's cat and to remind these intellectual giants that they were only men after all, I asked them where Donovan was at present. They informed me that his arduous scientific and sociological studies had weakened his mind and that he was under guard in his private residence in Albany, engaged in writing an exceedingly learned and voluminous treatise, wherein he was endeavoring to prove "that when the essence of nothing had crawled half way through a knot hole, it was exceedingly difficult to extract it by the tail."

That evening, as we were walking down Broadway, our attention was attracted by a blue-eyed girl of some twelve summers, calling out in a well modulated voice, "Aunt Grace, Aunt Grace, come here quick!" Surely, we had heard the counterpart of that voice before in old Colby's halls, and when the lady turned to comply with her niece's request, we saw that it was none other than our classmate, Miss Cummings. In the pleasant chat which followed, we ascertained that Miss Cummings was living in Cambridge, Mass., with her sister-in-law, known aforetime as the Goddess.

Continuing on our way we had scarcely reached

the Battery when we heard a tremendous booming of cannon out in the harbor. Inquiring the cause, we were informed that the forts and warships were firing a salute in honor of the Right Hon. F. B. Nichols, Secretary of the Navy, who had just come up from Washington. We remembered that Nichols had exhibited the nautical bent of his mind, in the frequency with which he had passed in to the Professor of the Rhetorical department at Colby, a certain article, "The Navy and Commerce of the United States." The principles set forth in that article, which Frank had firmly believed in from the time he first copied it, had, when adopted as the policy of the Navel Department, built up the Navy and Commerce of the United States to such an extent that England was deprived of her proud title of "Mistress of the Seas." The people of the United States, ever ready to acknowledge merit, wherever found, were loud in their praise of the genial Secretary, and whenever opportunity offered they seemed to rise up and exclaim as one man "F. B. Nichols is our Secretary, and he is a good one too."

The next morning, an early train was bearing me swiftly toward my destination. At Buffalo, a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman boarded the train. Judge Stark had won deserved promotion to a seat on the supreme bench of the United States, on account of several important judgments which he had rendered while Judge of one of the criminal courts of New York. The most famous judgment and the one which showed his logical mind most clearly, concluded as follows: "Finally, since the prisoner at the bar, Ernest F. Osgood, has been proven by the state guilty of living in this world without any excuse, pretext, or justification whatever, though the extreme punishment for such cases is death, yet the court will not inflict the extreme penalty in this instance, but will sentence him to undergo the Rossonian treatment until he promises faithfully not to repeat his offence."

I asked Stark what the "Rossonian Treatment" consisted of, and he told me that it had been invented by Charles J. Ross. Desperate criminals, who hitherto had been hung, were now restored to society, meek and industrious citizens, morely by placing them in a strongly

barred cell and compelling them to listen to Charlie Ross sing "Little Annie Rooney" thirteen times in succession. Prisoners, who had once undergone this terrible torture, never repeated their offense. They had had too great a foretaste of the torments of another world.

Speaking about classmates who had won distinction in the law, Stark told me that H. F. Kalloch led the bar of North Dakota. Handing me a letter which he had just received from Kalloch he bade me read the last part as it might be of interest to me. It ran thus:

Now my dear Judge, I will endeavor to finish my letter. I began it three hours ago, but when I had reached this point our old classmate, Munson, entered and began to canvass me for one of his Life Insurance policies. Have you heard of the misfortune which has befallen Daniel? While teaching German in one of our State Universities he was stricken with brain fever and the result is that he now has softening of the brain. At present, he is laboring under the hallucination that he owns the earth and he allows no one to occupy any part of it without one of his policies. What a change this sad affliction has made in the one who promised most of all to be an honor to his class in Colby University. I have just gotten rid of him by paying the price which he asks for his policy—one cent. If he calls on you don't refuse to buy one. For if he sells a few I know that he'll have more sense than he had when he was in full possession of his faculties. I suppose you know that Barnes is here in North Dakota, where he is called the "Cattle King of the West." He stayed in the Aroostook only four years after his graduation and then he moved out here. Why he left the Aroostook is more than I can understand as he undoubtedly owned it. He is amassing great wealth in raising cattle, and Barneses. Eleven Barneses. Great John! What will become of the future of this country? Yours truly,

H. F. KALLOCH.

As I returned the letter Stark remarked that Kalloch had evidently lost none of his youthful propensity for punning.

As we alighted from the train at Chicago, we were greeted with a hearty, "How are you, boys," in the well known voice of Reynolds. Carl was the owner and editor of the Chicago Times, and his leading editorials showed that he had lost none of his youthful hustle and desire to please the public. He told me with tears in his eyes that Stover had been indicted the previous week

for selling liquor illegally, that he was now awaiting trial. "Use all your influence in securing his acquittal," added Carl, "for if he is acquitted there is still one hope of his reforming, as I have one of his old prohibition speeches which I am going to read to him. If that don't scare him into reformation, then nothing will."

As we were riding through the city on our way to the convention hall, Carl called our attention to a very large business establishment over which was the sign, "Cohen and Cohen." "Cohen," continued Carl, "is now on an extended trip in Europe. He has amassed great wealth, and in his emporium yonder you will find on sale everything under the sun. He has one department devoted exclusively to the sale of every variety of jewsharps with which to amuse and divert his fellow countrymen."

As we entered the convention hall we found the vast audience spellbound, listening to the magnificent rendering of "My Country 'tis of Thee," by F. T. Johnson on his famous trombone. Teddy was now the leader of the foremost military band in the country, having succeeded Gilmore who had gone the way of all the earth. After the preliminary business of the convention had been transacted the temporary chairman introduced as the permanent chairman of the convention, Nellie Stuart Bakeman, the first woman senator from Ohio. After reviewing the political questions of the day and the manner in which woman suffrage had gone steadily forward to a triumphant culmination the convention proceeded to the nomination of candidates. The names of numerous prominent candidates had been presented when from the midst of the Maine delegation arose a form which, though somewhat bent by age still showed the vigor of youth in the ruddy glow of the cheek. When the chair announced that Loring Herrick, ex-Secretary of State, had the floor, three tremendous cheers were given for Old Haphazard, as he was familiarly known in public life. Soon after graduating from college Herrick had seen the folly of his ways and had become a staunch republican. His valuable services to his party and to his country had been recognized and he had been raised to the next highest position within the gift of the people.

After reviewing in his own eloquent and inimitable manner the numerous services performed by his candidate during the early part of his public career, he concluded:— "Finally, ladies and gentlemen, there is one other service which, apart from all the other services previously mentioned, commends my candidate to your earnest consideration. He has discovered a new method of carrying on a bloody war without shedding a drop of blood. In the last war in which this country became embroiled, when the enemy were occupying a strong position on a lofty eminence, a command came from headquarters ordering Colonel Chester H. Sturtevant to charge and drive the enemy from his position. With his accustomed rapidity the gallant colonel at the head of his column advanced steadily, cheering on his troops and waving his sword, which flashed and gleamed in the sunlight. The doughty colonel expected to be met at the fortification with a tremendous discharge of firearms, but instead, when he scaled the parapet, the enemy had vanished. While Chester was making his charge up the long hill, the enemy had died of old age, and the component element of their bodies had become scattered to the four winds of heaven. Without the firing of a gun or the loss of a single life Colonel Sturtevant captured the fortification and it is on account of this achievement, unparalleled in the history of the world that I urge upon the fitness of General Chester H. Sturtevant as a candidate for the presidency. Ladies and Gentlemen, I nominate General Chester H. Sturtevant."

When the cheers which followed had subsided, the nomination was seconded by the Hon. Charles A. Merrill, in a speech which showed that the good people of Nevada thought they knew what they were about when they gave him permission to go to Congress. "The General," concluded the orator, "never has known what it is to disobey the immortal words of Sir Walter Scott, 'Charge, Chester, Charge.'"

As it was too late to ballot that day the convention adjourned until the next morning at ten o'clock. That evening, H. K. Kalloch and G. W. Singer called at the hotel. Knapp had pursued his studies at Johns Hopkins and in Europe and had been for some years past at the head of the

Paleonloptikontic Department of Chicago University, while Singer was at the head of the University Extension movement, a position for which his twelve years course at Colby had thoroughly fitted him.

Singer as usual, was full of news, and told me that Pierce was on a farm in Oregon, engaged in meekly executing the commands of a fierce looking woman whom he had had the temerity to marry, while his old room-mate Hurd, accompanied by his little son and a bob-tailed monkey, was travelling throughout the country getting a living by grinding a hand-organ. "While Hurd is hoisting the organ upon his shoulders preparatory to making a move to the next halting place," continued Singer, "the monkey, dressed in boy's clothing and the little boy go among the crowd collecting coppers. "And it is utterly impossible," added Singer, "for the bystanders to tell which is Hurd's child and which is Hurd's monkey. It requires a father's loving eye to distinguish."

During the whole of the next and part of the succeeding day the convention continued balloting because the women delegates who held the balance of power wished to secure a lady candidate for President. At last a compromise was agreed upon and Dora May Sibley was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, while a dark horse, as is frequently the case, became the candidate for President. Two days later as I sat in my apartment at the Lowell House, I read this item:

San Francisco, June 12. Special. The coroner's jury which sat upon the supposed murder case in this city, from the general appearance of the body, have come to the conclusion that W. B. Andrews came to his death at the hands of persons unknown to the jury several years before he removed to this city, and that the authorities were guilty of gross neglect in allowing him to go unburied.

While thinking of the tragic fate which had befallen my old friend and of the changes which time and experience had brought to each of my classmates, I could but feel content with being what twenty-four years of earthly vicissitudes had made me, an older man than I was when I graduated from Colby.

GEORGE PERLEY FALL.

The Pipe Ode was next sung:

## PIPE ODE

Four years have passed since first we met  
 Within dear Colby's halls.  
 From fellowships have since been formed  
 To last whate'er befalls.  
 And as we smoke the pipe of peace  
 We pledge our friendship ne'er shall cease.  
 Long may we live to here renew  
 Fond memories of '92.

## CHORUS

Then we'll sing thy praise to-day,  
 Thy praise forever and for aye.  
 Then we'll sing thy praise to-day,  
 Thy praise forever and for aye.

The future may on us bestow,  
 Rich gifts of honor and of fame;  
 But all our gifts will to thee bring  
 To deck thy glorious name.  
 Soon comes the future and its strife,  
 And though with trials it is rife.  
 To Alma Mater we'll be true,  
 And sound the praise of '92.—CHORUS.

When in far distant lands and climes  
 We strive for glory, fame, or gold,  
 We'll think of Kennebec's fair shore  
 And happy days of old,  
 Then let us smoke our pipe of peace,  
 And pledge our friendship ne'er shall cease,  
 And honors fresh we'll bring to you  
 Old Colby and to '92.—CHORUS.

Then followed the time honored custom of smoking the Pipe of Peace.

The Address to Undergraduates was delivered by C. E. Cohen:

## ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

The departure of a class from college is generally signallized by an address of more or less pronounced character. Acknowledgements of faults and of shortcomings are made. This year we deviate from the rule. We admit no faults, we have none. The conduct of the class of '92 has been above reproach. In some respects we may have been eccentric. Each individual member of the class and the class itself has been peculiar. However this may be, when it is becoming for us to give words of advice to the other classes of the college, we feel rightly that our experience enables us to impart that advice with capability and discretion.

Our tendency is neither to examine the past or enquire into the future. No ideal is looked for. This is the mistake of the college course.

The practical understanding of all men counsel us to be grateful for our heritage, to appreciate its blessings, to study its defects, and to devise the proper means for curing its diseases.

Maintain yourself with distinct reverence to society. Conceit is a natural concomitant of greatness; there is nothing more hostile to the progress of our association than the condemnation which all men are liable to give to an institution because they are not running it.

Do not take the fanatical side of the course; it is dangerous. Because we hold class day now it does not hold that class day was held in 1820. Because presentation day is held this year it does not follow that it was held last year.

An ideal college world is what we must all look for. An Utopia is to be established, but yet not prematurely. You cannot now argue on the ground of charity that this world is all wrong, that free trade should be substituted for protection. You cannot convince the faculty that a perpetual system of cuts and diplomas should replace the recitation system, you cannot reform existing colleges. These changes must be gradual and you cannot force them. If you persist in revolutionizing the world, people will conclude that you hold visions and forget that you live in a world peopled with imperfect beings.

You must use your conservatism only so as to check a reckless radicalism. Carry your patriotism to the extreme. Do not allow yourself to be hampered with the prejudices against the instructors or those who govern the college. The government of the college is like our central or state government. If you will risk the results of systematized labor and would usher a premature millenium you are not to be trusted in the undergraduate management of the college.

CHARLES EMERSON COHEN.

The class sang the Farewell Ode:

## FAREWELL ODE.

Tender mother 'ere we part,  
 To thy mighty, loving heart  
 We would bring a song of praise,  
 Hymns of gratitude would raise  
 Comfort, Solace, Joy and Pride,  
 Thou our faithful, trusted guide,  
 Filial children would we be

Bringing honor unto thee.  
 Thou hast armed us for the fray,  
 And we leave our home to-day.  
 We thy counsels wise shall miss  
 —Parting such sweet sorrows—  
 We shall need thee, mother dear,  
 In our toil from year to year.  
 Then from trustful Ninety-two  
 Take, oh, take this tribute true.  
 We, thy sons and daughters love thee;  
 Colby, none there is above thee.  
 Words our love can never tell,  
 Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well!

The Parting Address was given by Loring Herrick:

### PARTING ADDRESS.

Only a few more words in addition to those already uttered in song, are necessary to close the final scene of the '92 Class Day. If it has ever been the custom to make this a scene of weeping, to-day let us digress and in part give it a different aspect.

The parting words of the graduate must be those of rejoicing and well wishing as well as those of sadness. But I should surely misrepresent my classmates if I attempted to say in their behalf

"Naught of sadness fills our hearts  
 As we gather here to-day.

We fully apprehend the solemnity of the occasion with all its meaning to us, but again we know that it is soon passed and easily forgotten. The hope of the future and expectation that our separation is only temporal, alleviates the sorrow.

It is the assurance that the course is completed and we are ready for the practical sphere of life, which brings us pleasure. The goal for which we have been struggling for the last four years has been reached. Is it but natural when anyone has by self-exertion mastered great tasks voluntarily undertaken, that he should rejoice and congratulate himself upon his success?

In this world work and sacrifice are not performed without the hope of reward. How great a compensation we shall receive for our college work, we are unable to-day, to realize; and not until an opportunity is suddenly thrust upon us, shall we be able to discover the real value of our reward.

To associate one's interest with that of his neighbor, to gain the confidence of those who surround you, in a word to be a true worker in the great national family is the chief requisite of success. Such a position does not exclude one from leadership. On the contrary it is the first essential. In our national life to-day the greatest praise that can be bestowed upon any statesman and that which wins for him the greatest popularity is that he is a man of the people.

Finally as we take leave of our adopted home we can hardly refrain from a few words of well wishing. Conscious of the firm hand with which Colby has guided '92 we can only hope that she may continue her glorious career for many generations to come. As in the past so in the future her maintenance depends upon those who have once been nurtured by her hand. '92 is fully aware of the benefits bestowed upon the class, and will ever stand ready to reciprocate the favor if they can. If ever the wail of distress comes to its ears defenders will never be wanting. Her interests shall be our interests and our honor will be her honor.

'92 feels highly favored that her course could be completed under the administration of Dr. Small. While Colby deeply regrets that he has been drawn from her she is to be especially congratulated that one has been secured to stand at the head who can amply fill the vacancy. Under the leadership of President Whitman she is abundantly assured of no halt in the steady march of prosperity. '92 rejoices with you all at the glittering prospect of richer days for Colby. May her pathway ever be strewn with flowers of fame.

Our memories of her and the associations which we now sever will ever be fresh. The ties which have bound us so firmly together can never be broken. And our last farewell we whisper with love.

LORING HERRICK.

The exercises of the afternoon closed with the class forming the procession and cheering the halls.

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The following is a list of the alumni as near as can be ascertained at time of going to press:

- '46.  
Josiah Drummond, Portland.
- '49.  
Albion K. P. Small, Fairfield.
- '51.  
Aaron A. Plaisted, Waterville.
- '52.  
G. M. Preston, Grandville, Mass.
- '55.  
Larkin Dunton, Allston, Mass. Reuben Foster, Waterville. D. F. Crane, Boston, Mass.
- '57.  
William J. Corthell, Gorham.
- '58.  
Simon Brown, Waterville.
- '61.  
George S. Flood, Waterville.
- '62.  
E. F. Webb, Waterville. Ed. C. Hall, Waterville. Asa Lane, Waterville. George A. Wilson, South Paris, Me.
- '63.  
Percival Bonney, Portland. Charles W. Emery, Freeport. George B. Ilsley, Bangor.
- '65.  
C. V. Hanson, Skowhegan.
- '66.  
F. W. Bakeman, Chelsea, Mass. G. W. Hunt, Bath.
- '68.  
R. W. Dunn, Waterville. F. A. Waldron, Waterville. W. O. Ayer, Livermore Falls.
- '72.  
H. R. Mitchell, Foxcroft.
- '75.  
E. G. Russell, Deering.
- '76.  
A. W. Small, Waterville.
- '77.  
Charles D. Smith, Portland. Leslie C. Cornish, Augusta.

'78.  
Miss L. H. Coburn, Skowhegan. E. F. Lyford, Springfield, Mass.. D. T. Wyman, Lewiston.

'79.  
C. E. Owen, Gardiner.

'81.  
A. H. Evans, Ashburnham, Mass. Mrs. E. H. Pierce, Zainesville, Ohio. J. H. Parshley, Rockland. F. K. Shaw, Waterville. Jennie K. Smith, Waterville. C. B. Wilson, Waterville. J. M. Wyman, Augusta. W. G. Chapman, Portland.

'82.  
W. C. Philbrook, Waterville. A. C. Hinds, Portland.

'84.  
Shailer Mathews, Waterville.

'85.  
W. H. Snyder, Worcester, Mass. G. R. Berry, Liberty.

'86.  
Byron Boyd, Augusta. H. R. Dunham, Waterville. R. H. Pulsifer, Waterville. A. M. Richardson, Waterville. C. P. Small, M. D., Waterville.

'87.  
C. E. Dolley, Malden, Mass. J. F. Larrabee, Waterville. M. H. Small, Norway. E. F. Goodwin, Skowhegan. C. C. Richardson, Charleston. E. E. Parmenter, Billerica, Mass. W. B. Farr, Waterville. R. W. Harvey, Readfield. H. D. Eaton, Waterville.

'88.  
A. F. Drummond, Waterville. J. F. Tilton, Belfast. Alice E. Sawtelle, Waterville.

'89.  
C. E. Owen, Waterville. Hattie Parmenter, Waterville. C. H. Pepper, Skowhegan. Miss M. Tobey, Norridgewock.

'90.  
Dana Hall, Skowhegan, Charles Spencer, Waterville. E. T. Wyman, Waterville. Miss Addie True, Waterville. J. F. Burke Waterville. A. J. Roberts, Waterville. M. M. Smith, Deland, Fla. F. A. King, Portland.

'91.  
A. F. Caldwell, Kent's Hill. F. W. Johnson, Wilton, Me. L. L. Dunham, Lewiston. E. C. Megquier, Fairfield. Dana Foster, Waterville. D. W. Parsons, Oakland. N. L. Bassett, Winslow. G. R. Campbell, Waterville. R. L. Ilsley, Houlton. F. A. Luce, Vassalboro'. A. K. Rogers, Waterville. W. A. Smith, Waterville. A. T. Watson, Oakland. O. F. Leadbetter, Oakland. Miss Emeline Fletcher, Northfield, Mass. Mrs. Mary Ilsley, Houlton.

## THE COLBY ECHO.

### TRUSTEE MEETINGS.

Most important among the acts of the Trustees was the establishment of a chair of Biblical Literature, and Ex-President Pepper was elected to fill the chair. Dr. Small was made a trustee to fill vacancy. A special committee were appointed to raise funds for a Chemical Laboratory, this committee to co-operate with a committee of Alumni.

A committee of women were appointed to secure funds for a ladies' dormitory. Resolutions of regret at the loss of President Small and Professor Smith were passed. The issue of a new General Catalogue was voted. J. H. Drummond was re-elected chairman of the Board of Trustees. W. P. Cleaves of Springfield, Mass., presented a collection of artist's proofs for the Art Department. Among the appropriations were: \$500 to the Physical Department, \$500 to the Library, in addition to income from fund, \$400 to Chemical Department, \$400 to Geology Department, and \$100 to the Art Department.

### AWARDS.

#### SENIOR EXHIBITION:

Prize for excellence in composition, to Stephen Stark.

#### GERMAN PRIZES:

First to Gertrude Lynde Randall; Second to Daniel Gilbert Munson.

#### JUNIOR PRIZE EXHIBITION:

Gentlemen: First Prize to Cyrus Flint Stimson; Second Prize to George Otis Smith. Ladies: First Prize to Eva Marion Taylor; Second Prize to Grace Maud Coburn.

### DEGREES CONFERRED.

Bachelor of Arts on the members of the graduating class: George Arthur Andrews, Saco; William Bertrand Andrews, Waterville; Nellie Stuart Bakeman, Chelsea, Mass.; Charles Putnam Barnes, Houlton; William Lowell Bonney, Turner; Charles Emerson Cohen, Denver, Colo.; Grace Maria Cummings, Malden, Mass.; Winfred Nichols Donovan, South Lyndeborough, N. H.; George Perley Fall, Albion; Loring Herrick, West Leeds; Albert Gordon Hurd, Westmin-

ster, Mass.; Fred Tristram Johnson, North Berwick; Halsey Knapp Kalloch, Waterville; Herbert Franklin Kalloch, Tenant's Harbor; Dora Fay Knight, West Boylston, Mass.; Charles Asa Merrill, New Boston, N. H.; Daniel Gilbert Munson, Waterville; Frank Barrett Nichols, Round Pond; Ernest Foster Osgood, Ellsworth; Harry Lincoln Pierce, West Boylston, Mass.; Gertrude Lynde Randall, Boston, Mass.; Carl Henry Reynolds, Livermore Falls; Charles Joseph Ross, Camden; Dora May Sibley, Waterville; George Willard Singer, Waldoboro; Stephen Stark, Waterville; Eugene Howard Stover, Bluehill; Chester Houghton Sturtevant, Fayette; Herbert Elijah Wadsworth, Livermore Falls.

#### MASTER OF ARTS.

OUT OF COURSE. James Jenkins, '78; Herbert S. Weaver, '82; Herbert M. Lord, '84; John E. Cummings, '84; Albert M. Richardson, '85.

IN COURSE. Eugene L. Sampson, Parker P. Burleigh, H. Everett Farnham, Lincoln Owen, Chas. H. Pepper, of class of '89.

#### HONORARY DEGREES.

A. M. Rev. Benjamin Humphrey Lane, Hobbins, Mass.; George S. Rowell, Portland.

D. D. Rev. Horace Wayland Tilden, Des Moines, Iowa; Rev. Charles Verant Hansen, Skowhegan.

LL. D. Hon. Richard Cutts Shannon, U. S. Minister to Nicaragua.

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Portland and Boston, via Lewiston, 5.40 A.M., 9.25 A.M., 2.35 P.M.

For Oakland, 5.40, 9.25 A.M., 2.35 and 4.30 P.M.  
For Skowhegan, 5.30 A.M., mixed, (except Monday), 10.20 A.M. and 4.32 P.M.

For Belfast, 6.05, 7.15 A.M. (mixed), and 4.32 P.M.

For Dover and Foxcroft, 6.05 A.M. and 4.32 P.M.  
For Bangor, \*3.00, 6.05, 7.15 (mixed), 10.20 A.M., \*4.32 P.M.

For Bangor & Piscataquis R. R. and Mooshead Lake, via Oldtown, 3.00 A.M.; via Dexter, 6.05 A.M. and 4.32 P.M.

For Ellsworth and Bar Harbor, 3.00 A.M. and 4.32 P.M. For Vanceboro and St. John, 3.00 A.M. and \*4.32 P.M.

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