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Poetical.

SUMMER.

Oh, sweet and strange, what time gay morning steals
Over the misty flats, and gently stirs
Bee-laden limes and pendulous abeles,
To brush the dew-bespangled gossamers
From meadow grasses and beneath black firs,
In limpid streamlets or translucent lakes
To bathe amid dim heron-haunters brakes!

Oh, sweet and sumtuous at height of noon,
Languid to lie on scented summer lawns,
Fanned by faint breezes of the breathless June;
To watch the timorous and trooping fawns,
Dappled like tenderest clouds in early-dawns,
Forth from their ferny covert glide to drink
And cool the limbs beside the river's brink!

Oh, strange and sad ere daylight disappears,
To hear the creaking of the homeward wain,
Drawn by its yoke of tardy-pacing steers,
'Neath honeysuckle hedge and tangled lane,
No breathe faint scent of roses on the wane
By cottage doors, and watch the mellowing sky
Fade into saffron hues insensibly.

—John Addington Symonds.

THE SUPREME CHOICE.

A Sermon Delivered Before the Literary Societies, by Rev. Chas. M. Giffin, of Baltimore, Md.

Sunday evening like the morning proved clear, and invited a large number of the citizens as well as those from a distance, to be present. The societies formed in ranks at the college, marched to the M. P. Church, and on their arrival, entered in the same manner as in the morning, while Prof. C. B. Cushing was performing a melody which merged into the anthem—"God is my Salvation." After the rendition of this by the choir, Mr. Giffin read the hymn—"Being of beings God of love." This being rendered, Mr. Kuhns led in prayer, and was followed by the anthem—"Hear My Cry O God." Mr. Giffin, the one chosen for this occasion, the very able and talented minister of St. John's Chapel, Baltimore, then announced his text as recorded below, and proceeded with his sermon as follows:

Ask what I shall give thee.—1st Kings, 3d Chap. 5th verse.

It was God who put the question. It was Solomon who was to make answer. It represents a crisis in the life of the young ruler. He was making his choice and on that hung his history. He had finished his offerings, by which he testified that he was a subject of the Lord of Lords; a monarch, yet mastered. Having presented his sacrifices, the One on whose altars they were laid, appears to him, asking, "What can I do for you? It is my turn now, Tell me, what do you wish? Voices of ambition suggested, beg for more domain. Voices of greed counseled him to call for more riches. Voices of revenge cried hoarsely, "Request the blood of your foes." Voices of selfishness bade him solicit a long life in which to enjoy his glory. A better one told him to ask for that which would qualify him to properly discharge the obligations resting on him. So his reply to the divine question is:—"Make me a good King. Give me sense suited to my station." Observe, not give me a larger place but make me better in the position I have. It was such a petition as showed that what-

ever of increased wisdom was granted to him, Solomon already was largely endowed. He wished to be a practical rather than a theoretical king. How wide the difference between wishing for the empire and wishing for the mind to rule it well. Solomon wanted to be a living rather than a learned man. One is the book on the shelf, the other the artisan at his task. One is a treatise on statesmanship, well-worded; the other a majesty in the midst of happy subjects. One is a pond without use; the other a running stream setting the wheels in motion. He craved wisdom for his office, not knowledge by the headfull. So young man, young woman, you are here to rule worthily in one of the many kingdoms to be governed, you may learn from the young King's prayer what to seek from God. Some may tell us, this was all a dream. Yes, while it was made of the real material of Solomon's waking hours. This very man said, "a dream cometh out of the multitude of business. It was his day's thinking that was woven into his night fancies. Moreover this dream was his life in prophecy. It was the mirror of his future. He said in his sleep, what he sought when awake, "understanding." My theme will be the importance to the young of their supreme choice. This will be seen first as it shows what they are. Prayers are portraits, self-drawn. I mean closest supplications, not street corner petitions richly ornamented to attract human praise. What you desire to be, when you are shut inside the concealment of your chamber is the expression of your real nature. A wise man said: "Whatever you wish, that you are." That rule would make surprising revelations. Give me gold—cries one; then he is a money-lover. Give me fame says another; then he is a Herod who would be the people's god. Look in your Bibles and see some requests and listen to what they say as to those who made them. "Bring me the head of John the Baptist on a charger," said the danseuse who had whirled so gracefully as to turn the King's head. Her bloody demand betrays her infamous cruelty. Her hand may have been fair and jewelled when she held the gory head of one of God's witnesses who could be silenced only by death, but her heart was the hell of revenge. I see a group gathered about Jesus. He is like a fountain with many faucets. What will you have said he.—James and John said: Give us the right and left hand seats next to you, the best situations. These sons of Zebedee were greedy, self-opinionated, seeking what they were not prepared to enjoy. I look in Spain and see Charles III. standing on the balcony of the palace. It is the festival of the saint whose name he bears. As is his custom he asks the people what he shall grant them. Surely it will be the repeal of some tax or dismissal of some oppressive minister. No! They call for the return of the Jesuits, their real foes. That request revealed their heart's love. Solomon showed himself in his reply, and a fit picture it is for the youth of these literary societies to look upon. Study yourself in your dominant desire. Your chief choice is your real measure. This choice is important, 2dly, as what you ask will us-

ually determine what you will be. We recognize the limitations in natural ability, which cannot be passed. Some have ambitions surpassing their possibilities. Generally what we truly ask of God we get. If in a certain sense He nominates us for positions by what He puts in us and before us, in another sense we appoint ourselves. He lets us have much to say in the matter. Among situations, there are many, such is the flexibility of your faculties, to which you could be adapted, of these you may select one. The right to choose is left you. God is pleased to consult with you as to what you will be and what you will be in that situation. Religion does not repress your desires. Some silence selection as rebellion. The instant they hear a spirit in the young saying, I wish they smite it with savage strokes, with them piety is indifference. Such godliness young people do well to postpone until senility has arrived.

Youth is the June of life, with blossoms of hope everywhere, not December and decay. Religion is arousement, fire in the veins. It inspires and intensifies our longings. God gave Solomon the privilege of asking and he grants all the same right. He wants no willingness to fail. Some mistake dullness for resignation. They agree in their slovenliness to smallness and then blame heaven for their diminutiveness. Solomon did not say, I leave it to you Lord, I have no preference. Jehovah was not pleased that the King did not care what he received. The young ruler did wish and made such a good selection as to earn divine approval. We recognize the limitation also in the palaces. All the imaginary candidates for the Presidency can never live in the White House. They may each attain a fitness for the place, which is as honorable as to occupy it. It is not being in a position that is glory, but being fit for it. To be out of it and equal to it is better than to be in it, and so much less than its requirements that others are ashamed of your deficiencies you may never wear a crown, yet you may be so kingly in character as to earn one, then you rule in the supreme realm of worth. We also recognize another limitation, in the disagreement among the things which may be desired. A young man cannot ask to be lazy and learned, expecting God can give him both. What incongruities are crowded into some petitions. With these limitations in view we proceed to look more at this supreme wish. It must not be spasmodic and changeable. There is to be nothing sudden or short lived about it. Without ceasing and only for the one thing Solomon made supplication. God had heard this prayer many times. We come now to the quality of most value in asking. You want to be what you live to be. The prayer must be the product of the life, where the aim is set and all the forces work toward it. Wishing unless there is an ache and agony in it is too tame to express what we mean by the supreme choice. It must be a determined longing that cries like the souls under the altar, O Lord how long. Such knocking usually opens the door. Such is the power of human resolve aided by the divine blessing that we are at fault for most of our failures. We did not ask aright. Such

asking includes concentration. The attention is drawn to a point. I account this fixing of the mind on something you want to be or do as valuable for the clearness it gives to your intention. It localizes your cravings, they come down from the air and settle on a spot. It unites your powers in one pursuit. All eyes are consolidated in one, all faculties combined and quick and inventive. In that enthused condition you can see the best means of accomplishing your aim. Solomon did not solicit universal genius. Some would outshine the sun; they would look over all sides of the globe at once. It is greatness enough for any of us to be excellent at any one thing. The King would be competent as a King. You should ask for something definite. Let one craving monopolize you. There are vapory desires, so spread toward many objects that they are not influential. Some arms are stretched to take in all the shares. Use no scattering shot when you take aim for life; let it be a bullet that darts for a fixed point. I put one of the principle profits in asking in the necessary forming of a purpose. It is making up your mind. You feel your personality. You are a distinguishable somebody with walls around you, and not lost in the mass of the race. What multitudes who if they do not sigh, O! to be nothings yet consent to be such others. What other throngs who say good-naturedly, O, to be anything so we get our common wants supplied. Many never add to their resources; beginning near zero and not quitting that neighborhood all their days. They seek neither fame nor fortune. There are too many insignificants. It is time they should hear God's voice bidding them ask for something so as to be somebody.

This right asking has power over us because it represents an affection for what we seek. We love that for which we long. As we go along the Past we sight specimens of devotion to callings, that are as touching as any tales of heart for heart. "Archimedes was fond of mathematics; he was in love with it. At the siege of Syracuse he forgot not his favorite, for while wounded he drew a geometrical figure in his own blood on the floor of his cell where he was a prisoner. The figure was found with the dead admirer at its side." Such, asking gets. For it includes a readiness to pay the price. Some tarry outside because they are not willing to buy a ticket. They want to go in on a free card. There are no dead head passes into wisdom's premises. Pay as you go, is the rule. It is pretense to ask with the lips and not with the life. Put yourself into your supplication. Lamartine wails, "Amid my vast and lofty aspirations, the penalty of a wasted youth overtook me. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius." He lounged away the best chances, and when he rose to effort, the hour was past. This is a young man's opportunity. The choice made then will carry you with increasing sureness toward your goal. You must use the means of advancement and make the most of them. I doubt not Solomon was a faithful student; that he cultured himself. God gives the ground but the plant must appropriate the substance reaching for it with its roots. The young King gave himself to search and

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]

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DEWITT C. INGLE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 13, 1882.

On account of the quantity of matter which it is necessary to publish in to-day's issue, we have omitted the editorials for to-day's publication. We think that our readers would prefer to have an entire production than to have part of it omitted for the purpose of inserting an editorial.

Browning Anniversary.

The entertainment of the Browning Literary Society is looked forward to as one of the important events that occur during the present week—commencement, the period of pleasure. Were it not for their talented entertainments, Monday would pass monotonously away, and there would be nothing to excite anticipations of enjoyment for the coming evening.

After old Sol, casting his fading beams upon the landscape, had sunk behind the hill tops, and long before the appointed hour for the opening of the anniversary had arrived, a large number of auditors had made their appearance upon the college grounds. Eight o'clock, the appointed hour, found the chapel completely filled with an expectant audience. The stage was very tastefully decorated, and presented quite an imposing appearance. The programme was opened with an instrumental duet by Misses J. Smith and J. Norment. After which Miss Lizzie Swarbrick, the President of this flourishing society, came forward and delivered with fine effect an address of welcome, extending, in a very graceful manner, a warm welcome to all. A short synopsis, barely doing justice to her address, is as follows:—Old Time with his relentless glass has measured out another year since we, in the capacity of a society, stood before you, a year in which have mingled joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment. When we store away our gains, there is need to count our losses. Fourteen prized and worthy members have removed their names from our ensign, and have launched a new ship upon the troubled waters of Literature and Learning. We feel, deeply feel this loss; to say otherwise would be to greatly underrate talents which you all have witnessed. Nevertheless, we, led on by the high anticipations of hope, are earnestly striving, and are confident of the goal, success, should every Browning follow the example of previous years.

Earnestly and faithfully have we striven to render this year as beneficial as last, but how far we have succeeded, you alone are to judge. We hope that our efforts for your gratification may be appreciated by you to-night, and before proceeding to the entertainment proper, it becomes an agreeable duty to extend to you a welcome to this, our anniversary. Respected Faculty, to you who are our guards and instructors, we bid a hearty welcome, and are pleased to see you with us. [After welcoming the societies she continued:] We only trust

that your [the societies] endeavors may be crowned with success in the years to come, as in the past, so that none may ever be ashamed to say that "I am an Irving, a Webster, or a Philomathean." We perceive that some, who are near and dear, are present, and also some who are strangers; your presence shows your sympathy, and moves us more forcibly to press forward and to endeavor each succeeding year to bedeck, more successfully than the past, our banner with fresh laurels, and to adorn our minds with more brilliant pearls snatched from the sea of Literature. We bid one and all a hearty welcome.

The president's address was followed by a full chorus participated in by the entire society. The selection was a vocal greeting entitled "We come again to greet you." Miss F. Trenchard next in turn read a well selected humorous piece entitled "A Family Jar." The shipwreck was next delivered in a clear impressive tone of voice by Miss Ida Devilbiss. A piano solo was then played by Miss S. Wilmer who, notwithstanding she is among the youngest of the lady students, is quite gifted in musical talent and deserves well merited applause. The next piece on the programme was termed "The Beauty of Early Piety." There were numerous characters displayed in the rendering of this piece. Those participating were as follows:—Priestess, Miss C. Yingling; Flora, Miss S. Kneller; Oceana, Miss G. Nichols; Terrestia, Miss S. Stitely; Chrysoline, Miss G. Smiley; Aeria, Miss A. Ames; Metora, Miss F. Trenchard; Celestia, Miss S. Wilmer; Psyche, Miss S. Walker; Christena, Miss I. Cochel. The participants were dressed in pure white, some trimmed with flowers, and others with stars. In the center of the stage was an altar covered with white on which were placed flowers. The offerings of all were placed upon it and the Priestess responded to each in terms of approval, and in conclusion taught all her messengers sent out to gather the beautiful things of earth that "the purest offerings of every heart should be brought and placed upon the altar of God."

Miss B. Diffenbaugh read a carefully prepared essay on "Slippers," of which we give a few extracts. She introduced her subject as follows:

"In this day of memorials and monumental building, when every State has its pantheon, when certain days in the year are set apart for the decoration of our soldiers' graves with flowers and loving words, when our Federal city is made brazen with the statues of great commanders, when even Congress has a spasm of conscience, and turns with something of tenderness to the neglected fathers of the Republic, that their resting places may be suitably marked, the public mind seems in a fit condition for me to enter upon a project I have long had in my thoughts. I propose to build a monument to the inventor of slippers, whom I regard as one of the most liberal contributors to the comfort and happiness of the human race,—meaning, of course, the grown-up human race, and not the ordinary small boy on whom slippers seldom make an agreeable impression. This project is not an ambitious one, truly; yet its announcement has not been made without due deliberation. The matter has been looked at on every side, and all the requisites in the premises have been carefully considered. We shall have ample means, for we shall send out a circular to every dear lover of this home comfort, asking contributions in proportion to the size of the feet encased, and have no doubt the revenue will enable us to erect, not merely a "perfectly plain but substantial building," but even such a monument as will surpass the pyramids in magnitude and the famed mausoleums of the Old World in grandeur.

Our first real difficulty will be to determine who was the inventor. To learn this we shall have to search thro' the musty record of antiquity. For if we confine our inquiry, as we think we ought, to slippers which have been worn only for comfort, ruling out all such old fashioned and unreliable foot-gear as Jason's sandal, the brazen shoe of Empedocles which Mount Aetna contemptuously threw up to the world. Thomas-the-Rhymer's green velvet moccasins, and even the little glass slipper which brought to Cinderella the reward of her goodness and beauty, we suspect that the invention will still lie beyond the days of patent rights. When we shall have discovered who the inventor was, we shall look to his nationality and the story of his life to suggest a site which will be chosen with such nice discrimination, that everybody, except the speculators in land, will be satisfied. Thus the preliminary *who* and *whereof* our commemoration being answered we can address ourselves to the questions of design and material, which are themselves dependent upon the most vital question of all—what is it that we are going to commemorate? Now, the slipper is a domestic institution. For the stony highways of traffic, we have our boots of stout leather, made for work and for wear. For the smooth hard pavements of society something more elegant and dainty perhaps, but hardly more comfortable, is put on. In these we are bondsmen of this busy world,—either driven by a pitiless taskmaster, Duty, or a more capricious tyranny, Fashion. * * * * *

But it is asked, of what use is all this fine imagining? It is but idle drawing, a mere waste of precious time! Yet if it refreshes the tired heart; if like a bath to the soul it washes away the sweat and dust of life among selfish, sordid men; if it leads to a fuller conviction of the Great Unknown, and teaches us to esteem the visible as less real than things which are not seen, it serves a purpose no marketable work can serve. Besides, I do not fairly represent the subject. Not all the dreams of all the dreamers are of ease, and wealth, and power. What glorious fruits of their reveries have those men left who have eyes to see the infinite suggestiveness of common things, and ears to hear the subtler voices of nature! Hawthorne gazes on a puddle in a New England village, and immediately it becomes a Mediterranean with Empires lying on its muddy shores. The world is to the meditative man what the mulberry tree is to the silk-worm. Charles Lamb, Montaigne, Goldsmith, and other genial essayists, have they not spun fine silk for us! It is true that genius does sometimes follow false gods and bow down before unclean altars, yet in the long run wit as well as learning sides with the right cause. Shall we not then bid them dream on, our men of the slippers? The imagination will not be withheld from its yearning for vistas beyond the walls of the flesh and the span of the present hour. Another world invites our speculations. Why should we stand always at the entrance, falling down like poor Mercy in Pilgrim's Progress before the gate. Thought *may* enter; Faith *does* enter. Happy for those to whom the body is the only anchor which brings back the reluctant soul to her earthly moorings!"

Part second of the programme was opened with an instrumental solo by Miss Florence Hering, and was followed by Miss Ada Smith, who with naturalness of gesture declaimed with as much success as on former occasions a piece entitled "Mona's Waters." She was followed by Miss S. Kneller who declaimed a humorous selection titled—"Biddy McGinnis at the Photographer," after which an instrumental duet

was given by Misses G. Nichols and A. Smith.

One of the most interesting and effective features of the programme during the evening was the tableau entitled the Jewish Exiles, a scene recorded in the holy scriptures (Psalms 137-1) and which occurred by the rivers of Babylon. This tableau pictured to our minds the mournful situation of the Israelitish captives driven from their native country, stripped of every comfort and convenience in a strange land among idolaters. "Wearied and broken hearted, they sat in silence by those hostile waters preferring to be secluded from the noise and observation of their enemies, as they had opportunity, in order that they might unburden their oppressed minds before the Lord and to one another. The pleasant banks of Jordon presented themselves to their imaginations, the towers of salem rose to view, and the sad remembrance of much loved Zion caused tears to run down their cheeks."

After this tableau Miss N. James read a very interesting and well prepared essay on "The World of Letters." The following is an outline of her remarks:

When the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul, God blessed man and gave him domain over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth, He conferred on him that inestimable gift of thought; it reviews the past, pervades the present, and roams over the fields of the future. In the twinkling of an eye it extends through all space, sinks to the lowest depths, or mounts up to the throne of the Eternal. Thus we can see how broad is the world of thought, the world of letters, embracing the highest and noblest conceptions.

Beautiful and bright is nature spread out before us, with its towering mountains lifting their snow-crowned heads toward the sky, its plains of utility and beauty, its streams clear as crystal, inviting us to drink and quench our thirst, above us the sun, the moon, the stars, all adding their part to the grand panorama provided for our enjoyment. Indeed the grand, the sublime, the beautiful, the useful, everything man can desire to gratify his senses is spread out before him and it may be enjoyed, for in every life, however dark and sunless it may seem, though on every side thorns are found, we cannot deny that there are some places of sunshine, some places of joy along every pathway. Yet man's purest and highest enjoyment is found in the cultivation of the mind, what we mean in reality when we say man and the world of letters is open to him. In the realms of fact and fancy, in sober prosaic lines, and in the gilded and ornamental poetic effusions, he is at full liberty to roam to cull the beautiful flowers and eat the luscious fruits. Life is what we make it, for either good or evil. We can make it a beautiful success or a hateful failure, but without earnest study, energy and perseverance no success can be obtained. * * * * *

But as in the world of nature there are fruits which will bring death to the body, so in the world of letters, there are works which bring death to the mind. The land abounds with trashy novels, unreal exciting stories, which work so upon the imagination that the ordinary duties of life are performed listlessly and carelessly, being a burden whereas, they were formerly a pleasure.

Many have genius and talent which, if rightly used, would make them shine as a sun in the literary sky; but no, they are employed to pervert the world, to turn men aside from duty, to take them from a world

of reality, and carry them into an ideal world, unfitting them to return to their former sphere, and giving them that poison which will ultimately win the very soul. How sad the sight! Many to-day are spending their lives in giving to the world of letters that which will cause men to curse their very names. Upon the tables of the degraded and abandoned, their works are found, a shame upon lives which might have been so noble. In this day of light, knowledge and free opinion, our criticism should fall unreservedly upon much of the popular literature of the day, written by men whose sole object is to satisfy a vain ambition, an ambition degrading in itself and unwholesome in its influence. Yet there have been men who have contributed nobly to the world of letters whose influence will be deep and undying while time shall last. * * *

An important factor in the world of letters is the newspaper, reaching as it does, a vast part of the human race whose knowledge consists almost exclusively of what they gain from this source, and their thoughts and opinions are largely moulded by those there expressed. The public press is a medium of free communication not only among communities and states, but among nations the most distant. The arts, sciences, the social circles and all the great questions involving great issues, political or otherwise, which interest the heart of man are there agitated. And the influence of this department of literature is constantly increasing, tending to the diffusion of general knowledge, a result so much to be desired, and hastening forward the time when darkness shall flee away and an eternal day of light shall dawn.

At this point of the entertainment Miss H. Bowers and A. Smith favored the audience with a vocal duet.

The exercises of the evening closed with a tableau, *Undine*, which was very much appreciated.

Local Briefs.

Last night, about 11 o'clock, the "Freshies," like Cataline, held a secret meeting. There being several spies in close proximity, it was ascertained that the occasion was a mock "Trial of Cataline." They convicted, sentenced and dispatched him, but it was a very late hour to hold a fair trial.

Scene at College last winter—Junior preparing to make his toilet; goes down after a pitcher of water; goes to the coal pile, fills his pitcher with coal, returns to his room, puts the coal in a pan on the stove to heat, then goes to another room and washes in cold water.

A Junior escorted a lady to church one Sunday night and forgot to take her home; it was not long ago, either. Bring in another pitcher of coal.

Arrivals.

S. F. Miles, Sr., and S. F. Miles, Jr., Marion, Md.; Dr. W. H. DeFord, Washington, D. C.; Miss Alice Wilson, Johnsville, Md.; Miss Lizzie Hodges, Brooklin, Md.; Miss Minnie Usilton, Chestertown, Md.; Miss Mollie Biggs, Mt. Pleasant, Md.; Miss Nannie Lease, Mt. Pleasant, Md.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

THE SUPREME CHOICE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

find out wisdom, and thus he gained the strength and sense he had.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves" is not in the Bible in those very terms, but could be there and not lessen the value of the word. That truth is there in other forms. Asking is an adjunct and not substitute for action. We need not look for marvelous endowments, rather for one latent talent to be called out. Solomon was hunting when awake for what he asked when asleep. The powers in him were being used earnestly and their hidden greatness was induced to come forth. Working goes with wishing to complete it. The successful have not won by accident. There are no lucky hits, there was always much hit and little luck. Effort was used, Look deep and you will see these chance victors as they are called were dreaming all their nights of such an end, and laboring for it all their days, although they may have come to it by means and at times not of their selection. The methods of reaching results are often strange yet always such as could be utilized only by those who having asked are looking for the answer. That all-controlling intent on which they settled made them quick to see and seize the opportunity. Invention is a story of surprises, sudden unexpected discoveries. You will observe that the hunt was going on. If the finder did not look for the game just there, he had his eye open and his gun in hand ready to bring it down. When Newton read gravitation in the apple's fall, he had been searching long for the rules of the universe. In that aroused condition, on the alert, he was able to see the truth when nature was ready to reveal it. Years of asking, then the answer. How easy the exhibition. How simple. Yes. Yes. But years of preparation in the seer before he could read the message. It did not happen. He had become desperate and held the angel and would not let him go until the silence was broken, the secret uttering Newton made immortal and the universe more intelligible. The world is mourning the absent Carlyle. His was a literary triumph. We have read how he asked. When nineteen, a little younger than Solomon at the time of the text, to a friend he wrote—"O fortune, thou that givest each his portion in this dirty planet, bestow (if it shall please thee) coronets, and crowns, and principalities, and purses, and puddings, and powers upon the great, and noble, and fat ones of the earth. Grant me that with a heart of independence, unyielding to thy favors and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame, and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a King." There is reason for his success. On that basis he built. He wedded ideas rather than his wife; lived in libraries or lonely reflection, despising every prize save the one. At 26 he had read every book in Irving's library studied Italian and Spanish, tried to comprehend French philosophy and was grappling with Goethe and Schiller. All this is no surface fashion. He made his prayer, fitted his life to it, and has a name that will never die as a regnant intellect. Young people flabbily wish, "O, if I could only be that." You can if you pay the price. You must be so anxious that you cannot forget your object. You must never omit to do what will make it possible for God to give. I heard a new bishop say he never went up in the grade of his appointments only after doing his best in a place where it appeared it could not pay to make an effort. A talk at a funeral, preaching with spirit to a small audience on a rainy day. The Persian proverb is—"No task is well performed by a

reluctant hand." You must be glad of the morning because it takes you to your task; glad of the night since in it you can recruit yourself for more pursuit of it. The whole strength of the whole man must issue in one suit before God or it is no real asking. Make up your mind to sacrifice for your chief purpose. When you want a right to accomplish that you will be so infatuated with it, that like Locke, living on bread and water when he composed his enduring pages, and others in rags and suffering for the sake of their idol, you will prefer to die in a ditch on the way to your desire than to rule in a domain whose control you do not seek. Those who loved Canaan were ready to fight for it. The fearful and unbelieving bleached in the desert. The Hittites and Perrizzites and the Jebusites and many "ites" are between you and the land you covet. The alternative is a stern one. Conquer or be conquered. Never despair. If you cannot go straight forward advance by the oblique. Some have made a zigzag course and gained what I will call a sideways success. Your supreme desire may be prevented by other claims upon your time, yet hard work will win.

You know Elihu Burritt's story of linguistic attainments, the learned blacksmith. Chas. C. Frost, of Brattleboro', Vt., was a son of Crispin, and stuck to his last. On account of a dyspepsia he was compelled to walk each day. He made pedestrianism a pleasure and a profit as he studied botany, which he loved. Getting a book on plants in Latin, he mastered that language to be able to read the standard work on his favorite subject. He also learned French and German. At 74 he died, known among scholars over the world as greatly learned in geology, entomology, zoology, conchology, meteorology and botany in the department of cryptograms, being a leading authority. So I say ask, and do not think God has refused your request if He does not set you where you shall have nothing to do but what you like to do. He will teach you to win somehow. Ambition is here defined. It is not fretting against the power which has put you where you are; it is devotion to the best things within your reach, not out of it. If you are a misfit where you are there is little promise you will do better anywhere else. Ask to be useful in that Kingdom into which you have been born. To rule well there will be your glory. It is not transfer you should crave so much as thorough fitness, Solomon did not say, Some other place, Lord. He was humble. Few came to that ripeness when in size and in law they are called men, that they are not conceited enough to think they could do anything if allowed to try. Confidence is an elementary power if it results from faith in the Infinite help as promised, otherwise it is conceit. Phaeton's ride is the symbol of presumptuous youth.

He would drive the chariot of the sun for one day to show himself; he did show himself. The Hours harnessed the steeds, the lofty chariot flaming with preciousness was mounted. The horses ran away, spreading fire and destruction everywhere. Solomon was satisfied to rule well in his little kingdom; he was well endowed naturally. He inherited qualities for rulership, he had been trained for the place he occupied. Yet he felt he needed direct aid from the Lord to carry his best to its completeness. If he had sought riches or territory first, he would have shown himself unfit for more of such things. How grand in our eyes. His crown bright with ideas as well as gems; typifying the sense of his administration. He was no stupid heir to a diadem mocking his incompetency, but with a tiara of thought he ruled gloriously. By alliances he stretched his nation until Tyre and Egypt were his sealed friends.

He winged the ocean with ships, which brought the riches of the far East to the little land he governed; until silver and gold were as plentiful at Jerusalem as stones, while cedar trees made him for abundance as the common sycamore. He introduced the golden age of his nation, finishing all his works by setting in Zion the wonderful house of the Lord. His name went abroad until the Queen of Sheba from afar, came to admire the magnificence of which the half had never been told. First wisdom then other things in order. I beseech you to ask for sense to be thorough in whatsoever sphere you are to occupy. Let God hear you cry from the plainest place, if it is yours for power to be all in it you can be. You do not want first a large kingdom, but first large ability. Ask not for a big place but to be a big man, filling your place. If there are larger places needing you they will find you.

When you have finished your career in this world, whether honorable or shameful, it will be the picture of your desires. You will have to say I asked for that, I earned the crown or contempt.

A Jew who was condemned to be hanged was brought to the gallows, and was just on the point of being turned off when a reprieve arrived. When informed of this, it was expected he would instantly have quitted the cart, but he staid to see a fellow-prisoner hanged; and being asked why he did not get about his business, he said, "He waited to see if he could bargain with Mr. Ketch for the other gentleman's clothes."

In the course of a conversation or disquisition on Satan, Archbishop Whately once startled his listeners by asking, "If the devil lost his tail, where should he go to find a new one?" and without giving much time for reflection, replied, "To a gin palace, for bad spirits are retailed there."

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown was, "Non reput, sed recepi" (I did not steal it, but I received it). This being shown to Dean Swift he said, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

We confess, says a contemporary, that poetry permits her votaries to indulge in all sorts of metaphorical ideas, but this takes them all down:

"With eyes of fire majestically he rose,
And spoke divinely through his double-barreled nose."

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, going to lunch, left his direction in the key-hole: "Gone to the Edinburgh Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you."

DIFFERENT WAYS OF TRAVELING.—Man travels to expand his ideas; but Woman—judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her—travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

"I say, boy, where does that right-hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I don't know, Sir," replied the boy; "taint been nowhere else since we lived here."

Books in these days are generally like some kind of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

Constitution of Western Maryland College Alumni.

ADOPTED JUNE 20TH, 1877.

PREAMBLE: We, the graduates of Western Maryland College, for the purpose of fostering the liberal culture we have learned to love, perpetuating the friendship of our College life, and actively maintaining the honor, and promoting the interests of our *Alma Mater*, do hereby organize the Western Maryland College Alumni Association, and do make and declare this Constitution for its government.

ARTICLE FIRST.—MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION FIRST: Any graduate of Western Maryland, or any other College, may become a member of this association, with the consent of a majority of the members present at any regular business meeting, by signing this Constitution and promising compliance with its provisions.

SEC. 2nd. Honorary membership may be conferred upon any lady or gentleman by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular business meeting; and honorary members shall be exempt from all dues and fees whatsoever; but they shall not be allowed to vote, hold office, to sit on committees, or attend the business or reunion meetings without an invitation.

SEC. 3rd. The Faculty of Western Maryland College shall always be considered *ex-officio* honorary members.

SEC. 4th. Each active member shall pay an annual fee of one dollar.

ARTICLE SECOND.—GOVERNMENT.

SECTION FIRST. Fifteen active members shall constitute a quorum of this association for the transaction of business.

SEC. 2nd. At every annual business meeting the association shall elect by ballot, from the active members in good standing, a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, an Assistant Secretary and a Treasurer; all of whom shall perform the duties usually belonging to their respective positions, and may be re-elected as often as the association may desire.

SEC. 3rd. At the same time the association shall choose by ballot one of its members in good standing to deliver the Annual Alumni Oration at the reunion next succeeding that which immediately follows his election.

But no member shall be eligible to this position who shall not have been an active member in good standing for three successive years next preceding the election.

SEC. 4th. At the same time there shall be appointed by the newly elected president, out of the active members in good standing, two ladies and two gentlemen to constitute, with the president as *ex-officio* chairman, an Editorial Committee, who shall take charge of any publications the association may desire to make during the year; and it shall report to the association annually all its acts and expenditures.

SEC. 5. Immediately after his installation, the president, each year, shall appoint, from the active members in good standing, two ladies and two gentlemen, to constitute with himself an Executive Committee of which he shall be *ex-officio* chairman.

This Committee shall have full power to make all arrangements, not herein otherwise provided for, for the annual business and reunion meetings occurring in the scholastic year next succeeding its appointment, and shall annually report to the association all its acts and expenditures.

SEC. 6th. The president is hereby authorized to fill all vacancies that may occur in any of the offices or committees of the association; and should the orator elected at any annual meeting die or decline to serve, the Executive Committee shall immediately choose another in his place.

SEC. 7th. The treasurer shall make an annual report of the receipts and disbursements of the treasury during the year, and the balance of funds in the treasury at the end of the year; and shall also report the names of all members in arrears; and both the treasurer and secretary shall deliver, within two weeks after their term of office expires, all books, papers and other property of their offices to their successors.

SEC. 8th. Four-Tenths of every annual fee for membership are hereby appropriated for the expenses of the annual business and reunion meetings, and shall be under the exclusive control of the Executive Committee; and two-tenths of every annual fee for membership are hereby appropriated for the expenses of publication, and shall be under the exclusive control of the Editorial Committee.

No other money, received into the treasury, from any other source, shall be appropriated to any purpose whatever, without the consent of two-thirds of the members present at any regular business meeting.

SEC. 9th. The discussions which may arise in the business meetings must be confined to the business under consideration, and no member shall speak more than once on the same subject, nor longer than five minutes, without permission from the association.

SEC. 10th. Order of business.

SEC. 11. Should the association fail from any cause to hold an election of officers at any annual meeting, those elected for the preceding year shall continue in the exercise of their duties until the next annual meeting. And should the election of an orator be omitted at any time, the Executive Committee shall supply the omission.

SEC. 12th. Any amendments to this Constitution shall be submitted in the form of resolutions at a regular annual business meeting of the association, and shall require the consent of two-thirds of the members present at such meeting for their adoption.

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