

Original drawing of Mrs. Browning by Mr. L. H. K. P. 7

COLLEGE WEEK

Miss Mary Sherman presented a book society a banner P. 6

REPORTING COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.

Pavilion P. 4. Col. 2. WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 15-19, 1879. Procession

THIS PAPER

is intended to give an account of the doings and sayings of Commencement Week at Western Maryland College. It is the Twelfth Commencement. The exercises begin on Sunday and close on Thursday, which is Commencement Day. The three Societies of the College, the Graduating Class, the preacher and the orator are those who furnish the entertainment. We have tried to give a full account, but our space precludes much that might be said. Criticism is not attempted, but so to sketch the week that those friends who cannot be present may know just what Commencement is. The enjoyment of the reader will be the reward of the Editor, Reporter and Publisher of the COLLEGE WEEK, which trinity is united in one inscrutable Amicus.

THE SABBATH.

Sabbath morning promised as fair a day as the most anxious graduate or College student could desire.—Accordingly there was early rising at the college. The reveille was sounded on six, tender, young hearts. It was, to them the first day of perhaps the most momentous week of their lives. Perhaps, the one most solemn. Only One knows how it was begun. At ten o'clock the young gentlemen formed into line in front of the College under the marshalship of Mr. L. A. Jarman, '80. The young ladies followed under the care of their Preceptress Miss Lottie A. Owings. The Faculty came next, making in all a line of about 125.

As they approached the Church, the young gentlemen opened ranks and, with hats off, saluted the Faculty as they passed through, and the young ladies. Thus to the sound of one of Meyer's harmonies from the Organ, they entered the Methodist Protestant Church, one of the largest of the town and one of the strongest of the denomination served at present by Rev. S. B. Southerland, D. D., an ex-President of the Conference.

The services were opened by a Responsive Reading prepared for the occasion from the Psalms, beginning: "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God." Seward's Anthem "Rejoice in the God of Israel" was then rendered by the choir in full chorus.

In the pulpit were seated Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., President; Rev. H. C. Cushing, Vice President and Rev. J. B. Walker, Agent of the College, and Rev. S. B. Southerland, D. D., and Rev. R. Scott Norris.—President Ward announced the 3rd hymn: "Almighty maker, God," and Rev. H. C. Cushing led in prayer.—"Look ye saints, the sight is glorious" was sung as the voluntary. Mr. H. D. Newson supporting the Bass and Mr. H. M. Gernand the Tenor.

The Baccalaureate Sermon by President Ward was from Matthew v: 8. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Theme: *The Blessedness of heart-purity.*

The text was viewed first in its comprehensiveness, as that which included all the other beatitudes; occupying as it were, a central position in the cluster of qualities named in the sermon on the Mount, infusing itself through and in a certain sense constituting them, for viewed in the light of our Saviour's teachings generally, no really good quality can be possessed where heart purity is wanting. This was the test to which Christ subjected every character that appeared before him.

The word "heart" is used in a great variety of senses; still there is a sameness of meaning in a large number of the passages where the word is employed so that we can form a correct idea of the sense generally intended.

In our text it seems to mean that part of our spiritual nature which bears the same relation to all other parts that the physical heart bears to the physical system. As the latter is the central organ of the physical circulation, so is the former the center of spiritual activity; for all spiritual aims, whether belonging to the intellectual, or moral, or pathological spheres, are elaborated in the heart. Only that which enters the heart is a possession having any moral worth, while only that which comes from the heart is a moral product. Understanding, then, the word in this sense, heart purity must imply freedom from whatever does not comport with its original nature and design.

First proposition:—*Purity of heart is only attainable and retainable through the provisions made for man as announced in the gospel:* "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." This proposition was enforced by a close argu-

ment to show the absurdity of denying human sinfulness, since there is no provision except for sinners; to propose to make men pure involves the assumption that they are not pure. It was also elaborated by quotations from Mrs. Hannah Moore.

Second proposition:—*The blessedness of such as attain and retain heart purity is of the highest possible kind: "They shall see God."* Of course, there is a sense in which "no man hath seen God at any time," that is, beholding Him with the natural eye, because God is a Spirit, or fully comprehending Him in His essential existence and attributes as we may see and know beings of our own order. But we may "see" Him in the sense of communing with Him, as our first parents did. This is the sense of the text. Only this can sanctify learning. Indeed, Rowland Hill says: "We never come into the regions of wisdom until we are among the pure in heart."

I am not in sympathy with those who think that we cannot realize any part of this until our departure from this life. It belongs to those who, striving through faith after all that is attainable and retainable of communion with God on earth, yet look beyond for the full realization.

The President then delivered the following:

ADDRESS TO THE CLASS.

My dear young Friends of the Ninth Graduating Class of our College:—I have designedly made my sermon brief that I might have the more time within the limits usually fixed for these services to give you some kind words of counsel which I have every reason to believe you will duly appreciate, and which I trust in God will be of lasting service to you. It will doubtless add to your estimate of these counsels for me to call your attention to the fact that I speak not for myself alone but also for my Colleagues of the Faculty under whose care and instruction you have passed the years of your Collegiate Course. Into their recitation rooms as into mine you have gone at the assigned times, always meeting kindly reception and sincere and earnest efforts to benefit you; and with them, as with myself there is now a special desire that that these parting words may be adapted to impress you with the conviction of our responsibility in sending you forth to join the members of former classes who are now performing their parts in the busy world.

Our advice may be expressed in brief thus:—*Make the seeking and retention of heart-purity, your grand and constant aim.* We would not be understood as advising any neglect of other culture, such as it has been our effort to aid you in our professional duties at College. This would be utterly inconsistent as well as improper and even ridiculous. It would be virtually to say that we had been trifling hitherto, and not until now come to be serious and in earnest in our instructions. But such is not the fact. We would not for one moment intimate that we regard the instructions properly belonging to the College and having direct reference to the culture of the intellect and to practical literary and business pursuits in life, as of any less importance than we have always represented them to be. As bearing upon our interests in this world, and especially as considered in connection with the age in which we live, we could hardly speak too strongly in favor of these advantages. Hence we recommend you still to press on in the pursuit of knowledge such as you have been aiming to acquire and some good portion of which we trust you have acquired within the walls of your Alma Mater. Think not of laying aside your books, or your pens. Fall not into the error of supposing your education is completed. It is only Commencement day when we graduate you: then you enter the College of human enterprise, in which you may learn much more than you have ever yet acquired, as well as find abundant opportunities of making available for good to others all that you have learned or may still learn. Religion no less plainly than philosophy says "Be not slothful in business." But, all this admitted, there is something more which Religion enjoins and which no true philosophy can ignore. And this something more is that which I am endeavoring to induce you to attend to, and which I regard as being embraced in the heart-purity recommended.—Be "fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer."

I have aimed to show you that true purity of heart is only attainable and retainable through the provision made for us in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The counsel I am now giving you therefore, expressed in other words is that you embrace this provision; or if (as I believe is the case) you have begun to avail yourselves of it, that you continue to do so until you shall be made possessors of all the blessedness it promises.

In a few days you will go forth from our College with the endorsement and commendation of those who have for years been instructing you. Loving parents and kind friends will gather around you with their greetings and congratulations. It will,

doubtless, be a glad day to you. Very soon you will find, however, that there is a difference between your going home on such an occasion and going home as you have done after former Commencements to spend a few weeks of vacation. Life's experiences will convince you of the importance of bearing constantly in mind the counsels I am now giving you. But humbly and faithfully following these counsels you will, with the divine assistance, be enabled to serve the Lord in the beauty of holiness, to exemplify the hallowing influences of religion in all the relations and proper pursuits of life; to spend your days upon earth so as to secure the approval of God and of all pure intelligences, and when these days are ended to spend eternity itself in the presence of and communion with your Saviour and all the holy.

In my sermon I made some quotations from the works of Hannah Moore. I now take occasion to recommend to you the study of those works, and especially such of them as were written for the benefit of her own sex. It would be easy to add many other names that could with equal propriety be recommended to you, and many grand works written by women who have adorned the annals of Christian literature. In all that would be particularly appropriate as advice to you as a class of young ladies, these writings, if diligently and prayerfully studied, will benefit you more than I could expect any attempt of mine to embody such spiritual counsels in the brief space of a few paragraphs, could do. I therefore content myself with recommending you to study the character and works of such pious and noble members of your sex as the one name I have given will afford you a type of.

But above all studies to aid you in the culture of the moral and religious, and indeed of the intellectual faculties, none can answer in the place of the volume that lies before me.

"Behold a book—the Bible!—Book of Books!
Take, read, and think. But hold with reverent hand.
Regard with reverent eye, with reverent mind
Receive its truth. Then press it to thy heart,
Indulge thy grateful love, and, falling prone
Before the Essential Presence, bless His name—
Praise, ever praise for this excelling gift."

Herein you will find numerous examples of character in those of your own sex well worthy of your study and imitation, as well as faithful warnings against every principle or maxim that would lead you away from God. Let your motto be "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever: they are the rejoicing of my heart." Everything in the Bible is of infinite value to our race; but there is one sweet text for young ladies that I would especially mention. It is this: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is

vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." No accomplishment, no possession, unaccompanied by heart religion, will ever bring you praise that will endure forever. There are indeed honors that are worth seeking and valuable in earthly connections that it would be unwise to discard under ordinary circumstances; but there is none that it would not be even wise to discard if it stood in the way of our obtaining that which cometh from God. From my inmost soul, my dear young friends, I wish you every blessing God may see fit to bestow upon you, and success and prosperity in whatever sphere of life it may be your lot to move; but my highest wish on behalf of you is that you may understand by sweet experience the full meaning of your Saviour's words, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

Rev. J. B. Walker led in prayer, and the services closed with the 396th hymn: "O for a heart to praise my God," and the Benediction pronounced by Dr. Southerland.

SABBATH EVENING.

This time is always appropriated to the three Literary Societies of the College—The Browning (Ladies,) and the Irving and Webster (Gents.) and improved by a sermon from a minister of their choice. Their selection this year was Rev. R. Scott Norris of Baltimore, one of the Trustees of the College and one of the most prominent ministers of the Maryland Conference. The Societies started from their respective halls about seven o'clock, each marshalled and equipped with appropriate regalia.

As in the morning, a large congregation was in attendance; many former Students and Alumni being present.

The Choir opened with Mason's anthem: "O praise God in his holiness." In addition to the clergy of the morning Rev. W. H. Kuhns, pastor of the Lutheran Church occupied a seat in the pulpit and made the opening prayer. The 541st hymn was sung: "Religion is the chief concern." After prayer the choir sang Meyer's anthem; "Sing aloud unto God." Messrs. Herr and Warfield taking the Bass, Miss Zepp the Alto, and Misses Bixler, E. Herbaugh and McKellip the Soprano. Miss Anna Yingling presided at the organ and the music throughout the day sustained the very high reputation of this excellent choir.

Rev. Mr. Norris announced as his text: Romans XII: II. "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

The sermon was opened with the following introductory address:

MY YOUNG FRIENDS.—I am not insensible, I trust, to the honor which you have conferred upon me by se

(Continued on page 7.)

(Continued from page 7.)

this chapel had been charged only ten cents admission, a five thousand dollar chapel could now seat the throng of eight hundred persons clamoring to get in a room that will hold just four hundred.

But—the curtain goes up, and Miss Flora Wilson of Johnsville, the daughter of Rev. P. L. Wilson who is so gratefully remembered for his early and long continued interest and work in and for the College, reads the opening address. Her first words are:

The fast-revolving wheel of time has brought us to the Ninth Anniversary of our society, and we are here with grateful hearts to celebrate it. We can scarcely realize that another year of Alma Mater life has vanished, a year of pleasant and care-free days as well as one of hours of labor in the promotion of that great result at which we are aiming; but alas! too true we find it to be that the precious time has indeed departed—the days and hours have been numbered with those of the past which return no more. We now come fully to realize that we have been allowing ourselves to dream away too much of the time in airy flights of fancy instead of employing each moment in sowing seed which would yield a harvest of golden fruits for life's future. How many changes have been wrought since our last anniversary. Many of those who stood with us last year proudly upholding the banner of her whose name we bear, have entered the sterner battle-fields of life; and also with you, our audience, we see many new forms and faces, whilst some who once were brilliant stars in our midst have vanished. The pleasant duty which devolves upon me to-night is to give our Society's most hearty welcome to all who have favored us with their presence.

Then in graceful words she welcomes in turn the Webster and Irving Societies, the Faculty and the audience.

Miss Jennie Malehorn recited "Love lightens Labor," and was followed by a Tableau of the Five Graces and a reading by Miss Flora Ewell of "Lost—Somebody's Child." The audience was under her control and evinced hearty appreciation. A critic might have said there was too much action for a reading and her sibilants were unpleasant, but criticism is only in place because the lady has decided talent and because her rendering was the result of study and labor.

Miss Emma Selby occupied the prominent place of the programme, being appointed to read the Anniversary Essay. Her subject was "Life's West Window." In this way she opened the window:

Mysterious time, ever advancing with unwearied step and increasing rapidity, impressing in its perpetual progress on the unblemished pages of the album of memory the vicissitudes

of ages, outlining in its undeviating course the destiny of man and lavishly proffering to him the jewels of sagacity, eminence, honor and directing him to the fount of real dignity and worth, has fleetly and noiselessly as the clouds passed down the protracted path of his glory, and now slowly retreats through the Hesperian gardens of the West and rests his aged hand on the gate of life, left ajar by the decree of Fate. It is the moment of tranquility; bright-eyed fancy is hushed, she droops and pursues her mystic career no longer; invincible reality now courses her way impeded by naught. Life, like one grand day, is sweetly and placidly closing; on her unrippled bosom linger the fainting beams of a departing sun whose light shall ere long illuminate the domains of the unknown future, whose mighty orb now seems resting on the burnished wave of existence. O'er the sinking sphere, while blushing beauty suspends a glorious canopy of light and blue, hang billowy clouds of gold shaded with deepest purple gleaming like islands on a dark, blue sea and edged with a radiance as beautiful as towering rocks of jet crowned with a garland of diamond. Heaven low resting on the murmuring billow grows to a deeper glory still, bathed in a flood of light, while splendor paves its gorgeous dome and pearly battlements view its infinite realms, all blending but to paint vaguely the beauties that now slumber in the grave of the past.

She seated reflection at the easement and brought to view childhood, youth, manhood and old age. She closed with a recitation of the "Evening Cloud" by John Wilson.

Tableau of "Gates Ajar" was so pleasing that it was recalled, after which Miss Louie Cunningham read "The Catarrh Remedy," doing the humor of the peace ample justice.

The whole performance closed with the perfectly charming "Little Red-Riding Hood," Miss Florence Hering being the original Miss Hood, and Mr. Willie Moore prowling around a perfect wolf. It was thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end and one knows not how to write it up. These exercises were interspersed with music furnished by the ladies of the Society as follows:

"Le Juif Errant," by Misses M. Rinehart and C. Smouse. "The Wandering Sprite," by Miss Alverta Lamotte. "Annen Polka," by Misses M. and S. Wilmer. "The Twittering of Birds," by Miss Florence Hering. "La Balladine," by Miss Rinehart, and voluntaria eccentric by Messrs. Cramer and Cushing.

THIRD DAY--TUESDAY.

MORNING.

Tuesday morning of commencement week is dedicated to fun and general hilarity. The class is host

and is bound to furnish a pungent and savory repast. The visitors give themselves up to "growing fat."

The class of 1879 is composed of six young ladies and they made their exercises agree thereto. This is the twice sixth commencement; they printed their programmes in six divisions arranged around a hexagon; they had their class stone made with six sides with the motto: "Amicitia firma officisque fidelis." *In friendships true, and in duties faithful.* The exercises we can only sketch, but no report can do justice to the fun of the occasion.—Over the platform was hung the following: "Solid wish of the class of 1879: O, for a man!"

The class history was read by Miss Lizzie Trump; the prophecy by Miss Mamie McKinstry, and the class ode was written by Miss Mollie Lankford and sung by the class to music composed for it by Mrs. Jones, Teacher of music. A good audience was present and thoroughly enjoyed the exercises.

EVENING.

The Oratorical Contest is one of the most interesting features of Commencement. It is a trial of intellectual skill between chosen members of the Irving and Webster Societies; and although no prize is given, the audience usually makes up a decision as to which Society bears off the palm. It is not our office to publish such decision, if indeed we knew it, but to give extracts from all the speeches and let readers judge for themselves. Rev. R. Scott Norris opened the exercises with prayer, and Mr. DeFord, President of the Webster Society, introduced Mr. W. F. Roberts as the first orator of the Webster, whose subject was "Liberty." Mr. Roberts confined himself to a survey of the history of our own country. Speaking of the comparison of other countries with our own he said:

The pages of our histories have enrolled names as illustrious as those boasted of by the oriental nations. We hold with pride the names of Washington, "the father of his country," and a Franklin and Morse, who plucked the electricity from the clouds and made it subservient to the will of man; and a Fulton, the inventor who first ruffled the beautiful Hudson by his inventive genius, and introduced the means by which men have ridden the mountainous waves of old ocean's billowy breast; and an Edison, by whose sagacious intellect the candle and lamp sink into insignificance when compared to the electric light; and an Agassiz, whom we can claim, fathomed the profound depths of nature, and from the mirror of whose intellect the physical cosmos was reflected. We should honor the fact that our fore-fathers secured for us liberty by their lives, and that the sun of American Liberty did not set as predicted by

(Continued on page 6.)

(Continued from page 6.)

FOURTH DAY--WEDNESDAY.

At 10 o'clock the students assembled to receive from the Faculty the reports of the averages attained in the various studies and the certificates given to those showing excellence in special departments.

THE ORATION

before the Literary Societies was delivered by Hon. J. V. L. Findlay, of Baltimore, at 8 o'clock P. M. A large concourse assembled in the pavilion in the College grove. Seated on the stage were, besides the Trustees and Faculty, Hon. C. B. Roberts, Hon. J. E. Smith, Dr. F. Shaw, and Messrs. R. B. Norment and J. A. C. Bond of the Westminster Bar, Prof. J. M. Newson, Examiner of Carroll County, and Revs. S. V. Leech, of Frederick, W. H. Kuhns and J. D. Still of Westminster. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Nichols, and the orator was introduced by Mr. H. L. Elderdice of the Webster Society. The orator began by alluding to the scene of his own graduation (Princeton), depicting the tremor and anxiety of the man making his *debut* in his silk gown. He then passed to his theme:—

THE SOURCES AND LIMITS OF ORATORY.

He said that oratory, so called, as practiced in our schools and colleges may give a false impression as to the true end and aim of this divine art. The man is tempted to elucidate himself rather than his subject. What is expected of him is not to persuade, but to astonish by the pomp and circumstance of declamatory display. Such training is worse than useless for the actual conduct of affairs, but seems necessary to accustom young speakers to the terrors of the rostrum. This view we have received in great part from the ancients. The Athenians listened to their orators not only to be advised as to what was best for the State, but to gratify their taste for the beautiful. In many of their forensic efforts there are appeals and flights, as we would say, not to be tolerated for a moment in Westminster Hall or in our high courts of judicature.

The aim of the modern orator is far different. In fact he addresses two audiences; the one seen, the other unseen. The press has not only indefinitely multiplied the power of the orator, but, to please his largest audience, compels him to cultivate the graces of the writer rather than the speaker; to be more careful of the matter than the manner. The types have no graces. That often which sounds well set off by an energetic delivery and graceful manner appears flat and insipid when reproduced in the printed page. The kind of preaching which for five months in the city of Baltimore, night and day, has drawn multitudes, is the plain-spoken, downright earnest and practical ministry of the Word. The times have chang-

ed from a speculative to a practical age, from a hearing to a reading world. The ceaseless scratching of the pens above him is a continual reminder to the Congressman that there is another audience than the one within the sound of his voice; one whose calm judgment is not to be conciliated by any other means than sober, well-considered thought, framed in plain and intelligible language.

The name of Daniel Webster, above all others in this country, is associated with oratory not merely as an art but as a force. The greatest oration ever made was pronounced not in Athens, but in Washington, not for the Crown, but for the Union.

The orator then entered upon a minute examination of the reply to Hayne, giving its history and contrasting it with the oration of Demosthenes on the crown. The Athenian spoke in his own defense; Webster glows with the inspiration of Gettysburg and Appomatox. Demosthenes and Æschines bespatter one another with abuse but little removed from billingsgate; Webster rebukes a taunt with a lofty and sustained assumption of superiority. All that Demosthenes attempted was a defense of what had passed; but Webster stands at the cradle of his country, not at the grave. Demosthenes had ample time to prepare his reply; Webster's reply was almost extemporaneous.

In conclusion, learn to think upon your feet and to say what you think in a plain, direct, forcible manner.—If flowers are in easy reach pluck them, but never wander into the woods to hunt them.

The speaker dwelt upon the charm of Irving's prose, recommending it as a model of purity and elegance, and paid a glowing tribute to the poetry of Mrs. Browning. He closed with the following advice:

Whosoever wishes to marry and be happy let him drink deep at the fountain of Aurora Leigh—Whoever would be pure in thought and deed let him learn at the feet of Irving—Whoever reaches for the crown of mingled olive and gold let him give his nights and days to Webster.

FIFTH DAY--THURSDAY.

This last day is the great day of the feast; the day for which all the others were made. The twelfth Commencement day—June 19th, 1879—sustained the proverbial reputation of such days for beautiful weather and immense crowds. The large pavilion in the grove capable of seating nearly a thousand persons was filled and many found seats and standing room without. The open building, the leafy grove, the crowds and carriages and the distinguished divines brought vividly to mind Camp meeting scenes. Seated on the platform were, first of all and most interesting of all, the graduating class—six young ladies.

Misses Lankford, McKinstry, Rinehart, Smith, Trump and Wampler; the Trustees of the College; the Faculty, and many distinguished visitors.

The platform was beautifully decorated with fragrant bouquets, the offerings of admiring friends, tastefully arranged by the ushers. Books also, packages, silver and other presents were displayed making a brilliant and attractive scene.

Promptly at 10 o'clock, President J. T. Ward, D. D., called upon Dr. J. T. Murray of Georgetown to offer prayer. Gray's Band of Westminster furnished the music. The Salutatory was read by Miss Lizzie Trump of Manchester, in a clear, distinct voice. Subject: "Eventful Periods of Life." This was the second honor, and the essay was marked by original, grave thought, well expressed. After a general salutation of welcome she said:

Life is a book, of which we only have one edition; eventful periods make heading for chapters; the trivial circumstances which daily occur, are the paragraphs; the pleasant incidents the episodes; and each act produces a sentence; and thus consciously, or unconsciously, each of us is writing his own life's history.

The eventful periods mentioned were Birth, Education, Religious choice, Marriage. She then closed with the following:

We students have reached an eventful period in our life's history. Commencement days are the crowning days of all the long scholastic years. They are looked forward to with mingled joy and regret. Within the soul two contending forces meet. Ease and Pleasure allure us to our beloved homes and away from restraint, while duty bids us under the ties so securely bound to our Alma Mater, and go forth upon the arena of life, to humbly perform our destined mission.

We hear the sound and the reverberating echo:—

"The field is the world,
Work is worship, fear not, faint not,
But be to your mission true,
When the many still stand idle,
Some have work enough to do."

The question often obtruded itself upon our youthful minds, why the public exercises on the last day of school, should be called Commencement, but it is clear now to our minds as school days are over, that it is the first step upon the stage of active life with all its responsibilities.

We launch our own life boat upon the sea of time; our teachers and professors are not with us to pilot us aright, to steer the vessel in the proper course; to mount the billows for us. We have only obtained the chart with its rules and regulations and directions for use; with us it is all theory and no practice.

We have heard of storms and tempests, of the rough unfathomable deep, of dangers seen and unseen, of

pirate vessels, of wrecks, and loss of life; that this voyage across the ocean of time is only to be *once* encountered, and that time, and tide, and the weakness of the bark, will not permit any return.

Thus life looms up before us to-day, as a grand and glorious reality, while the sea of time, with its shoals unseen, looks so beautifully smooth and attractive upon its surface; and the bark, containing the living gem, so mysteriously enclosed, is placed in our sacred keeping.

From this eventful day, we start life's journey anew. Our object should be to make the most of it.—To properly enjoy it, and look upon the bright side of it. To think, to work, to worship, is the whole duty of man, leaving the events of an unknown future in the hands of Providence.

She was followed by Miss Mary A. Rinehart of Westminster, who read the First Essay: "Early Impressions on the human mind"; Miss Clara L. Smith of New Windsor, the Second Essay: "Retrospection"; Miss Lou B. Wampler of Westminster, the Third Essay: "The Mystery of Life"; Miss M. M. McKinstry, of McKinstry's Mills, the Fourth Essay: "Night brings out the Stars."

Next in order was Conferring of Degrees. President Ward arose and addressed the Trustees as follows:

Juvenes, quos coram vobis, Curatores honorandi ac reverendi, jam sisto, publico examini, secundum hujus Academiae leges subjecti, habiti fuerunt omnino digni qui honoribus academicis exornarentur: vobis igitur comprobantibus, illos ad gradum petitum, toto animo admittam.

Then turning to the graduates he said:

Auctoritate publico diplomate mihi collata, pro more Academicarum in America, vos ad primum in artibus gradum admitto: vobisque hanc membranam trado, unacum potestate in artibus praelegendi, et docendi, quotiescunque, ad hoc munus evocati fueritis: cujus, hoc instrumentum, sigillo majore Collegii nostri ratum testimonio sit.

Thus were the six ladies of the class of 1879 admitted to the degree of A. B. The degree of A. M. in course was conferred upon L. L. Billingslea, LL. B. and Miss May Brockett. Also *honoris causa* upon Mr. Charles T. Wright, Principal of the Preparatory Department. Also, *honoris causa*, the Degree of D. D. upon Revs. W. J. Findley of Tennessee and W. H. Jordan of Illinois.

It was announced that three gold medals had been established in the school. One—donor unknown—to the best full course student of the Preparatory Department. One from

Rev. W. H. Kuhns of Westminster, to the best full course student of the Freshman Class, and one from Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., of Frederick, to the best full course student of the Sophomore Class.

These announcements were received with great applause.

The Valedictory was then pronounced by Miss Mollie J. Lankford of Westover, Md. Subject: "From Dreams to Waking." We have space only for the Valedictory address, which was read with pathos and brought tears to many eyes:

The ceaseless river of time has borne us onward to a station where we must pause awhile and indulge, even if to some extent the duty be painful, such reflections as are suited to the occasion. O'er us to-day are cast those hues which paint upon life's canvass the promise of a fairer to-morrow and the earnest thought of a better life to come. To-day we have been stirred by a new breath, realizing that too much of our past life has been consumed by dreams and fantasy. The time has now arrived when we assemble to bid farewell to our former field of action. Fact and fancy, theme and thought, word and work begin to appear like a half-remembered dream. But the slumbers depart, the fading phantoms flee, and we must now deal with realities, which demand a new and more active life upon the vast plain of duty. To-day one sad, sad word must be spoken, impressing us all with the sense of the sorrowful, and penetrating the lowest depth of each heart. It is the word "Farewell."

Our President and honored members of our beloved Faculty! As the representative of our class allow me to tender you our heart-felt thanks for your affectionate interest and faithful labors in our behalf. Earnestly have you endeavored to sow precious seed, and we trust that our efforts to gather the fruits into the garner of knowledge have not been unsuccessful. Often in the future will memory present us with some gem from the over-flowing casket that will render the recollections of you still more dear; and when the sorrows of earth may sadden our hearts, and the dews of feeling moisten our eyes, those treasured words which you have spoken to us shall be as the night-breeze among the flowers and like the cadence of distant music will enter not merely the vestibule, but the inmost recess of the temple of the heart. May your pathway through life be bathed in golden sunbeams and the bark which bears your spiritual destinies be ever linked by a golden chain of covenant love to the eternal throne. Farewell!

Honored Trustees of our College! Under your auspices we trust that continued and increasing prosperity will attend the institution. We sincerely thank you for the benefit that has accrued to us through your in-

strumentality, and bid you, as is our sad duty, Farewell."

Kind schoolmates! What parting word shall we address to you on this, the morning of our separation? Oft in the future will fond associations connected with you fill our hearts with gladness, whilst our memories of you shall serve as connecting links to "by-gone days." Success and happiness be to you now and forever, and may your lives be such as will be of great benefit to the rising progress of this enlightened age. Sorrowfully and sadly we bid you Farewell.

My dear classmates! Can it be possible that to-day the band that has bound us so closely together is to be riven? that ties of the strongest affection are to be severed? and that we, who have shared each others joys and sorrows, are to be separated? My heart responds and the solemn answer touches the tenderest chords of affection. Let us remember that to-day we appear *not* for the last time as scholars, for life itself is a great school in which all are taught important lessons. We have but laid the foundation of the building, the super-structure is still to be raised. In the future each one has a mission to accomplish, each one daily a stone to add, till the whole building is "fitly joined together." Cast not away those few but precious jewels that you have striven so eagerly to obtain during your college life; quench not that dim but living ray which will continue to grow brighter and brighter as the mind continues its grand development and ceaseless progress. O never yet upon the sin stained but priceless soul hath heaven inscribed "Despair," nor shall this fatal word ever make an impression upon the hearts of those whose true aim is "Goodness and Greatness." Often in the past have we wished the day to hasten when we would step upon the threshold of a new life. And now as this day has dawned all radiant with beauty and splendor, sorrow clouds each aching heart and we feel as if it cannot be true. Alas! alas! the echo resounds "it is too true," and the certainty of it we immediately begin to realize. The sad word must alas be uttered by me; most affectionately to you I say, Farewell.

Words are insufficient to express the feelings that must fill our saddened hearts, as we cast a half-reluctant gaze to the walls of West. Md. College; profoundly regretting that the time has arrived when we must bid farewell to its beloved haunts. Long may you live and prosper, dear old College in this grand and beautiful land, and may your great effort to accomplish your chief aim be ever prosperous. Life alas! we know is ebbing away, and night with its humid shades will at last

(Continued on page 8.)

(Continued from page 3.)

Franklin, but that it stands in the zenith shedding its benign influence over American hearts and instilling its exhilarating influence thereon. The fire, too, was kindled upon the altar of the heart, which was predicted by Franklin's friend, and glows with resplendant beauty to day. The bells which were supposed to have rung the death-knell of Liberty, afterward rang out the chimes of victory and emancipation from England's arrogance.

Mr. S. B. Southerland, President of the Irving Society, next introduced Mr. Stanly R. Still, the first orator of the Irving, whose subject was "Time's Progress." His introduction was as follows:

When the world's luminary first shot above the eastern horizon, sending rays of life and light into every nook and crevice, dispelling gloom and dampness, suffusing nature with a balmy fragrance, and cheering all that possessed vitality, when the then rude and ponderous chaos was formed into earth and water, affording a home for man and a bed for fishes, when the stars appeared in the firmament and the human beings were placed in paradise, Time began.

From that period down to the present day change has been impressed upon all things, man not excepted, though he was created the master of all earthly material. By concatenating period with period I will endeavor to give as interesting an account as I am able, so that no one will grow weary. It were vain for me to attempt to picture to you all the phases by which each era has been characterized, nor will the successive rise and fall of governments find place in my productions, but the grandest and sublimest events known to men I will portray as history has them.

Mr. Hugh L. Elderdice, of the Webster, was next introduced, subject "Poetry." He began by exalting the charms of nature, then showed the superiority of poetry's charms, in that nature depended on poetry for the revelation of her charms. He then passed to the superior qualifications required in a poet. He said:

Most learned and eminent philosophers in all great ages and all climes have taught that science and art require precepts and education, but that a poet is formed by the plastic hand of nature itself, and marked by the native fire of genius, and animated, as it were, by a kind of Divine enthusiasm. If this be true, productions coming from such a hand should be revered by all nations. "Rocks and deserts re-echo sounds, wild beasts have often been charmed by the sweet voice of music," and we, having the advantages of education, should not be unaffected by the voice of poetry which leads us to the brink of the infinite, allows us for a moment to gaze into that and see the

charms of varied scenery, the eloquence of unimpassioned feeling and bright celestial images. We follow the stream of human thought as it eddies and flows from side to side, here gliding with peaceful serenity, here rushing with impetuous vehemence, and here its majestic repose is too profound for a murmur, and, like the poetry of the soul, lies forever buried within its own mysterious shrine. Poetry unbars the golden gates of literature—we pass through with fairy guides—the bars slide back and shut this world of reality in oblivion, while we, in an ideal realm, beneath a calm and peaceful sky, sail o'er glassy seas where the rippling waves roll over golden sands and flow from flowery banks to verdant plains and sunny vales. In this fairy dreamland we wander on in rapture and traverse the Elysian paths to the boundless fields of imagination, through the gardens of poesy, into the deep mines of moralizing and to the peaks of philosophical reflections.

Mr. C. R. Miller, of the Irving, followed, choosing "Henry Clay" as his subject. One of his best passages was as follows:

Honor needs no encomiastic monument save that of a true recital of its own public acts; if these be worthy, time, which obliterates all things worthless and dishonorable, will preserve forever. Standing in the Senate of the United States a voice resounds through its spacious halls, attracting the attention of the whole assembly and sending forth such eloquence as was never surpassed by American orators. We scarcely recognize that as the same voice that hummed a merry and childish tune as he went his way to the mill for his daily bread, as "Mill boy of the Slashes" Oh! what a memory will go down posterity's line for such a man who, when his country trembled on the very verge of a precipice at whose foot lay destruction, stood forth firm and true and appealed to his country with such beauty, power and appropriateness of language, that quelled the solid and firm oratory of a Daniel Webster and equalled the argument and thought of a John Quincy Adams. Knowing himself to be one of the men to whom the business of shaping our national character and policy was intrusted he deemed himself bound to follow the lights of history, and not rush into the rash and dangerous paths of experiment.

Mr. W. R. McDaniel, the last orator of the Webster, spoke on "The Beautiful in Art." He dwelt upon the effects produced as follows:

From the water that paints the clouds with their matchless hues, that makes the mountain sparkle in the whiteness of snow, that bickers down the valley in the runlet, that exists in the foam of the torrent and the iris that spans it, in the ruby drops that bespangle the spears of grass seemed

to be an elementary substance, but, alas to its elementary mystery when the researches of a Priestly and Cavendish are directed upon it. It is made to yield the secret of its gaseous composition and under the inexorable eye of the microscope reveals the startling fact that a single drop is inhabited by numberless protozoa. By the monarch man constructs the clepsydra, condenses the expansive vapor into iron cells and bids the sinews of brass and the muscles of steel do the work of the world; compels old Neptune to rear his head in wild amazement as it drives its unbridled steed o'er the crest of its billows; or damming the gushing river, coerces the sullen water finding no other egress to tumble itself upon his wheels and the hills and valleys to rejoice in the music of a thousand spindles. Decompose it by the galvanic process, burn its elements in the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe and you generate heat sufficient to melt the diamond, and prove it to be but the crystalline form of our common charcoal. Pass its constituents in a state of ignition around a particle of lime and you send the gleam of light far out y'er the dark and yawning sea when the cynosure star is obscured in the sky, and you guide the mariner's bark safely to its haven-home. Thus we see that in a dew-drop there slumbers the latent power of a thunder-bolt.

Mr. L. M. Kuhns, the last orator of the Irving, and the last speaker, spoke of "Woman." We select some of his more striking thoughts:

In woman we find united refined intelligence, delicacy of taste, purity of thought and fortitude in undergoing hardships. In sensitiveness and delicacy of feelings and in taste she is the peer of man; in intellect she has left him little to boast.

Man arrives at conclusions by a long train of logical reasoning; woman does not generally arrive at conclusions by long wordy arrangements but by instinctive perception, a native intuition, a rapidity of short and sparkling thought.

I grant that she is capable of crime and barbarism. If she falls it is to a depth unknown to him. Ordinary criminals pause aghast when she embraces evil; for about her wickedness there is a wildness, a fearfulness that is appalling. Even this tends to demonstrate her power, for as she is elevated, society is elevated, and as she is degraded, society is degraded.

After the orations Mr. Miles, '78, ascended the platform, and, on behalf of Miss Mary Shellman of Westminster, presented in a neat speech each of the Societies with a handsome, mounted banner.

The audience then retired highly delighted with what they had seen and heard and with a feeling of pride in their College.

(Continued on page 4.)

(Continued from page 2.)

lecting me for this position; nor unmindful of the grave responsibility which I have assumed in consenting to accept. You have just entered upon your "Commencement" exercises. This morning you were favored in listening to a discourse from your honored President, addressed especially to the Graduating Class.—The theme was most appropriate; the discussion could not but have interested and profited you. For several days to come, you will be called upon to take part in exercises of the most exciting and entertaining character. Succeeding these will come the hour, long anticipated, when you will return to your homes, and receive the warm greetings of those whom you hold most dear of all on earth. Allow me for a short time on this holy, quiet Sabbath eve, in the midst of your joys, to present from this sacred desk a few plain, simple gospel truths which, with the divine favor, may be profitable to you in the advance of life. First, heed my theme:—

HEAD, HEART AND HAND, or the true mission of life explained. That each of you has a calling will not, I suppose, be doubted. To know your vocation and to be prepared for it, is all important. We find this triple precept, in the midst of a score of others, equally important. Separately considered, they lead us to the consideration of *Business, Religion, and the Service of God.* Unitedly they present one grand theme: "The true mission of life."

This was followed by a discussion of the three points of the text. In speaking of Business he said:

In entering upon the activities of life it is a matter of considerable moment that we should select a distinct profession or calling. This should be in harmony with the morality of the Holy Scriptures. It should be adapted, as far as possible, to our taste, constitution, and the wants of society. It should be a legitimate calling, one which will benefit mankind and honor God. "To seek a living by our wits" is as the worldly phrase runs, a practice to be condemned. It is dishonoring to our manhood, wrong in principle, cannot but be followed with evil results. Parents, teachers, and gospel ministers are clothed with a vast responsibility in this regard; they can do much towards forming a proper bias for the future in the minds of their children. The mere desire to accumulate wealth, fame, ease or position, is a wrong motive. To do good, to benefit society, to honor God; these are the thoughts which should inflame our hearts. Life, let us remember, is short, uncertain; a scene of moral probation; the day of reckoning cometh; "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Of the second topic: "Fervency of Spirit" he said:

In our religious life we are taught by this precept not only that religion is the leading, crowning act of a man's life, but that we should avoid all hypocrisy, dissimulation, deceit, all unnecessary and unmeaning forms, all mere semblances and show, that in the spirit of sincerity, frankness and candor we should seek to know the truth, and that with a burning zeal we should shew forth and magnify the truth—at all times, in all places, under all circumstances.

A Christianity in earnest alone challenges our faith, our admiration, our service. If the Bible be true, and who can reasonably doubt it, it is *tremendously true.* Let us bear in mind, then, that in the great mission-field of life, while it is proper that we should adopt a calling and bring to bear our energies in that direction, so as to make it a success, this can only relate to the earth, and body, which must soon, with the fashion of this world, pass away; while religion, in its highest view, relates to the undying soul, to God, and the unchanging future.

After referring to the reasonableness of the "service" required, the preacher reached a very easy and eloquent climax in speaking of the charm the comfort and undying beauty of religion in its appeals to the young, its strong helpfulness to those in the conflict of life, and the vista it opens to him about to rest from labor to enter upon reward. He closed with the following

ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETIES.

My Young Friends: I must not weary your patience; I will add a few parting thoughts:—I have endeavored to give you a brief outline-view, of what constitutes the true mission of life. For this work, you are ostensibly preparing. Human life is no sham. It is a grand reality. At least, it is in your power to make it so. By neglect upon your part, it may prove to be a failure. "To him that wills, there is no difficulty" which may not be surmounted. Keep ever present with you this motive: *I am called to do good.* While you may labor, as is said, "to make your mark high," do not forget that humility is a cardinal virtue. Your labor is not so much to fascinate and charm the great, as it is to instruct and exalt the lowly. Is it your mission, think you, to receive? A nobler work is to give. Betake not yourselves too often, nor too freely, to the bed of ease. To the faithful workman of life appropriate rest will come by and by.

You are living in an age of progress. So it is said; so we believe. A two-fold meaning attaches to the phrase: one, broad, commanding, deserving of your highest commendation; the other, latitudinarian, utopian, suggestive only of the breaking down of old established landmarks—another name for a dark, covert, and damaging infidelity. Watch it, shun

this principle, for you can only embrace it at the peril of your soul. College students by their daily habits are in special peril. When you have made greater advance in your studies, the danger will be lessened. Later still in life, under proper guidance, the peril may entirely cease. Just now it may not be inappropriate to suggest that "*a little learning is a dangerous thing.*" "**BEDILIGENT IN BUSINESS—BE FERVENT IN SPIRIT, SERVE GOD,**" is my farewell utterance.

Services closed with prayer by Dr. Ward and singing the 398th hymn, "Happy the heart where graces reign."

SECOND DAY—MONDAY.

This day belongs to the ladies.—Of course the morning partakes of the general character of Mondays, known equally well to ministers and College Students. But the vision of the night stirs the young ladies to industry and soon the noise of hurrying feet and music of harmonious voices tell of preparations for the Browning Anniversary. This year, under the leadership of Mrs. Jones, Music Teacher of the College and indispensable ally to all entertainments whatsoever and whensoever, the arrangements take on quite the air of the professional and we almost shudder as we witness the footlights, wings and other stage effects!—Shades of our fathers! It is not going to be a theatre! No dear Bro. Nervous, only a quiet, most christian entertainment given in honor of the Ninth Anniversary of the Browning Literary Society. The stage certainly looks (we are writing on the spot) promising. A back ground of crimson relieved by handsome festoons of evergreen and flowers upon which is hung a handsome crayon drawing of Mrs. Browning, the work of Mr. Topham, one of the students, and supported on either side by appropriate engravings. In front are the footlights, and to the left and right are the wings draped with lace curtains falling to the floor. Just over to the right stands a large flower urn, with the proverbial vine trailing over its top and filled with fragrant flowers.

Looking behind us, we see the people crowding every inch of space in the room. It is really a jam. The windows are full, the doors are full, seven heads are strung along the ledge of the transom in serene meditation, and the crowd looks as though it were ranged in tiers, the bottom tier groaning and the top tier beaming with satisfaction. The very walls seem to be ashamed of themselves that they cannot get farther back and make room for the Ladies. O, when will a liberal public provide themselves a place where they can be comfortable. We hastily ran over a few figures and found that if the crowds attending the various exercises in

(Continued on page 3.)

(Continued from page 5.)

gather around us. But we will endeavor to improve all the days that may be allotted to us, for humanity's demand is ever the same, and "life is real life in earnest." Amid its struggles there will be some tears. But these shall all be wiped away at last, and all the faithful will receive an ample reward, in the world where existence is bliss.

Kind Audience and Friends! we cannot refrain from tendering you our thanks for the courtesy and attention you have manifested this morning. Your kindness we fully appreciate and we beg you in return to accept our grateful acknowledgments.

And now to all! President, Teachers, Trustees, Schoolmates, Classmates, Audience and Friends we bid an affectionate Farewell! Farewell.

Benediction was pronounced by Dr. Wilson of Washington.

Of the other essays we cannot here give large extracts, but they were of a character fully sustaining the reputation the fair Prophetess of the Class on Tuesday humorously declared the class had gained. They were all thoughtful essays. Miss Rinehart read her essay composedly, but her thoughts were so well connected and striking that the attention of the audience never left her, and her effort showed that much care had been taken in analyzing the human mind and observing its phenomena.

Miss Clara L. Smith's view of the past was neither that of the misanthrope seeing nothing good in the present, nor yet, that of the mocker at old ideas. She looked to learn, and at the verge of her departure seemed as one to whom a last look at dear remembered scenes was most precious.

Miss Lou B. Wampler, drew and held attention by her presence and voice—both good in the positive degree. But her effort was not an attempt to solve "the mystery of life," but only to declare it and enforce its lessons.—She thought, wisely, that it was a lesson always to be taught the young; that life could not be understood and need not be understood in order to make it useful and beautiful.

Miss Mamie M. McKinstry had sufficient voice to reach all, and what was feared on behalf of all the young ladies came to pass with none of them; they had compass of voice enough for the open air. Miss McKinstry's essay was very much admired. Her subject, "Night brings out the Stars,"

gave opportunity for the fancy to have full play. Nevertheless the lady did not confine herself long in imaginative pictures or in word painting. She had a purpose in her mind and she unfolded it successfully and to the delight of those who heard. The old lesson, so many times learned yet so often forgotten, that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope," she was there again to teach. Her essay was pronounced in its tone and made a good impression.

And so closed the Twelfth Annual Commencement of Western Maryland College. The Alumni of the College were present in large numbers.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni Association of the W. M. College, was held in the parlor of the College, Wednesday morning, June 18th. About 30 members were present. The following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year. Prest. Frank W. Shriver class '73; Vice Prest. Prof. D. C. Ingle Class '78; Secy. M. Virginia Starr Class '77; Asst. Secy. Laura K. Matthews Class '76; Treas. Alice A. Fenby Class '73. Prof. George W. Devilbiss of W. M. C. was elected to deliver the Annual Oration before the Alumni Association June '80.—The Association consists of 71 members, all graduates of the College.

Thursday night was also devoted to the Association. Mr. James A. Diffenbaugh, A. M., of the class of 1874, appeared as the orator of the occasion. Our space will not allow an extract from the oration but we are glad to learn that it is the intention of the Association to publish extracts from it in another form.

After the oration the Association adjourned to the College dining hall where a splendid repast had been spread and where the social element was the reigning one. There was good cheer on all sides, classes rejoined hands after separation with the light of affection kindling in their eyes, and the utmost enthusiasm was manifested whenever any mention was made of Western Maryland College. Thus till the small hours the time went on, when the crowd gradually departed leaving the College to look upon it no more, perhaps till the next Commencement sun shines upon her.

The outlook of the College is exceedingly encouraging. Rev. J. B. Walker, the Agent of the College, has

made such wonderful progress in the payment of the debt which has so long hung darkly over the College that its friends have taken hope afresh and think they see their way entirely through the desert of debt.

He has collected within one year nearly Twenty-two Thousand Dollars. The whole debt is only Twenty five Thousand. If friends enough can be found to finish the amount all fears would be removed.

Then, again, another cheering sign is the favor shown the College by the citizens of Westminster. There are many denominations in Westminster, but there is only one College; and since its curriculum is literary and not theological, its friends are in all the churches. The natural indifference to so young and uncertain an enterprise has been overcome and Western Maryland College is respected most by those most familiar with her work, her Faculty and her Students.

Surely this is saying a great deal and, did we desire to speak of the future, there is still more to say. The College has a large and noble future and we do not fear the charge of exaggeration when we say it is already giving hopeful indications of shortly attaining that future.

WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE!

FOR

STUDENTS OF BOTH

SEXES,

IN SEPARATE

DEPARTMENTS.

Incorporated 1868.

For Catalogue, containing full information as to Course of Study, Terms, etc., address,

J. T. WARD, D. D., President,
Westminster, Md.