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The ♦ College ♦ Portfolio.

VOL. 1.

JUNE, 1887.

NO. 6.

The College Portfolio,

PUBLISHED BY

The Browning Literary, Philomathean and Webster Literary Societies

OF

WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

EDITOR IN CHIEF,
PAUL COMBS.

EDITORS,

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TERMS:

One Year \$1.00.....Single Copy 10 Cents

Rates of Advertising can be obtained upon application to the Business Managers, to whom all business communications should be addressed.

Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second-Class Matter.

Editorials.

Our readers will notice that this issue is almost double the regular size of the paper. We have thought it well to give a somewhat full account of Commencement Week for the benefit of our subscribers and parties who may be interested in the exercises.

This issue is necessarily made up largely of synopses of essays and orations, and we have allowed these synopses considerable room, hoping thereby to give some idea of the papers from which they are taken.

We regret that we cannot publish the papers in full, especially those of the graduates. While many of the synopses published in this issue may not be read by a majority of those who receive the paper, still a true feeling of pleasure and pride is felt by the friends of those who are the authors of the extracts given. Especially is this true of very dear friends and relatives. We hope that those who read with pleasure the articles of their friends, may also bear with the articles in which they feel no particular interest.

As all human designs must end, so must this staff bring its work to a close; but while this corps of editors and business managers moves out and makes room for those who are newly elected, we feel that the undertaking which we began six months ago has prospered admirably, and been satisfactory to the societies and college we represent. With this issue we complete our work as editors of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO and sever our active connections with it. The majority of the present editors will leave college at the close of this scholastic year. A new staff will be elected on whom will fall the responsibility of editing

the paper, and on whom the success of the paper will largely depend, but not wholly, for, be a staff ever so zealous and energetic, it cannot succeed without the co-operation of its friends. Among the friends of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO there are none who will stand more ready and willing to lend a helping hand than the retiring staff. Although not actively connected with the paper, still there is a deep ex-active love which prompts us to watch with anxious care the progress of the paper which we labored with during the first days of its struggle for an existence. Anything in the way of advice which we are able to give from our limited experience, will be cheerfully given. And let not the incoming corps of editors and business managers hesitate or neglect to ask information of the retiring staff; for if they show themselves interested, it will be an indication of the future prosperity of the paper. After leaving school, wherever we go, and in whatever occupation we are engaged, it will give us pleasure to assist the paper in any way we are able. We will always welcome the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO in our mails, and look with much pleasure on its prosperous condition. So, as we expect to be thus connected with it in the future, we cannot say farewell, except as a teacher would say farewell to a student who has passed from under his immediate instruction, but for whom he still entertains the most tender affections, and whose welfare he regards with paternal care.

It is not with a feeling of relief that we bring our work to a close, for it has never

been a burden to edit the PORTFOLIO. There have been difficulties to overcome which attend the starting of a paper, in addition to other difficulties connected with its publication. But with all the difficulties there has been mingled a sense of pleasure at the thought of the benefit derived from a paper, and a feeling of pride in making the paper as good as possible. In this manner our work has been carried on for the past six months, and it is more with a feeling of regret than pleasure that we close our work with this, the last issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO for this scholastic year, and say farewell.

THE essay in this number of the PORTFOLIO closes the series of competitive essays for the Weigand medal. Essay No. 1, in April issue, was written by Mr. L. Irving Pollitt; No. 2, in same issue, by Mr. J. McD. Radford. The first essay in the May issue is by Miss L. L. Hill; the second essay in the same issue by Mr. I. G. Michael. The essay in this issue is by Mr. Paul Combs. We would here state that this competition was open to members of the three societies publishing the PORTFOLIO, and were limited to twelve hundred words. The best five of the lot submitted were selected by Dr. Ward, which have been published. Dr. Ward has also decided that the essay appearing in this issue was the best one handed him, and deserved the prize. We congratulate Mr. Combs upon his essay, and hope that he may put in practice his ideas of "promoting the temperance cause."

We wish also to express our gratitude to Mr. Weigand for the assistance he has offered us, and hope that all the essays may have met with his approval.

Commencement Week.

We have considered it appropriate to fill up nearly the whole of this issue with the proceedings of this week, and below will be found accounts of the several exercises. We do not hesitate to pronounce this Commencement the most successful and satisfactory one that the college has ever given. The senior class is large and a fine one; they have not spared trouble or expense, and made their part of the exercises very successful. And also, new features have been added, which could not have failed to prove interesting. There has been only one regret, and that is that the new hall was not ready to be occupied for this year. We hope, however, by the next Commencement we will be able to invite our friends in a hall and not compel them to attend the exercises in a temporary pavilion. We will now proceed to give full accounts of the exercises of the week.

FRIDAY.

The Calisthenic Exhibition.

The commencement exercises of Western Maryland College began under favorable auspices on last Friday evening with an exhibition of the department of physical culture. It is the first time in the history of the college that this department has been carried to such a high degree of excellence as to devote a whole evening to it. Before this year the ladies alone have been instructed in calisthenics, and an exhibition of their skill in the use of wands and dumb bells and in the art of graceful club swinging, was generally given as a part of the joint entertainment of the ladies' societies on Monday night of the week. But this year has been a year of improvements, and not the least of these is a well equipped gymnasium and calisthenics hall, with com-

petent instructors for gentlemen and ladies. How much the ladies have improved, was also shown on Friday night. At eight o'clock two long lines of ladies and gentlemen were seen marching down the grove to the beat of a drum; they marched directly on the stage alternating a lady and gentleman, continuing in a snake-like course until all were on the rostrum marching. At a signal from the drum all stopped and Dr. Lewis made a short address telling the progress of the students in this department. After the address the coil unwound and marched off the stage. Then appeared the class in wands; the gentlemen gave the salute, drilled in pairs, etc.; some of their movements were quite soldier-like and were executed with military precision. Next on the program was the ladies' club swinging; they marched on and around the stage in single file before taking position. The exercises consisted of parallel and opposite circles, extended arm, wrist circles, cross movements, inner and outer, and combination movements; some of the movements were very intricate and difficult. Perfect time with the music was one of its attractive features. The gentlemen's dumb bells followed, consisting of arm exercise, postures, rocking and tapping. A medley of all the popular airs added much to the exercise. The next exercise was the free hand movements of the ladies; all parts of the body were exercised—head, arms, hands, feet and fingers. This concluded part first of the program.

The gentlemen's club swinging opened part second. Long arm circles, quarter circles, under and over arm, double extension and combination movements, constituted this exercise. The same class marched with their clubs. The figures, many of which were difficult, were made with military precision. One of the figures most admired, was where all were marching in a

small circle in the middle of the rostrum and at a given signal all touched clubs at the centre, then separated, forming a large circle. Although not difficult, the effect was very pretty. The ladies' dumb bells came next; the movements were performed with ease, the anvil chorus was very pretty. One of the very best parts of the gentlemen's exercise was the free gymnastics; the attitudes were perfect; the swinging movements, the attitude of prayer, etc., were exceedingly effective.

The entertainment was concluded by the ladies' umbrella drill. The figures in marching, the counter-marching, reverse squares, wave-line drill, reverse wheel, figure eight, diamond, cross, moving bows, etc., were beautifully made. The bowing and the movements in the drill added much to its beauty.

It would take too long to describe the movements separately, if we were able to do so; but words cannot show the beauty to you. You should have seen it; the *tout ensemble* was perfect. The ladies looked very pretty in their pink skirts and blue, and their cream blouses; and the gentlemen quite handsome in their cream cloth shirts; the college monogram, embroidered in light-blue, dark blue and pink, added much to their appearance.

Much credit is due to the instructors, Miss Wilson and Prof. McDaniel, for the success of the exhibition. The department will be still further improved next year since Prof. McDaniel, who will have entire control of both the calisthenics and gymnastics, will spend his vacation at Harvard University, taking a course in Physical Culture.

On returning to the college after the exercises, Prof. McDaniel, in behalf of the instructors, presented Prof. Rinehart with a neat cane as a symbol of their appreciation of the excellent service he had ren-

dered to the success of the exercises by his music. He was overpowered with appreciation and made but a brief, still a hearty reply.

SATURDAY.

Annual Concert of the Department of Music.

One of the most attractive features of Commencement Week was the Concert on Saturday evening. To all lovers of good music it was a rare treat. Under the instruction of Prof. T. F. Rinehart and Mrs. A. J. Carnes the department of music has attained an unprecedented excellence. The program, consisting of classical music only, was as follows:

PART FIRST.

1. Piano duett: Overture to the Merry Wives of Windsor (Nicolai), Misses Wilmer and Stevens.
2. Vocal solo: The Flower Girl (Bevignani), Miss M. A. Stern.
3. Piano solo: a. Polonaise in E flat moll. b. Waltz in a flat dur. (Chopin), Miss I. B. Pillsbury.
4. Vocal duett: Guarda Che Bianca Luna (Campana), Misses Franklin and Abbott.
5. Piano solo: Home, Sweet Home (Thalberg), Miss M. A. Slaughter.
6. Vocal solo: Longing (Millard), Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
7. Piano solo: a. Fruhlingsnacht (Schumann-Liszt), b. La Rose (Hunten), Prof. T. F. Rinehart.

PART SECOND.

8. Piano trio: Overture to the Marriage of Figaro (Mozart), Misses Beeks, Richards and Handy.
9. Solo and Chorus: La Carita (Rossini), solos by Misses Whaley and Underhill.
10. Piano solo: Sonata Pathetique (Beethoven), Miss J. F. Wilson.
11. Vocal solo: Loreley (Liszt), Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
12. Piano duett: Larghetto and Allegro Molto—Second Symphony (Beethoven), Prof. Rinehart and Miss Wilson.
13. Pilgrim's chorus: Lombardi (Verdi), vocal class.

The audience was very appreciative, and the order maintained throughout the exercise was unusually good.

SUNDAY.

Upon this day began the exercises of Commencement proper, the two preceding evenings being given rather to entertainments by the calisthenic and musical departments than to any exercises directly connected with the Commencement. But the regular baccalaureate Sunday is a necessary occasion in the closing exercises of every college. With us this day is set apart also for the annual sermon before the Christian associations. The day was bright and beautiful and also cool—something very unusual for the occasion, for old students will remember how proverbially hot baccalaureate Sundays have been with us. At promptly ten o'clock the line of somewhat more than a hundred students started for the Methodist Protestant Church at the usual slow gait. At the end of the line followed the senior class, together with the resident members of the faculty. When the church was reached the line, which had previously marched by twos, opened, allowing the seniors and faculty members to march through them. As soon as they reached the door the organist played a march, and they were ushered to the first pews. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, showing very conclusively the interest felt by the general public in the baccalaureate sermon of our new president. After responsive readings by the president and the students and some singing, Dr. Lewis offered a very fervent prayer. He invoked God's blessing upon the members of the senior class, who were about to leave college, and returned sincere thanks for the prosperity and health of the college. He touched pathetically upon the sad affliction that had recently visited the home of one of the students, and expressed heartfelt sympathy for the mourning family. Dr. Lewis then delivered his baccalaureate sermon. He only spoke

for thirty-five minutes, but his sermon was deep and very logical. He made frequent allusions to the senior class, by whom his sermon was particularly enjoyed. Below we publish his sermon in full.

Philippians iii, 8. "The excellency of the knowledge of Christ."

These words form at once the text and theme of this discourse, and are therefore not necessarily connected for our purpose with any other Scripture. But their history is so thrillingly interesting that one finds it difficult to dismiss it without notice. When Paul wrote, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ," he wrote what seems to me the thoroughly noblest sentiment in human literature. This is the revised and deliberate judgment of a man who went the whole length of affirming it even unto death. Thirty years before, the subject had been presented to him for the first time.

He had, at that time, acquired the right to glory in things held most dear by his age. His birth, his education, his talents, his religious associations and conduct, his zeal and success and honors, made it possible for him to say with propriety, "If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more." In this height of success and ambition, Jesus met him, revealed himself to him and won him. Without hesitation he threw away the gains of a lifetime and meekly asked "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This was his first decision. And now he has tested this passionate submission in the sober, serious experiences of thirty years. He sums up the record: "In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

The end of it all is close at hand. He lies in a Roman dungeon. The sentence of death is already sounding in his ears. What then has been the effect of these labors, these sufferings, this approaching ignominy upon that decision made thirty years ago? Like as we linger with strained attention about dying saints to catch their final declaration concerning the faith they have found sufficient for life, so our hearts pause in tremulous expectation before the clos-

ing scene in the unparalleled life of this prisoner of the Lord. O watchman, disappearing in the settling mists of the everlasting sunset, what of the night? Speak out thy last word clear and strong! The thousands to whom thou hast blown the jubilant notes of "Grace, mercy and peace," are waiting; the millions yet to come to whom thy life and work must be a moving inspiration or a paralyzing despair are waiting. O Paul, what after thirty years? Without a pause he lays upon the finished temple of Christian experience the cope-stone of a dying jubilee, with shoutings of "yea," "yea." "I count now as I counted then, all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." It is this secret of Paul's exceeding joy and triumph that I have chosen as an appropriate theme for this occasion.

Paul speaks here of the "knowledge" of Christ. He thus gives us not only the thought, but the very word we desire. In the manifold relations and connections between Christ and the individual there is one connection through "knowledge," or to use another translation equally faithful, "science." We may speak then of "the science of Christ," and we may find in the pursuit and possession of this science a power and a joy with which no other science is to be compared, but for which it is the highest wisdom to count every other but loss.

There seems to be special fitness in emphasizing this word in this presence. You, my friends, have caught the inspiration of knowledge. The sweet promises of scientific research are luring you on. Your nature is opening more and more to the harmonies and majesties unfolding before you. The earth is laying bare her treasures to you; the skies are bending in lowly ministry to whisper their secrets in your ears; the mystic meanings of figure and number and relation are growing into definiteness; the marvels of your own being are dawning upon you, and the world is changing for you, becoming transformed, transfigured even, as you live and move and have your being in science. It is well. A conquest long delayed, but none the less certainly approaching, is this subduing of the world of mystery and hidden force by him whose charter destines him to "have dominion."

It is my pleasant duty to call you to the fullest expansion of this charter. I wish to persuade you not to deny nor abdicate a single right, but rather to add to your already valuable possessions. I desire to emphasize the fact that the pursuits of this hour are in strict accord with those of the year just closed; that when we greet you in the Christian's sanctuary, you are still in the temple of science; that when we open before you the Christian's Bible, and call you to its immortal themes, we are offering you not a divine mystery only, not a faith only, not a motive and inspiration only, but a science, an exact science. We are leading you on from height to height, and engaging you to enter into the labors and rewards of "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

I. Let us assure ourselves, first, that we are not using figures of speech, and that such knowledge as this is *possible* to us. That native opposition to God in the human heart, ever crying out to itself, like a frightened child in the night, "there is no God," finds it constantly necessary to abandon effete forms of denial, while holding on to the substance. Men used to reject God with boasting. We are strong enough, said they, without bringing in supernatural power; we are wise enough, without bringing in supernatural wisdom. But now men reject God with a sigh. "Alas," say they, "if there be such an one as God, he is too great, too far from our little sphere, for our poor faculties to apprehend him. You tell us of one who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy. We do not deny; we do not assert, we simply say *agnusko*, we do not know, we cannot know." It is unnecessary to meet this last phase of atheism with elaborate argument. One need use only the simplest logic to show that this pretended humility really arrogates to itself unbounded prerogative. For the agnostic not only assumes to know all the powers and capabilities in man, so as to say with confidence: We have searched him with a candle, and there is nothing in man that can take hold of God; but even to so fully know that Being he professes to be unable to know as to say that God has no method to reach the very intellect He has created, that not only can we not find Him out, but that He cannot find us out and reveal Himself to us.

Agnosticism is pure assumption; daring and captivating it may be, but absolutely "in the air." One plain man comes into Court and calmly testifies—"I know whom I have believed," and the bubble vanishes. For the reasonableness of the testimony renders it as irrefutable as it is satisfying. If I am able to know matter by its contact with that which is material in me; if I may know the intellectual by bringing to it that which in me is intellectual, why may I not also know Him who is a Spirit by the witness of his spirit with mine? I scan with my telescope the worlds of the sky, tell their elements, their motions, their relations, and I call this science. Why should I be forbidden in the name of science from listening to the music of these worlds

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!"

Where is the essential difference between marking the actions of men, the overthrow of kingdoms, the progressive steps in civilization, and calling this the science of history; and reverently attending to those changes, those steps, those workings of human activity towards ends higher and broader than human wisdom could foresee or govern, and calling this the science of Providence?

O dreamer, why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should be known? Believest thou thy reason, thy conscience? I know that thou believest.

II. Compare, now, this knowledge with every other, and learn its excellence from its *certainly*. There are three avenues by which we may gain knowledge, and only three: the senses, the intellect, the spirit, and all we know we have earned through one of these.

It is the exceptional, the incomparable glory of the knowledge of Christ, that it has come to us through them all. In response to the weakness and blindness of humanity, He who enjoyed the fullness of the Father's glory clothed Himself with a visible human form, that our senses might take knowledge of Him. He spoke to us with a human voice, touched our weary, sick, dead bodies with a human hand, manifested sympathy for human woe in human sighs and tears, and by many signs and wonders approved Himself the Lord of Glory to these who were eyewitnesses of His majesty. "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Then for those who could not see, but might believe with greater blessing, He impressed Himself on the page of history. Here he approaches man through the avenues of intellect. He offers Himself to the observation, the criticism of succeeding ages. Here is His record, His words, His works. His ways offer to all, without distinction, His own challenge: "What think ye of Christ?" And these things are written "that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."

But it was not sufficient—for a profound reason to which we shall presently attend—that man might see and touch Christ; might read and reason of the Christ. There must be another entrance made. That soul made by him, made for Him, must be thrilled by the consciousness of His presence. And that our knowledge may be entire, lacking nothing, He responds in the gracious declaration: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Now consider the true force of the inference to be drawn from these observations. No man is equally developed in all his receptive powers; but here is a knowledge that demonstrates its universality by its power to meet every man at that point of approach where he is most sensitive to knowledge. No man feels willing to venture great interests on the testimony of one faculty, but here is a knowledge that admits of verification from three independent sources. We may support our senses by our reason, and both by our experience.

Whence is this knowledge, which is so unlike all other; which has such marvellous adaptability and which fits and fills every knowing faculty we can discover in man? Who, indeed, could reveal a universal teaching but a universal teacher? We must either refuse to go the next step or be swept on to the assurance that this knowledge is of God.

Think what this characteristic of certainty must have been to Paul. He knew something of the science of this world. He was skilled in all the learning of the Rabbis. He was familiar with their puerile exegesis, their endless quibbles over words and letters, their trifling traditions, with which they hedged about the law, leaving all scripture to the mercy of every man's fantastic reasoning; and this knowledge, so sound, so clear, so reasonable, so certain, swept over his spirit like the breath of the mountains.

And I think such knowledge will commend itself to students of the present day. They cannot be unmindful—if they are not ignorant of the instability of science as we know it. Indeed, it is the boast of its disciples that it is flexible and must ever wait receptive for new knowledge. We know that the science of to-day is the refutation of the science of yesterday. "Brother Jasper" furnishes amusement to the continent for affirming what the greatest scientists of a few centuries ago solemnly taught. And to-day, among the highest authorities, text-books change, methods change, so-called facts change, and must change to be true to their own principles, for they are built upon a foundation of uncertainty; they assume that we do not as yet know. No wonder Paul cries out, "I consider all such knowledge but loss, if I may gain that knowledge which is certain, abiding."

III. To stop here in the discussion of this theme would be unjust to the subject. We want certainty, to be sure; it is a primary want, but we are not thoroughly furnished unto every good work when we have attained to a condition of rest in our knowledge. The mighty reasons for Paul's sacrifice are to be traced in his expectations of the effects this knowledge of Christ was to work in him.

(1.) And first, he expected *righteousness* as an outcome of his knowledge. "That I may be found in him not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ the righteousness which is of God by faith."

It is no doubt the effect of all knowledge to quicken, refine, elevate our faculties. Knowledge is power in making a man master of his forces, and knowledge is also culture, that insensible influence which envelops and goes forth from the scholar, humanizing him, giving polish and symmetry to the whole man. But, my friends, let us remember well, that *power* is not righteousness: power only renders possible and actual the disposition of the heart. Unsanctified power knows no God but a giant, no religion but hero worship, and no bible but "might is right." And let us recall the truth—men are drifting from it to-day—that culture is not righteousness. We may polish the walls of the sepulchre as highly as the pillars of the temple. It is not the tendency of unsanctified culture to reach the heart. It may be content if the voice is gentle, if the word is courteous, if the manner is suave, if the bearing is refined, though beneath all this—all this worn as a mask—there rage the

fierce fires of a heart corrupt, hard, selfish, careless of all save form and show and applause.

Now the knowledge of Christ aims at producing righteousness. Not simply to correct men's errors and make them think right, though this it accomplishes as no other science can. This knowledge is the true "power, not ourselves, that makes for our righteousness" the true culture that refines by sanctifying all human relations. Righteousness is right thinking and the right harmony of thought, but it is more. It permeates and regulates the will and affections, making us feel right as well as think right. It is the inspiration of true courtesy, the moving of every kindly, unselfish sympathy, the swift judge of every unholy desire. It is not content with that which is within, but follows and forces the right feeling into right action. It controls conduct, filling human lives with whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. But it is more. Righteousness is life. It is the bringing up of the whole man, body, soul and spirit, from death unto life. It is the everlasting supremacy of the best in us over that which is worst. It is harmony with ourselves, but, much more, with God.

(2.) The knowledge of Christ is to Paul the pledge of immortality. His longing for this knowledge finds its first explanation in what he sees of righteousness as its sure result, but going on from this, he sees righteousness necessarily issuing out in eternal life. To know Him is to know "the power of His resurrection" and to "attain unto the resurrection of the dead." I shall not dwell here; the subject is too vast for passing treatment, and lifts itself sufficiently without our emphasis. The argument is one entirely of experience. We know that the knowledge of Christ has already raised us unto life, and by the token of the present life we know we shall go on to the heights and glories of eternal living. "I am crucified with Christ; yet I live."

Oh, my friends, how infinitely does this knowledge rise above that which is power, that which is culture, when it becomes for every sinner that which is righteousness, that which is eternal life! May we not call this incomparable? What can all else be worth if it cost us this? What can be lost to us if we have this? It is, as we have tried to point out to you, the power to know Him who is incomparable, and to know Him in the same way in which all other science is gained, and in a far more excellent way; to study His word, his wonders with the same fidelity to scientific methods; to assure ourselves of our knowledge not only as we verify other learning, by questioning sensation, by questioning reason, but to enter the sublime laboratory of the soul, and question faith, question consciousness, and so gain the irrefutable results of experience; to have wrought in us the certain and blessed effects of this knowledge; see the paralyzed powers of righteousness putting on new strength, feel the decay and falling down of the temples built within us to hate, to passion, to selfishness,

and the new temple rise sacred to Righteousness and dedicated to the Holy Ghost; to walk with Him who is Righteous, to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; to experience the awakening energies of new life working in us, to lift up our spiritual vision day by day to behold Him who made us and redeemed us, breaking up the heavens to reveal to us the transcendent glories of a new dawn, and the dawn breaking into morning and the morning climbing into a high, eternal noon; a day without a shadow to suggest an evening, a sky without a horizon to suggest a sunset, but over us and in us the everlasting, radiant zenith! This, this is life eternal, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent.

After the sermon Dr. Murry expressed, in a few words, his sorrow at having to part with so many of the students, especially those belonging to the Methodist Protestant Church. He advised all students leaving, who had been members of the church, to obtain certificates of their membership before leaving. Dr. Ward then pronounced the benediction.

In the afternoon the Christian Associations had a meeting in the college pavilion. Dr. Lewis explained the great good the associations had wrought upon the students during the year. Prof. B. F. Benson offered up a prayer and the president of the associations made a brief speech. In the evening, the Christian Associations proceeded to the Methodist Protestant church to listen to the annual sermon, by the ex-Vice-President of the College, B. F. Benson. After the opening exercises, Prof. Benson prayed for God's grace upon the associations and expressed the hope that their members would continue in the good course. He then delivered the annual sermon, which was very good and highly appreciated. He spoke for about three-quarters of an hour, giving lots of practical advice. Every one enjoyed the sermon very much. Below we publish a full synopsis of it:

THE LAW OF HAPPY LIFE.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 21:28.

We take the text, not in its connection with the context, but as the incidental announcement of the great fundamental law of healthy, useful, dignified and happy life—*The Law of Work*. This, my young friends, may not fall pleasantly on the ear, but we come to know after awhile, at least, that the measure of human obedience under the regulations of Divine Wisdom as ex-

pressed in Nature and Revelation, marks the degree in which the hidden fountains of bounty and pleasure are opened to the human creature, and gauges his capacity both of achievement and enjoyment. *To do little is ever to be little; to work little is ever to have little, and not to work at all in the divine mission of life is to make of life a total failure.* "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," compasses the totality of human life and destiny. God gave this world to man as a book is given to a school-boy who has not learned his alphabet. He must first learn how to read it; and then what is in it; and then what to do with what he has learned. We must work our way to facility in working—work from darkness into light, from ignorance to knowledge, from weakness to strength, and from want to plenty. It is work that interprets the mysterious characters in the book of Nature, forms their combinations, spells out their thought in luminous sentences, reveals Nature's infinite treasure to the understanding and applies her munificent bounty to all the various conveniences and needs of the human family. God is found in the ore, not in the coin. * * * * *

But, if physical necessity and intellectual pleasure call us to activity in the relations of industrial and intellectual life, there is another sphere where the work is still more glorious, and the call to give the best service in our power to bestow, is far more solemn and imperative. The great and beautiful creations of art and the wonderful achievements of science and literature do not sanctify and save the lost for whom Jesus died. The tradesman flourishes in the pursuit of silver and gold, but perishes for lack of "the milk and honey," which is "without money and without price." The artisan builds great ships that weather the terrible storms of the seas, but for want of the "Ark of safety" is wrecked on the rocks of vice and iniquity. The mechanic erects houses to shelter himself and his fellowmen, but drops his tools on the bench and goes out of the world with no title to the "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The scientist discovers the long concealed secrets of nature, but not the "Pearl of great price—the one thing needful." The man of letters revels amid the lore of the ages, but dies without having learned "The fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom." It is, my young friends, to your relations to this sphere of action, this field of labor, this employment of your religious faculties and talents, this holy work for God and humanity, that I desire to call your serious attention to-night. * * * We would say with loving candor, and yet with a firmness unshaken by a single doubt, that you *must work to live*, no less in the religious than in the secular relations of life.

1. *Work is the legitimate response of Divine gifts and endowments.* A gift that is not to be put to any pleasurable or profitable use is a worthless incumbrance. It is a burden to carry without compensation. It can awaken no gratitude in

the heart toward the giver since it produces no benefit and gives no pleasure. It is the "stone" for "bread" and the "serpent" for a "fish." It is, therefore, to think most unworthily of God to entertain the idea for one moment that any of His gifts, whether in the form of religious endowments or dispensations of grace and mercy, are given to be held in disuse. Even our human parents act more wisely and more kindly toward us in their most trifling bestowments. When your father gave you the first pocket-knife he expected you to cut sticks, even at the peril of your own little fingers. When he gave you the first pair of long boots, he intended that you should walk and run in them, though he well knew how you would strut and ape the man, and choose the muddy street in preference to the dry pavement, and the deep snow in preference to the beaten way. So, too, when your mother gave you the first doll with the tint of the rose on its cheeks, flaxen hair and bright blue eyes, she expected you to love and caress it, and with your own little fingers to ply the scissors and needle until its wardrobe should include the child's imitation of the costumes of the season. Think of putting that knife away in the bureau drawer to rust! Think of hiding that doll away in the garret to be the prey of vermin! Do you exclaim "how absurd!" Truly it is absurd; but why? Because the principle is so obvious that all gifts are for that good use of which they are capable. The good use is the only justification of the gift and the only proper object in the reception of it. Think, my young friends, of what God has given to you, of intellect, of affection, of physical endurance, of this world's literary culture, of providential opportunity, of Bible knowledge—all the endowments of nature and all gifts of Divine grace. For what end are they given? Surely not to lie dormant. No, they mean just so much work for God, and lost fellow men, as with the Divine blessing their energetic and continual employment is capable of accomplishing. This is their legitimate response to the blessed Giver.

2. *Work is the Divine Method of Development.* We have capacity for Religion. We may receive God, His truth, and His sanctifying grace. We are the "Temple" of God and vessels of the Holy Ghost. We are "workers together with Him." The reach of our endowments passes the bounds of the material and the finite, and lays hold on the spiritual, the divine and the eternal. Our capacity for religion, therefore, is incomparably our highest capacity, and our religious talents are, by far, our noblest talents. But we begin with the littleness and weakness of infantile life. Surely to give to this capacity and to these talents the highest possible development is the first concern and duty of life. * * * The degree of capacity is the measure of capability. Our capacity to take in is the limit of our ability to give out; and our capacity to contain is the limit of our power to do. Only the grain that is in the garner may be dispensed to feed the hungry; only the force that

is in the engine can be communicated to its wheels to send it along the track of its mission.

How, then, may this highest capacity, these noblest talents, be developed in the highest degree of excellence, and beauty, and power, of which they are capable? How may littleness become largeness? How may weakness grow into strength? How may narrowness be broadened into wideness? How may shallowness be extended into depth? There is but one way — one method of development into holy vitality and symmetrical unity and force, and that is the method of work — the continual, active use and exercise of all these powers according to the will of God. * * * *

The expansion of physical organs, mental faculties and moral attributes, the knowledge that has power to seize the physical organism and run it in the light of heaven, along all the lines of divine command, the facility in working that claims eminent fields of usefulness and commands high respect, and the skill that masters difficulties and consummates undertakings, and wins admiration and praise, are all evolutions of work, as impossible to him that worketh not as an effect without a cause, or (if I may be allowed an allusion to Yale or Princeton), as impossible as the first distinction of scholarship to one who attempts to ride to it on his limless pony. Paradoxical as it seems, that pony is always a "kicker," and never fails to hit the head and the heart of the rider at the same time.

3. Working is the way to find work. A piece of work done affects the future career at least in two ways: It proves certain ability to do, and certain skill in doing, and thus gives the true ground of confidence to undertake; and it becomes the worker's advertisement, and in the degree of its excellence, the true ground of claim to recognition in his line. What one has done, he knows he can do as he could not have known before, while to others it is the guarantee of the character of the quality of his workmanship. Thus it is that work is the way to find work, from the simplest beginning, step by step, to the greatest undertakings and the grandest achievements.

The early attempts of Michel Angelo, made under the admiring eye of his foster mother, before he entered the workshop of the brothers Cherlandaro, placed him in the line of advancement, along which he passed from work to work, until he reached an eminence in art that stands to this day unequalled. The earnest efforts of John Wesley at Oxford to break away from a dead journalism and find the power and joy of vital godliness, gave him the story of his happy experience to tell the world, and the task of showing that his blessed experience was in harmony with the word of God; and this involved the varied and wonderful works of his ministry. And his ministry opened up all that stupendous and glorious work which stands to-day under the name of Methodism, with more than four and a half millions of souls at work, in a field

that extends from Norway, Sweden and Denmark in the North to New Zealand in the South, and from the Fiji Islands in the West to China and Japan in the East. He wrought by prayer and the study of God's word to find personal salvation in the fulness of its power and grace. He found it, and with it the mission his endowments and culture fitted him to fill. Thus it is in every life. Work leads to work, in successive disclosures step by step, to the full extent of the abilities and opportunities of every faithful worker.

How are we to account for the multitudes of idlers who, either negatively or positively, hinder the Lord's work? Some of them tell us that they cannot do anything; they have no gifts. Some say bitterly, that they have been overlooked and unfairly dealt with; others have been pushed up into prominence while they have been left in obscurity. Another class affirm that they are so pressed by their worldly business that they have neither time nor thought for the work of the Church. When you count the self-confessed "nothings," the whining martyrs or so-called church partiality, and those who may be classed under the head of "All for Money and nothing for Christ," you have taken the many and left the few busy in spiritual tillage. How shall we account for these "cumberers of the ground?" Whatever else may be true in the detail of fact and incident, the explanation of all will be found in their practical relation to the Christian Law of Work. The Master said to them, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," but they did not obey him. They did not weigh the fact that the Divine condemnations—"Thou wicked and slothful servant" falls inevitably on him who "hid his talent in the earth." They never felt the real force of the solemn truth, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. * * * They coveted the mountain top, but would not climb. The militia man who had habitually neglected the drill, proudly refused a place with the rank and file, and demanded to be made lieutenant, or captain, or colonel, or even brigadier general, and when the demand was not accorded he posed as a martyr immolated on the altar of unappreciated greatness. The hatchet would be the axe or nothing. * * * *

The hatchet with its short handle and little blade, disdains its own useful sphere, and would supersede the axe with a loud boast of the facility with which it could fell the largest oak of the forest. Thus refusing willing, cheerful, gentle obedience to the law of Christian work, their unreliability, immodest assumptions, utter inefficiency and general indifference brings the natural result of nothing to do. Had they been faithful to their consecration from the beginning of their Christian life, work would have opened up before them, and the honor and dignity in God's work they have coveted in vain would be theirs to-day, instead of the painful sense of personal insignificance, disesteem and unprofitableness.

Work is the law of happy life and destiny. The notion that exemption from labor, toil and struggle, freedom from responsibility and relief from obligations, with means and leisure to gratify all desire makes a happy life, finds no sanction in the Word of God nor in the experience of men. Millions of gold cannot banish discontent nor beds of down give rest to unexerted powers. Weariness hangs on the repose of inaction more heavily than on the exertions of industry. Reflection finds no true satisfaction for him who looks upon a dismal waste of life, in which stands no memorial of benevolent endeavor. Hope shines only to make disappointment doubly poignant for him whose divinely assigned mission in the world remains unbegun. Unused talents not only fail to confer the good for which they were given, but they cease to be like the fruit of the orchard that was never plucked, or the grain of the field that was not gathered in the harvest time. An aimless life is like a ship at sea without a rudder, powerless to resist the tides or to choose a port. Idleness may find pleasure on short lines, like the beast that finds blooming clover on the way to the slaughter-house, or the bird whose joyous song signals the falcon; but work has its burden and its pain on short lines, while the long lines that reach through the vineyards and across the battlefields, and over the mountains, and beyond the turbulent waters, comes at last to fountains of peace and joy that never cease to flow. Work digs down to the rock foundations and finds the blessed sense of safety, no matter what storms may rage. Work climbs to the light above the clouds, and dwells in serene faith however the skies may be overcast or the earth darkened by the shadows that fall. Work gives a retrospect, like an entrancing landscape rescued from the tangled wilderness and barren desert, on which thought dwells with humble, grateful, joyful satisfaction, while the ear is saluted from all along the way with the rejoicings of healed lepers, and of those who say, "Whereas I was blind now I see; I was lost but now am found."

God has ordained that true happiness shall be the reward of making this a better world to live in, and those who must go out of it fit for the perfect society and the eternal blessedness of heaven.

My young friends, I beseech you vow the most loyal allegiance to the Christian law of work. Respond to the Giver of all your powers by their use according to His revealed will; give them development by holy exercise; work faithfully at what first comes to hand, and you will find work on an ascending scale of dignity and honor. Work, for he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall return again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Prof. Simpson, of the College, then offered a prayer, and the service was closed with benediction by Dr. Ward.

MONDAY.

Joint Exhibition of the Browning and Philomathean Societies.

The weather Monday night was delightful—a pleasing contrast to the chilling evenings that had just preceded. The pavilion was packed with an extremely appreciative audience whose regular rounds of applause attested to their unflagging interest in every particular of the program. The performers sat in a semi-circle in the center of the stage, while the remaining members of the two societies occupied benches ranged on one side.

The program was opened by a piano duet "Radiense," by Gottschalk, performed by Miss Jennie Wilson, of the Browning and Miss Minnie Stevens, of the Philomathean societies. The selection was certainly appropriate, its dash and fire making an inspiring and promising prelude to the good things to follow. The piece difficult and rapid in its movement, was smoothly and brilliantly rendered, and the fair performers were saluted with a warm round of applause at its conclusion.

A reading, "A Senator Entangled," was then given by Miss Gertrude Beeks (Philo.) The Senator, a matter-of-fact American, and a married man at that, has been unconsciously talking love matters with a fascinating and beautiful Italian countess, quoting from his favorite poet, Watts. Miss Beeks entered thoroughly into the spirit of the reading, and was inimitable in her rendition of the language of soft vowels and ear-soothing syllables.

"The Ideal and Real" was the subject of a charming essay by Miss Sallie Wilmer, president of the Browning Society. The essay was replete with beautiful thoughts clothed in choice and appropriate sentences. Possibly had the lady read in a louder tone of voice the performance would have

created a more favorable impression on the audience at large, but in the open air it is difficult to gauge the proper volume of tone necessary for all to hear.

A vocal solo, entitled "To the Woods," by Campana, was sung with much expression and good taste by Miss Sadie Abbott (Philo). It may be said here that all the music of the program was of a character to please the average audience, being neither too classic to pall on the popular ear, nor on the other hand, did it at any time sink to the common place or trivial level.

Miss Grove, (Brown.) in a selection from Dickens, told in a spirited manner how Mr. Pickwick (poor, innocent, dear old man!) became hopelessly entangled in a maze of difficulty while attempting to carry on a perfectly harmless conversation with his landlady, Mrs. Bardell.

An able essay, "The land of the Lotus," by Miss Lorena Hill, president of the Philo. Society, next followed. The lady read in a distinct and pleasing manner. The essay was redolent with choice and sparkling thoughts. Then followed a touching and beautiful song, "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," rendered by Miss Maggie Stern (Brown.) The clear, sweet voice of the singer had in it the true ring of pathos so suitable, so appropriate to this admirable composition, and many hearts throbbed responsive to the swelling notes as they echoed out under the long folds of canvas and reached to even the most distant listener. A whirlwind of applause followed, but evidently no encore was to be given, for Miss Mollie Shriver at once stepped forward and convulsed the audience by her humorous story (as told in the first place by "Uncle Remus") of the encounter of sly old "Brer Rabbit" with the "Tar Baby" that had been set as a trap by "Brer Fox," who, it seems, had a hankering after the juicy meat contained in "Brer Rabbit's" plump body.

The transition from tears to laughter, after all, is only a step, and so this humorous selection very appropriately followed the "Good Night, Sweet Dreams."

A novel feature came next in the way of a so called "Recitative," by Miss Clara Underhill, who read that most exquisite of all Coleridge's shorter poems, "Genevieve," the poet's story of how he won his "bright and beauteous bride." An accompaniment was extemporized upon the organ by Prof. Rinehart, intended to interpret the sentiment (in music) so beautifully set forth by the writer.

A second novelty, the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," was charmingly recited by Miss Jones (Philo.) as Romeo, and Miss Franklin (Brown.) as Juliet. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon this meritorious and beautiful rendition of one of the most celebrated passages from one of Shakespeare's most celebrated plays.

A chorus, entitled "Commencement March," sung by all the performers, closed a program that was unmarred by a single fault worthy of note, but, on the other hand, abounded in evidences of talent and true conception of the high sphere of poetry, music and declamation.

TUESDAY.

This is not the regular day for reading grades and society reunions, but they took place on this day this year. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and at 10.30 the students wended their way to the pavilion, where a blue board, dangling with eight gold medals, greeted their view and made their hearts beat with suspense as to who would be the happy recipients. It is unusual to have so many medals here, but we believe it a good plan; for while we do not encourage study for prizes, we would

encourage any kind of study in preference to idleness, and a medal generally incites to study. Below is a list of honors, which were awarded after the reading of the yearly grades:

SENIOR CLASS.

Female Valedictorian, L. Lorena Hill, Long Corner, Md.

Female Salutatorian, Carrie L. Mourer, McDonough, Md.

Male Valedictorian, Paul Combs, Leonardtown, Md.

Male Salutatorian, Dent Downing, Horse Head, Md.

As the honors of the senior class are awarded according to the standing of the members in the last two collegiate years, we deem it appropriate to give the distinctions that were won by them in the junior year. Miss Hill received certificates of distinctions for grade of over nine in mutual and moral science, belles lettres, ancient languages, physical science and French; she also took second prize for best undergraduate essay. Miss Mourer received same certificate in ancient languages, mathematics, physical science and French. Mr. Downing received same distinction in mental and moral science, belles lettres, mathematics and physical science. Mr. Combs received same distinction in mental and moral science, belles lettres, Latin, Greek, mathematics and physical science. He also took the first prize for best undergraduate essay and also the Dr. Benson gold medal for best grade in belles lettres.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Gold medal (female student), Carrie W. Phoebus, Princess Anne, Md.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Gold medal (female student), Laura B. Taylor, Waverly Md.

Gold medal (male student), Isaac J. Michael, Bloomington, Md.

Honorable mention, L. Irving Pollitt, Salisbury, Md.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Gold medal (female student), Anna McS. Thompson, Centreville, Md.

Gold medal (male student), W. Irving Mace, Church Creek, Md.

Honorable Mention—Msao Tsunc Hirata, Japan; Clara V. Underhill, Baltimore, Md.; Mary J. Fisher, Denton, Md.; J. F. Harper, Centreville, Md.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Second Year.

Female Department.

Certificate of Honor—May Nelson, Westminster, Md.

Honorable Mention—H. G. Blanchard, Westminster, Md.

Male Department.

Certificate of Honor—D. Fulton Harris, Mt. Ephriam, Md.

Honorable Mention—Benjamin W. Woolford, Allen, Md.; Albert S. Crockett, Solomon's, Md.; F. Neal Parke, Westminster, Md.; Larkin A. Shipley, Daniel, Md.

First Year.

Female Department.

Certificate of Honor—Annie H. Galt, Westminster, Md.

Male Department.

Certificate of Honor—J. Frank Nelson, Westminster, Md.; John H. Kulus, Westminster, Md.—tie.

Medal in Painting—Gertrude F. Beeks, Still Pond, Md.

Medal in Embroidery—M. Edith Richards, St. Michaels, Md.

Certificate in Resident Graduate Course—M. E. Richards, St. Michaels, Md.

Gold Medal for Weigand Prize Essay, competition open to all members of societies publishing the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO, Paul Combs, Leonardtown, Md.

Browning Reunion.

One of the pleasantest of the many pleasant reunions upon which the B. L. S. can look back occurred upon the afternoon of the 14th in the ladies' parlor. The Society was favored by the presence of a goodly number of ex active members and visitors, who showed by their kind participation that the love of her members for their Society is no evanescent feeling, but abides with them.

Amongst those who assembled soon after two o'clock all were pleased to welcome Mrs. Denton Gehr, Misses Maggie Rinehart, Mary Rinehart, F. Hering, Frank McKinsty, Nicodemus J. Smith, Riam, Kneller, Noel, Freyelle, Galt, and Male-

horn, and we must certainly not forget Miss J. Norment, who, from her sunny Southern home, has come again to visit her many Maryland friends.

Among the visitors we mention Misses Hammond, Emory, Mowbray, and most of the members of the Faculty, with Mr. Benson, our much esteemed ex Vice-President of the College.

Miss Wilmer, President of the B. L. S., welcomed all in a few well-chosen words, and after a brief history of what the Society has done in the year just closing, called upon Miss Noels for a reading, "In Chalem Bay," which was much appreciated. Then Miss Maggie Rinehart told us of "The Travelled Parson," which blends humor with pathos. Mrs. Gehr and Miss Hering pleased every one with their beautiful rendering of a vocal duet, "Speed My Bark." Their voices never were sweeter than when they fell upon the ears of the delighted Brownings that evening. Miss L. Owings then read an essay, "What Can I Do for Her;" "Her" being, of course, "Our Girls," with their needs and how to supply them.

Miss Mary Rinehart's "Heathen Bell Polka" was given in her usual brilliant style and good execution. Miss McKinsty then read "The Meeting Place." It was sweet and sad at the same time, and hopeful as looking to the far "Beyond." It was followed by Miss Franklin with a vocal solo, "Night Birds Cooing," exceedingly well done.

Miss J. Malehorn rehearsed "The Curtain" in most excellent taste and expression.

An instrumental duet, "Qui Vive Galop," by Misses Z. A. Shriver and Wilmer, was followed by Miss Maggie Stern, who, by particular request, sang "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," the song which so much pleased the audience at the Concert. Dr. Ward's presence added much to the pleasure of the evening. He made a few appropriate remarks, ending with a sentiment composed expressly for the occasion, as follows:

"May the ladies of the Browning
Ever deserve the crowning
Which to excellence is given.
Long may they live and flourish,
And every virtue nourish,
Which fits the soul for heaven."

The reunion closed with refreshments, beautiful and delicious, to which all did full justice. May another year give us another as happy reunion; and, as a member of the Browning Society, we thank all our visitors for their presence, and the pleasure they gave us, and invite them to her again with us when a twelve months' journey has been made and the time occurs again for the annual reunion of the B. L. S.

Philomathean Reunion.

The annual reunion of the Philomathean Society, which took place in the college chapel Tuesday afternoon of commencement week, was a source of great enjoyment, and, we trust, profit to all present. Besides the regular active members of our society, we had the pleasure of seeing with us many who in bygone days were members of and zealous workers for it. Several members of the faculty—Dr. Ward, Prof. Simpson, Miss Owings and our former vice-president, Prof. Benson—together with a number of visitors, friends of the students, honored us with their presence.

About three o'clock P. M. we found ourselves comfortably seated in the neatly arranged chapel, prepared to listen to the literary programme, which was as follows:

1. President's address, Miss L. L. Hill.
2. History of the Society for the past year, Miss A. L. Jones.
3. Instrumental solo, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," Miss Pillsbury.
4. Reading, "Mouse Hunting," Miss Walmsley.
5. Essay, "Concentration and Oneness of Aim," Miss Stone.
6. Recitation, "A Night of Troubles," Miss A. Handy.
7. Vocal solo, "The Merry Gypsy Band," Miss Underhill; pianist, Miss Beeks.
8. Reading, "Her Letter," Miss N. Sappington.
9. Recitation, "Alice Cary's Best Poem," Miss Thompson.
10. Essay, "Procrastination," Miss Richards.
11. Recitation, "The Little Girl," Miss Simpson.
12. Instrumental duet, "Sparrows Chirping," Misses E. Handy and Whittington.

At the conclusion of the literary programme an abundant supply of refreshments, consisting of ice-cream, cake, cherries, oranges, bananas, etc., were served to the company. After these had been fully

discussed, our beloved ex-president, Dr. Ward, arose, and, in a few beautiful remarks, wished success and glory to the Philomathean Society.

Prof. Benson and Prof. Simpson also made brief remarks, the latter saying that he had come to receive, not to communicate, but expressing his hearty enjoyment of the occasion.

It is with pleasure that we celebrate these reunions, for they seem to bind together the broken links in our Society, and to teach us that, though absent from the College and filling a place in the busy world, we are still "lovers of learning," and will endeavor to encourage all who are following in our footsteps to gain their wished-for end.

May our Society have many happy returns of the day.

A PHILOMATHEAN.

Webster Reunion.

Webster Literary Society held its annual reunion on Tuesday, 2 P. M. of commencement week.

At the appointed hour exactive and honorary members of the society, friends and relatives of the members, began to assemble in the hall, which is the largest in the college, and soon completely filled the room. After roll-call and prayer by the chaplain, the following programme was carried out:

- President's Address.....Isaac G. Michael
- Reading—Bad Boy and His Girl.... S. C. Payne
- Declamation—The Present Age...H. G. Watson
- History of Society.....F. I. Pollitt
- Oration—Story of the Bell.....Wm. McLease

DEBATE.

Resolved, That the fire on the sun is fast going out.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| <i>Affirmative.</i> | <i>Negative.</i> |
| J. W. Lawson, | T. B. Miskimon, |
| G. E. Naesche, | A. S. Crockett. |

VOLUNTARIES.

Criticisms.....T. E. Reese

REFRESHMENTS.

It seemed to be the desire of the committee to have something new and surprise those present. In this they succeeded very well. They deserve to be congratulated for the programme, which was printed on a

neat little card, and carried out in a manner which showed that there had been care taken in its preparation.

Mr. Payne is deserving of special mention for the comic manner in which he read of the "Bad Boy," who was wandering like a spectre since his girl "went back on him."

Mr. Lease's oration was also very fine and humorous.

The debate was very interesting, more so on account of the participants being the youngest members of the Society. They deserve much credit for the manly manner in which they spoke. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative, notwithstanding the sound arguments and eloquent speeches of Messrs. Miskimon and Crockett.

This was followed by voluntaries from Frank T. Benson, Dr. J. Murray, Dr. Ward and L. M. Bennett.

All of these speeches were very interesting, and the speakers complimented the Society in the highest terms upon its success in the past year, dwelling especially upon the success achieved by and in conjunction with the two ladies' societies in the publication of the PORTFOLIO. Time would not permit more speaking, and all retired to the dining-room, where refreshments were bountifully served.

Oratorical Contest.

In the evening the annual oratorical contest between the Webster and Irving societies took place. The programme was opened with prayer by Rev. B. F. Benson. A new feature in the college then furnished music, it was the College Glee Club, consisting of Messrs. Mitchell, Stocksdales, Watson, Harding, McCreedy, Sterling, Whaley, Burgee, Hill and Wimbrough. The club sang several times during the evening, and showed itself very creditable upon this, its first appearance before the public. Music was furnished by the Union Bridge brass band also. Mr. L. Irving Pollitt was the first speaker and of the Webster Society; he delivered a very fine oration on "The Latest Star the Brightest." He was followed by Mr. J. Ford Caulk, of Irving; his very good oration was termed "The Power of a Single Idea." Mr. J. McD. Radford then spoke well in behalf of

Websters on the subject: "Room at the Top." Next came Mr. W. C. Hamner, of Irving, on "From Darkness to Light." The last speaker of the Websters, Mr. J. G. Michael then delivered an excellent oration on "Letting the Angel Out," and Mr. H. D. Mitchell closed the contest for the Irvings with a passionate appeal on "The Oppression of Childhood." All of these orations were very fine, and the orators may be proud of their success. We believe it would be a very good idea to decide these contests; but, of course, as it is not customary, we will not take it upon ourselves to do it in this case. We regret very much that space will not permit us to publish the orations in full, those of to-night as well as others during the week, and at least we would like to publish synopses of them, but we cannot; so we must satisfy our readers with this short and unsatisfactory account.

WEDNESDAY.

Class Day Exercises.

The day appointed for the final meeting and separation of 87's class was looked forward to with some curiosity by the remainder of the school, and the proceedings amply fulfilled the expectations of all.

The programme of the occasion assured the spectators that there was nothing to fear in the solemn-looking procession which issued from the college and wended its mournful way to the pavilion. It consisted of the entire class of 17 members, clad in black Oxford caps and gowns, preceded by their worthy President, Mr. Wilson, attired in a similar manner and mounted on a donkey.

The programme is as follows:

TRIUMPHANT PROCESSION.

"Ah, There!".....Paul Combs, Sec'y.
 What Has Been.....Harry H. Ilifer, Historian.
 Music, Doughwraymhiphasolaughseedo,
 by Carlos Bassin Boritellio.....Class.
 What Will Be....Blanche Pillsbury, Prophetess.

The Descent of Annals.

Designating the Renowned.

Presentation of Class Memorial—

Nathan Wilson, Pres't.

The Class Plants Its Tree—

Planter, Carrie L. Mourer.

The Farewell Ode, by Lorena Hill.....Class.

The expression "Ah, There" is, in itself, an enigma, but on this occasion by it the roll call was designated. The names of the 40 members, of which the class once could boast, were called and responded to either by the persons themselves or their substitutes.

Between the history and prophecy the music consisted of the rendition of the latest piece out:

The Doughwraymhiphasolaughseedo,

by Carlos Bassino Britellio.

The histories and prophecies of the members of the class were abounding in wit and humor, and justice cannot be done them if taken separately, and an attempt at a description of them in the brief sketch would be futile.

It is sufficient to say they were to the point, and though many an unexpected thrust was given, they were received good-naturedly, with no thought of lurking malice.

Of course, in the history every ludicrous act or prank was brought up before the enactor and appeared doubly dyed in the presence of the spectators. While the prophecy either opened a vista through which might be seen a panoramic view of matrimonial bliss or, perhaps, a still better one of single blessedness.

After these were read, the annals were handed down to the succeeding class, and, no doubt, in 87's opinion, was a descent in every sense of the word.

The transfer was accompanied by appropriate speeches by the donor and receiver.

Then the class prizes were awarded, but it must be understood that the renowned were designated by chance, the names of all the class having been put in a box and four drawn, hence the characteristics may not be strictly accurate:

First, the Oscar Wilde prize, a small cane, was presented to Miss Mourer, the dudine of the class.

Second, the James Means prize, a very large shoe, was awarded to Mr. Slifer.

Third, the Walker prize (so named after Reuben Walker, the steward), a large ladle, presented to Miss Pillsbury, the largest eater of the class.

Fourth, Cupid's prize, a large picture of a colored washer-woman, presented to Mr. Combs, the most susceptible member of the class.

Fifth, Mr. Pandora's box, to be preserved by the President of the Class, and to be filled with blessings which will be distributed among the members in after years.

Immediately after the burlesque presentations, Mr. Wilson presented to the college the Class Memorial to be placed in the new auditorium.

It consisted of a large brass shield, with the names of the members of the class thereon.

Mr. Wilson made a very appropriate speech, the following is a brief outline:

One part of our program is completed. We now come to another and more sober exercise; so let us lay aside all burlesquing, and enter on the remainder of the program in a sober earnest spirit. We have here a tablet to dedicate, presented by the Class to the College, and to be placed by the College authorities on the wall of the auditorium that is now being built.

It is with feelings of regret that we bring our work to a close at this institution, for it is here that we were united in class union four years ago; years, it is true, of hard work, but for all that they were our school days, which, perhaps, are our happiest. The members have always been loyal to class principles, and it is with feelings of pride that we have seen our class undertakings carried out successfully from the first business transaction until now. Love of class has been manifested to a large degree by every member; it is this love that prompts us to do something by which we can be recognized as a class in the future. While we have been loyal to class, and love it, still there is a greater loyalty and love due to our College from which the class springs.

We hope by this memorial to seal the bond of love that exists at present between the Class and College.

This short oration was followed by the planting of the class tree and a burlesque address by Miss Carrie Mourer. She said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you to the planting of our tree. Although now small, it will soon tower into the skies, as none around this place now do; but our only fear is, that when it shall have risen to the moon, and obstructed its silvery beams by its shade, the man in the moon will order it to be hewn down; but one hope is left us; we know nothing can kill the tree of so illustrious a class, so that, though hewn up for firewood, its roots, which surround the great Tartarus, will live and send out branches in China, which the inhabitants will be sure to recognize as off-shoots from our tree, and thus our fame shall live.

We now invoke Jupiter not to allow the worms to eat it, nor the rain to beat it, nor Sol to shine too hard upon it, nor the small

boys to hack it to pieces with their little hatchets.

You will now please bedew it with the weeps of the class; these weeps have been saved during the week in order that the tree may feel its indebtedness to the Class of '87.

After the planting of the tree the class gathered around it and sang the ode written by Miss Lorena Hill, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

We give it in full below:

CLASS ODE OF '87.

Real life divested of the gold,
Which Fancy's hand doth lend;
Before us opens stern and cold
Our fleeting years to spend;
Our fun and frolic now are o'er,
Sad thoughts engross our minds,
As classmates we may meet no more,
Though love each heart entwines.
As flowers on one stem have grown,
All nursed by Nature's care,
Till wintry winds with bitter moan
Have stripped the branches bare;
So, comrades, on Commencement Day,
Though else so filled with joy,
Dark shades of parting round us play,
And make our pleasure cloy.
These halls, with strangers will be filled,
And strangers' footsteps fall;
That bell who peals for us is stilled
Will now to strangers call;
But hope inspires a brighter thought,
We will not part for aye;
Friends are too dear to be forgot
When we have said "Goodbye."
The world, though large, is yet too small
To keep us all apart,
And Alma Mater's loving call
Will bring us heart to heart;
But should our earthly plane decay,
Dear Father, then in heaven,
On that last great Commencement Day,
Crown all of "Eighty-seven."

And thus close one of the most interesting class-day programs that has ever been performed at the Western Maryland College.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Col. H. Kyd Douglass, of Hagerstown, Md., delivered the annual oration before the literary societies of the college. Space does not permit the publication of his oration, and it is needless to tell the public that Col. Douglass delivered a fine one, for he is too well-known for any one to think it was otherwise. We regret very much that we

are unable to give our readers the same pleasure we have enjoyed upon hearing the oration.

THURSDAY.

Commencement Day.

This day was looked forward to with much pleasure, and proved to be one of the most interesting of the entire week. The class was large, and have always had the faculty's approval; and when their final examinations were over, they had the pleasure of hearing from every member of the faculty regrets at their departure from the college. It was truly a sad occasion for many of the class, leaving, as they did, all pleasant associations of the college and their classmates. We know it must be an occasion of sadness, though the undergraduates look forward to the occasion with so much joy and pleasure; but, as expressed by the male valedictorian, Mr. Combs, "it seemed strange that the classmates of '87 should part for different tasks; we, who have been so intimately connected for the past few years, who have had same recitations and other duties, should now separate for different tasks, but it is too true." The PORTFOLIO feels sorry to lose the senior class, and wishes each individual member joy and prosperity.

The class is composed of seventeen members, all of whom were very handsomely and tastefully dressed. The program opened with prayer by Rev. J. T. Murry, D. D., and was interspersed at various intervals by music from the Westminster Brass Band. The essays and orations were all well delivered, and showed careful preparation and reflected much credit upon the authors. One of the principle features of the program was the singing of the old university chant, "Non Nobis Domini," by the class.

Miss Carrie Mourer, of McDonogh, Md., read the salutatory essay. In a very appropriate manner she welcomed the President, Honorable Board of Trustees, respected Faculty, ex-President, schoolmates and friends of Westminster and vicinity. She then read the salutatory essay, subject—"Voices of Unrest."

Man is constantly restless; if he cannot do good, he will wield his power for evil. In most cases dissatisfaction is the root of evil, while unsatisfaction carries with it an influence for good.

There are persons who are never satisfied and who never try to make their lives worth living. These belong to the class of dissatisfied ones. Others are not satisfied, but they strive to reach higher things, and to make the world better for their living in it. To the class of unsatisfied persons these belong. Of the latter class are the successful men of to-day. They have had ever before them their ideal, which they have been trying to reach, but the greater their progress, the swifter it eludes their grasp.

It is the unsatisfaction of their present position which carries them ever onward. The ideal is a perfect image which will never on this earth be reached, no matter how great they may become.

It is much better, however, to keep pressing to the mark than to give up in despair at the beginning.

When we quietly and solemnly look at life we find it composed of three simple elements: joy, sorrow, and work. To perform these duties and to enjoy these pleasures requires a state of action from childhood to old age.

"Voices of Unrest" are calling over the whole world. One is crying for Temperance and Prohibition; another seeks Free Trade or Protective Tariff; while another in such a *gentle* and *pleading* tone calls for Woman's Rights. Many other voices are calling, and they make a constant discord and confusion. But it is this confusion which shows that the world is in a progressive state and that its inhabitants have an ambition to reach a higher mark of civilization and to procure the best form of government.

Glancing out of my window one hazy May day I could see the busy workmen digging the foundation for our new building. They were hurrying to and fro bent on their task and seemed eager to push the work forward. I thought of the lofty building rising from the ground and standing firm and secure toward the heavens. This scene brought many thoughts to my mind, and the

foremost one was, that it was unrest which caused the erection of this building, and it not only caused progress here but throughout the entire universe.

The future of a student is generally not difficult to be foretold by his habits while at school. One who is satisfied with a careless manner of reciting, hoping to get through by the aid of others, will never become a successful man. He who is satisfied to allow others to labor for him will find it the more disagreeable when at last he will be compelled to take up the duties of life alone. He will then be forced to step backward and learn many lessons which he had neglected but which were necessary to his success.

Experience will teach him that it is best to be independent and to have unrest enough not to be satisfied with himself until he has earned his knowledge by the exercise of his own intellect.

Life's paths are rugged and steep and it takes determination and dissatisfaction to climb them; but is not a difficult lesson mastered by an unrest until it is learned? In like manner all obstacles will be overcome and the more labor each requires the greater will be our reward and the better we will be fitted for still greater difficulties. The greatest victories are gained by the bravest and most industrious. These all require a constant movement and unrest.

We will never be at rest until we have accomplished the duties which fill up our lives. In truth there is no true rest in this world. The duties of life require unrest, and as there is no perfect thing in this world we cannot expect a perfect rest. The nearer one lives to God the more perfect will their rest be. These persons enjoy rest in the truest sense of the word. For them the "Voices of Unrest" become fewer and more feeble each day until at last the "boatman cold" comes to convey them across the dark river of Death, and then these voices are stilled to them forever. They are heard only by those remaining who have a part of the journey of life before them; those who have not become perfect enough for these voices to cease their tones of unrest.

Mr. Downing then delivered the Salutatory Oration, of which the following is a brief:

Curatores honorati ac reverendi, vos imo corde salutamus. In vitæ academicæ felicissimis diebus: eheu nunc pæeteritis, nobis commoda bona et præcepta sapientia circumdare connixi estis. Multum interest Collegii et discipulorum vos adesse et ad studium virtutis landisque summæ cohortari. Pro tantis in Collegium et maxime in nos meritis, ego, in nomine classis, vos collando gratia-que refero justissimas.

Te, Præses honorandi et dilecte, potissimum salutatione dignum putamus. Cum, curatores experti essent quam bene ac feliciter umeris tuis sederet imperium academicum, te Wardii venerabilis successorum creaverunt. Et cum Wardius quidem æterius succeptoris curam fanamque obruisset, tu, nomen, in rebus ordinandis atque gerendis clarissimus et spectatissimus fuisti et Collegium Mariæ Terræ occidentalis honore; gloriaque auxisti atque amplificavisti. Per annum præteritum tuas virtutis administrationas admirati sumus, laborem in negotiis, industriam in agendo, celeritatem in corficiendo, concilium in providendo. Tibi, o Præses, impertimus salutem plurimam plenissimamque.

Vobis quoque. Professores doctissimi, salutationem facere volumus. Nos parvos tutelæ vestræ commendarunt parentes. Hoc munere constanter et fideliter perfuncti estis. In nostram tutelam nunc venimus, sed nec benignitatis vestræ nec præceptorum oblivisci possumus. Gradum in artibus primum, coram vobis, suscipere animos nostros gaudio explet. Itaque semel iterumque vos salvare jubemus.

After concluding the portion of the salutatory to the citizens of Westminster and vicinity, visitors and schoolmates, he passed to his subject, which was: "Nothing Ever Dies." The following is a brief synopsis:

We begin to die when we begin to live. The external man is completely renewed every seven years. Yet, Life is the real ruler, Death only the apparent ruler. Death, sweeping on in its course, spares no man. But, although the physical man falls, there is in man an immortal spark of divinity which can never die, and will survive all the convulsions of nature.

The volcano bursts forth, flame and lava pour out, and the surrounding country is laid waste. The volcano becomes extinct, but it has produced an effect which the warring elements of nature cannot efface in millions of years. A generation is cut down; the good fall with the bad. Another generation springs up to fill the vacant place. Marble monuments, like all the physical works of man, are perishable, and must return to their original dust; but every man builds for himself an imperishable monument, composed of his thoughts, words and deeds. Every man has his silent influence, which even time cannot weaken, which, like the tiny stream bursting forth from the mountain-side, gathers strength as it proceeds on its course, until at length it becomes a mighty river, making fertile the vast plains below, and rolling on to the endless deep. Homer lived when the earth was shrouded in intellectual darkness. He was the first to attempt to pierce the gloom which hovered around him, and enable the sun of wisdom to shine on his benighted race. Twenty-seven centuries have not effaced the result, and to-day his works are as well known as those of Shakespeare, Byron or Longfellow. Nations have risen and fallen, cities have been built and have crumbled in decay, but his works, like their contemporaries, the pyramids, stand out as living memorials of the younger days of our earth. Mankind is a vast machine—vast beyond all our ideas. God is the builder of this great fabric; each man is a part; one a bolt, another a rod, another a wheel; but it makes no difference what part he is to perform, he is to perform it well; and, though he may be but a small part, every mistake he makes jars the immense engine, adds friction to the easy-moving parts, and its effect will remain. "We are links welded at the forge of Providence into the golden chain of history." A thought or deed may be compared to a small stone, which, falling from the mountain-peak, awakens from its lethargy the sleeping avalanche which, plunging down the mountain-side, overwhelms cities and whole districts. No matter where a man's future resting-place is, his actions will tell the story of his existence to future ages. "Living we act,

dead we speak; the whole universe is our audience; forever looking, forever listening." We are building monuments; every thought, word or deed is a stone; they will stand the wear of wasting ages, and will live through eternity.

The first essay was then read by Miss Georgia Harlan, of Elkton, Md., on "The Transmuted Curse."

"Labor has been imposed on mankind as a curse. In the beginning, after the creation of all things, and our first parents, Adam and Eve, were tempted by the serpent and had eaten of the forbidden fruit, the Lord God appeared unto them, and declared: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return to ground; for out of it thou wast taken; for dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return;" and Paul also says "that if any would not work neither should he eat," thereby placing on man the necessity of earning his own bread and placing what would be supposed a terrible curse on man, and to those who are of an indolent disposition and lacking in energy it is; but to those who are able and willing to work this curse may be transmuted into one of the greatest blessings. * * *

Shakspeare, in Macbeth, says: "The labor we delight in physics pain," and the truth of this is self-evident. The talented young man fond of study and if given the opportunity would devote himself to it; if put to the hard task of farming would indeed think the curse a terrible one, but if his work was that of the brain instead of manual labor, he would go cheerfully to it, and would devote himself to performing that duty correctly. While on the other hand if a young man, fond of outdoor life should be compelled to learn a trade or follow some profession against his taste, nothing could make him more miserable. The mathematician struggling over an abstruse question spends hours puzzling his brain to find the correct solution, but in nearly every case this is a labor in which he takes great delight, and his toil is lightened by this and by his hope

of success. When urged on by the hope of success it matters not what great trials and toils stand in the way, we cheerfully do all that is necessary without thinking what toil it will cost. On the eve of a great battle the general in command does not regard the great hardships and toil which it will probably require to gain the victory, but to the one great master-thought of his mind—success. * *

Reviewing this curse from another standpoint, this weary world with its many vexations and cares, after all may be the very thing that will make us appreciate eternity. Before a piece of metal is ready to serve its purpose, whether for use, ornament or strength, it must be wrought with the most assiduous care, beaten, hammered, moulded and polished, until all its imperfections are removed and it remains a grand example of the workman's handiwork.

So in our case the labor we endure, the many cares under which we feel we must succumb, perhaps are necessary for the refinement of our coarse natures for the great hereafter, and to work out all the dross of our characters, leaving the pure, refined gold.

Second essay was delivered by Miss Eula Handy, of Marion, Maryland. Subject—"Music of Yesterday."

As the gentle zephyrs, wending their way through the autumnal forests, produce among the faded leaves a low, sweet murmuring, so our thoughts roaming through the forests of past events, in which are scattered far and wide the withered leaves of yesterday's joys and sorrows, make to vibrate the tender chords of our heart, and produce music which lulls the agitated mind to quietness and lifts the soul above to-day's trials. Perhaps some words were uttered yesterday which its auditors scarcely deigned to listen to, which we grasp to-day with eagerness; perhaps some energetic thinker was silently at work in solitude, whose fame to-day resounds through all nations.

What precious gifts have been placed in our keeping by great minds of former men; they throw off the ghastly mantle of the grave, and converse with us, warn us, in-

struct us; is this not an honor to boast of? How limited would be our field of enterprise if the extent of it was the small space which to-day occupies, and how much we should prize the privilege of inheriting a language which former generations by their labor and care have prepared, slowly cleansing away the dross, until there remains only the choicest gems which we may combine into lofty thoughts, with which we may express the deepest emotions of the heart, finally out of which by a wise combination we can make for ourselves a crown more lasting than that of kings. We with our greatest efforts cannot penetrate very far into the darkness which is gradually enveloping the past; the cloud sinks lower and lower, obscuring it from our view, but as the lightning which sometimes rends assunder the dark clouds and reveals itself in all its sublimity, so the great names of the past frequently break through the darkness which surrounds them, and flash upon us in all their glory. Much of the literature, discoveries in science, art and improvements of life echo the names of those who lived yesterday, but to-day only in their works, which they give to posterity; they cannot appear to mortal vision, but still life is filled with their beneficial influence. Virgil, Homer, Shakespeare and Milton still hold us spell-bound by their enchanting songs; and not only that, their works stand as monuments of grandeur of yesterday unrivaled by any of to-day. The life clock ticks regularly on and the pilgrim is ushered to the portals of light. Youth as it journeys thence thinks of the pleasant day of childhood; man would turn his steps backward and walk again the sunny path of youth; and old age is somewhat relieved of its weight of years by the remembrance of manhood's deeds and actions. Thus we proceed onward towards our destiny, and though there is always an object towards which we are directing our lofty aspirations, it alone is not our support, for as we near the long sought for objects they dwindle into insignificance; we find that we have been vainly pursuing a phantom, which eludes our grasp; then we turn our thoughts back to the past, and we are soothed by the music of yesterday, whose delicate harmony we

could not distinguish when so deeply absorbed in future aspirations; now its melody is rapturous,

"We would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can
throw,
For all the gay visions, that fancy can weave
In her web of illusion, that strive to deceive,
We know not the future—the past we have felt,
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er the pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the
soul.
The day may be darkened, but far in the west,
In vermilion and gold sinks the sun to its rest,
When in calm reminiscence we gather the
flowers
Which have scattered round us in happier
hours."

Third essay, by Miss S. E. Wilmer, of Westminister, Md. Subject—"Where the Brook and River Meet."

As truly as the command, "Let there be light and there was light"—so surely has the command been given to the tiny brook. Go forth water, fertilize and bless wherever an ever ruling Providence shall direct thy way. Onward is thy mission. On, on thy course through the meadow and glade; down, down the hillside hurrying to the valley below. Wider and wider spreads the little band and deeper and deeper flows the gathering waters, until the tiny brook that left its mountain home a mist, a drop, a fount, a rill, now the broadened, deepened, rushing stream, heeding no obstacles, leaping no bounds, sweeping away no barriers, a power for good or ill, sounds out the grand chorus:

"As out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Such is the song of young life as it starts from its cradle home with the glee of the infant heart and the merry prattle of the baby tongue. As year after year glides on, the shallow rill of youth flows on, now fresh, pure and as clear as crystal in its innocence and truth, slipping from pleasure to pleasure in the glad expression of its impulses; gathering new ideas, gaining increased stores of information from all surrounding objects, until "the seven

times one are seven" finds a fund of intelligence greater, perhaps, than will be acquired in any other seven years of after life.

What is impossible to youth's aspirations and determinations if directed to high and noble purposes and attainments? Then may the ripples of truth and joy that played on the face of the clear, crystal rivulet and sparkled in the sunshine of youth, become the wavelet of the broadening and deepening stream of advancing years, which shall bear on its current the accumulation of early labor and earnest endeavor. Let the seed that has been sown by loving parents and faithful teachers spring up, bud and blossom, and bear fruit in glorious harvests of good deeds and heroic endeavors, that shall bring good cheer and brighten our pathway through life, and bless all with whom we shall intercourse.

The great river of life is before us with its currents and billows, its busy stir, its great and weighty responsibilities. How shall the brook and river *meet*? Shall it enlarge and beautify, dignify and bless; or shall it poison and defile as it enters the broadened and deepened channel? Shall its added waters aid in the bearing on to their destination the great industries and enterprises of the busy world, until it shall be swept into the weighty depths of the fathomless ocean? So let it be! the ever broadening, deepening powers of mind and soul, consecrated to an exalted and holy purpose, talents improved and energies applied to what is noblest in human character and loftiest in human deeds, with an earnestness which shall give title to the crown of faithfulness, and merit the plaudit "Well done thou good and faithful servant." The work of life shall cease when time shall be no more, but the advance of the soul and the rewards of eternity are forever.

Mr. Nathan H. Wilson, of Woodville, Md., delivered the first oration, on the subject, "Let us Honor our Public Men." A synopsis is given below.

"Let us understand public men to be those who hold public office by the direct vote of the people, by appointment, or by examination.

"There is a growing tendency among Americans to abuse and revile public men, no matter what their character may be. * * *

"Why they are so regarded is obvious for several reasons. Gigantic frauds have been perpetrated on our people by men in public trust, and the guilty parties have, by their financial and political influence, escaped the penalty of the law. * * * Again, political parties very often make personal ends their main object, and accomplish that object to the detriment of the public welfare. * * * For such things as these public men deserve well to be censured, and if all the abuse they receive was the outgrowth of such crimes, no one could censure the people for abusing such a class. But by far the greater part of the abuse heaped upon our public men is the direct result of jealousy. Not that jealousy which would guard our office holders from snares and dangers that beset them on every hand, but that other kind of jealousy which looks on everybody with a suspicious eye as though some personal wrong was feared, or that is aroused by seeing preference shown to another. All abuse arising from such a cause can not help but have a degrading influence. * * * If such abuse is preached from the pulpit, Christians will soon find that they have a very low regard for the men who interpret and execute the laws of the country. If the press reviles the candidate; makes the most scrupulous examination into his private as well as his public character, and with an eye to bring out all the evil in that character; if after election every action is carefully watched, the errors and mistakes being blazed forth by an opposing political organ, while a friendly paper only makes a passing notice of the good actions,—then the readers can not help but lower their estimation of men thus constantly reviled." * * * * *

He then used some illustrations to show the frequency of this abuse among Americans, and after offering an exhortation "not to injure our country by continually crying down the man who is at its head," he proceeded as follows:

"There is another, and perhaps the greatest of all the evils that grow out of this every-day abuse of public men. It is the influence that is exerted on the minds of our young men. It completely unmans

them as far as an ambition for statesmanship is concerned, and destroys their interest in the country's welfare. Show me an American

"Who never to himself has said
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he has turned,"

and I will show you one who has been reared in the polluting influence of abuse of public men, and who has thus learned to regard his country as a loosely constructed organization, controlled by a lot of wire-pulling politicians." * * * * *

He then spoke briefly of the final results of this abuse, if allowed to continue, as being destructive to the country. He showed by an illustration the difference between the feelings that existed toward public men in Calhoun's day and in our own time, and closed as follows.

"It is our duty to suppress all the crime we can, whether it appears politics, in religious affairs, or wherever it may appear. But in the destruction of one crime let us not commit another and a greater. Let us not abuse and revile our public men, and by our influence disgust and turn away from politics and the state those who are pure and good; for by so doing we leave our country in the hands of corrupt men. But let us honor our public men and spread abroad before all the world that which is honorable, and pure, and noble in their characters; and let their crimes and wickedness be silently, but justly, and as effectively dealt with. Let morals and talent commingle in the stream that flows on to the 'ship of state,' and in a few years we will not have to listen in vain for a good speech in the Congress of the United States, but the halls of Congress will resound with the eloquence of Clays, and Calhouns, and Websters."

Fourth essay, by Miss Blanche Pillsbury of Baltimore, Md. Subject, "The Test of Fire."

"The wise men among the ancients regarded fire as an attribute or manifestation of creative power, or as the creative power itself, the vital spirit of the universe; and thus the sun was by many nations regarded

with peculiar veneration and adopted as the chief object of worship. History tells us how fire was once worshipped by the Persians as something divine in its nature." * * *

Then follows a description of the different uses of fire.

"We all at some time in life must pass through the fire of temptation, hardship, struggle and defeat, and it is with us whether we come out unhurt, made purer, having holier aims, higher purposes, or whether we are made weaker by our distresses. In this wild element of a life, man has to struggle onward; now fallen, deep-abased, and ever with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to struggle again, still onward. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one, that is the question of questions. But there has been given us that from above which, if we pray for earnestly, steadfastly, will enable us to stand the test, to come out unscorched—yea, more, with song upon our lips. * *

"In my room is a small globe representing in gay colors the different countries of the world. Turning it slowly on its axis, I see Switzerland, Bulgaria and Norway. What of the people? They are strong, healthy and hardy, because of the rugged climate. Just here is the desert of Arabia. I can see, in imagination, the long caravans passing over that treeless region, coming at intervals to the oasis, where they, man and beast, both of great physical endurance, may find water, shade and rest, after which they will take up their burdens and pass on and away into the distance, until only a little speck is seen in that great sun-heated region." * * *

She then mentions Rome—how her warriors were trained from infancy for the hardships of battle; the Moors, a people accustomed to ease, inertia and effeminacy; then South America, peopled by a feeble race. "As nations are affected, so are individuals. As the Swiss, Arabs and Romans are given greater strength by their trials, so we are made stronger, happier, nobler by our suffering. So in all our trials we should press forward with a purpose; and if our names are not written in history and handed down to posterity, if we are faithful, they will be found in the *Great Book*."

Fifth essay, by Miss Bessie Hodges of Pomfret, Md. Subject—"Seed Time and Harvest."

Man's mission in life is a noble one. He enters life endowed with great and noble faculties for doing good, and as he grows up to his full estate of manhood these powers gradually develop themselves until he stands with a mighty influence and power, able to sow the seed which shall bring forth for him a rich and glorious harvest.

Yet this power too often is used in an evil way. For there are careless and evil seed sown; then what is the harvest but a fearful increase of the evil grain which was cast into the earth?

Voltaire and his influence is then given as an example of evil-sowing; its pernicious results shown. Judson as an example of good sowing and his benefits to mankind shown.

But turning from great things we find that the same rule applies to small things. What may a word kindly spoken do to one who is in the deepest depths of misery, a kind word that breaks the dark cloud which had enveloped them so long? While on the other hand a thoughtless word or act may bring sorrow when we little meant it.

One small cloud can hide the sunshine;
Loose one string, the pearls are scattered;
Think one thought, a soul may perish;
Say one word, a heart may break.

To us, as scholars, comes this precious time of sowing, and it lies largely with us how we shall improve it, and what kind of harvest we shall reap.

If we have spent our time in faithful and diligent application to study and improvement, and have made honor and truth our first principles of conduct and duty our guiding star, we have but little to fear, though our seed may often seem to have been wasted, though the ground into which it has been cast may seem rocky and sterile, and the heavens above appear as brass; yet the grain we sow is more imperishable than the solid rock. It cannot be annihilated, and in a time, when perhaps we little expect it, will come a harvest, rich in golden sheaves, heavy with precious grain, and ours will be rejoicing and thanksgiving that the infinite Father did not let the seed die which we watch sometimes with hearts al-

most breaking because we thought it had perished. From the seeds of idleness, hatred and jealousy we cannot hope to reap a harvest of honor, for these seeds of character are like all others, we cannot hope to reap honor from seeds of an opposite nature. Steel has said with equal application to the soul and body, "We reap as we sow, and we may either gather in the thorns one by one, to torment and destroy; or rejoice in the happy harvest of a hale old age."

In sowing our seed we must have an object steadily in view. We must have in mind a fixed purpose; it is then, and only then, will it be of any consequence. Owen Meredith, in his beautiful poem, *Lucile*, says:

"The man who seeks one thing in life and only one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets."

We have sown our seed; our school days are ended, and the world with its stern realities crowds upon us. One step may hurl us over some hidden precipice and crush our high hopes; another may lead us to victory, to glory and to honor. Let us be as the stately oak, though winds and rains beat upon it, though its branches bend, yet after the storm is over it stands as stately as before. So are we strong after overcoming hardships; storms may beat upon us and we may falter, yet if our seed have taken a firm growth we will not fall in the end, but reap an abundant harvest.

Sixth essay, by Miss Retta Dodd, of Wye Mills, Md. Subject—"Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver."

The Orient resplendent in its gorgeous attire, the gift of Nature, forms but an appropriate setting for the thrilling acts of ancient times, from which we derive our chronological record, and lends an inspiration to the inhabitants who clothe their thoughts in a language of most beautiful figures, while apparently seeking enigmatical phrases, as possessing the greatest force in

all their utterances. What more pleasing impression can be conveyed in describing pleasant words than the *simile*: "Like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver"? The very rhythm of the words, the very image presented by the imagination in uttering them, produces the most charming impression on all who regard them with attention. The origin of language has been a question of great moment and perplexity to the wisest men. Trace back through the ages, as far as the eye of investigation can penetrate, and yet no decided originator; hence the inference is, that words were derived directly from God himself, and that one of his greatest gifts to mankind was that of speech. * * * * *

In the whole vocabulary of words used by our best conversationalists, at least one-half have an idle or frivolous meaning, which are so closely interwoven with words that may have a cogent meaning, that an intricate network is woven which takes our most discerning faculties to discriminate between whether the words are intended or not, hence causing the whole conversation to be regarded with suspicion. * * *

Could we but substitute for the many idle words we speak a few serious, thoughtful words, the good we might do is immeasurable. We are prone to waste the best part of our lives in idle trifling, and the mind, the fountain-head of words, when shallow, can emit but a stream of noisy, babbling, idle words. But the word fitly spoken—who can measure its importance or weigh its worth?—words of kindness in an hour of need, words of counsel in perplexity, words of comfort in affliction, words of congratulation in victory, they will cheer the despondent, chase away the clouds of doubt and indecision, shed balm upon the wounded heart, make bright the hours of rejoicing. And these, the priceless gems, are within the reach of all. God has given us these treasures in rich abundance, to be used as all fond gifts, for his honor and glory; and, as nothing is given for ourselves alone, to be used for the help and comfort of our fellow men. * * *

Always remember that "words are the wings of action," and that "what you keep by you, you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be recalled."

The second oration was delivered by Mr. H. H. Slifer, of Poolesville, Md. Subject—"In All There is a Strangeness."

That a strangeness exists, and is everywhere prevalent, is sufficient evidence that such was intended by the Creator. * * * The beautiful verdure of spring is followed by the scorching rays of summer. Next comes autumn with its frosts and golden leaves, which, in turn, is followed by the snows of old King Winter. The scene is forever changing. * * * Matter is alternately living and dying. * * * The most hard and crystalized rocks crumble into grains, and these are still further decomposed. * * * In the organic world we are met with things just as strange. The germ becomes a seed; the seed a sapling; the sapling a tree. When arrived at mature age the tree begins to decay and at length moulders into the elementary mass to furnish fresh fuel for new generations of animal and vegetable existence. * * *

If you dig up a stone and remove it from one place to another the stone will suffer no alteration by the change; but if you dig up a plant and remove it the plant will instantly suffer, perhaps die. If you break the stone every little piece will be a stone still and have the same properties as the larger mass; but if you tear a branch off a plant the branch will instantly wither. The stone was once a small grain and grew by the addition of other grains to its surface. The plant was produced from a little seed, and has grown by drawing food from the earth, air and water. How beautiful is everything we see around us. Only take a quiet ramble and note down the objects that interest you. Notice the blue arch of the heavens, adorned with clouds and lit up by the declining sun. Every imaginable color and every degree of brightness is spread before you mingled in delightful, sublime and harmonious confusion. Proceed along the fields and a valley lies before you; the murmuring of a rivulet reaches your ear, and yonder stands an aged oak tree, ivy-clad to its topmost branches. Here is a pleasant place; yes, a sweet, sequestered vale. Its beauties grow upon you. Pause awhile on the stepping-stones and muse on the rippling waters as

they proceed onward to swell the mighty deep. Mark the glittering bubbles that, like earthly expectations, shine so brightly one moment and burst the next. Whether you gaze upon the glowing heavens above or gaze upon them mirrored in the waters running at your feet, they appear equally beautiful. How balmy is the air; how lovely is the scene. Nature reigns and revels here in seclusion. Ahead is the forest waving its branches and turning up its leaves to the breezes. The gloom thickens around; the last rays of the retiring sun are gilding the ridges that rise up in the forest scenery one above another, to the table land. The moon appears in the sky. At this moment the solitude and silence become perfect, if the faint rustle of the breezes playing in the verdure is excepted. Far off in the distance clouds appear piled one above another in calm tranquility with silvery edges; and the moon sailing onward is now obscured and now again revealed. Deep and solemn thoughts come over one, for the loveliness is almost oppressive. "What a pigmy is man, and how poor are his proudest works when compared with the handiwork of the Almighty. How wonderful and strange are His works."

Seventh essay read by Miss Sadie N. Abbott, of Baltimore, Md. Subject—"The Uses of Ornament."

The beauty of objects is frequently regarded with more interest than their utility. While to-day may not rank high among the ages as especially distinguished for its progress in art, it has achieved as great a success if not greater, in properly arranging the works of the great masters, so that their dreams and life thoughts chiseled in marble or painted on canvas may speak to our own artists and create a spirit of emulation and fame.

This may be considered an age of adornment; progress in Science and Art has wrought a proportionate advancement in the application of ornaments to useful purposes. Not in the sense of their intrinsic value as much as in the pleasure contributed by their use and presence.

In the true use of ornament, display must not be the one aim and object; in pro-

portion as the desire of display increases so does the real value of the means diminish. Ornaments may be abused as well as used, and in one case are as great a nuisance as in the other they are a blessing.

The happiness and comforts of home life may be attributed, in a great measure, to the modest and tasteful arrangement of objects which render the surroundings pleasant and attractive.

Instead of being greeted by four cheerless bare walls on entering that most sacred spot called home, the modest decorations of the place lend a charm which is indescribable. The rigid outlines of straight walls, stiff furniture, ungraceful hangings are softened into lines of beauty by the harmonious blending of colors used in simple but effective works of decorative art.

Fashion in household matters is quite as variable as in matters of dress, even in material comfort; good taste is the real economist as well as an enhancer of joy. Scarcely have you passed the door of your neighbor's house when you can detect whether or not taste presides within it; there is an air of neatness, order, arrangement, that gives a thrill of pleasure, though you are unable to define it or explain how it is. But into another house you will see great profusion, without either taste or order; the expenditure is large, yet you can not feel "at home" there, the very atmosphere of the house seems to be discomfort, and notwithstanding the amount of money that is spent, it does not alter the condition: taste is wanting for the manager of the household.

The generation immediately succeeding the American Revolution was devoted by the people of the young republic to adjusting its commercial and political relations at home and abroad. Early in the century, however, numerous signs of literary and art activity became apparent; this period being a literary event was the point in times when the characters of the various intellectual influences began to develop a certain form, it being about the same time that art began to assume a more definite individuality, and to exhibit rather less vagueness in its yearnings after national expression. Art was influenced by exactly the same courses as literature of the same period, and like our national civilization, presents a singular

blending of original expression together with an unconscious aspiration to copy contemporary foreign styles and methods.

"Art is not gained by effort of thinking, nor explained by accuracy of speaking; it is the instinctive and necessary result of the powers which are only developed through the minds of succeeding generations, and which finally spring into life under social conditions, as slow of youth as the faculties they regulate." These arts and artists of life teach us of its mysteries; the more beautiful the art, the more it is essentially the work of persons who feel themselves wrong—those who are grasping for a loveliness which they have not yet attained, and after vain endeavors to attain such, it is farther from their grasp.

In science or literature the truths involved from the depths of research are enhanced in value and more attractive in form when the wording glows with rhetorical ornamentation. A simple style of writing is perhaps more forcible, but in "word painting" it is not necessary to interfere with the simplicity of arrangement while a much more pleasing effect may be produced.

But while all exterior adornment of person may be most admired, there is an ornament—virtue, mind and character—which is most valuable of all. By it a spirituality of expression is exhibited which lends a greater charm to personal appearance than all the gems of the world.

Let us, therefore, cultivate the virtues of the mind, ornament our understanding by bright and brilliant truths, and enjoy the blessings which true taste can give.

Eighth essay, read by Miss EMMA ADAMS, of Marion, Md. Subject, "Singing in the Rain."

A dark, gloomy day in the spring time. The sun *had* been smiling upon the earth until he had warmed her brown fields and woods so that the tender bud and blade and leaf burst their cold prison-house and began to wear a robe of vivid green, decked here and there with blossoms. Yesterday the day was glorious; we felt glad to be living, and as the last lingering rays of the Day God fell aslant over hill and dale we felt to exclaim: "How beautiful is our earth; what a vast, grand, happy world is ours."

That was only yesterday, now dark, ragged clouds hang over the earth, shedding gloomy shadows, darkening all beauty and silencing all rejoicing; a sullen rain is falling a slow persistent drizzle, save when the Storm King, ever and anon, dashes great sheets of water in the faces of the shuddering traveller. A willow stands close to my window. I cannot see to-day the living green which yesterday seemed creeping through all its veins; to-day the long swaying branches have a motion "like wringing of hands," while through their waving tops comes the whisper: "Weep, oh weep."

A tiny bird, its beautiful plumage, all wet and drooping, shelters itself in an angle of the branches, and drawing its little form up, shrinks close for protection.

Oh! how dreadful life is; nothing but trouble and sorrow and pain, even when—

Hark! what is that? A strain of delicious music, a long, sweet gurgle of melody, a full burst of glorious bird-song. The tiny, wet, miserable bird has stepped out from its shelter, and, with full-swelling throat, it seems pouring out its very soul in melody, and as it sings, the sun bursting through a rift in the clouds, lights up the scene, and Nature is gorgeous. * * *

Cheerfulness is a homely virtue, but a very comfortable one, and we see its beautiful effects even in children. The bright, contented spirit that can see God's hand in the cloud as well as in the sunshine, in storm as well as in calm, makes many other hearts happy, and renders life a pleasure instead of a burden. * * * This singing in the rain is simply being contented with God's will, and thankful for all He sends us, trouble as well as pleasure, knowing, with a child's trust, that our Father doeth all things well.

"Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower,
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and thy power.
Thanks for the sickness and the grief
Which none may flee;
For loved ones standing now around the
crystal sea;
And for weariness of heart
Which only rests in thee.

Miss MADGE SLAUGHTER, who was not allowed to compete for honors on account of missing half of the junior year, then read an essay. Subject, "The Marble Waiteth."

"Make me a statue," said the King,
"Of marble white as snow,
It must be pure enough to stand,
Beside my throne at my right hand,
The niche is waiting—go!"

The great King of heaven and earth bids us each to thus carve, but our ideal, "The Marble Waiteth," the tools are in our hands, the niche in Time's great archway is vacant, and his voice says "Go!" The sculptor realizes the fact as he gazes upon the vacant slab of marble before him that it is within his power to either produce something very beautiful or something hideous, as Michael Angelo, when his gaze rested on the cold piece of marble before him, exclaimed: "There is an angel in that marble." He had the ideal of an angel firmly fixed in his mind. No one else could see it; but he set to work with hammer and chisel. He chipped all day long and late at night, yet you could scarcely perceive any difference. Still he toiled with patience and perseverance, until finally you could distinguish the faint outlines of a figure. Still you could hear the beat of the hammer as it broke the dead silence of the night, until finally the cold, damp clay dropped off, and you beheld before you the beautiful figure of an angel. * * * The idealist is not necessarily the poet; anyone can be an idealist. But the true idealist loves Nature. He sees beauty in everything around him. Just as the hard blows of the chisel are necessary to cause a beautiful statue to come from the marble, so the blows of suffering, self-denial and patience are needful to make our characters beautiful. As the great artist carves the statue, so God fashions and shapes us. The sculptor knows how to bring out the beautiful statue; God knows how to make our characters lovely. The marble, could it speak, must suffer during the process of carving; so we must suffer if we would be made noble in character. * * * The living marble is better than the cold stone for us to carve; the influence of the beautiful which is stamped upon it will remain

forever. Let us think of our lives, not as many years made up of hours, days, weeks and months, but as a whole block of marble, out of which we are to carve a name, a character. Time and intellect, health, perseverance and industry, are so many tools which God has given us to work with, and day by day the statue should grow in beauty and perfection. Alas! sometimes the work stands still; sometimes false blows are struck, which mar instead of beautifying, but if the earnest will, the patient endeavor, is ours, and if a bright ideal is ever before us, God himself will prosper the work, until when, with fear and trembling, we bring our statue to the King, He will, seeing our obedient, living work, say—

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best,
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

"He touched the statue, marvellous change,
The clay fell off and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel pure as snow."

Mr. BURGEE, who also was not allowed to compete for honors on account of dropping the Greek of the course, then delivered an oration. Subject, "Graduation."

"In this beautiful world of ours the scenes of life are ever changing. Nothing appears to be lasting; our sweetest flowers fade and our dearest bonds are severed. Change is the universal law of mind and matter. All nature proclaims the law of gradual unfolding; forward and backward, development or decline, life or death mark the course of every living thing. Even man the crowning work of the Creator, is a creature of change. Endowed with faculties capable of development, he is ever changing. Thus, in direct obedience to the laws of Nature, the *Class of '87* has undergone change after change until we have reached that point in our college life which our teachers have been pleased to call graduation. As defined by Webster, graduation is simply the admission to a certain grade or degree. To the college boy it is the grand centre towards which all his hopes

and wishes tend. The Prep., when weary from the repetition of *amo, amas, amat*, receives nourishment and inspiration from the thought that someday he will graduate. Not only to the Prep, but to the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior, yea, to the Senior, it is the one remedy for the mind when troubled by Butler's Analogy, or that worst of all terrors to the College boy, Greek. Like all medical remedies it can be used until it will no longer produce the desired effect, when another must be applied. So it is with the *Class of '87* to-day. That which has ever been the zenith of our ambition is reached. It is pleasant to think that one set of books can be closed and laid upon the shelves as relics of the past;—but we know unmixed happiness is a cup seldom presented to mortal lips; and while we write "Finis" or "Graduation" at the end of the volume of college life, we take up another larger and more difficult. *Graduation* is but an imaginary line that ought by no means to be regarded as a boundary. It should be but the beginning of a lifetime devoted to pleasurable, intellectual pursuits. We are Seniors to-day, but to-morrow we shall be Juniors in the school of life. Life moves on like a book, forever changing, unperceived the change. Thus far we have glided down the gentle rolling stream together, and in our ecstasy we seemed to see nothing but the realization of our greatest desire to graduate. But the gently rolling stream has born us on and on until we have at last reached the ocean, whence we must embark over an unfathomed water to reach our respective harbor. Classmates no longer, but students; still the desire for knowledge is a principle implanted in our nature, and we wish to let it grow from more to more. We are entering a day and age when mind rules the world. In ages past and gone, the sword was the power by which a nation commanded respect and honor. To-day we see the nation whose people are the most enlightened is the nation that stands at the head. Notwithstanding all that is known, new discoveries are being made constantly, which assures us but few steps have been taken up the heights of knowledge. Though graduates, we realize that we have taken but one step up the hill of learning, mounted but one round in the ladder of life,

standing to-day at the foot, the golden sunlight glimmering over us, the snow-topped heights of knowledge are just visible. We behold the glorious prospect, and with new zeal we determine to keep on climbing until we reach the top. Our diplomas, though pleasant and helpful companions, can not shield us from the stern duties of life; whatever field we enter there will we find opposition. The Alps, piercing the clouds and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the heavens, will rise before us, but we remember the words of that victorious General, Napoleon, to his soldiers: "Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

Education is a lifetime work. Graduation simply the foundation. The hoary-headed scholar, as he stands on the verge of the grave, realizes but too plainly how little he knows, and how vast is the field of knowledge."

At this point in the programme President Lewis made a short address to the class, giving them practical advice, and expressing his sorrow at parting with them. The degree of A. B. was then conferred upon all the graduates, after which the class sang the Latin ode, "Non Nobis Domine."

The valedictory essay was then read in a very pleasing style by Miss Lorena Hill, of Long Corner, Md. Her subject was: "Women's Helpers." She treated the subject very skillfully and uniquely. The valedictory was also interesting and touching. No doubt her schoolmates are as sad at parting with her as was she, for her friends here are numerous.

So much has been said by women suffragists concerning the rights, or rather the wrongs of the sex, that the condition of a nineteenth-century woman, when viewed through the distorting glasses of fanatical opinions, seems most deplorable.

To be born and reared in bondage, as these reformers would represent it, is calculated to convince our freedom loving citizens that there is need of change in the form of government, and when to this is added the assertion that woman is the slave to the domineering will of man, the feeling of misseration for woman's lot is changed for one of antagonism to man, who has so unjustly defrauded her of her rights.

This erroneous idea is due either to ignorance or ingratitude—ignorance of the progress of woman, both socially and intellectually, or ingratitude to the strong supporters which have sustained her for years, and exalted her to the position she now occupies. While clamoring for more rights, she is unappreciative of what she has. But on such an occasion as this, when you see the sister and brother enjoying the same educational advantages, nurtured at the same fountain-head of knowledge, and now emerging into life with equal training, intellect and ambition, can it be said that woman is down-trodden and her brother the usurper of her rights? Would it not be better, in considering the *real* slavery in which she has existed in ages past, to be thankful for the blessings she now enjoys, to attribute them to their proper source, and, by showing her appreciation of some slight recompense, stimulate her helpers to continue their endeavors for her advancement. The ballot will never be granted as long as women call men "wretches," "usurers," "oppressors," and prove time and again the equality, if not superiority of intellect, judgment, etc., and use these worn-out proofs for rights of which they have no definite idea and view from a defiant standpoint of injured independence. * * *

To form a true idea of women's advancement it is necessary to view some of the conditions in which she has existed.

Compare life dragged out in the darkness of heathenism to a life clouded but here and there by a few dark spots of childish discontent. Compare the slavery of ignorance with the so-called slavery of a few petty restrictions, and you will arrive at a proper estimate of her progress.

And to what is all this due—the natural progressive tendencies of the sex? An unquenchable ambition, which, despite the crushing weight of defeat, would spring into new life and vigor? I think not; woman though hated for many things, is truly described by bards as being a precious, yet frail treasure, and without help she would never win the honors which now so lightly sit upon her brow. Undoubtedly Christianity has exerted a greater influence in elevating the condition of woman than any other power. * * * * *

Hand in hand with Christianity is education; in fact, they are inseparably connected, so that the elevation of human beings from the lowest depths of degradation is due to both. While the vast strides in science and literature made by the scholars of early ages have never been surpassed in modern times, our men of to-day have made a greater advancement in the true sense of the word than the ancients could ever hope to make.

We do not say it is pure unselfishness in man; probably he finds it to his advantage in lifting woman as his equal to his side; two level heads in the boat, one to steer and one to row, may make better progress down the stream of life than when each regard the other with contempt or fear.

We cannot help it, if in the beginning man got the start of woman, *that, probably, was one of Nature's oversights.* * * * But affairs existing in the present state, man having gained pre-eminence by his own individual efforts is not to blame for thus far outstripped his helpmeet, but is to be commended for his attempt at a reparation of woman's wrongs and grant her the recognition of an equality, if not a precedence in all pursuits.

So as we to day sever the ties that bind us to our foster mother, as we are borne far down the current of life to meet many a conflict ere we reach the Eternal shore, we look back with a longing to dear old Alma Mater, our greatest helper, and regret our many unimproved opportunities. Never did she seem so dear as now when we are forced to part.

'Tis finished, the days of preparation are now at an end, and we are called forth to labor in the world hitherto clad in Fancy's robes of brightness, which now stern Reality removes and disclosed all its rugged proportions. * * * * *

Our schoolmates, whom we regard with equal love and interest, may not at present realize or appreciate their opportunities nor the sadness of our separation, but the swift course of time will soon reveal to them, as it does to us to day, the solemn meaning of the word, we must say: "Farewell."

Mr. Combs, the male valedictorian, closed the exercises of the day with the valedictory oration. His remarks upon the rise and progress of republicanism, and consequent downfall of Caesarism, and his connection of this with his valedictory proper were very appropriate. Below is found a synopsis of his oration, and we say may his prophecy of no more emperors be fulfilled in the near future. Below is a sketch of his oration:

The Last Cæsar.

Two very profound thinkers of England have averred that the world is retrograding. Like Aristophanes of old, they point back to the palmy days of antiquity with something akin to ecstasy, while they satirize and discourage the present and utter gloomy prophecies for the future. In Aristophanes this spirit may be pardonable. Bred, as he was, with the idea of the good old times of the aristocracy, and living under a poorly constituted democratical government, we can understand his bitter opposition to the tendencies of his time. But it is hard to reconcile ourselves to such views from Carlyle and Tennyson. Men who could read, if they would, on every leaf of the record of our times, the prophecy that overweighs all possible discouragements, and assures the present that the future will be worthy of it—the prophecy, namely: that we are at the end of despotism, and can already see enthroned in civilized government the last man claiming the august title of Cæsar.

As civilization advances the tendency is to enlarge the power of the people and restrict that of the rulers. The people are the sources of the nation's strength, and why should they not also control its power. The nation is the people, and government should be the expression of the will of the people. It is true that the republican form of government may not have reached a state of perfection, and there may be other forms in which the power of the people may rule more satisfactorily than in the representative democracy of the present, but at least it is a vast improvement on former systems." * * * "It was an experiment for the framers of our constitution, but it succeeded wonderfully well. They assumed that all men are born equal, that a ruler is a public servant and cannot be born to power and authority; he is but a man.

* Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

"The struggle between popular rights and despotic power has been going on from the earliest dawn of antiquity, and we can trace the gradual development of republicanism through all the forms of government that have existed in the world. The absolute power of the ruler has been gradually lessened, until now he has little else to do than execute the laws passed by the peo-

ples' representatives." Mr. Combs then gave the list of republics, heading it with "Our own glorious Union, standing pre-eminently first, and constituting a bright exemplar to other nations desiring a recognition in their governments of the rights of the people."

"But what is the tendency of all this? What means this gradually lessening kingly power; this constantly increasing number of republics? All empires are in a state of turmoil and cannot long exist. * * * The people feel that they are the source of power, and that it is but just that they should wield that power. They feel that there is no truth in the doctrine of the divine right of kings—and that no one can rightfully rule whose power is not derived from them. As civilization advances they recognize this fact, and the day is not far distant when empires and kingdoms shall fade into purely popular governments and the world will hail with delight the last of the line of Cæsars. * * * As progress and improvement is the law of the universe, it is not probable that we have yet reached the most perfect form of popular government, as said by an author of some note of the present day:

'How little lasts in this brave world below!
Love dies; hate cools; the Cæsars come and go.
Gaunt hunger fattens and the weak grow strong,
Even republics are not here for long.'

"Firm believer as I am in the superior excellence of a republican form of government, and that our institution is the best that has ever been devised for the welfare and happiness of mankind, I have deemed it not inappropriate to say thus much of the rise and progress of republicanism and the consequent downfall of Cæsarism before proceeding to the sad task assigned me on this occasion. * * * * *"

"I have the honor to be your valedictorian; to me has fallen the sad lot of formally severing our connections with our alma mater, and, must I say also, of dissolving the bonds which have joined us in one strong union. No, for though to day we separate for widely different fields, and it may be never to meet again, still I believe there is that in the hearts of every one of us that will tell us in years to come we were members of the class of '87. * * * * *"

"Mr. Combs then spoke of the sadness consequent upon leaving the school, where so many pleasures had been realized and the teachers who had so earnestly striven to prepare us for the battle of life just beginning. Wishing "to our young alma mater Godspeed in the course of prosperity; in which she has lately made such rapid progress, and trusting that higher and broader fields of usefulness are yet before her. * * * And assuring our teachers that they have sent forth upon the busy world none who will appreciate more highly their instruction or cherish with more pleasure the recollection of them than the graduates of '87." After dwelling for a short while on the stern realities of actual life, which to-day would be entered by the graduates, Mr. Combs spoke a brief farewell to

his classmates, and, in conclusion, said: "I have, and confidently have, hopes that the names of some of my classmates may fill the future trump of fame, and be assured that none will feel more pride or pleasure in your success than the humble classmate who now addresses you. And in the end, when the days of your activity have passed and the sun of your existence has lowered behind the western horizon, may your last valedictorian truly pronounce:

'Quiet consummation have
And renowned be thy grave.'"

Art Exhibition.

The exhibition of this department shows that it is not behind the other departments of the college in the improvement it has made. In the art-room this year are to be found considerably more work than heretofore, all of which, with one exception, was performed by the students; this exception being a very fine picture of Dr. Lewis done by the painting teacher, Mrs. H. H. Troupe.

In the embroidery work special attention has been given, and consequently the exhibit in this line is particularly large and fine. Dr. Lewis' private parlors have been transformed into an art gallery, and the appearance of the room is gorgeous. Upon every available spot of the wall is placed some painting or other piece of artistic work, while several large stands contains many other pieces.

There are in all thirty-five paintings and forty-one pieces of embroidery, and as some of these are very large, it makes quite an array. We briefly describe some few of the pieces—of course we are not acquainted with many of the fine points of the several pieces and must leave much for the reader to imagine. The prize painting was a Porcelain Plaque, ornamented with blue flags. This piece is remarkable for its fidelity of coloring and graceful grouping of flowers. It was executed by Miss Gertrude F. Beeks during this scholastic year. Among other pieces deserving particular mention, we would note "Scene on the Rhine," by Miss H. E. Dood. It is on canvass, 48x50, and very much admired, and has probably more work on it than any other piece in the room. "The Startled Stag," by Miss E. Mary Wallis is also a very fine picture. It is on canvass, 48x60, and its special feature is its perspective and sky painting. "A Study of Birds," by Miss M. A. Slaughter, is also beautifully done and bears close inspection. Miss Mamie Slaughter's "Shield of Magnolias," consisting of a metalized shield, supported on crossed spears, painted with magnolias, is also well worthy of mention. We notice also, among other beautiful things in this collection, the shaver with which the ground was broken for new building. It has been beautifully painted by Misses Dodd, Wallace, and Fisher. Space will not permit us to describe more of the paintings.

In the embroidery the "mantle lambrequin" of Miss M. Edith Richards took the prize. It was of green felt, embroidered in full blown poppies, leaves and seed pods. Among other very beautiful pieces was an "old-gold sofa cushion" of Miss I. J. Whaley; plush, embroidered in cockscomb and thistles. Mrs. R. E. Dodd's "piano cover" was the largest piece of work and one of the handsomest. It was olive felt with border of cardinal plush, embroidered with a rich wreath and elaborate corner pieces. The buffet scarf and Doylies of exquisitely fine-drawn work and embroidery of etching silk, by Miss S. N. Abbott, was particularly fine. The black satin sofa-cushion, embroidered in poppies and gilt-pilagree work on peacock blue band of E. W. Adams, and the handsomest black satin banner, with cream rosebuds, by Miss C. V. Underhill, will be all that space will permit us to describe.

But we would say that every piece in the catalogue is well done, and we congratulate both teachers and students upon the success of this year's work in these arts. The art room was open daily from three to five in the afternoon.

Personal.

Miss Annie Dodd has been spending the week with her sister, Miss Retta Dodd, of the graduating class.

Mrs. Pillsbury, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting her daughter, Blanche.

Miss Georgie Harlan has as a guest her sister, Miss Belle Harlan, of Elkton, Md.

Mrs. Hanay is visiting her daughters, Misses Addie and Eula Hanay, and attended the graduation of the latter.

Miss Mary Galt, of Copperville, Md., a former student of our college, is spending a few days with her friend, Miss Edith Richards.

Miss Lillian Constable, of Kent Co., Md., is a guest of Miss Madge Slaughter, '87. Miss C. was a member of the illustrious Class '86, but she failed to return to graduate, and the Class regretted the fact very much, losing in her one of its ablest members.

Miss Sallie V. Pennington is visiting her friend, Miss Blanche Pillsbury. Miss Pennington was formerly connected with the college as a student.

Past Chaplain David Wilson, together with his son and daughter, paid a short visit to Westminster during the commencement week.

Rev. B. F. Benson and family are spending the week at Prof. Simpson's residence.

Mr. Roger Combs, Leonardtown, Md., is visiting his brother, Mr. Paul Combs, '87.

Rev. L. L. Albright, a graduate of the Seminary, arrived here yesterday from his home in North Carolina.

Mr. C. A. Veasey, a former student of the college, is visiting in Westminster.

Mr. Fletcher Caulk received a visit from his father last week.

Mr. W. K. Larrimore, of Easton, Md., is staying at "The Albion."

Mr. D. E. Abbott and family, Baltimore, Md., are staying in Westminster, and were present at the graduation of the daughter, Miss Sadie.

Mr. Edward Delcher, Jr., and William Eller Bacon, Baltimore, Md., spent commencement day with friends.

Mr. G. S. Woodward, a former student of our College, is now visiting Westminster.

Mr. G. H. Gorch is visiting his brother-in-law, Prof. S. Simpson.

Mr. C. A. Veasey is spending a few days of commencement with his old room mate, Mr. Burgee.

Dr. J. Sprigg Poole, resident physician at the Maryland University Hospital, is the guest of Mr. Slifer.

The Maryland State Teachers' Association meets this year at the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point, Va., on the 5th of July, the session closing on the 8th. Prof. Reese has been invited to address the Association on "English Literature in the Public Schools;" the alumni will be represented by Jas. A. Duffenbaugh, A. M., '74, and Chas. H. Baughman, A. M., '71; the former reading a paper on "School Superintendence and Supervision," and the latter speaking on the subject of "The Education and Training of Teachers."

Mr. J. A. Melvin and W. Frank Elgin are both practicing medicine and doing fairly. The former at Oxford and the latter at Bean, Montgomery county.

Alumni.

Commencement week brings with it quite a number of alumni. Old students seem to show their love of their alma mater in this way, and seem to enjoy a visit to it. The present students are always glad to see those who have finished their duties here, and they are always welcome guests. Among the arrivals of Alumni are the following:

Miss Anna R. Yingling, A. M., '71, of Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Dr. Fenby, '76, of Baltimore, Md.

Miss Mamie McKinstry, A. M., '79, of McKinstry's Mills, Md.

Miss Lizzie Trump, A. M., '79, of Manchester, Md.

Rev. E. A. Warfield, A. M., B. D., '82, of Frederick Co., Md.

Miss May Nicodemus, '81, of Wakefield, Md.

Mrs. Mary Clouser, '72, of McDonogh, Md.

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, A. M., '82, of Baltimore, Md., who will deliver the oration before the Alumni to-night.

Miss L. O. Stone, '86, of Mt. Pleasant, Md.

Miss Bessie Miller, A. M., '81, of Elkton, Md., who will read the essay before the Alumni tonight.

F. T. Benson, B. D., '84, of Washington, D. C.
Mr. Leyburn M. Bennett, '86, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Nellie Sappington, '86, of Rock Hall, Md.
Mr. W. E. Roop, '86, of Meadow Brook, Md.
E. T. Mowbray, '86, of Riders, Md.
Mr. Alonzo Miles, A. M., '83, of Somerset Co., Md.

Mr. MacC. Brown, '85, of Uniontown, Md.
Miss Emma Reaver, '86, of Taneytown, Md.
Miss Sadie Kneller, '85, of Baltimore, Md.
Miss Annie Bruce, '85, of Trappe, Md.
Mr. George Erb, '86, of Union Mills, Md.
B. A. Dunner, '86, of Johnsville, Md.
C. M. Grow, Jr., '86, of Frederick, Md.

Locals.

The new staff elect of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO comprises the following members: Browning Society, Misses Carrie L. Mourer and Laura B. Taylor, editors, and Miss Maggie Stern, business manager. Philomathean Society, Misses Laura Jones and Carrie W. Phoebus, editors, and Miss Ida J. Whaley, business manager. Webster Society, Messrs. Isaac G. Michael and J. McD. Radford, editors, and Mr. L. Irving Pollitt, business manager. The new staff has the most earnest wishes of the retiring one for success and advancement of the paper.

We regret that we were unable to publish the synopsis of Mr. H. C. Stocksdale's senior oration, but as we were compelled to press early, time was not permitted for him to prepare it.

During the month an old-time spelling match was held and Miss Laura B. Taylor was the last to be puzzled, and therefore won the prize, a very nice dictionary.

Miss Meredith was sadly called to her home recently by the death of her sister. The PORTFOLIO desires to express its sincere sympathy for the sad bereavement.

A few days ago, Dr. Lewis presented to the college a splendid crayon of our old President. The picture is life-size and set in a magnificently carved hard wood frame. It was placed in the public parlor of the college.

The senior program for class day is certainly one of the most beautiful designs we have ever seen, and the unique type-work is such as only Wright can do.

The memorial tablet is also a very handsome tablet; it is a brass shield, mounted on hard wood, 18x24, bearing the engraving of the class motto: "Me quaerere me speruere honorum;" below this is the list of class members. Their invitation to commencement day exercises was also a very elegant design. We heartily congratulate the class upon its success in these particulars.

At the close of Tuesday morning's exercises very neat little souvenirs were given to all the students. They consisted of small cards and contained the names of students and faculty.

On Commencement Day the College gave a dinner to the students and visiting friends, and, like all other occasions of this kind at our College, it was one of enjoyment. With his usual becoming grace Dr. Lewis presided. Most of the faculty members were present, besides quite a number of visiting friends. The following menu was amply discussed and fully enjoyed:

	Clam Soup,
	Fried Chicken, Baked Ham,
	Roast Beef,
	New Potatoes, dressed with Cream,
Corn,	Stewed Prunes
	Ice Cream and Pineapples.
	Lettuce

It was Dr. Lewis' final dinner for the year, and we can assure him that it was very much enjoyed by all.

COMPETITIVE ESSAY.

This essay closes the series of competitive essays for the Weigand medal. The result of the competition and authors of the essays will be found elsewhere.

No. 5.

THE BEST METHOD OF PROMOTING THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Under a system of government like our own, security for its institutions is found only in the purity of its citizenship. A debased citizen is always a tool in the hand of corrupting influences, and therefore a constant menace to free government and a besetting danger to popular liberties. To secure to the greatest number the fullest enjoyment of rational and personal freedom, should be the chief purpose of all governments, and especially of our government, the preamble to whose constitution states that we are organized "to insure domestic tranquility." In order to accomplish this end, government is required to deal with well-defined evils, which curse and infest society; to grapple with and crush them. Drunkenness is a well-defined evil. It deranges voters, it pauperizes many citizens, it fills our prisons with criminals, it insults peaceable persons and it

demoralizes communities. Statistics for the State of Maine for 1884 show that the crimes of several cities were in almost a direct ratio to the number of liquor licenses issued to them. Dr. Dugdale's excellent article, "Marguerite, the Mother of Harlots," will inform the reader of the strong tendency there is for degradation and crime to follow successive generations. Over \$800,000,000 of the hard earnings of the American laborer is consumed annually in the liquor traffic. An evil of such magnitude certainly demands most careful governmental attention, and the question naturally arises: "How shall government treat with it; what is the best method of crushing it?"

National issues require national parties to promote them. The temperance cause will never be gained until its party becomes strong enough to demand legislation in its favor. And why should not a third party be organized? The liquor question must certainly remain a matter of secondary consideration to the old parties of the country; neither of them can afford at present to engross it in its platform, because it is opposed by such a number of laborers that the defeat of the party so favoring it would necessarily follow. No! temperance needs a party of its own; one that will come out squarely on this basis and fight the campaigns for its own victory; and there surely could be no time more favorable to the success of such a party than the present. For certainly all opposing parties must be divided on common issues, and such a division does not now exist in the Democratic and Republican parties of to-day. The issue that gave them birth has passed away. They are not uniform on the tariff question. Both promise civil service reform and judicious management of public moneys, while neither fulfill the promises. In such a condition of old parties, new-

born ones are likely to be most prosperous. It is true that Prohibition is not a new party. Its statistics show that, as early as 1872, it received over five thousand votes. Still, it is only in the past few years that it has gained much prominence.

I have heard ministers object to the Prohibition party because God, in His Scriptures, did not forbid the use of wine—did not, forsooth, declare it a sin to taste the juice of the grape. These ministers seem to forget that drunkenness is forbidden, and that moderate use of wine begets a strong passion for drink in so many instances. Moreover, can we reasonably expect a civil code written out around those laws which are intended for man's soul-government? Is there anything in the Bible prohibiting the reckless use of firearms in cities? and still, who can deny the necessity of such a law? God never intended the Bible to be a statute-book of civil government. But how would these ministers rout this evil out from society? They are among the first to decry it—and how do they propose to crush it? Many of them will tell you *moral suasion* is the proper armor for the combat. Ministers, however, surely ought to know that moral suasion will not accomplish this purpose. The men with whom we have to treat are too degraded and too insensible to their own advancement to be reformed in this manner. When the loving wife and starving child cannot persuade a man to reform, nothing can. Furthermore, in this country of popular liberties, citizens are apt to consider its laws as the only necessary restriction, and to think that whatever they sanction is right.

That other alternative of prohibition—high license—seems equally as unable to accomplish the desired result. To increase license is to make liquor higher, and thus to take more from the purchaser—for experience surely teaches that if there is liquor, people *will* have it.

The morality of licenses seems to me questionable; they give persons legal right to do a thing at least productive of much misery, and the government that does so seems certainly unfaithful to the best interests of its citizens.

"What right has man to license the things God stamps as wrong;

What right to hurl torpedoes among a senseless throng.

What right to license murder? what right to license rape?

To make of men and brothers fiends in human shape.

What right to deal damnation, to covenant with crime?

What right—what right to license."

High license might and would put liquor out of the reach of some of the very poor, but it certainly would not stop the majority of people in their use of intoxicating beverages.

It seems, therefore, that no manner bids fair to promote the temperance cause as effectually as the Prohibition party. Political economy, patriotism, humanity and Christianity demand prohibition by State and national law. That such prohibition be effective it must be bedded in organic law, and must be secured by political party organized for the purpose. The argus-eyed monster of intemperance stalks up and down the country, overthrowing all that dares to oppose it. Every kind and sex are its victims. To overthrow this, strength is needed, and that strength is to be found only in the Prohibition party.

The first aim of this party should be the abolition of saloons. They are so many dens of iniquity, the destroyers of so many happy homes and upright characters. They are prevalent on every hand, nearly every block in the city has them; at every cross-road country store we find them; they are so common, indeed, that we lose sight of the danger connected with them, and therefore, they are more dangerous. After crushing out the saloons, Prohibition can take up the other evils of the liquor traffic and finally abolish the sale of intoxicating spirits altogether, as has lately been done in some of the States. Opponents of Prohibition will tell you that it will never succeed, that people will never vote for it. They do not remember that it is a com-

paratively new party. Compare it with the anti-slavery movement; both received less than 10,000 votes the first year, and at the end of the first decade, the number polled was over 150,000. It is true that the war consummated the end of the anti-slavery party, but would it not have succeeded without the war? Prohibition will also succeed; honest men must see its right, and when it grows a little older they are bound to support it. Men are affiliated to their old parties, and are likely to distrust new ones, but the Prohibition party will outgrow this distrust. It will improve the public by suppressing drunken orgies, which disgrace army and navy. It will abolish liquor traffic, the source of so much crime; idiocy and poverty, entailing excessive taxation upon the citizens of the United States, and it cannot be long before men will "vote as they pray."

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