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## The Colby Echo.

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## Abstracts of Senior Parts.

Wednesday, June 27, 1894.

### ARNOLD'S TREASON.

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
we write in water."

If Benedict Arnold ever did a good thing, few historians dwell upon the fact. But the great mistake of his life has been bawled with tireless vehemence through newspapers, magazines, and histories. Arnold's treason is written in brass, and it ought to be. But is there any reason why we should not treat Arnold's treason as impartial-

ly as any other historical subject? Is it any more than fair to enter into a careful investigation of the causes of that treason? Certainly not; and it will be the aim of this discussion to see *why Arnold turned traitor*,—not to attempt a vindication of his character, for the one hideous error of his life cannot be glossed over.

Why did Arnold turn traitor? We cannot brush the question lightly aside by saying that he was "bought with British gold." Many historians, of more or less repute, have joined in this refrain. It is so easy to explain the whole matter by referring to avarice as the cause. But unfortunately for this easy method of settling the question, Arnold does not appear to have been, in any degree, an avaricious man.

One great historian explains Arnold's treason by saying that "he grew tired of the struggle and withdrew." Again, the facts stand in the way of this explanation; for history shows that from early boyhood Arnold was passionately fond of the excitement of war. His bold attack upon Ticonderoga in conjunction with Ethan Allen, his perilous campaign through the Maine wilderness, his daring assault upon Quebec, his dogged resistance against fearful odds, at the battle of Lake George, his bloody repulse of the British on the soil of his native Connecticut, his dare-devil onsets in the two battles of Saratoga, won for him Washington's unstinted praise and confidence, and led the great commander in chief to speak of him as, "The best fighting general in the American army." Arnold was a born fighter; he had fight in his make-up; and we might as well say that he grew tired of living, as to say he grew tired of fighting.

No, we cannot explain Arnold's treason with a word. A surface cause will not suffice. We must dig deeper. The history out of which grew Arnold's treason is the history of petty jealousies of states and individuals, so rife during the

revolutionary period. When the revolution broke out, Arnold plunged into it headlong, in genuine Arnold fashion. His character had never been impeached; his patriotism had never been questioned. But a good reputation is hard to win and harder to hold; a bad reputation is easy to get and easier to keep. Small men are never wanting to build upon the ruin of the great. As early as Arnold's campaign through the Maine wilderness and Canada, ugly defamation began to dog his foot-steps. A vile creature named Brown, jealous of growing fame, preferred a long series of charges against him, which were substantially, that Arnold had avariciously appropriated property of the citizens of Montreal. The facts of the case are, that Arnold had *levied* upon food and other necessary supplies for the support of his starving and freezing troops, a perfectly justifiable military measure. The proud spirited soldier indignantly demanded an investigation of congress; and after a great deal of useless and vexations dilly-dallying, he was acquitted.

But in the mean time an insult of a far more grievous nature had been offered the chafing warrior by congress itself. That singular body, in making up its list of military promotions, utterly ignored Arnold; and furthermore, proceeded to raise several of his junior officers above him in rank. In vain did Washington urge upon congress the folly of slighting one of the best brigadiers in the service; so rife was state jealousy, that our magnificent legislators were afraid that if Arnold should receive his proper rank Connecticut would have too many major generals. Arnold's personal pride was stung to the quick, and it was only Washington's consummate tact and influence that persuaded him to remain in the army and to join Schuyler in preparing to repel Burgoyne's invasion.

All now went well till the jealous, scheming Gates superseded Schuyler. Gates at once marked Arnold as a figure entirely too prominent in military circles. His envy swelled to the bursting point when Arnold, by his glorious conduct, won the laurels of the first battle of Saratoga. Gates could not tolerate such inexcusable zeal and valor in a subordinate, so he deprived

Arnold of his command. But insulted and trodden on as he was, the patriot determined to remain as a volunteer and bide his time. His time came. When the second battle of Saratoga was waxing furious, and the British were turning out flanked, a half frenzied rider mounted upon a black steed was seen plunging toward the thick of the fray. Whenever the fight was hottest and the bullets flew thickest, there the black horse and his rider were seen at the head of the American column. By word and deed inspiring his troops, for they were all his troops now, Arnold led one terrific onslaught after another against the British line, until it recoiled in dismay. It was not until the huzzas of victory were rising over the bloody field, that the heroic soldier fell, pierced with a musket ball in the leg that had been broken at Quebec. While the battle was raging, Horatio Gates sat in his tent and swore at a wounded British officer. In reporting the victory to congress, this arch-intriguer did not deign to mention Arnold's name. But the plaudits of an admiring people could no longer be safely disregarded, and congress at last, though reluctantly, restored Arnold to his proper rank.

One would think that Arnold had by this time received his full measure of ill treatment at the hands of his fellow countrymen. But not so. Incapacitated for active service by the weakness of his leg, he was put in charge of the city of Philadelphia.

This town had just been placed under military rule, and it was inevitable that there should be considerable conflict between the military and civil authorities. Arnold's blunt and impetuous way of dealing with men and things, created much ill feeling; and no sooner had he given up his command, than the council of Pennsylvania preferred a series of charges against the general, and at the same time sent out a defamatory letter concerning him to the several states. The elaborate attempt to turn the popular mind against him inflamed Arnold almost to madness. He at once demanded an investigation of the charges. Congress appointed a committee to examine the case, and the general was acquitted. But the Pennsylvania council was persistent and

urged a new trial. Although a congressional committee had exonerated him, an obsequious congress now recommended another trial; and the matter was finally referred to a court martial. The vials of Arnold's wrath were now full to overflowing. Impatient of delay, he urged a speedy trial; and Washington, who warmly sympathized with them, appointed a court martial to meet within a month. But the council of Pennsylvania begged for more time to collect evidence, and thus the spring, summer and autumn were frittered away. It was not until winter that the trial was begun, and all this time the chafing and anxious Arnold had been kept in needless suspense.

After a session of five weeks, the court martial delivered a verdict substantially the same as that of the congressional committee, which had sat ten months before. Arnold was exonerated of all intentional guilt in every one of the transactions charged against him. But as a sort of lame concession to the council of the powerful state of Pennsylvania, it was recommended that he be *reprimanded by the commander-in-chief for imprudence in using some wagons for the transportation of private property and for giving a pass, with attending to all due forms.* For disgraceful servility this decision may well be ranked with the condemnation of Admiral Byng of the British navy.

Washington had no alternative but to issue the reprimand. In all English literature it would be hard to find such another example of delicate ambiguity. He says, "Our profession is the cheapest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your department toward your fellow-citizens."

But the sympathy and generosity of the commander-in-chief were of no avail. Such a persistent course of maltreatment; and insult forced upon Arnold the irresistible conclusion that the party in power was hostile to him. He had lavished fortune and health in his country's be-

half, had fought and won her battles; in return he had received slights, insults, and finally disgrace. While thus brooding over his wrongs, the stock arguments of Tories of Philadelphia fell with new force upon his ears. In his desperate mood, he found it easy to believe that it was unwise and unpatriotic to plunge torn and bleeding America into further war, now that the mother country was willing to guarantee us all the rights and privileges for which we had undertaken the struggle. Why could not he, Benedict Arnold, be a second Monk and become his country's savior by turning traitor? Such thoughts soon resulted in action. He opened a correspondence with general Clinton, and resolved upon the betrayal of West Point to the British. The outcome of the plot is familiar to all.

When we take into consideration the proud and impetuous nature of Arnold, the unjust treatment that he received at the hands of a servile congress, and the insults showered upon him by petty intriguers, we can hardly be surprised at the final result! But if Arnold was a traitor, let us be as magnanimous as that captured American, who when Arnold asked, "What would be my fate, if I should be taken prisoner?" replied; "They will cut off that shortened leg of yours wounded at Quebec and at Saratoga, and bury it with all the honors of war, and then hang the rest of you on a gibbet." Let us remember that there are two Arnolds in American history; Arnold the traitor and Arnold the patriot. What ingrate ravaged fertile Virginia? What wretch at the head of a foreign troop visited his own home with fire and sword? Arnold the traitor. Who gave a fortune to his country's cause? Who led his soldiers through the Maine wilderness, rushed on the ice-clad walls of Quebec, and fell pierced in the leg with a musket ball? Who at the battle of Lake George with one small sloop held seven British vessels at bay? Who rallied the Connecticut militia and drove the invaders from his native state?

Who rushed like an angry lion into the fray at Saratoga, led those terrific onslaughts upon the enemy's lines, won the battle and an im-

mortal name? Arnold the patriot.

J. KLEINHANS, JR.

### MAN FOR MAN.

The world is growing better. Good is not at enmity with good. Truth cannot take issue with truth. God cannot thwart his own plans. 'Tis good and truth and God that lives. True reformers have always wrought better than they knew. The story of social evolution may be briefly told thus,—man against man; man with man; man for man. The question "I am my brother's keeper?" is wholly unworthy an intelligent man of these closing days of the nineteenth century. That the question was propounded by humanity in the germ does not surprise us, but the individual or social body that will to-day seriously propose the query deserves contempt. As well propose the question, "Am I my own keeper?"

Signal failure is the result of signal misunderstanding. Man may not be accountable for what he does not know, or for what he cannot remedy; but law is law and miracles are not wrought to accommodate the willful ignorance of any man. The truth of this in the physical sphere is manifest to all. No exercise means no strength. But man was meant to grow not only as an animal but as a *man*. To grow as man he needs the help of man; but more than this he needs to help man. That man is to grow by looking inward; by wrapping about him the cloak of self and saying here shall be the object of my effort; here the master of all my service; here the shrine at which I shall worship, 'tis little short of madness, 'tis violation of a law, the penalty is sure.

Is it not true that we are to-day as in no past time recognizing the happy truth of Emerson, "Make yourself necessary and mankind will give you bread?" The world cannot insure a living for those who will not do some of the work of the world. The world does insure bread for those who know what *duty* means.

Again, we know, "We live in deeds not years. In thoughts, not breaths, in feelings not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels

noblest, acts best." He cannot think most who centres thought on self. He cannot feel noblest who has not learned to feel for others. He cannot act best who acts for self. We want a motto that will insure success. Worth more than all other mottoes are the words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Shall we notice for a moment the working of this principle, "man for man," in the two co-ersive and regulating forces of society,—government and religion. More and more the voice of the people is making itself heard. More and more the would-be tyrants are finding that the popular and safe government for to-day must have back of it the will of more than one man. From the day when our fathers recorded the evolution of independence in their heroic declaration there has been scarce a break in the chorus of freedom as it has been taken up by or for people who would no longer submit to bondage. 'Tis an era of republics. Even where the name is lacking the spirit exists. Not that men have always acted wisely in their attempts to establish popular government, but where the issue has been the recognition of man as man the cause has been worthy and the results have made the world better.

Not a nobler example could we find than the one of our own remembrance. Historians may tell us that Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves of our Republic as a war measure. He did. But back of war measure, back of war, back of secession, shall we not believe there was the consciousness on the part of the nation that it was partner in crime? The negro is a *man*. This is the truth that would not down. This too is the truth that must be heard ere long in behalf of the Russian serf shall we say? Yes, but go not so far away. It must be heard in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden who throng our doors. Eternal vigilance tempered with justice for every social class is the price we must needs pay for our national security.

We need not for our present purpose separate the philosophy and religion of our day. It may seem at times as if we were hurled out in a whirling flood of confused and changing doc-

trines and uncertain sounding creeds. It may seem at times as if the voices of the world; the voices of selfishness; of deceit; of unregenerate ambitions; of intemperance of all kinds; of unrighteousness in high places, it may seem as if these would drown the voice of God. But go tell the fainted-hearted and doubting minds the things ye do see. Go tell them that by consent of history religion was never imparting more of the Christ spirit to men than to-day. Go tell them it never had a higher aim than to-day. Go tell them it never combined so intelligently as to-day the hearts and the heads of men. Go tell them it never entered with such triumphs the universities and colleges as to-day. Go tell them that on the Feb. 28th, 1894, in the city of Detroit there opened the largest convention of students the world has ever known, the Second International Convention of the Students' Volunteer Movement for foreign missions. Go tell them the number of educated men and women who are offering their lives to the slums of our large cities. Go tell them that never before was the church so well organized to do intelligent charitable work. Yes, go tell them the poor have had the Gospel preached to them. But more than all this, back of all this, making all this possible, go tell them that men never knew so well before the meaning of these words "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

WILLIAM BODLE TUTHILL.

### ARE AMERICANS BECOMING SOCIALISTS?

Americans have, until recently, considered themselves free from the violent social agitations of Europe; since a rapid material development had produced industrial conditions not likely to be disturbed by such social hurricanes.

Such a forecast, however, is now seen to have been utterly false. For as the American glances over the morning paper he sees that Socialism of one form or another seems to fill the air. Such things are portentous, as they are surely the violent breakers of a troubled social sea. A rich, strong and determined, if often generous plutocracy is facing a proletariat by no means

docile. The industrial regime of *laissez faire*, or the "let alone" phase of political economics, has been followed by so great a social wreckage that the progressive economic thought of the nineteenth century is demanding some principle by which industrial development will not be followed by industrial degradation.

In an attempt to fill this place there has grown up the doctrine of Socialism, whose fundamental principle is the ownership of all property by the state and the concentration of all capital in its hands.

In view of this we may ask, how far the State in America has taken the place of industrial and competitive effort? As we review many of the economic conditions of the present we see that many institutions are fundamentally socialists that do not at first sight appear so. Among these we may name the theory of Protection, our system of roads and bridges, and a more typical example, the common school. In view of this, indeed, the Maine town, that votes to substitute municipal for individual purchase of text-books, makes a strong, if conservative, socialistic move. Then we might add the post-office, boards of sanitary inspection, laws for factory regulation, and the extension of forestry control as further examples of this tendency.

We have, however, made more important moves along another line of Socialism, even if much less than the Continental Nations of Europe with their state insurance, strongly organized Socialistic parties and state control of railways and telegraph lines. We refer here to current legislation and municipal action. It is here that we see the application of some of the best economic thought to practical problems. And it is here, if anywhere, that the claim must be proved that America is becoming Socialistic.

Passing over such moves as inheritance and income taxes, it is in the line of an extension of municipal control over natural monopolies and quasi-public works that America is making her notable advances. We see here how successful socialistic industrial production has been in such cities as Wheeling, W. Va., Hamilton, O., and Philadelphia, where better service along the line of water-works, gas-works, and



electric light plants has been furnished at a reduction of from twenty to sixty per cent. It is also worthy of note that many New York millionaires have gained their princely fortunes by the profitable control of natural monopolies.

Along the line of labor legislation in 1893, we find laws in Kansas and Indiana requiring weekly payments of wages by corporations and in other States it is a misdemeanor to discharge employees for joining labor unions.

Yet we are not to conclude from this hurried survey that America is becoming socialistic. For it will be noted that these moves have been matters of business rather than of theory; that the socialistic tendencies have been conservative and cautious, and that government management has been merely supplementary to individual control. This proves the American rather a conservative than a radical socialist. For he sees that human nature cannot always fulfill the the gorgeous conceptions of the theorist. He declares that the nationalization of all industry is too vast a project for even America to undertake. And above all, he sees that it undervalues individual freedom, individual character, and the stimulus to individual exertion. The American does not believe with Pundhon that all property is robbery, or with Karl Marx that labor is the source of all wealth. Nor does he believe in a single economic principle, as the Single Tax theory of Henry George or the Nationalistic conceptions of Edward Bellamy.

Yet the American sees that an extension of State control along the lines of natural monopolies and quasi-public works is a manifest advantage to all concerned; but into the visionary phases of Socialism he has declined, and seems like to decline to enter. But casting aside the vagaries of the creed, he chooses that safe middle ground so favorable to the best ultimate results, and seeks by a consistent union of the valuable elements in Individualism and Socialism so to combine the strong points of each as to retain the best of the old while keeping in touch with the spirit of the new. So far, and only so far are Americans becoming Socialists.

— WILLIAM LINCOLN JONES.

## THE POWER OF THE HOME.

Throughout our entire country new dwellings are in process of construction daily. These are our American homes, in which dwell the citizens of our land and from which is coming the generation, which will soon guide our Republic. These homes mould the characters of the citizens and through them, the character of the nation. Therefore, the family influences must be right. The formation of the family begins at the altar and the only permanent basis of family life is a conception of the marriage relations as sacred and inviolable.

The growing tendency to regard marriage as a contract, made for fun and capable of being broken at the will of either party, is taking the form of an important social question. Why? Because upon the conception of the marriage relation depends the formation of the family and upon the family depends the character of society.

The family is a powerful social organization; it has a four-fold relation to society, through the school, church, community, state.

The family supplies the public schools with pupils and, by its hearty co-operation, makes the present system of education possible. But it does more than this; it implants in the impressionable mind of the child the fundamental principles, that individual desire must yield to general well-being and that authority must be obeyed.

As the family furnishes the school with pupils, so it fills the church with worshippers. In itself, it is the most powerful religious organization in our land. That home which cherishes, as its dearest possession, a family altar, about which the members of the household gather daily to worship God, supplies the church with its most zealous workers; it sends to the Sunday school children who have learned reverence for religion, faith in God, and a desire to promote the coming of his kingdom on earth. Such individuals take an active part in the practical philanthropic efforts of the day. The influence of the family extends, in a greater or less degree to the whole community in which it is situated. Justice in the home means

justice in business dealings ; forbearance in the home means consideration for the rights and claims of individuals outside of the family circle; purity in the home means better men and women in the community.

If such is the relation of the family to the little social body of which it is a part, how much greater seems its power, when we consider that out from it come the men, who express the sentiment of the people in the laws, and decide for right or for wrong the weighty questions of state upon which depends individual prosperity. Review for a moment the training which makes of the child, a citizen. In the home he learns that law must be obeyed. He is led, by example, to cultivate manly virtues. School, church, and state, give nourishment to these roots and the plant is a law-abiding citizen. Thus the home plants the seeds and cares for them; school, church and state co-operate to train the young growth but neither can alter the innate nature of the germs.

Such is the importance of the discipline of the home. Upon it depend the permanence of American institutions and the progress of the race. Every reform which will tend to raise the social standard is needed. Since lack of uniformity in marriage and divorce laws is a vital source of evil, governmental control of these would be a remedy.

Then the laws would become uniform; certain healthful conditions would be imposed, such as a legal age for marriage; the travelling from one state to another in search of an easy divorce or speedy marriage would be prevented. Such a remedy must decrease, if not cure, the evil, because it must elevate the standard of moral life and place marriage in the light of a sacred institution necessary to the well-being of the people.

To conclude, we have seen the character of society is governed by the characters of the homes, which compose it, that the only foundation of a true home is a proper conception of the marriage relation.

Then comes the social questions of how to give rise to such a conception. The answer must be, by allowing the better class who regard

marriage as an institution, created by God, holy and permanent, to express this sentiment through governmental control of marriage and divorce laws.

Thus is the root of the evil reached. A noble conception of the vow, repeated at the altar, is strengthened and supported by the strong arm of a national law. The result must be a purer, broader, more Christ-like home life, one of which will spring improved educational, religious and governmental conditions.

CLARA G. JONES.

### EVOLUTION.

We find in the universe about us many forms of animal life. Two theories have been advanced to account for their existence. The first is called the theory of special creation, the second is termed Evolution. The first declares that all species were specially created just as we see them to-day and bear no relation to each other. The second declares all life to be related and all animals descended from common ancestors of low degree. The first theory is a mere statement and can be substantiated neither by science nor by revelation. A host of facts can be adduced in support of the second.

First, the fossil records of past life. Such history is, from its nature, imperfect. Ages have passed leaving but scanty traces of a life which we know must have been prolific. Besides, many of the fossil bearing rocks are buried many miles below the surface and the number of fossils found is comparatively small. Yet enough of the past has been revealed to make us certain that the simplest forms of life existed in the earliest ages, and that in the ages following the life forms became more and more complex. The lower species, meanwhile, show a constant tendency to disappear as more highly organized and more powerful animals are developed. This disappearance is not abrupt as if caused by some sudden and destructive catastrophe, but is gradual, the fauna of one age blending almost imperceptibly into that of another. This, then, is the testimony of the rocks.

But we have other evidence than that sup-

plied by the records of past life. Living forms tell their story no less clearly. A study of embryology brings us face to face with facts that are unaccountable save by the theory of evolution. The embryo of man appears, at first, as a bit of protoplasm in which we can find no evidence as to whether its nature is plant or animal. Next its animal nature is established, but even now it differs in no respect from such lowly animals as the amoeba or coral. Next certain structural developments shows that it is to be a vertebrate; but whether fish, bird or animal cannot be determined. As the embryo develops further it is evident that it is to be a vertebrate; possibly a dog, horse, or ape. Biology tells us that the development of the individual is but a repetition of that of the group to which the individual belongs. Thus does the embryo from which man springs compress into a few weeks the results of millions of years and set before him his development from the lowest forms of life and his more immediate descent from the animals about him.

Another and very strong argument in favor of the theory of the development of species is gained from a study of the distribution of life forms upon the globe. If each type of animal was specially created, we should expect to see similar animals living in similar localities and in those localities best suited to them. But this is not the case. South America and Africa, whose climate and physical features are almost identical, possess very different fauna. Thus if we adhere to the belief of special creation, the distribution of life seems very capricious. Evolution explains the difference in fauna by pointing out certain conditions, not climatic nor physical, which induced in the animals of the two continents different lines of development.

We have thus noticed three of the strongest arguments in favor of the doctrine of evolution.

1st.—The fossil records of the past.

2d.—The development of the living embryo.

3d.—The distribution of life.

If then evolution be a fact and scientific men have long since accepted it as such, can we offer any explanation as to how and why it was and is now being accomplished. The explana-

tion given by Darwinism is simple, conclusive, inevitable. According to the theory of evolution, certain individuals have varied from others. These variations have been transmitted and a new and higher order of animal life has resulted. Darwinism merely offers an explanation as to how these variations were acquired. It is well known more organisms are born than can survive. Hence there is going on about us a constant struggle for life. The fittest survive, the weaker are crowded out. In this life struggle certain individuals develop elements of strength by virtue of which they can survive the others. These characteristics they transmit to their offspring and thus make them permanent. There is no retrogression.

There are objections urged against the doctrine of evolution. There are objections urged against all generalizations. If the objection is reasonable, we give it due respect, but very often a spirit fostered by ignorance and prejudice prevails. Such a spirit, many men, liberal in other respects, have cherished toward this doctrine of evolution. The difficulty probably arises from misconception of what evolution really means. As a matter of fact, physically, man is but the head of the animal kingdom. However disagreeable it may be to admit it, there is very little structural difference between him and the man-like ape. Yet that there is an unmeasurable gap which separates man from the rest of creation, no evolutionist would for a moment deny. There can be no possible conflict between true science and religion. Evolution shows us how his body was developed; for the presence of the soul of man it offers no explanation. "It deals with processes and that with the nature of things themselves." "It is silent concerning theories that may have been advanced to satisfy man's innate curiosity as to the whence and the whither. It leaves the genesis of mind and of matter alike a profound mystery." It does not seek to penetrate into the unknowable; it simply offers a rational explanation for facts that are well known, but which were hitherto unexplained. Least of all does it attempt to do away with our conception of a Creator; it merely shows us "how he works."

A. H. EVANS.



## THE TEMPLE TO ATHLETICS TORN DOWN AND REMODELED.

Divide 36,792,000, the number of minutes in a man's lifetime by two, to provide for sleep and recreation, and we have a quotient of 18,396,000; the latter number represents the minutes left to the individual for honest toil or for dishonest idleness.

The ways in which God-given time can be misspent are innumerable; I wish to call attention to but one; the absurd way in which athletics sports are pursued and tolerated in our New England colleges.

Young men are sent to college for the avowed purpose of cultivating mind and body. Such being the case, the question arises: How can this double system of cultivation best be carried out? To this question we would expect to find a satisfactory reply by turning to the methods which have been adopted by the colleges themselves. We look, and behold, a ridiculous combination of reason and nonsense! For development of mind we find laid down courses in languages and in sciences which contain the best results of ages of human research. For development of body, we find laid down—courses in not one of those trades whose dexterity produces our food, manufactures our clothes and builds our houses; but in their stead we are taught to swing clubs and play ball!

While in our colleges the mind of the student is under the influence at different times of from fifteen to an unlimited number of instructors, the poor body is relegated to the will of a single man, and he too, frequently one who knows little or nothing of the anatomy of the human frame! Add to this the fact that the work is often made optional, and who can be surprised that interest in the department flags, that the instructor is blamed for that which is no wise his fault, and worst of all, that the student, unless by some happy chance he may have learned by himself to take exercise regularly, goes out from college weakened in constitution of body and with a consequent liability to rapid mental exhaustion!

On further examination, it appears that the course in physical training is rendered not only

valueless as a whole, because of its irregularity, but that it has become a source of positive injury, by reason of those ugly excrescences—base ball and foot ball.

Base ball and foot ball are excrescences because they require abnormal exertion on the part of a few men and none from the large body of students. Hence these games are of no value to the college in general, as a means of exercise.

When viewed from the player's standpoint, base ball and foot ball exhibit still stronger reasons for their discontinuance. To whatever extent enthusiasm for them increases among the players, to an equal extent the player's efficiency in his studies must wane. Ambition for reputation as a student gives place to ambition for cheap newspaper renown.

Time and again, we see rugged young men whose physical endowments would enable them to be of pre-eminent value in the legitimate departments of business, decide at the end of their courses to become professional athletes, and henceforth their hopes are as those of the lifeless stalk, whose empty husks are waved by the vagrant winds—things of the past. If the ball player does not become a professional in the end, a cramping of efficiency due to lack of knowledge, which might have been his had he thrown away less time, is sure to be felt.

The percentage of ball players, who become either wholly or partially disabled from over-exertion or accident, is very large. Men whom the Creator gave grace and perfection of body are now frequently to be seen maimed for life, obliged to confess to their everlasting discredit and dishonor that these imperfections, these stiff joints and scars which mar their mortal frames are the fruits of unrestricted loyalty to base ball or foot ball.

In their economic aspects, base ball and foot ball present no features which can justify their existence. The figures which represent the amounts, under the head of expenses, paid out during a single season by some ball teams, are simply astounding. All these sums are a dead loss.

But the moral evils of base ball and foot ball are most of all to be deplored. Colleges should set standards of morality. These standards cannot be high ones if college authorities themselves encourage such sports as lead directly to betting. Besides colleges should teach men that time is precious and not to be spent in frivolity.

Doubtless many of my hearers have been saying, mentally at least, "But ball games advertise our college, bring in new men." Ah! who dare assert that *students* can be attracted by such paltry means? Which of our New England colleges would allow one of the men whose names are enrolled upon its catalogue to meet a man from a sister college in a prize fight, if by that means a few more could be brought into the next Freshman class? Would the men so brought in be worth having?

After all these evils of the present system of physical culture have been considered and the fact noted that there is not one argument worthy of the name, to be adduced in its defence, shall we say that the "Ultima Thule" of progress in athletics has been reached?

The remedy for all these evils is one which has already been tacitly alluded to. Courses must be laid down in the department of physical training, just as in the department of mental training. These courses should be selected from a wide range of useful trades and arts, which require bodily exertion. Each course should have its own special instructor. The work would no longer need to be optional. Inter-collegiate games of all sort should be prohibited and athletic sports should be allowed as a means of recreation only between fellow students on their own grounds.

The advantages of the proposed system over the old system of physical training are obvious. Every student must take his quota of exercise daily, just as regularly as he takes his lessons in Horace or Euclid.

The economic side is by no means least important. Energy exerted for exercise would then produce *goods*. Not all college men can enter upon professional careers. And hence in many kinds of business the student might make considerable headway during his college

course. The goods made by the students should be made of a salable nature, and each student should have the proceeds of his work.

The moral influence would be most salutary. The wholesome lesson of the nobility of work can be taught in no better place than in the college. We should have no betting, no trifling. Not more than two hours each day need be required for the exercise of the student, so that he would not be shut off thereby from an eye-view of what is taking place in the world outside.

The system proposed in place of that in vogue at present, has been outlined only in the man. Details would require careful thought, and some experimenting, of course, would be necessary.

F. L. AMES.

### YES OR NO?

Shall woman vote? Shall she be granted that right of suffrage, which, as some maintain, has been so long withheld from her? Many would answer yes, immediately and emphatically, while others would answer no just as promptly. Let us avoid both extremes and endeavor to judge with impartial eye, the merits of the case, as they appear to us.

As a preliminary, it may not be out of place to mention the fact that this question of woman's suffrage is a universal theme of discussion. Newspapers and periodicals teem with the subject. In letters big and letters small we see it written; "women must be man's equal or a slave," equality being expressed in terms of voting.

The time was when women were slaves, but that was in the dim ages of the past, and all the talk about the slavery of women in the light of the present is only the raking over of dead ashes in the vain endeavor to discover a living spark. It is true that the education of the sex was never so broad, deep and healthful as it is to-day, yet beautiful types of the intellectual and moral woman existed before our days. Sweet, strong, helpful and true they were, and they did not look upon themselves as slaves.

The woman of to-day is admitted to every

profession, colleges and universities are opening their doors to receive her. In art, literature and science she has made her mark. Yet this does not satisfy universal suffrage for she is not yet able to exercise her talents in politics; therefore the cry of slavery and emancipation is raised. Woman is a slave because she does not enjoy the privilege of helping to stuff the ballot box.

All this appears foolish and at variance with common sense. Just as if entrance to political life is to be the liberation and crowning glory of woman. Possibly we share in the delusion that Matthew Arnold attributes to his fellow countrymen, that "the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature."

The plea is made, however, that politics will never lose those elements which so debase it until woman's influence begins the work of cleansing and purification. We believe all this, but maintain that such influence should be wielded from the home and not by the use of the ballot. Not because she may not do honor to herself, not because she is not intellectually and morally capable of entering such a sphere, but because there are other duties which demand the best of her, her time, her attention, and her care. The arena for the man, the home for the woman, is our creed. What a broad sphere the home is! It is the source of every great and noble action, of every pure and generous impulse. The home or the family life is warp and woof of all strong government and social coherence. The light of the home is caught up and reflected from innumerable facets, political, as well as social and religious.

If the home is of such importance, how much more so is the maker of it. There she is queen, and like a queen she should use all the powers natural and acquired, to ennoble the lives of those about her. Father, brother, husband and son come under her sway, and it is hers to mould them aright. May not the forming of true and noble characters exert an irresistible power in politics? Set woman as she has done, and is doing, by the might of her glorious wo-

manhood, continue to raise and elevate society, by improving to her utmost the home, which is only the smaller circle within the larger, whose life becomes the nation's life, and whose good or evil becomes the world's good or evil.

By nature, by God-given powers and endowments, she is man's equal mentally and morally, whether she votes or not. Equal both, each created to serve, develop and perfect the other, the work of one is to be the supplement of that of the other. Why should a little fancied superiority cause such wrangling and haranguing. The following may perhaps serve as a good illustration of what has been said: At the outbreak of our civil war in the little town of B—, lived a family by the name of R. The wife was a Republican and a Unionist, while her husband was a Democrat and a Southern sympathizer, as well as her father, two sons and two brothers. By her constant and untiring devotion to her country, by the force of her cogent reasoning and woman's conviction, she won over to her side, father, husband, sons, and brothers. Though she could not cast a vote in person, yet through her influences she cast six votes for the Union, and gave to the Union cause soldiers sons and brothers. Thus it is shown that woman's power may be felt in politics. Then unjust legislation and oppression of the weaker sex will disappear, and her triumph will be more complete, more perfect, than if she walked up to the ballot-box on election day and threw a vote.

SADIE LOANTHA BROWN.

### GLADSTONE.

Modern social conditions owe much of their present development to the work of individuals. Social and political evolutions find their birth in the brain of some eminent public leader. For the past thirty years Europe has recognized the leadership of two men. Bismarck determined to wrap the German states about Imperial Prussia, to make an iron empire. The strongest military power in the world is the result. Gladstone found a great kingdom chafing under old aristocratic prejudices; with a giant intellect quick to catch the import of pub

lie opinion, this champion of the English people has slowly drawn Englishmen toward his Utopia. Is time the great judge about to decide between these two policies of government? Within a few months the Imperial Master of Germany has found himself unequal to the pressure of socialistic sentiment; he has been forced to recall from his retirement the Maker of the Empire. Amid the cries of the populace, "Our Bismarck has come back," the Emperor's arms are outstretched to receive him. The world will watch the result; except the owners belie the spirit of the age, not even the iron prince, Bismarck may prevail against the torrent of socialistic feeling setting against him.

On the other hand, the man upon whom English eyes have rested with almost divine animation, rich in years, rich in all honor, rich in the good found for his countrymen after a political career of sixty years has stepped aside from the van of that grand phalanx of reform, the Liberal party of England. The world is satisfied that whoever his successors may be, he can but lead in the way already mapped out by the retired chief.

As a party leader, Gladstone has stood a Colossus among giants. It was not by catering to the views of his subordinates that he held the numerous factions of his party bound about himself, the common center. It was not by temporizing and trifling over line issues that he won his splendid majorities from the English franchise. He stood as the opponent of his party rather than its policy. In grappling with national problems, party interests and personal fears were swept out of sight. Nothing but the most intense faith in this lofty intellectual leader, towering above statesmen and scholars of his age has reconciled weaker politicians to the crushing defeats so often encountered under his leadership.

In the province of the orator the personality of Gladstone again attracts attention. As an English debater he stands without a peer. With a master hand the bold picture outline of his speech is drawn; with quiet ridicule the faults and defects of his opponent's arguments are pointed out; another bold stroke and the

whole field of real argument is open, and point after point is impressed upon the hearer, not by any passion of brilliant oratory, but through the vehicle of pure reason. The plainness of dress, the thick-set, heavy body, the ungraceful attitudes are forgotten. The brilliant burning, earnest eyes, the spirit and warmth of the homely countenance bespeak the intense earnestness of the man. The sweet silver-toned voice so full of persuasive accents, the steady rapid flow of words poured forth in long involved sentences without a hitch or instant's loss of the right word have charmed all hearers. Listening to those soft, appealing tones even Gladstone's enemies have felt ashamed that they could not yield to the feelings of their better natures, and come into full sympathy with the speaker. This power is exercised only by the highest type of orator. Far beyond any distinction won as a successful politician, or as a party leader, or as an orator, Gladstone stands pre-eminent as a social and political reformer. No statesman since Oliver Cromwell has struck such decisive blows in the interests of the common people. Where the greatest social wrongs have existed the most radical remedies have been applied. Ireland dominated by a church hierarchy which represented the religious sentiments of a small minority, Ireland ground down by a haughty horde of foreign landlords, Ireland, filled with violence because of abuses that no foreign legislation could remedy, Ireland pleading for a home government, needed a political emancipation. From the lofty heights to which the waves of public sentiment had lifted him, Gladstone struck the death blow of the Irish church, the grip of the landlord was loosed, and the central purpose of all the splendid statesmanship of later days has been to secure a home government for Ireland.

In England the Gladstone policy has been termed a system of compromise as opposed to these decisive movements in behalf of Ireland. England needed no such active measures. England heartily supported her existing institutions. What she needed was increased privileges for her common people. Legislation which opened large facilities for the education

of the poorest, legislation which extended the franchise until the humblest Englishman was lifted to the highest political liberty, legislation which has modified and abolished deep-seated predjudices and lessened the distance between aristocracy and peasantry, such legislation is anything but a system of compromise. The aristocratic House of Lords stripped of its governmental importance lies impotent! The onward strides made by the Commons to assume ever increasing legislative rights have been phenomenal. These facts illustrate the tremendous equalizing force of Gladstone's policy.

Few men have been so enthroned in public confidence. The title, "Grand Old Man," is born not of the fact that Gladstone was the best financier England ever produced, not of the fact that his oratory could marshal a host of sympathizers about his standard. Men have expected to find a politician standing upon a party platform; the political stratum has been pierced and Gladstone's true basis disclosed, the basis of human feeling! It is the man Gladstone that towers above the statesman. His foreign policy was weak simply because, unlike a Bismarck, or a Disraeli, he could not build up England upon the destroyed privileges of other nations. England's touch with the weak states of the East should mean peace and the blessings of a Christian civilization. Egyptian, Ethiopian, Bulgarian, were apart from any accident of nationality. Men! as such they were members of the great human brotherhood, and worthy of all respect paid Englishmen! Little wonder that statesmen and politicians, to whom human being are mere figures on the diplomatic chess-board, grew exasperated. Little wonder that such generosity of human feeling was not co-extensive with brilliant natural success. Other men could sacrifice principle. Not so, this keen, emotional nature under the spur of a powerful intellect. The great heart feels the force of great principles. They are clothed in concrete forms and color. They are objects to be embraced as noble, or condemned as wicked. Gladstone has again and again sacrificed office to love of truth; truth for sake of office, never! Is it strange that a form of hero-worship has

been tendered such a man? Englishmen learned to trust him. Repeated trials proved that in one case, at least, a politician could be intensely human, true to his conscience, faithful to his country, devoted to the service of his God and the realization of his own highest spiritual being. Let men mock at such hero-worship if they will! There is nothing grander than true manhood. Human heroism cannot mount higher than the ideal of the Galilean. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

THEODORE KINNEY.

### THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION.

The idea of religion is as old as the race. In his eastern cradle man first commenced with God, and since that day the idea of religion has been ever present with him.

No man exists without a religion; it may not be formulated, its creed he may not know—but its power he acknowledges by his life.

But how originated this idea? Many answers have been proposed. One answer places its origin in tradition—regardless of the fact that tradition only perpetuates—never originates.

Another places it in fear, thus making religion the effect on rude minds of storms, earthquakes and the like. But a religion of fear is not lasting, there must be some deeper source.

Another view makes religion begin in fetich-worship, then rise through the worship of animals to loftier deities conceived as clothed in human form.

But the earliest deities, which history brings to notice were heavenly beings—not animals or men.

Another answer makes ancestor-worship the source of religion. But this theory does not accord with the facts of history. The earliest objects of heathen worship were not clothed in human form. More consistent is the theory that religion springs from the perception of marks of design in nature. But this answer is not sufficient. The phenomena of religion has a profounder and more spiritual source. They must spring from the original perceptions and aspirations of the human soul.



We must look within. Man has a religious nature. What is great in Architecture, in Painting, in Literature and Art, has been the product of the development of a religious idea.

Look at the temples reared by man! Look at the works of the Old Masters! A Sistine Madonna! An Assumption! Look at Literature! The Bible—Milton's great epic—Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress—not to speak of the works of heathen authors who were no less inspired by their religions.

What gave the Delphic Oracle its power? Not the priest, not Apollo, but the inward yearning of men's hearts. What gives power to the Gospel of Christ? Without denying the omnipotence of God, what gives the Gospel power is the religious nature of man seeking satisfaction. This Gospel satisfies it.

And this nature belongs exclusively to man; for no other animal ever manifested a religious nature.

Whence, then, does it come? If man developed it through ancestor-worship, as some have claimed, then most phenomenal progress must have been made. But such progress is absurd. We must look for some more probable origin! The most satisfying one has already been implied, viz:—That God endowed man with this nature by a special creative act. "And the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." A religious nature was thus a part of man's equipment as man.

But of what use is nature without something for it to grasp? A religious nature without a religion is impossible. God must have revealed himself to man, and man must have consciously communed with God at the beginning. Given a draught from the very springs of life, man could never forget it. Henceforth religion must be necessary. On no other hypothesis can a satisfactory answer be given? We cannot rid ourselves of the idea of religion before we surrender up our very nature. Nay more! Away with arguments! Try the test of faith; consult facts. No man ever gave himself up to the worship of God, without God's revealing himself to him.

The unruffled surface of the water pictures in its bosom the heaven above. So it is the unruffled soul that can picture God, and mark out for itself a theory of the origin of religion which the schools do not teach, but which may be the experience of every living soul.

Religion, then, has its origin, primarily, in the religious nature of man, which is the gift of God distinguishing him from the rest of creation; secondarily, in the revelation of God to man, as the One who alone can satisfy his yearning and make his life complete.

DANIEL WEBSTER KIMBALL.

### A QUESTION OF ADVANTAGE.

To what purpose is this waste?—Matt. 26:8.

The practical man speaks here. What is to come from expenditure, be it in time or thought or coin? What promises no immediate return is not worth doing. Why, then, should men pay costly treasure for sentiment or make investment which shall bring reward only in distant years? Nay, rather seize the present.

The question is so often asked concerning the student's outlay for the future that it will not be counted mis-use of opportunity if out of the sphere of application his work shall be canvassed anew. Four years, seven years, ten years spent in getting ready! Time gone, effort gone, money gone; to what purpose is this waste? For answer we consider:—

I. Misconceptions and false ideals of college work.

College conditions are not always rightly conceived even by workers. It is not strange, therefore, that they are misconceived by on-lookers. Student life is thus made to appear different from what it is. Perils there are in it, but nothing like the perils often pictured. Safeguards are provided at every point possible. Body, mind, and heart are protected not less securely than in other lines of action. For many a magical quality inheres in the name of college. Mere association with students is regarded as in some way changing a man, so that the dullard may become a philosopher merely by looking at books and seeing others use them. Frequently the mistake is made of regard-

ing the gathering of facts as the chief function of college work. This is part, important, but subordinate to the function of developing power. To be added is a false ideal of liberty. Too much for individual and general good student life has been conceived as exempt from the regulation which controls the life of other citizens. At the opposite extreme is the picture of the student as a book-worm. Man was made for a better purpose than to serve as a book-mark. Knowledge always has reference to *use*. Possibly the commonest misconception of all regards the end of student work realized in dilettanteism, a kind of elegant, useless performance of elegant, useless tasks. Nothing could be farther from truth.

If such conceptions were not misconceptions college life would be non-moral, if not positively immoral. Happily there are offsetting conditions which meet even the semblance of truth involved in them. These are found in:

## II. Ends and aims of student endeavor.

There are at least four:

1. Power. Every man to the extent that he is a man can say, "I am able." That which thus finds expression is power and the consciousness of it. To increase power is a college aim. It involves development, capacity, inspiration, persistence, intensity.

2. Method. The trained man has immense advantages over the untrained. He knows himself and his work. He knows, too, how to bring himself to bear upon his work at least cost of energy.

3. Culture. This is practical acquaintance with the best in the world's life. In the spirit of culture all callings are unified, all power increased, all life ennobled.

4. Character. All training issues in this. The man is more than the student always. Education is seriously defective which stops short of better life.

The wisest courses lay stress upon the things suggested in these four aims. Power, Method, Culture and Character cover pretty nearly the whole of life.

## III. The practical test.

Educational history is in part written in the

special histories of societies and states. The fibre of manhood is then tested on a large scale. Our own civil war bears important witness. There is food for thought in the history of the college in the war. Innumerable memorial tablets on college walls tell the same story that is told by monuments raised by grateful communities.

A further important element is in the distinctively religious work of college. A larger proportion than is generally supposed of college students are christian men and live like christians. There are few towns that are not better morally for being college communities. There are few colleges that lack organized religious effort. Conversions are not less frequent on the average among students than among our regular church congregations.

But the crowning test lies in leadership. In professional lines educational influence is undisputed. In practical lines, too, which educated men have entered great advantage is found in completeness of mastery made possible by discipline already undergone. In the sphere of moral influence the college can claim a worthy part. The leaders of Christian thought to-day are trained men, and it is the college that has made them what they are.

So when the question is raised again, "to what purpose is the waste?" our answer is ready. There is no waste. These years are no years of leisure, but of most serious enterprise. When the mower whets his scythe he is not losing time. When the day's work is done he is found to have prospered in his work in proportion to his faithfulness in performing that task. The years of study are the years of getting ready. Within ten years of active life they are made up. The rest of the time is clear gain. Student training thus vindicates itself in effectiveness.

(Abstract of Baccalaureate Sermon.)

By PRESIDENT WHITMAN.

## Abstracts of Junior Parts.

### THE FLORENTINE DEFENDER.

Europe in the sixteenth century was in a state of social and political revolution. The reforma-

tion was in progress and was overturning old institutions and establishing new. Nation rose up against nation; where before had been one church, the supreme, were sects and new orders; nothing was permanent; everything was in a state of transition.

Nowhere was the disturbance more seriously felt than in the would-be republic of Florence. Glorious in the summer sun of Italy, nestled among her blue hills, adorned by the fairest works of art, Florence had been wooed and claimed by all the great potentates of Europe. But she longed to be free; and sometimes when her claimants were absorbed in their struggle with one another, she did enjoy a semblance of freedom. It was so in the early part of the century, and for a few years happy, enthusiastic, light-hearted Florence was contented. Poetry, music, art, flourished as never before. Lorenzo de Medici, at the head of the government was a patron of all the arts. His gardens were full of graceful statues, and the Florentines, to whom the enjoyment of beauty was not a luxury but a necessity, loved him.

Amid such surroundings there grew up in Florence, a young sculptor who surpassed in skill and delicacy of touch, even the masters in the art. At the gate of the city he had placed a statue of the shepherd boy David. "As the youth by the help of God slew the giant, so Florence would one day destroy her enemies, and live her beauty-loving life quite free." So said the young sculptor of the David, Michael Angelo. But woe was in store for Florence. It seemed as though all the powers on earth were uniting against the city. The pope was planning a siege, the German Emperor was in alliance with the pope; and the French King to whom Florence would naturally turn, had only plans of such obvious impracticability, as to seem to be devised in mockery. Where should the young republic look for help? Where but to her greatest son, the poet, painter, sculptor, Michael Angelo?

Michael Angelo was in Rome, carving a mausoleum for the pope—one that should exceed in grandeur and beauty any seen before. But at the cry of Florence he dropped his chisel. "He

would free his city as he had freed the great David from the marble that imprisoned it." Boldly and energetically he set about fortifying the city. At last all was ready; and in January the papal army lay outside the city walls. The battlements were strong and there were supplies in abundance in the city. Florence hopeful of a final victory. But as the months went by the enthusiasm that had filled the hearts of the besieged was supplanted by fear. The supplies were rapidly diminishing, and pestilence within the city walls, came to be dreaded more than the army without. August came; hope was almost dead in the heart of the valiant defender of the besieged city. Her citizens had been ready to fight till death for Florence; but who can make war against famine, disease and treachery? For it was treachery at last that conquered Florence. One day a traitor opened the city gates. All the joy and light-heartedness went out from the laughing city and her hopes of liberty were dead as the hostile army was lead through her streets.

Sadly back to his work went the noble defender of Florence. He wrought the tomb of the Medici. It is not a monument to an insignificant Lorenzo or Giulio, but to the great city whose last struggle had now ended. He carved Dawn—not the gay rosy-fingered Amora of the ancients, but a powerful queen, with anguish in her face, reluctantly rousing herself to meet the duties of the day. Twilight and day tell of mortal conflict, anguish and hopelessness, of a fatigue and despair of the soul that go infinitely beyond any mere weariness of the body. Night sleeps; but not the sleep of rest. She says,

Grateful is sleep and still more sweet while woe  
And pain endure, 'tis to be stone like me;

And highest fortune not to feel or see;

Therefore awake me not. Speak low! Speak low!"

ALICE M. BRAY, '95.

#### A GLIMPSE AT EDUCATION.

The tremendous problem of human destiny has presented itself to the keenest intellects of every age; far visioned men have become discouraged and dispondent in vain attempts to find its solution, and judging from the best that man has yet conceived in this direction, it would

seem as though the problem would remain unanswered this side another world. It has, however, been the opinion of time's wisest philosophers that the greatest solvent for human difficulties lies in the power of education.

Never at any period of history was this belief so general as at the present day, and so in taking but a glimpse at education, let us ask three questions, concerning this important factor of our every day life.

First.—What is education?

Second.—What is the end of education?

Third.—How is it possible to attain this end?

The most general answer to the first question would include the whole of life's activities, for if life is not educational, it is not worth the living. The value of the influences at work upon our lives may be found by testing the power they have to develop our faculties and feelings and thereby widen our influence, increase and intensify our joy, enlarge and perfect our manhood.

But to be more specific we will define education as that power, which must be brought to bear on the three elements of man's nature; body, mind and spirit in such a way as to fit him for the noblest and most efficient use of his faculties.

The body embraces man's physical nature and should not merely as an organ of strength and adaptability, with a view to symmetry in form, and gracefulness in motion, while all the physical organs should be so trained as to make the outward world as intelligible as possible.

The mind includes all the intellectual functions. It should be educated to think and above all, to discriminate and to comprehend so as to become a depository of sound knowledge, and a power in logical reasoning.

The spirit we denominate as by far the most important element of men's being. It includes all the moral functions, and should be trained to recognize, and to enforce the rights and obligations of every individual; it should be inured to bear misfortune manfully; to stand for truth courageously, and to hate the form of falsehood; it should be taught to sympathize with and relieve distress; it should be trained to exercise faith, not alone in God but in man.

You will all agree that until these three elements shall receive due recognition, we cannot hope to see the thoroughly educated gentleman. What is the end of education?

Two answers to this question are close at hand. Greece gives one, Rome the other. To the Greek mind, the "Summum Bonum" of education was the attainment of the beautiful in whatever sphere they wrought. The harmonious development of mind and body was the only worthy aim of life. A beautiful individuality was the ideal of education. An Athenian Greek sought no other, his watchword was *culture*.

Rome thought of education in another light. She says the end of education is the power it gives one for life's business. Her youth were trained to regard effectiveness in the business affairs of every day life as the goal of his ambition.

Little attention was given to aesthetic development, all to the production of a practical individuality. His watchword was *utility*.

But a ninth century answer to his question should be more comprehensive than either of those already given.

The end of education is to bring man, as a created being, into harmony with all other created things. Discord, jar and strife are the cause of the world's unrest. A man is out of harmony with himself, if his body is developed; he is out of harmony with the world he lives in if his mind cannot grasp the facts which lie about him; he is out of harmony with humanity, if he fails to recognize his neighbor's legitimate rights as co-equal with his own.

Then education must have for its end, more than culture, and utility; we must add sympathy. When man came forth fresh from the hand of his maker, he heard the Creator say, take the earth and subdue it. That means the world above, beneath, without and within him. He was sent on a mission of conquest.

The goal of education must be to place man triumphant in the full grown glory of his manhood; to place him entire with all the faculties of his being fitted for their highest possible efficiency. How is it possible to attain this end?

Educators of all periods have advocated the diffusion of knowledge as the cure of poverty, crime and wrong-doing; but here we are in the closing years of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and poverty is abundant, the amount of crime is terribly alarming, while wrong doing is rampant as ever.

Alison says that intellectual cultivation has no effect in arresting the source of evil in the human heart. Herbert Spenser asserts that we have no evidence that education, as commonly understood, is a preventive of crime. Quertlet a Belgran statistician, has presented an array of figures which seem to make his position impregnable, and he declares that crime is altogether relative to the moral status of a community, and not to the amount of mind culture. In the face of these assertions there can be no durable hope for the world from education, if by education we mean merely body and mind development. But education, as we have defined it, means more than that; it is broader and deeper; loftier and holier, but the attainment of the end can only come by a stern, straight-forward dealing with the moral or spiritual element.

He is an incredulous man, who will not believe in God and a future life. Some time ago I stood beside the white coffin of a little child; its winning attractiveness had all departed, it lay still in death. I ask where is the child who kissed me but yesterday; the answer comes, Nowhere! I take the dictionary of modern science and search, but fail to find such a place in its vocabulary.

During my first school years, I committed to memory a sentence which I could not understand, and after years of varied education, I am still unable to comprehend its meaning. I got it from an old book, and have put it side by side with the grandest words of our greatest poets, but it seems to overshadow in importance, and transcend in grandeur anything with which it can be compared, as a touch-stone for education. Every child should commit it in the home, every infant should repeat it in the primary school; every student in high school and Academy should have it impressed upon him; it

should be emphasized to every scholar in the University, and in after life the man should ponder its deep significance until its spirit should become the soul of all life's activities, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Not a coward's fear, but a fear honor born, for without such fear, education is like a ship without a rudder, or anchor on the ocean of time. Such a fear at the root of all growth would impart new meaning to all development. Such a fear would beget appreciation and there can be no permanent progress apart from appreciation.

S. R. ROBINSON.

### SEMBLANCE AND REALITY.

During the war a singer of great beauty and of rare gifts sang "Home Sweet Home," before an audience of soldiers. Brave, fearless, and hardy men as they were, there was that in the singer's voice, a plaint of longing, of memory, of the agony of separation from the heart's dear ones, to which they could not listen unmoved. Long ere the simple song was ended there was not a dry eye among the hearers, and rough, hardened men wept, as they had not wept since their innocent days of childhood. Who may know how much of the power and pathos of her voice came from the fact that her soul felt its own eternal separation from the pure joys, the holy pleasures of home, a home once her own but now through misfortune forever lost.

Homer tells us of the Trojan-damsels called together to mourn over the slain Patroclus; though they wept loudly and beats their breasts over the body of the hero, as if they wept for him alone, yet each was bemoaning her own especial hero torn from her arms by the cruel fate of war and slain upon the bloody field. To them the dead Patroclus, though a leader among the warriors, was but a *semblance*. The *reality* was the unknown heroes whose death no crowds of mourners had gathered to bewail.

The reality that there is in semblance often presents a strangeness with first thought, because we are in the habit of regarding semblance as unreal, but as the thought deepens the strangeness disappears.



In art, in poetry, in music, the work is but a semblance of the inmost soul of the master. The artist pictures upon his canvass images which have been imprinted upon his heart and soul, the surrounding facts, the glowing landscapes,—the passions and realities of his own life. Browning, Wordsworth, Longfellow, every true poet has portrayed in his poems semblances of his native land and fireside.

Who can listen to the symphonies of Beethoven and not be stirred by the almost heavenly power of the great genius, and why? Is it not because he put into them his inmost being portraying his different moods, telling his happiness or his melancholy, expressing the pathos or the passion with which he was inspired as if by the will of the Divine Being. All this creates in the soul of the listener recollections of similar realities.

We often find that the pathos of poetry and fiction has derived its power from the actual grief of the writer, and every song or story which has caused its readers to weep has had its first baptism in the author's tears.

It is not the genius which inspired them which makes the sonnets of Petrarch so charming and effecting; it is the reality of the ardent yet hopeless love which breathes in them. It is the actual friendship on which the poem, "In Memoriam," is based which gives it favor and immortality in spite of the stiltedness and affectation of many of its parts. The peculiar sadness that shadowed Charlotte Brontë's life, gives her book a power of which no one can be insensible.

Here and there the revelation of a life-history like that of Cowper or Kirke White gives meaning to the worn out fable of the nightingale that sang but the louder and sweeter for the thorn that pierced her breast, and we no longer doubt that "poets learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Behind the fiction of life are facts the latter giving to the former both outline and feature. And beyond the semblances that are constantly misgusding us there is the reality of a life pure and peaceful, of a love unbounded in its greatness.

"The way at times may dark and dreary seem,  
No ray of sunshine on our path may beam,  
The dark clouds hover o'er us like a pall;  
But still with honest purpose toil we, on,  
And if our steps be upright, straight and true,  
Far in the East a golden light shall dawn,  
And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

CLARA BELLE TOZIER.

### CHARLES LAMB.

The name of Charles Lamb should be cherished by all lovers of sound literature and of true men, for it stands for one who was rich in all that makes life sweet or memory dear. His letters and essays, full as they are of the sweetness and nobility, the mirth and melancholy of their author's life, best tell his story. Born in 1775 in the Inner Temple all his earlier days were cast amid the quaint places of London. The church, the gardens, the fountains, the river, these were his earliest recollections. Charles Lamb's happiest days perhaps were those spent as a school-boy at Christ's Hospital where he picked up his "small Latin and less Greek", and where he became acquainted with Coleridge "the inspired charity boy" who first kindled in him the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindness. Poverty and deepening anxieties of a graver character in the home, made it necessary that Charles leave school at an early age, and enter the work-a-day world as clerk in the East India House. There was insanity in the family. Charles himself had had a touch of it, and was in an asylum for a short time, while his sister Mary had been repeatedly attacked by the malady. One day in a fit of uncontrollable frenzy she seized a knife, fatally stabbed her mother and wounded her father. She was at once shut up in an asylum, and Charles Lamb was left to face his trial alone. Poor, frail boy though he was he stooped down and without sigh or sound took upon himself the burden of a life-long sorrow. So long as his father lived he cared for him patiently although the old man who was fast becoming imbecile was querulous and faultfinding to an extreme.

With what tenderness does Lamb describe him in one of his essays. "I saw him in his old age; and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in

the last sad stage of human weakness—a remnant most forlorn of what he was—yet even then his eye would light up at the mention of his favorite Garrick. At intervals too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned after some few years absence in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change and could hardly be brought to believe that it was her own bairn. And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep till I have wished that sad second childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.”

It would be hard to find anything more touching and beautiful in the history of heroic deeds than the old familiar story of Charles Lamb’s devotion to his sister Mary. She recovered her reason for a time, but was all her life subject to fits of frenzy. After their father’s death Charles gave up all selfish plans and became her guardian for life.

Little did the majority of those who saw the social, gentle, punning, stammering humorist imagine the awful shadow which forever rested upon his spirit. He always spoke and wrote of his sister as his wiser self, his generous benefactress, of whose protecting care he was scarcely worthy.

“Thou to me didst ever show kindest affection  
And wouldst oft times lend an ear  
To the desponding love-sick lay,  
Weeping my sorrows with me who repay  
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe  
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.”

The first year which followed the dark tragedy of their lives were years of poverty and of loneliness; but new friends were at hand, and new interests in literature were soon to bring a cheerful relief to the gloom of the Temple lodgings. As Lamb became better known as a critic and essayist, the choicest spirits of the day were wont to gather on Wednesday evenings in the two dingy rooms where the Lambs entertained in the homeliest fashion. The central figure of the group was the spare, silent, stuttering little host, who loved them all, who gave them his

reverence and who yet laughed at them all and made no little fun of their foibles.

Yet with all the new friends Coleridge still dwelt in his heart of hearts. In spite of his admiration for that marvellous man, Lamb seems early have discovered the dangerous tendencies in his character, and in earnestness of spirit he cries out,—“Oh my friend cultivate the filial affections, and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship. These shall give him peace at the last. These are the best foundation for every species of benevolence.

The death of Coleridge in July 1834 brought into the life of Charles Lamb a great sad blank, and it was only five months later that he himself was called to meet the friend he had loved so well. Mary Lamb survived her brother several years, provided with comforts to the last by his thoughtfulness. They sleep together in the little churchyard at Edmonton in the spot which, two weeks before his death, Charles Lamb had pointed out as the place where he wished to lie.

In these days of many books, there is danger that we overlook the claims of Charles Lamb the author and so miss the rare delight which his pages have to offer. It was upon the Essays of Elia that the wealth of his mind was expended. Here all moods are reflected. Every chord is touched and by a master hand. As delicate a breath rises from the page as from a bank of violets. “The wit is fresh as when it first came from the pen of the author. The fun, says, one, is “the sparkle and ripple and foam of a richly running river of humanity, pity, and tenderness.” In certain moods “Elia” may fail to move us, may be too good for us. But when we are in our better frames “Elia” comes to us as a friend and we welcome with open mind the delightful humor, the sweet philosophy, the tender confidence, the large humanity of its incomparable author.”

CARRIE M. TRUE.

#### VOLTAIRE.

Popular prejudice is arrogant. Of all the things in the world it is the most difficult to overcome. Too often it is unjust, too often pitiless, too often caused by a trivial chance.

Something over one hundred years ago lived one from whom most men have shrunk with dread or horror, who has been stigmatized as an infidel and an atheist, Voltaire. The basest outline of his career is fascinating. Born in the seething times that preceded the French Revolution, of a respectable family, educated in a college of the Jesuits, twice imprisoned in the Bastille, an exile for four years in free England, recalled to France where he performed great literary work, and hotly battled with the religion of his time.

Hated by the priests, regarded by posterity as a scoffer, reviler and sceptic. Let us, who are so proud of our impartiality, see how far these opinions are deserved. He was no perfect man, was vain, a flatterer, sarcastic, hot-headed, but he was the keenest intellect, the brightest wit, of his generation, poet, historian, metaphysician, philosopher.

But with the charge of infidel and atheist ringing in their ears, men have looked on him as a prince of evil. He was no atheist, he wrote to show the existence of a God, and declared his belief in him. But he planted himself as a champion before all victims of persecution and injustice. And the most corrupt, cruel, bloody engine of persecution of his time was the Jesuit church. His first attack upon this conscienceless tyrant was bringing to the notice of Europe the atrocious murder of Calas, when after four years of untiring zeal, he righted the wrong so far as it could be righted. In a similar case he obtained justice for a falsely accused husband and wife, and finally, when old and enfeebled, spent twelve years in vindicating the cause of a murdered youth, and forever blasted the tyrannical, intolerant spirit of popish influence.

Yet the hot generosity of the man Voltaire is shown by the fact that when his enemies were suppressed under circumstances of harshness he pitied them, and took one of their number permanently into his home. Yet it was for such heroic battles for toleration, that he was branded by the church.

Think what the stigma of that ecclesiastical body meant. For centuries it had dominated

France; it had controlled everything. And against this power he was the only man of all that age, who dared to raise his voice, dared to take his stand alone. So long had it proclaimed itself the infallible source of the only saving religion, is it to be wondered that in attacking this so-called christianity of the Jesuit his attacks were interpreted as attacks upon the christianity of Christ?

Against such antagonists the weapons he chose were those in whose use his hand was skilled and whose weapons were satire and ridicule of the bitterest kind. His hot French blood quickened his genius to action, and he acted along those lines which he thought most effective. Let us remember he was no stolid Englishman, but his exile for four years had embued him with the English spirit and he transplanted to French soil the seeds that he had gathered in England. He was not Luther but he dashed down by a scornful smile what Luther merely shook by terrific onslaughts, because he laid a ruthless hand on everything pertaining to that church, blasphemer and atheist he was then called and such names so given and by such a power could not be expected to be easily forgotten.

And the pitiful truth is that through indifference or ignorance too many of us have remembered them. Not that he was a martyr or has been; not that he was a Knox or a Calvin or a Luther; not that we should now go to the other extreme and call him worthy of worship; but it is for us to beware lest we fall into error, and we of this age, when freedom of thought and action is a truism, have no right to accept such a decision without partial examination and impartial judgment.

What a character and what a destiny! No man has borne a greater load of obloquy. Yet for sixty years he was the embodiment of the intellect of Europe and blazed out the paths which living generations are following. He destroyed the greatest of human curses, intolerance, for wherever he passed the arm of the inquisitor was palsied, the chain of the captive riven, the prison door thrown open. He swept away the altars of corrupt religion. He

held up to the hatred of Europe the torturers and murderers of Calas.

He branded all persecution with infamy and made it tremble. He proclaimed toleration. He fought and conquered for humanity. Such labor and zeal to remedy or revenge acts of injustice and oppression deserve recognition and the future with grave yet liberal reflection should bring brightness, not blackness, to the name of Voltaire.

J. COLBY BASSET.

### THE APOSTLE OF AFFLICTION.

"Opinion, Queen of the World" is the fascinating title of an Italian book. A mighty queen is opinion, for her sway is almost universal. A century ago she told the world it was her pride to be mistress of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Many lovers, far less worthy has she since favored. Was ever queen so fickle?

Rousseau has been accused of nearly every vice of character; and to-day is considered only a pathetic figure among the broken idols of our race. If Rousseau is a broken idol, its crumbling dust has permeated the atmosphere of to-day. We must not forget that he has been one of the greatest powers in the literature and social philosophy of the last century and a half. In an age when old forms had grown rigid, when the stiffened crust of society was beginning to heave with new throes, a voice of passion and pathos was uplifted. It called out to the men of the time, "Back to Nature." It was a period when ancient faiths had left mere husks of dead formulas to cramp men's minds, when even superficial observers were startled by vague portents of a coming crash. Authority went about "in purple and fine linen," and spurned Lazarus from its gates.

The smouldering discontent of the inarticulate masses found an echo in Rousseau's passionate utterances. The cry, "Man is man's brother," rang from the lips of an intensely earnest man. This cry has thrilled the world again and again; and its influence upon literature and philosophy is untold. The nations of Europe joined for a moment of unique accord in a chorus of angry reprobation. Later, the

doctrine of pity found breasts open everywhere to receive it; thoughts smouldering and only waiting to kindle an inextinguishable blaze; till a nation rose to its feet, and along with all its wretched oppressions threw off all law, all pity, all belief.

Of Rousseau, it has been said, "He formed a new social system and a new order of men." Napoleon expressed the thought of France when he said, "There would not have been a Revolution without Rousseau." His far reaching influence is unquestionable.

The personality of Rousseau is one of the most extraordinary and interesting in history. It is difficult to avoid strong feeling in his presence. He was a man, his failings human, not satanic. Rousseau did what thousands of ordinary men are doing every day; though he occasionally suffered from remorse because of his sins, he did not repent. "Repentance is the most divine of all the acts of man," yet how rare it is; how infinitely difficult! Rousseau with all his faults had more than Voltaire of the material out of which saints are made. He had reverence. Who will say as much of Voltaire? Rousseau was in every way opposed to Voltaire; mentally, physically, morally. Voltaire looked on the world as from a watch tower; with his eye he surveyed the universe; beheld the decay all around him, and foresaw the dawn of a new era. Rousseau looked in upon himself imagining the world from the view obtained. Voltaire brave, resolute, was eager for the fray; Rousseau sensitive, morbid, yearned to escape it. Voltaire destroyed superstition because it was contemptible; Rousseau hated it because it was cruel. Both brought down the rotten social edifice, one by showing how fair the social life of the past had been, the other by sapping reverence for authority and prescription. Voltaire preached destruction; Rousseau, construction. Voltaire was a born enemy of faith, Rousseau naturally a friend. The great imperfection of Voltaire's mind was its absence of veneration, its resolution utterly to ignore any other experience than that which was the result of his own reason. Voltaire's religion may be termed "Protestantism run mad;" Rousseau's, a worship of God in the beauties of nature.

The lives of wise men are regulated either by a general elevation of character or by sheer strength of will. With Rousseau sensibility had to answer for one or the other; and the prophet's gift is not needed in such a case to fore-tell the result. To Rousseau was given a great gift. The beauty of the world was food to him, and in his darkest days of persecution and exile his spirit still leaped to the rising sun, his heart still sang to the carol of the birds. What Rousseau strongly felt, he strongly painted. He was an interpreter of Nature; not so much an interpreter of her harsh moods, as of her joyful, happy moods. To him the blackness of the sky was the frown of God. Few men drank in with such delight, "the dewy morn with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom."

The idea prevails with many that Rousseau was an Atheist. Nothing could be more false. To the teaching of Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists, Rousseau was as opposed as the most orthodox priest. The Saroyard vicar hated the cold sneer which *undermined* religion and opposed his Deism to their Atheism.

This charge is made in the face of Rousseau's own words. "You call me impious, and of what impiety can you accuse me?—Me who never spoke of the Supreme Being except to pay Him the honor and glory that are his due? The impress of his education had never been thoroughly effaced. He believed in God. Nurtured upon the Gospel in childhood, he admired the morality of Jesus Christ; but he stopped at the boundaries of adoration and submission. It has been said, "The spirit of Rousseau inhabits the moral world." The cry of Rousseau which rings down through the years with all the intensity of that highly attuned soul, suffices to answer any such charge. "If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ were those of a God."

Rousseau's religious belief was a sentiment natural to his untrained, unscientific mind. His love for humanity, his hatred of injustice, the misery he saw the poor of his day suffer, combined to make him impatient of the social conditions of the times. He threw off the "silk of life," and strove after apostolic simplicity. Self-

indulgence and self-denial fought out a battle within him.

Against all law, Rousseau strove for a return to nature. He advocated a new type of life. The secret of the new type was the old appeal, "Away from outer society to the inner spirit of the individual."

It is a strange fact that although the influence of Rousseau is greater today than fifty years ago, his reputation as a political thinker is now very slight. Two causes have contributed to this low estimation of a political writer once highly reputed. In the first place, man in the state of nature has been consigned to the limbo of realities; second, popular government is now closely associated with representative government. From a superficial view, Rousseau's influence would seem to be at an end; but the truth is, the gist of his philosophy remains and was never before so widely disseminated. Not in the United States alone, but in England we find the theory that the instincts of the people form the proper source and guide of political action. If Rousseau is the intellectual parent of Danton, we must also reckon among his children the men who gave to America a new constitution. He had a genuine hatred of oppression, and a touch of that burning love for the whole race, that "Transcendent charity, which from time to time, in saint, or sage, illumines the pathways of men as with a divine radiance."

That his influence upon modern thought has been great is beyond dispute; he gave to literature a new manner of describing nature; to prose a new rhythm and a larger expression of emotion. By all this he has added permanently to the joys of our race, and he has the gratitude of every true lover of humane letters.

Rousseau's theory was the ideal political theory his revolt, that of the ideal against the real. He had been the tribune of nature, the "Gracchus of philosophy." He had given an impulse to the motives for search after social truth. He had set forth, as no one had ever done before, the nullity of a civilization of whose consummating benefits only the few partake, while the great majority, as Gentiles, stand without the gates, having no inheritance in these things.



Not until the slow conservative world comes to recognize the full significance of Rousseau's mission here on earth will the apostle of affliction receive his just due.

ALBERT TURNER LANE.

### THE POWER OF THE IDEAL.

Bryant in his immortal *Thanatopsis* touches upon a great truth in the opening lines.

"To him in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms  
She speaks a varied language."

It is equally true however, that he who communes with the invisible forms of beauty, strength, power, and grandeur which constitute the ideals of the mind, hears them speak a language not only varied, but enticing and seductive. Among the most precious possessions of humanity are its ideals. The ideal is what we wish anything to be, that which satisfies and accords with the inmost longings of the soul. It has no fixed stint or limit except that of possibility; it is the infinite in respect to human capacities and desires. Whatever adversity and failure may afflict one, one has still within oneself the image of something better, nobler, happier, to hope for and to strive after.

To this image, though varying with personality and character of different people, society owes its progress and development. All progress is but the development of the ideal. It is only this which lifts us from a dead level. He who would succeed for himself or who would help others upward must have clearly before his mind the ideal of his best conceived attainment, although it may be neither best or expedient to bring the dazzling splendor of that ideal immediately before the mind of him whose progress upward he is lovingly directing. The ideal is the forerunner of the real, and as the real never exceeds the ideal, our ideals can never be too high. The Germans have a saying that the good is the enemy of the best—and he who rests upon what he has achieved or acquired often finds it so—he falls short of his best by ceasing to follow his ideal. What moral tonic is there like a noble life? What else has such persuasive and inspiring power?

Such a life makes heroism and nobleness contagious. An elevated mind or exalted character is a potent help in the lifting of humanity. Its possessor, speaking or silent, proclaims in forcible terms the possibility of the noblest ideal becoming a reality. A noble, upright life is the only life that knows its great possibilities and reaps its adequate rewards. The only life that taste the grand joys which God shares with those who make themselves, in a measure, sharers of his vast purpose. Life is not all a success. It has its failures as well. Yet the failures of to-day may be the stepping stones for great success to-morrow.

The idea that, as we cannot fully attain our ideal, it makes no difference what we do, is false and harmful. It is the coward's plea. It is yielding the battle without striking a single blow. The world weaves no garland for such a one. He abandons his ideal and sinks into oblivion. We cannot reach our ideal at one stride. There must be many steps, and, of course, a first one. It may be weak and hesitating, yet it is a step and in the right direction.

The nation that all can rise to fill equally high places in the world is neither rational or desirable. This is not the ideal. The true ideal that should fill his heart and spur one on to action is excellence within one's own sphere, the living of one's own particular life just as fully and nobly as one can. He knows not whether his ideal will lead him, but by its guidance he will go farther and accomplish more. Works and deeds are the outward expression of thoughts, faint representations of the ideals of the mind. The higher the ideal the greater the probability of higher works and deeds. Mind governs matter, and man governs mind, God the supreme ideals governs all.

"Let us still paint then true ideals,  
Our God's ideal of us at our best,  
Paint it in heavenly hues and fix it fast,  
With prayer and earnest love within our hearts,  
Strive hourly to grow like it, till at last,  
The ideal shall become the real."

Every man is at first an amateur in morals, arts, science and even in life itself. He advances in knowledge, *in everything* by following his ideals. The past is already history, the

present is slipping away, the future will be what we make it. The true ideal is always in advance of the present. Success, as the world knows it, is but a word which with the next breath may signify defeat. But success, as the soul knows it, is to have within oneself the sustaining sense of right earnestly pursued, an unselfish purpose closely followed, and a high ideal eagerly sought.

A survey of the social world shows the power of this ideal. The patriot seeks in government his ideal of freedom and equality, the statesman a utopia. The great leader in statesmanship, who has kept ever before him a high ideal, as he notes the steady movement of opinion towards him feels a joyous sense of mastery which the memory of years of past defeat and disappointment cannot embitter. The painter or sculptor seeks to represent the bright vision of his fairest dreams. From earth and stone spring forms of grace and beauty whose dumb lips seem almost to speak. That which at first to us seems shapeless, tame and colorless, in his hands as he eagerly strives to grasp and reproduce, his ideal vision takes on new color, new majesty, new grace.

The student seeks to gain the vantage point of his hopes and aspirations, and as he surveys the fields of knowledge stretching out before him, he forgets the days and nights of unbroken study behind him and pushes on, pursuing his ideal. In fact, all through life the ideal is ever beckoning us on to higher achievements and nobler aspirations, and if we answer its summons we must turn our backs on the beautiful light that is dying out on the black edge of the distant past. We see then how indispensable to that human perfection, for which the true soul is always seeking, is some establishment or embodiment of our best self, as pictured in our highest ideals.

MADGE WILSON.

### LOWELL.

Great men have lived and died. Nations have risen and fallen, leaving like the ebb and flow of the tide upon the shore, only a faint impress of their greatness—a few words and deeds to

shine as jewels, with the history of the world for their setting. Every man's influence is immortal, making and moulding future generation. Yet effect is ever subsequent to cause. Admiration never anticipated worth. One generation does its work; posterity passes judgment.

Immortal fame is not in the power of a single age to assign. We may not so soon allot to James Russell Lowell a lasting name, but we may pay our tribute to a man, whose writings are gems of literature, whose versatility of talent is unexcelled, whose life bore the stamp of genius.

The place of the true poet is removed from that of other men, his calling is higher, his endowments more divine. The lofty peak of the mountain catches the first tints of the rising sun and holds the flush of evening when all the surrounding country is darkening into night. So Lowell, lofty and inspired, caught the first beam of advance thought and stood radiant with light when the shadows hung low over the minds of men.

Man seldom attains marked success in more than one direction, yet Lowell was not only a great poet, but he was also a fine critic: not only a good essayist but a famous humorist, a successful diplomat and excellent scholar. With inspired imagination Milton transmitted the thoughts of his soul, painting the universe with a vividness that has never been surpassed. Dante's genius was the star of the Middle Ages which with its clear and mellow light has flooded all modern times. But Lowell the "many gifted man" was as brilliant as these great poets, his genius as pure, his public services more enduring.

Seldom do we associate the names of Lowell and Dante. Few if any have ever compared the modern poet with the divine bard yet these two, many respects similar. Both were original and strong characters: both patriotic and passionate men, whose souls throbbed in sympathy with care-tossed humanity. Both were speculative, fervid and brilliant, with a crystal clear imagination and a love of the beautiful. Lowell resembles Dante in power of

illustration, but he does not possess Dante's sublime and weird fantasy. Lowell like Dante is earnest and thoughtful, but he also has sparkling wit and joyful humor which Dante has not. Dante is irresistible, vigorous, mysterious: Lowell forcible, strong, clear. Dante has keener conceptions, Lowell broader views. Dante sings of immortal gods: Lowell of mortal gods. Dante's characters are ideal: Lowell's are real. Dante is the product of the mystic age of the world: Lowell is the product of the most practical age. One was born in a southern land in a time of enchantment and superstition, the other was born in a northern clime in the very van of the world's progress: but each infused into his work the characteristics of his time and of his surroundings.

In expression Lowell is ever clear, his language always beautiful: and beyond the perfection of simile, the aptness of illustration and beauty of the language, there is a certain tone that bears its meaning and is understood by all. His style is original and unique. Certain strong characteristics give his writings a peculiar charm. In discussing the deepest problems, his delicate humor gives a vivifying touch. As he mingles humor with pathos, as he explores the realms of imagination, his style constantly changes and the varied gifts of the great poet are displayed. Poets there may be who excel him in describing the beauties of nature or in imaginary flights, but no one has ever surpassed him in refreshing humor or clear expression. Lowell may have been excelled in poetic fancy, yet seldom has he been equalled in depth of feeling. Other poets have sung and there was music in their song, but when Lowell lifts his voice the words are more than sweet, they are full of thought, and when he ceases the musical echoes of his soul keep ringing through the minds of men. His wonderful imagination enabled him to illustrate freely and give poetic expression to his thoughts. He applied all his exceptional powers with a force, a knowledge and a fitness which his contemporaries could not command: hence he rose above them all.

Not only did he have the susceptible imagi-

nation of the poet but the judicial intellect of the critic. Brilliant and original, his ready wit and "profound insight" made him specially fitted for his work. To his wonderful versatility he added a culture which marked him the foremost representative of American men of letters. As a man Lowell was strong, honest, courageous, resolute, yet courteous and gentle-humanitarian and cosmopolitan in the truest sense. "Son of a new soil" he had all the learning of the remotest literature, and sung like the ancient bards. He was clear-minded, right-minded, broad-minded, a thinker, a teacher, a poet. He was an essayist whose diction, sense and judgement were of the highest order: a critic, fair, keen and wise, sparkling with wit and overflowing with humor: a diplomat, cordial, genial and respected—the forger of one more link that binds two English-speaking nations together.

Lowell has left a lasting record, not only of peculiar and transcendent genius, but of character, pure, lofty ideal, the embodiment of the thought, culture and advancement of an age most modern, most progressive.

W. L. WATERS.

On account of lack of space we are unable to publish abstracts of all the Junior Parts. The following is the programme in full:

MUSIC	PRAYER	MUSIC
James Russell Lowell,		WILLIAM LEE WATERS
The Power of the Ideal,		MADGE SHIRLEY WILSON
The Apostle of Affliction,		ALBERT TURNER LANE
	MUSIC	
Radicalism and Moderation in Reform,		FREDOLFO OLIVER WELCH
Semblance and Reality,		CLARA BELLE TOZIER
A Glimpse at Education,		S. ROWLAND ROBINSON
The Florentine Defender,		ALICE MABEL BRAY
	MUSIC	
Voltaire,		JOSIAH COLBY BASSETT
Charles Lamb,		CARRIE MAY TRUE
Civil Service Reform,		JOHN HEDMAN

## Presentation Day.

June 25, 1894.

The class of '95 held their Presentation Day exercises on the campus on Monday afternoon. Music was furnished by Chandler's Band. The following is the programme:

1. Oration, ALBERT TURNER LANE  
Ideals of the American University.
2. Poem, LILA P. HARDEN  
Earnest and the Great Stone Face.
3. Gentlemen's History, REED VICTOR JEWETT
4. Poem, WILLIAM LEE WATERS  
Modernity.
5. Awarding of Prizes, THEODORE E. HARDY
6. Ladies History, EMMA FOUNTAIN
7. Presentation Address, JOHN FOSTER PHILBRICK

### CLASS ODE.

AIR:—The Miller's Song.

O glad day in the month of June,  
Last day of the Junior year,  
All nature sings one song to-day,  
One song to greet us here!  
The gay birds sing on the campus trees  
So glad to be alive,  
And the giddy earth spins round  
Singing of '95.

CHORUS:—U-li-i, u-li-i, u-li-,  
Singing of '95,  
U-li-i, u-li-i, u-li-i,  
Singing of '95.

Shine soft, shine bright, O June-day sun,  
On Alma Mater's halls!  
We love the dear, historic bricks  
That form her classic walls;  
We love her campus green and fair,  
With memories all alive,  
Shine, O sun, shine soft and clear,  
Singing of '95.

CHORUS:—U-li-i, u-li-i, u-li-i, &c.

Standing together, class-mates dear,  
In the remembered place  
Where many a class has stood before,  
We look from face to face,  
And by the years that wait before,  
The hopes for which we strive,  
We pledge each other once again,  
Singing of '95.

CHORUS:—U-li-i, u-li-i, u-li-i, &c.

## HISTORY OF '95.

History is a record of what men have done. The history of '95 is a record of what '95 has done. Feelings of doubt always precede the first steps in all undertakings of deep insignificance to one's future life; and, until the new duties become perfectly familiar, those feelings continue. Such were our feelings when we entered college. For the duties of a college student are various. Some require the highest mental powers; some demand the moral example of a superior; some even the discipline of a master.

Our first introduction into college life occurred on the first Wednesday of the fall term. We met the Sophomores, that day, on the diamond. The game gave a bright promise of what our future history in college would be.

The same term we won renown, which will last as long as this college exists, the renown of having first introduced and established football upon a firm basis at Colby. The victories, which were won that fall, must be placed to the credit of one man, the captain of the eleven, a '95 man. Unprecedented, as it was, it had been necessary for the college to turn to us, then Freshman, for a leader—a leader of such merit that for three successive years he has held the position as captain of the 'Varsity Eleven. As for the future history of football in Colby, it is safe. The control of the Eleven has been again intrusted to a '95 man.

The beginning is rightfully considered the hardest part of an undertaking. No one but he, who has himself finished a difficult task and experienced the satisfaction which arose at its completion, can appreciate our feelings when we had finished the beginning of our college course, our Freshman year. The feeling made itself evident in the customary traditional form,—an exit. Amid the eloquence of our orators, the predictions of our prophet and the cheers of us all, we took one more step up the ladder of life and became Sophomores at Colby University.

We came back the next fall determined to do our duty. As the first three days of the term did not give us sufficient time to become

acquainted with the Freshmen, we felt it as a duty resting upon us, to use the first Monday night of the term to make our relations more intimate by a cordial visit. Our visit was helpful to them. Our yell bewildered and terrified them some, as it was expressed in a language not yet introduced into the fitting schools; but our shouts of applause and approval, undoubtedly, encouraged them in their maiden efforts in oratory, music and gymnastics. We settled down to work for the rest of the year. A man comes to college to slowly lay for himself a foundation for his future labors to rest upon; to put himself into such a condition that success must eventually come. Upon such reasonings have we based our actions. We have worked to make of ourselves all around men fitted to do any task which may await us.

Men of '95, we have ever performed our duty.

When at the end of our Sophomore year, that class which we had so wisely guided and advised in its juvenile struggles, revolted; we checked their precocious ambition and taught them our last lesson, that canes can only be carried with dignity, by Sophomores and upper class men.

'93 field day was another illustration. There was a new feature introduced, something which was to be declared to be very exciting. And exciting it was! It was a tug of war between '95 and '96. We won; and somewhere in the archives of the college, there is a silver cup, destined, we believe, to show to future Colby students that '95 was as successful in her college struggles, as she, afterwards, was in the struggles of the world.

When we began the present year, our Junior year, we found ourselves greatly decreased in numbers. Of the thirty-five gentlemen and eighteen ladies who entered in the fall of '91, there were now left only twenty-three gentlemen and twelve ladies.

The past is inseparably bound to the present; and the traditions of the past have their due influence and must be regarded. If the traditional Junior ease is not still a reality, we can assure the college that it is not our fault. We have done our duty! The blame rests upon others.

As to our sister class, Colby '95 Ladies, our relations with them have been most cordial. Some of the dearest memories of college life, which we shall carry away with us when we graduate, are connected with and due only to our sister class.

The deeds of men live after them. Men of '95, some of our deeds will live long, long after we have graduated. Let us, then, in our final efforts in college life, continue in the way which we have so long followed, doing each duty as it rises. Then, as we take our places in the world, if the lives of other men can be taken as a means by which to judge the future of others, the continuing to perform every duty however small will cause us to be an honor to ourselves, to our class and to our college.

REED V. JEWETT.

#### EARNEST AND THE GREAT STONE FACE.

A story, friends, I wish to tell  
Tho' known, yet loved so very well  
'Twill bear repeating o'er and o'er  
For truth is hidden in its lore.

A quiet vale, hemmed in by rows  
Of lofty mountains, tipped with snows,  
And ice of winters past, stretched far  
Its fields and meadows; not a mar  
In all the beauty of this place.  
God's smile of love showed here its trace.  
Shut in from all the world of strife  
A happy people spent their life,  
Not caring they for great display  
But to nobler grow from day to day.  
Their lessons found they not in books  
But stored in lore of fields and brooks  
And Nature's grand phenomenon,  
The great stone face which shone upon  
This spot of earth, until 'twas thought  
Fertility its beams had brought.

In sight of all this fertile land  
On mountain slope, Nature's fair hand  
Together massive rocks had piled.  
When viewed afar, 'twas oft replied  
"They're features of a human face  
Some giant of Titanic race  
Hath carved his likeness there in stone.  
What smiles of kindly wishes seem  
About its mouth and eyes to beam!  
A happy lot indeed is cast  
To those whose lives must here be passed."

A legend, known to young and old,  
By Indian tribes had oft been told,  
How there would come some future day



A child who should great powers display.  
 And, when he stands past manhood's prime  
 The noblest person of his time  
 His countenance shall surely bear  
 The look of love the stone-face wears,  
 But weary many a one had grown,  
 No face such features yet had shown,  
 "An idle tale," 'twas thought to be,  
 "A face like this no one will see,"  
 But in *one* heart the hope was firm  
 Some day the truth each one shall learn.

Come now with me to a quiet home  
 Among the hills, not quite alone  
 For not far off the Stone's kind face  
 With smiles and glances filled the place.  
 Here lived a woman and her boy  
 Her greatest comfort, pride and joy.  
 Obedient in all his ways,  
 A happy time his childhood days.  
 His only teacher, the Great Stone Face  
 Had left his marks of love and grace,  
 And year by year, as he older grew,  
 His sympathies grew broader too,  
 So great and good that life became,  
 The people seek him not in vain,  
 For help and joy to weary hearts  
 His words of wisdom well impart,  
 A simple soul, yet far above  
 All other in the depths of love.

A rumor thrice as years went by  
 Had whispered round, the time was nigh  
 When prophecy, so long foretold,  
 Should be fulfilled, its truths unfold.  
 But thrice the people had been deceived,  
 Again the legend was unbelieved,  
 Yet *that face* looked calmly down  
 Without a sigh, without a frown.  
 And always said, with lips benign  
 "Fear not, Earnest, 'twill be sometime,  
 Lo! I've waited longer than thou  
 Be not weary, submissive bow."

Years passed, and time had done its work,  
 White locks about his forehead lurk;  
 And on his brow the wrinkles deep  
 Legends of wisdom seem to speak,  
 Unsought and undesired came  
 What many seek for, name and fame;  
 And to him came from far and near  
 To hear his words of love and cheer,  
 Professors, statesmen, many a band  
 Each welcomed was with friendly hand.

A custom, through these years arose,  
 Of meeting friends at evening's close  
 And speaking to them words of life  
 To help, and keep their lives from strife.  
 One summer eve, at the sunset hour  
 This preacher goes to a lovely bower  
 Among the hills and standing near

On a grassy mound, the people hear  
 His words of true benevolence  
 And watch that mild sweet countenance.

Above them, in the golden light  
 Of the setting sun, appears the face  
 Of stone, with its hoary mists; a trace  
 Much like the hair of snowy white  
 On Earnest's brow, a heavenly sight.  
 —A silence on the listening crowd  
 Fell like the shadow of a cloud.  
 When lo! a voice was heard to say,  
 "The prophecy's fulfilled today.  
 Behold his face, an image true  
 Of the Great Stone Face." In wonder too  
 The crowd looked and was satisfied,  
 But Earnest turned and gently sighed  
 "A wiser, better man than I  
 Will bear its image by and by."

Ah no, 'twas true the growth unsought  
 Toward his ideal had been wrought,  
 And from that day his mild face bears  
 The look of love the Stone Face wears.

LILA P. HARDEN.

Prizes were awarded by Theodore Hardy as follows:

S. A. H. O.,	Sentimental, awe-inspiring, heart-rending orator, Sea pebbles.	F. O. WELCH
J. J. R.	Joe Jefferson's Rival, Crown of Sophocles.	S. H. HANSON
O. C. K.	Our continual kicker, Copper-toed Boots.	H. T. RIGGS
C. L. S. B.	Concelted, loquacious, smart boy, A new face.	J. C. BASSETT
S. H. B.	Systematic heart breaker, A Potato Mashor	Miss M. S. WILSON
Ninty-Five's I. S.	Ideal Student, A Grater.	R. V. HOPKINS
Ninty-Seven,		Horn and Water Pail

#### PRESENTATION ODE: PUDICITIA,

AIR:—Lauriger Horatius.

Type of modesty so fair,  
 Noble Roman mother,  
 Rev'renced for her virtue rare,

Sacred as no other :—  
Colby her we bring to thee,  
As a fitting token,  
Pledge of filial loyalty  
That shall ne'er be broken.

Tho' in future years we roam,  
Thro' paths wide asunder,  
Back to our old college home,  
Oft our thoughts shall wander,  
Then we'll sing, in joyful praise,  
Thee, our pride and glory,  
Alma Mater, all our days,  
Theme of song and story.

As adown the days we glide,  
Still direct us ever.  
Thou hast been our shield and guide,  
Left us needy never.  
So to-day thy praise we sing  
With loyal, deep emotion,  
Gratefully our tribute bring,  
In sincere devotion.

## Class Day,

June 26, 1894.

The class of '94 held their Class Day exercises Thursday forenoon, at the Baptist Church. Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, W. T. Rowley. Music was furnished by Chandler's Band. The following is the programme:

Histories,

Gentlemen, JACOB KLEINHANS, JR  
Ladies, ELLINOR FRANCIS HUNT

Poem,

FRANK LESTER AMES

Address to Undergraduates,

ANNIE MAUD RICHARDSON

Oration,

VERNE MORTIMER WHITMAN

Prophecies,

Gentlemen, SAMUEL APPLETON BURLEIGH

Ladies, ANNIE ELIZABETH MERRILL

Address to Undergraduates,

WILLIAM LINCOLN JONES

Parting Address,!

ALBERT LITTLE BLANCHARD

## LADIES' HISTORY OF '94.

To give a complete history of Feminine '94 is utterly out of the question. No pen can do justice to the subject in hand.

It would take hours to relate the joys and sorrows, trials and tribulations which we as a class have passed through, especially were one

to portray the harrowing scenes enacted in our minds when debating whether or not we would be "set on by the boys." I shall be content therefore to give you a few incidents illustrative of the primitive Colby Co-ord.

Ours was the first twin class born of the new Regime. No sooner had it set foot on the campus then the sister twin was told on every hand how different it was from any other Colby girl. It was said that individually we smiled more than was fitting. This criticism may have been just, be that as it may, however a few of us continue to smile frequently to this day.

We began, during our first year, to establish precedents and as we have been recently told, are quite given to that sort of thing. Our first precedent was the freshman exit. Other girls may have had exits but never on the same plan as that of '94 and surely never before had any gone so far from home as Bradley's.

It was about five o'clock one fine June evening when a barge loaded with Co-ords drawn by four horses started for Bradley's amid cheers of '92 who gave us a good send off. When well outside the city we saw ahead of us one of our Professors wearily wending his way toward Winslow. A heated discussion arose as to whether or not we should stop and take him in. The ayes had it; but before we overtook the subject of our debate one of our member, out of consideration for the Professor, who was at that time a bachelor, countermanded the order which had already been given the driver to stop, and the Co-ord laden barge rolled on mid shouts of laughter leaving the Professor to trudge on behind, alone in his glory. I have often since wondered whether or not our worthy Professor had ever realized what an escape he had on that eventful night.

I suppose some of the male portion of our college will smile when I tell you that we really introduced hazing, though I must confess that we never accomplished much except with members of our own class.

I shall never forget the threatening tones of an enraged classmate as she bolted into my room one night and commanded me in accents wild to get out of bed and find the spring which

had mysteriously disappeared from her couch. Awaking from the sleep of the just I lay in fear and trembling expecting every moment to see the guardian of our household appear on the scene. The spring was restored in a surprisingly short space of time without calling in any foreign aid and peace at last reigned but not until my feelings had been deeply wounded by her severe crimination against me. Alas, why are the sins of the guilty so often laid at the door of the innocent.

During the second year we distinguished ourselves one day in the Rhetoric class. The recitation had taken the form of a trial in which one half of the class were arrayed as council for the state and the other half as council for the Respondent. If a certain member of '94 had ever before entertained any legal aspirations they were quickly dissipated when she was asked by the Professor in charge, on which side of the case she was arguing. However her troubled spirit was probably soothed by recollection of the familiar quotation "What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me."

After one year's experience with us the Faculty deemed it necessary to frame rules for our guidance, not because we needed rules of course, but because the boys had rules and if we were to be on the same footing with the boys we must have rules too. It is needless to say that they were never broken by '94. Some of us owe a note of thanks to our worthy Professor, who so kindly assisted us in keeping the ten o'clock rule.

One of our Professors tells us "De college am degenerating." We cannot agree with our sage Professor but rather pride ourselves that '94 as a whole is the best class that ever graduated from this Institution.

Our characteristics are marked and varied. We claim the greatest rusher and slowest Co-ord. in college. The latter heard when young that "Once a man hurried and died" I think she then and there resolved to become a victim to such a deadly habit.

If, as we were universally told at the Commencement of our course and as has been reiterated to this day by one of our Professors,

we are not like the old girls, we are now inclined to regard this fact not as a disparagement but rather as a compliment. Evolution takes no backward steps; if we are not like the old girls it must be because we excel them.

However the case may be, our mistakes have probably been many, so to our successors we would only say, "Look twice before you follow in our footsteps."

ELINOR F. HUNT.

#### ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATE MEN.

The college man is strongly conservative, clinging to old customs and ancient forms. But it is not merely as devotees of conventional usage that the classes of '94 pause for a moment before the footlights of college life, ere the curtain falls on the last act of the drama. No, not this, but because we hold a peculiarly favorable position to view the world, the collegeman, and college life, as they are.

A glance reveals the fact that some of the less observed influences of college environment are of first rate importance. One of the most important of these is the democratic spirit that prevades college life, and it is for this reason that the college offers such favorable opportunities for laying the foundation of intelligent citizenship. These favorable conditions here should aid the student to grasp the fundamental truths of the present, and unlock the mysteries of the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

(College life is more than the mere class room work also, for without the socialties, the lasting friendships, it would be a mere intellectual skeleton, a lifeless fossil. And when we call a college training a capital stock from which the students may draw in after life, we include the flavor of friendship as well as the grasp of scholarship, a grasp made firm by the higher grade of attainment to-day.

This grasp is further aided by the more prominent place given to independent thought and we should rejoice that the age of "parrot" work is more and more passing away. With the rough hewn rocks of culture polished by his own independent thought, the student can say with

pardonable pride of the intellectual structure he has reared "This is mine."

While genius is that great power before which we stand in mute astonishment, yet it is such a rare combination that it need hardly be taken into account. But energy is the lever that has moved the world. This it is that gathers up the powers of the student and hurls them upon the critical point. For the energetic student does his best on every important occasion, and even if he does not then win, he has yet laid one of the foundation stones of a future victory.

But the student should seek, above all else, to gain a knowledge of himself, to unchain that mysterious something he calls "I." And he who learns this is the skilled intellectual artisan. He has gained the grasp. He can wield the weapon. He can force success. For he is not a mere sack filled with relics of a four years intellectual excursion, but a machine ready for the work of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such is the picture '94 attempts to sketch to day as it stands, after its course, in the open portal facing the limitless future. We have confidence in the classes that are to follow us. We yield gracefully the emblems of seniority to the class that is to follow us, and trust it will carry, with greater honor, the standard they now receive.

Colby is on a firm foundation to day with a strong executive head. What honors her, honors us. What honors us, honors her. Her future is largely what we help to make it. And, as we leave the past behind, let us grasp the present with a raidance glowing with success and mellowed by prosperity. May the tide of brilliant scholars that she sends forth become greater with the increasing years. And may it become a prouder and prouder boast for the alumnes to proclaim "I am a graduate of Colby University!"

WILLIAM LINCOLN JONES.

## ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN.

Members of the Women's College of Colby:

In the busy rush of obtaining a higher educa-

tion, have you all stopped to think just *why* you are living? Have you all stopped to think that you are a part, and a *very important part*, of a great whole planned by God?

"Opening the map of God's extensive plan,  
We find a little isle, this life of man!  
Eternity's unknown expanse appears  
Circling around and limiting his years."

The research of scientists has shown us that our earth with all its life forms, has developed systematically, according to a wonderful, super-human plan.

At the least of all life forms stands man, the "spokesman and priest for nature." God has given man a soul which can triumph over all evil, and then perfect the great plan.

Every one is to develop his higher nature, and surely we can expect a higher development from a college educated person.

We want the Colby women to be among the first in the world in nobility and strength of character, and whether or not they shall be dear Colby girls, rests with you.

Colby has sent out into the world many noble, loyal daughters, and surely if you do your part, she shall send forth as many more, as noble, and as loyal.

There is just as good material among you to-day as there has ever been in Colby. There are just as noble women, but you must put forth as much effort as your predecessors, or you will fall behind. No-one of you can hope to approach the ideal perfection of womanhood, until you have become conscious of your responsibility in the great work of helping to perfect human nature. And what a beautiful thing it is to realize that we are a part of God's great plan; that we do live for a purpose, an eternal purpose; that each one of us is just as essential to the perfection of this plan as the rose petal is to the perfect symmetry of the rose.

\* \* \* \* \*

My last word to you Colby women, is this. Have a fixed purpose in every thing you do. You are working here to fit yourselves for a grander, more extended sphere of labor in the years to come, and this fact should spur you on to faithful earnest work. But don't forget that tight here in college you have a work to do.

The earnest, active person sees on every hand opportunities for helping on his fellows. You by quick sympathies, modest demeanor and earnest hearts can from this moment do your share in Gods great plan.

ANNIE MAUDE RICHARDSON.

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2.45 a. m., for Bangor, daily, including Sundays, and for B & A R R., via Oldtown, Bucksport, Ellsworth, Bar Harbor, Aroostook County, St. Stephen and St. John every day, except Sundays.

5.30 a. m., for Skowhegan, daily, except Mondays, (mixed).

6.00 a. m., for Belfast, Dover and Foxcroft, Bangor, and for Moosehead Lake via Dexter.

7.15 a. m., for Belfast and Bangor (mixed)

10.00 a. m., for Bangor, Sundays only.

10.20 a. m., for Skowhegan,

4.30 p. m., for Dover and Foxcroft, Moosehead Lake, via Dexter, Bangor, Bucksport, Aroostook County, St. Stephen and St. John and daily including Sundays to Bangor and St. John. 4.32 p. m., for Fairfield and Skowhegan.

### —GOING WEST—

5.15 a. m., for Bath, Rockland, Portland and Boston, (mixed to Augusta).

8.20 a. m., for Oakland.

9.25 a. m., for Bingham, North Anson, Farmington, Phillips, Rangley, Mechanic's Falls and Rumford Falls, daily, except Sundays, and for Augusta, Lewiston, Portland and Boston, with Parlor Car for Boston, every day, including Sundays.

2.30 p. m., for Bath, Portland, and Boston, via Augusta.

2.50 p. m., for Oakland, Lewiston, Mechanic's Falls, Portland and Boston, via Lewiston.

8.18 p. m., Bangor and Bar Harbor. Express for Portland and Boston with parlor car for Boston.

4.30 p. m., for Oakland, Bingham and North Anson.

10.08 p. m., for Lewiston and Bath, Portland and Boston, via Augusta, with Pullman Sleeping Car, daily including Sundays.

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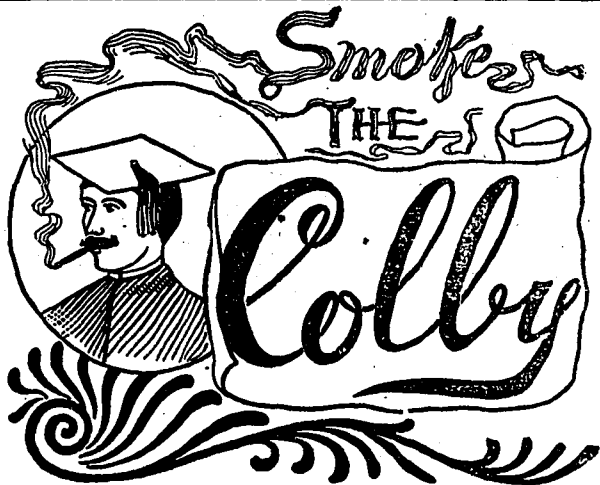
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