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Select Poetry.

THE SWEET COUNTRY COUSINS

How dear to the heart are the sweet country cousins,
 When dog days of summer begin to draw near,
 When bricks have grown hot and when sunstrokes
 by dozens
 Fill body with anguish and bosom with fear!
 The green waving fields and the sweet-smelling
 breezes,
 The 'scaping from turmoil to quiet and calm
 The rich creamy milk which the ready hand seizes,
 And e'en the brown cousins who live on the farm
 The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
 The sweet country cousins who live on the farm!

The sweet country cousins! oh, aren't they a trea-
 sure?
 How handy to have at vacation time!
 And paying one's board is a too costly pleasure,
 When all can be had without spending a dime.
 How pleasant to live on rich cream and ripe berries,
 Fresh, golden-hued butter and cakes light and
 warm,
 Free use of the horses, the carts, and the wherries
 Of sweet country cousins who live on the farm;
 The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins;
 The sweet country cousins who live on the farm!

How dear are the sweet country cousins in summer!
 How fragrant the meadow, romantic the glimmer!
 But straightway your faces begin to grow glummer!
 At thoughts of their visit next winter to town.
 The theatre, the concert, the lecture, the play,
 Expended in tickets! the thought gives a quail;
 The sequel of summer is not quite so funny—
 Why don't the sweet cousins remain on their
 farm?
 The brown-visaged cousins, the great awkward
 cousins,
 The clothopper cousins should stay on their farm.

GREATLY BELOVED.

A Sermon Delivered Before the Literary Societies, by D. L. Greenfield, of Baltimore, Md.

Sunday evening was somewhat threatening as to the weather, but a large number of citizens were present, and also many from a distance.

The societies formed in ranks at the college in the following order: The Webster first, the Irving second, the Browning third, and the Philomathean fourth, in which order they marched to the M. P. Church and took their respective places, while Prof. C. B. Cushing was performing a melody which merged into the anthem "Sing Unto the Lord." After this was rendered by the choir, Rev. T. H. Lewis read the hymn, "Oh, Thou to Whom in Ancient Times," This having been sung, Rev. T. H. Lewis led in prayer, and was followed by the anthem, "Awake Unto My Strength, O Lord." Rev. D. L. Greenfield, the one chosen for this occasion, a minister of extraordinary talent and ability, then announced his text as recorded below, and proceeded with his sermon as follows:

"Then there came again and touched me one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me and said, O man greatly beloved, fear not, peace be unto thee; be strong, yea be strong."—Daniel, x, 18, 19.

Daniel is addressed by his good genius as a man "greatly beloved." At this point start those simple life-lessons, which are to be the instruction of this evening.

Of all the spring of human action none is so universal and potent as the desire to

arrest the attention and commend ourselves to the approval, love or admiration of our fellow men. Like the attraction of cohesive binding atoms in themselves insignificant and weak into forms strong, beautiful and useful, this desire lies deep under all the other cementing influences which weld together men, who, as individuals, are but fragments and fractions of being, into those forms of organized society which make the development of complete manhood and its work possible. It has its perverted uses. It leads to some of the saddest malformations of character. It breeds the sycophant and hypocrite; it is the nemesis of the time-server, but it is no more to be disparaged on this score, than the blessedness of vision because it is often affected by color-blindness or veiled with cataract, or the nerves because the drunkard makes them the organs of anguish and degradation by their false exhilaration. "Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls." The tendrils of climbing plants may often reach out in vain for support, and sometimes be storm-torn from their holdings, but their instinct is not blind nor in vain for all that and the estimation we place upon human approval, though now and again worth a cent to the cross and unworth receives the crown at its hands, is not mistaken. A good name is the sign-manuel of intrinsic excellence. It is the clear mint stamp and metallic ring which pronounce the silver sterling and the money the coin of the nation. The divine sentence "woe to you when all men speak well of you" like that other, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God" is to be interpreted in the light of the local and temporary circumstances which called it forth. In exceptional situations and times it will always be true but while the world stands, and more surely as the world grows wiser and better if lovely you will be loved, if worthy, esteemed, if true, believed. If you or I have ought to say worth saying it will get a hearing! If we have a gift to serve our generation, it will accord the opportunity and award the due distinction. This gullible world is likelier to recognize worth where it does not exist than to discountenance it where it does; and if it seems slow and reluctant to award its meed it is not strange, seeing how often fraud practices upon its simplicity.

Those whose attention is first arrested and those whose interests we cross; it may take the deeply preoccupied people outside of that circle who can give a disinterested judgment a long time to see us through the destroying mists of such a medium, but, when all this is said, still it is true that worth will be registered in the true heart of humanity at a first relation. Joseph may be calumniated and wronged; Daniel may have rivalry and race prejudice and political hate to eclipse the light that is in him, but it is only for a time—at last the character of each, like the sun, burns its way through the clouds. Stuffed figures, inflated air bladders, and plaster presentations of worth will come to grief in this jostling world. The estimates we place upon ourselves are sure to be fearfully discounted, but our appraisalment will represent our value. Do not get it into your

heads because for a long time you are passed by, because you are not popular, because you lack hearers, customers and patrons, that you are suffering the fate of originality and exceptional excellence—neglect—and so, soured and distrustful, the great spring of cheerful courage and hopeful endeavor on which all depends be palsied in your heart. Every living flower breathes its own perfume, there is on the leaf and the plumage of birds a gloss that is never soiled. There is a pure translucence of the complexion in health; all these are signs of internal soundness. A ripe heart and mind; a sound, whole character will also bear the enamel of a beloved and honored name. "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils," was a sentiment on the lips of the old Hebrew in times that tried men's souls—that bespoke the grand battle breath in him; but the Christian aspiration is rather this—to be "a sweet savor of Christ in every place." And now my young brethren, you can appreciate my motive and purpose in this address. The moment when thoughtful youth places its foot upon the threshold of life in sober earnest is apt to be one of depression. The world of books is projected forward upon the future, and vivid imagination paints with pigments of error as well as of truth; that future exaggerated and magnified into all sorts of romantic phantasms opens before you as a thing of fears, or of aspiration so over sanguine that the slightest check reacts in dejection, and you stagger and tremble perhaps to take up the unavoidable burden of living. I wish to repeat the cheer of the divine human one in the text and say be strong and go forward courageously and hopefully, because the lovelight that your childhood has found in home and friends need not die out for you all along the way.

The dear faces of parent and teacher will vanish, but upon other faces may come the smile of approval, upon other lips the voice of cheer, and whatever may be can be borne, if there are true hearts to love us and the felt esteem of our fellow-men to reward us. Do not understand me to say that repute is to be the aim of your struggle. You lose it the moment it becomes your object to preserve it. The world may set you down as harmless—point to you as examples, as naturalists stick pins through bugs and put them in a glass case of specimens, but it can put no more dependence upon your reputation is going to decide every step you take. The men endeared to the world are those who can be depended upon in emergencies that demand risks and self-sacrifice—that sort of men are those who carry their reputations as they do baskets of eggs. He who scorns to have it, except as the resultant of true action, will constrain it and keep it fresh. Let a man live for character, his reputation will take care of itself. "Cultivate the white flower of a blameless life;" its fragrance will perforce get itself detected. Be steered by principles, not blown by moods and expediencies. Be consistent with your duty if you are not with your record. When your opinions are seen to be wrong, go over to the right. Be brave enough to act the coward; be willing to be a turn-coat rather

than not be true, and expect no progress that is not marked by inconsistency. Be true and just, no matter if it is neither kind, nor prudent, nor pleasant. Walk with God, as your nature was constructed to do, and as inseparable from it as its odor from the flower, its fire from the opal, there will be the cheer and God-send there is in the felt benediction of your fellow-men.

The point of what I have further to say is, that we are not in any such sense the creatures of circumstance as that it is ever impossible to be thus "blameless and unrebukeable." As insecure a footing as this earth is for enterprizes for which it was never intended to be the theatre, the one thing which is certainly attainable is worth, estimable character. No prescription can be given for happiness: no rule for the attainment of wealth, but as manifold and conflicting as are the diversities of experience, all contribute to his sublime purpose whose goal is Christ's likeness. Here was one against whom all disadvantages were arrayed, but who gathered power to be felt in his time, and with power, that crucial test of worth and reputation, maintained a character that made his name a love-word to the good and extorted from his foes their confession of his stainless excellence. If he, why not another? Why not you and I? "Fear not, peace be unto you; be strong, yea be strong." For as is feasible that ever-waxing strength of spirit, that fullness of wisdom, that divine grace, beauty and sweetness of life, which like its supreme exemplar, Christ, shall be "in favor with God and man."

Among the hindrances to estimable excellence overcome in the instance before us, the chief was a mischievous education. Daniel had been exiled from his Judean home and the wise masters of his childhood, when his manhood was yet in the gristle. His education was in the lore and by the scholars of a heathen land—in a philosophy rooted in a debasing mythological cult, and amidst a court reeking with oriental profligacy. It would only be to wade through weary platitudes to argue the moral influence of secular education. I can see that when a boy is demonstrating his Euclid before the blackboard, it is being settled whether or not he will be able to cross the Pons Asinorum of life without getting overboard; to keep to the perpendicular in his opinions and morals, and work in a way that is demonstrated and his own conscience and demonstrably right before the world. The young girl's music is likely to be neglected and forgotten in a very different music; the foot forget the pedal as it moves the rocker, but who can tell the value of the refinement, the love of harmony as transmuted, as the homes in which the holiest dispositions of motherhood may grow and bear their immortal fruit? And when she is taught to analyze the beauty of the flower, to find its interior loveliness or to dissipate the rainbow by the study of optics, and see under the illusive tints the eternal and universal beauty of the laws of life, she is being trained in the power to find beneath the superficiality of her world's joys and sorrows the enduring peace, and wisdom, and love, that underlie all appearance. If from such things start

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Friends of Western Md. College.
TAKE NOTICE.

To any one who will contribute not less than \$2.00 toward the Building fund of Western Maryland College we will send the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE for one year, beginning with the September number, and a finely-executed, album-size photograph of the Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., President of the College. To any one who will contribute not less than \$5.00 toward the same fund, we will send our GAZETTE for one year and a photograph of the President, of large cabinet size, suitable for framing. Send contribution with name and address of contributor plainly written, to the editors of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE, Westminster, Md.

The editorials have been omitted to-day on account of the quantity of matter necessary to be published. We prefer to publish the whole of an article, even at the expense of the editorial columns, since all readers prefer to have a complete article, rather than detached portions.

Browning Anniversary.

Yesterday evening the Browning Literary Society celebrated their fourteenth anniversary in the College Chapel. As usual a large audience was present to witness an entertainment which is one of the most attractive features of the commencement exercises. At 8 o'clock the chapel was well filled with an expectant audience, and as far as can be ascertained it was not disappointed. The stage was tastefully decorated, and presented a fine appearance. The entertainment was opened with the chorus "Beaming Like the Star of Morn," rendered by the entire society except that part of its membership belonging to the Senior Class. The chorus was sung to piano and organ accompaniment. Miss Davis performed at the organ and Miss J. Wilson at the piano. After this was creditably rendered, Miss Ada Smith, the president, came forward and read with excellent effect an address of welcome, extending, in a pleasing manner, a warm welcome to all. We insert her address, which is as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The varied year has circled around its course once more; fervid, glowing summer, flower-wreathed, has sped away, and ruddy autumn, crowned with scarlet leaves, and berries with the life blood dripping from the purple grasses she carries has too fled onward, as she felt the icy breath from Winter's death-like lips; then rosy Spring advancing has gathered strength and beauty each day, until again in June, the month of roses, the Browning Literary Society deems herself fortunate once more in extending a heartfelt welcome to all her friends. The presence of so large a number here will animate us not only to please and entertain on this occasion, but on many

others in years to come, should we be so fortunate as to retain the attention, and have perfect order, we will endeavor to make the evening pass pleasantly and show what has been our progress during the past year. It does not require you to go through the ordeal of an examination which has been our pleasure during the past week, but all we ask is that you view us with no critic's eye, but pass our imperfections by. Each member has gladly turned aside from her text-book to meet the demands of her loved society. These diversions are not too frequent to a school girl, after studying twelve hours out of the twenty-four. All those who have led college lives can fully realize the meaning of what I say. Those that have not can always regret the many pleasures from which they have been debarred. In order that a society should succeed, it is necessary that each member resolve to surmount all difficulties. When losses assail, and discouragements crowd around, then is the time for true friends to prove their friendship and all members, both of the past and present, to show their love for the Browning Literary Society, the oldest but one of the college societies. At this, our 14th anniversary, we lose the help of eight of our oldest, most active and efficient members. Some of them have been with us for several years, and from time to time have appeared before you, and won your well merited and heartily given applause, we would miss their kindly faces, their active assistance, but we know, though time and distance may intervene, their hearts are with us, their sympathy and love all ours. Members of the Irving, Webster and Philomathean Societies, let us be ambitious to succeed in all our undertakings, not like Anthony, dazzled by a passing fancy; not like Caesar, ambitious to ruin, but ambitious in building up our societies, benefitting ourselves and honoring the institution of which we are representatives. Kind friends, one and all, the Browning Literary Society bids you a kindly welcome, welcome.

This address was followed by a humorous rehearsal, by Miss Blanche Zimmerman, entitled "Awfully Lovely Philosophy." This selection was delivered in a perfectly natural style, and elicited much laughter from the audience. A song and tableau—"Angels ever Bright and Fair," was then introduced, and was somewhat affecting. It represented angels hovering about the couch of death ready to bear away the parting soul to regions beyond the troubles of an earthly life. Miss Hering took the character of one about to die, and sung in sweet, harmonious strains, "Take, O, take me, etc." The other participants were, Misses Blanchard, S. Wilmer, Boyle, A. Richardson, E. Richardson, and Trumbo. This feature was meritoriously executed. Miss Annie Ames then rehearsed a selection entitled, "Sister and I," and was followed by the complicated instrumental duet—"La Gazza Ladra"—well rendered by Misses A. and E. Richardson. Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the entire performance was the reading and tableaux—"Mary, Queen of Scots." Miss Aline Richardson read, in a very audible and clear style the poem, "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," a very touching poem relating the latter portion of the life of the unfortunate Queen Mary. The tableaux, five in number, represented incidents narrated in the poem. The scenes brought out more clearly the authors meaning, and were executed with fine effect. The last one of these tableaux represented Mary prepared for execution. This feature of the programme is worthy of especial notice, but space prevents. The participants were Miss A. Richardson, who read the poem; Miss M. Jones,

Queen Mary; Miss R. Edlin, the executioner and Miss J. Wilson, Rizio.

A piano solo—"Les Joyeux Papillous," was performed by Miss S. Wilmer, after which Miss India Cochel read in a spirited and graceful manner an excellent and carefully prepared essay on "June," which will be found below:

JUNE.

June, month of roses, serene and bright how gladly we welcome thy footstep, anticipating with joyful heart the beauties and pleasures of the coming Summer.

The cold winds and snows of dreary Winter are no more. "Gentle Spring in sunshine clad" has been ushered in by the bold March winds and April showers, May with her abundance of "bud and blossom" has glided swiftly past, and June the first Summer month is on her way. "The storm retires and the sky grows clear, when thy merry step draws near." Merry indeed is she laden with her many pleasures. June crowned with beauty leads Summer's bright trio, she greets us first, therefore should be thrice welcomed, with her balmy days, early fruits, sweet scented fields, and gentle zephyrs.

Time rolls swiftly onward, unheeding the many changes which marks his course, it is impossible to stem the torrent, the tide ever ebbs and flows, no matter who stands upon the shore stretching vain hands to the receding waves. We love the sweet Spring-time of life the May day of innocence and freshness; in a few golden hours it has vanished, and we warmly welcome June, the Summer of life, and commence to make plans for its improvement as well as enjoyment.

In Summer there are often rainy days, so in life the days, pass by with sunshine and shadow, some barks can stand more severe storms than others, so some persons can bear burdens under which others would sink and perish.

Oft in studying human nature we perceive that different minds incline to different pleasures.

One delights in wild and fearful scenes—the lightning's flash—the thunder's peal—and the surging flames; fill his mind with wild delight and thoughts sublime. While another seeks the quiet lake on a calm evening when the sun is declining; and with dipping oars playing an accompaniment to the soft sweet music of the waves—finds here unspeakable pleasure.

The lovely scenes which nature ever spreads around have oftentimes power to calm a troubled breast when all else has failed. She with tender cares and sweet breathe sends around us a magic spell which makes the heart leap up and sing for joy.

Summer comes and finds some weary and footsore with little prospect of enjoyment in her long days; but when "the day is done, and darkness falls from the wing of night," they can sit them down by the open door, and as the gentle breezes come, breathe thus their thanks—

"Spirit that breathes through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow,
Thou hast been out on the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou warder of the
sea."

And his whole soul seems rejoiced, and thankful, for the soft June zephyrs, as he sits quietly happy in the twilight.

The cities too pour forth their eager crowds from the hot close streets, to the ocean and mountain side; they climb from peak to peak making the old grey crags resound with merry voices—or anon, we find the beach filled with pleasure seekers, while in old Ocean's bosom rest many a precious treasure.

"The waves behind impel the waves before, wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling on the shore," and as the tide comes in the waves pitch high their white foam, and roar as if in anger at thus being disturbed by intruders seeking pleasure, where so many have found a watery grave.

Night scenes are one of June's greatest charms. The moon-beams steals through the boughs, and play in little ripples on the soft green turf.

The distant waters looks like one vast sea of silver. While the stillness is unbroken save by the chirping of insect voices or the mellow notes of the mosquito's horn. And the "stars the forget-me-nots of the Angels" keep their ceaseless vigil over earth and her slumbering children.

June's face is always lovely. View her in the early morning, when Aurora clad in brilliant robes comes from the horizon, sending her bright beams on dewy leaf and turf; causing thousands of brilliant rainbows, thus by the beauties of earth giving us a foretaste of the dazzling glories of Heaven. Then the birds are never so sweet voiced as on a June day, never so busy, teaching us many a lesson of perseverance and cheerfulness under difficulties. I think it was on a June evening that Oliver Goldsmith wrote—

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's
close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose!
There, as I passed with careless steps and
slow,
The mingled notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that toy'd the whispering
wind;
And the loud laugh that speaks the vacant
mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And I'd each pause the nightingale had
made."

The tableau "Pyramid of Beauty" was quite a surprise to the audience, being entirely different from what was to be expected from the name. It was intended to be ridiculous, and as such was successful. Misses H. Hines, Hering, J. Wilson and S. Wilmer performed the instrumental quartette "Jubilee," after which came the humorous reading "Story of Bishop Potts," setting forth the troubles of a bishop among the loving Mormon widows, by Miss Mollie Hoppie. This selection was received with much applause. Miss Hoppie reads in a clear, distinct tone, and with much expression. Miss Hering then favored the audience with the piano solo "Alice," after which "National Allegory," recitation and tableaux, claimed attention. Miss Mattie Boyle represented America, Miss A. Richardson Liberty, Miss E. Richardson Speculation, Miss C. Yingling Fashion, and Miss S. Kneller War. The characters in this were all well sustained. The exercises of the evening were closed with a vocal duet, "Gently Sighs the Breeze," by Misses A. Smith and N. Hines. This, a well-chosen selection, was equally as well sung, and with which all were pleased. The Brownings deserve much credit for their endeavors, and have obtained fresh laurels. Although the entertainment was somewhat long, the audience did not become restless, which is one of the best tests of merit that can be given. Brownings, may your efforts always be crowned with success and your reputation unceasing.

"Hallo," ejaculated a guardian to his pretty niece, as he entered the parlor and saw her in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question and sealed it with a kiss, "What's the time of day now?" "I should think it was half-past twelve," was the cool reply of the blushing damsel; "you see we are—almost one."

Greatly Beloved.

[CONTINUED FROM 1ST PAGE.]

waves that spread out over the surface of life, how much more from those positive truths or errors inculcated in a varied education. You are learning to read; it is well—but remember, all may be forgotten but the intellectual delight, nothing seems to remain but that rare and excellent result, the taste and habit of life-long studiousness. But you take the color of it all, as insects do the tint of the leaves on which they feed. Its effects run like the roots of plants long and far underground, to reappear in vigorous growths in the most unexpected directions. In some hour of sorrow, when heaven and earth are reeling, that slant of skepticism that you read to scorn and refute will come to mind and stay like a scorpion. In those crisis-hours of life, those shocks of existence, when the suspended elements of character are rapidly precipitated, and take their fixed and final form, the power that gives the silent determination of the result, will be the bias that education has given your moral nature. There is another serious phase of this matter. The commonest matters of natural science, once taught only as preparation for the crafts of practical industry, are seen to have a new significance now. A connection is laid bare between them and those ultimate bases of moral character—God, sin, redemption, immortality. I suppose there is no young man or woman of this Christian school, in the unspoiled sacredness of youth, but would shudder at the possibility that these great pole-stars of holy life should become wandering stars, and drop out of his sky into the murk of darkness forever.

We all feel in our deepest beings that the notion that poses as the final result of science, that man's actions are the inevitable and therefore irresponsible result of conditions by which he is surrounded, is a doctrine of devils: if positively accepted would paralyze every nerve of moral effort, so long as conscience survived making existence a jangled dissonance, and when conscience is strangled turning life into a creeping sensualism till it passed into a godless clod. But isn't it also a fearful business that these things, all through our early formative years, should be held in dubitation? Undecided, while waiting for the science of the books we daily handle, to say its ultimate word. Can wings fly in a vacuum? How is character going on to flower and fruit, if the very roots of it are to be kept unsettled? Perhaps this is necessarily incident, at any time, to an education that is still on its way. Certainty is in the simplicity of ignorance and the simplicity of profound knowledge. It is in the cross-lights that men get bewildered. It is in the twilight of defective knowledge that the dusky bat-wings of skepticism hover most. It is incident, too, perhaps, to that specialty in education which is a feature of our times. Our great scholars are gerat in departments of knowledge—the white-light of truth is broken and refracted on minds ground to an angle. Intensification of faculty at a point, is gotten at the expense of the depletion of power to see truths that lie at the opposite pole; and like the man lost in the woods because the stronger muscles of the right limb threw him insensibly into moving in a circle. One-sided culture goes round and round in the mazes of error. Sun-smitten by the brilliance of these great lights, we forget that instead of its giving authority to this opinion, it makes it worthless as respects those truths from which their over-growth in the opposite direction has drawn them away. "Dubitatio is the sign always of infirm or malformed understanding." If the mind were

perfect it would see, not question. Keen, thorough aged intellect, pierces to the truth, and apprehends it: faith, not scepticism is the normal attitude of a sound and rounded culture. Wavering of opinion, no matter what brilliancy of reasoning may be displayed in it, is as surely the sign of a mind weak, misshapen in education or drunk with conceit, as staggering is of a body infirm, drunken or deformed.

Be not deceived: the brilliancy of scepticism is the phosphorescence of moral decay. It is not the glow of health, but the hectic bale-fire in the cheek of death. Great must be the depression of the thoughtful youth, as he forecasts the ordeal to which his education must subject him. All his instincts are on the side of righteousness. Such a character as he, can be content to rear, can only rest on certainty as to "the faith once delivered to the saints," and the hope of having that place in the heart of humanity which is the only cheer and stimulus to a noble life, is bound up in his sure standing there. Whatever eclat sceptical sentiments may gain for a time, when forced into sight by brilliancy of oratory, or authorship, or Ingersolian audacity, they clash with the basilar convictions or the heart of humanity. Over its surface shadows may flit and night lower; storms may lash its waves that wreck the very institutions of religion, but its eternal tides heave to the influence of the lights that are set in the heaven of revealed truth. To have no hold on truth, is to have no grasp upon the heart of men. As long as men sin and suffer, as long as they are made for righteous uses, immortal life and God, those whom they wish to entrust with their sacred interests, cling to in their crises and embalm in their hearts will be the men of faith and not of uncertainty, of positive convictions not negations; trusty guides who carry burning lanterns, not "will o' wisps," flickering over quaking marshes dark save with the glistening iridescence of corruption; beacon-towers that flash the way to quiet anchorage and the head lands of immortal harbors, not wreckers whose deadly fires lure upon the roaring stormy breakers of despair. This will be felt and yet education must be had—toiled for as miners dig in shafts poisoned with mephitic fire-damps. What wonder that the young heart called to a career of intellectual culture should be depressed as he forecast his ordeal. "Who is sufficient for these things?"

And then there is the whole realm of evils that menace an estimable character in the working-day work and secular occupation into which from the school-cloister you are about to pass. There is the pursuit which to enter is to start upon the downhill road: "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire." Others in which success is constant temptation to questionable courses; not to immoralities but evasion, insincerity, a code of ethics that is not the righteousness of God. These are schools of deterioration. They destroy character not by assault, but secret undermining: by the moth, the rust, the mildew, not by fire and storm. They love the tone, and so pave the way to sudden collapse, or slow-going disreputability. Besides this there is the shock of transition from youth's rose-hued ideals of men and life to the hard prose and reality of it. The silken veils, the reserve and consideration that conceal people in the presence of youth and society, you are to see put off, to find that self-interest is the first law: to see the injustice, hardness, selfishness and meanness of human nature come to the surface in the agitation and abandon of secular life. Then comes the peril that disgust may pass by familiarity into tolerance, and then to imitation; or that in bitter scorn you may de-

termine to fight the world with its own weapons; or that disheartened you may whisper, "I will go with the tide—why adopt a higher standard than the rest and go down?" But of all this—of the evil in the world, forever changing its shapes, never losing its vitiating power—there is no time now to speak. You are destined to find, as all who have gone before you have found, as the wrecks of the strong, the wise, the gifted strewn all along the coasts attest that this world is against you. It is never more so than when it persuades you it is not. It lies in the arms of the wicked one. But I dare to say, with this young man's life before me, and its innumerable counterparts in men and women, as weak, as fearful, as tried as you, you can overcome; you can carry the "burning and shining" lamp of truth unextinguished through the vapors of the charnel home, and bear off a pure heart unscathed from the leagues of "the world, the flesh and the devil." And I further insist that to so conquer the world is to bind its heart to you forever. How soon it lets the name of those who win its most prodigious success by compliance with its maxims and spirit die—even with the wicked "the memory of the wicked shall rot." For those who conciliate it by concession and those who go down overwhelmed by its evils, it has only distrust, sneers and contempt. Prove yourself its master: carry your holy purpose in defiance of its scorn and opposition, and forthwith you command its admiration: eagerly will it render you double for all its wrongs, open to you its inmost confidence and crown you with undying memorials of its love. "Fear not, peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong."

For the moment that remains, let me point the way to this result. It is simply this: To be willing to let something of success go in order to cultivate your nature on every side of it. Of brilliancy—success is your determined purpose, then you must pour all your resources in one direction; that side of faculty that lies toward your object must be the region of exclusive activity; and then, whether it be body or mind or religious capacity, its excessive nurture and overgrowth must be at the expense of neglecting and stunting the other, and that is to be a mind crippled, a deformed soul, incapable of defense, miserable to itself and hateful in the sight of man. To be a man of one idea, like St. Paul, is the thing, if, like Paul, it is a whole idea, and not the fraction of one; an idea that grasps the whole round of being, and not a part of it. Foster on a mutilated idea and your being in its expansion will raven in its emptiness with immortal hunger; or else sinking to the level of its idea, become a little and degraded soul. Your reading, your observation, is rich in proof of this. See the religionists of the middle ages, who forswore all life's occupations, its social ties, all intellectual culture, and gave themselves up to devotion alone—what wonder that dark ages, superstitions, reigns of terror and inquisitions were spawned from that mutilation of nature. What monsters were they whose prayers drew blood and inflamed hate; who could go out from the real Presence to whet the knife, and turn the rack, and kindle the martyr fires.

Your effort to ground yourselves in literary tastes: your resolve to nurture your whole life with "The fairy tales of science and the long results of time," is wise. That will counteract the morbid in religion and check the secularizing tendency of worldly pursuit. Only when all is given up to the exclusive culture of the understanding comes exposure to moral peril: when the powers made for the toll we owe our fellow-men, and the capacity for God are over-ridden by the selfish

passion to know: then it is cancerous activity; a sort of brilliant gymnastics that strengthen the arm by paralysis of the spine and lesion of the organs of life. Oh it is well, that called off thy necessity to earn bread, to toil in life's earnest work you cannot be the brilliant scholars you would-for so you have a chance to be whole men and women. And thus I think the moral pail of secular life is not chiefly its temptations, its vices, but its tendency to suck down the whole higher man into its vortex: to shrink the being to its selfish and sordid aim till the intellectual and divine in him be suffocated and perish by repression: the angel die to pamper the worm: the soul lost to gain the world!

Therefore educate all your being! Struggle to hold the proportions of life! Let the closet, the book, the workshop be the fixed integers, and coordinate factors of each day's experience. That demands no haste, no struggle and yet without strain, character will form in perfect symmetry, and unconscious of effort casts off the evil that is in the world. Be your volume great or small the line of gravity falls within the base and you stand at ease in noble uprightness, if only the proportions of life are maintained. I confess I know not how you can have one aim—one single steady aim that shall involve in it at the same time this manifold, and many sided culture except as you identify your will with the will of Christ; for he came to save the whole man, body, soul and spirit. Then you have it not as an abstraction before the mind, but as a person, appealing to your love as well as your aspirations and laying the right hand of his spirit in help upon all the secret springs of your being. You have one aim—one that will stir and subsoil on every side—one that expands before you never growing stale or vile—one that will put you near to the great heart of a common humanity by making you superior to it and independent of it: necessary to it because it identifies you with its toils and sorrows: and loving and sympathetic with it: one that no contingency of time can disappoint. One fixed idea and yet whose pursuit breeds no monotony. This is the dramatic clash of opposed and changing feeling, the color and light made by the play of many trained faculties upon one another: not a weary beaten path but a diversified landscape whose dimness is the dimness of dawn and set in the perspective of eternal blessedness: not the clang of a single bell, but the music of a steeple chime. When other activities reach their turn their calls and fragrance all deflowered, all shattered to the dust, yours will be ready to open its bud into full and heavenly flower. "Greatly beloved" in the earth because above and beyond the earth—"Greatly beloved" in heaven, the recipient of God's eternal smile.

After the sermon, which was delivered in about 55 minutes, was concluded, Rev. E. J. Drinkhouse offered up the closing prayer, and then read the first, second, third and fifth verses of the hymn—"Soldiers of Christ Arise," in the singing of which both the choir and the congregation participated; then the appropriate doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced by Rev. D. L. Greenfield.

Arrivals.

Rev. John M. Gill, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Rev. B. F. Benson, New Market, Md.
Miss Alverda LaMotte, Finksburg, Md.
Miss Gertrude Bratt and sister, Oxford, Md.
Miss Emma Malloy, Oxford, Md.
Miss Minnie Usilton, Chestertown, Md.

Tears are the show-ers that fertilize this world.

Why the Editor Swore.

With a terrific cold in his head,
And eyelids heavy and sore,
An editor sat in his broken chair,
And bitterly, earnestly swore.

A youth had dropped in with a poem,
A man was there with a dun,
And a chap had entered to tell him
How the paper ought to be run.

An irate subscriber had told him
His sheet wasn't fit to be read;
While another had carefully promised
He would punch the editor's head.

The foreman was yelling for copy,
And the wind whistled in at the door,
And this with a few other reasons
Is why the editor swore.

But the angel that took it to Heaven,
Recorded this verdict there:
"The jury finds in this present case
'Twas a justifiable swear."

Pennsylvania College Commencement.

A dispatch from Gettysburg, Pa., to the Baltimore American, June 15, says:—The fifty-first annual commencement of the Pennsylvania College will take place Thursday, June 28th. The institution is in a very flourishing condition, and will graduate this year the largest class that has ever left her halls. The members of the graduating class, twenty-five in number, strange to say, are residents of but two states—Pennsylvania and Maryland. The honors were awarded as follows: First honor—A. J. Smith, York, Pa.; W. L. McPherson, Gettysburg, Pa. Second honor—L. A. Brewer, Funkstown, Md.; H. G. Buehler, Gettysburg, Pa. Third honor—G. W. Baughman, Shaky Grove, Pa.; G. W. W. Arnick, St. Clairsville, Pa. Fourth honor—A. B. Ames, Columbia, Pa.; C. D. Hoover, Smithsburg, Md. Special appointments—W. L. McPherson, Latin salutatory; G. W. Baughman, valedictory. The exercises of the commencement week will be of the same order as in previous years, beginning with a baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, Sunday, June 24th, and ending with the regular commencement exercises in Christ Church, Thursday, June 28th. Henry E. Jacobs, D. D., at present professor of Greek in the institution, has been elected Dr. Krauth's successor as "Norton Professor" in the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, and has accepted the position. Dr. Jacobs is one of the most efficient officers of the college, and his loss will be deeply regretted by both faculty and students. The Theological Seminary will graduate ten men this year, three of whom will take charges in Western states, one will sail as missionary to India next fall, and the rest will take charge of their congregations here in the eastern part of the country at their earliest possible convenience.

The Annual Commencement of St. John's College comes this year on the 28th of June. The banquet of the alumni is fixed for the 27th inst.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When sewing machines begin to hum,
And dry-goods bills appear.

The boys are shocked at the report that Edison has invented "a lightning rod for schools."

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The Thirty-Third Semi-Annual Session begins September 4th, 1883, and ends January 25th, 1884. For Catalogue, and further information, address

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