The Colby Echo.

VOL. XXI. WATERVILLE, MAINE, JULY 1, 1896. NO. 3.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Chief.

C. H. WHITMAN, '97.

Assistant Chief.

MISS EDITH B. HANSON, '97.

Department Staff.

T. R. PIERCE, '98, *Bill Board*
MISS E. S. NELSON, '97, *Personals and Bill Board*
F. A. ROBINSON, '98, *Athletics*
MISS LENORA BESSEY, '98, *Alumnæ and Y. W. C. A*
I. F. INGRAHAM, '98, *Exchanges*
N. K. FULLER, '98, *Alumni*
J. L. DYER, '98, *Personals*

Business Manager.

W. A. HARTHORNE, '97.

Treasurer.

C. L. SNOW, '97

TERMS.—$1.50 per year. Single copies 12 cents.

THE ECHO will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinuance is ordered, and arrears paid.

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

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

Any subscriber not receiving THE ECHO regularly will notify the Managing Editor.

Printed at The Mail Office, Waterville, Maine.

Senior Parts, July 1, 1896.

THE ADAM OF ENGLISH POETRY.

We are all like children, ever taken up with something new. Our old blocks are thrown into a corner at sight of a new tin soldier, and the tin soldier is left to die on the battle-field when a Noah's Ark comes on to our horizon. Science and invention are spoiling us. They have heaped luxuries upon us; they have made us believe that if we looked backward we should become pillars of salt.

We may be pardoned if we have reverently laid away the spinning-wheel, and banished the trundle-bed to the garret; but the times are out of joint, if the things that never take rust are cast aside for gilded tinsels. For the sake of modern ideas and modern ease, men are making beggars of their minds, and the nineteenth century has no King Cophetua to rescue them. We are content in this present decade to swing idly in our hammocks with the latest novel in our hands, while floating by us on the waters of Lethe goes the literature of the past, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

I want to take you out of this modern world, to-day, far back into the beginning of things. I want to bring before you a man who in those "dark and untaught times began to tame the rudeness of his native land," the man whom English-

speaking people call father—Geoffrey Chaucer.

Chaucer is known as the poet of Nature, as one who glorified her. It is like living under the open sky to read him. Take the bright May morning, or the rarest day in June, and a look on his page, or a look at Nature is the same. From both there comes the murmur of wind-stirred leaves, the balmy breath of pines, the twitter of birds, the drink of cold water from the spring, the busy hum of bees, the flutter of butterflies. His songs of Nature steal away all sharpness from life.

But the poet strikes a deeper chord in the human heart in his paintings of portraits. To read him is to step out into the world of red-blooded men and women. Here is the whole panorama of life. Here is the comedy, there the tragedy. Here is love, mercy, faith, and patience living in men and women; there in sharp and bitter contrast, are the evil passions which destroy the Edens of this world. Chaucer is the poet of the nineteenth century no less than he was the poet of the thirteenth.

And just here I cannot refrain from speaking of Chaucer's women because I know of no poet who has so dignified and beautiful a conception of woman. He sings not of one woman, but of womanhood. And wherever upon this earth a sweet girl is unselfishly caring for an aged father; wherever a maiden for the passion of her life is receiving the crown of sorrow; wherever a young wife is living faithful to a faithless husband; wherever a mother is biting back the tears that fall upon her dead child's face; wherever all women are loyal and loving, strong and heroic, let them know that in olden times there lived a poet, who gently touched the delicate springs of a woman's heart, learned how it throbbed and ached, and has become for all time her sympathetic friend.

Chaucer's view of life is sound and cheerful. He took for his fellow-travelers on that famous pilgrimage to Canterbury, not lords and ladies from court and castle, but men and women from the farm and shop. His heart went out for the burdened Israelites of this world, toiling with their bricks and straw, and he made their Pharaoh seem less a Pharaoh. Never did blacker clouds gather around man's life than those which hung over his last days, but he still looked for blue sky and smiled as he sang, "Next the dark night is the glad morrow."

We may think of Chaucer not as the mightiest of poets but as the man who sent the first clear notes ringing through the Druid groves of old England. He is unique in this respect, there can be but one morning to usher in the full day of English poetry and he is that morning. He has led us out into green fields and pastures new; breezes blown from the far past kiss our foreheads; daisies spring from barren ground; sunshine enters gloomy hearts, and God comes near the God whom Chaucer says can bring His grace "even unto a litel oxen stalle."

Lowell tells us of the shepherd of King Admetus, who lived a thousand years ago. Chaucer is like that shepherd. He has stretched chords upon an empty tortoise shell, and drawn forth music that has made men's bosoms swell and brimmed men's eyes with dew. He, like the shepherd, has mused upon the common flower and leaf, and to-day earth seems "more sweet to live upon, more full of love because of him."

—Olive L. Robbins.

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY.

Sixty-four years ago there was graduated from our college a man whose name history is beginning to write among the names of the nation's greatest heroes. In life, he was reviled and persecuted; in death, his body was jeered at and insulted. Only a rude slab was set up to mark his lonely resting place. But to-day the sons of those who slew him are rearing over his grave one of the most imposing monuments in the land, and throughout the nation linked to the fadeless memories of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln is the memory of Elijah P. Lovejoy.

After graduating he went to Missouri and became an editor. That was in the darkest period of American history. The South was ruling the land; she claimed the negro by divine right; the North yielded to her claim. The northern press had been muzzled, the northern voice well nigh silenced. John Quincy Adams had been hissed in the halls of Congress; William Lloyd Garrison had been dragged, with a rope about his neck, through the streets of Boston.

Such were the times that few dared oppose slavery. There were, however, an heroic few; one of the bravest was Lovejoy. His was the warfare not of a fanatic, but of a Christian, a philanthropist, a man. The hatred of the south, the ridicule of the north he feared not. Obloquy and insult were heaped upon him, persecution and suffering followed him; but he remained true to his convictions. At length he was commanded to be silent. "As long as I am an American citizen" he replied, "I shall hold myself to speak, to write, and to publish whatever I please; being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

From that moment his life was in danger. His printing office was broken into and his property destroyed. At last he was driven from the city, but his voice had not been silenced. At Alton, Ill., he continued his warfare, but in that free state, three times was the mob allowed to break into his printing office, three presses they threw into the river. In such trials other men would have given up in despair, but not Lovejoy. Though friendless and alone the fury of the mob, the threats of tar and feathers and of assassination could not silence him. He had seen every human instinct trampled upon in the name of slavery. He had seen defenceless negro women whipped to death by southern gentlemen; he had seen negroes burned at the stake in the streets of his adopted city, and he could not be silenced.

At a public meeting, with the tears streaming down his cheeks he gives utterance to words worthy of immortality. "I know you can tar and feather me, hang me up or throw me into the Mississippi, but what then? I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery and by the blessing of God I will never go back. If the civil authorities refuse to protect me, I must look to God; and if I die, I am determined to make my grave in Alton."

Where can be found in all history a nobler example of heroism and bravery. Some have likened him to Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms; but part of the nobility of Germany supported Luther. Others have likened him to Paul before Festus; but Paul was a Roman citizen and imperial Rome protected her subjects. This man stood alone; his country refused to protect him.

At last death, threatened for so long, came. With a few sympathizers he was

guarding a new press stored in a warehouse. A mob surrounded the building and set it on fire. As the flames rose, Lovejoy opened the door and stepped out in full view. In an instant his body was riddled with bullets, and he fell at the feet of his comrades, dead.

Elijah P. Lovejoy was dead. His last editorial against slavery had been written; his last appeal had been made. The battle was ended and slavery was triumphant. A resolution was offered to the Illinois legislature assuring the South that the people of Illinois had no sympathy with the fanatic who had perished at Alton. Only one man in that assembly, a young lawyer from the country, dared oppose that resolution. Thirty years later that man was President of the United States and signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

But the triumph of slavery was short. In life Lovejoy wrote with but one pen, spoke with but one tongue. In death he wrote with a thousand pens, spoke with a thousand tongues. His words reached the remotest corner of the land, then around the entire nation. One man had died, thousands had been born. The bullet that pierced the heart of Lovejoy struck death, to the institution of slavery. What he had longed to do in life he had accomplished a thousand fold in death.

For half a century he has slept in his lonely grave. The slave whom he loved and pitied has been gained; the resting place to which his lifeless form was borne through the jeers and hisses of the triumphant mob has become historic. With patriotic pride we point to the marble slab in our memorial hall and to the names of our country's defenders written there; let us turn to the West and point with pride and reverence to the towering shaft on the banks of the Mississippi and to the name written there—Lovejoy, the first great apostle of American freedom.

—H. WARREN FOSS.

THE "LITTLE ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS."

American civilization has been so hastily woven and is made up of such tangled threads that it is perhaps not to be wondered at that with all our flaunting patriotism we are not yet very well able to give a good account of what has made us what we are, or of our present reason for being. Washington seems rather a demigod than a man, and our awe and respect for our revered Puritan fathers is tempered by very little conception of what their "Little Israel in the Wilderness," as they called it, really meant.

Separated by a wide and little traveled ocean from all their well-known landmarks, secluded from almost all companship except their own and that of the uncongenial and often hostile savages, driven, moreover, to this voluntary isolation by strength of religious principle and persecution, the early settlers of New England were bound to develop a society at once narrow and intense, a society marked by a sum of characteristics, the precise counterpart of which has been seen at no other time in the history of the world.

Our fathers sought not only to be masters of their passions but to cast these lowborn minions out of their households altogether, as unworthy of true-blooded spirituality. In short they were as real ascetics as any hermits of the middle ages, but these latter-day enthusiasts lashed their souls instead of their bodies. They shut themselves up in cells of morbidness and told the beads of doctrine. They fasted

from pleasures, and kept stern vigils in their souls. They said "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" with all the rigor of the old Mosaic law. But after all it was but flesh that was run into the Puritan mould. Enthusiasm too often became affectation; righteousness, vain glory. The whole state of affairs was artificial, unnatural, a garment that had never fitted human nature and was now worn out.

America to-day is confronted by a very different foe from stringent dogmatism. We are in a chaos of modern forces with our future to make or mar. It is now that the Republic needs whatever unyielding strength of principle and uncompromising purity of motive the blood of our New England fore fathers can inspire, in order that our young country may be like the maiden knight, whose "strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

But while we take with us the strength of the past, let us not deify its weakness. There is too strong a tendency to-day to look upon the poverty of old New England life as a lost Zion, instead of naming it what it really was, an exaggerated reaction against sensuous indulgence, a contraction of the image of God in man. Let us believe that there is before us a wider and a nobler future than our fathers could have understood or utilized. Let us look with reverence on their virtues, with pity on their mistakes. For our sins let us be sorry, but not for our wider knowledge and our fuller life.

—Florence Elizabeth Dunn.

TENNYSON AS A TEACHER.

Life is a school, and every wise man is an earnest and conscientious student through all his days. The triteness of this statement and the readiness with which we admit its truth, increase the danger that we shall neglect its practical application and forget its great importance.

To the thoughtful student, the future appears as a maze of unexplored vistas, varying in color and perspective but all suggestive and attractive. He will need to study the world of real life in the present and the world of the past as it is revealed in books. A large circle of acquaintances, a few intimate friends, this rule so unvarying in real life, should have its exact counterpart in the world of books. It is my purpose to indicate some reasons why the poet Tennyson is deserving of the closest confidence and the deepest affection of the student. I wish to recommend him as a teacher in the school of life.

Tennyson learned the technique of his art from the close study of many masters. He heard the song of each, he caught their charm ; he made the secret of their art his own possession. The romantic chivalry of Scott, the passion of Byron, the simplicity of Wordsworth, the exquisite imagery of Shelley, the riotous imagination of Keats, unite to form one rare bud, which, warmed by the clear sunlight of Tennyson's own genius, bursts into the "perfect flower of English poetry."

When we learn that Tennyson has treated every species of poetic composition and when from first to last, from simple song to lofty epic, we find that in addition to perfect harmony of subject and expression, there is never any departure from the beautiful, the ideal, the grand, then only do we fully recognize the greatness of his genius, the supremacy of his art.

This is Tennyson's first lesson; he teaches us to recognize and love the beautiful in nature and in man, he elevates and refines our tastes, he opens a new world before our wondering eyes, he bids us go

in and possess the land.

Tennyson is not a poet of the people in any such sense as was Walt Whitman and for this the literary world has reason to be glad. He is not another Goldsmith, singing by the roadside, earning his bread by the music of his harp. Unlike Burns, living in poverty, himself a part of the scenes he so beautifully describes, Tennyson did not sit in familiar converse before the simple hearth of the Cotter's home.

Beautiful, sweet and clear as is the music of these bards, Tennyson strikes a note which they can never reach. It is his god-given, god-like task to sing songs of cheer and hopefulness, to call men from the low plain of dull sense and sordid existence to a place beside himself upon the heights. He inspires a world-wide sympathy and a helpful spirit.

Louder, grander than this humanitarian note is the triumphant chord which marks Tennyson's victory over spiritual foes. Tennyson bids us trust in God. His is the clearest, sweetest, strongest voice that ever combatted an age of scepticism. He has a fellow-feeling for every honest doubter, with *us* he goes into the struggle, with *us* he fights his way along and when at last the battle is over, together we can wave the palm of victory. No superficial observer, Tennyson lived and wrought with Tyndall and with Huxley; he knew every scientific doubt, he solved every religious problem, we can depend upon his judgment.

The serenity which is Browning's birthright is not so easily gained by Tennyson; he fights with foes that Browning does not need to face; he descends to depths that Browning did not try to fathom but at last he "beats his music out." Despite his greater struggle Tennyson's last song is as clear, sweet and grand as that of Browning.

"Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea.

* * * * * * * *

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crossed the bar."

To have Tennyson as a teacher in the school of life is to learn a three-fold lesson, an appreciation of the beautiful, a thoughtful, helpful interest in the world of life and action, a trust in God which is as the "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

—FRED W. PEAKES, '96.

THE POETRY OF THE INDIANS.

Poetry has all too little been associated with the Indian. It seems utterly out of keeping with his rude and savage nature. Yet it is known that the first literary instinct of a primitive race finds expression in song and verse. Without inquiry, we have harbored the thought that the Indian, who was once the noblest type of savagery in existence lacks not only the songs but even the instinct.

Evidences that Indians did possess a poetic nature can be found in abundance, if we will only take notice of them. "Messalonskee," "Kennebec," "Katahdin," ring with music which can never be forgotten. The meaning of his names indicates a power which discerned and recognized the loveliness of nature, and pictured this loveliness in the names given it, "Thundering Waters" was "Niagara," "Laughing Water" was "Minnehaha," "Rolling Prairies" was "Iowa." In the placid mirror of "Winne-

pesogee" was reflected the "Smile of the Great Spirit."

Around these beauteous scenes of nature in mystic wreaths were woven those legends which point to a strong, creative faculty. Perhaps it was the Indians love for his legends more than all else that gave him his remarkable ability for vivid expression. The fame of the Indians in oratory is widely known.

The beauty of their language, the creative fancy of their legends, their power in using both, indicate only faint glimmerings of the poetic instinct in the Indian mind. Henry Schoolcraft in his researches among the Indians, has revealed the startling fact that there actually existed poems and songs among these wild and uncultured people. Musical and imaginative are the creations of the Indian mind.

Perhaps no poem in his collection shows more beauty than the war cry of the Sioux:

> "The eagles scream on high,
> They whet their forked beaks,
> Raise, raise the warrior cry,
> T'is fame our leader seeks."

The birds were to the Indians messengers from on high who knew the destiny of good or evil.

> "Come ye with messages sent from on high,
> Warnings of what the wild heaven shall pour;
> Whirlwinds, tornadoes, or pestilence nigh,
> Wailing starvation or death on our shore."

The unseen Spirit received warm affection from the Indian. He longed to please this Great Spirit and his longing voiced a prayer.

> "Ever let piety
> Be the rule of our lives,
> The Great Spirit alone,
> Alone let us love.
> All evil living of mankind,
> All, let us all forsake."

In this beautiful little verse the Indian strove to express what appealed to him as right living.

These are the productions of a race which has been considered too brutish in nature to utter more than detached fragments of sentences. Are these passages incoherent? The sound of true poetry rings in every line and chimes in every word. Whatever may be the Indian's destiny, may his poetry be cherished as one indication that his savage mind possessed some gems of civilization.

—MARTHA C. MESERVE.

THE MISSION OF POETRY.

We never drop our mathematics; it is life's universal study. We never drop it because there is a problem which we are always trying to solve, the problem how to get the most out of life. Our deeds and thoughts and feelings are the figures with which we work, for—

> "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 the most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

We are solving life's problem if we are learning how to think the most, to feel the noblest, to act the best. We should make use of whatever helps us to learn these things; so we should use religion and so we should use art; of all the arts probably poetry helps us the most.

Let us see how poetry helps us. Most people conceive of life more narrowly than they should; too many rate it largely by the dollars they earn or the goods they possess. Yet life has a greater destiny than the hoarding of wealth. There is a grandness and a worth in living which we should always desire. Something, how-

ever, is needed to keep them before us; we need something that will help us to see how excellent and sound and true is life; something that will give interest and dignity to the common-place; something that will enlarge us and make our lives rich. Poetry can do this for us.

The majority of people feel that there is a divorce between poetry and plain fact. True poetry, however, cannot be out of touch with life; on the contrary that is the best poetry which is most broadly human. Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, "he was not of an age, but for all time;" therein lay the greatness of Shakespeare. Poetry interprets life for us and so helps us to realize ourselves.

In four ways poetry enlarges us; it delights us, it consoles us, it forms us, it sustains us.

Whatever delights us, enlarges us, because we are meant to be happy, and to see the beautiful phases of life; we are living more grandly for it.

Books of poems are an over-flowing fountain of delight. They lay the world of nature at our feet. We are little children always, and we love the magic art. No painter can play the magician like the poet. He waves his magic wand before our eyes, and our windows widen and our study walls vanish and there spread before us the green fields, the tossing ocean, the rugged mountains. We hear

> "The songs of birds
> The whispering of the leaves,
> The voice of waters."

Yet it is not these things in themselves that delight us, but our delight arises rather from the fact that the poet charges a mountain, a rose, a waterfull, with human feeling, the mountain and the waterfall with strength, and the flower with tenderness.

Through reading poetry, a new significance is given to everything that we see. A friend who travels told me once that if it had not been for Shelley, a company of hooded monks, wending their way along a lonely mountain path, bearing a dead brother upon a bier to his last resting-place among the hills, as the evening sun was sinking, would have seemed nothing more to him than a funeral procession.

Poetry reveals men and women as well as nature, and the study of men and women must always afford us the keenest pleasure.

Consolation is an important factor in enlarging us and in helping us to reach our best attainment, because it keeps a life even; it is life's regulator.

Poetry consoles us because it understands all our varying moods; it offers the deliciousness of perfect sympathy. For the lover of poetry, the evening fireside is never deserted, nor are the rainy days ever sad. Poetry gives a friend, who will suit his words to the varying mood of his hearer, and who will always sympathize with him. It tells the sweet melancholy story of the long-vanished days, or it paints the future bright with hope, the glory of the dawn, or the glory of the sunset.

Poetry puts in beautiful and enduring form the feelings which are common to us and which we long to have expressed. Shakespeare was not the first man to whom the contemplation of death suggested the consoling thought—"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;" yet Shakespeare crystallized the thought, and put it in tangible form, and generations of men and women have been consoled by it.

Poetry may be a powerful influence in forming our lives. It fixes the habit of demanding from life the very best that it

affords, and helps us to win this. It gives a man a grand inspiration. The key to many a life may be found in a single verse of poetry. Those fine words of Browning—"God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world," have moulded the life of one of the most successful workers that I ever knew.

Most young men think of the approach of old age with dread; it is because we associate old age and decay together; they are not the necessary attendants of one another, however; man need never be old in spirit. Many men lose their grasp on men and affairs, because they spend their power without receiving any fresh supply. There is a fountain of youth, and poetry is one of the streams that is fed by it. The man who has his Milton or Tennyson at hand is wiser than the old Spaniard. Poetry can make the warm blood of youth flow in the old man's veins. An elderly gentleman with whom I am acquainted grows younger every day because he has learned to go to Browning for strength. Poetry sustains us because it keeps us close to the great heart of humanity.

In these four ways poetry helps us to live higher lives and so helps us to solve life's problem. This, then, is the mission of poetry—to help us to solve life's problem.

FRED M. PADELFORD.

EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

One of the saddest pages in the history of the world is the story of the fall of Ireland. For centuries the arts and sciences flourished on the Emerald Isle. Happiness and Prosperity dwelt in the land. To the plain honest people their country was their altar; their homes sacred shrines. Then came dreadful and devastating War. For many a year, Fire and the Sword stalked through the rich fields. Justice was driven from the courts. Old men and children were murdered, women violated, husbands torn from their wives. The beautiful Island was left desolate, her homes in ruins, her people in chains. No stone was left unturned that would help to bring whatever of the spirit of freedom was left in the sons of Erin. The most effective tool was religion. What should have bound these forsaken people, broke them. The English leaders saw in the jealousies existing between the Protestants and Catholics of France a most awful weapon. They swung it with all its force. It fell on the heads of the Catholics in the form of laws unequalled for injustice and inhumanity. No Catholic could possess arms for his own defense. No Catholic could practice law, vote at elections or sit in Parliament.

Born in the midst of such times, Robt. Emmet felt deeply the down-trodden condition of his country. Her noble patriots on their knees had vainly implored Parliament for pity and aid. But one other course remained—an insurrection. Emmet knew full well how unsuccessful previous insurrections had been. Fresh in his mind was the memory of the horrors of 1798, the blood-shed, the burnings, the outrageous atrocities. But he felt himself urged on—called by God to make one last stand in defence of Liberty. He saw the ruin that religious feeling was making and believed that if both Protestants and Catholics could only be united in one body under one head, Ireland might yet be freed. The bare possibility of liberating his country roused all the enthusiasm of his nature.

Long and patiently the noble Irishman worked to unite his people. His failures and discouragements were many, his successes few. Still he was not dismayed. The more he found to do, the harder he

worked. Slowly the hopes of the people were raised. The bitter religious feeling died away. Once more this forlorn people talked of Liberty.

The 23rd of July, 1803, was finally appointed as the day for a general uprising over all Ireland. Emmet had prepared munitions of war at Dublin and leaders in all the different counties had promised to bring their men there. Emmet confidently believed that thousands of his countrymen would assemble on the appointed day. The day came. But it brought no thousands. Only a few hundred men gathered about their young leader as he sallied forth from his arsenal. At the first encounter with the troops, Emmet saw that his insurrection was a failure. His men stood their ground for a short time and then terrified and distracted, fled.

Poor Emmet! Only an hour ago, a leader confident of success; now, a fugitive, realizing too deeply his utter failure. He had done everything in his power to make the insurrection successful, and he had failed. At the last moment, even his own fellow-countrymen in whom he trusted implicitly had failed him. Their courage had forsaken them as they thought of the English gallows and prison. Emmet had relied on their promises. Blinded by the vision of Ireland free, he forgot that his countrymen were rough, untrained, and ignorant; forgot the power of England. So Emmet's Insurrection failed, and Ireland was left even more wretched than before.

Instead of fleeing the country as he might easily have done, Emmet stood by his friends, determined to suffer what they suffered. A few days later he was discovered, arrested and thrown into prison.

In September of the same year, he was tried on an indictment for high treason. He pleaded "not guilty" to the charge, yet attempted no defence for he knew that loyalty to Ireland was in the eyes of Englishmen treason. The jury returned a verdict of "guilty" without leaving their seats.

The morning of the execution came. As was his custom, Emmet knelt and prayed to that One who had seen all, and who alone could judge him aright, and then announced that he was ready. As he passed out of his cell, the turnkey who had been his special attendant stood by the door weeping bitterly. As Emmet kissed him, for his hands were bound, the rough jailer, accustomed through many a dark year to death in all its forms, fell senseless to the floor, while the young patriot with firm step, passed on to his death.

—RICHARD COLLINS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Fifteen years ago, a party of fifteen artists were encamped on the banks of the Seine. In a friendly discussion the question arose as to which one of them could best be spared by the world at large. A secret ballot was taken; fifteen votes were found to have been cast for Robert Louis Stevenson.

When, however, the time came for the world to give him up, there seemed to be another view of the case, a unanimous decision that we could not spare him. He had led us in through the ivory gate and shown us things the eye had not seen. Living on the enthusiasm of his art, he had beaten back death time after time, and only succumbed when he had graven his name on the altar of Fame; imperishable.

When a child, Stevenson was always ill; it is one of the marvels of his life that all its wealth, all its immensity of brilliant

achievement, has been accomplished in spite of a continuous struggle for existence.

At the age of twenty-one, he published his first story. Then his enemy for life, consumption, put in appearance, and the young man was completely invalided. The same year he published his second work entitled "Ordered South." Of this last work, Stevenson says: "It took me nearly three months to write it. Nobody ever had such pains to learn a trade as I had, but I slogged at it, day in and day out; and I frankly believe—thanks to my dire industry—I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world."

Stevenson was thirty-one, however, when his first novel was completed. It was "Treasure Island," and it made him famous. Begun at Bralmar in the Scotch Highlands, it was finished in Davos, Switzerland, the whole accomplished in two "spurts" of fifteen days each,—his quickest piece of work.

During the fourteen years of his life which remained, he wandered about the world in search of air that could be breathed into his infinitely delicate lungs, and produced, en route, a dozen or fifteen volumes. The most notable of these is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." We have all read it. We all know the noble Dr. Jekyll, honor typified; watch him take the direful drug and become Mr. Hyde, loathsome, foul, the personification of all that is mean and low. With the author, we turn the man inside out, then shudder at his revelations and wonder at his deep psychological reasoning.

Of all rule and convention, Stevenson was the sworn foe. Beauty charmed him only when growing wild. Cultivated virtue meant nothing to him. He was as incapable of complying with any fixed rule, as a Hottentot or a North American Indian.

The ultra fashionable crust of society was to him as the red rag is to the bull. He loved to burrow lower into the stratum where there was no odor of middle-class respectability, into the companionship of the hurried and hustled emigrant, into the companionship of primitive and savage people.

It is a pleasure to look behind the bare outlines of Stevenson's life and see Stevenson the artist. "For such he was," says the author of the "Stickit Minister," with all the sensitiveness, the quick sympathy, the finesse, the luxuriant imagination and necessity of expression which that divine word can imply."

Stevenson was not a man who degraded literature by trickery of any sort. He never confounded his work and his medium. He never devoted chapters to the description and admiration of a model's foot. He did not tire his readers with the diagnoses of prevalent mental diseases, but he told a real ringing, swinging, thrilling tale, that lifted you out of your every day surroundings and placed you on the pinnacle his imagination had been building for you.

A rare genins has been taken from us. This bright-eyed rover, loving the world for the pleasure it gave him, loved for the pleasure he gave the world. He rests upon the summit of a high mountain, whose beauty and grandeur he had loved to look upon. And the quality of the man came home to us with stronger force when we read of the sorrowing natives and their funeral offerings. Through forest and brush, forty natives, whose spirits were crushed, but whose love was unquenchable, with zeal that never lagged, cut the way to

the high tomb and to it bore their Tursitala, their "Story-teller," now forever silent.

—Hascall Shailer Hall.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

The greatness of any nation or any period is in its ultimate analysis nothing more than the greatness of the men and women who compose the nation and who make the history of the period. We may therefore leave to the philosophical historians to analyze the causes that make the age of Elizabeth the most brilliant period in English history. Such causes are only the conditions which enable the talents of men to be developed and exercised.

The men whose names are linked with Elizabeth's were cast in a heroic mold, and the Queen herself was a fitting central figure for the mighty circle. As a woman, vain, coquettish, tyrannical, often coarse, she commands neither love nor admiration. But as a monarch she was magnificent. Of commanding intellectual power, dauntless courage and rare political sagacity, she surrounded herself with a circle of the greatest and ablest men England has ever produced, without being dwarfed into insignificance or even overshadowed in greatness. She was the dominant figure of her age, and it was her own character that she stamped upon it; bold, hardy and adventurous, energetic, progressive, intellectual, full-chested, stout-hearted, broad-minded.

But if Elizabeth was a great queen she was not without great men to serve her. Certainly no premier's policy was ever more successful, no measures ever more justified by their fruits, than those of that stout old British lion, Lord Burleigh, whose private life was as frugal and stainless as his public services were honorable and successful.

The greatest ornament of Elizabeth's court, and the most poetic figure, was the man whom posterity has named "the flower of English chivalry." Sir Philip Sidney's life and character were a finer representation of the perfect gentleman than his own famous definition—"high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." But perhaps the brightest star in that brilliant constellation was Sir Walter Raleigh. No more dazzling figure ever shone at any court; yet with all his genius, he left little to the world beyond the glitter of a great name.

In striking contrast with these chivalrous spirits was Sir Francis Bacon. Wise, lofty and serene as a writer, cold and unscrupulous as a man, he had the fortune to possess one of the largest intellects and one of the smallest hearts that history acquaints us with.

But there was one man whose experience of court life was not like Raleigh's or Bacon's and who found but little comfort in its splendor and finery. Poor Spenser, posterity has given him a reward more to be coveted than the modest pension that unromantic old Burleigh denied him.

But all the successes of the age were not won at court. It was in the days of Elizabeth that the bold sailors of England first earned her the proud title of Mistress of the Seas. Drake, Hawkins, Greenville, Howard and Raleigh, too, all had a hand in laying the foundation on which England's naval supremacy has been built.

But while all this was going on, there lived in the same England a group of men whose legacy to the world was more precious than Spanish gold, and the walls of the Mermaid Tavern echoed to the voices of as grand a company as that which shone around the Queen. There was Marlowe,

wild, tumultuous, unruly spirit, who lived steeped in dissipation and died in a tavern brawl, leaving behind some plays, in which beneath the sometimes bombastic and extravagant language and too violent passion, there glows a spark of burning, commanding genius. There was Ben Jonson, dogmatic and scholarly, with his Latin at his fingers' ends, who probably thought himself the greatest poet of his day, and was not so many degrees wrong after all. And there among the host of others, was that young Stratford player, who had such a wonderful knowledge of the life and mind and heart of man, and whom we have come to honor almost in idolatry, as the sublime product of English genius.

Such were the men who make the history of the age; and what were its achievements? It established the English church, it united the English nation, it laid firmly the foundations of England's commercial greatness and her maritime supremacy. Further the reign of Elizabeth encouraged every useful art and industry; it lighted the fires of genius; it raised the banner of religious freedom; it gave to English literature its noblest ornaments and its greatest works. Let cynical historians tell us if they will that Elizabeth herself did nothing of all this. The England which she dominated and which rose to greatness under her hand, is her advocate at the bar of posterity and proclaims her to the world the greatest queen that ever sat upon a throne, and the central figure of the most glorious period in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

—Harry W. Dunn.

Junior Parts, June 29, 1896.

PATHOS IN THE HUMORISTS.

"There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in Melancholy."

Thus sings Thomas Hood, one of the greatest humorists that the world has known, the very mention of whose name arouses smile-provoking memories; and yet, no man ever realized more fully than Thomas Hood the sad truth that

"Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

His is the mirth that ends in a sob, and his weeping is cleared by a smile, as the fog on a summer morning is scattered by the glowing sun. Thomas Hood was a friend of sorrow. It came to his home and he made it a member of his own household; not a gloomy, threatening guest but a gentle, refining presence. And not as an exclusive friend he knew her; in the streets of London he met her daily. In the cold, proud reserve of the rich, he felt her heart-wasting presence; in the dull, passion-dried eyes and wan features of the poor he marked her pallid look. Shelley in impassioned gems of verse implores us to weep for Adonais, the fairest of earth's flowers; but our tears are not roused by the pleadings of art. Hood has shown us London with its wan, pathetic throngs; and in his simple, common tales of heart-breaking and despair, he has wrung tears from eyes that scarce knew how to weep.

Hood placed humor and pathos side by side, closely together, indeed; but still they were separate. Smiles and tears chase each other across his pages in quick succession, as the wind-swept waves hurry across a tiny lake. But Holmes smiles

through his tears. The "Last Leaf" is the most perfect example of the blending of humor and pathos that we have in literature. It contains the broadest pathos in life and the rarest humor. It presents no plea. It vindicates no individual wrong. It is a joke on fate and an elegy of human life and love.

* * * *

I have suggested the names of two humorists who have touched upon the sorrows of life as great sympathizers of mankind. And I meant to hint upon a general fact, namely, that our humorists are our most profound and gentlest teachers in the rough truths of the world. "Cowper's gloom and Chatterton's despair," the ferocity of Crabbe and the wrath of Swift cause the same strings to resound, but not so gently. It remained for the humorous poets to give us the delicate strain that touches the deepest chord in the hearts of men.

All the world realizes somewhat of the woes of life, some with despair and others with a careless attempt to overlook it. The egoist fancies that he alone of all the world suffers. The satirist in savage wrath paints man's frailties in blackest colors and offers no remedy. The philosopher anatomizes and coolly shows where the wounds were made in the bleeding heart. The humorist is the most human man of them all; he is philosopher enough to understand the case and suggest a cure; he is a satirist without his wrath; an egoist without his selfishness.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, the author of Grigsby's Station and many another mirth-enticing lyric, is strongly linked with the pathetic humorists. He lacks some of the passion of Hood, but none of his tenderness. He is less of a satirist, more of a humorist. He has all of Lamb's love of life and the long-reaching, philosophical glance of Holmes. In his "Life lesson" he tells the too familiar story of to-morrow's promise and to-day's neglect. But still his voice rings cheerfully as he points to the last to-morrow.

"There, little girl, don't cry,
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There, little girl, don't cry."

Grief is the master of life and man cannot escape his presence. The "sad, sweet music of humanity," the pathos of life, throbs in our hearts and about our breasts; and if we would live in harmony with life, we may not contend with sorrow nor seek to shut it from us. Sympathy alone can save us from bitterness and despair; but the heart, which opens itself to life can never break. He who sees the pathos of the world will cease to fret at his own petty sorrows, his broken toys and slates.

The poets live near the gods. With ear turned towards heaven, eyes upon earth and lips open to men, they speak truths that shall lift us who are lower down. Many are the voices that speak and each has a true message. A Milton shall lead you to divine heights; a Tennyson will show you pure beauty; a Browning the dearest, deepest truths of life. But if in your grief you want sympathy, or if you need to acquire it for others, go to the humorists, and in their "tearful smiles" you shall find the tenderest, the saddest and most cheerful view of life that a paradoxical human heart can offer.

—Mercy A. Brann.

THE TWELFTH DISCIPLE.

In these later times the easy credulity with which men formerly received the statements of history has given place to a spirit of inquiry and investigation. Men demand a reason for their belief before they will believe. While we break away from the old traditions and the time-honored ways of regarding historical personages and ask whether they really were the the sort of men and women we have been taught they were, we ask the same questions about the men and women of the Bible and use the same standards in forming our estimates of their characters. So we have come to know that the perfection of some of them was not altogether perfect and that the wickedness of others was not utterly without a touch of good.

None of these others, perhaps, has ever been regarded as more thoroughly depraved than has Judas Iscariot. His is the most disgraced name in all history. On him has been heaped the contempt of nineteen centuries. But now we are learning slowly that we can use our common sense to advantage in dealing with things spiritual as well as with things temporal, and to see that Judas was only a man, albeit a sinful one.

A simple enough story it is, this story of the traitor. Four or five scenes comprise the whole tragedy. Four or five times we see the man and hear his voice and then all is still. We ask why he did the fatal deed, but we ask in vain. We wonder and we question, but the grave is silent and nowhere can we find an answer.

We first see Judas on that morning when He, who calls himself the Messiah, chooses twelve of His followers to go out through the length and breadth of Palestine, preaching and teaching and healing the sick. Then at a feast in a little Judean village we see Judas among the other disciples, all protesting angrily at the waste of the costly ointment with which the woman has anointed the feet of the Master. Then, when Christ and the disciples are gathered together for the last time and Christ tells them that one among them shall betray Him to His death, Judas asks with the rest, "Master, is it I?" and to him comes the answer, "Thou hast said." Next in the shadow of the olive trees in "the place called Gethsemane" we see Judas with a multitude of armed men at his back come and kiss Christ, who says to him, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" The last time that we see Judas it is again morning. But how different from that other morning that seems so long ago. Then all was light and hope and joyousness, now all is blackness and despair, and the gladness of the fair spring morning seems all a ghastly mockery. He cries out in the anguish of his soul, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." When the priests, with cool arrogance, answer him only, "What is that to us?" he throws down upon the floor of the temple the thirty pieces of silver that had been the price of his Master, and with one last despairing cry, turns away and goes out and hangs himself.

Such a little is all we know of Judas' life, so little can we have from which to judge him that we find it utterly impossible to make any fair estimate of his character. We are so prone to read between the lines and to insert in the brief history things that were never there. The influence of nineteen centuries of condemnation is too strong. Try as we may to deal fairly with him, we are still unjust.

Judas Iscariot was a man, and had with-

in himself a mixture of evil and of good, as do all men. He was tempted and he fell. Just what his temptation was, we can never know. His crime was great, greater than he knew; and when it was too late he saw it in its full significance, in all its utter blackness. Then the bitterness of his repentance came upon him like a sudden storm upon a glassy sea. He must have remembered then all the kindnesses of Christ, all the gentle words he had heard him speak, all the loving deeds he had seen him do. How every kind act, every loving word of Christ to him must have risen up to confront him and silently accuse him when he saw that Christ led away to Pilate's judgment hall, and knew that the beloved Messiah would be put to a shameful death, and all because of his sin.

To have sinned and to know one's sin for what it is, surely nothing can be sadder than this, no worse punishment for the the sinner can be imagined or devised. This knowledge it was that broke the heart of Judas, this knowledge that drove him out to hang himself at last. In very truth it was as Christ himself said in His infinite pity for the man who betrayed Him, "It had been good for this man if he had not been born." His great sin has made him the saddest character that we know in all the history of the world. Oh, condemn him not too harshly, or if you must needs condemn him, at least pity him, sorrow for him, for truly no man in all the world, in all time, has ever so needed, so deserved your pity and sorrow as this man, "Judas, surnamed Iscariot, which also was the traitor."

—HELEN MACGREGOR HANSCOM.

THE TYRANNY OF MAMMON.

No intelligent American who has the welfare and the prosperity of the American nation at heart can look upon the vast accumulations of wealth without some feelings of alarm. The Americans, as a people, are apt to be vain-glorious. This is not strange. They may well feel proud of American progress. America's growth and prosperity stand unparalleled. Her untold riches and wonderful material prosperity, which are the marvels of other nations and the boast of our own, may hide a decaying core.

I have an alarm to sound, a sermon to preach. The text is written on the haggard faces of the many million workers of this land. On every prison wall it is chiseled. From every form of vice it glares. Wealth, The Tyrant, are its words. In the three great branches of our National government we find wealth firmly entrenched. Our Congress is composed largely of millionaires. Its doings are controlled by the henchmen of trusts and monopolies. The action of the Supreme Court in regard to the Income Tax was condemned by one of the dissenting justices as "nothing less than a surrender of the taxing power to the moneyed class."

Our Presidents and their followers have for years been the tools of Wall Street. To day the affairs of State are administered by the former attorney for the Whiskey Trust. The courses and platforms of the two great parties are shaped in Wall Street. The voice of man no longer counts, it is the voice of money. The toiling masses of the United States are being crushed under the iron heel of wealth.

The Standard Oil Company is a type of the many vast monopolies dominant in this country. Its history is one of crime

and corruption. By unfair means and underhanded schemes it has worked its way to a power almost supreme.

We have reached a crisis. This tyranny of accumulated wealth must be crushed. The intelligent citizens of the United States must unite, and with a solid phalanx march against the foe. The right exercise of the ballot will destroy it forever.

—WM. H. HOLMES, JR.

MIND AND MATTER.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity. We say discovery, not because the idea of a future life was wholly unknown before Christ, but because it was so revealed by him as to become to a considerable degree a new doctrine. Before Christ immortality was a vague hope or a conjecture. Jesus, by his teaching, has made it a certainty. Again, before the Christian era, a future life lent little aid to virtue. It was seized upon by the imaginations and passions, and so perverted by them as often to minister to vice. In Christianity this doctrine is wholly turned to a moral use and the future is revealed only to give motives, resolution, force to self conduct, and to a holy life.

It is clearly evident that this great truth is also a dictate of nature; that reason, though unable to establish it, yet accords with it and adopts it; that it is written alike in God's word and in the soul.

It has often been said by the skeptic that the races or classes of beings are alone perpetual; that all the individuals which comprise them are doomed to perish. Now, the more we know of the mind, the more we see reason to distinguish it from the animal and vegetable races which grow around us and then decay; and in its very nature we see reason for exempting it from the universal law of destruction. As we look around on the earth about us, we do indeed see everything changing, decaying, passing away, and so apt are we to reason from analogy or resemblance, that it is not wonderful that the dissolution of all the material forms of matter should seem to announce our own destruction. But we overlook the distinctions between mind and matter; and these are so immense as to justify the directly opposite conclusion.

When we look at the organized productions of nature we see that it requires only a limited time, at the most a very short time, to reach their perfection and accomplish their end. As an example take that noble production, a tree; having reached a certain height and borne leaves, flowers, and fruit, it has nothing more to do. Its powers are fully developed; it has no hidden capacities of which its buds and fruits are only the beginnings and pledges. Its design is fulfilled; the principle of life within it can accomplish no more. Not so the mind. We can never say of this as of the tree, "It has done its work; it has accomplished its end; its capacity is exhausted." On the contrary, our conviction of its resources is enlarged; we discern more of its affinity in the inexhaustible intelligence of its Author. In every step of its progress, we see a new impulse gained and the pledge of nobler attainments.

The perfection of the tree, then, lies in a precise and definite product. That of the mind in an indefinite and boundless energy. To set limits to the mind would be to destroy that original power in which its perfectness consists. Here, then, we observe a distinction between mind and matter; and from the destruction of the first, which, as we see attain perfection and accomplish

their purpose in a limited duration, we cannot argue to the destruction of the latter which plainly possesses the capacity of a progress without an end.

We thus see that material forms have bounds. The tree in a short tine by growing a little and spreading each way, accomplishes its end. Nature requires that such should be the case. If the tree should keep on growing it would be an infinite mistake. A single plant endued with the power of unlimited expansion would in the process of time overshadow and exclude every other form and growth and would exhaust the earth's fertility.

But the indefinite expansion of the mind, instead of warring with and counteracting the system of creation, harmonizes with and perfects it. One tree, should it grow forever, would exclude other forms of vegetable life.

One mind in proportion to its expansion awakens and stirs up other minds. It increases instead of exhausts the nutriment which other understandings need. An improved mind understands the greatness of its own nature and the worth of existence as these cannot be understood by the unimproved.

The thought of such faculties as reason, conscience, and moral will being extinguished, of powers akin to the divine energy being annihilated by their Author; of truth and virtue, those images of God, being blotted out; of progress towards perfection being broken off almost at its beginning; is a thought suited to overwhelm a mind in which the consciousness of its own spiritual nature is in a good degree unfolded. In other words, the more true a mind is to itself and to God, the more it clings to existence as an infinite life.

Would not our own destruction, then, be a very different thing from the destruction of material beings? The undoubted fact that the mind thirsts for continued being just in proportion as it obeys the will of its maker, is a proof next to almost irresistible, of its being destined by him for immortality.

—Wm. Harthorne.

THE FOUNDERS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

The times produce the men of the times. A time of discovery and adventure has its daring Norsemen and its Columbus; a time of war produces Napoleons and Grants; a time of scientific investigation has a Newton or an Edison; every age, whatever may be its character, has men adapted and ready to do its work. No time ever had its more distinctive work, nor did a time ever have better men to do its work, than that period of the world's history known as the Dark Ages, with those distinctive men, the monks.

We, the people of the nineteenth century, living in the happiest age history has ever known, where every wholesome thing is cherished, and every evil is condemned, little realize our debt to the early Western monks.

Modern civilization is composed of three distinct elements; the old Roman culture and law, Teutonic freedom and native strength, and the Christian religion.

Let the imagination carry the mind back to the dark night of history. Rome is no longer ruler of the world. Her philosophers, orators, and poets are dead. Her youths are uneducated. Her morals are impure.

Outside the city the estates lie neglected; the soil, once so highly cultivated by the many slaves, is in a state of terrible devas-

tation caused by the inroad of the invaders.

The Germanic people have brought with them the strength of new life, uncorrupted blood, dignity of man, and respect for women. Yet they are rude, passionate and given to excesses, and whatever possibilities there may be in these wandering tribes seem sure to be blotted out by contact with the luxury and wantonness of Rome.

The most important element in the making up modern civilization was the Christian religion. Christianity was the salt that preserved.

The condition of Europe at the end of the fifth century has been summed up well by Montalembert: "Confusion, corruption, despair and death were everywhere; social dismemberment seemed complete. Authority, morals, laws, sciences, art, religion herself might have been supposed condemned to irremediable ruin."

In sharp contrast with the base life of the Roman, and the lawless life of the barbarian stands the pure, quiet life of the monks.

Situated on a high hill which overlooks a fair plain, in the midst of the grandeur and majesty of the Apennine scenery, is the monastery of Monte Cassino. Here the monks move about silently in their black cowls. Some are at work in the fields, some are erecting a new building, others are yonder across the valley opening up the sunny hillsides.

Within the building is the school-room where youths are poring over the pages of Cicero's orations, or studying rhetoric or mathematics. In the monastery was found the only school of those dark ages.

The monks were bibliomaniacs, and every monastery had its library. In this gloomy room with its musty parchments and scrolls, pious men with patient care are making new copies of the Holy Scriptures, and of Latin classics, writing religious treatises, or a history of some saint.

The monastery has its hospital, where the sick find tender care and skillful treatment. Another very important apartment is the rooms for the reception of guests. Here the traveller of that dangerous time could find the only comfortable and safe place of rest.

The men of this household are men of every class. Thither have come the noble man descended from a long line of Roman consuls, the layman for whom in such unsettled times there is no place of security without, and the slave who finds here a place of refuge.

The rule drawn up for the government of Monte Cassino by St. Benedict, its founder, was very generally adopted by all the monastic institutions. This rule demanded primarily "obedience, silence, humility, worship, study, and work." It is in itself literature and history. "Idleness, said St. Benedict, "is an enemy of the soul." Work therefore was made of very great importance. The monks were taught that labor, however menial, was an honor; only idleness a disgrace. The whole atmosphere of the place breathes of a quiet devotion to a crucified Savior, of self-sacrifice and love.

Those monks who had hidden themselves away in caves and nooks in those parts of the land where they fell in with the nomadic tribes, whether of Goths, Visigoths, Lombards or Franks, had a wonderful influence over their uncivilized neighbors, and taught them, by the example of their own lives, the art of agriculture, and the benefits of peace.

* * * *

The followers of this order of life were all devout Christians, men who of their

own accord had left worldliness behind and entered the purer atmosphere of a religious life. Worldly rank and riches had no power over them for in order to have entered the monastery they must have done as the Savior commanded the rich man, "Go and sell that which thou hast and give to the poor."

* * * *

The monastery furnished nearly all the great church leaders, gave names to towns and districts, preserved almost all the Latin literature which has come down to us, protected the serf against the feudal baron, kept charters of freedom in its possession, was a refuge for sick and poor in time of war, gave food and money to the needy, protected the exile and the outlaw, taught the glory of labor. To the monks belong the names of Pope Gregory the Great, a man of wonderful powers and far reaching influence. St. Francis of Assissi and St. Dominico, who introduced much needed reforms, and St. Bernard by whom the important questions of his day were decided. Fra Lippo Lippi is only one of their famous artists.

It is true that from the first evils crept into the monastic life; it is true also that it was an unnatural way of life for men to take the vow of celibacy and live in communities by themselves, but who is ready to affirm that the work of the monks could have been accomplished in any other way.

The need of an influence to reform and regenerate called for monasticism. The monks were the agents by which the savageness of the barbarians was tempered and softened to receive the old culture and the new religion.

The Roman Empire without the barbarians was an abyss of servitude and corruption. The barbarians without the monks were chaos. The monks of the Dark Ages preserved, and combined the culture of the Roman Empire with the love of liberty and honor of the Teutons, and wrought out of the confusion of the times that condition of society which, continuing to develop after the cloud of darkness had rolled off the continent, has resulted in Western civilization.

When Brooklyn bridge was built, it was found necessary to sink block after block of granite into the river mud before a secure foundation could be laid. Upon these rests the mighty structure and its living freight. So the monk with his sombre cowl has sunk from sight in the past. His name is lost; his works nearly forgotten. But it is upon him and his labors that modern civilization is founded.

—GRACE GATCHELL.

BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN ABOLITION.

My only apology for presenting this subject is that a cause for which four hundred thousand noble men of America laid down their lives may well claim the attention of their posterity.

The slavery problem is not a question of the day. Thank God, it is not. It comes to us rather as a voice from Sinai, declaring through thunder and smoke that

> "Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer
> Shall call an answer down from Heaven."

Let us first take a brief glance at slavery as it existed in our country. Slavery began with the beginning of the nation. As early as in 1503, the Portuguese began to supply the Spaniards with slaves to cultivate their newly acquired lands. Afterward other nations adopted the same plan, nor were our American colonies backward in accepting this time-honored system. At

the time of the Revolution there were within our borders, six hundred and seventy-five thousand slaves.

But what was the condition of this host of enslaved humanity? They were held as real estate and were treated without mercy or justice. Large numbers of them were sold off into Mississippi, Alabama, and Arkansas, to meet the demand for slave labor in the production of rice and cotton, and as a result there was in ten years an extra death-rate of three hundred thousand. Well might the Virginia slave mother bewail her daughters torn from her side and sold down to those "fields of blood."

"Gone, gone, sold, and gone
To the rice swamp, dank and lone,
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the Spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetters gall no more."

The first blow was dealt against slavery in 1774, when a Congress of nine States passed resolutions discountenancing the slave traffic. In accordance with these national vows, the Northern States abolished their own slavery. Moreover, the general government passed the Ordinance of 1787, which forbade slavery in the whole Northwest Territory. With this degree of success and with the firm principle of freedom, for which the nation had grappled with England, the North believed that the sister South would soon follow their example and that the system would soon be utterly extinct. How mistaken they were the loss of nearly a million men will testify. The Southern States ever held slavery above the Union—and threatening dissolulution if the system was interfered with, forced a compromise on slavery in the great "National Compact."

The first severe struggle in the cause of anti-slavery occurred upon the application of Missouri for admission to the Union as a slave state. There was much opposition, but Maine was seeking admission at the same time, and so the two yoked together to pull each other in, and Missouri was admitted on the compromise that slavery should not exist north of 36 1-2 degrees. Then follows that dark record which will ever show to the world our free America, plunging deeper and deeper into slavery with all its outrageous practices and corrupting influences.

But right principles with regard to existing slavery never wholly died out of the land. The Quakers, be it said to their honor, never gave up their struggle against it. Kentucky and Tennessee both held a strong anti-slavery sentiment. Yet we are to look at Benjamin Lundy as the morning star of Freedom. A Quaker by origin, he threw himself into the noble work for the slave and sought by voice and pen to arouse the nation to a sense of its crime against humanity.

A new era was now dawning for anti-slavery. The people were beginning to realize the worthlessness of "gradualism," and compromise to uproot this evil. England had adopted immediate emancipation and her action had not been unobserved by America. "Its grand heraldry" says one, "had come over the ocean; Mr. Garrison seized it, threw it to the breeze, and stood by it with a rope around his neck." Other abolition men and women joined in the struggle and the result was the great American Anti-Slavery society formed in Philadelphia in 1833.

The rapid progress of Abolition now filled the slave-holders with alarm, and they began a period of assaults and outrages, such as is without parallel in a civilized land. In 1837 occurred the first martyrdom for

anti-slavery, and be it said with just pride, Colby gave the martyr. Elijah P. Lovejoy was killed in Alton, Ill., for maintaining the freedom of speech and the press.

Listen to the noble defence of this grandest of American heroes as he stood before a large mass-meeting of opponents. "Scandal and falsehood and calumny have done their worst. You may hang me up as the mob hung up the individuals at Vicksburg; you may burn me at the stake as they did McIntosh at St. Louis or you may throw me into the Mississippi as you have often threatened to do, but you cannot disgrace me. I, and I alone, can disgrace myself, and the deepest of all disgrace would be to deny my Master by forsaking His cause. He died for me, and I were most unworthy to bear His name should I refuse to die for Him. Before God and you all, I here pledge myself to continue this contest if need be till death." Fellow students of Colby, these words may well be our inspiration, coming as they do from a Colby brother and sealed with his blood. His tragic end came a few days later when attempting to guard a news press against a drunken mob, he was shot and instantly killed. Mr. Lovejoy silent in the grave spoke far more effectively against slavery than his words could have done. His death was an earthquake to the nation and a potent factor in hastening the dawn of freedom.

The great conflict now grew hotter and hotter, but abolition had gained such headway that it was as useless to attempt to stay its onward march, as to try to stop the in-coming tide. With indomitable zeal it steadily pressed its way amid infernal darkness through ballot and bullet till the final triumph.

—C. L. SNOW.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Scotland, by no means unproductive of men of literary genius in times past, does not now lack sons to honor her and to perpetuate her fair name in literature. It does not rest alone with Burns, Scott and Carlyle to preserve for their fatherland the reputation they have won for her. The romances of Scott and the poems of Burns have themselves been indirectly productive of romances and poems, for they have been the food upon which has been reared another son of Scotland, a romancer, a poet and an essayist.

Robert Louis Stevenson was descended from a line of somewhat distinguished engineers, and though naturally inclined toward literature was for a time kept from it by the desire of his father that he should enter his own profession. His passion for literary things was manifest when he was in Edinburgh University, where, though apparently idle, he thoroughly acquainted himself with the style and works of the foremost novel writers. While here he ventured to put forth a few productions which were of good promise from one so young. He prepared himself for his later work by a familiarity with Scottish history, and an actual knowledge of the geography of his country obtained by voyages which he took with his father along the Scotch coast. This period of preparation was hardly completed and his work commenced when he was assailed by the disease that proved his life-long enemy, and compelled to search for a climate in which he could live. He finally settled in Samoa, and there lived and wrote amid surroundings made attractive by his own cheerful disposition and firm determination to make the best of life though exiled from all that had been dear to him But few of his works have come to us

from his island home. It was during the wanderings to which he was forced by his ill health that he did most of his writing. At this time there appeared his most famous series of adventure: "Kidnapped," "Dr. Jekyell and Mr. Hyde" and "David Balfour." Of these "Dr. Jekyell and Mr. Hyde" excels in the horrible. It has become the best known of his works and deserves the distinction for its boldness and originality. It well displays the creative ability of Stevenson's mind. Stevenson's essays possess nearly the same merit as his romances; they are written in the same flexible language, a blending of the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables with the longer Latin derivatives. They are light, happy conversations with us on subjects of every day import and full of wit and quaint suggestion yet forcible and strong.

Personally Stevenson was a loveable character; his cheerfulness and fortitude in the clutches of disease, won for him the admiration of a large circle of friends. Scotland is even now mourning over the death of her favorite son, and the world of letters has but recently been robbed of a man just attaining the maturity of his powers. Conjectures as to the place Stevenson will hold in literature are fruitless. Time alone will reveal it. But let the decision be what it will, it cannot rob him of the place he holds with the reading public nor the reading public of the enjoyment they have had and will have from the books of this clever modern writer.

—HERBERT S. PHILBRICK.

A PLEA FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

We have a land that seems to have been reserved as a field for one great undertaking—the making of a nation by a free people. We have "manhood suffrage," the largest measure of personal liberty, local self-government and the safe guard of federal authority. The will of the people is supreme; but do they as citizens do their duty faithfully, carefully, and intelligently? We know that they do not. The question of Good Citizenship is one of the vital questions of the day and hour. Pulpit, platform, and press keep it constantly before the people. Why is this intense interest? It is because the people see their dearest institutions threatened by Ignorance, Incapacity and Irresponsibility enthroned in office. "Machine rule" is dominant, Political "rings" are controlling municipal affairs in the small town as in the large city. The city halls are the centre of corruption, and the majority of the members of our city councils are men with no regard for honor and justice. Few have gained the positions they hold by any fitness or public service. Many have gained them by scoundralism. The only way to get rid of this evil is to take patronage out of politics. There are multitudes of well intentioned men who recognize the truth of all this and would like to mend it, but who exhibit an utter helplessness when it becomes a question of useful political activity. The better class of citizens have become sadly remiss regarding their civic duties. They stay at home from the primary elections and allow the rabble to nominate men for positions of trust and responsibility.

Within the last fifty years other new and disturbing elements have entered into our national life. The settlement of the great West sent the honest sons of the East to seek homes west of the Mississippi.

Immigration to the United States is a fixed fact. To New England and the Middle States, especially has come a danger-

ous horde of foreigners. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution the new thinly-settled country was in need of immigration and the people welcomed with open arms any who came and would support the Constitution. The policy of the United States in this regard has never been much changed. This wholesale method of granting citizenship has gradually developed an abuse, the only remedy for which lies in the assertion of American patriotism. Another and one of the most disturbing elements is the aggregation of vast wealth in the hands of a few who are corrupt, where it is a constant menace to the peace and order of the community. These are some of the social and political evils of the day, and unchecked they will ruin our national life and character. If we desire to remedy them we must return to the ways of the founders of this government. They took an active and intense interest in the questions of the day. Politics was a passion with them. The ballot to them had some weight and when it fell from their hands into the ballot-box it carried with it a force for good government.

Again, the public school should be made a great force for implanting in the youthful mind the principles and duties of good citizenship.

Lastly, the home should be made the very sanctuary of good citizenship, and here let the fire of patriotism be constantly kept burning.

We need a citizenship such as animated the men who have fought all the battles of the republic and struck slavery from the Constitution of the United States; a citizenship that is faithful to home and family, loyal to country, that upholds, guards and protects the government of which it is a part. American citizenship thus moulded will perpetuate freedom, exalt the freeman and distinguish the republic beyond its past glorious achievments.

—HARRY BATES WATSON.

THE PURITAN THEOCRACY.

The early annals of New England form a period in American history about which the general reader knows but little. The era of Colonial New England has been neglected even by the historians. Yet it is an era full of the deepest interest and he who will take the pains to learn, will realize that the Puritan and Puritan New England afford the most unique study in modern history. Tradition has brought down from that early period little else than the story of "the intolerant Puritan."

First, who was the Puritan? What sort of home had he left? For what had he come? We are apt to consider him as an American but he was simply a transplanted Englishman. The same blood flowed in his veins as in those of the men whom he had left in the mother-country. Nor did his landing here transform him. What sort of home did he leave? England was at that time a nation saturated with bigotry; church and state were one. For years the church had persecuted those Protestants who disobeyed its ordinances. The majority of those who refused obedience to the English church were reproachfully called Puritans. They would not conform to Popish ceremonies. They realized that they must leave English soil and seek another abode. For this they turned to the shores of America.

For what did they come? Nothing could be more erroneous than to suppose the pilgrimage was undertaken in the interests of religious liberty. Yet this has been the general belief. It was not free-

dom to worship God; but freedom to worship God in their own way that led the Puritans to America. The aim of Winthrop was the construction of a state governed by the immediate direction of God. It was to consist of a united body of believers, bound together by common interests and guided by the doctrines of the Bible. In such a scheme there was no room for religious liberty as we understand it. Their purpose was to establish a theocracy. To us the deeds of persecution which the Puritans committed against the Quakers and all who held different opinions from themselves on questions of religion, seem like the work of mere fanatics. But to them the creed of the Quakers and of all other sects that tended toward liberalism was heresy of the worst type and they saw in them a danger to their theocracy. The non-Puritan was a traitor, and treason must always be punished. Charge him not with intolerance, as we understand it; he was but firm and consistent in the carrying out of his own ideas. The really instructive feature in their religious persecution is not in its success, but in its final failure. The punishment of the Quakers and of the subjects of witchcraft during the 17th century, had each aroused a spirit not perhaps of liberty but of humanity. That feeling had reached the surface and at the beginning of the next century had won the mastery.

The Puritan ideal of a commonwealth, composed of a united body of believers, was broken down, never again to be restored. In the place of a theocracy was established a democracy. The eighteenth century presents an altogether different phase of the history of New England. It has to deal with the administration of government with the mother-country. It is interesting to observe the feeling of liberty and independence cropping out here and there; the growing dissatisfaction of the rule of English governors and the frequent disregard of their decrees; how little by little the indignation and bitter hatred for the tyranny of England grew from a mere spark until it broke forth into the full blaze of revolution. The Declaration of Independence was written upon paper in 1776, but it was written upon the hearts of the Puritans many years before. Is it not fair to say that the Puritan, stern bigot though he was, had made all these things possible, and that the boasted independence of that 18th century was but the blossom of the Puritan intolerance of the 17th?

—GEORGE K. BASSETT.

A DAUGHTER OF FLORENCE.

There was a May day merrymaking in the old city of Florence. Not in the fields and woods where trees and flowers grew lavishly, but in a corner of the city where houses rose high on every side. Fluttering about among the guests went the host's little daughter, Beatrice, a little maid of so beautiful a form that many thought her an angel, and there was one child there, a dreamy, sensitive boy, who "received her image into his heart with so much affection that from that day henceforward, as long as he lived, it never departed from him."

Then began for Dante a *Vita Nuova*, a new life, a life of dreamy happiness with its exaltations and depressions of feeling. Dante was a true Florentine, and Florentine hearts beat high with romance and chivalry. It was a time "when love was strong as death, when jealousy was cruel as the grave, when a man confessed only with reluctance that he was heart free, but languished at a frown, went into ecstasies at a

smile, and poured forth the passion of his love on songs to his mistress. In the *Vita Nuova*, we get no hint, no glimpse of active life or of work, everything is veiled in the rosy haze of love life, and fortunate was it for Dante that in these days Florence was at peace within and without, and youth had plenty of time to indulge in fancy.

Nine years after this May day party, Dante saw Beatrice again and his love for her burst into an intensity which well-nigh consumed him. Henceforth he became the "liegeman of love," and in his dainty little sonnets are recorded with touching faithfulness all the incidents of the mystical dream life. Through the all-pervading passion and worship of the poet, Beatrice became almost a divinity in Florence, so that men in her presence felt within them an inexpressible sweetness and elevation nor was it possible for any one to look at her but straightway a sigh arose in his heart. But, alas! there arose a cloud one day in the clear sky of the *Vita Nuova* when there came to Dante the realization that there might come a time when the soul of Beatrice would take its way from the world of Florence and of the *Vita Nuova*, and not long after, the vision in which death came and claimed his lady, he wrote sadly in his chronicle that even as he was writing a sonnet to her the Lord of Justice called this most gentle one to glory. The blue Italian skies became darkened, the Arno rolled sadly on its way; a sudden sense of desolation swept over the poet, for the beauty and brightness of Florence were gone. In his tribulation he turned to an older mourner for the words which should express his own loss, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people. How is she become as a widow, she that was great among the nations."

With this we close the *Vita Nuova* gently and tenderly, close the record of love life and dream life for Dante, and open the new volume of active life and work, a life of struggle and passion, a life of bitterness and exile, yet wherever he went, whatever he did, the life of the poet was a dedication to the memory of the little maid who danced her way into his heart in the springtime of life.

—EDITH BRAGG HANSON.

Presentation Day, June 29.

THE IDEAL AMERICAN CITIZEN.

The mission of the college student in the affairs of this country is today a very important one. Hence it is well that we should, today, consider a matter of importance to every American citizen and hence doubly so to us.

Our country has many needs but the advent of the Ideal American Citizen is the greatest of these and will, directly, be a remedy for many evils. Let us consider the necessity for ideal citizenship. With the advance of civilization and as luxury becomes possible, a class arises which withdraws itself from the people. That this is most dangerous to national welfare is proved by the fall of those nations of antiquity whose citizens had become weakened by luxury and indolence.

Our own civilization is but a proof of the historical fact, that, after a period of national distress, a nation often reaches a high degree of prosperity; for it practically dates from the time when Norman oppression produced that middle class which is England's strength.

We can trace it back to that time since our ancestor the Puritan came from that

people and what we now enjoy is but handed down through hundreds of years from our remotest ancestors. We must heed the lesson of the past and remember that devotion to self, forgetfulness of country, and indifference are menaces to our country. As educated men, it belongs to us, above all, to use our influence with all to break down all barriers to our national prosperity and stability.

Nineteen hundred years ago a prisoner, uncondemned, stood before a legal tribunal. An angry, malicious mob demanded his punishment. The scourge was about to be administered when the prisoner cried, "I am a Roman Citizen." The Roman official no longer hesitated but set the Apostle Paul free. American citizenship should mean this and more.

The Ideal Citizen is an educated man. Our fathers realized the importance of education and almost their first acts were to found schools. But education and religious instruction should not be separated, for the most prosperous nations are the most religious and the ablest men of those nations are the religious men. Justice, Truth, and Equity, those attributes of the Ideal Citizen, are Godlike and for them we must go to the fountain head. Our influence will be to the life of the future as that of the past has been to ours. The present is but a prophesy of the future. This thought should arouse us to a better appreciation of what life means.

The Ideal American Citizen should be intensely patriotic, regarding his country's honor as more to him than life, holding his native land up as an example of what he tries to make it—the grandest, freest nation of history. While he is a reformer, it is because all the virtues are taught by him, not by precept, but by example.

—Harmon Cross.

CLASS ODE.

Air:—Newsboy's Chorus.

O Colby dear! O Colby dear!
Thy name we honor and revere.
Our hearts enshrined with thoughts of thee
Break forth in loving ecstacy.
Three happy years have passed away
So swift, it seems like one glad day.
We raise a cheer for Colby dear
With voices loud and strong.

Here learning finds a fair retreat
And holds us captives at her feet,
Embowering trees and blooming flowers,
Make life flow on in rhythmic hours.
Soon must we pass from these loved halls
To answer to Dame Fortune's calls,
But thoughts of thee will dearer be
As years roll on and on.

Chorus.

All hail to the loved one
Ninety-seven sings
Joy, peace, prosperity
Loud the chorus rings.
Repeat.

THE WARRIOR MARTYR.

Brood gently, ye sweet winds, o'er Galilee,
Gleam stilly, ye white watching stars;
And oh, ye white doves in the tower there,
Greet mildly yon westering bars.

O'er Lydda the blue night bends darkling,
As if listening with tense bated breath
To what, where the fountains leap sparkling,
The clear water so exultingly saith.

The leaves in the vineyards are rustling
All agog with a noiseless delight,
And gleefully hushing the secret
From the listening ears of the night.

The heavens bend lower and bluer,
And hushed Lydda meets the caress;
Sky and earth commune sweetly together,
And, as one, now the secret confess—

From the far-vaulted dome of the heavens,
From the pearly and blessing-crowned throne,
The All-Father leaned down with his angels
And lovingly gazed on his own.

"How fairer they grow!" low he murmured,
As he watched those dear earth ones below—
And lo! the divine breath of the Godhead
Floated out from the heavenly glow.

Out in the night now it droops there,
The misty sweet fragrance divine ;
Like a pearly-winged cloud in the darkness,
O'er Lydda it seems to incline.

Then came the hush, the tumultuous silence,
That held Lydda from vineyard to tower,
For a wee, human form caught the vapor
And a saint was born there in that hour.

* * * * *

Envious time swept the years on
Until a swift score or more passed ;
And Lydda, where peace dwelt so sweetly,
Now resounds with a loud, martial blast.

Imperial troops sweep in splendor
Where angry-faced residents cower—
Tyrannical force where the plumes wave,
Bitter woe where gloomy eye slower—

On the one side a hard, clanging rhythm,
On the other a voiceless moan—
On one side a remorseless avenger,
On the other, pale Constancy's own.

But look, where the prisoner marches,
Before the ranks shamefully led,
With scornful jibes jeeringly taunted,
Such as fell on that meek thorned-crowned head.

But not a cowed captive advances.
This soldier who scarce knew a peer,
Strong in a mighty conviction
Which death can but make the more dear,

Fearlessly, manfully, saintlike,
At the head of the hosts there he treads,
As one, who in spite of all fetters,
In his inherent power still leads.

Quickly the glittering host passes,
As swift as the shuddering breath
That falls from God's life-loving creatures
Before the great last throes of death.

And there falls on the people of Lydda
A calmness that speaks of despair—
Not only their idol is taken
But their faith lies crumbling there.

Some follow with faltering footsteps
Where those dear feet the last time have trod ;
Some with sickening horror creep homeward
With a still, helpless cry unto God.

Ah, ye Christians of Lydda, haste homeward !
Hide your eyes, lest they fail at the sight !
Close your eyes that, it may be, they hear not
What horrors curse Lydda tonight !

* * * * *

Today in fair Lydda there moulders
A temple whose arches still fair
Bear the name of that noble young soldier
Who for Christ's sake died shamefully there.

And beneath on many a portal
Moss-garnished and almost effaced
The title of saint and of martyr
Beneath his fair image is traced.

—MERCY AGNES BRANN.

HISTORY.

In the history of every individual or corporation, there comes a time sooner or later when great and important questions must be faced.

During the spring of '93 in the various fitting schools of this State and also of some of the adjoining ones, a great and important question was being agitated by the various members of the Senior classes. This question was one of vital importance and one which when decided would change the course of the lives of each individual.

This great question was, "Where shall I go to college?" On the result of this question, in what way it was answered, much depended.

As a matter of History, the cream of all fitting schools in the vicinity and from a distance as well decided in favor of "Old Colby," and as a consequence, the glorious class of '97 assembled in these honored halls and for the last three years have graced with its presence these grounds which have echoed to the footsteps of so many noted personages who are proud today to call Colby their Alma Mater.

In depicting the history of a class there always seems to be a certain amount of brag and blow which cannot seem to be eliminated. There exists every year tales of wondrous doing, "fish" stories of extraordinary daring and bravery, but in the compiling of this history, the author has been to great labor and taken great pains;

and as the principal authorities consulted have been the classes of '96 and '98 backed by the influence of the conference board, *the history cannot but be authentic.*

It was a matter of congratulation to us as a class, when we entered these walls, that the class above us had decided, after carefully looking over our class, which had been entrusted to her care; after carefully weighing pro and con, the need of discipline upon the members, in fact after having undertaken it in one or two cases very unsatisfactorily to themselves, they agreed to let hazing drop. This course was, it is needless to say, appreciated by our class, but we are not inclined to attribute our prosperity to this cause. At the customary baseball game it is needless to say that we were beaten—it would have hurt the Sophomore's feelings to have been defeated—and our reputation today as a class has a most potent factor in its list of virtues, this fact of our consideration of the feelings of the other classes in matters of this kind. But the best individual work in Athletics has been accomplished each year by some member of our class. But we cannot think of the cane rush which followed the ball game without remembering with pleasure the spread furnished us by the Juniors in honor of our valiant class. But time carries us along and we are Sophs, and the exit at Augusta House, and the morning bath in the Kennebec, tended to make us Sophomores indeed. Although our class was deficient in numbers, yet even if we were met by an unusually large class, Thursday evening saw the beginning of Phi Chi. "Bloody Monday Night," and the loss of "Scholarships" are too familiar subjects to need mention. Doors, not one but by fours and fives, have been broken before and since and why our class was separated out and met with this punishment, it is hard to say.

Our class work during the year was *gratifying in the extreme*, and we feel that our experience in the past holds out to us great hopes for the future. Now we arrive at the Junior year, the year of ease. We met and conquered that redoubtable foe of Juniors, chemistry; and our work throughout the year as a class has been marked not so much by brilliancy as by thoroughness, the Queen of Virtue in study ing.

But we must mention in closing our Ladies, and we cannot speak too highly of our connection with them. Surely no class has ever been honored by the presence of so loyal and so enthusiastic a class of women as has ours; with what pleasure do we think of the many enjoyable occasions when the ladies have entertertained us as they know how so well to do. And what member can think of the college sociable in the Baptist church without calling to mind the pleasure which he felt at the ease with which our ladies surpassed the rest of the classes of the ladies' college in singing class songs.

How pleasant have been the Tuesday evening Receptions of the President, and we remember the especial honor conferred on our class by the Junior reception.

Although there are many and varied phases in an American college life, yet with all the work which claims attention; with all the pleasures of the years; we still find that there is a still closer bond and it is that of class friendship, class fellowship; and we love our class still more because it is one of "Old Colby's."

—Wm. Harthorne.

HISTORY OF THE WOMEN OF '97.

You have heard of heroic verse,
On which ancient heroes were lauded,
Their courage and virtues rehearsed,
Their deeds and their exploits applauded.

Heroic treatment you've known
For some ill. It would kill you or cure it.
My rhyme is heroic like that;
The patient—those who endure it.

The *time* I *would beg you excuse*;
The old father his record to beat
Keeps a bike now. Escorting the muse
He is clumsy somewhat with his feet.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF '97.

Out from the harbor called Home, on a bright sunny day in September
Gallantly rode two ships, the one manned by forty or fifty,
The other womanned by thirty. Proudly their sails swelled with breezes,
Painted deep green like sea monsters
Ploughed they the menacing billows. Orange and black from the one streamed
Bright'ning the heavens with their glory. Lemon and lavender streamers
Tipped the high-mast of the other, softly marked 'gainst the gray sky
Like mild tender colors of sunset on a misty eve in the autumn.

'Tis of the latter, I sing you, this craft with its crew of young maidens,
Bound on a voyage of four years, to seek not the gold fleece of old Jason,
But a sheep-skin, shorn of its fleece, it is true, but most priceless,
Won by those who, through hardships enduring, fierce monsters and dragons defeating,
Reach the haven where, nailed on a tree, the renowned and far-famed tree of knowledge,
Hangs the skin, rich fruit worth the seeking, enduing the finder with wisdom.
Hopeful they sailed from their moorings with hearts beating high at the prospect
Of dangers they'd fare and o'ercome, of storms that they'd laughed at together,
Gazed at the ships all around, weather-beaten and marked by the tempests,
Thought of their own new white sails that never a rain-drop had spotted.
Fresh winds then inflated their canvass as it never again was inflated,
Rode they tops of the waves, not deigning descent to the hollows,
Guided their course by the stars that beamed benignly upon them,
Stars that alone give instructions to searchers after this guerdon.
Sole directors of voyagers bewildered on the choppy and rough sea called college
One thing must they shun lest the dipper be inverted o'er them.
Orange and black steered their course straight beneath this wet constellation.
So their sisters observing disaster steered clear of its influence baneful.
Calm skies will not always remain and the breeze that so kindly
Now bears one, tomorrow inflation of sails may mean ruin.
Clouds gathered over our voyagers, fierce winds tore their shining fresh canvas,
Gales from the Greek coast swept o'er them; their sails declined longer to serve them,
The principal parts of the ship were fearfully mangled by fierce blasts,
Round the tops of the masts whistled Jebb, the author of evils,
Prince of the powers of darkness letting loose on innocent sailors.
Fiend-guided winds to distract them, and now Livy—d skies streaked with storm clouds,
Added their threatening frowns to the dangers already upon them.
Pirates, too, heave in sight, French crafts with Chardenal leading,
Fainted our crew at the sight of all these imminent perils?
Quenched these their zeal for the skin hanging high on the far tree of knowledge?
Yielding was far from their minds; they murdered the French without quarter,
John Eprouve found a watery grave, Jenny Sarspas 's put down with her brother,
Yes, put down in each sense of the word, in brine being pickled.
Skies and winds could not daunt their bold spirits or perils subdue them,
Laughed they in the face of winds and steered onward, their hearts never lost
Their first blitheness, they sang in the midst of the storm and the darkness.
Ever from time to time, short glimpses they caught of their brothers,
Once in a lull of the tempest the two ships came together and feasted,

Parted once more and continued to cut their ways through the billows.

Employment never was lacking for air spirits made them long visits,
Hernain brought his love, Dona Sol, to solace them when they were weary.
Socrates filled their minds with his wisdom ; his demon found welcome.
Other things failing they spent long hours in fenc- and boxing,
Indian clubs flew like magic till the breeze from their violent motion
Filled the sails full, and sent the ship spinning like mad o'er the waters.
Sunshine or storm, 'twas the same, the crew were happy and fearless
Never forgetting their quest and never disheart- ened by trials
Till, after nine months of cruising, they put in at the harbor Vacation;
Rested, refitted their vessel with supplies and chiefly new rigging
Trimmed their sails in the fall style and started once more on their journey.

Some there were left at this port whose places re- mained sadly vacant.
Th' rest redoubled their efforts and bent to the work with fresh vigor.
Clouds overhung as before, high billows blockaded their pathway;
Sailed they now with more ease, gave their sails to the breezes less freely,
Showed the small craft 'about' them how ships ought to be managed,
Took in tow one 'wildered vessel with a pink and gray flag on its mast-head,
Did this in kindness of heart, tried to show them some little attention.
Often on nights dark and gloomy, they'd cheer them with shouting and singing.
Once, Hallowe'en, when the storm was especially heavy and fearful
Brought they the boats side by side to encourage their friends 'mid the terrors,
Guided them through a fierce maelstrom where mariners frequently flounder.
Rocks gashed the waters around them their ridges all strewn with drear corpses,
Groans were heard from wrecked seamen whose boats had been dashed on the rough cliffs.
Hard had it been for the young craft without her older companions,
Piloted safely through this, our ship left her young friend to journey,
Steering her course for herself, as must all who would truly be voyagers.
Ships in search of a treasure were foolish to follow another.
What's in tow will but second be always, the first gets the booty.

Thundered afar in their ears the breakers they'd looked for and dreaded,
Pouring around a cave where a dragon Genung held his dwelling.
Monster, the fiercest the seas knew, or skies, or lands, or earth's dark depths.
Snatching the sailors to torture with devices of cruel "invention,"
Swallowing down his poor victim, allowing no "augumentation."
Our ship serenely sailed onward, though the hearts of the crew were all quaking,
Matched his invention with theirs in a way that defies all "description,"
Caused him to slink to his cave where they faced him to master or perish.
Nothing could now daunt their courage, they'd passed the mightiest danger.
Easily slid they the waves to the harbor they'd sighted to rest in.
One thing occurred near the shore most cruel but true, I acknowledge,
Old Poets a whole ship-load from Deutchland swooped down to pay them a visit,
Mild fellows doing no mischief, but dry as yester- day's Journal,
Geniuses sure, but unwelcome, though old not out of date, surely ;
Dates were their principal baggage, they brought them by quarts and by cart-loads.
Judge not too harshly our maidens, they seized them and choked their dull singing,
Kindled a fire for their bodies and burned their dry bones to ashes,
Watched them writhe in deathly contortions and char 'neath the flames' hot caressing.
Rest in port was as sweet after this as a child's after playtime.

Moons rolled round the season again when their voyage be continued.
Stately the ship left the harbor, the green of its first days quite vanished,
Time and rough tossing had added their marks and made their erasures.
Took they no ship in tow this time, but with kind condescension
Hailed a weak, timid craft to assure it, advise and protect it.

Storms that once had seemed large and most fearful were nothing but pastime.
Dragons and monsters no longer attacked them; they cowered 'neath their glances.
Islands they visited now, took lunch at the chilly Skowhegan;
Chilly only in fame for most warmly our maidens were greeted.
Pleasures enjoyed as they dared not when sailing was something most novel;

Came to another harbor; as the two ships sailed in together,
Loyally raised they alike the orange and black at their mast-heads;
Here they will moor till the autumn shall call them again to their journey,
Mindful still of their quest, these Argonauts after learning,
Trusting in God and in pluck, shall conquer the tempest before them.

PRESENTATION ODE.

AIR:—Materna.

O hark! O hear! How strong and clear
From out the ages dim,
There comes today a melody,
The warrior martyr's hymn.
List to the anthem ages old,
These silent lips may bring,
It thrilled the Tuscan master's hand,
He made the marble sing.

O mother fair! With grateful hearts,
The stone to thee we bring,
And for thy future's listening sons,
Still shall its pure note ring.
As now it throbs in voiceless rhyme,
From chiseled eye and brow,
A song of triumph, strength, and trust,
"None is my God but Thou!"

Senior Class Day, June 30.

HISTORY OF THE GENTLEMEN OF '96.

This occasion is no ordinary one. The 30th of June, 1896, will be a red-letter day in our lives. It is a crucial period in our history. You assure us of this fact by your presence. We deem it fortunate that this event is observed by so intelligent an audience. The class of '96 has always been willing to have its intentions known and its deeds observed. They have been deeds of which any class might be proud.

We do not pretend to be saints; no one would believe us if we should make such a claim. The angelic element of '96 is to be found in its gracious and queenly co-ords. We trust that their well-doing may atone in some degree for our imperfections.

As I have heard histories of various classes presented to different audiences, it has seemed to me as if the imagination of the historian had produced a large amount of so-called history. Naturally, upon first thought, I considered that the same duty would be mine. But there are some things stranger than the wildest fiction. It is my purpose to attempt nothing more than the plain recital of simple facts. The bare, unvarnished history of '96 is more marvellous than any fancy of the mind, more mysterious than any romance, more fascinating than any novel.

It is true that the same customary events incident to other college classes have, to a greater or less extent, been ours. College men have always been animated by about the same impulses. It will be the aim of the historian to show wherein we have differed from previous classes.

I have neither the effrontery nor the desire to stand up before a well-disposed audi-

ence and to intentionally impose upon it those things which it has already heard. I believe with the poet, and, by the way, '96's poet,

"Some things are better left than said,
We should carefully consider before we go ahead."

I do not therefore intend to tell you of the member in our class who, when in his Freshman year, was thrust into the lock-up for singing on the streets at 4 o'clock in the morning, that is, attempting to sing. If I should dilate on such a subject, you would be justified in confronting me as the "cops" did this man, with the interrogation, "Wyman, did you do it?"

Neither do I intend to tell you of the time that a certain cannon was mysteriously smuggled away from its resting place, and Charlie Turner got caught napping by the "cops" while the others discovered that they possessed sprinting capacities hitherto unknown.

We remember the time when '96 gathered together in the celebration of a certain matrimonial engagement and formulated a solemn compact to present a carriage to the first class baby. We did not have long to wait before we had to buy the carriage, and the happy father came and Tooker.

'96 has been one of the few classes which has passed through college undisturbed by class disputes and ill-feeling. The spirit of the nineteenth century has been our spirit. '96 has been abreast of the times. All matters of class controversy have been settled by arbitration. We recommend to all under-classmen this method for the amicable adjustment of all quarrels. Throughout our course, the class has been united. As individuals, we have often differed in matters of opinion, but in spirit our purposes have been one. That is, to say, we have agreed in seeking to attain the best things by the best possible means.

So strongly were two of our members impressed with the importance of this principle of union that they came to college with the matrimonial knot already tied.

The example of these individuals has been most infectious. They have had many enthusiastic followers. During our last year one, who was least suspected, has gone and done likewise.

As near as I can estimate it by statistics, about eight others have taken the preliminary steps, by engagement. The high estimation in which the '96 co-ords are regarded by the male portion of the class is shown by the announcement that three of the eight are from this fair galaxy.

We consider ourselves fortunate to have entered college at the same time as President Whitman and to have had his leadership for the first three years of our course. In President Butler, Colby has at her head a noble son, a loyal graduate, an enthusiastic leader. We predict an ever-increasing prosperity under his direction.

The history of '96 in college is already made. Her victories, her defeats have been written. She has done her best and the record is complete.

The history of '96 in the world is about to begin. In the number '96, there is a certain talismanic charm. No one has ever been able to stand '96 on its head. We believe that this symbolizes the fact that, whatever happens to '96, as it has already turned up right in the past, her future is assured, her glory will be brighter, and brighter.

—CARLETON EVERETT HUTCHINSON.

HISTORY OF LADIES OF '96.

It was the afternoon of a dark November day. Everything outside was dreary. The sky was dull gray and the clouds, too, leaden to be moved by the wind, seemed ready to burst and cover all nature with a snowy shroud.

The wind blew the dry leaves over the frozen ground and moved the bare branches dismally. Everything in nature reflected the gray and gloom from the sky above. The weird music of the wind as it whistled down the chimney made me turn from the cheerless scene outside, and feel thankful for the comfort of my own room.

I went to the open fire, put on some wood, and stood for a moment before the crackling blaze wishing for something pleasant to do. I could not work, my thoughts would not let me; they were as unsettled as the leaves outside, at the mercy of the wind. I felt more like dreaming than anything else and as I watched the flames leaping high and joyously in the fire-place, I fell to musing over by-gone days.

My thoughts went back to my college life and to the girls who had been so near and so dear to each other during those four years in which so much of work and play, so many successes and failures were mingled.

These are the scenes which came to me; these the memories I indulged in on that dreary afternoon.

It is Sept. 22, 1892, the parlor and study of Ladies' Hall are filled with girls waiting in feverish excitement to start to their first chapel; a happy group in spite of the forebodings which creep into the many hearts and make the smiles on many of the faces just a little forced.

Then I see the dear old college chapel and the fourth row of seats reserved for the Freshmen. Before the first stroke of the bell, those seats are filled. Then the other students file in. Some glance at the new class in the women's college, then turn away with a look which says, "I told you so." Yes, the entering class, numbering 26 in all, confirms the view of the most pessimistic. Colby is fast being converted into a female seminary. From this time on, the 26 separate atoms, drawn together by a common attraction, are a mighty molecule known to the world at large as '96.

I linger over this Freshmen year; how well do I remember our first class meeting. What went on within the four walls of that recitation room would have made Mr. Roberts, with his rules of order, blush for shame. We never referred to this meeting then, so I am not going to think of it now.

The days go on, the first mile-stone is in sight. We have crossed the Alps with Hannibal, spent pleasant days with Horace on his little Sabine farm, untangled the lore of Socrates, shed the customary Freshman tears over mathematics, and now are ready to exit to fields untried. One year nearer the goal stamped with the alluring A. B.

We come back as Sophomores. Two are missing from our number. They are gone to mould the youthful ideas, but hope to join us again some time. During this year we realize two things. First, that we are recognized with deference by the outside world, for the '96 quartette wins for itself and the class a reputation to be envied. Second, that as unjust as it may seem to the other classes we are favored by the faculty. The professors cannot bear to let one recitation of ours go by, so this necessitates a change in the curriculum. A *hitherto popular course in cuts is dropped*, and in its place we suffer a brief extension

to the Rhetoric course and a prolonged course in Elocution.

At first we cannot understand it, but when other classes come and the old regime is again adopted, we know that we have been particularly favored.

Elocution our pet diversion! What a host of memories cluster about that name! The college chapel, a man on the platform frantically waving the rank book in one hand and pencil in the other, trying to make us read "Marmion" with the proper emphasis, "the manifestation of the concentration of the discrimination of the mind."

Another mile-stone is in sight and quickly passed.

The fire is burning low. I put on more wood. Soon the blaze is leaping high again, and I go on with my reverie.

We are upper classmen now. Great confusion marks this period in our course. This is our greeting in the fall: President Whitman is going abroad; we must take our Senior studies this year and have only one elective. What shall it be? The college curriculum which began to change in our Sophomore year keeps on changing until we are not sure where we belong. There are vague impressions in my mind of a college course taken backwards, and a Senior vacation because our German professor went abroad. We think at one time that we perhaps may be Seniors, but when Commencement Day comes and '95 gets the diplomas, we realize that all we lack is a year of Junior work.

The third mile-stone is passed. We come back Seniors to work together for the remaining year. The good times are now saddened by the thought that soon they will all be over and we think life is a little more real, a little more earnest to us 15 girls.

Many pleasant memories come before me. Vividly do the dying embers on the hearth reflect one by one the pleasant scenes of the waning year. Hallowe'en with its jokes and fortune-telling; that group of merry girls at our old haunt on Appleton street, busy with needle, thimble, scissors, thread, Welsh rarebit, cake and chocolate; that last late supper at the Palmer house where we rehearsed the mistakes of our college course. One after another the many good times, the receptions, the parties, the sociables, come back to my mind.

But our college life was in the main like that of all other classes, we could claim nothing which others did not try to equal. We pursued the same courses, solved the same problems, endured the same disappointments as many another. We helped each other, one's joy was the joy of all, and I doubt not that the lives of all of us are stronger and more Christ-like, because of our friendship, strengthened by long companionship, and those class prayer-meetings sacred to us all, where we were brought nearer to each other and nearer to God.

The fire is burned out. My cycle of memories is completed. I have been alone with one of the pleasantest things in the world—pleasant thoughts.

—Edna S. Moffatt.

CLASS ODE.

Air:—Sadie Ray.

Let us sing a song of greeting
To each other ere we part,
That shall come with earnest feeling
From the depths of every heart;
For to Ninety-six and Colby
We have evermore been true,
And we proudly sing the praises
Of the dear old brown and blue.

And the sun of Colby's greatness,
As the shifting years shall pass,

Cannot shine in golden splendor
On a more united class,
For to Ninety-six and Colby
We have evermore been true,
And we proudly sing the praises
Of the dear old brown and blue.

Far away our lives may lead us
From the campus and the "Bricks,"
But our hearts will beat responsive
To the name of Ninety-six.
For to Ninety-Six and Colby
We will evermore be true,
And we'll proudly sing the praises
Of the dear old brown and blue.

AT VIRGIL'S TOMB.

Slow is the rhythm of the southern winds
That loiter upward from the sea,
Until in dreamy, calming cadences
They sing across the canopy,
Beneath whose pallid, marble loveliness
A poet's urn and dust should be.

The urn is gone from its familiar place,
The snowy pillars that upbore
The precious ashes of a poet's heart
Are seen within the tomb no more;
Some stranger over-bold, has snatched away
The treasure through the narrow door.

The feet of Petrarch and Boccaccio
Have lingered in this sacred spot,
But Petrarch's laurel that he planted here
Has vanished from the shaded plot.
Perhaps it vainly sought to clasp the urn
And scorned to stay where that was not.

Adown that rugged staircase, roughly hewn
From out the chasm's rocky side,
There echoed on some blue Italian morn
The rash despoiler's hasty stride.
Oh! Would that midway down the lovely slope
His wanton wish had paled and died!

Perhaps in some old, dreamy southern town,
Beside a crumbling wall of stone,
The graceful little treasure house may lie,
By stormy fortune overblown.
Perhaps some musty, monastery cell
With Virgil's pagan dust is strewn.

Ye faithless winds that speed across the deep,
And veil with clouds the eye of day,
To what far Thule did ye in your sport
Perchance the precious hoard convey?
Or did ye blow it with your wanton breath
Along the dusty Appian way?

O sea, that tossed Aeneas on thy crest,
Hast thou within thy halls a pearl
The fragments of a hapless little bark
That had no canvas to unfurl,
A little pinnace that was madly wrecked
In thy engulfing eager swirl?

Forever from the azure Tuscan sea
The truant winds of heaven blow,
The wintry marble, like a placid brow,
Surmounts the sheer abyss below,—
The coward marble that was fain to let
Its cup of priceless vintage go.

O Virgil, even on cool Lethe's bank
Thy soul for some vague joy must yearn;
Oh! turn from fragrant, nodding asphodels,
From the Elysian meadows turn,
And mourn, with fadeless laurel on thy brow,
The fortune of thy ravished urn.

FLORENCE ELIZABETH DUNN.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Next to the saddest part in the closing ceremonies of a college life is the final talk with those whom we leave behind. This, though a serious duty, has been assigned me by the class of '96, and as their representative I come before you.

In speaking to you today we must bear in mind that we are to have nothing whatever to say of our college, engaged as it is in its various departmental activities, but to the undergraduates alone must our conversation be confined; and your attention is asked for a brief period to consider a subject of profound importance to every college man, especially during his undergraduate days, namely, "the value of a purpose in college."

It is assumed that every young man at some period of his life, has some ambitious designs to the accomplishment of which he desires to direct his best efforts.

Now while we are free to make this general assumption, yet the one great mistake made by the majority of men in college, is that they do not fix upon any definite

purpose until too late, if at all, in their college course. Too many times already have you been told that life in college is, or should be, the same as what life will be when out. From this, then, does it become apparent that an early choice of a purpose in our school days cannot be too strongly emphasized. A student in college without a purpose may be likened to a rudderless steamer in mid-ocean. However well the firemen may do their work; however carefully the engineer his; however nicely the machinery with its multiplicity of adjustments may act, the great hulk simply floats and flounders, here and there, at the mercy of the sea. So with the college man with no purpose. However much his Alma Mater may have done for him, with his course completed, he must like the rudderless steamer roam about until, by chance, he finds some opening into which he fits himself with, possibly, some degree of success. But the space of a life time is too brief to take doubtful chances. For it causes the enormous expenditure of a potential which if rightly utilized would advance one well into life.

The next advantage arising from a well defined purpose in college is one which affects the college as a whole. With fixed ends in view among the students the influence upon the school at large would manifest itself in three distinct ways: first, the general tone of the college would be elevated in proportion to the higher aims of the men who composed it. Second, it would secure a superior grade of work. For the fixed purpose of the student partakes more or less of the *ideal* and so long as you have lofty ideals in view, so much more easy will it be for you to get the very best out of yourselves with whom you have most vital relations. Third, it would result in the systematic advancement of the college with a movement characteristic of well organized bodies, together with union, strength and harmony of action in all departments, whether Spiritual, Intellectual or Physical. These are no unimportant factors to be taken into account in connection with your college course. There are few men among you who do not receive aid in some form from the college. Is it, then, asking too much that you become thoughtful of her well-being?

It is a good wind that blows ill to no one. But one must not suppose that there can be no drawbacks whatever for him who may have precise measures in view. Such are possible but not as a rule probable. We can make a "fad" of anything. And it is not impossible that some may be so earnestly bent upon their work as to be lost sight of entirely by the college at large. However desirable a quality, and worthy of cultivation, popularity may be, let him hold fast to his purpose. It is the lofty aim coupled with an invincible determination, that wears down and smooths off the rugged pathway of life.

The last point to be touched upon in this paper is, "competition among professional men." Most college graduates when they do make a choice of a work for life usually select some profession. But did you ever stop to consider the tremendous rivalry among professional classes? The young teacher—if teaching is to be called a profession—the young teacher on graduation often finds a position with difficulty. It is the specialist who now holds rule. There is no longer room for the "all-round man." The young lawyer just admitted, finds no place suited to his preparation. The young physician suddenly discovers

himself a member of a body of specialists. It is easy then to conceive of the numerous difficulties which beset the young graduate. Into whatever department of activity you may enter, you will find yourselves in constant competition with others of the same calling. Fix, then, upon some definite course. Do it early in your college days, and so fit yourselves to compete with your fellows, when brought face to face with the stern problems of life.

The advancement of college men in many lines of work, is much less rapid than formerly, and every advantage counts. This is due very largely to the fact, that college education is the rule, not the exception; and, in a way, confers no certain advantages over competitors. They are often compelled to work in subordination to ignorant men. The humiliation has, however, its benefits. The discipline is stern but necessary; and often is it the turning point in a young man's life, when he, though bred in luxury at home, and accustomed to the best of everything at college, plunges boldly in, and with hardened hands *earns* his way to the front.

All manly efforts for higher things, whether in college or out are of equal worth. The literary man in a way, is no better than the mechanic. Each may be the highest type of man or the lowest. One sphere of activity is as good as another; the true distinction is in the spirit in which the work is done, whatever be its character.

In conclusion: Outline your future, as nearly as possible, early in your college course. Go at your work as though you were fitting for the most dignified task on earth. Emphasize and insist on your manhood, and never question your final success. All this you owe your college. All this you owe yourselves. Finally, love your college as you love yourselves.

—J. M. Pike.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Ninety-six today meets the other classes for her good-bye. We have said good-bye as personal friends and in the Association. At last Chapel we had our last assemblying together as active members of the college, but today we meet as class with class.

Through all the years of college life, though our class love has been strong, though we have found our closest and warmest friendships in our own classes, there has been no unkind rivalry between the classes. As girls of Colby we are bound in a sisterhood that is too strong for the smaller circle to break. Then we may talk together as sister with sister, with confidence and all good-will.

Ninety-six now is slipping out of the home-circle. She has been forced to think that the four year's work, that sometimes seemed so long and weighed so heavily, has slipped from us. Even if we come back and take our places in the rush before Chapel—we are not there as we have been so often and we will wish that we might just once be back in the old life. Even if we saunter with you across the campus to recitation, the self complacent happy feeling that tells of a well learned lesson will have lost its force with us. The frantic rush to make up for lost time that sends some of the girls hurrying to the dressing-room for the few precious minutes before recitation—this hurry will seem as far from our existence as the slow ease. But we will be sorry that it is so, and we will long to be with you in your life. Slipping apart but still loving the same old habits and the same college we

may understand each other as no others can understand us.

We have been toiling through the valley, going slowly and carefully with no time for gazing off beyond, even if the hills had not been there; but now we stand at the opening and no longer are hemmed in by the mountains we may look out across the meadows. How different our valley looks now. Cool and sheltered, smooth pathed, rich and beautiful, full of rare companionship and crowded with good things, which sometimes, alas! had to be urged upon us. We look across the wide meadows lying broad and strange before us and the little valley seems doubly sweet.

We have begun to see now how great privileges we have been given in Colby. We have begun to appreciate how every week of our college life was loaded with meaning, and we wish to tell you what our college life seems to us now.

Colby is as we know a pioneer, a leader in co-educational work. She is working out a sociological problem that means intellectual life to many a poor girl. If women can be trained to a sweetly-dignified and broadly-cultured life at Colby, the precedent will stand for other small colleges to open their doors to women and that life, of which hundreds of girls are dreaming and which they are bravely trying to reach, will be within their power to possess.

Not only do we see that our college life may mean this, but we turn toward the Colby women who have gone out in the past. We find lives and characters that seem almost ideally beautiful, and we know that in her alumnæ, Colby may find her ideal Colby girl. If we would hold the Colby of today where she has been, our lives must be up to the standard. One fair life means fair fame to the college; one unbeautiful character is a weight to impede our college. We must remember in our daily living that if our love for Colby is true, if our desire to help her is strong, if our loyalty deserves the name, we must show it in lives of sweet, pure, strong womanhood.

—Jessie Elizabeth Pepper.

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

It is a significant fact that the intensest feelings, the fiercest passions and the loftiest elevations of the human soul have been the result of religious emotions. And among all the heroisms and sacrifices recorded in the name of religion, none have been more numerous or more noble than those in defence of freedom of conscience. No cause ever had nobler champions or braver armies, yet for all that, the world has never seemed to comprehend it or accept it. Its champions have no sooner won the victory through trial and suffering, than they have turned about and become its enemies and oppressors.

There could be no more conclusive proof that the idea of freedom of conscience was meaningless to the church of the Middle Ages, than is furnished by the ecumenical councils. What could be more ridiculous than the idea of calling a council of bishops and elders to settle by a majority vote what belief should henceforth appeal to the judgment of every man and woman as the correct one? A second proof of the same thing is the severe condemnation of the sin of heresy, which made a deadly crime out of a mental act, as innocent as it was unavoidable.

The revolt of Luther and the reformers was directed rather against the corruption than the intolerance of Rome. It was not until Elizabeth's time that the idea of religious freedom found any recognition in

England and the freedom of that day was more a name than a reality. But meanwhile a movement was on foot which promised more substantial fruits. The Puritans were "strenuous advocates of civil and religious liberty." After enduring endless oppression, many of them crossed the ocean, in order to found a community in which they might worship after the dictates of their own consciences, secure from the persecutions of an intolerant church. And there they enacted a system of religious legislation more rigid, more narrow, more intolerant, than the Church of Rome or the Church of England had ever conceived.

Why should these things be? Why should such men as these be utterly unable to grasp an idea so reasonable and essential as that of freedom of conscience? Let us ask the question of ourselves, and see if the intolerance which has seemed so close a part of human nature for so many centuries is yet wholly eradicated from our minds and actions. If we mean by freedom of conscience the legal right of every man to worship in his own way without fear of punishment or persecution, the advance of civilization itself could hardly have failed to produce that result. But the cause of Christianity is suffering today from an intolerance more subtle and more dangerous than that of law.

After centuries of blind adherence to the dead things of form and creed the world is just learning, what was the soul of Christ's teaching—that the heart and the life are the things that count. It is the reluctance of our churches to accept this fact and the tenacity with which they cling to dogmas and doctrines, that make so many intelligent and conscientious men look askance at religious organizations and professions.

Many a man who feels himself at heart a Christian and would gladly call himself one, if you ask him why he does not do so, will reply, "I do not believe the doctrines that they hold and they would not accept me. I cannot force or feign belief. If I make the teachings of Christ and the dictates of my conscience the guide of my life, why is that not enough? To fear God and keep his commandments, is not that the whole duty of man?"

If this age of enlightenment and progress is to be an age of religious development, we must have a new conception of the meaning and importance of freedom of conscience.

Freedom of conscience is not the right of every man to retain his own belief in the face of oppression from powers stronger than himself, and whenever he can, to force that belief by similar oppression on those who are weaker than himself.

Freedom of conscience does not mean the rejection of all that has been held sacred, the denial of the truths that have ennobled so many million lives and beautified and blessed the world, the source of everything that gives religion its worth, of simple piety, of perfect faith, of unquestioning devotion, of Christ-like humility.

Freedom of conscience does not mean the abolition of all church distinctions. For because belief is not the important thing men do not therefore stop believing, and what is more natural than that those whose beliefs are most congenial, and who like to worship in the same way, should band themselves together into one church, whereby they may be most helpful to one another and most useful to the world?

What then does freedom of conscience mean? It means that wherever a man is honestly following the light of his conscience and making the life of Christ his model,

that man is a Christian, and the brother of every other Christian underneath the sun. It means that the heart and the life are the tests of Christianity, and that the only true church is the holy church universal, which opens its arms alike to ignorant and educated; to liberal and bigoted; to confident and doubting; to every man and woman who sincerely seeks admission. Such a principle is the hope of the world, and the corner-stone of Christianity. On that basis reason and science and religion are at one.

—HARRY W. DUNN.

PIPE ODE.

AIR:—Papyrus Song from "The Sphinx."

Yes 'tis the time, the happy hour
Of which we've often heard them tell,
When scholarships lose all their power
Our vagrant impulses to quell,
For now within our Class Day bower,
We feel, while youthful bosoms swell,
The pi-per-per, pea-per, pipe of peace's potent spell,
Gather Ninety-six and swear
While sunshine gilds our future path
That nevermore that sun shall go,
Shall go, go down upon our wrath.

CHORUS.

Then put it in your pipe and smoke it,
Birds in their little nests agree,
And, ye angelic little warblers,
By peace and friendship, so will we,
Each one of us will always say it,
Wherever he may chance to be:
"The pi-per-per, pea-per, pipe of peace for me, for me,"
The hesitating wreaths of smoke
That hover softly upward, tell
That after four years life together
We part in peace and all is well,
For now within our Class Day bower
We feel, while youthful bosoms swell,
The pi-per-per, pea-per, pipe of peace's potent spell,
Gather Ninety-six and vow
That till our thoughts and breath shall cease,
We shall not very easily
Forget this piping day of peace.

CHORUS.

PARTING ADDRESS.

Four years ago the members of the class of 1896 came together from all directions of the compass. So congenial did this company prove to be in all the varied relations of class life, that it has been referred to from the outside as "the happy family." Familiarity with one another through constant day by day, face to face association, has not bred contempt. Time has only served to strengthen the friendships formed, so that today when the outward tie which binds us together as a class is about to be snapped asunder, we have no feeling for one another but good feeling.

A college class is an organization primarily for business, but aside from the pleasure of our work, have been the pleasurable interest we have had in each other, and the social times enjoyed together. For four years the class has been not only a college home merely, but has served also as a fit stepping-stone on our way from our family homes out into the world.

In college a person must make selections just as it is necessary to do out in the world. The student has not time enough to exhaust all the fields of activity in college life. He must make up his mind what he wants and then go for it. Here, too, there is the same call for promptness, for industry, for patience and courage, and although the members of the class of '96 are only on the threshold of life, we feel that because of the experience received at Colby University we shall step out into the world with less self-conceit, but with more self-confidence than we had four years ago.

"To meet, to know, to love, and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart."

Thus said a poet, and his words come with special emphasis as we realize that in a few brief hours we shall look about us in vain for the old familiar faces, and that the

only responses our calls will receive will be the empty echoes of our own voices. I think that congratulations should be given to those members of '96 who, foreseeing what pain would be caused by saying good-bye to the whole class, wisely fixed things so that the shock would be lessened, by not parting from all the class, but by going out in couples.

We think, too, at this parting time, of the professors, including "Sam," who have guided our minds on their intellectual journey. We remember our fellow-students in the classes left behind; the town people who have entertertained us at their homes, and we do not forget the business men who help to sustain the students' publications, athletics, etc. The more the town and the college can come together the better. I believe in university-extension in the town, and I believe in town-extension in the university. It is with pleasure that I recall the profit derived from talks given in the class-room by residents of this city; and I am glad to prophesy, from the two sides which I see as one who is a citizen of Waterville besides being a member of the college, that under the influence of our new president the relations between the college and the town are going to be more and more intimate.

The thoughts of parting are the mists of depression which hover about, but through all are shining the brightening rays of the satisfaction which kindles our whole being as we realize that we have accomplished the object that we had in view four years ago, which has made us better able to think and act. True education, whether in or out of the schools, does that.

The educated person, then, is the thoughtful person. Thought is power, and the most comprehensive answer that I know to the query: "What does an education do for anybody?" is that it makes a person more powerful. A college professor and a laboring-man, walking together along a street in a college town, came by the college buildings, when the laboring-man, who was a stranger in the place, mistaking the buildings, asked what manufactory that was. "That," answered his companion, "is a manufactory of power."

This is a world of action. If you dream dreams and see visions, the world asks what you can do with them. Write a poem, compose a song, that has humanity enough in it to make some of the rough places smooth, and the world will open its heart to you. Show how a pound more pressure of steam can be got out of a ton of coal, and you are a benefactor. Discover a new gas, and you will be ranked almost with the discoverer of a continent. Make it clear that you can cause two ears of corn to grow where before only one was raised, and mankind will bless you. In the world about us, raw materials are provided for man to develop and utilize. Mother earth furnishes the opportunities—man must do the rest. Soil is ready to respond to seed, but the seed must be dropped. Wood is growing which will build houses and furnish fuel, but it must be cut. Fishes good to eat are in the streams, but they must be caught, and so it goes—fortunate the man who has the disposition to complain, not when he has a reasonable amount of work to do, but when opportunity is wanting for him to do.

Education means a larger mind; a larger mind means larger capacity to produce and to consume. What does it mean that, with but few exceptions, the districts in the United States where expenses for educational purposes are the highest, are

districts where the highest wages are paid? The thoughtful person is the one best fitted for life, whether it be in the home, on the farm, in the workshop, in the store, on the pulpit, on the stage, or wherever else. It is the high intelligence of the American workman that makes him a great producer. His standard of life is high; he demands high wages, becomes a large consumer, and this is one reason why the United States is one of the best markets of the world.

In the power which comes from thought, the disposition to think for one's self is a great factor. Truth is one thing—it is, so to speak, objective and absolute. Judgments on the other hand are subjective and often differ. The scope of knowledge is so large that we do not possess the time nor ability to prove everything for ourselves. It is necessary and wise at times to accept the opinions of others—but how often we are in a quandary because the opinions of men equal in authority differ. As in the case when the Irishman was asked whether the word neither was pronounced "nether" or nither" and replied "nather."

The person who does not make it a rule to so far as practicable do his own thinking, would remind me, in this neglect of his mind, of a manufacturer who, having machinery of his own, would let the same lie idle and rust while he hired the machinery of some other manufacturer to make his goods with. Every man's mind is capable of turning out a product, not only of being a store-house.

The knowledge of truth is another great source of power, not only for good, but for bad. It is as necessary for the counterfeiter to know all about the good coin, as it is for the Director of the Mint. But the one who really loves truth refuses shams. He with Polonius 'will find where truth is hid, even if is hid within the center.' He sees that what is wanted is not foliage, but fruit; not manner, but matter; not elocution, but oratory; not elegance, but eloquence. He wants not only truth, but he wants the whole truth. From this desire, the student becomes not only a wiser but a sadder man. In his search for knowledge he seeks facts that are sad to consider, as well as the pleasant ones.

The hope, then, that is solid, is not based on illusions, but on the sober judgments of a well-informed and discriminating reason. The more one studies nature, the more he sees a cause for everything, and the regularity in the operation of the great laws of the universe convinces me that the surest way to gain success is to have an object and to labor for its accomplishment. The English word "win" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "winnan," meaning to toil, to labor.

The person on the voyage of life who has the determination to shape his course towards a certain end, I would liken not to the sailing-vessel—at the mercy of every breeze that blows; dependent upon favorable circumstances in order to make any advance at all; blown out of its course by adverse winds—no, not like the sailing-vessel, but rather would I liken the person with an object in view to the steamship—taking advantage of favorable winds; not turned far aside by unfavorable ones, but steadily ploughing ahead—the purpose within being the fuel which makes the moving power.

We sometimes hear the complaint that there are not the opportunities for success nowadays that there were so and so, many years ago. As a general rule, opportunities are not long wanting to the person fitted for them, because such a person often makes opportunities for himself. "Strike while the iron is hot" is good advice, but

as some one has said, "If the iron is not hot, make it hot by striking."

Looking for one kind of an opportunity that does not present itself, some men at times neglect to embrace other opportunities which do exist.

It is the readiness to do that counts, and how magnificent the grandeur of the lowly! No matter how menial or humble some work at first glance seems to be, looked at in its relation to the whole, how grand and important it then appears in its productiveness! Then, by doing the thing at hand, no matter how much more congenially you could do something else, the way for that something else may be opened—like the laborer who, attending to his duty of digging a ditch, comes upon a treasure in a vein of gold.

The opportunities for improving the mind are many, if we only 'saw all in nature that is ours.' We stand enraptured before a beautiful painting of a sun-set, but rarely notice the beautiful sun-set itself which can be seen almost any day. A seat at the opera is enjoyed, but the sweet-singing birds often flit by with their warblings unheard. A half an hour a day spent in thoughtful reading and study will enrich a mind much in a few years. Standard books can now be had cheaply, and a person had better, if necessary, wear garments thread-bare, in order to have a mind *well clothed. Labor on the mind pays* well, and the pay is sure. No financial crash, no panic, can prevent the salary's being paid. It is industry which gets its reward as fast as work is done, and the temple of intellect which is reared can never be destroyed by earthquakes, washed away by floods, nor will it crumble away in ashes. Standing in the Forum at Rome where Cicero stood, we could say with Charles Kingsley as we behold the ruins of mighty towers which once raised their walls high to the sky and which have been brought down by age to the earth again:

> "So fleet the works of men
> Back to their earth again.
> Ancient and holy things
> Fade like a dream."

Yes, the walls which echoed with "At length Romans, we are rid of Catiline," have fallen, but out and beyond them sound down the corridors of time—in as clear tones as when first produced—the words of Cicero's orations.

Appreciating, somewhat, the permanence and the influence of thought, it is with grateful remembrance that we of '96 recall to mind the founders and supporters of this institution whose business is to encourage the growth of ideas. We wish for our Alma Mater all good things—money, lands and buildings, but above all may she when asked to display her possessions always be able to turn with pride to her sons and daughters and say with the matron of old: "These are my jewels."

—Charles E. Sawtelle.

FAREWELL ODE.

Air:—*Stand by your Glasses.*

On the old familiar campus
Where the willow shadows lie
Where our feet have trodden lightly
In the years that are gone by,
We today are met together
In the happy summer's prime
To renew our vows of fealty
For the last and saddest time.

There are friends that stand beside us
Who may pass beyond our ken,
There are joys that we shall long for,
Which we may not know again,
But to thee, O Alma Mater,
Whom we leave with tender ruth
We will pledge a life's devotion
In the sparkling wine of youth.

Abstracts of Sermons.

ABSTRACT OF BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

BY HENRY E. ROBINS, D. D.

A student of current phases of society affirms that "a gray shadow of melancholy spreads over the questioning, disillusioned age." If this be the temper of the age when another class is about to go forth from yonder halls to contribute to its work and its spirit, I trust that my theme and my text may not be unfitting to the time and the occasion. My theme is "Christian Optimism." My text, Rom. 15:13, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope in the power of the Holy Ghost."

Paul here discloses the secret of the quenchless hope which upbore him as on eagle wing from the beginning to the end of his marvellous apostolic career. The question for us now is: How may we catch his spirit, how can a young man maintain his hopefulness amid the inevitable changes, discouragements and ills of human life?

Two opposing voices come to him as he girds himself for life's battle. On the one side are those whom we may call the natural pessimists; on the other side the natural optimists. The views of both classes are equally partial and dangerous. The pessimistic view discourages all high ideals and lofty achievement, while the optimistic view shut out full one-half of the facts of life, conceals its hazards, nourishes self-confidence and self-indulgence, alike fatal to high character and noble action.

Between these extremes of opinion and mediating between them is the Christian Optimist, looking exclusively neither on the bright side nor on the dark side of things, but interpreting both by the Christian revelation, he harmonizes both in a consistent scheme of thought and action.

He constructs his optimistic scheme, (1) by assuring himself that God is a person, morally perfect, known by the external revelation of the historic Jesus Christ, and by the internal revelation of Christian experience, wherein, in the luminous language of Paul, Jesus Christ is "formed in the believer the hope of glory." (2) God thus certainly known has an all-embracing plan for his universe including the activity of opposing personalities. Nature and life are not throughout the direct expression of the moral character of God; they are in part this, and in part the product of a struggle between "contriving goodness" and antagonistic wills. Only by clinging fast to this truth can we clear our conception of "intellectual contradiction and moral obliquity." And yet, while God does not determine the action of antagonistic wills, he fixes the channels and issues of their action. What they intend for evil, he means for good. (3) God has an adequate end of his creation and government of the universe in his own self-revelation of his own glory. (4) But the glory of all who in penitence and faith yield themselves to his working is inseparable from the glory of God. (5) Hence all things in Nature and life work together for good to them who love God. He pours into them, by means of the discipline of life according to their capacity and their fidelity, his power, his wisdom, his holiness, his love, his blessedness; they become thus "partakers of the Divine nature," sharers of God's glory. The ills of life are transformed into ministers of the glory that is to be revealed in them. They are shot through and through with the light of a Divine purpose. God sends no man, whatever his heredity, what-

ever his capacity, whatever his environment, into the battle of life to inevitable final defeat, but, rather, if he will accept God's plan for him, to certain victory. He is an heir of God and so an heir of the future. For him, whatever the past may have been, whatever the present may be, the best is yet to come! Not backward to the "good old times" does he look. The complete realization of God's thought for him waits for the surely-coming, the perfected City of God. Onward and upward he looks for the better man and the better times. Through triumphs, through defeats, through joys, through sorrows; through life, through death, he presses forward in the resolute, persistent, God-inspired hope of the Christian optimist both for himself and for the race, ever singing as he goes' "the best is yet to be!"

SERMON BEFORE THE BOARDMAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY REV. FRED M. PREBLE.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In the text several great things are presented. First the personality of God, for only a person can love or give. God, as defined by Strauss, "a moral order of the world," or by Matthew Arnold, "the power which makes for righteousness," distorts and destroys the idea of the verse. We have disclosed an ideal gift; such a gift must express the character of the giver and meet a want. Jesus Christ satisfies both these conditions, therefore, is Gods' ideal gift. He expresses the character of God. Of himself he said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Christ's life and sacrifice are the life and sacrifice of God. The supreme want of the soul is pardon for sin. Neither pagan religions, nor civilization, nor culture saved the nations of the past. In its keenest consciousness of wrong the heart of man turns to Jesus Christ. He alone meets the greatest need. The greatness of God's love also appears. It is seen in its extent. He loved the world. Jesus' word to Nicodemus enspheres the mighty and majestic idea of missions. His thought sweeps away our small notions of Christian work. No one has a right to feel that outside of his communion God's grace is frozen into icy ineffectiveness. We must think of a world where China and Burmah, where India and Africa are found. Again, the text reveals the divine purpose for man. This purpose prevents spiritual death and promotes eternal life. The gospel is more than a fire-escape. Jesus Christ saves man from sin to service. Through Him comes fullness and richness of life. He opens the windows of the soul on the world of beauty and of art. To Him genius turns for its models. He is inspiration to the best that minds can think and hands can do. But the purpose and love and gift are conditioned on faith. There must be receptivity as well as bestowment. Man's belief determines God's benevolence.

The verse offers the highest of ideals. Jesus Christ loved the world and died for the world. His was life altruistic and vicarious, and his self abnegation makes him the ideal man. Life of the true sort is not a Dead Sea, drinking up all the streams that flow into it, returning nothing but vapor and crude salt. Christ as model will help us to bring our culture, our wealth, our all to the altar of God and humanity. The ideal is not unattainable. It was reached by George Dana Boardman, the saintly man whose revered name this

missionary society bears. In impulse and achievement his was life at its best. Talents, scholarship, everything was consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ and fellow man. Go forth, then, from these classic halls, and beloved scenes, inspired by the ideals of Jesus, and inspirited by the memory of Him who went forth from this endeared spot to preach the gospel in all the world.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

BY PRESIDENT BUTLER.

The germ of the modern university was the learned man and a group of students. As foreshadowing the great institutions of modern times, one recalls the six hundred Saxon pupils who before the days of King Alfred gathered about the venerable Baeda, in whom the students found at once instructor, text-book, library, trustee, overseer, corporation—in a word, the university itself.

Fancy can follow the possible stages of progress from this unincorporated group of pupils. It can easily be supposed that such a company, numbering in some cases thousands, themselves undiciplined, and in towns not too well governed, would be exposed to various rude interruptions, encounters and annoyances. The body of students would migrate from the place where they were too much annoyed. Their presence in the communities would be felt to be desirable, and by and by, to secure their presence, certain immunities would be granted them and special places for study and lodging. The grouping of students within halls and inns would follow,—the bond of union being either nationality or community of studies. Such groups of students and teachers, living under separate roofs, would form the basis of organization into colleges.

The speaker traced the rise of the University of Paris as illustrating this imaginary course of development. In Peter Abelard and his disciples appears the real beginning of perhaps the most ancient university—the university of Paris. Wherever Abelard went he drew multitudes of students with him. He was persecuted for his doctrines and admired for his brilliancy. At one time he was forced to build a hut in a desert place, but even there students crowded around him, and, erecting tents and mud huts covered with thatch, they prosecuted their studies in the wilds, contenting themselves with the simplest rustic fare. Here we have the infant University of Paris in the forests of France. Returning to Paris and reconciling himself with his opponents, Abelard continued his lectures and moulded by his influence some of the most distinguished men of the age. Paris became almost another Athens. The number of students is said to have reached 30,000 and to have exceeded that of the citizens.

The speaker then went on to trace the evolution of the university out of this huge, unorganized mass of students. From each quarter of the world the students came. Naturally, and without much thought of organization, they grouped themselves for mutual convenience and protection according to nationality, and these groups inindeed received the name "Nations." Quite as naturally and, indeed, inevitably the students grouped themselves into companies and secured certain lodging halls where they might live inexpensively and pursue their studies together. The bond of nationality or community of studies thus drew them together. The poverty of the students and their devotion to the life of the scholar made these lodging halls, al-

most from the first, the object of beneficene on the part of rich and pious men and women. Speedily the halls became really endowed boarding-houses, and from that they passed to being more than boarding-houses—endowed schools.

Another step in development came about naturally. The masters who taught kindred subjects would naturally group themselves for counsel and co-operation. Thus Faculties arose. And this union of Nations, of colleges, and of Faculties, conceived of as a single organized community, received the name *Universitas*—university. The term university than originally meant simply a community, and was so applied to other organizations than learned communities. Later, however, the meaning shifted and came to imply not simply a community of students and teachers, but still more strongly the universality of the teaching proposed, until at last we have the conception expressed in the language of Mr. Huxley, that "a university is a place in which all sources of knowledge and all aids to learning should be accessible to all comers without distinction of creed or country, riches or poverty"—a place where "a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge and discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained."

Probably not more than two universities in this largest sense exist in America today. The term university, indeed, may in a sense be applied to those collections of specialized schools, examples of which are found in many of our state universities; but these are universities only in the sense that they are communities of different schools; they are essentially for undergraduates. Again the term may be applied to the institutions of which Yale University is a type, where the specialized schools presuppose that their students have received the discipline of the general "Arts" course, which is for undergraduates. These are universities in a truer sense than the former type, because they differentiate between general disciplinary work of the college and the specialized advanced work of the graduate.

The term university, however, is most truly applied and most clearly in the sense intended by Mr. Huxley's definition, to institutions of the type of Hopkins and Chicago, where the intention is to offer "instruction in all forms of knowledge, and discipline in the use of the methods by which knowledge is obtained." In this large sense the American university emphasizes the idea of graduate work whose main purpose is the acquisition of special knowledge by the enlargement of its field by investigation.

The work of the university is almost exclusively that of instruction and technical training. The work of the college underlying the university and pre-requisite to it, consists almost entirely of what may be termed education—that is to say to evoking the personality of the student, to rendering his faculties alert, to giving him self-knowledge, self-command, and an intelligent outlook upon life. This work of education can by no means be narrow or special. It must take into account the whole man. It must regard him not as a mere receptacle for information, but as having a manifold nature, all of whose activities are to be called forth. It must consider him physically, socially, intellectually, spiritually. It must bring to bear upon his symmetrical development the resources of philosophy, art and religion. And in bringing to him the resources of philosophy, whose function is to interpret phenomena, it must introduce him to the phenomena themselves, and so must acquaint him in

general with history, politics, economics, language and nature. But philosophy interprets life and the world to his understanding only. Art will interpret life and the world to his imagination, and religion to his conscience and will. Then we shall have in him a good citizen of the kingdom of God—the best citizen of a republic of men.

The work of the college underlies and is pre-supposed in the work of the university. The recognition of this fact is becoming more and more common. Harvard's announcement that those who will enter her medical school must first present the academic degree is in point. The same thing will follow in every line of professional activity. And in proportion as the university is regarded as vitally connected with active life will the local college receive additional emphasis. The universities must of necessity stand in the great metropolitan centers, but young men and women must, for economic reasons, seek their undergraduate work near home. And there are pedagogic reasons why the local college is the suitable home for the undergraduate. No college like Colby can be longer conceived to be an independent and unimportant unit. It is rather an indispensable member of a vast system, and each must do its own part in its own place. The great universities will never centralize undergraduate work. They prefer to receive the best products of the colleges and to give these at once advanced and specialized work.

After further tracing in detail the relation between the college and the university, the speaker arrived at the conclusion that the outcome of this review must be to give us a clearer notion of the place that Colby should fill, and a new sense of the importance of what she is called upon to do. The opportunity and the place of Colby are clear. If the name she bears were to be taken seriously, it might confuse. Uuhappily, names were handed round among American institutions of learning before experience, intelligence and conscience had begun to do their joint work for our nomenclature. Colby bears the legal title "University," but the misnomer I think deceives no one. Time may reveal some remedy. Meanwhile, Colby is a college; and to be the peer of any college to be a leader among American colleges—nothing short of this must be her ambition. And no obstacle but what the human will can remove stands in the way.

The tide of students setting toward Waterville will steadily increase. Nature has done everything to make this a model site for a great school. The college stands in the center of a healthful region. Its situation is surpassingly beautiful. It is at the railway center of the state. Here are the traditions of an old, cultured, Christian community; here, too, the life and stir of a growing manufacturing city. Here we have a group of schools the like of which is hardly to be found elsewhere in northern New England. Maine, New Hampshire and a part of Massachusetts are our own field. The Baptist denomination is great and rich and in a position of leadership. Colby the only agency whereby in northern New England this great denomination can do its part in higher education. For more than a quarter of a century the college has prospered. What now stands in its way? The consent of our hearts and our wills. Never has the condition of the college exhibited more imperative needs—needs, it is true, created by life and growth, and hence more imperative than as if they arose from decrepitude and decay—needs that must be met that we may do the work actually in

our hands.

The equipment of the college, ample twenty-five years ago, is now wholly inadequate. Within twenty-five years the demands of the under-graduate upon the college have increased a hundred-fold; and to meet these demands the colleges in New England are enlarging their facilities. *We* must not stand still. The timely and generous gift of Col. Shannon was an invaluable addition to our working plant. But three or four similar gifts are needed at once. A chemical laboratory, a complete department of biological sciences, a building for the women's college—these are indispensable to our work. Soon the growing art collection and the overflowing library will crowd us out of Memorial Hall and we shall need a new chapel. Four gifts of $30,000 each would supply these distinct needs, and these gifts would be forever kept separate from the general endowment, being applied to the designated uses.

The speaker concluded with a reference to the unprecedented gifts to colleges and universities made within recent months, and with a strong appeal for co-operation in enlarging the facilities of Colby for doing her share in preparing young men and women who are flocking to her doors, either for the various activities of life, or for advanced specialized work in the great universities now established in this country.

THAT TIRED FEELING

Is not experienced when you ride the

STRAUS TIRE

ON YOUR '96 MOUNT.

It is the fastest, easiest riding and hardest to puncture; repairable by anyone.

Your Local Dealer can Supply them.

The Newton Rubber W[illegible]

NEWTON UPPER FALL[illegible]

CALL AT

H. C. GOULD'S,

115 MAIN STREET,

WATERVILLE, ME.,

FOR A GOOD

Hair Cut, Shave, Shampoo, Sea Foam,

Or anything in our line. It is

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLBY BOYS.

H. C. GOULD, The Hair Cutter.

GEO. W. DORR, PHARMACIST.

PHENIX BLOCK, WATERVILLE.

FINE PERFUMES, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

SPONGES, SOAPS AND BRUSHES OF ALL KINDS.

Imported and Domestic Cigars,

[illegible]s, Smokers' Articles, etc.

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

[illegible]tention Given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

GEORGE W. DORR

Universi[illegible]ookstore.

College Text books of all kinds co[illegible]ationery, Lecture and Note Books Pens, Pencils, Ink, Mucilage,[illegible]d Hand Books bought and sold. Books not in stock procu[illegible] [illegible]ennis and Sporting Goods a Specialty. We solicit your patronage.

FOSS & COLLINS, - - - - 18 SOUTH COLLEGE.

New England Bureau of Education.

TO TEACHERS SEEKING POSITION OR PROMOTION.

If any graduate of Colby University should engage to teach five days in a week, and forty weeks in a year, at *fifty dollars per day*, he would have to teach more than *one hundred years* to earn the aggregate of salaries which have been secured to its members by the NEW ENGLAND BUREAU OF EDUCATION *during the administration of its present manager*. These thousands of teachers have been by us placed in positions in every State and Territory, and abroad. *Now is the time to register for Autumn '96 vacancies. Forms and circulars sent free.*

AN ARITHMETICAL EXAMPLE SOLVED.

Address:

HIRAM ORCUTT, Manager. 3 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON.

MERRIMAN, The Tailor.

NO. 6 SILVER STREET.

It will be to your advantage to call on him if you want

TAILOR-MADE CLOTHES.

First Class Work and Prices to Suit the Times.

Cleansing, Repairing and Pressing Promptly and Neatly Done.

MERRIMAN, THE TAILOR

No. 6 Silver St., Waterville, Me.

W. B. ARNOLD. O. G. SPRINGFIELD

W. B. Arnold & Co.,

HARDWARE,

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

DOORS, SASH & GLAZED WINDOWS,

Tinsmiths, Steam and Water Fitters.

WATERVILLE, - - - - - - - MAINE.

$3 a Day Sure. Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furn[illegible]h the work and teach you free; you work in the locali[illegible] where you live. Send us your address we will expla[illegible] the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; *write at once.*

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX A. A., DETROIT, MICH.

IF YOU WANT

Candy OR Ice Cream

THE PLACE TO GET IT IS AT

C. H. W EELER'S CANDY FACTORY,

MAIN STREET.

WEAR The EMERSON SHOE.

THE PER[illegible]CT FITTING SHOES FOR TENDER FEET. They are positively the EASIEST SHOES WORN. SOLD direct and only to the consumer at ONE FAIR PRICE by the Makers.

GET THE BEST WHEN YOU CAN.

At Retail Under Preble House, Portland, Me.

Official Jeweler to a[illegible]

FRATERNITIES

BY

Special Appointmen[illegible]

[illegible]xclusive Attention

Given to

High-Grade Work.

F[illegible]D,

FINE * READY-MADE * CLOTHING.

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

102 MAIN STREET, - - - - - - - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

REDINGTON & COMPANY,

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, + CARPETS, + CROCKERY

MIRRORS, MATTRESSES. UNDERTAKERS AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

SILVER STREET, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

G. W. HUTCHINS,

SURGEON DENTIST,

OFFICE, 100 MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE.

Ether and Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered for the Extraction of Teeth,

WM. H. DOW. S. A. GREEN.

DOW & GREEN,

Dealers in all kind of

COAL and WOOD.

OFFICE ON MAIN ST., NEAR FREIGHT DEPOT.

WATERVILLE, - - MAINE.

If you are IMPERFECT VISION troubled with

GO TO

GOODRIDGE, the Optician,

And have your eyes tested, FREE. I have an optician of many years' experience, who tests the eyes, and is the only one in the city who can do it properly.

F. J. GOODRIDGE. City Optician

104 MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE.

PERCY LOUD,

Ladies' and Gent's Fine Ready-Made and Custom

BOOTS AND SHOES

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

MAIN STREET, - - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Hot and Cold Soda

During the Winter Months at

ALDEN & DEEHAN'S,

Cor. Main and Temple Sts., Waterville, Me.

CLOTHES Cleansed, Pressed and Repaired.

J. CUSHMAN,

198 Main Street, - - Waterville, Me.

THE

Newton Theological Institution,

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

Year begins Sept. 3, 1895. Entrance examinations in Colby Hall at 9 A.M. Students admitted Wednesday at 9 A.M. Seven professors and two instructors. Regular course three years. English course two years. Instruction in the two courses separate. French department. Instruction in mission and other Christian work. Large range of elective studies in regular course and for resident graduates. Elocution through the whole course. Furnished rooms.

ALVAH HOVEY, President.

M. D. JOHNSON,

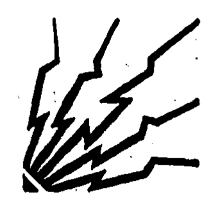
DENTIST

66 MAIN STREET, - WATERVILLE, MAINE

Office Hours from 8 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 6 p. m.

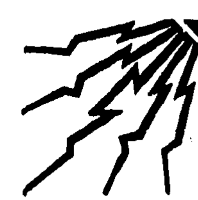
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas and Ether constantly on hand.

Lost!



Many a student who has not a desire for foot ball, base ball, racing, etc., has found that the neglect of the physical man has told severely on the mental man.

Take a few days, weeks or months each year in the grand old woods of Maine and see how nature thrives, watch the birds, the trees, the flowers, or with reel and line try "chucking a bug," and with rifle and shot gun drop a deer and perhaps a moose, and you will find life will take on new vigor and the joys of living will be



Found!

If you don't know where to go write the Passenger Department of the Maine Central Railroad, Portland, Maine.

F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Pass. Agent. PAYSON TUCKER, V. Pres. and Manager

E. L. JONES, Dentist.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN SAME ROOMS.

1, 2, 3 and 4, Over Savings Bank.

A MAN

Is judged by the clothes he wears. One feels better when his clothes are made up right and FIT.

CLOTHED

In one of our fine tailor-made, imported black clay worsted suits at $16, one can think his suit is made

TO ORDER.

Please call and see if this isn't correct.

DOLLOFF & DUNHAM,

Fine Ready Made Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,

WATERVILLE, ME.

W. E. CHADWICK,

—DEALER IN—

PIANOS ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES

And Musical Merchandise.

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

162 Main St., - - Waterville, Maine.

GO TO **WING'S CANDY FACTORY**

—FOR—

FRESH CANDIES and ICE CREAM

We also have a large assortment of

FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN ITS SEASON.

F. A. WING & CO.

44 MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE.

GLOBE STEAM LAUNDRY,

T. J. FROTHINGHAM, Proprietor,

80 and 82 Temple St., Portland, Maine.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

F. W. PEAKES, Agent, Colby.

G. S. FLOOD & CO.,

Shippers and Dealers in all kinds of

Anthracite & Bituminous Coal.

Also Wood, Lime, Cement, Hair, Pressed Hay Straw and Drain Pipe.

Coal Yards & Office Cor. Main & Pleasant Sts.

Down Town Office, Marston Block.

A. E. BESSEY, M. D.
Hours: 10 to 12 A. M.
1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 8 P. M.
Sundays, 3 to 4 P. M.

M. W. BESSEY, M. D.
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M.
3 to 5 P. M.
Evenings.
Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Residence 72 Elm Elm Street.
Office 116 Main Street, over Ticonic Bank. *Telephone Connection.*

J. A. VIGUE'S

Is the place to buy your

Groceries & Provisions Cheap.

He keeps a large Stock of Good Goods and his prices are always the Lowest.

W. D. SPAULDING,

Bookseller and Stationer.

Newspapers and Periodicals.

MAIN STREET, - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Elmwood Hotel,

The Largest and Leading Hotel in the City.

Cuisine and Service First Class.

Superior Sanitary Arrangements.

H. E. JUDKINS, Prop.,

WATERVILLE, - - - MAINE.

S. L. PREBLE,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Guarantees his work to be 100 per cent. better than any that can be obtained elsewhere in the state. Call at his Studio and be convinced that his statement is correct.

66 MAIN STREET, - - - - - - - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

OCTOBER 10, 1896. VOL. XXI. NO. 4.

T. F. CARLETON,
HAIR DRESSING ROOMS.
Billiard and Pool Room Connected.
139 MAIN STREET.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors.
SEND TO ANY OF THESE AGENCIES FOR 100-PAGE AGENCY MANUAL, FREE.
4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass;
1242 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C.;
70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.;
420 Century Building, Minneapolis, Minn.;
355 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.;
525 Stimson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.;
107 Keith & Perry Building, Kansas City, Mo.;
728 Cooper Building, Denver, Colo.;
25 King Street, West, Toronto, Can.

Dr. H. E. SHEMPP,
Waterville, Maine
Dental Office:
No. 84 Main Street.

BUY AT HEADQUARTERS.
L. H. Soper & Co.
CARRY THE LARGEST LINE OF
Dry Goods, Small Wares, Etc.
IN THE CITY.

LEARNED & BROWN
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTERS
Agents for the GURNEY HOT WATER BOILERS
Electric Heat Regulators for Steam and Hot Water Boilers and Furnaces.

F. A. HARRIMAN,
DEALER IN
Watches, Diamond, Jewelry,
Clocks, Silverware, Silver Novelties, Colby Banner Pins and Link Cuff Buttons.
——FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.——
You will find the largest stock of OPTICAL GOODS at F. A. HARRIMAN'S.
Glasses Fitted by a Graduate Optician.
52 Main Street, - - Waterville, Maine.

LOUISE M. BENSON,
Stenographer and Typewriter
105 Main St., Waterville.
Articles Copied Neatly and Promptly.

"ELMWOOD"
Livery and Boarding
STABLE.
ELMWOOD HOTEL.
GEO. E. AYER, Proprietor.
Hacks for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc.
Also Barges for Large Parties.

C. A. HENRICKSON.
——DEALER IN——
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS.
Come and Get Our Prices.

DINSMORE
The Popular Shoe Dealer,
CARRIES THE FINEST LINE
IN THE CITY.
No. 92 Main Street, - - Waterville, Maine.

CUT FLOWERS
For Receptions, Commencement, etc. should be ordered at LARRY'S.
SODA, Very Fine, Summer and Winter, at LARRY'S.
Combs, Brushes, Sponges, etc., and all supplies for the Room or Laboratory.
J. F. LARRABEE '87, The Druggist.

SIUTS
$12 to $15.
TAILOR ED.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

CHARTERED IN 1820. WATERVILLE COLLEGE UNTIL 1867.

Officers of the Corporation.

Hon. JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, LL. D.
Vice-President and Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Hon. PERCIVAL BONNEY, LL. D.
Treasurer.

Faculty of Instruction.

NATHANIEL BUTLER, D. D., PRESIDENT.
Babcock Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

EDWARD W. HALL, A.M.,
Registrar and Librarian.

WILLIAM ELDER, A.M., Sc.D.,
Merrill Professor of Chemistry.

JULIAN D. TAYLOR, A.M.,
Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

LABAN E. WARREN, A.M., LL. D.,
Professor of Mathematics and Lecturer on Art.

GEORGE D. B. PEPPER, D.D., LL. D.,
Professor of Biblical Literature.

WILLIAM A. ROGERS, Ph. D., LL. D.,
Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

WILLIAM S. BAYLEY, Ph. D.,
Professor of Mineralogy and Geology.

CARLTON B. STETSON, A.M.
Professor of Greek.

J. WM. BLACK, Ph. D.,
Professor of History and Political Economy.

ARTHUR J. ROBERTS, A. B.,
Professor of Rhetoric.

ANTON MARQUARDT, Ph. D.,
Instructor in Modern Languages.

JOHN HEDMAN, A.B.,
Instructor in Greek and Latin.

JOHN HAROLD BATES, A. B.,
Instructor in Physical Culture.

MARY ANNA SAWTELLE, Ph. B.,
Dean of the Women's College and Instructor in French in the Women's College.

PROFESSOR STETSON,
Secretary of the Faculty.

The Course of Instruction

Is substantially identical with the Classical Course in the larger Colleges of New England. There are Special Courses open to those prepared to take them. Additional facilities for laboratory work are now furnished.

Apparatus and Cabinet.

The departments of Physics and Chemistry are well equipped for experiments. For the study of Natural Sciences there are collections illustrative of Ornithology, Conchology, Geology and Mineralogy. The Observatory is furnished with a telescope and other instruments for instruction in Astronomy.

Physical Training.

The general principles of Physical Education are taught by lectures in the first year. Exercises in Gymnastics are required of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The gymnasium is well provided with the most approved apparatus.

Library and Reading Room.

The University Library of 30,000 bound volumes is a choice collection well arranged in a building which is a model of its kind. The alcoves are open to the students, and the contents of the shelves are rendered easy of access by means of a card catalogue and indexes. The Reading-room contains the best periodicals, and is always open.

Expenses.

The Trustees are determined to furnish the best possible education at the lowest practical cost. Tuition is $60 per annum. The total necessary expenses of each year, including board, washing, fuel and lights, are from $225 to $275.

Scholarships and Prizes.

The University has 70 endowed scholarships amounting to $80,000, the income of which, in sums of from $36 to $60 per annum, is credited on the term bills of worthy students who may need assistance. Two prizes of $50, and two second prizes of $25, are offered for superior preparation for admission. Other prizes are offered during the course for excellence in composition, declamation, reading and German.

☞ For Catalogues or any further information apply to the President.

Athletes Everywhere Use and Endorse

The Great Vital and Muscle Nervine,

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Accidents will happen in all gymnasiums. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment acts promptly.

DEAR SIRS:--I can only speak of the "Old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" in the highest terms. I have used it in the gymnasium when the boys have strained or overworked their bodies, and it has worked like magic in reducing swelled joints and in removing soreness of the overworked parts. At home my wife has used it with our boys and speaks most enthusiastically; would not be without it for the world. For most all the slight ills of the flesh, both internally and externally, it has proved itself most valuable.
(Signed) ROBERT J. ROBERTS,
Mgr. Boston Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium.

Why suffer from sore muscles? Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures all inflammations.

GENTLEMEN:—Among amateur athletes there is much danger of overdoing; working certain muscles more than others, in cricket, tennis, base ball, cycling, etc., thus causing muscular inflammation, which should be attended to at once with a good liniment. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is no doubt the best for such use. I cheerfully endorse it.
Yours truly,
(Signed) CHAS. A. COMISKEY.

For stiffness and strains, rub with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, then bind in flannel.

GENTLEMEN:—I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment with much satisfaction. Base-ball players should all use it. In fact, among athletes, a good rub down with the "Old Anodyne" after a lively sport of any kind, will prevent many a sore muscle and stiff joint, I sincerely believe.
(Signed) WM. EWING.

Every bruise, every lameness, should be freely bathed with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

GENTLEMEN:—Years of experience among base-ball players has taught me one thing for sure, namely that the majority of professional ball players use your old "reliable" Johnson's Anodyne Liniment when in need of a lotion for bruises or lameness. I can honestly endorse it as the best.
(Signed) WM. M. NASH.

Unlike any other, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is for internal as much as external use.

DEAR SIRS:—Our boys all like Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For bruises, strains or muscular lameness, it most certainly is all you claim for it. I wish you continued success.
(Signed) H. S. CORNISH.
Athletic Manager Boston Athletic Association.

Our book on INFLAMMATION mailed free.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

We Warrant

Our Photographs
The BEST. * * *

PICTURE FRAMING TO ORDER.

PIERCE, PHOTOGRAPHER,

93 Main Street, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

LORING, SHORT & HARMON,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Books, Stationery and Paper Hangings.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

BLANK BOOKS.

474 Congress St., Opposite Preble House.

BEST BARGAINS

—IN—

Boots and Shoes,

AT S. A. ESTES,

No. 5 Main St., Waterville, Maine.

GIVE US A CALL.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

A SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

ESTABLISHED 1824

Local examinations provided for. Send for a Catalogue.