

# The Colby Echo.

COMMENCEMENT, 1893.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JUNE 28, 1893.

No. 2

## The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER FRIDAY DURING THE COLLEGIATE  
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

### EDITORS

Chief.

A. H. EVANS, '94.

Assistant Chief.

MISS F. H. CHUTTER, '94.

H. A. BERRY, '94.

W. B. TUTHILL, '94.

J. T. COLEMAN, '94.

MISS ERMINA POTTLE, '95.

T. H. KINNEY, '94.

F. BRYANT, '95.

Managing Editor.

A. L. BLANCHARD, '94.

Treasurer.

J. T. COLEMAN, '94.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per year, *in advance*. Single copies, 12 cents.  
The Echo will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinu-  
ance is ordered, and arrears paid.

Exchanges and all communications relating to the Literary  
Department of the paper should be addressed to the THE COLBY  
ECHO.

Remittances by mail and all business communications should  
be addressed to the Managing Editor, 592 Waterville, Me.

Any subscriber not receiving the Echo regularly will notify  
the Managing Editor.

Printed at the Sentinel Office, Waterville Maine.

### CONTENTS

VOL. XVIII., No. II—JUNE 28, 1893.

ABSTRACT OF BACCALAUREATE SERMON, 14  
REV. B. L. WHITMAN.

ABSTRACTS OF SENIOR PARTS, 15  
Washington,  
D. E. BOWMAN.

Man Creative, 16  
L. O. GLOVER.

The Reformation in the Netherlands, 17  
MISS E. M. TAYLOR.

The Home Idea for Society, 18  
MISS G. M. COBURN.

On—to Nature, 19  
MISS H. R. BEEDE.

The Unsocial Sociality of the Soul, 20  
C. F. STIMSON.

A Financial Crisis, 21  
J. H. OGIER.

Poetry in Education, 22  
J. B. SLOCUM.

Man's Place in Nature, 23  
G. O. SMITH.

ABSTRACTS OF JUNIOR PARTS,  
The Mission of Whittier, 24  
T. E. KINNEY.

An Ideal, 25  
MISS C. G. JONES.

Individuality, 26  
W. B. TUTHILL.

Ignatius Loyola, 27  
W. F. KENRICK.

Letters and Life, 29  
MISS A. E. MERRILL.

A Character in History, 30  
MISS F. H. MORRILL.

The Conversion of Herr Diogenes Teufres-  
drockh, 31  
D. W. KIMBALL.

Satolli's Mission and its Significance, 33  
W. L. JONES.

Philips Brooks, 34  
A. M. JONES.

Annexation with Canada, 35  
J. B. ALEXANDER.

PRESENTATION DAY,  
Class Ode, 36

Oration, 37  
J. S. LYNCH.

Class Poem, 38  
W. F. KENRICK.

History of '94, 39  
F. S. LATIP.

Awarding of Prizes, 41  
J. B. ALEXANDER.

Presentation Ode, 41  
CLASS DAY EXERCISES,

History of '93, 41  
J. B. SLOCUM.

Class Poem, 43  
MISS H. R. BEEDE.

Class Ode, 45  
Oration, 45  
D. E. BOWMAN.

Pipe Ode, 46  
Address to Undergraduates, 46  
A. H. BICKMORE.

Parting Address, 47  
H. M. CONNERS.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

June 25, 1893.

## THE CHRISTIAN MORAL MOTIVE.

"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

COL. 3:17.

The world is largely indebted for its best thought to wrong or inadequate conceptions. Correcting or completing the faulty, truth is published as no man would think of publishing it in absence of felt need. The Epistle to the Colossians is an example of evil thus over-ruled for good. Dangerous heresy was at work among the disciples in the valley of the Lycus. Shaken by sophistry many were turning from wisdom. The person of Christ was lost in a multitude of agencies conceived as standing between man and God. This meant denial of Christ's right to the faith of men.

To meet this false conception the letter to the Colossians was written. For those who accept the authority of the writer as an Apostle of God the question is settled for all time. The Person of Christ stands forth alone. Angels and principalities and powers are simply agents to do his bidding. He is the one object of faith for redemption, for by him alone man finds God.

The matter does not stop here. Doctrine is made the basis of practice. The exaltation of Christ becomes the ground of holy living. Out of profoundest theological thought emerges perpetual obligation to every-day righteousness. Not for the first century only, but for all time; not for the valley of the Lycus, but for the world, the supremacy of Christ imposes upon men the duty of right living. Within the sphere of life "in Christ" all activity moves. There are no limitations or exceptions. Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of Lord Jesus. We cannot be far from the Apostles' thought when we find in this the Christian Moral Motive. By this is meant that in the nature and will of Christ is found the motive which is to control the life of men.

At least three questions will arise. What is the ground of the motive? What are the elements of the motive? Is the motive sufficient?

The ground of the motive is found in the sole mediatorship of Christ, his supreme lordship, and his office as giver of life. Christ claims no place among angels and eons as the servants of

God to reconcile men to himself. In the work of mediation he stands absolutely alone. In none other is there salvation. He is the representative of God in all revealing and redeeming relations with men. The Bible knows no other Savior. If there is any other way to God men need to know it. But to find it other revelation will be needed than that which has been given to the world as the Word of God. The one Mediator is the one Lord. The claims of Christ are exclusive. This does not mean narrowness or intolerance or bigotry. It means that with Christ as Mediator and Lord there is no room for rival claims. The prologue of John's Gospel and the first chapter of Hebrews are simply unanswerable on this point. Other scripture is not behind. Colossians, Ephesians and Philippians are emphatic in their avowal of the supremacy of Christ. After humiliation comes exaltation. Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. After this it is useless to talk about Christ sharing his supremacy. Agents and aids there may be. Thrones and dominions and principalities and powers have place and office. But Christ is lord of them all. The argument of Hebrews is significant. Christ is better than the prophets—as the son is better than the servant. Christ is better than Moses or Aaron or the Angels. Hear, then, the word of Christ and follow him as Lord. How foolish to substitute for this allegiance to any leader among men! Patriarchs, prophets, Apostles, Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mahomet, these have right and authority as teachers and transmitters, but Christ is lord of them as he is lord of all men. Added to this is the office of Christ as the giver of life. He is regarded by John as the possessor and source of life in its normal expansion whatever its manifestation, physical, intellectual, spiritual. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. I am the life, he himself says. There is no mistaking this. Every man is already beholden to Christ for physical and intellectual gifts. Spiritual life is drawn only from the same source. Absence from Christ is spiritual death. What wonder then in the time of sore testing the disciples could simply

say, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!

Out of the Nature and will of Christ as Mediator, Lord and Life-giver come the elements of the Christian Motive. With only one way to God man is very likely to pray in the spirit of the publican. A sense of dependence is inevitable. With Christ as Lord, obedience is necessary. A desire for obedience is sure to follow right conception of authority. In the source of life spiritual fellowship is involved. The universe is no machine or inert mass. It is the product of Divine Wisdom and is alive with divine thought. In the spiritual phase of its experience this is unmistakably the case. The New Testament takes pains to emphasize this. The parable of the vine and its branches, the pictures of friendly intercourse, such expressions as "in Christ" are very suggestive. The joy of life is the approval of Christ. The inspiration of life is the spirit of Christ. The end of life is triumph with Christ. Thus the believer is constantly under pressure of the thought that he must live worthy of the name of Christ.

The motive is sufficient. There is in it the potency of ideas. With all our bondage to materialism it is the spiritual that rules us. Dream-life, hope, faith, aspiration, ideas, these are the influences that shape our lives. The greatest thoughts man can think, the largest influences to which he can respond, make the dominion of this motive absolute when once it is rightly grasped. Giving definiteness to this is the power of personality to move life. In all inspiration the really vital element is contact with a personality able to impart its own life and power. The Bible teaches the incarnation, not of a principle, but of a person. This is all important. It means for man the constant uplift of a strong personal power under the influence of which life is transformed. To know how effective this is one has only to read Christian history, nay the history of the world. The best in the world's life has been done under the conviction that God willed it. Illustrations multiply with every passing year. Better formula for guidance we cannot find than that given us by the Apostle. The best in our year and century has been wrought because men heard a voice saying, Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

## ABSTRACTS OF SENIOR PARTS.

Wednesday, June 28, 1893.

### WASHINGTON.

Most nations have made gods of their heroes. America has made of its first great hero a god, a prig, a caricature.

Greece lauded the club of Hercules to the skies; Rome saw in the ascending eagle the soul of deified Augustus; the Middle Ages compelled a Pope to beautify matchless Charlemagne. We have made Washington a boy with a hatchet, a cherub who would not lie. At this target every professional humorist has hurled jest and burlesque. The Yankee youth has cracked his joke.

Has gratitude died out of the American heart? Have we forgotten him at whose death the land was hushed in sadness, for whom the eagles of Napoleon were draped in mourning? for whom the flags on the Channel fleet of England were lowered in grief?

An itinerant hawker of storybooks, a self-styled rector of Mt. Vernon, a masculine Miss Edgeworth who would supply a moral example for the American youth, has made of the young Washington a faultless prig, of the heroic soldier, as angelic dunce. It is well that the national sense of humor does not endure this in silence, and the sooner this idea is hissed out of the world the better it will be for the cause of morals.

Again, is Washington as it was said most forty years ago, a myth, an abstraction, a plaster of Paris cast?

He has been called an imperturbable, passionless man; but on the field of Monmouth General Lee found that from those calm lips could leap words hotter than the scorching sun, sharper than English steel, more blasting than the charge of Homeric Ares.

Washington has been called the American Fabius, as if avoiding a crisis were his aim, temporizing his delight. In 1798 war with France was imminent. This Fabius declared that the enemy should be attacked at every step. The old fighting spirit of Braddock's Field, of Trenton, of Princeton, of Yorktown, thus spoke at the age of 66. But the curbing of this warlike spirit reveals the self control of the man who is strong enough to wait his time.

In the darkest days of the Revolution Congress bade Washington win a victory. He replied, "God knows I would like to, but there is in chance." From these pathetic words shines forth the genius of the men who can see things as they are.

But men have said that Washington was no genius. We waive that question, for Washington had something grander than genius. The most critical day of the new born nation was when the Continental army, half naked, half starved, unpaid, determined upon a reign of terror to force their wages from Congress. Then was a trial which genius has not withstood. Military dictatorship was within his grasp, but Washington was stronger than Cæsar, than Napoleon, than Cromwell, the Lord Protector.

That ruling passion of Washington's life, the passion for success, was satisfied. But it had not destroyed the simple man for tears stood in his eyes as he bade adieu to his soldiers. He was rowed across the river as King Arthur centuries before. This prince did not return but Washington at the call of his people returned and accomplished in peace the moulding of a nation which could not be done in the field.

DENNIS EVARTS BOWMAN.

### MAN CREATIVE.

Stand under the starry sky in the presence of that infinite space in which our earth is the nearest atom;—what, *then*, is man? Stand, by faith, in His presence, who is as much above the unwise in greatness and majesty as creator is above the created;—again, what is man? Of this question, what is the utmost limit of man's power and greatness? We take a single phase, viz.,—can man create?

First, a simple question of fact:—Does man ever cause anything to exist which, but for him, would not have existed? If he does, though he is himself created, owes his powers, his very existence, to God, is he not also a creator?

He can, we will say, create, for example, a house. But a bird in a similar way, builds its nest. Is the one more of a creator than the other? Man, it may be replied, has the powers of reason, intuition, imagination, while the bird blindly follows its instinct. Yet when eminent men of science maintain that man is *not* different in kind from the bird, we are apt to be somewhat skeptical about his oft-asserted superiority.

We need not be so. Even elocutionists hold that man's soul, though evolved from the plane, is as much above the life-principle of the animal as life itself is above the lifeless elements. With man's *self-consciousness* begins the life of spirit. We may still believe that "God created man in his own image."

Man is thus the finite likeness of the Infinite Creator. We are not bodies, not brains. We are, like God, minds, souls, spirits. It is from our own powers, as vital spiritual units—as minds—that we infer the powers of the infinite mind; it is from our own power to originate, to be first causes, in other words it is from our own creative power, that we have a conception of and feel the need of, a creator of the universe.

Man's creative power is, then, his power to originate and determine his own acts. To admit that he is a "free moral agent"—and who can deny this?—is to admit that he is a creator. If he is not a creator, he is, forsooth, a tiny wheel in a vast machine, the unwise; or is, perhaps, a part of God. But is not a man a distinct, free soul, in every way like the infinite soul, able, if he will create new worlds of thought' enterprise, institutions, first in his own mind, then in the world around him; or if he choose, able merely to vegetate or to live in gay idleness, consuming vastly more than he creates?

Every voluntary act of that vital unit, the mind, is a creative act. Creative acts differ in value, but are all alike in kind. Napoleon creates a campaign, Milton creates a "Satan;" Praxiteles creates a "Marble Faun." Civilization is largely man's creation. Today's acts create the future.

All of man's creations exist, at first, as mere acts of mind, as thoughts or mental images. The universe is by some regarded as the visible thought of God's mind. Similarly, in the highest poetry and oratory, the thought seems to flow directly from its creator's mind to our own.

Man's highest creation is *the ideal*; his noblest work, to try to make the ideal, the real. The artist, for example, creates aesthetic ideals, whose surpassing beauty and depth of meaning appear, though imperfectly, in his works.

Social ideals, and ideals for personal character especially interest us, as men and women. The aim of sociology is to formulate social ideals. Meanwhile, everyone can conceive and help to create a more perfect state of society than the present.



Sociology is already sure that society will never be perfect until the individuals composing it are perfect. We are the individuals; and, with due allowance for heredity and for the influence of surroundings, with grateful recognition of direst divine help, it is nevertheless true that every man is in a real, an awful, sense the creator of his own character. Whether our ideals of character are ever realized depends almost entirely on our own selves. Merely to try to do right is to create a virtuous character.

It may be said that the perfect ideal for character is already created, once for all, in Jesus Christ. Yet each must, by his imagination, create for himself anew, an ideal Christ; and this ideal will become constantly higher, as by his voluntary acts he approaches it, until at last it is identical with Christ himself. "Continually receding as we approach the ideal expands at last to the infinite, to God. . . . The ideal is the mysterious ladder on which the soul—"by creative energy"—ascends from the finite to the infinite.

LEON OTIS GLOVER.

### THE REFORMATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

More than a hundred years a few little colonies in a new land, determined to free themselves from tyrannical oppression. They arose in arms, met England on the battle field and conquered. They knew they must conquer, for had not their fathers one hundred years before struggled with the same power across the water and won religious liberty? And one hundred years before that had not the little country just across the North Sea triumphed over a mightier power and led the way to liberty? Well has it been said, that the resolutions of the Netherlands, England and America are all links of one chain.

The Reformation in the Netherlands, centers around the Washington of the sixteenth century, William of Orange. He first appears on the stage of History at the age of twenty-two. Charles V. the abdicating king, enters the meeting of the State General, leaning on the arm of a handsome young man. From that time on, the name of that young man, William of Orange, is a most familiar name of all the Netherlanders.

In a little village of the German province Nassau night is coming on. As the sun takes his look through the window of an old mansion,

he sees a fair, tender woman, with a little group gathered around her knee, repeating together; "Our Father who art in Heaven." The prayer ended, the mother's words begin. She is sad; for William, her eldest son must leave home, to be educated at the great court Brussels, for he has been made Prince of Orange. She trembles to send her boy, only eleven, away from her care and a new earnestness is in her tones as she tells him: "William, my son, I have no fears, if in trial, in every danger, you always remember to rely upon the great hand of God." This was the seed, of whose harvest, millions of grateful souls have partaken.

Up in one corner of the world on a piece of land rescued from the waves, and preserved only by the vigilance and industry of its inhabitants, had arisen a prosperous nation, a mighty merchantile state. Everywhere, the country bore evidence of thrift and prosperity. The people were wealthy, industrious, and above all vehemently fond of liberty.

To such an inheritance succeeded Philip II. at the abdication of his father.

The character of that man baffles description. Language is inadequate to express its meanness. This was the man from whose power, William of Orange had to deliver his little country. Arrayed against him was the most powerful monarchy in Europe, Spain, rich in the trophies from the New World, with soldiers unrivalled in bravery and discipline, and led by that monster, Philip, who was bound to extirpate heresy from his Netherland subjects, even at the cost of every life. Philip himself declared this inquisition more pitiless than that of Spain. Finally all the inhabitants of the Netherlands were condemned to death as heretics. The cry that went up from the hearts of the people, reached William of Orange, and he came to the rescue. Driven to bay in this corner of the world, on the one side, the sea, on the other the overwhelming power of Spain, he turned, and with a handful of boars and unskilled soldiers put to flight the chivalry of Spain, and laid among the waves the foundation of a great naval commonwealth.

His life has been described as "a grand Christian epic." That he was the greatest statesman of the age is beyond question. "He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument."

His military genius needs no words to glorify it. Only recall the siege of Leyden. Shut out from the city by forty-six fortifications, receiving and sending communications only by carrier pigeons, he planned release for the besieged, starving inhabitants.

Orange alone, of all, rightly understood the spirit of the Reformation. He was the earliest practitioner and preacher of toleration. But most sublime of all in this great hero, was his child-like faith in God. He never doubted that his course—the course of freedom and righteousness, would prevail. So dear had he become to the people that when he died “even the little children cried in the streets.”

EVA MARION TAYLOR.

### THE HOME IDEA FOR SOCIETY.

Is there any word in the English language so fraught with precious meaning as “home?” It stands for all that is best and truest and most beautiful in human relations; it means the tenderest ties and the holiest duties.

But what is the idea on which the home is founded? Who are entrusted with the sacred charge to make the home? In this highest of human duties, man is not left to act alone; woman is given as his glad help-meet. The one becomes the supplement of the other. Man's work finds its crown in woman's work. Home is the most perfect, as well as the most fundamental of human institutions. What better model can we find to shape the larger life of the world? Let us extend the type; consider the effect of the home idea for society.

In the world's economy, certain duties fall to men as men, and certain other duties fall to women as women. But between these two classes there is a vastly larger class of duties which both are given power to do. This means more than a mere doubling of talent. Each have peculiar qualities of mind and heart which find their supplement only in each other.

Human history began when brute force was man's conscience. The wheel of time which by its revolution has raised woman to her high position in the home, need turn but slightly to bring in the home-idea of society.

Keeping this idea before us, let us make a rapid survey of the various departments of life. In one direction the home-idea has long been working its way, relieving suffering wherever it has found it.

What women have wrought in industrial lines has received striking demonstration in this Columbian year. The “Woman's Building” at Chicago, conceived, planned and executed by women, and filled with specimens of women's work from every quarter of the globe, is a beautiful memorial of what their skillful fingers have added to the world's material possessions.

But heart and hands are not enough. Society calls for the service of the head. In science, Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, with his sister an efficient co-laborer, Caroline Herschel, —herself the discover of seven comets; in literature, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, those two choice spirits whose devotion to their art was only exceeded by their devotion to each other; in art, Robert Schumann, the composer, and Clara Schumann, his gifted wife, who travelled everywhere over Europe playing her husband's works, winning for him the highest appreciation, and for herself a place among the most distinguished pianists of her day—these single examples which illustrate the beauty of “one heart, one way” as a motto for the home, may stand as typical of the value and the happiness of the larger union of men and women in society.

Woman's usefulness as an educator has already been recognized. The qualities which fit her for the home, make her the natural teacher of little children; while the idea of finding welcome that in our higher institutions of learning, on the faculties of our college and universities, educated and cultivated women must be placed beside educated and cultivated men, to afford the most symmetrical culture.

The doors of the professions have been more slow to open to this new class of workers, but now they stand ajar, and women are entering as fast as their educational opportunities permit. To medicine, women bring gifts peculiarly their own—their natural aptitude for nursing, their sound mother-wit, these and all their gifts, trained by the best education of our day, will form a fitting supplement to the efforts of man—efforts which are working little less than miracles in the art of healing.

In law, women have also found their place. The time is coming when women will be granted the privilege, so long and rightly claimed by men, of being “tried by their peers.”

In the ministry, the highest and holiest of callings, not less than in the other professions, the

sacred type of home finds place. The efficient parish work which is done by so many minister's wives, shows the natural qualifications which fit women to be pastors; while as preachers, what words are better suited to a woman's lips than the gentle message of the Gospel?

One more department of life remains to be touched by the home-idea. A mother is looking across the cradle into the future. Would it be strange if she should long to have some little share in the making of the world which is to have so large a share in the making of her child?

Home is the centre but not the circumference of a woman's duty. As long as there is wrong to be righted; as long as there is truth to be searched after; as long as there is beauty to be caught and caged;—woman's sphere is bounded only by the sphere we call our world. Men and women were placed side by side by God himself, to redeem the world to that old, first home which we call Paradise, and to some faint promise of the one to come, for "in my Father's house are many homes."

GRACE MAUD COBURN.

#### ON—TO NATURE!

When, in the years which preceded her great struggle, France was awaking to a sense of her real condition, when she saw herself bound in every member by worn out custom, life destroying system, then was the cry raised,—“Back to Nature!” In these words we recognize the spirit of Rousseau, “the dreamer,” in whose morbid yet prophetic soul we find the manifestation of an Idea which has been for centuries growing in men's minds, and now as never before bearing fruit.

The Idea is briefly this: Real progress toward the better is to be secured only by acting in accord with natural laws. A truism you say! Nevertheless it contains a truth which men have been long in learning.

The discovery of the real significance of law has done much toward bringing this Idea to fruition. Law was too much regarded as an external thing, an arbitrary appointment of God or Pope or King as case might be. We have learned better. We know that law of any kind is simply an expression which stands for natural sequence in its own sphere. Understanding this, men who desire to uplift humanity are now-a-days studying nature, finding out the laws of human development. Here we meet the Idea in

its mature state. But its germ, its seed existed long ago.

In looking for historical examples of the out-working of this Idea we naturally turn to the period of the Renaissance. Here among many changes, that which took place in the realm of art first arrests our attention, as being typical of the rest.

The painter had long held the position of a religious teacher. It was his duty to depict soul, no unseen attention must he pay to flesh; that would corrupt men's minds. The story of Fra Lippo Lippi, as told by the poet Browning, is full of meaning. A little street-boy, half-starved, he was taken to a convent and made a monk. “Let's see what the urchin's fit for,” his elders said. And they put him to books. But the boy would not learn his Latin verbs. His copy books teemed with pencilled faces. Not the faces of saints however. Common world-pictures he drew, such scenes as he had grown up with in the streets. “The monks looked black.” But the Prior said, “He shall paint our church front.” And he set the boy to work. The lad's heart bounded and his young life flowed out upon his brush, upon the cloister wall. When all was done he proudly showed his work. We can see the monks, “simple bodies,” as they crowd about the bit of painted wall. We hear their loud praises. But now the Prior comes, with the more learned sons of the church. No approving words from them.

“How? what's here?”

Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true

As much as pea and pea! . . . . .

Your business is not to catch men with show,

With homage to the perishable clay.

Give us no more of body than shows soul!”

And the boys heart responds,

Now is this sense, I ask?

A fine way to paint soul, by painting body

So ill the eye can't stop there, must go further

And can't fare worse! . . . . .

Take the prettiest face,

Is it so pretty

You can't discover if it means hope, fear,

Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?

Suppose I've made her eyes all right an blue,

Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,

And then add soul and heighten them threefold?”

Thus Browning shows how in the artist's world a truer conception of life was dawning. Nature portrayed as she is will be a better

teacher than Nature idealized by bungling fingers.

Now of the change wrought in domestic life. Think now marriage had become lowered in men's minds as savoring "of the earth earthy." By terrible experience men learned the baneful, soul-crippling influence of the monastic system, and found out that home-life, the nature-system is best.

Mark the impetus given to popular education.

Notice especially how popular religion has been transformed under the influence of the new Idea.

Now that men have learned that human nature though sinful, is not essentially so, and that any religion which is to be of lasting benefit must be in accord with the laws of human nature, and that the Christ-religion is in such accord they are growing to realize better those words of the Son of Man, "I am come that they might have *life*."

In these days the Idea of naturalness in all departments of human progress has brought forth fruit a hundred fold. We would not like Rousseau wish to carry society back to a state of half savager, we would not be content with existing systems which cripple and dwarf, the watchword of our day is: On—to Nature!

HELEN REED BEEDE.

### THE UNSOCIAL SOCIALITY OF THE SOUL.

Life is full of perplexing puzzles, and man is the most perplexed of puzzlers. What are we, what is our life, our source, our end? We say that life is a sleep, a dream, a story. But we cannot rest here. This sleep must yield the secret of its power; this dream must have a myriad of interpreters; this story a host of authors or no author; and still man is restless, unsatisfied. The cause, the end, the purpose of it must be known; the way to realize the purpose must be clearly marked out.

First, what is the soul? We are persuaded that the soul is a unit but not a simple unit. It is manifold in attributes but not plural in essence. To predicate its end we must know its nature in part at least; we must know *what*, if not *why* it is. In the law which determines the form and sequence, the character of its activity we find the soul's nature declared.

But we must ask what lies behind the action of the soul. Action implies interaction. The

soul is the creation of the infinite unitary cause on which all things rest for the ground of their being. The soul then is subjected to the play of forces of environment doubly considered. The world nature and man constitute one side. But God the All Embracing Primal Person constitutes the other larger side.

The character and trend of desires fundamentally considered, seem determined by the unrestful restfulness, the unsocial sociality of the soul, the seem blind and important impulses which yet attain their goal in subtle ways. On final analysis then, whatever we find in man or in aggregation of men is the outcome of potentialities implicit in being.

We now turn to the final question of our inquiry. How may the faith of development for the individual soul be worked out towards the goal of self-realization.

The soul grows to power by means of its restless constitution. It cannot rest. It craves advance. The instinct for power is insatiable and compels advance; as this instinct tends to die and contentment fills its place men become dotards, the soul stagnates, death advances, effort is paralyzed memory supplants hope, ennui, succeeds ambition. We must then seize the secret of power and we shall possess the secret of youth and life. If the secret of power is to be found anywhere we must say that it is in *inspiration*. But where is he who will declare with us the nature of inspiration. It is in the air, in the rock, in nature, in God; in short it is in environment.

Wherever we turn in our soul-examination then, we find the same principle. Cause forcing development, the unsocial sociality of the soul. Man cannot exist by himself. For when the soul rests upon itself in solitude it is filled with craving, longing, with unrestfulness, and it turns to its Creator a listening ear, an aching heart, a voice of supplication or a pæan of praise.

We cannot escape the conclusion therefore that since when man first found himself subject to the creative stimuli of a dead environment until now his unsocial constitution has forced him into new and fuller life. In the unsocial sociality of our soul fibre we see the marks of our progress the secret of our growth, "the instinct within us that reaches and towers" and climbs to a higher soul in endless ascent; in short the image of our God.

CYRUS FLINT STIMSON.



## A FINANCIAL CRISIS.

Whatever affects the circulating medium of our country affects directly every person in the country. A change in the purchasing power of a dollar means much to rich and poor alike. Consequently, the status of our monetary system is a subject of vital moment. Our finances are to a great extent controlled by national legislation. How dangerous then, to our country's good is an unwise financial law.

A pertinent question is this: Is our monetary policy sound? Are we approaching a financial crisis? A glance at our monetary history is necessary, noting first metallic money. Our first financial step was the coinage of both gold and silver as standard dollars at a ratio of 1-15. In this ratio the value of gold in a dollar was less than its bullion value, so gold was driven out of circulation. In 1834, the ratio was made 1-16 and this drove silver out of circulation. In 1853 silver was made a subsidiary coin and in 1873 it was demonetized. This made the country nominally what it had been practically for forty years, on a gold basis. The Bland bill of 1878 remonetized silver and the Sherman act of 1890 provided for the purchase of all silver bullion offered for sale, limited to 4,500,000 ounces per month, and the issuance of treasury notes for the same. The history of paper currency need not be followed as it is unimportant in this discussion. Note the monetary condition of European countries, England, France and Germany, are on a gold basis; Russia and Austria on a silver basis. During the last twenty-five years the general movement of civilized nations has been toward a gold standard. The United States, until 1878, was in line with this policy, but under the influence of the Bland and Sherman bills, she is now struggling against the world in an endeavor to uphold silver.

Before noting specific dangers, let us see if there are general conditions that are obviously symptomatic of a crisis.

1.—Elements of fear among financiers and bankers. This is noticed in the tight money market and general cautiousness in investments.

2.—The Monetary Conference at Brussels. This was an international expression of financial unrest.

3.—Critical events at the monetary centers, such as usually precede a crisis.

4.—Continued dullness in business. All

these joined with the general distrust and anxiety give abundant evidence of approaching trouble. But this is evidence and not the proof. We must seek the proof in a study of conditions. Are present conditions and the possible changes in present conditions likely to lead us into a crisis?

We will notice first the result of a continuation of the present policy. Since 1878, the bullion value of a silver dollar has fallen from 90 to 63 cents. Our gold reserve in five years has fallen, because of exportation, from 193,000,000 to 94,000,000 and is still diminishing. At the same time our gold supply from custom dues has greatly diminished. The imminent danger from this outflow of gold is this, we have \$813,000,000, in paper money redeemable in gold, and we have only \$94,000,000 with which to meet the demand. Unable to redeem in gold, we must refuse redemption or issue gold bonds; either course will force gold to a premium, cause rising prices and wild speculation, sure forerunners of a commercial panic. Moreover, our refusal of gold may force us to a silver basis, which is especially disastrous for it would put us at a disadvantage in the great commercial marts in the world where gold is the standard, and it would force us to use a standard that last year varied 13 cents on the dollar, costing us millions annually to maintain.

Evidently a continuation of present conditions means disaster.

2.—The results of a repeal of the present law. They are simply this, silver losing its greatest purchaser, would fall to its natural level in price which is 15 or 20 per cent. below the present price. To maintain our currency we should be compelled to buy gold with silver depreciated one-half. This increased demand for gold would force it to a premium, at the same time entailing tremendous loss on every holder of silver money. This would bring wide-spread disaster. A simple repeal of the law then must be pronounced impracticable.

3.—Free coinage as a remedy. Free coinage means the coinage of all silver for sale, not at market value, but at the face value of a dollar. Our silver dollar would then be worth about 63 cents, this would mean a loss of 33 1-3 per cent. of the whole creditor class of the country. But a still worse result would be inflation of our currency, and inflation has preceded every commercial panic our country has ever passed through.



Surely such a remedy is worse than the disease.

We have seen then that a continuation of the present laws will bring a monetary crisis, and that the two proposed remedies, a simple repeal of the laws and the substitution of free coinage of silver will be in their results equally disastrous. We have seen also numerous outward evidences of an approaching crisis.

We are forced then to answer our first question in these words: Our monetary policy is unsound because it has been an attempt to fix by arbitrary enactment what must follow natural law. A financial crisis, more or less disastrous, is undoubtedly inevitable.

Our nation's true policy is to adopt that monetary system which experience proves will be ultimately the most beneficial and to meet firmly and courageously the financial crisis that must inevitably precede the adoption of a new policy.

JESSE HOSMER OGIER.

#### POETRY IN EDUCATION.

Needless as may seem the inquiry in this day of advanced thought, yet it is asked in good faith: What place should poetry hold in education? How, and in what proportions does it concern educational processes from primary to the most advanced grades? Is its function restricted to a single sphere, or does it enter into all instruction and leave its impress upon every form of learning?

The consideration of these questions leads us, first of all, to seek an understanding of the real inner life of poetry. But how shall we begin? Can we grasp this vital force through the agency of definition? Not unless a more satisfactory definition than the world yet knows of is advanced. And why is it so difficult to define poetry? Because, like the perfume of the flower, it is so evasive. We can seize easily enough the other circumstances and conditions that make a poem a *poem*, but that certain something, which is the very breath of its nature, is as intangible and as indefinable as the delicious flavor of the rose.

We must be content then, for the present, with mere descriptions of poetry. Wordsworth says, "Poetry is the image of man and nature; the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science."

It was Wordsworth's argument that by imitating the very language of men the best poetry is secured. "Poetry," says Stedman, "is rhythmical imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul." The same author tells that it is only when our common language takes *wings* that it becomes poetry.

Accordingly we may say that poetry is a special language; it is, however, none the less universal. It is the emotion we all feel as we come face to face with the mystery of the world about us; it is the soul that breathes in all creation and kindles in the human heart a response to the beautiful, the majestic, the awful; it is an inexpressible something that concerns itself with the very secret of man and nature.

The mind is imprisoned in a dungeon of mortality; often the windows are narrow and dim; the captive-soul does not seek liberation from its human bondage, but those agencies that will give it most light, and help it most to reach through the mortal and grasp the spiritual essence of its own being.

The great climax toward which all earthly learning moves, is action,—action, noble and virtuous; action that shall engage all that is best of all the powers. It is just here that poetry compels recognition; for "Actions, human actions are the eternal objects of the muse." Aristotle says it is not merely *knowledge* but the *practice* that must be the fruit; and this *practice* may be most certainly effected by poetry. In the tales of ancient heroes told us by Homer and Virgil, *valor*, *justice* and *wisdom* lose their abstractness, and appealing to us in living shapes, move us to emulate these virtues.

Poetry does not hide behind obscure definitions, marginal interpretations and mathematical calculations; but comes to us in her sweet enchanting harmony of words and musical flow of inspiration.

Science stops to analyze, while poetry sweeps on to combine. The two must go hand in hand or an abnormal development is the result. Darwin tells us that he loved music and Shakespeare until he became exclusively devoted to his scientific researches, when a page of Shakespeare nauseated him and the sweetest music gave him keenest pain. But when philosophical investigation is supplimented by poetry, the dullest study receives a charm, and the com-

monest research glows with a fascination that warms the imagination and stimulates the energies.

But may there not be an allurements in poetry which will lead to pleasures beyond the reach of the masses? Deplorable indeed, if such were true! There would be as much reason in reserving religion for the leisure class. No, though in its *flights* it takes where other wings cannot soar, poetry leads into no idle and profitless ways.

Every phase of our modern life is so intensely practical, so severe in its struggle for mastery, that something must be introduced into general education to temper this spirit, counteract this tendency and put into operation a force that will insist on regulating a system exhausting to the mental powers, so draining to the life-currents. These active and almost incessantly occupied faculties need the rest that contemplation alone can bring. Woe to civilization, science, and liberty itself when poetic feeling dies out in the human heart!

It is poetry that elevates and enlarges the soul; brings into play the dormant forces and among them the moral force; for our moral life is dull—as indeed the poetic life itself is aimless without the complement of the religious life.

But just here, it is well to insert a caution. The common sense, the careful outlook on life must not be supplanted by a habit of revery or artificial sentiment. It should be good sound poetry and not merely music that we summon to the varied walks of life; it should be virile not effeminate; rational not whimsical—a poetry that will bring health and not morbid dreams; that will summon us to action and not sleep.

Surely no one can afford to shut himself out from this enlightening and inspiring influence of poetic study and poetic thought. How far this spirit should be cultivated, each, as the best judge of his own conditions, must determine for himself; but let none underestimate its priceless value.

"For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

JOEL BYRON SLOCUM.

#### MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

"Know thyself" is a mandate not unheeded at the present day. All is made tributary to the science of man. The spirit of the student

is that of the poet, "the proper study of mankind is man." Man is a complex being. To see himself, he must "hold the mirror up to nature." Elements and forces, protoplasm and life, consciousness and will, are all factors in the great product, man. The plant cell and protozoon nucleus have attained in him their highest possibilities. In him the created universe finds expression in its highest terms. The outlook broadens. To study man, one must know the universe. A science of humanity necessitates a science of the cosmos.

Earth and man are inseparable; the one is the compliment of the other. Child of nature, man has ever felt himself to be. In mythologies of all peoples, expression has been given to this belief. Our own Emerson declares that the termination of the world in man is the last victory of intelligence."

The teachings of evolution reveal important truths. Humanity is not degraded, but is put on a higher plane. Earth forces have ever been striving toward a noble goal. In man is revealed the purpose of the universe; and throughout all time the earth has been preparing itself to be his habitation. Evolution of a living organism pre-supposes evolution of his conditions, and in the life history of the globe we can read the gradual progress of the earth itself. Our globe was not a creation sufficient unto itself. As the basis of life, as the home of man, we see in it a divine purpose. To adopt the conception of Ritter, earth is the body, and man the soul.

Nature in all her varied moods is one, we recognize one force in and through all. In mountain, river, ocean, continent, there is expression or universal law. In all this expanse of earth, there is natural organization. A science of the cosmos is possible. The earth reveals a wonderful arrangement of parts, a supreme harmony of forces. There is regularity in its diversity, unity in its grandeur.

Life has been defined as "organization in action." Can we refuse this attribute to the perpetual play of the forces of the earth? The journey of a drop of water from the ocean surface to the mountain peak, and back again to the sea, is an essential life process. Though not a sentient life, there is a life of the earth. However inferior its degree, this earth-life is on a grand scale. Nourished by the solar mother of all planets, space and time are its inherited

characteristics. In the long eras of the earth's youth, continents have risen from the ocean and as silently disappeared again in its depths. Mountains have been evolved, not by catastrophic upheaval, but by slow, quiet growth. Incessant motion is characteristic of life, but in the earth-life so gradual are the changes that the hills seem eternal and the continents abiding foundations.

Not only is vital motion an attribute of the earth, but there is unity in this interaction of forces; the organism is perfect. One purpose reigns supreme in the history of the rain-drop, the birth of the mountain, the evolution of the continent. Earth is made for man. Seeming riddles of the universe become intelligible. In the words of Pope: "All discord, harmony not understood."

Man, though the consciousness, the intelligence of earth, must acknowledge his dependence upon physical conditions. He has been termed the animal with an idea. In him there is even the vision of something higher. He can make no truce with environment. Either victory, or surrender, must be the issue. The plant or animal adjusts itself through natural selection of external conditions. Man, however, can attain his ideas only through mastery of nature, and as Bacon said: "Nature is not conquered, except by obedience."

Science has within the present century given to us new conceptions of the universe. Natural selection has, through the pen of Darwin, claimed attention as a new theory. Evolutionists have continued the work of their master, and to-day the processes of creation have been in part revealed. The new truths have in no degree lowered our conception of creation. Nay, rather, our views of the Creator have been higher and grander. As science tells the story of the past and defines the principle of continuity that has reigned supreme throughout the evolution of life, the one object of that creative activity is resolved more clearly. Man's position in the universe becomes more significant. He is the most highly organized of all created beings.

Valuable also is the contribution of Ritter. To him the earth was more than a dwelling-place for nations; it was the material out of which is woven life; it was the garment of the soul. The earth is the body, and humanity the soul. This is more than a fanciful analogy. As

man's physical nature seems to have been the highest product of a long evolution of life, so the earth as it exists to-day is the result of many eras of evolution. The earth has attained an organization fitted to be the condition of all activities of man. Through it, highest development of humanity is made possible. Again do we see that man is the last and highest work of an all-wise Creator, and has been given power over the universe. Natural selection, the creative process, is entrusted to him, and the earth's evolution is by him to be controlled. Humanity is to become strong "by borrowing the might of the elements." We are free through obedience to natural law.

GEORGE OTIS SMITH.

## ABSTRACTS OF JUNIOR PARTS.

Monday Evening, June 26, 1893.

### THE MISSION OF WHITTIER.

Whittier the man and the poet has special claims upon our attention. He lived for New England; his sympathy, work and ambition centered in her. Critics would have us believe that Whittier's talents merely lifted him to second rank as a poet. Whittier tells us himself that he has no art, that everything came spontaneously at moments of feeling. Viewed from the superficial standpoint the poet's work is not up with the standards of poetry. There is however, a deeper meaning to his verse. Little cares the bee for the petals of the flower; she seeks the store of honey deep in the corolla. Admirers of verse readily forgive a few exterior defects when intensity of purpose, love of the spirit of freedom, a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and the hearts best and deepest emotions permeate and animate every line.

Whittier's unmeasured sympathy for his kind has led him into a field new, and entirely his own. Whittier among authors is pre-eminent for his artistic touch. He pictures the beauty of his native land as no other writer might. The Merrimac rolling by his childhood home bent its winding course into more grace and loveliness than the historic Jordan or Euphrates. No tropical orange grove or stately palm tree stirred the sense of the beautiful as the pine, maple, and beech, about the hills and vales of beloved New England. The likeness of these objects peculiar to New England lives anew under the

poetic brush of Whittier, not in the dull, indistinct dress of other authors but adorned with the beauty and vocal with the life of their locality.

Whittier's genius also bent itself to the reproduction of Indian legend, tales of witchcraft, accounts of Puritan hardihood and persecution. So true and extended was his search into New England traits, habits, customs, and traditions, that were early New England history lost Whittier's pages would reproduce the story.

Not merely an enthusiast of New England beauty and legend, Whittier became a leader in the moral and political information of his time. The poet has the keenest sensibility; he scents danger from afar; with prophetic voice he bespeaks the coming storm. Shoulder to shoulder with Garrison and Phillips stood the New England poet. In the encroachments of the slave power he read the destruction of the very foundations upon which Puritan New England rested. His spirit grieved over the slumbering minds about him. He was hurt by the vile epithets and insults heaped upon him. Beneath it all he believed the spirit that nerved the arm at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill still lived. Whittier under such circumstances had no intention of writing eloquent verse; he had neither the time nor disposition. Little cared the poet that his lines outlive his generation so long as they awoke the manhood in the strong man of his own day. Thanks to the faithful muse of Whittier the time came when New England no longer looked or cared for compromise, but plunged with her leaders into the desperate struggle for abolition and emancipation.

When the guns of Gettysburg and Appomattox have decided the great question, where do we find the poet? back again among his peoples, the devoted champion of New England concerns himself with a task he meant to be enduring. The desperate struggle just ended had made the anti-slavery poet cognizant of the character of the peoples he called neighbors; his ready consecration of wealth, the comforts of home, and life itself to love of country had made him famous the world wide. The poet deems it the one effort of his life to open the door of the New England home. There in the old-fashioned homestead, with the ruddy glow of the fire lighting up the dear faces of long ago, Whittier sees a picture of the ideal home. Why fail to

cherish a loving memory of that typical old New England home, now so near a thing of the past? When it is gone still ever dearer than all others to the lover of home will be the lines of "Snow Bound." The poem is to New England what the "Deserted Village" is to Ireland; what the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is to Scotland; poems that touch the chords of feeling and cause them to vibrate in harmony with the heart's own music.

In point of religious character and true manliness, Whittier oversteps the bounds of New England. The world at large has the right to claim these noble examples of character. One of his near neighbors at a time of great sorrow gave this testimony, "Mr. Whittier never waits to be bidden when you need him, you never have to say 'come' he's always there." The same testimony is just as true in the wider scope of Whittier's acquaintance. His themes are noble; his heroes and heroines possess character of the highest type. Faith in God; faith in humanity breaths in every line. He did not heed bidding, in a vastly nobler sense he was always there cheering his readers with the joy, peace, and beauty that sweetened, ennobled, and even above his works, elevated his pure life.

THEODORE HARDING KINNEY.

#### AN IDEAL.

It is by the power of imagination that we can forget our present surroundings and picture ourselves in the midst of future scenes. Let me invite my listeners to call this power to their aid and go into the future with me twenty years. Imagine that you are a graduate of Colby in 1890 perhaps and have returned to Waterville at Commencement for the first time since you were a student there.

As you walk up College street you see the Ladies' Dormitory which stands where the Dunn House used to be, you ring the bell, enter a pleasant reception room and are introduced to the matron who is glad to show you over the whole house.

The last room you enter is the kitchen where a dozen or more college girls are busily engaged in various branches of housework. The matron tells you that each girl gives one hour daily to such work, and as a result of the exercise, which is made pleasant and easy, the girls are well and strong.

Here the curtain falls on the imaginary picture and you are yourself again. The underlying purpose of this flight of imagination is, that the picture is intended as an illustration of a remedy for an existing evil, the removal of which will bring me very near to my ideal.

This is my ideal for a college girl, that she should be a woman with body, soul and mind equally developed. I give body the first place because on the strength of it depends the greater of the good which we can do the world. Our minds receive their proper training from our distinctive college work; our souls are purified and ennobled by our various lines of Christian work. But, as far as the girls of the college are concerned, the physical side of their natures is not developed in proportion to the rest. The remedy for this is housework, together with outdoor sports and gymnasium practice. No exercise is more beneficial, none develops more parts of the body, none gives more variety or pleasure. If the same spirit of delight in the sport were taken in housework, as is taken in a game of tennis, the recreation would be equally enjoyable.

The danger of an introduction of an improvement of this kind into our college life is, that it might prove distasteful, but this danger can be avoided by making the work easy, pleasant and not of sufficient length to be exhaustive.

Let me give an illustration of the practical value of a system like this. Suppose a college girl has worked her brain steadily all the forenoon until at dinner she feels the effect of the mental strain. Her task for the day is to assist in clearing the table and washing the dinner dishes. The girls do not make drudgery of the work, but take hold of it eagerly, laughing and joking, while many hands soon finish the dishes. The student takes back to her afternoon study a refreshed body and active brain because she has taken the rest which she needed but which she of herself would not have given her exhausted body. The change of work was restful and reviving in itself.

Thus we see that the introduction of housework into our college life, would furnish the girls with a pleasant, useful recreation; but this is not the sole advantage of the system.

One of the first lessons which college teaches its students is, the need of grasping eagerly at every chance for improvement. Housework offers such a chance to all its devotees for it is not

only a recreation but also a most excellent discipline in the formation of character.

The student of housework learns, first of all, thoroughness and care in her work. Then her judgment is trained; she becomes watchful, economical and shrewd. But the most valuable lesson which such a student learns is systematic work. Housework inculcates this lesson as nothing else can do, for all good housekeeping depends on system as its very first principle.

Every day that I live brings me one day nearer the realization of my ideal, mind and soul are trained to a high degree of culture. In their season gymnasium practice and out of door sports are open to the girls. What they need most, however, is a regular required recreation of a useful and pleasant kind.

Every college girl realizes the importance of good health and wishes to possess that blessing, but so busy is she in her daily duties, that she will not listen to the demands of her body for rest unless she is obliged to do so. Throughout her whole life, no matter in what sphere she may move, in what capacity she may labor, the college girl must have a thorough knowledge of systematic living if she ever expects to be a help to herself and all about her. Housework supplies this need perfectly in that it is confined to no one season of the year, is a useful sport and a healthful discipline combined, and, if rightly conducted, can be made very enjoyable.

My plea is, then, for the complete realization of my ideal, for a college girl with a strong body, vigorous mind and pure soul, the introduction of housework into our colleges as a compulsory recreation.

CLARA GORDON JONES.

### INDIVIDUALITY.

An experience in the life of a certain Brahmin has been handed down to us in the following story:

"On a certain day, according to a vow, this goodly man must sacrifice a sheep. The day arrived and he went forth in search of one suitable for the sacrifice. Now in his neighborhood there lived three rogues who knew of the vow and laid a scheme to profit by it. The first met him and said: "Oh, Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice." "It is for that very purpose" said the holy-man. "that I came forth this day." Then the impostor



opened a bag and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out, "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue, callest that cur a sheep?" "Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece and of the sweetest flesh. Oh, Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods." "Friend" cried the Brahmin, "either I or thou must be blind."

Just then one of the accomplices came up, "Praised be the gods," said this second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?" When the Brahmin heard this, his mind wavered; "Sir," said he to the new-comer, "take heed what thou doest; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur." "Oh, Brahmin," said the new-comer, "thou art drunk or mad."

At this time the third confederate drew near,—"Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is and I will stand by what he shall say." To this the other agreed; and the Brahmin called out, "Oh, stranger, what dost thou call this beast?" "Surely, "Oh, Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep." Then the Brahmin said "Surely, the gods have taken away my senses;" and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of glue, and offered it up to the gods, who being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints!

The Brahmin in this story is a true nineteenth century character, and we find him engaged in a characteristic nineteenth century transaction, viz: forgetting that he has a mind of his own. The world is full of just such cowardice,—a cowardice arising from the lack of individual character, or more correctly a cowardice arising from the lack of individuality culture.

He is a brave man who dares say his soul is his own. The world may sneer and thereby show its ignorance, yet I say again that the man is brave who knowing what he says, will dare say his soul is his own. *I am. I have a work to do. I see my duty and propose to do it. I cannot afford to follow anything less than the best that is in me.* To acknowledge all this in the life of every day is individuality culture.

I stood the other day at the railroad station in one of our large cities. The loaded trains

brought in their thronging masses. The burly man of notable stature clad in blue and brass, stood beside the gateway and with authority divided the mass in twain. I enter the secret halls of human experience.

Not a moment passes uninterrupted. In quick succession come the trains of individual events. I take my stand and watch. Who here will play the part of authorized police? I look again and see, not the counterpart of the other form and firm resolve, but, loath to say, a sickly form with compromising mien. 'Tis Individuality.

To Nature's several calls the bird, the beast, the creeping things awake and obey the call. But man, he hears the voice of Nature; aye! the very voice of God within him; but not a fowl he, not a beast, or serpent he; ah, no! *man* wise and proud is he, and he can listen to the reading of the law of God and go the other way; can hear the "Thou shalt not" and because he is a man can choose the "shalt."

What is the work of individuality? To be a servant when so-called friends would have you served; to make a means what others make an end—in short, to wear a cap when fashion calls for hats.

If the words of wise men be true, the need of the times is men of many minds, many developed powers. Nature recognizes this and fain would cast in separate moulds her many specimens.

Each one, however, afraid to be unlike the others, whittles away the part most needed by the world until he can slip himself into his neighbor's form.

Live out the good that's in you, rather than attempt the task of living in the good of some one else.

How penitent is the poetical advice of Emerson—"Be bold. Be firm. When you say as others do, so do I, then dies the man in you. Then perish the buds of art, of science, and of poetry as they have perished in a thousand, thousand men; that hour is the crisis of your choice see to that you hold yourself fast."

WILLIAM BODLE TUTHILL.

#### IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, the Roman Church seemed destined to complete annihilation. The looseness of its morals, and of its creed had produced dissenters and her-

etics. It had lost its mediæval supremacy. The wave of Protestantism was sweeping over Europe; and the Roman faith, so long triumphant over all foes, seemed doomed to be submerged beneath this reforming element.

It was not in vain that Luther had preached his doctrines through Germany; that Zwingli had fallen in his effort to secure religious freedom for the Swiss Cantons; that Calvin had instituted his reforms at Geneva. Christendom was becoming Protestant.

And now the question was: How shall the mother Church defend herself against the attack of her rebellious children? And the answer came in the character of an enthusiast, whose history is a poem in itself; for the imagination has seldom inspired a more beautiful romance, than appears in the life of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit Faith.

Ignatius Loyola was a young Spanish knight of noble family. He was a soldier at a time, when chivalry and the spirit of the old Crusaders still held the minds of men. Military fame was the goal of his ambition. But he was wounded in battle and his recovery for a time despaired of. During the long illness which followed, he resolved to dedicate himself in future to the service of religion. Legends of the Saints fired his ardent imagination; his fevered eye caught visions of the Virgin; and in his reveries and dreams the deepest mysteries of the Christian faith were revealed to him.

With an earnest enthusiasm, Loyola renounced home, wealth, and pleasures, and began his inspired work. His special mission was the conversion of the Saracens. He prepared himself for his work, as did the Saints before him. He became a beggar, girded himself with an iron chain, fasted and prayed, and practised numberless acts of self abnegation. He was kept from his mission to the Saracens by the war between Christians and Turks; but his purpose now embraced not only the Holy Land, but the whole world. "Brothers," he said to his followers, "brothers, we are the company of Jesus. He is our Captain, and, battling under him, we will carry the gospel to the farthest East, and to the new found heathen of the West."

Such was the design of Ignatius Loyola, and his success was wonderful—almost miraculous. The society of Jesus was sanctioned by the Papacy, and organized into a band of mission-

aries, whose highest aim was to subserve the interests of the Pope, and the Roman Church. "To the greater glory of God"—this was the motto emblazoned upon the consecrated banner of the Jesuits.

Under the direction of Loyola, a "spiritual standing army" was established, eager to uphold the "old religion" and to fight the battles of the Church. Colleges were founded, and ere long the cross of the Jesuit found its way into the most distant lands. Before the death of their founder, the Jesuits had planted their missionary stations in all parts of the world, while he, their general, ruled with absolute power over all this passionate band.

And what was attained by the Society of Jesus, as organized by Ignatius Loyola? The court of Rome was purified. There was a mighty reflux in the public opinion of the age; the current of religious feeling, which had begun to run toward the new doctrines of the Protestants, rushed with a wild impulse to the cause of Loyola, and the reformed Roman Church was again restored to a position of grandeur and authority.

All these events belong to an era, distant from our own by four centuries of time. The brilliance, which surrounded the early days of Jesuitism, has been replaced by a corresponding gloom. The very name of the Jesuits has become a word of terror. They have been accused of the assassinations of Kings, of grievous wars, of massacres, of inquisitions, and sundry other political crimes. Inflexible in their loyalty to the Roman Church, they have resorted to the basest means of attaining their aims.

In view of these atrocities, growing out of his system, how shall the historian regard the character of Ignatius Loyola?

It is claimed that the evils of Jesuitism did not appear until the constitution which its founder had formed had been practically changed. Yet it is only too evident that the germ of evil existed in the very rudiments of the Jesuitic principles.

The glory of Loyola lies in another direction. It will be found to rest on the same ground as that of his contemporary, Martin Luther.

Luther and Loyola, between which history has fixed a world-wide gulf, we place side by side. To each belonged the same warmth of soul, the same splendid imagination, the same magnetic charm. Both were believers and both

were creators. Both attempted to reform the Church; and in the ensuing struggle, Luther was driven by environment from the Roman Faith and forced to become a Protestant; Loyola was drawn more closely into the arms of the mother Church.

Sincerity, then, we must grant to Loyola. It is the least, which human sympathy can give to him, who has wrongly interpreted his duty. Enthusiast, fanatic, visionary, though he be, Ignatius Loyola was true to his convictions.

The hot blood of Spain ran through his veins; mediæval chivalry held sway over his countrymen. Loyola was directed by these forces; for then, as to-day, "heredity and environment were the master influences in shaping life."

With Loyola the reformer, we may have little sympathy. But in estimating the man, we rise above the gross superstitions of his age; above the ignoble deeds of his followers; even above his own mistakes; and then we find true heroism, a true nobility, a true greatness of soul, which must command all respect—all admiration, whether they appear in Christian or heathen; in Plato or Mahomet; in Martin Luther or Ignatius Loyola.

WALTER FRANCIS KENRICK.

#### LETTERS AND LIFE.

Not a few of the so-called "practical people of the present age" are pleased to regard books as a creation almost out of the sphere of common sense reality, and to style the makers and readers of the same mere dreamers, with heads pillowed on the clouds, quite oblivious of the world and its work. In view of the fact that these "practical people" are constantly putting themselves in one's way, and flaunting such opinions of literature and men of letters, it may be worth one's while to spend a few moments in collecting one's ideas of the relation of letters to real life.

It would seem natural enough at first thought to consider letters as a science distinct in itself, to be approached as one takes up the study of arithmetic by committing and applying its peculiar rules. Following out this idea, book-making would be merely the collecting and arranging of symbols according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric, and book-reading would be resolved into a process analogous to that of getting a spelling lesson.

A second thought reveals such an idea as not simply narrow, but essentially wrong, and shows that the book that is worthy of the name cannot be such an artificial rule—begotten thing. It is, rather, natural, born of life, instinct with life, the pulsating inmost life of the human, and the reading of it is an inspiration. The books that the world has found great, the books that have stood the test of time, are unmistakably books of life. They have come from the experience of men who lived as few individual men have lived, broadly, deeply, intensely, truly; men who saw all that the whole world of men have seen; who felt all that men have felt, and something more; men who come so close to nature that they caught the thrill of her subtle harmonies—"the sphere-music of the inmost." The world calls them poets, and they are poets. We love to speak their names—Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, and those two others that lack numbers only, Emerson and Carlyle.

Dante, who "sorrowful and homeless on earth, lived more and more into that awful other world," and thus made possible the *Divina Comedia*.

Shakespeare, the universal, in whose life we see the outward image of all lives in world-wide variety, the ever-changing curve of the perfect sphere.

Milton, the lofty soul of purity, who to be a poet lived sixty years a poet's life that was manifest to the world in *Paradise Lost*.

Wordsworth, the child of nature, who would not go on the false artificial fashion of his fellows, but went back to nature to find truth and found it—yes! and soul, with hope of immortality. He breathed the breath of flowers, caught the harmony of child voices, the melody of bird-songs, the rhythm and rush of rivers, felt the sadness of cloud shadows drifting over the grass, and sang for us the meaning of it all.

Browning, the artist, painting sense and soul, the seer through whose eyes we see what life is, the strong man through whose courage we have heart to live it

Emerson, the great keen thought transcendentalist, who could behold creation's vast machinery unappalled.

Carlyle, the man of depth and insight, who better than all the others perhaps, could distinguish the real from the unreal; life from its

mere vesture or symbol; yet more than all the others did worship at life's shrine of mystery.

When we read the books of these men, we begin to understand how much letters owe to life. Indeed life seems the all, of which letters are but the mere symbol of expression, yes, the debt is great; but is there naught which life owes letters? Methinks Life smiles with thankfulness and says, "Letters, to thee I owe my preservation. In thee have I dwelt since the gods sent thee from Olympus, best gift to men, that they might no longer know the limitations of time or space. Chiseled in thy marble I shall endure and give inspiration until men shall rise to the heights of Olympus, and face to face hold converse with the gods."

Think how much of life letters have stored up for us! How poor and mean the world would be without the grandeur of Moses, the riches of the Hebrew prophet songs, the glory of Greece, and the power of Rome! Yes how poor and lost it would be without the message of that greatest poet who said; "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Yet in books alone we might almost say, have these treasures been preserved? Truly has Carlyle said, "In books lies the soul of the whole Past time. All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been; it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books."

Let men no longer then withhold from books their rightful due; but let them remember that it hath pleased God to honor letters, for through them He hath spoken, yea still speaks to man the Word of Life.

ANNIE ELIZABETH MERRILL.

#### A CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

So quiet, so unostentatious, so domestic was the life of Mary Ball Washington, that the biographer and historian have scarcely mentioned it distinct from its relations to the lives of others. And yet the life of this one woman was indissolubly connected with one of the grandest characters in our history, and is one of the most illustrious examples of true womanhood.

Very little is known of the youth and early womanhood of Mary Ball. She must have been a beautiful girl, for in all of the surrounding country, she was well known as the "Rose of Epping Forest," the "Belle of Northern Neck." Like most of the girls in the colony, at that

time, her education in books was limited; but in the home of her childhood she acquired an education for the higher duties of life of far greater value and importance than any gained in schools.

She evidently inherited from her mother, the noblest qualities of mind and heart, which later were especially marked in her own humble home.

When death entered that home and took away the father and husband, the mother's brave heart never failed her. "She submitted to the Divine Will with the strength of a philosopher and the trustfulness of a Christian. Notwithstanding that the care of the home fell on her, the energy of her whole life was devoted to the welfare of her family. The children must be taught and she directed their studies, they must have their amusements and games and these she regulated. She taught them the true meaning of honesty, truthfulness, and goodness."

Life at Pine Grove differed little from that when the father was living. There was cotton to be gathered, and cleared. The wheels whirled and buzzed under the mother's foot as she spun the flax and wool. Her fingers were ever busy with the garments of the family and servants. It was the hand that nursed the sufferer, be it her own child or a field hand, watching for nights by the sick and dying.

When her son's boyish ambition to be free from the restlessness of his present life, appealed to her, thinking and hoping that the desired step would be for the best, though with many a heartache, she set about making preparations for his outfit and departure. There were times when her mother heart failed her. Her courage was wavering between decision and indecision, when a letter from her brother Joseph convinced her that it was not a feasible plan, and with a mother's love and a mother's forethought for the safety of her boy, she kindly communicated to him her decision, and with equal love and obedience, he responded to his mother's wishes. Several years had passed, and Washington was to go on a very important mission, which required courage, skill, and wisdom. As was always the case his very first thoughts were for his mother, and on the afternoon, before he was to enter upon his duties, he made a visit to her. Her deportment, on this occasion, was grand, noble, even magnificent. Although doubtless her mind was filled with

the deepest anxiety, yet she showed no emotion, but laying her hand upon his shoulder said:—"Remember, George, God only is our trust, to him I commend you." There was manifest in her life the utmost confidence and trust in the Unseen Power who guided her into every path of right and safety, and the thought uppermost in her mind was the prayer of all trustful souls, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." Murmurs of war were about to roll over the river farm, and with forebodings that it would be sometime before peace could be finally restored, George begged his mother to leave the farm and make her home at Fredricksburg. Ah! she chose instead of the softest chair in the warmest and cosiest corner of Kenmore, the unpretentious dwelling at Fredricksburg, plainly attired, the same prudent, industrious, thrifty housewife.

Mr. Curtis has left on record an interesting account of the meeting of the aged mother and illustrious son for the first time in seven years. "As soon as he was dismounted in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to find out when it would be her pleasure to receive him. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortunes and of his fame.

She was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry when the good news was announced and it was told that the victor was awaiting at the threshold. She bade him welcome with a warm embrace, and called him by the well remembered and endearing name of 'George', the familiar name of his boyhood." Meanwhile in the village of Fredricksburg, all was joy and revelry. The citizens got up a grand reception to which the matron was especially invited. The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. How surprised they were, when leaning on the arm of her son, she entered the room, dressed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of olden time. They were amazed on beholding one, whom so many causes conspired to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a glory shone upon her name and offspring.

In 1789, the glad news was brought to Washington that he had been chosen chief magistrate. It was necessary for him to go to New York to determine his official duties. On the afternoon of the same day he rode to the old home, to say once more "Good bye." He informed his mother of his appointment and said, "I shall haste to Virginia." "You will see me no more," she said, interrupting him. "My age and disease warn me that I shall not be long upon this earth. But go, George, fulfill the highest destinies which heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you."

Do you ask the secret of such a life? You will find it in a beautiful, secluded spot, not far from her own quiet home where she spent an hour each day in communion with her Maker. She was laid to rest in a lovely spot of her own choice, "where the spreading meadows, the fertile rolling country, the low line of hills were the same upon which her eyes had often gazed."

But—

"Alas, alas that hallowed place,  
Long marked alone by a cedar tree,  
Shows now but crumbling stones whose face  
Bears not even the faintest trace  
Of the name God granted grace  
To give us him who made us free.

And shall we leave the dew and the rain  
To deck the spot where her ashes lie  
With the creeping grass and the flowery train  
That to wreath the mound with bloom are vain,  
And the birds, lamenting warble nigh?  
Nay, for her honor our hearts are one—  
Mary, Mother of Washington."

FRANK HORTON MORRILL.

### THE CONVERSION OF HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDROCKH.

Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh had a strange entry into life. Brought up by a modest peasant couple—who received him from a stranger in infancy, in his school and college days, he met many sorrows and disappointments, and was obliged to abandon his cherished plans; and with a crowning grief of disappointment in love, he strongly meditated suicide. But hunger drove him to action of another sort.

He was shut out from hope, doubt filled his heart, duty and faith were unknown, and Teufelsdröckh himself realized that he was *lost*. And yet amid all, he could look up and say—"Truth! though the heavens crush me for fol-



lowing her; no falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy."

This love of *truth* made *salvation* possible for him.

But still he was blind to the duty he would gladly have performed, and with his blindness came the thought of *feebleness*. "Ah! to be *weak* is true misery," he cries, "and yet strength brings no rest or peace, save in what one has done." "Our works," he continues, "are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments." But his works had, thus far, amounted to simply—nothing, and hence he had no faith in his strength.

"Alas!" he cries again, "the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself."

This unbelief in self drove out belief in everything else. The universe seemed to be some "immeasurable machine" destined to crush him. Through long years he wandered—restless, desolate, lost—without hope or even fear—yet still with a strange, indescribable gloom and horror in his soul, which forbade him to look up. When suddenly one day a thought came to him—why thus do I cower and tremble? Because of Death? Because of the abyss? Hast thou not a heart? Then bid defiance to this nameless something.

And so 'Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance' came.

The temper of his misery had changed. Thus the *Everlasting No* claimed him for its own. Says Teufelsdröckh, "The Everlasting No has said: 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the Devils)'; to which my whole *Me* now made answer: 'I am not thine, but free, and forever hate thee!'"

But he was not now at peace, though his unrest seemed less chaotic. He could forget self sometimes, yet could not be a *man*.

And how prospered the inner man, under this changing? His biographer says: "Legion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its place, whereby the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but not comfortable state.

Teufelsdröckh says of himself: "This was the *Center of Indifference*, I had now reached; through which whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass."

He now began to realize that the God-given

mandate, *work thou in well-doing*, mysteriously written in every human heart, must burn forth in action. He says: "As I lay in that Center of Indifference, cast doubtless by benignant upper influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth."

Before this, nature had been some terrible power to crush him; now he says—"What is Nature? Art thou not the 'Living Garment of God?' O Heavens, is it, in very deed, *He*, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in me? . . . . The universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but Godlike and my Father's!" "With other eyes, too," he says, "could I look on my fellow-men; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity." And again: "there is in man a *Higher* than love of Happiness." . . . . "Love not pleasure; love God. This is the *Everlasting Yea*, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.

Thus did the Professor pass from the Negative to the Positive; and this is *true conversion*.

Hear his injunction, all ye who like him are restless and soul-distraught:—"But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay, properly, Conviction is not possible till then; . . . . "only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any center to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it that 'Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action.'

On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: '*Do the Duty that lies nearest thee*,' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer." . . . . "And further, when the divine light has come, be no longer a chaos, but a World, or even Worldkind. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then. Up, up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

DANIEL WEBSTER KIMBALL.

## SATOLLI'S MISSION AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

Ever since Satolli's arrival in this country as the representative of the Vatican his movements and utterances have been of great interest to all. Not only is the Roman Church manifesting a more friendly spirit toward our own country, but also toward the French republic as well. Why has the Roman Church thus changed her policy? Why has she sent a legate with such full powers to America? According to the legate himself there are three great questions now confronting American Catholicism with which he will grapple, namely, first:

The rights of the inferior clergy as against the bishops, second, the school question, and third, the Americanization of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

We will now consider these problems in their order. Four thousand miles of briny ocean has made many a bishop, practically, a pope in his own diocese because the slowness of appeals to Rome. Quarrels were frequent and much bitter feeling engendered before the Pope would hear of it. And the most notable example of Satolli's friendly offices in this direction has been the re-instatement of Father McGlynn, the priest made so famous by his supposed heretic economic opinions. His case was, indeed, the most important of such minor local schisms. In this instance it has been the fair-minded Satolli and not the liberal-minded McGlynn that has stooped the most.

The second and more important was that of the relation of Rome to our public schools. The burden of compulsory parochial school attendance was becoming a galling one. It was every year cooling the zeal of many a Catholic family that possessed a consistent loyalty to our public school system. This was seen by the liberal wing of the Church led by Archbishop Ireland who formulated the famous Faribault plan, a plan for handing over the parochial school buildings to the municipal school boards who were to use them and hire the teachers at their own discretion, the Church only reserving the right of religious instruction after school hours. This compromise measure was a subject of much bitter feeling because of the opposing views of the various archbishops. On the whole matter, however, Satolli renders a slashing and final opinion. In his decision he practically sustains

America's most progressive Catholic Churchman Archbishop Ireland. For in the future the Catholic laity can support parochial schools if they want to, as any other Christian denomination can support their own schools. But they are not to be compelled to send their children to them by any threats of excommunication. Such a decision as this required courage. There was still a strong sentiment in favor of parochial schools. But the keen and logical Satolli saw that they were not in accordance with the American spirit. He saw that, however the system might appear to the cursory glance it was a losing venture to the Catholic Church as a whole, and that it would eventually reach a stage where a friendly solution be more difficult.

The third great problem for Satolli's solution was the Americanization of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Any such a scheme as a separate priesthood for the various races of immigrants is now suppressed for the legate's mandate is that English shall be the official language of the Roman Catholic Church in America. Very likely the Church sees that she must take some move of this kind to maintain the unity of her followers and so makes this move to forestall any dangerous signs of disintegration, as of course she is bound to do. For it is easy to see that this question of religious accommodation to the various nationalities under her religious charge is a question at the same time intricate and full of national race feeling. But when so considered, it is at once realized that the decision of Satolli that English shall be the official language of the Church is a logical and politic one, for English is the language that the children of these immigrants and their children's children must use in the future.

This is the third of Satolli's great decisions. All are of great importance, although, as American Protestants, we may consider the decision in regard to the school question as of pre-eminent consequence. A moment's glance can but reveal the broad Catholicity of all these rulings. Each breathes the true nineteenth century spirit of progress; each shows a departure from a narrow, contracted conservatism and a tending toward a broader, freer liberalism; each is a step toward the realization of the true American spirit of freedom and liberty. Yet some declare that this is only the subterfuge, a mere tem-

porary expedient to be thrust aside at any opportune moment. This does not seem to us to be the case. Of course such a radical change of policy on the part of so powerful and conservative religious body should be carefully watched. But the great outcry of the demoralization of a papal court upon the Potomac and the deleterious influence it may exert seems to us ill-timed. It is a measure of Catholic Home Rule. And, indeed, it is plain that the Catholic church practically governed from Washington and reconciled to the educational system of this country, would no longer be under the reproach of foreign domination and no longer at war with our most fixed American idea.

But perhaps you say as a last resort, how do you reconcile so striking innovation on the part of so conservative an ecclesiastical body? Why, we do not try to reconcile them. They are steps in advance regardless of dogmas and creeds. Of course we don't know the eventual outcome and importance of this movement. But we *do know* that the Roman Church has taken a step, a long step, in progressive advancement and that a large element in that advancement has been the influence of Francisco Satolli.

WILLIAM LINCOLN JONES.

### PHILLIPS BROOKS.

If we were to select from the Americans of the nineteenth century one man on whose name we might appropriately set the seal of greatness, it would be difficult to find one more worthy of the term in its truest and best meaning than Phillips Brooks.

His greatness was the natural growth of a vigorous seed in a fertile soil. He sprang from two lines of excellent and distinguished ancestry. He was born and bred in the city of Boston, New England's metropolis of wealth and culture. He possessed an admirable physique, standing six feet, five inches high, well proportioned, and strong; while his mental and intellectual endowments were almost phenomenal. In fact all things conspired to make Phillips Brooks a great man.

Born in 1835, he was educated in the Boston schools until he entered Harvard College, from which he graduated at the age of twenty. Hav-

ing in view the Episcopal ministry, he added to his college training a course of theological reading in Richmond, Va. Ordained to the ministry in 1859, he entered upon the work of his life.

It is difficult to separate his work from his life. The two were so interwoven and grown together that they seem almost identical. Yet for convenience we may divide his life work into three periods. The first embracing just a decade from the completion of his theological studies, was passed as rector of a church in Philadelphia.

The second period, extending through twenty-two years, during which time he was rector of Trinity Church, Boston, represents the chief work of his life. While here he was in his prime, and in a position where he could exercise to the full extent, those marvelous powers with which nature had endowed him.

His ability had now become so well recognized that in 1891 he was elected bishop of the diocese of his own commonwealth.

The two years following until his death near the beginning of the present year constitute the third period.

As a preacher Phillips Brooks stood without a peer in New England. He has been compared to Emerson, but is said to have possessed in himself a self-warmth that every one in his presence felt, a warmth which but few felt in Emerson. As a preacher, his message came from the heart, was full of feeling and emotion, and went straight to its mark in the minds of the hearers.

Although a loyal Episcopal he was exceedingly liberal in his religious views. He regarded all his fellow Christians as no less dear to God than himself; the children with him of a common Father; the sheep with him of one flock, though of different folds; fellow-heirs with him of a common and unexclusive heaven.

Denominational rivalry and strife were distasteful to him. His great soul and intellect enabled him to look beyond these human limitations and differences, and to obtain a broader and more rational vision of christianity.

The value of his sermons lay in their manliness, their sincerity of conviction, their freshness, and originality, their unity and directness of thought, their classic diction, and their brilliant illustrations.

Although his sermons were so full of thought,

they were however, expressed in extremely comprehensive language, and carried a lesson for all classes; for while it fell to his lot to preach for the most part to educated people, his sermons were listened to with rapt attention by the uneducated and illiterate.

In speaking he apparently lost all sight of his own personality, and the minds of his hearers were drawn away from the speaker, and riveted on the thought he uttered. Although he usually preferred to read his sermons, he could, nevertheless, preach equally well without even notes. It is said that it was impossible for one judging by the ear alone, to say whether he was preaching a written or an unwritten sermon.

But Dr. Brooks's ability was not confined alone to preaching. It was due largely to his energy, and inspiring enthusiasm that the noble edifice of Trinity Church was erected on Copley Square.

St Andrews' Chapel, Trinity House, benevolent societies and missions had their origin in his productive mind. He sought by precept and example to teach men the beauty and grandeur of christianity.

If he preached morality and godliness from the pulpit, he practised them in his daily life. In his presence one felt drawn by some irresistible power to recognize in him a superior being, yet one in whom the humblest might find a counselor, a sympathizer, and a friend.

In the company of Lowell, Holmes, and other noted men, his brilliant conversation made him ever the favorite.

A tireless student, a broad and rapid reader, he had made his mind a rare store-house of knowledge from which he dispensed with a wise and generous hand.

As an ideal citizen of America he loved her institutions, and principles. With her interests at heart he labored enthusiastically in private counsel and on the platform to make her sons nobler and more patriotic. Interested in every thing that was manly and good his life should lend ennobling inspiration to every American.

A powerful and eloquent preacher, a brilliant scholar, a worthy and honored citizen, a great and noble man, Philips Brooks has endeared himself to American hearts.

ASA MINOT JONES.

## ANNEXATION WITH CANADA.

Is it strange that two Anglo Saxon peoples (the Canadians and the citizens of the U. S.) living as neighbors and divided only by a conventional line, should evince a desire to become one nation, and that the mightiest of Republics? It is but in the natural course of events that this should be so.

The leaven of discontent with colonial connections, has produced marked results. The statesman who would forecast the future of Canada, must assume before long, that the tie which binds the Dominion to the British Empire will be completely severed.

The alternatives which a severance offers are independence or annexation. Canadian independence from our standpoint is rendered impossible by the Monroe Doctrine. We will consider the other alternative; namely annexation.

What the mass of the Canadian people desire to acquire by a union is the opportunity to improve their condition; to have livelihood made easier and to have the freedom of the individual to do as he pleases, within reasonable bounds, certainly guaranteed.

What concerns the citizens of the U. S. in this question, balancing advantage with disadvantage is that neither our privileges nor our prosperity be menaced.

The British possessions within the Canadian boundaries have an area of nearly half a million square miles less than the U. S. exclusive of Alaska. It is affirmed that much of Canada is snow and ice and uninhabitable;—But not so. Note a few facts: Canada and her surrounding waters include fully one-half of all the navigable fresh water on the globe. Canada has one-quarter more land fitted for wheat cultivation than has the United States. Canada has one-quarter more timber than the United States. Her resources are the richest in the world. Yet, you say these have never been developed. But why? Take for example her mineral resources. Their development is impossible so long as she is excluded from the United States. The explanation is found in the limited home demand and the exclusion of Canadian ore from this country. Our tariff puts Canada on the same footing with other foreign countries and shuts out her natural products from the nearest market. A union of the two countries would furnish a market to Canada and en-

able us to manufacture cheaper and the transaction would then be of national advantage.

It is a commonly noted fact that migration is to the westward. This is partially true. It is a fact that migration is to the north-westward. To see this we have only to follow the civilization of the Old World from Egypt through Greece, Italy and Germany to England. In the new world the tendency to the north-west has been temporarily thwarted by this conventional line. This tendency and its natural consequences is one of the strongest reasons for believing that this line will be removed.

We often hear New England people say that in event of a union the northeastern states might be swamped by the inundation of French Canadians. Such fear has no foundations. The existing political separation of the two great sections of America is the very arrangement best adapted to produce the dreaded evil. It is their present isolation which impels them to migrate.

Some have said, "We do not want any more territory to govern." This is a superficial view of the matter. With railroads and telegraphs, distance and time are annihilated. Also New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are nearer Washington than many of our present states and no part of Canada is so remote as Alaska.

This union would materially decrease the international questions, especially with Great Britain. Indeed, the certainty that continental union would vastly decrease chances of war with Great Britain is one of the strongest arguments in favor of such a union.

Let it be remembered that it would forever settle the Fisheries question and the Behring Sea question; it would relieve us of the necessity of delimiting the Alaska boundary; it would ensure the enforcement of the laws for the exclusion of the Chinese; it would besides relieve us of any anxiety for the defense of what is now our northern boundary, and also from troubles with Great Britain in regard to the maintenance of a naval force on the Great Lakes.

The Canadian people and the people of the United States are essentially homogeneous in blood. The same tireless energy, boldness of design and courage in execution are characteristic of both peoples. The same love of popular institutions; the same safe-guards for secur-

ing and maintaining civil and religious liberty, and substantially the same kind of religious denominations are characteristic of both. Their interests are common. If on our side of the border we refrain from zealous advocacy of annexation, this does not imply a lack of sympathy; but we realize that an expression of more than good will on our part would only retard the operation of the powerful social and economic forces which are drawing together the two sections of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent.

To Canada, the economic advantages of a union would be immense. To the United States, its general advantage would be no less. To England, it would be no menace, but the reverse.

Regard this question as we may, it is the most important question before the American people to-day.

JOSEPH BULLEN ALEXANDER.

## PRESENTATION DAY.

June 26, 1893.

The class of '94 held their Presentation Day exercises on the Campus on Monday afternoon. Music was furnished by the Germania Band. Prayer was offered by D. W. Kimball, after which the class ode was sung:

AIR—Far Away.

To thee, O Colby, we give greeting,  
And our hearts are filled with joy,  
As we think of thee, our mother,  
Pure and sweet, without alloy.  
Thou art ever on us smiling,  
Ever ready to uplift,

As we on our way are toiling  
Toward the rich, the priceless gift,  
Which thou givest thy dear children,  
Hoarded by their mother's thrift.

Comely, fair, and tender matron,  
Colby, thou of mothers best,  
'94 thy oldest twin child  
Pillowed last on tender breast,  
Save for knots of gold and green  
Scarce you'd tell us twain apart,  
Great big brother, little sister  
Loving thee with single heart;  
Hand in hand we bring thee, mother,  
Laurels twined with tender art.

We have loved thee, Alma Mater,  
As we journeyed on apace;  
And our hearts are wound around thee  
By the sweetness of thy grace.



We will ever strive to honor  
Strive to render homage due  
To our great and loving mother,  
And to thee we'll e'en be true;  
While our Heavenly Father watches  
Over us and over you.

J. S. Lynch next delivered the Oration:

### THE COLLEGE MAN IN POLITICS.

It is the month of June, and, as we cast our eyes across the American continent, we behold in every state vast institutions of learning called colleges; we descry vast throngs assembled; we perceive on platforms congregated hundreds of young men who to-day will graduate from their Alma Maters.

Now, trained as they have been to clearness of perception, accuracy of judgment, and justness of thought and expression, these college men are destined by right of education to take a foremost place among mankind. As teachers, lawyers, and preachers, they will acknowledge no superior. Leaders they will be in the pulpit, at the bar and in the school-room.

But these professions should not be the goal of all. There is another field which opens wide and broad before them, which stretches out its arms and beseeches, exhorts, and entreats them to enter. That field is the field of politics, embracing as it does the science of government.

It is a lamentable fact, that year by year our politics are growing more and more vitiated; year after year, the number of men who hold important public positions of trust, which are obtained by fraud and bribery, is increasing. Men devoid of all honor are placed in prominent public positions, while day after day the number of intellectual men is increasing who abhor political distinction, and shrink when one hints at their "entering politics." Our present political system does not bring into the public service the truly self-educated and self-cultured men of the country, but merely those whose self-making rises no higher than the low levels of money-making and party machinery.

Then why should college men sit idly by and only grumble if affairs of state are going wrong?

Why should they not take an active part and work to prevent it? They have seen how in the past corruption and fraud brought nations to the earth, and trailed humanity in the dust. They should not calmly look on in our free, beloved land, rocked and nursed in the cradle of

liberty by men like Hamilton, Adams and Hancock, and see reckless and headstrong arrogance wear out the energies of society by perpetual agitation of all the baser passions of mankind.

Every citizen of our country should more or less be a politician. It is their duty as American freemen. It is their duty as loyal, patriotic sons of liberty. Our very constitution demands it of them.

"A government of the people, for the people, and by the people" calls upon every one of its citizens to do his utmost to promote the general welfare. We should have no sympathy for those who claim that incompetent men conduct our public affairs, that rings and political tyrants hold in their hands the destinies of our republic, and yet hold themselves aloof as too honorable to associate with such men in legislation.

If men are too honorable to take an active part in public affairs when the times call for it then they are too honorable to be citizens of this country, which was bought with the blood of men who considered that their lives were not too dear when the people's prosperity demanded it.

Politics should not be a base, ignoble trade, but an honorable profession. Had Webster deemed it a trade beneath the dignity of honorable men would he ever have stood on the floor of the United States Senate proclaiming in tones of thunder that there should be 'Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!' Had such ideas actuated the mind of Lincoln would that memorable proclamation of emancipation have been issued in 1863? Had Garfield considered that he was disgracing himself in entering politics Guiteau would never have been hung!

In all countries there are intelligent and educated classes; and experience shows that when they are brought into the business of legislation they work not only with intelligence, but also with zeal. Such classes should conduct the business affairs of our country; for to make laws and shape the policy of a nation so vast and complicated as the United States is a gift of statesmanship which does not come of nature, and men of only average abilities are unequal to the task.

What we want is more college men in politics, more college men in our state legislatures,

more college men in Congress. They should buckle on armor and enter the fight. Let them throw aside all prejudice and narrow sentimentality, and work for the prosperity and enlightenment of the people; for the best interests of the state and of the nation, bearing in mind that there is a science of government, and that true statesmanship requires character, rectitude, trained intelligence, varied knowledge, indefatigable industry and prolonged study. Let them strike for reform, strike to raise the standard of our present political system, and make the standard of statesmanship higher.

The work is honorable, noble, and patriotic. The reward will be bright and glorious, never dying, never fading. And ever more in radiance bright will be a halo round the workers, and when the battle of life is over, when their souls shall pass away, their work will not be forgotten, but will live and prosper, grow and inspire the future generations of man; while on a monument reaching and soaring on high in matchless grace and grandeur, which the waves of time will only make more firm, will the names of those who dared to serve their country shine forth in letters of gold, side by side with those of Jefferson, Lincoln, Webster and Sumner; not to be erased until our nation shall have passed away, until the star of freedom shines no more.

JOHN SANSFIELD LYNCH.

After music W. F. Kenrick read the class poem:

#### THE SAGE AND THE SHEPHERD.

"The world is wondrous wise," so saith the Sage,  
Who lives today in our enlightened age,  
When all, until the Present well concealed,  
Has by man's prying genius been revealed.  
"We," he resumes, "at last can understand  
The plan, by which the omnipotent Hand  
The universe and all humanity  
Doth guide through time unto eternity.  
That mysteries still circle us, 'tis true,  
And veil the clearness of our human view;  
Yet, leaving these, omitting the hid source  
From which existence takes its open course,  
We pass into the known and in its broad,  
Extended depths interpret man and God.  
And nature too has been compelled at last,  
Bereft of worship granted by the Past,  
To sacrifice herself unto our will,  
And humbler office than of yore fulfill.  
No more the portent, trembling in the sky,  
Conveys a sacred meaning to the eye;  
No longer do we watch the flight of birds,  
Nor view the victim, choicest of our herds,  
To gain some knowledge of those things unseen.

Such follies are not, tho' they once have been!  
The world is man's to conquer, not to fear;  
And in our victory, it would appear  
That we've outwitted him, who didst create,  
By deftly using with a skill innate  
The latent powers so silently contained  
Within his mighty work. And we have gained,  
By this solution of the thought divine,  
Enough of borrowed forces to incline  
All things unto ourselves, and thus at length  
Attain earth's highest by this added strength.  
The home of deity is not assigned  
To marble forms, creations of the mind;  
But limitless doth lie within and round  
All things existent—simple or profound.  
The Present is replete with truth and light;  
The Past is covered by eternal night."  
Thus spake the Sage; nor this alone sufficed,  
But more and more by his great theme enticed  
Chanted the song of self, and would not see  
What, without past achievement, self would be.  
At last, his vague and foolish boasting done,  
His final triumph was in this wise won:—  
"Man's mission here indeed is usefulness,  
Inseparably joined with happiness;  
So pity we the men of times agone,  
Unto a life of false conceptions born,  
Whose thoughts remained unshrouded in a mist,  
Which we with greater talent can resist."  
Not knowing how to answer such conceit,  
Yet feeling that the weakest could compete  
With pride so falsely manifest, so mean,  
I turned unto a life calm and serene,  
Spent in that darkness of the long ago,  
Which the great Sage had deemed not fit to know,  
Much less to penetrate, or there secure  
Aught of true wisdom from its gloomy store.  
A score of centuries was swept away,  
And forth into the brilliance of today  
There came a Shepherd lad, from Grecian fields,  
Filled with the simple learning Nature yields,  
With childish innocence he viewed the Sage,  
And heard the story of his peerless age  
Listened and wondered with an aspect mild,  
Seemed quite perplexed and then—and then he smiled.  
"O mighty Seer!" the Shepherd lad began,  
"O mighty Seer! O great and glorious man,  
One thought from out thy musings I preserve,  
With thy far-seeing mind, thou didst observe,  
'Man's mission here indeed is usefulness  
Inseparably joined with happiness,'  
Thou seemest kindly, and perchance wouldst hear  
My simple pastoral. Kind Sage, give ear.  
I see my flocks in my far-distant home,  
And lovingly I watch them as they roam  
Within the confines of their safe abode;  
See the bright landscape, that so oft has glowed  
Before my raptured eye, when day's decline  
Told that the Sun-god hastened to consign  
Himself unto the sea that meets the West—  
There on his fragrant couch to seek sweet rest.  
I hear again the softly uttered notes,  
Poured from a thousand happy little throats,  
The brook's low murmur, whispers from the trees.  
Stirred by the touch of Summer's gentle breeze.  
Yonder the river with its silent flow,

Steals through the flowers that so fondly grow  
 On either bank—each leaf and blossom known  
 To me, who watch and love them as mine own.  
 And at my rest within the quiet wood,  
 All things are dear to my reflective mood.  
 The lovely Nymphs dwell 'neath the shadows here;  
 Sweet strains of music greet my eager ear,  
 Coming I know not whence. But thou mayest tell,  
 For thou art 'wondrous wise.' From mossy dell  
 They seem to come, and float the stillness through;  
 And though, O Sage, it may be all untrue,  
 Methinks Apollo strikes his golden lyre.  
 And melody fills the earth, ere rising higher.  
 And then the night! Dost know a Grecian night,  
 Starlit and moonlit, radiant and bright?  
 But thou art weary, Sage: I am not wise.  
 Yet happier life than mine, canst thou surmise?"  
 "Thou liv'dst a happy life," the Sage replied,  
 "Yet life that we today may well deride;  
 For thou wert Pagan—knew not duty's call;  
 Thy wisest Greek was Pagan—that was all!  
 Truth lights the world; it bringeth usefulness.  
 Happy but useless life thou must confess!"  
 Again the Shepherd smiled, "Perchance thou'rt right,  
 And my dark age contributes naught of light  
 Unto the Future's store. Yet, thou O Sage,  
 Wouldst better first discard thy heritage  
 From Pagan Greece. All Pagan thought discard,  
 Greek art, and science, philosopher, and bard—  
 Even the Shepherd, dreaming of his Gods,  
 Whose life thy ideals so ill accords.  
 And then, pluck from thee all save pittance small  
 Thou'st added from thy meagre self to all  
 The gloomy Past bestows. And thou wilt find  
 That scarce enough remains of man and mind  
 To comprehend that truth, which thou has said  
 Makes useful lives that otherwise were dead.  
 Ah, Sage, thou'rt wrong! Truth's self is little known.  
 Each age presents its substitute, soon thrown  
 Into the great abyss that waits its prey;  
 And so, despite the brilliance of thy day,  
 Thy wisdom finds its utmost limit thus:  
 'There is a ruling power over us;  
 We call it God, and know that God is good.'  
 And this my heart has said, as I have stood  
 Beneath the sky, and watched the Heavens bright  
 In that land 'covered by eternal night.'  
 So too, O Sage, my whole mythology  
 But worships God as thy theology;  
 While the true worship, whether here or there,  
 Pours from the soul in an unuttered prayer.  
 Nor pity thou 'the men of times ago  
 Unto a life of false conceptions born;  
 For he, who made the world and rules it still,  
 Has balanced all with an infinite skill;  
 And tho' strange views of God and man thou meet,  
 His law of compensation is complete."  
 The Sage was wrong; mayhap the Shepherd too!  
 Yet, smiling still, he vanished from my view,  
 And left with me this thought: "I were surely strange  
 Did we deem progress what is merely change;  
 Did all the Present labors to attain,  
 But bring an equal loss for every gain;  
 Were the great Present, so sublimely wise,  
 Only the Past under a modern guise;

And truth were truth, yet still must be concealed,  
 Till at time's end to all alike revealed.

WALTER FRANCIS KENRICK.

F. S. Latlip next gave the following history of '94:

### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '94.

The history of one class cannot differ materially from that of another. All are engaged in similar pursuits; all are interested in the same sports; and to a large degree all follow the same manner of life and thought. So it will be the endeavor of '94's historian not to claim for his class anything strikingly new or original but simply to follow the usual custom to give his class a just representation and to recite a few of the incidents that have interested its members.

In writing this history, so enormous is the supply of material at our disposal that we can cull from the labyrinth only such as are most important and representative. It was the 25th day of September 1890 that '94 made its first appearance on Colby's Campus. On that morning we were 61 in number 45; boys and 16 girls.

As we entered the chapel we were greeted with an ovation which we attributed to our appearance, our numbers and our new aggregation of *co-ords*. Our first week was accompanied by an excessive amount of aqua pura. It was then that we first understood the phenomena of sun showers and so frequent were these showers that at times it actually rained paper bags. But we were not discouraged, as we often had a chance to laugh at the poor marksmanship of the Sophomores. "On Bloody Monday Night" the Sophomores in a body visited the room of each Freshman after the initiation ceremonies of the ancient order of "ΦΧ," they departed, meeting with comparatively no opposition.

The next Wednesday we met '93 on the diamond and the game would have been a success, had it not been for the frequent interruptions occasioned by the wrangling and scrambling for horns.

In the latter part of the fall term an accident occurred which resulted rather disastrously to those concerned. One morning four members of the Sophomore class anxious to see more cohesive relations between Freshman chapel seats and Freshman pantaloons, proceeded to besmear the chapel seats with molasses. But unfortunately for the Sophomores, Sam's vigilance balked

their plans and the faculty being displeased with their work allowed them to rusticate during the rest of the term.

On the morning of Dec. 9th, the indications were that '93 had some scheme on foot so that evening we were all collected in a room in South College to await developments. Suddenly the signal was given and we rushed out only to find that our Kleinhans had disappeared. A raid was made on the Sophomore's rooms but no Jakie could be found. Then the surrounding country was scoured. The last scout had returned and we had given up all hopes of finding our lost classmate; when who should we see leisurely walking down the road from Fairfield and whistling old "Phi Chi." We rushed to meet him and were informed that the Sophs were kind enough to give him a sleigh ride to Fairfield after a little persuasion, and the liberty to walk home.

Our last trial of strength with '93 in our Freshman year was on the night of our Freshman Reading. Scarcely had we left the church with our canes when we were attacked by '93, and soon a fierce but good natured struggle was in progress for the possession of the sticks. When we reached the campus but one cane was left unbroken and this bade fair to remain in the hands of '94. The upper class men seeing that '93 made no headway and fearing lest the ball men in the rush should be injured took the cane away and thus ended the fracas. In the latter part of the term '94 distinguished herself as a Freshman class by defeating '91 and '92 on the diamond and winning the inter-class championship. A fitting climax to our Freshman year was the banquet at Bangor June 26, 1891. Here it was evident by the enthusiasm manifested and the spirit with which the speeches were made, that oratorical ability of '94 was above the average.

On our returning to college our Sophomore fall we found a Freshman class nearly as large as our own, awaiting our paternal care and discipline. Bloody Monday Night we did our duty and acted in a manner well befitting our paternal obligations. Our plans were delayed for a time by the unannounced appearance of Sam. The form of Tommy was recognized and he was obliged to retire but this did not deter the others from doing their duty.

Next came the Sophomore—Freshman ball game. We defeated the Freshmen easily in the fairest game of ball ever given a Freshman class.

At the end of the fall term an incident occurred which was probably the cause of all the trouble between '94 and the upper classmen. One day while in recitation several Juniors took our hats from Recitation Hall. A few days after the college was astounded by the report that the Sophmores had insulted the dignity of the upper classmen by purloining the Junior tiles, and the report spread that '94 was trying to run the college. That night the Freshmen were gifted with an unusual amount of courage and prepared a peanut drunk while the sophmores slept. Being apprised of the fact '94 soon gathered her forces and put the Freshmen to bed with appropriate ceremonies, much to the dissatisfaction and discomfiture of her advisors. On leaving North College, water was thrown at us, but coming from upper classmen we were able to endure it. But later when we learned that one of our members had been locked into an empty room and the door barricaded by upper classmen patience ceased to be a virtue. Then took place one of the greatest trials of strength that the college has ever seen; and had not our classmate escaped by a back window, the struggle would undoubtedly have lasted until morning. Not satisfied with the result of this struggle, it was decided that each Sophmore should receive a shower in bed. This did not meet the approval of '94. While some retired, the majority preferred to test H<sub>2</sub>O on the "qui vive." At two o'clock the wetting began in North College; while in South College preparations were made by '94 for their reception. Soon the enemy approached and with a yell they rushed up the stairs and at the first landing were met by water, coal, tinpails, hods, clubs of the Indian model and various other articles. The battle waged for nearly an hour and although they out numbered us five to one, a quietus was put upon their cleansing process.

In the summer term '94 distinguished herself in the class room. Contrary to custom we to a man passed the examination in mechanics, without anyone's cribbing, according to the professor.

We ended our Sophomore year with a banquet at Skowhegan, an event much enjoyed and long to be remembered.

This last year has been a pleasant and a prosperous one. We have worked hard and earnestly and we hope not in vain. We had been told that the last two years of our course would be easy. We know not how easy it is in

the Senior year but if it is as *easy* as our Junior year has been, we want no more ease.

Now just a word concerning the ladies of the class. Although we have been separated into two classes we have been as one: the ladies have been interested in us, and have taken active part in measures concerning both classes. We are grateful to them for the many receptions tendered to us during our course. By their many kind acts have the girls of '94 won our esteem. The versatility of the class is shown by its success in every department of college life. Toward the other classes our attitude is one of friendship and regard. Our relations with '93 at first were not so harmonious as they might have been, but have been amicably adjusted as we have come to know each other better. To our college we are loyal; we earnestly hope and believe that its future will be prosperous. The piece of statuary that is soon to be unveiled is only a slight token of our love for Alma Mater.

In bringing this history to a close we can but say that although aware of the fact that we have our faults and imperfections yet we trust and believe that when next year we separate to meet no more as a class, we shall leave behind us a reputation that will be an honor both to ourselves and to the college.

FRED SAVAGE LATLIP.

Next came the awarding of Prizes, by J. B. Alexander. The following were the awards:

- |                                |                  |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. '94's Aspiring Politician,  | J. S. LYNCH      |
| A bundle of wires to pull.     |                  |
| 2. The Biggest Dig,            | W. F. KENRICK    |
| A spade.                       |                  |
| 3. Our Fat Musician,           | E. C. CLARK      |
| A swinette.                    |                  |
| 4. Our Class Leg-Puller,       | A. E. HOOPER     |
| Ice tongs.                     |                  |
| 5. Our Pastoral Maiden,        | MISS C. G. JONES |
| A lamb.                        |                  |
| 6. Our Phenomenal Linguist,    | A. L. BLANCHARD  |
| A ball of yarn.                |                  |
| 7. '94's Successful Sportsman, | V. M. WHITMAN    |
| A gun.                         |                  |
| 8. Ninety-Six,                 | Squirt-gun       |

The remainder of the exercises were held in Memorial Hall. Here President Tuthill in behalf of the class of '94, presented the college with the statue of Sophocles.

The class now sang the Presentation Ode:

#### PRESENTATION ODE.

AIR:—Eton Boating Song.

Beside the blue Agean  
His rose-walled garden lay,  
To him we sing a pean  
Of memory to-day.  
Sing, sing together  
O, June-day bird, and breeze!  
And sing, O class of '94,  
One song for Sophocles!

Those sweet Agean waters  
Weep low beside his tomb,  
While Colby's sons and daughters  
Today for him make room.  
Here in our hall, immortal  
With loving memories  
Sing now, O class of '94  
Welcome to Sophocles!

Take him, O loving Mother!  
And set him up on high;  
Add to your gems another  
Fair name that cannot die.  
Sing, sing together.  
O holy memories!  
And sing, O Colby '94.  
Welcome to souls like these!

#### CLASS DAY.

Tuesday, June 27, 1893.

The class of '93 held their Class Day exercises, Tuesday forenoon, at the Baptist Church. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, J. B. Slocum. After music by the Germania Band, Mr. Slocum gave the following history of '93:

#### HISTORY OF '93.

The yearly epidemic is upon us! Again class histories vex the air.

But Waterville audiences, along with a becoming conservatism, have ever displayed remarkable powers of endurance. Friends, keep up your record! Bear with us this once, and we will hold you in grateful remembrance forever!

Naturally, you are expecting a history of our class. You have already anticipated me, and even now seem to hear these grand old chestnuts that have been shelled out to you by every class-historian you can remember. You feel certain I will go back to our Freshman year and rake up all the old personalities I can think of and some I cannot think of. You do not doubt that I will praise '93 to the skies and in a sly way insinuate that some people before and after me don't amount to much. You are sure there will



be given a full account of our Freshman ball game, "Bloody Monday Night," Freshman Exit, Sophomore revelries, "Junior ease," "Senior dignity," etc., etc. You are even now wondering how long it will take me to mention all these things in their customary order and give to each its stereotyped emphasis.

Let me, just by way of novelty, give you a little surprise. If your apprehensions are anything like these I have just suggested, you are doomed to disappointment or excess of joy; in either case you will have a change.

When you hear a class historian declaiming in bombastic terms the physical, intellectual and moral attainments of his class; although you rather like to hear him brag (because you see he enjoys it), yet you know, through long experience, how much of it is gush.

Now I realize that in attempting to strike off in an untrodden path, I am at the outset placing myself at a disadvantage; and here again you must be gracious.

In looking about me for some novel treatment of my subject, I fell into a fit of despondency, until there came to me the happy notion of writing a history of the class that should be not merely history, and not necessarily history at all, but something else; which something else it is for you and not me to name.

My justification for such an eccentric course, lies in the fact that an exact chronicle of the events of '93 is not an essential element of this subject; that were such the case, I am too much in love with '93 to write impartially; that I am too near her in this the day of her ripened beauty not to be influenced by her very presence; and finally, that since the first thing you do is to forget the class history, I desire to lighten your labor.

It may be of passing interest for you to know that when we came to Colby we registered fifty; later we had four accessions from the class of '92; in all, twenty-three have dropped out by the way, leaving on hand a balance of thirty-one.

Of those who have left the ranks of '93, six are members of '94; one is '94 at Harvard; one has gone from the earthly life, (we bring again our tribute of loyal memory as we mention the name of Helen Hight Greene); four are engaged in teaching, two are married, and nine are doing nothing in particular but everything in general.

The evolution of '93 has been contemporaneous with many important movements in the inner life of Colby.

We entered as students the same day that Dr. Small took his chair as President. In our Sophomore year, we initiated "Robbie" into the delights of Rhetoric, forming a friendship with him that we shall cherish among our pleasant memories of college days. We saw with pleasure him who had been a courteous Junior to '93 Freshmen, honored with an appointment as instructor in Latin and Greek; but still we didn't feel like giving up calling him "Norman." With regret we saw the venerable Professor who has ever been a firm and valued friend of Colby and her students, resign; the name of Dr. Smith will ever be honored by those who knew the man. Anxious for the welfare of Colby at the loss of so able a leader as President Small, our solicitude gave place to satisfaction when the choice fell upon him who, in one short year, has so endeared himself to all as President. And we have seen with no less pleasure the Faculty reinforced by the return of Dr. Pepper and the addition of Prof. Marquardt to the department of modern languages. The Shannon Laboratory was begun and completed during our Freshman year. The foundation of the Historical Department Library bears the stamp of '93. The Marble Faun will ever remind you that '93 was unwilling to let Presentation Day go to the wall. Two class cups engraved with "'93" show our prowess in athletics, and '93's generous contribution to the gymnasium fund, indicates the practical application of that spirit.

But why need I go on at this rate? Do you need farther and more convincing proofs of the loyalty of '93 to Colby and to herself? Then look at us! Do you not see it in the very fact of our presence here? (I believe we are *all* here today.) Do you not read in our very faces something akin to a just pride? But don't abuse us by calling it deceit.

As we look back, we can see that the system of electives was one of the testing elements of our college career. The inclination of different minds to different callings then became evident. Exception must be made, however, in the case of Lombard and C. F. Smith, who wisely disguised their ministerial propensities by filling themselves with mathematics.

But for the most part, it was significant that Political Economy and Constitutional History

had such ardent disciples as Bickmore, Bowman, Foster, Jordan, Ogier, Dr. Robinson and the polemic Sheldon; that Physical Science won the loyalty of Fairbrother, Neal, Russell and G. O. Smith; that Metaphysics could find but one mind capable of following in her flights and, of course, Cy. Stimson was the favored one; that Modern Language secured such tenacious adherents in the nine co-eds.

Just here I may be pardoned for saying that the Historian of '93 met his Waterloo in the Mathematical Department and since that time has studiously sought to win on other fields. This confession will doubtless relieve the Prophet from predicting my election to the chair of Mathematics in one of our large universities. I half suspect George has that feeling, else he would not last year on Presentation Day have honored me with the unique title "Athletic Acrobatic Trigonometric Tumbler," and awarded me a slate.

Just here, you may raise the inquiry as to what all this has to do with class history. If you insist, we must reply in our old familiar class-room phraseology: "Don't know." All we can tell you on this point is, we have tried to be true to our historical training, and have gathered our data from "original sources." If still you are troubled with an unsatisfied longing to know more about us, read the three last volumes of the *Oracle*.

Would you have me harrow up your feelings longer? I must not on any account. You feel badly enough now. You Waterville people are weeping at the thought of our leaving you, and it were cruel to add misery to your tears.

The trouble is ended. Tell you friends that all you can remember of this part of the program was the vivid fact that the Historian promised not to deliver a *history*, and triumphantly kept his word.

JOEL BYRON SLOCUM.

The Class Poem was given by Miss Beede.

"Who knowest whether thou art come to,  
the kingdom for such a time as this?"  
ESTHER IV, 14.

Softly, silently the sunshine  
Fell from bluest eastern skies,  
Golden mantle dropped from heaven,  
Making earth a paradise,  
Noiselessly the gentle river,  
Smiling back to bright sky-dome,  
Tossing up its jewelled waters  
Sought a distant ocean home.

Peace—the zephyrs whispered softly,  
Peace—The birds sang in reply,  
Peace—the quiet river murmured,  
Peace—the south wind seemed to sigh.  
All the air was glory laden,  
And the tender radiance stole  
Into nooks unused to sunshine  
Bringing joy to Nature's soul.

In the light of that sweet morning,  
Kissed awake by King of Day,  
Clad in robe of richest emerald,  
Susa, fair queen-city lay.  
Surely her great heart was beating  
In accord with Nature's own,  
Surely, peace must there be reigning  
From the cot to kingly throne.

But alas! As erst in Eden.  
Human sin the spot defiled,  
Filled that lovely place with weeping,  
Let in sorrow, error's child,  
So again in this fair Eden,  
Sin had entered, joy was fled,  
Sounds were heard like cries of mourners  
Wailing o'er the newly dead.

Brightest Susa was a prison,  
Sad-eyed captives languished there,  
Stricken Israel's sons and daughters  
Moaning lay—in deep despair,  
For the haughty Persian monarch  
Had proclaimed to low and high  
That upon a day appointed  
All of Hebrew blood must die.

And the beauty of the morning  
Seemed to mock hearts sick with fear,  
And the river brightly flowing  
Seemed to murmur—"Death is near."  
Happy birds sang on unheeding  
Souls that suffered cruel wrong,  
Though a deeper strain of sadness  
Mingled with their merry song.

Tearful eyes were raised toward heaven,  
Strong men wept in bitter pain,  
Cried unto the God of Jacob,  
Shall they weep and call in vain?  
Hither from the dear home-country  
Stricken by Almighty's hand,  
Came their fathers. Must the children  
Perish in the stranger-land?

Wait—God reigneth ever  
He guardeth His own.  
Heart-cries of His children  
Are heard at His throne.

Blow softly, ye breezes,  
Prayer-laden ye rise.  
Bright Hope-angel fleeth  
Down, down from the skies.

In the splendid palace royal  
Grew a little Jewish flower,  
Nurtured first by Hebrew training,  
Planted now in kingly bower;

For this tender bud was fairest  
 Of all flowers ever seen.  
 Lo—it was a maiden's figure,  
 Esther beautiful—the queen!

And as drowning man outreaches  
 To the bank his eager hand,  
 Clutching wildly at the lilies,  
 Draws himself again to land—  
 So the Hebrews in their peril  
 Reached out to the blossom fair,  
 Hoped it would be strong to save them  
 From the sullen stream, despair.

See! The blossom lowly bendeth,  
 Bows its head beneath the wave.  
 See! The maiden braves sore danger  
 Her loved Israel to save.

Blow ye gently, southern breezes,  
 Softly kiss her woman's brow,  
 More than queen of Persian monarch,  
 Esther reigneth victor now.

Once again the morning sunshine  
 Falls like mantle from the sky,  
 While the birds sing—"Hallelujah,"  
 And the river dances by.

Hands are clasped in adoration,  
 Happy hearts their voices raise  
 In a song of glad thanksgiving,  
 In a joyous psalm of praise.

On, onward the ages  
 March silent and slow,  
 Dark banners unfurling  
 Strange pictures to show.

Rude, dim are the outlines  
 Those banners display.  
 We gaze and we wonder,  
 Then quick turn away.

Old-time are these paintings,  
*We* live in the *Now*,  
 Stay not our swift footsteps,  
 Hope crowneth our brow.

Ah, soul! Is there nothing  
 Still left thee to leave  
 From ancient life-picture?  
 Proud spirit, return!

As we gaze upon the portrait  
 Of the Hebrew maiden queen,  
 We must ask whence came the  
 Shining in that face serene.

Was she more than other women  
 That she thus could do and dare?  
 Was her heart more deeply tender,  
 Was her life more full of prayer?

Listen! One had sent a message  
 In that dark and dreadful time  
 Unto Esther in the palace,  
 Harken to that word sublime,—  
 "Who, who knoweth fair queen Esther,  
 Why thou left thy childhood home,  
 Whether for this very service  
 Thou art to the kingdom come!"

Ah—that word was softly spoken,  
 But its echo soundeth still,  
 Ever loud and louder growing,  
 Soon the whole wide world to fill,  
 For a whispering zephyr caught it,  
 Bore it onward to the sea,  
 And the deep-toned ocean answered,  
 "I will keep the word for thee."

So it soundeth in the billows  
 As they break upon the shore,  
 Softly breathes in winds of summer,  
 Loudly rings when tempests roar—  
 "Who, who knoweth, favored mortal,  
 Wheresoever thou dost roam,  
 Whether for some needed service  
*Thou* art to the kingdom come!"

Didst thou never catch the message  
 Borne on breeze or ocean-tide,  
 Sung by noisy gleesome brooklet  
 Dancing down the mountain side?  
 Only those whose hearts are tender,  
 Only those with listening ear  
 Can detect that hidden meaning,  
 Can the wondrous message hear.

See! A youth in pride of manhood  
 Bows in prayer before his God,  
 Unto him has come the summons,  
 He has caught the whispered word,  
 "Thou art called, O youth, to rescue  
 Captive souls who toil and cry,  
 Bound in superstition's fetters,  
 Unto Christ's glad liberty,

Now again with clearer vision  
 We a manly form behold,  
 Tall, ungainly is that figure,  
 Strong and kind those features bold.  
 This one heart the voice of pleading,  
 Hasted quickly to obey,  
 Burst the slave-bands, saved a nation,  
 Thousands bless his name to-day.

Sounds of battle, smoke of conflict,  
 Wounded borne to beds of pain.  
 Lo—an angel moves among them,  
 Brings the home-life back again,  
 Called to nurse her country's soldiers  
 Through long weary nights and days,  
 England's daughters toiled and suffered,  
 And the world did sing her praise.

In a book by angels guarded  
 Many a name is writ with gold,  
 Names of humble men and women,  
 Names whose story ne'er was told.  
 But these caught a gentle echo,  
 Of that word spoke long ago,  
 Thou art called, O child for service  
 In life's kingdom here below.

Still that word is sounding, sounding  
 Unto all who hear the cry  
 Of earth's sorrow-laden children  
 Tollers neath a joyless sky,  
 Ignorance and sin are despots  
 Mightier far than Persian king,

They have stamped the dread death-sentence  
With their regal signet-ring.

Ye whose hearts beat high and hopeful,  
Who with well trained eye and mind,  
Now are scanning life's broad country,  
May ye there some mission find.

Young man, arm thee for the conflict,  
Haughty tyrant help to slay,  
"Such a time as this," the Present  
Loudly calls thee, Up, away!

And who knoweth, brave young woman,  
Thou who "highly favored" art  
Whether thou be called to gladden  
Some less happy sister's heart.  
Ocean, ceaseless in thy roaming,  
Sound thy message loud and long,  
Till the dire sin-curse is lifted,  
Till all sighs are changed to song.

Before the poem the Class Ode was sung.

#### CLASS ODE.

Morning light-beams gild the sky,  
Fill with radiance all the lane,  
On a hill top glory-crowned  
Half way up to Heaven we stand.  
Pause to gaze back o'er the way,  
Lately trod, forever passed,  
Sometimes stony, sometimes steep,  
Leading up the hill at last.

Plainly in the morning gleam,  
Can we see the path behind.  
(Save for tear mist). Now we turn  
Seeking future ways to find.  
But a cloud hangs over all,  
Still we gaze with straining nerve.  
Through the cloud shine words of light,  
These—"Most beautiful to serve."

After music Dennis E. Bowman gave the  
class oration.

#### ORATION.

Two score generations before the Christian era Rameses, the Great, of Egypt, closed his eyes forever. The sarcophagus was sealed. Ages wore away. Egyptian dynasties rose and fell. The Medes and Persians swayed the East. Greece became the shining light of civilization. Rome clasped all nations with her arms of steel. The North men caught the flame—burst the bonds. New worlds were discovered. The star of empire was borne westward by migratory nations, as by strange fatality they followed the course of the sun. The Nile, meantime, overflowed its banks for more than thirty centuries. At last the great monarch of ancient Egypt was discovered and brought to the light of day. His wandering spirit had not returned to the natural body in the course of ages, but the dwelling had been well preserved for it, since the marvelous embalming art had kept every feature. The countenance which the Israelites hated and feared was seen in the

Nineteenth Century. Such a discovery bids us pause in the flight of time, and ask what is the true fruit of ages; the last and noblest blossom of human toil and agony?

The analytic survey of the institutions of ancient and medieval times reveals an underlying principle which furnishes a key to the religion, learning, government and industry of the past. The error of past times has been to concentrate power, knowledge and even religious trusts in a few hands.

A pure and beautiful monotheism was enjoyed in ancient Egypt. Archaeologists read the decalogue from papyrus rolls. But the high truths were shut within the mystic veil of theosophic societies; to reveal them to the common people was the highest crime. They must be written in hieroglyphics. The name of God must not be spoken aloud.

The paths of the scholar always lead far from the track of common life. The Lyceum that was first built on the pleasant banks and among the shady groves of the Ilissus, where Aristotle taught philosophy was designed only for a few studious youths. No Athenian artisan or tradesman, no peasant from the fields of Attica ever invaded those sequestered retreats. To the splendid fables of Arabic learning and genius royal halls alone gave audience. The mystic lore and cumbrous philosophy of the East taught no cosmopolitan spirit. If a priceless gem of knowledge was discovered among the masses it must be buried at any cost. Leonardo d'Vinci must write backwards that his works might be safe. Galileo must renounce the truths of science.

No government could stand which was not supported by arms. Imperialism, the man for the state, was the governmental ideal. Triumphant processions, proud arches, fretted and gilded palaces, were in honor of conquerors in war and tyrants in peace. Vox populi, vox asinorum. The icy thrall of despotism froze original genius from the hearts of the people.

A corollary of militancy was slavery. Captives of war must perform the labors of their enemies. Even the Utopias of the greatest philosophers included slavery. This institution, the antipode of vigorous industrial life, made material progress impossible. The result was dwellings without glass or chimneys; aqueducts stalking across the plains, on which were wasted thousands of talents from ignorance of a

simple principle in hydrostatics; commerce compelled to hug the shores of the Mediterranean; manufactories that knew no better instruments than the distaff; the great mass of people kept stationary and disregarded amid the improvements in the superior classes around them. Thus for ages the shackles of institutions, customs, opinions, though cast off by the few, were worn by the masses; the truths of philosophy were of but little practical benefit to the human family; influence was confined to the small circle of the refined and privileged, whom the favors of fortune almost elevated to superior beings. But how little was done toward removing the gloomy pall of popular ignorance, besotted superstition, and degrading prejudice which overhung the masses, flaunting its dark folds exultingly over the face of nature.

All the blessings did not fail of diffusion because they were unappreciated, but because they were held by their possessors in a selfish estimation; they were considered too good for the mass of mankind; it was imagined they would be soiled by common use. But as the hand on the dial of history has turned, the proudest triumphs of the past are regarded in a different light. The most magnificent castles, towers, pyramids, the sculptured tomb, the fretted arch, the towering column, are now but monuments of extravagance and folly. The Coliseum continues to crumble to ruins. The once fertile plains of Syria and Babylon are but the haunts of the hyena and dragon. The sandstorms of the desert sweep over the gigantic pillars of that once flourishing Palmyra.

All this because the spirit of ages has changed. For this age has been reserved the project of bringing high philosophy and holy science to the mass of the people. It is a project that never before entered the conceptions of men. There is a strong tendency in the liberal thought and feeling of this day to bring every human acquisition to a more practical account; to make men in politics their own rulers, in religion their own guides; to call down knowledge from the proudest inaccessible heights to be the companion and cheerer of the lowliest toil. Diffusion is the watchword of the age. The cosmopolitan spirit of our age interests all classes, unites all hearts, combines all efforts. Such a spirit opens a vista into futurity, magnificent and dazzling.

DENNIS EVARTS BOWMAN.

The afternoon exercises were held on the campus. After music G. O. Smith gave the Class Prophecy.

The Pipe Ode was next sung.

#### PIPE ODE.

The victor's day has come.  
The four year's war is over,  
We've many a battle won,  
And now we sit in clover.

#### CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the victor's day has come.  
Colby, Colby, Tra-la-la-la-, Colby, Colby, Tra-la-la-la-la,  
Colby, Colby, tra-la-la-la-la, the victors' day has come.  
Bring out the pipe, the pipe, the pipe, the pi-pi-pi-pi-po-po-peace;  
The braves of Ninety Three, the braves of Ninety Three.  
Bring out the pipe, the pipe, the pipe, the pi-pi-pi-pi-po-po-peace;  
The braves of Ninety Three, nevermore at war.

Herodotus to Calculus,  
Our enemies are slain,  
And at our mercy in the dust  
Behold our victims lain.

#### CHORUS.

We'll fight no more with other tribes,  
Who always had to catch it,  
And even with the mighty chiefs  
We bury now the hatchet.

After singing the pipe was passed around.

A. H. Bickmore delivered the Address to Undergraduates.

#### ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Over many a soul passing to a better life, there flash the mistakes of a lifetime.

May not the farewell to college days, the opening career of a broader activity, disclose to us the misconceptions of college life? I think yes. For today your college world, its customs and beliefs, appear other than their wont.

College fallacies are many. But to our mind there is one misapprehension which is particularly injurious. It is the general thought that success in college does not forecast success in life. Many reserve the class leader for the country town, a diet of book, a useless existence. The sluggard stills his disappointed ambition by pointing to an Emerson, a Hawthorne, a Beecher. The friends of the drone console themselves with the time-worn fake "you never hear of class leaders out of college."

But however widespread in this opinion we believe that it is utterly erroneous. Facts bear us out. The college rank of distinguished men prove the groundlessness of the assertion that men of high scholarship in college seldom win distinction in life.



Indeed it is seldom that a scholar of low rank has succeeded in attaining eminence in the world.

Examination of the college rank of the illustrious graduates of all colleges show that with few exceptions these men were excellent scholars.

The most celebrated of our historians, poets, essayists, statesmen, clergymen, lawyers, attained high rank in college. The first honors of the first men of Europe were won for high scholarship. From such an examination the conclusion is inevitable that prominent men first won distinction in the college recitation room.

This thought that your conduct here does affect your after life—banish it. It will rob you of success in life, as surely as it deprives you of distinction here.

Indeed, the causes of success in any sphere are the same. Strong bodies, stout hearts, good brains are essential to eminence in college or out of college. First, the successful man must be a good animal. Good brains harnessed to poor bodies make a poor team for the work of this world. The man of strong powers of endurance, of great capacity for work, wins in the long run. Systematic exercise in college develops the constitution which is able to bear the strain of a busy life. We plead with you then to make these four years count toward the attainment of perfect health.

Again, good moral traits are essential to the successful man. College students of evil habits are seldom first rate scholars, and seldom win distinction in after life. Distinguished men of Europe and America have been men of pure moral character, at least during their college days.

And what are the intellectual characteristics of the fine scholar? Is genius, talent, or energy the main-spring of success?

Genius is too rare to be taken into consideration. Genius probably accounts for the few brilliant men who have not been excellent scholars.

Talent in America at least is common. Talent flashes and is gone. It is a will o' the wisp. It is spasmodic, incapable of extended effort. Energy is the secret of success. Energy gathers up, directs, converges native power to desired ends. Energy is constant. Good intellect and energy determination *must* win success in any line.

Then there is the present duty. Dreams of the future, regrets for the past unman. For us there should be no yesterdays, no tomorrows. For us there is only today. The work of today shapes the success of tomorrow. The weak dreamer has no future.

We urge you to manly effort, to noble and ennobling work. While we plead for more energetic work, we congratulate you upon the progress already made, and upon the prospect for the future. There is not room for four first class colleges in Maine. That college is best, will prosper most, which demands genuine work of its students. The faculty of this college realize the importance of demanding hard work. The standard of scholarship has been raised; poor workers have been lopped off; a more studious spirit prevails. The noble efforts of one, who has been called to greater work, is having its beneficent effect. We rest with perfect confidence in the power of the man whose hand is now at the helm. Colby has a future. To the class which takes our place we readily yield the emblems of seniority, knowing that to bear these insignia, will be even a greater honor for them than it has been for us, one increasing glory for each succeeding class as long as the fame and efficiency of our college grows.

ALBERT HENRY BICKMORE.

The class then sung the Farewell Ode.

The Parting Address was given by H. M. Conners.

#### PARTING ADDRESS.

The last act of the four years drama is about to close. The curtain is about to fall on the class of '93 for the last time in its college course. Our career as a college class, with what of evil and what of good has come to us individually and as a body, is about to close. To speak a few parting words falls upon me.

This I find to be the hardest, saddest, most bitter task of all those undertaken during my course. We have all experienced the pangs of parting with the thoughts, pleasant, sad, remorseful perhaps, of the past, with all its reality and of the future with all its uncertainty, its possibilities, its hopes and its fears. To bid farewell to four years of pleasant associations, to the buildings, rooms, and mates we have learned to know and love so well, is no easy task; and yet as all things have a begin-

ning, so all things have an ending. We do not mean to say that this is the end of the class of '93. Such a statement would bring down upon my devoted head the merited displeasure and censure of all my class-mates and all the friends of the class and the college. We merely mean that, much as we regret to say it, we have only a few hours more in which to be considered students of Colby and to be bound together by those ties of friendship, fellowship and love which four years of close companionship have strengthened into unbreakable bonds; bonds stronger than which few are formed during life. The last hand clasps will soon be exchanged, the last good byes spoken.

These four years have been crowded with experiences which will never be forgotten.

The parting can never erase from our minds class-mates, friends, buildings, occasions. Among the hard things of parting is the leaving our old college rooms. Many of us have occupied the same room during the whole course. We can shut our eyes and tell every object in the room; every chair, every picture, every trophy from ball, party, scrimmage, and foraging expedition, every dent in the walls, every worn spot in the carpet, and many hours of hard work at the old desk, and many pleasant hours of social chat and more social song. All these things are trifles, but what is life and all its activities but an aggregation of trifles?

Often the trifles will linger longer in memory than things of greater moment. We must say farewell to our instructors and the familiar recreation rooms, with all their recollections of triumph and defeat, moments of security and of the bitterest suspense and foreboding. We must say adieu to the chapel and library; to the dear old campus which has been the scene of many an adventure neath the glaring sun and at the witching hour of midnight. We must say good-bye to the gym. and to our "mutual friend," the genial janitor, the friend of every Freshman and the advisor of every Senior. We must bid all affectionate farewell to our friends in town who have made us welcome to their homes and by offering to us innumerable social advantages have made our college life so pleasant and agreeable. To them and to the business men who have substantially helped our associations and granted us many financial favors, we return our warmest thanks and the assurance that their kindness is most heartily appreciated.

Good bye to the Messalonskee, "happy little stream, through wood and meadow flowing," the scene of many a jolly boating and picnic party.

Upon going out into the world, most of us to hustle for the almighty dollar, we feel assured that the four years spent at Colby have not been in vain. I hope I may be pardoned for saying that we have done our work well. We have sometimes thought that the work was piled on pretty hard, but that was only a compliment to our ability. When we entered as Freshmen under President Small we felt that we ought to be congratulated upon beginning under such auspicious circumstances. We did not come much under President Small's instruction and we deeply regretted that we could not finish under him.

But our regret was tempered by the assurance that a man had been selected to fill the vacancy who has proved himself worthy of the great trust imposed in him. Most thoroughly have we enjoyed the year spent under his instruction, and we "count it fortunate" that Colby has such an able man at the head. Before we take our final leave of our loved Alma mater, we cannot refrain from a few words of well wishing to the dear old college, which we feel has done so much for us. A college is known by, and her future maintenance depends upon, the men and women she sends out.

Whether or not '93 is such as shall prove an advantage to Colby, and we feel sure there must be some in the class who will be an honor to her, we owe much that we are and hope to be to her guidance and loving instruction.

We fully realize the benefits bestowed upon us by the college and we pledge ourselves to return those favors in every way we can. During our course we have given the college substantial tokens of our regard, and we hope at some future time to present to her a memorial which shall perpetuate our name among future classes and which shall be a fitting tribute to our adopted home. The interests of Colby shall be the interests of the class of '93; our honor shall be allied with her honor. If ever Colby needs a helping hand we shall be ever ready to come to her assistance. Ever first shall be the memories and connections which today we sever.

Farewell to Colby!

Ah! how sad to say it! But the sadness is lightened by the loving thoughts which hover round the remembrance of our dear Alma Mater.

HARRY MYLES CONNERS.

THE BEST PLACE IN WATERVILLE TO BUY  
Clothing and Gent's Furnishings

—IS AT—

L. B. HANSON'S,

MAIN STREET, - WATERVILLE, ME.

George W. Dorr, Pharmacist,  
PHENIX BLOCK, WATERVILLE.

Fine Perfumes, Toilet and Fancy Articles,  
SPONGES, SOAPS AND BRUSHES

OF ALL KINDS.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS.  
PIPES, SMOKERS' ARTICLES, &c.

At the Lowest Prices.

Personal Attention Given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

GEORGE W. DORR.

You College Men

Need to  
Go-a-Fishing  
Now and Then

AND SHOULD REMEMBER THAT  
RANGELY, KENNEBAGO, MOOSE  
HEAD, CONNECTICUT AND HUND  
REDS OF LAKES AND STREAMS

Comprising Best Fishing Grounds in America

ARE REACHED VIA THE

Maine Central Railroad.

G. W. HUTCHINS,  
SURGEON DENTIST

SUCCESSOR TO G. S. PALMER.

OFFICE, 96 MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE.

Ether and Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered for  
the Extraction of teeth.

WM. H. DOW.

S. A. GREENE.

◁ DOW & GREENE, ▷

Dealers in all Kinds of

COAL AND WOOD

OFFICE ON MAIN ST., NEAR FREIGHT DEPOT,

WATERVILLE, - - - MAINE.

THE BEST NICKEL ALARM CLOCK

\$1.00 and Every One Warranted.

For a Short Time only will this price prevail.

F. J. GOODRIDGE,

Main Street, Waterville.

PERCY LOUD,

Ladies' and Gents Fine Ready-Made and Custom

BOOTS AND SHOES

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

MAIN STREET, - - - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

W. B. ARNOLD.

O. G. SPRINGFIELD

W. B. Arnold & Co.,

HARDWARE.

Nails, Iron and Steel, Carriage Woodwork, Stoves and Furnaces  
Glass, Paints and Oils, Mill Supplies, Black Powder  
and High Explosives.

DOORS, SASH AND GLAZED WINDOWS

Tinsmiths, Steam and Water Fitters,

WATERVILLE - - - MAINE.

BUY AND HIRE

PIANOS, \* \* \* ORGANS,

And All Kinds of Musical Merchandise

OF

G. H. CARPENTER - - - 154 Main Street,  
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

GOLD  
MEDAL,  
1878.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S  
Steel Pens.

PARIS  
EXPOSITION,  
1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

HOME OFFICE

# Kennebec Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

*Soper Building, Waterville, Maine.*

The Only Preferred Risk Company Doing Business in Maine.

WROTE 1850 POLICIES IN 1891.

INSURANCE IN FORCE, DECEMBER, 31, 1891 - - - - - \$5,498,000.00

Did business for Sixteen Months prior to January 1892, Without a Death or an Assessment.

THE \* CLUB \* POLICY \* A \* SPECIAL \* FEATURE.

15 per cent of all assessments deposited with the State Treasurer as a Guarantee Fund.  
Protection for the wife and children at actual cost.  
Insure your life as you do your building, for protection only and not a speculation.

## OFFICERS.

HON. WILLIAM T. HAINES, Presid.

F. A. WALDRON, ESQ., Vice President.

P. S. HEALD, ESQ., TREASURER.

HON. HERBERT M. HEATH, Corporation Counsel.

CYRUS W. DAVIS, Secretary.

F. C. THAYER, M. D., Medical Examiner

P. S. HEALD,

FINE CUSTOM AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.

*Large Line of Hats Caps and Gent's Furnishing Goods.*

102 MAIN STREET.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

REDINGTON & COMPANY

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, \* CARPETS, \* CROCKERY,

MIRRORS, MATTRESSES,

Caskets, coffins, Embalming Fluid, Burial Robes, Plates, Etc.

E. L. JONES, = = = Dentist.

FOURTEEN YEARS IN SAME ROOMS.

No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, - - - Over Savings Bank.

The  
College  
Echo



# Bay View House.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

E. F. MCINTIRE, PROPRIETOR.

Hot and Cold Soda,

During the Winter Months at

**ALDEN & DEEHAN'S**

Cor. Main and Temple Streets, - - Waterville.

SMOKE THE

**COLBY**

**W. P. PUTNAM,**

Cigar Manufacturer and Tobacconist.

Corner Main and Common Streets, - WATERVILLE.

**W. E. CHADWICK,**

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines

AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

The Finest Quality of Violin, Banjo and Guitar  
Strings a Specialty.

162 MAIN STREET, - - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

**Elmwood Hotel.**

THE LARGEST AND LEADING

—HOTEL IN THE CITY.—

Cuisine and Service First Class.

Superior Sanitary Appointments.

H. E. JUDKINS, PROP.

WATERVILLE,

MAINE.

**WATERVILLE**

**Steam Dye House**

Cleansing, Dying and Repairing. Dry Cleansing the only sure process for killing insect life and Destroying moths and their eggs. Particularly adapted to fine goods It will cleanse the finest materials and most delicate shades without injury to the color or fabric. Carpet cleansing and Feather head renovating.

**WEAR**

*The*  
**Emerson**

**SHOE.**

THE BEST MADE FOR THE MONEY.

Sold directly and only to the consumer, through our own  
Retail Stores.

UNDER PREBLE HOUSE,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

# LORING, SHORT & HARMON

PORTLAND, MAINE.

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

AND PAPER HANGINGS

—: MANUFACTURER OF:—

—: **BLANK BOOKS** :—

—DEALERS IN—

**LAW AND MEDICAL BOOKS.**

474 Congress Street, Opposite Preble House

**A. E. BESSEY, M. D.**

RESIDENCE NO. 23, ELM ST.

Office, No. 88 Main Street, over Miss S. L. Blaisdell's  
Millinery Store.

Office Hours; 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 7 to 8 P. M.  
Sundays 3 to 4 P. M.

**J. A. VICUE'S**

Is the place to buy your

**GROCERIES \* AND \* PROVISIONS**

— **CHEAP** —

He keeps a large Stock of Good Goods and his Prices  
are always the LOWEST.

Oct 1, 93

**W. D. SPAULDING,**

**Bookseller and Stationer.**

Newspapers and Periodicals,

MAIN STREET, - - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

**\* GLOBE STEAM LAUNDRY \***

T. J. FROTHINGHAM, Proprietor,

30 and 32 TEMPLE STREET.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. L. WHITMAN, Agent,—Colby.

**F. A. WING & CO.,**

Headquarters for the Finest

**\* FRUITS \***

in their Season. Also a Fine Line of

— **CONFECTIONERY** .—

44 MAIN ST.,

WATERVILLE, ME.