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Vol. 1.

June 7th.

No. 3.



THE KODAK

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

1891

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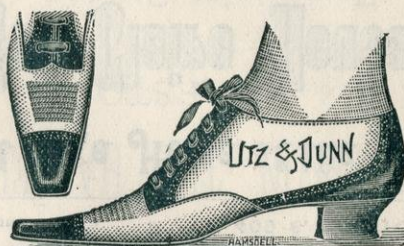
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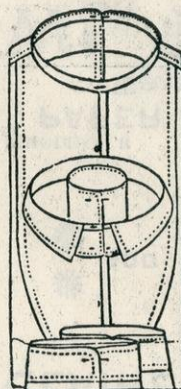
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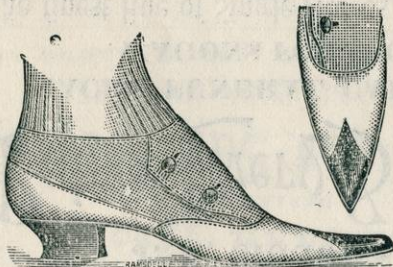



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THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

FRED ARNOLD.

Friends of Education:—

No doubt you have all personally experienced that of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance than education. We, who have just tested for ourselves the educational advantages offered in your High School, bid welcome to this "sea of upturned faces." In this, the closing scene of our training in your schools, we feel that no subject, however diversified, can be more fitly considered than literature. For, after all, the better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself, and it is for this that a good library should furnish the opportunity and means. The riches of scholarship, the benignities of literature defy fortune and outlive calamity; they are beyond the reach of thief, or moth, or rust.

The value and importance of the early reading of a child can hardly be overestimated. Childhood, whose precious days are, too frequently, so barren, is the time when the ideals of life are formed. In the dreams of childhood are found the germs of many a man's career; for, look where we will, we find the author's future work reflected in the intellectual pastimes of his youth.

Broadcast over the land—thick as dead leaves blown by the autumn winds—fly printed leaves from the tree of evil knowledge. In them crimes are gilded; lawlessness is valor; murderers, thieves and criminals are the heroes; while the reader goes to the State prison, the gambling house and the brothel, to find the companions of his too precious leisure hours. Courage, independence, heroism and a spirit of self-sacrifice are qualities which, to many a youth, have become antiquated and obsolete.

It is next to impossible to reform those who have lost all faith in the sincerity, honor, or goodness of human nature,—who believe that people in general are all bad; that all criminals are heroes; and that an honest, upright life is not worth the living. If our national life is growing worse, if society is growing more corrupt, it is because our young men and women have, in their childhood, fed their minds on pernicious literature.

The opportunity to read good literature is the key which admits us to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments; it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time; more than that it affords a solace in sorrow and companions in joy.

We often hear of people who will descend to any servility, submit to any insult, for the sake of getting themselves or their children into what is called good society. Did it ever occur to them that there is a select society of all the centuries to which they and theirs can be admitted for the asking;—a society, too, which will not involve them in ruinous expense and more ruinous waste of time, health and faculties?

Books, profoundly considered, show a great nation more than anything else—more than laws or manners; and as the demand, so the supply. Yes, there is a choice in books, as in friends; and the spectacles by which we may read two books at once are yet to be invented. What realms of books, then, must even the Alexanders of letters leave unconquered! How essential it is that we begin early, improve every moment, and only read the most wholesome! How incumbent it is upon all to place in the hands of children and youth a grade of literature at once sound in its contents, chaste in its language and pure in its moral tone!

THE VITALITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

LOUIS HANSON.

The name of England is a synonym of power. Her empire bestrides the earth; the sun never sets on her dominions. Her merchantmen are seen in the ports of every nation; and her navy rides triumphant on every sea and ocean. These things give England the title of a great and powerful nation, but the language she has given to civilization makes her mistress of the world.

Sixteen centuries ago there dwelt in the remote wilds of northern Europe, a number of related nations. Emigrants from several of these tribes settled in the little isle of Albion and the mingling

of the kindred dialects formed the Anglo-Saxon speech. This was the germ of modern English and, after having passed through various transitions, it characterizes the English of to-day. With the Anglo-Saxon has been combined the most illustrious language of mankind

Rome fell because her institutions were not in keeping with advancing civilization. Her language, however, could not fall but became, in time, a part of the great English tongue.

The union of Latin with the Anglo-Saxon began at the time Christianity was introduced into England by Pope Gregory. The amount of Latin contributed, however, remained small until the time of the Norman Conquest of England. The language of these invaders was a modified form of Latin; and for three centuries after their conquest, it was the dominant speech in England, so that the very existence of the Anglo-Saxon was threatened. But the Saxon still formed a numerous body which found its preservation in the huts of the rustic and illiterate. During the Revival of Learning numerous Latin words were united to the already magnificent structure. The Latin contributed at various times and the Anglo-Saxon, stripped of its inflexional forms, comprise the chief elements of Modern English.

The English combines in these elements the Classic and Teutonic. It has the euphony, sonorousness, and harmony of the first; and the strength, simplicity, and tenderness of the second. From this composite character come that wealth and compass, that rich and varied diction which have made English Literature the crown and glory of the works of man. From this composite character come that force and simplicity, which have made it, or will make it, the world language, for the distinguishing feature of the English to-day is its wide diffusion. It is spoken by a race that covers the world with its business and ideas. It gives greeting on the shores of the Pacific as on the Atlantic. It is estimated that English is spoken, at the present time, by at least one-seventh of the population of the globe and it is not a wild conjecture, that it may, ere long, be spoken in every district on the face of the earth.

Its power is irresistible. It sweeps over mountains and oceans and penetrates into the most hopeless barbarisms, to find unknown races and unheard of tongues. It raises its voice in the wildernesses of Africa and the jungles of India; in the polar regions of eternal snow and in the burning sands of the desert. Fixed multitudes of standard works endeared to the hearts of increasing millions who read and speak, the natural growth of population, and the love of conquest and

colonization which has distinguished the Anglo-Saxon race, will help to increase the already extensive empire, and insure the perpetuity of the greatest of tongues.

EVANGELINE.

BESSIE MATTESON

Poets during all ages have sought the legends rather than the history of a country or people. It gives them wider scope, and they have more to develop from, than from the bare facts of history. Longfellow recognized this fact, and this partly accounts for the vast number of legends he has turned into verse. As a legendary poet, where in America could another be found to whom we owe more than to Longfellow?

Evangeline, his most beautiful poem and legend, is a story of the removal of the Acadians by the English in 1755. To Hawthorne, Longfellow was indebted for the plot of this story. He had heard of the young couple in Acadia and of their separation, and had kept them in mind, intending at some time to use the material for a romance. It is said he never could have been touched by the story as Hawthorne was, until it was placed before him as literature. From this bare outline, he developed, with the aid of the history of the people of this time, his beautiful Evangeline.

The poem is written in dactylic hexameter verse, a style most suited to the theme, and which gives it a melody almost as sweet as if set to music.

The story may well be compared to a beautiful painting. Letting the opening scenes, wherein all is happy anticipation, appear as the one bright spot of the picture. Suddenly all is changed; a dark cloud casts its shadow over the recent brightness. Evangeline and Gabriel are separated; her father dies; and she sets out on her long search for her lover. What sadder picture could Longfellow have drawn than the one in which Evangeline reaches Gabriel's home, one day late? With what tenderness he describes her sorrow as she wanders forth in the night, crying:

"O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me and yet thy voice does
not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to
the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the
wood-lands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning
from labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me
in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be
folded about thee?"

After her long weary search, how touching is the scene where she finds him at last just before his death, barely able to recognize her, "vainly striving to whisper her name, and the accents unuttered, died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken." This scene would appear in the picture as a ray of light, but not with the sunshine of brightness that is felt in the first scenes.

Longfellow, in this poem, has endeavored to portray his ideal woman. He has clothed this character of Evangeline with all the virtues of womanhood. As a maiden, he pictures her loving and obedient to her father, beloved by every one, and intensely religious; as a woman, possessing those qualities of patient endurance, whereby she overcame all obstacles; and above all we are impressed by her unexampled devotion to her lover.

In order to create a beautiful poem from such an outline as Longfellow received from Hawthorne, he must himself have possessed the most vivid imagination, and beautiful soul. How high must he have set his ideals of womanhood in real life, to give to this maiden so many virtues and still have her remain a possible character.

"Fair was she and young, when in hope began
the long journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended."

But who of us could wish for praise higher than hers, of whom it was said, "when she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

THE IDYLS OF THE KING.

GRACE E. NASH.

"What is truth?" This has been, from the beginning, man's inquiry. Not science alone, but all art and all literature, mythology as well as philosophy, legends as well as history, respond to this demand. The world has needed a Raphael and a Mozart no less than it has needed a Gibbon or a Darwin, and the best interpreters of life are the masters of song,—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe. Through the legends and myths of the people they have spoken to us, not alone of laws and events, but of principles,—not alone of facts, but of truths.

The story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table has had for both mediaeval and modern writers, a peculiar fascination. Perhaps

this is because its theme, chivalry, loyalty, and love, is one exalted by no one age or clime, but is universal. Then, for one short while, Right ruled, and shadowed, however dimly, times that may yet be.

The vivid Celtic imagination ran riot with the legends, wholly disregarded convention or possibility, and blended with them stories of the Crusaders, of Charlemagne, and the dream of the final conquest of the Saxon. They were collected by Geoffrey of Monmouth and by Malory, and became so popular that the clergy, jealous of their influence, invented a rival of a more religious cast. Nothing daunted, the court poets united these and sent Arthur and his knights over land and sea in quest of the Holy Grail.

The legends live, in our day, in Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*. His treatment of the subject is unique, as the prology indicates:

"Accept this old imperfect tale,

New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with
Soul

Rather than that gray king, whose name, a
ghost,

Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from moun-
tain peak,

And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still: or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's."

And easy it is to see in Arthur a type of the human soul, and in the Round Table, the passions and capacities of a man

Tennyson knows right well the charm of mere words, but the beauty of the *Idyls* is not wholly verbal, for the dignity and strength, the melody and artistic finish of his verse declare the handiwork of a master.

In the Arthur of Tennyson we have a high type of manhood. Tried as a warrior, a statesman, a king, by heathen raids, by court intrigues, and by prosperity, he ever held aloft his high standard of truth and right; when the cherished dream, the high ambition of a lifetime passed away, when those whose love had been his shield became his bitterest foes, he faltered not, but did the duty nearest him, and left results with God. And then, he could not die, but passed to Avilon, where rain, or drought, or wind, or winter snow can never come, but all the air is strength, and coolness, and healing balsam,—a happy island in the summer sea, with deep meadows, and fair lawns. There he will be healed of his deep wound, and return and fight again that last great battle in the west.

Chiefest of all the knights that sat at Arthur's table was Lancelot. The flower of courtliness and chivalry, his prowess in tournament and battle

energy and it is a sad misfortune that such qualifications are used for promoting evil. On account of his fearlessness and cunning he is at first highly successful but his designs are finally frustrated and he dies an ignoble death.

In representing the Fool, Shakespeare deviates greatly from custom. Instead of mere comic babblings his sayings are wonderful philosophies, and beneath the covering of idiocy he rises to heroic proportions. Unhampered by any feeling of fear or restraint, his truths are without prejudice. His irony and wit are of such splendid genius and are accompanied by such a rush of emotions, that he can be described only as the soul of pathos and infinite wisdom in a sort of comic masquerade. The Fool is the most important personage of the play, and moreover, the most pathetic of all literature. Such was the character of one who "Labored to outjest his master's heart, struck injuries," and, failing, offered up his life.

King Lear is the character who is generally described as "The Master-piece of dramatic representation," and yet he is at first but a weak old man and is not great until provoked by fear and rage he becomes mad with passion. Much pathos is exhibited throughout King Lear's character and the raving of this fate-ridden and passionate old man is very affecting. At the end comes a deeper pity still the old King has ceased to rave and death reveals itself no longer a dreaded mystery but a despairing refuge from human agony. There is no fear of the hereafter as no world or no life can be worse than the present one. Kent's farewell to the old King speaks King Lear's final word;

"Vex not his ghost:

O, let him pass! he hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

NATURE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

HENRY O. HANSON.

The song of a nation is usually accepted as a test of the popular spirit of its people. Deeds of prowess on the field of battle first call forth poetic utterance, then patriotism and devotion, then dramatic passion and, lastly, Nature.

The early English literature was chiefly religious, later it assumed a new form, that of criticism, and during the sixteenth Century, it was characterized by the appearance of the drama.

The early settlers in this country had already passed through the stages of heroic, patriotic, devo-

tional and dramatic literature. The physical surroundings of the early pioneers were those of men, who found themselves encountering the primitive forests, and in their contest with Nature, their energies were absorbed in the clearing of fields, the bridging of rivers and the conquest of savage and beast. But, with the first relaxation from their labors, came a taste for literature and the native poets, thrown upon themselves, sought themes in their surroundings.

This country is clothed in a magnificent and characteristic beauty, and the poet, who describes, in words, the grandeur of our natural scenery touches a chord which awakens the admiration of the people.

Among the American poets worthy recognition as delineators of Nature are Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant.

Lowell loves Nature and is her boon companion; he never wearies the reader, but entices him to share his joy. A breath of the woods, the sound of the brook and the sight of the spring-flowers that spangle the ground, serve to awaken the memory of by-gone days and we traverse with him the woodland paths. Lowell has little of the ocean in his verse, what he loves most are the trees, the birds and the flowers.

Whittier, "The Poet of New England," was almost the only one of our poets who learned Nature by working with her at all times, under the open sky, in the wood and in the field. His verses are of her outward nature and the utterances of her inward life. The most vivid scenes are those of the low, the near and the common.

Snow-Bound is a faithful picture of a northern winter and a perfect representation of life on an old-fashioned New England farm. As we read it, there is drawn up before the mind the picture of this plain country home, which we learn to know and to love, with its honest faces illumined by the great fire and with its surrounding and imprisoning glory of ample northern snow.

Bryant, "The Poet of Nature," is the foremost of American landscape-poets. His sympathy was with the aspects, atmosphere, and feeling of his own country, a true painter of its face. He thinks the beauty of Nature worthy of being sung and therefore writes of the natural scenery for its own sake. He approaches the forest deeply conscious of its virgin grandeur. His harp is strung in harmony with the wild moan of the ancient boughs and with each wild flower. When reading him we feel as though in company with one who is peculiarly fitted to interpret the teachings of nature, and while intent upon his page, we are sensible of the presence of those sylvan monarches that crown

the hill tops and grace the valleys of our native land.

It is delightful to turn to the poet who scatters flowers in our path and lifts our gaze to the stars, so that we recognize the original glory of the universe. This service has been performed by Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant and it will identify their memory with the loveliest scenes of our native land and endear it to her children forever.

ENGLISH SCENERY IN LITERATURE.

MAY BELLE CASE.

However much heredity may influence individual or national characteristics, environment is more potent. Nature ever has proved a powerful factor in literature, as it is a vast aggregation of wonderful things, and is a means employed by God of making known to us his feelings, tastes and thoughts.

The Sacred Scriptures are filled with allusions to Nature and always have been a model for writers. Job constantly alludes to the works of the Creator, and evinces profound knowledge of the heavens and the earth.

The foundation of the English nation is the religion of Christ; and Chancer, the Father of English poetry, has founded his best known poem upon a religious journey. The scene about the starting place gives a charm to the "Prologue" of these "Canterbury Tales,"

"The smalle foules maken melodie
That sleepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in her corages
That longen folk to gon on pilgrimages "

Chancer, sincerely loved outward nature, and it was with him, the source of conscious, pleasurable emotion, for he took a true delight in the new green of the leaves, the return of the singing birds, the beauty of the morning, the fields, the woods, the streams, and the flowers.

"The painted flowers; the trees upshooting
high;
The dales for shades; the hills for breathing
space;
The trembling groves; the crystal running by;
And that which all fair workers doth most
agrace."
The art, which all this wrought, appeareth in
no place."

Thus writes the first heir of English Literature, Spenser, who studied the poems of Chancer and imitated him in numerous instances. His life

in Lancashire and in Ireland furnished opportunity for the study of Nature of which he has given the most graphic descriptions.

The glory of the North of England is the Lake District and the glory of the Lake District is Wordsworth. In Cumberland, the land of the hollows, and West Moreland, the land of the western moors, with part of Lancaster, lies this region. It has long been famed for its noble hills; its rivers, meres, tarns and all the lovely chain of lakes which give the name to the country side. But it was reserved for three young men, poor and unknown at the outset of their careers, to give to the Lake country its best fame; to England, two laureates, and to English poetry, the Lake School, —Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth.

The Lake poets chose for their subjects the most common things in Nature and treated them in the simplest style.

Bending a reverent ear to the mysterious harmonies of nature, to the ceaseless song of praise that rises from every blade of grass and dew drop, that warbles in the fluting of every lark and sweeps to heaven in every wave of air, they found in their own deep hearts a musical echo of that song, and shaping into words the swelling of their inward faith, they spoke to the world in an unfamiliar way about things in which the world saw no poetic beauty.

"Wordsworth communed among mountains, with the spirit of the universe. The beauty of the crag, the tarn, the flower transmitted itself through the lips of Nature's poet-priest into verse of wondrous melody."

His home, at Rydal-mount, was a cottage like building almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy. With the flowers and the vines, the trees and the shrubs, the home with its grassy lawn and the seat under the Sycamore tree, under the shadow of those grand old hills and all over-looking the silvery water of the Windermere,— would it be possible not to weave the sights into the very lives of the inhabitants?

In his lyrics "To the Daisy," "On the Bridge," and "I Wandered lonely as a Cloud," Wordsworth shows his intense love of Nature. Nature in everything seemed his motto and he says of himself:—

"I still am a lover of the meadows and woods
And mountains and of all we behold
From this green earth—of all this mighty
world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of sense,
The Anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart and
soul,

Of all my mortal being."

Sir Walter Scott sailed upon these lakes and commemorated many scenes about them with poems; but, while spending much of his life upon the borders he found the scene for his most popular poems, "The Lady of the Lake" in the "Loch Katrine" or "Lake" country of Scotland. The picturesque being his forte, he describes, in the most magnificent word-paintings, the deep-wood glades, the mountains, the rivers and the lakes as being,

"So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

Thus

"Full is this world of sights and song,
That charm the eye or catch the ear;

We view them as we pass along,

We list their notes thro' all the year."

Sights that are drawn by Nature's pen,

Songs that are sung in Nature's land,

Sweeter than music sung by men,

Fairer than pictures wrought by hand."

THE SHORT STORY.

CHARLES H. W. JOHNSON.

As citizens of the richest and best country in the world, we may well be proud, not only of our country, but of the people in this country, who have become world renowned by the writing of the short story.

Such writers as Mary E. Wilkins, Horace Scudder, Sarah O. Jewett, and Richard Harding Davis are well worth their place in the literary circle. They relieve us from the burden of reading long stories, which are often taken up with unnecessary detail that demands too large a portion of our time. England has such writers as Thos. Hardy, Wm. Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling, but there is no sign that the art is anywhere so rich, so varied, or so fresh as with us. In England, it has been and remains, foreign and separate; in America, it is the most vital as well as the most distinctive part of literature. In fact it flourishes so abundantly, that this very prosperity nullifies most of the apologies for the American novel.

The prevailing temper of the life-like school, which is in literature what specialization is in science, calls for microscopic study of human life. It is easier to secure this without loss of regard for the main theme in the short story than in the novel.

The beauty of the short story depends upon the simple pathos or humor which resides in the persons and situations presented through a few strong, direct sentences. The style is here the writer. The short, economical sentences, make up stories which are singularly pointed, because the writer spends his entire strength upon the production of a single impression. They easily take the character of studies for larger pictures. The compression of these stories is remarkable and almost unequalled in our literature. It is gained without any sacrifice of essentials, and by no mere narrowness of aim. It is gained by holding steadily before the mind, the central, vital idea, to the exclusion of all by-thoughts however interesting.

Mrs. Slosson depends upon the questioners for the most telling effects in her stories; Miss Wilkins, with her power of packing a whole sentence into a phrase, naturally relies upon her own condensed report of persons, incidents, and things. Mrs. Slosson appears to require but a suggestion in real life to quicken her fancy; while Miss Wilkins impresses us as one, who by a swift power of appropriation, has under her control the life of New England men and women.

What position the short story will occupy in the future, can only be surmised. It has been regarded with distrust by the best writers in the past, and attempted with success by but few. Putting the past and future aside, there can be no hesitation in saying that the short story is a very important element in the fiction of to-day. Some of our most popular writers are putting their best work into this form, once deemed unworthy if not perishable. English fiction has never sought brevity nor expression of form; American fiction, on the other hand, has cast some of its best treasures in small moulds.

The artistic creation wakens the creative reception, and for the time being makes the reader also an artist. When that is done the work of art stands complete.

MAGAZINES.

WILLIAM PETZOLD.

Magazines and the reading-public! What an attraction exists between them! The great mass of people in this busy world have little time to spend in deep thought and profound study. If they are to be educated, their knowledge must come to them in short, interesting form, easy of access. The conclusions of the ablest writers and thinkers must be summarized in a very brief compass, in order that they may become the common property of mankind.

Where then is this arrangement found? There is but one place and that is the magazine. Here is material for everyone. For the scientific man, special periodicals are issued containing all the current inventions and discoveries up to date; the lover of nature and the patron of art find in the magazine, their *El Dorado*. Short stories and general information abound, and the funny side of human nature is not neglected.

In nothing has there been a more marked change than in magazines. The earlier reviews, the great quarterlies of the first half of the century, dealt with pure literature. They gave to their contemporaries, the best intellectual opinion of the day, and they gave to literature, the essay, as Macaulay conceived it in England, and as Lowell wrote it in America.

The great magazines of today, vast as is their influence among the people both for education and entertainment, are doing nothing notable for our literature, in the strict sense of the word. Together with the discussion of social and economical problems, their tendency is toward the short story and light verse. This of course is due to the great demand for this kind of writing. The supply depends directly on the demand, and as long as the public calls for light and frivolous reading, so long will the magazines continue to furnish it. But let the public demand literature of a higher standard; let it refuse to patronize anything bordering on the sensational; let it disavow and discountenance all fads, fashions and conventionalities; create a demand for good, wholesome, elevating literature, and the magazines will not be slow in facilitating the movement.

The power of the magazine over a writer's fame is almost unlimited. It is within its power to make a young talented writer famous almost in a moment. The mere insertion of his name in the table of contents of some standard magazine, is sufficient. He is sure to be mentioned in many newspapers; in short, it places the machinery of journalistic fame at his service for the time.

But here, also, he encounters the critic. The magazines are full of criticisms, and woe to the author in whose work a flaw is found! He is indeed a phenomenal journalist, in whom these ferrets fail to find anything to criticise! Such treatment may appear rather harsh, but it is the only thing which keeps down the myriad of upstarts and journalistic wolves, who otherwise would prey upon our national literature, and fill our magazines with cheap, unwholesome reading. But some will say that this course of treatment will cause many a timid writer of talent to withdraw from the arena. Our literature was not built by such. We want men, who, spurred on by ridicule, will exert all their forces to rise above, and triumph over it. The magazine has no room for cowards. The only kind that succeed are those, who, taking Webster and Demosthenes for their examples, and persevering in spite of failures and criticism, win their way to the top. The magazine is no respecter of persons, and the richest man is treated with no more deference than the poorest. Every one has an equal chance, and if a writer wins fame and fortune, we may be sure that he accomplished it, not by means of money or friends, but by means of genuine ability and good, honest work.

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

MARTIN OLSON.

The changes made by science upon modes of thought and study are without a parallel in the history of human progress. It has swept away many of our cherished convictions, and left others in their places entirely inconsistent with former theories. Marching on with the might and majesty of a conqueror, it has taken the field almost without opposition. Is literature to be retarded in its growth, crippled in its strength, or diverted from its purpose by this onward march of science?

In the pursuit of science we search for natural laws, which there is every reason for believing are almost innumerable; in poetry the search is for phantoms; in science we look for the real; in poetry for the ideal, which fails to command admiration, unless it be set before us in the most pleasing colors and in a style of the highest finish.

The influence exerted by science upon history is more direct than that upon poetry. Dealing with the actions of man, former historians have regarded them as the result of self-directed will. Consequently their pages are filled with the marvels wrought by heroes and conquerors. No margin has been left for the operation of general laws guiding and controlling human conduct and

events. Only recently has a change been made by science. Instead of treating of weary scenes of feuds and fights, historians seek to trace results back to their causes, and to study each event in its relation to others.

Literature must either be scientifically true, or so exaggerated as to be entirely improbable. In delineation of character, in description of scenery, what we most admire is the writer's adherence to certain rules that govern what we observe in the external world.

From what we perceive in things around us, we derive the measure of all literary excellence. Among poets, such men as Tennyson and Milton, among historians such men as Buckle, and among critics such men as Taine, have availed themselves of these helps to their genius. For if you strip the pages of Goethe, Dickens, and Victor Hugo of what may be called their scientific coloring, you rob them of much of their witchery and originality. Read the pages of Hawthorne, Holmes, and Milton, and one can see that nearly all their works are based on science. If Shakespeare had not known the value of scientific accuracy, he would not be so acceptable to us now, after the lapse of nearly three hundred years.

The scientific spirit is rapidly increasing, so that if in the next half century the progress of science shall make as great inroads on the prevailing popular belief as it has made within the last, it is safe to say that only a part of the ancient belief will be left; or what is more probable, it will be changed into something more consonant with the new scientific discoveries and with what is called "The spirit of the Age."

Science may be described as the grand motive power which is dragging along with it all the cars in the train of literature. Whether they are the luxurious palace cars like poetry and history, or the plainer passenger cars like fiction and eloquence, filled with a group of motley characters, they are all whirled over the same road, obedient to the mighty machine which flies at the head of the train.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

LAURA A. KEESEY.

Almost every phase of society has its equally strong opposite, for mastery of which there is ever a contest. Never were there more antagonistic institutions planted upon a soil, than when freedom and slavery made America their home. Two such opposing institutions in our land gave rise to a struggle which rent the Republic with strife, and moistened its soil with blood.

To awaken the world to the abnormal condition of the slave was the purpose of Harriet Beecher Stowe in writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.—"A book which," Chas. Kingsley said, "did more to take away the reproach from our great and growing nation, than many platform agitations and speechifyings."

Connecticut claims the honor of being Harriet Beecher's native state. Her northern home was a most happy one, until death claimed the beloved mother, when Harriet was but five years of age. The memory of her spirit and example appears to have had no little influence in moulding the character of her gifted daughter.

It was not until after she had made her home at Cincinnati, that she became familiar with many of those real slave scenes described in her writings. Harriet's father and brother were firm opposers of slavery and could but influence her young mind.

The interest Harriet Beecher felt, in questions of history and moral philosophy, was manifested in one of her early compositions entitled, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?" The same audacious spirit was shown, when years afterward she espoused the cause of the slave, a subject which had been agitating the minds of such men as Lowell, Whittier and Locke. Her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, the world's then most famous orator, declared it to be the duty of every clergyman to preach against slavery. In all the lectures of the time, Mrs. Stowe's was more than the interest of an average listener. She wished to help to bring to the knowledge of the world the condition of the neglected, the lowly, and the oppressed.

It was at the communion table of the little Brunswick church, as if blessed in its very beginning, that the plan of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was formed in her mind. The pity and distress in which it had been written, were by it transferred to the minds of her readers—Her purpose was accomplished—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* was a death-blow to slavery. The Earl of Shaftsbury said, "No one but a Christian believer could have written such a book to startle the whole world; this book is as a messenger to prepare His way for Him."

"Dred," a most powerful anti-slavery story, appeared a few years later. Other books followed, but none of her works were written without a purpose.

What Mrs. Stowe in her novels had done for the slave, Helen Hunt Jackson endeavored to accomplish for the Indian. Mrs. Stowe is now almost eighty-three and very childish. She has lived to see the people for whom she wrote not only free, but honored and respected. She, like

Every DOLLAR You
Spend With

The Peoples

Brings Its
Fine Return.

Helen Hunt Jackson, won fame, not through her writings, but because of the earnest life which inspired them.

To read the character of Mrs. Stowe from her books, is to find it intensely religious. Lord Cockburn said, "Harriet Beecher Stowe has done more for humanity than was ever before accomplished by any single writer of fiction."

'When Mrs. Stowe laid down her pen, a great mental and spiritual force ceased to act. When she rested from work, an influence which has proved more pervasive and lasting than that of any other writer, no longer thrilled upon the questions of the age.'

Her life is but another confirmation of the well known fact that the best work of the world is done, not by loiterers, but by those whose hearts and hands are full of duties.

CHARACTERIZATION IN GEORGE ELIOT.

BLANCHE JAMES.

The chief pleasure derived from the reading of fiction is found, doubtless, in the delineation of character. Even with little action, the story can be made interesting, when the characters are revealed by acts and words peculiar to themselves. It is by this means most modern writers of fiction interest their readers, and this is the method adopted by George Eliot. We learn to love or hate, trust or fear her characters principally by becoming acquainted with them through their own acts and words.

George Eliot shows herself a master of her art in picturing the character of Maggie Tulliver, whose lapse from moral conduct grew wholly from the deep inward longing for a fuller life. She pledges her love to Philip, but is afterwards attracted to the lover of her cousin.

She fights through a long inward contest between inclinations and duty. Then with her whole heart in her words, she says to Stephen: "I could not live in peace, if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God. Others shall not suffer that I may have joy." Thus we see Maggie's heroic and unselfish nature, for though it gave her bitter pain, she sacrificed a life of happiness and love that she might lessen the sorrow of others.

In strength of imagination, intellectual insight, and power of analysis, "Middlemarch" surpasses anything George Eliot has ever written. It has a moral purpose, for it shows how modern life cramps the individual and destroys his power of helpful service to the world.

The sadness of a man's failure to realize his highest hopes was never more plainly shown than in the life of Lydgate. He could not live without luxury and refinement; and these, with his social environment, caused his failure. We are able to see the reasons for his fall, and what he might have been and done. By most men he was considered successful; but he himself thought his life a failure, for he had not attained the highest hopes of his youth.

In all literature, there is no delineation of character which surpasses George Eliot's conception of Tito Melema. Gay, loving of ease, desiring always to shun what is disagreeable, at first he fascinates us by his beauty, his graciousness, his intellect and his refinement. But one act of Tito's toward his aged father, who had been sold into slavery, discloses his character. At the close of a festive day in Florence, Tito, at the height of his glory, was standing amid his friends, talking in his free, easy manner, when suddenly he felt a grip upon his arm, and turning, his eyes met those of his adopted father, whom he had greatly wronged. He stood frozen with horror; then in cold hard tones, he said:

"Some madman surely; I know him not."
We do not need to be told that Tito is selfish and cruel. We are able to see how from his first false step his moral nature was corrupted, his mind lowered, and he himself dragged down into the ever-widening circle of vice and crime. Step by step, as he gives way to evil, we see the degradation of his heart and mind, until the very name of Tito becomes to us a synonym of crime and harsh ingratitude.

In sharp contrast with Tito is Adam Bede, the hero of another novel, whose every act is evidence of the nobility of his simple nature. His words in meeting with the squire, his weak young master, prove better than pages of description the grandeur of his character. His going to support Hetty at the trial is a noble trait. By that one act George Eliot proves him to be a gentleman and makes him a fit model of manhood.

George Eliot's literary achievement is the grandest yet reached by woman, an achievement which has placed her among the greatest of men of letters. Aside from her wonderful power of characterization, she has estimated womanhood at its full value and has fully proved that woman, in accordance with her own nature, can equal man. Yet she kept her work within her womanhood; and, in the end, it was a pure-toned woman's voice that joined "the choir invisible," whose music is the gladness of the world.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MILDRED OLSEN.

The morality of a nation depends to a great extent upon its literature. The orator, biographer, historian, and poet have proved the most important factors in the world's progress toward a higher moral standard. The study of Nature in its manifold forms, yields to the student a rich harvest of pure, noble thoughts. Her time interpreter is the poet. It was undoubtedly Elizabeth Barrett's intense love of nature that first inspired her to express her thoughts in verse.

A person is judged by his associates; and it may be as truly said "His literary preferences reveal his true self." Very often the inhabitants of the little village of Hope End saw Elizabeth, when a child, seated beside the blind, silver-haired Mr. Boyd, poring over her Greek and Latin. The constant companionship of this old man greatly influenced her after-life, and her appreciation of his kindness expresses itself forcibly in her well-known "Wine of Cyprus." As a child, she was studious, loving and thoughtful, and always considerate of her companions. As a woman, she was remarkable for sweetness of temper and tenderness of heart, no less than for genius and learning. Had she been blessed with health, it is hard to realize what her literary attainments might have been. Even in illness she studied with untiring zeal and gave herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be priestess. What greater tribute could be paid her than the words of an eloquent man "All that she said was worth the hearing?"

The last fifteen years of her happy life were spent in Italy, trying to benefit all with whom she came in contact. Well might the Italians mourn the loss of one who had suffered with their native land through all those dark hours preceeding their final emancipation from the foreign yoke, and who, by her strong brave words had aided in their struggle for freedom. The inscription on the doorway of Casa Guidi, her home, expresses the reverence in which she was held: "Here wrote and died E. B. B., who, in the heart of a woman, united the science of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and made with her verse a golden ring binding Italy and England."

To say what one quality is pre-eminent in Mrs. Browning's character would be practically impossible. It seems to be one harmonious whole. Her sympathies with humanity were noble and vigorous. The Christianity which pervades all of her

writings is genuine. It was manifestly the life of her life, the breath of immortality at the center of her being.

The "Drama of Exile" and "The Seraphim" show to what a sublime height her imagination soared; and yet not Byron, Scott, or Burns was a greater realist than she. Her delineation of the living passion is best seen in "Aurora Leigh," which Ruskin deems above "In Memoriam" or any other lengthy poem of our time. But the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" reveal most fully her loving nature. No man or woman has more clearly portrayed the passions of the heart than has Mrs. Browning, nor did she spare any effort to accomplish her great purpose. She says, "I have worked at poetry, it has been with me not a reverie, but an art."

As a result of her efforts she has awakened the English people to all the horrors of child slavery, has aroused patriotism in the hearts of the Italians, while the homes of thousands have been led to seek a higher, nobler life. And while she rests in her Italian grave,

"Her songs in troops walk up and down our
earthly slopes,

Companioned by diviner hopes."

True; noble, gifted, pure, the melodies to which she has given utterance are for the coming ages as well as for the present.

Farewell, daughter of Shakespeare, thy harp has been tuned anew in the realms of the immortal.

THE CAREY SISTERS.

ETTA KINGSLAND.

America has added many a woman's name to the roll of honored writers, but perhaps none among them are more loved than these two sisters.

Reared amidst poverty and privation as they were, and having to work so unceasingly for an education, their hearts were full of love and sympathy for the welfare of others. Upon removing to New York at about the time their names were becoming known to fame, they secured a house in a quiet part of the city and began their life's work. Their home became the center of one of the choicest circles in New York and their weekly social receptions were attended by some of the most prominent literary people of the day, who, upon departing, felt that they had received help and strength from these two who valued themselves so little.

The absence of all letters, diaries and allusions to themselves proves a lack of self-consciousness in either. Alice never reached her own standard, never in any art satisfied herself. While the elder was so remarkable for her strength of purpose and endurance, the younger shrank from any responsibility. Each did her own work but shared the results; respected the other's peculiarities and offered suggestions only when they were requested.

The lives and poetry of these two sisters were so woven together that after the death of Alice, Phoebe seemed to lose the impulse and power to live; the companionship of the one seemed necessary for the life and breath of the other.

Their every thought and feeling, all that they admired and loved in life and nature, is reproduced in their songs; and yet they hardly knew that their lives were much valued until Death snatched them from all they so much cared for.

The pity and sympathy that they felt for many of their fellow creatures and for the lower animals is also found in their poems.

Living in the early part of their lives in such close communion with nature their thoughts, when they began to write, easily turned in this direction.

In Alice this love of nature was so strong that her songs rang with its beauties.

"Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—

The picture must not be overbright,—

Yet all in the gracious and golden light,

Of a cloud when the summer sun is down."

Phoebe's poems also told of this love but were glorified with much that is supernatural. To the former nature, was precious for itself alone; while to the latter, more for the personal remembrances which it afforded.

Phoebe brings a great deal of the dramatic instinct into her poetry, as in her "Prairie Lamp."—

"And hark! there is something strange about,

For my dull old blood is stirred;

That wasn't the feet of the wind without,

Nor the voice of the storm I heard."

And yet no American author has ever displayed more passion, pathos and tenderness combined than is found in her poems.

"That I am here by the lonesome sea,

You by the pleasant Rhine?

Our hearts are just as far apart,

If I held your hand in mine."

Is any one untouched by nature's beauties let him read the poems of Alice and Phoebe Carey and open his eyes to the gracious brightness of the world around him.

Has any despairing soul lost faith in the readiness of his fellowman to enter into his joy or grief? The example of these two loving hearts should answer the questionings of his mind and lead him back to a belief in human sympathy.

THE AUTOCRAT.

ALEXANDER H. HEPBURN.

It has often been said that the best advertisement for the work of any author is a severe censure from the pulpit. Such was the fate of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Autocrat of the breakfast table." Sternly anti-orthodox upon all questions of religion and honest in the expression of his opinions, it was not strange that the Autocrat in his many talks at the breakfast table passed a great deal of serio-comic criticism upon the creed and temper of New England's theology and religion.

The clergy at once began an attack upon the papers, which were published in the Atlantic Monthly. The demand for them was increased tenfold and the wit, beauty and common sense which they contained became part of the universal wisdom of mankind. Written in the familiar genial style peculiar to the author, the "Autocrat of the breakfast table" is a series of talks supposed to take place at the breakfast table of a boarding house at Boston. Read it, and we are seated at the table and enjoy the wit and wisdom of the author as he introduces us to some one of his poems or some pleasing talk upon the many topics, which most interest the popular mind.

We come face to face with the neat, economical landlady and her frivolous daughter; we smile at the puns and trivial remarks of the young fellow whom they call John, and are inspired by the high mental qualities of the well versed professor. We are charmed by the music of the gentle school-teacher's voice; and listen with interest to the questions of the pious divinity student. But just as Hamlet is the center of attraction in Shakespeare's great drama, so the Autocrat himself is the star actor of the breakfast table. Born of noble and talented ancestors and bred in a wealthy happy home, Oliver Wendell Holmes appears to us as an intellectual, well bred gentleman. An aristocrat, if you please, but not an aristocrat in the sense that he lacked sympathy with his fellowmen, for his papers teem with sentences which prove his love for humanity.

More than most authors, he sought the sympathy of those for whom he wrote and it was this which prompted him to relate the breakfast table talks.

**We Think of Quality First,
Then The Prices to Make Friends.**

The Peoples

The style of the Autocrat is clear and pointed and the illustrations are numerous and apt, his words are full of life and the counsel which he gives is characterized with such breadth of wisdom and keenness of insight, and is given with such directness, as to make a lasting impression upon those who read it.

He delighted in analogies and was constantly seeing in nature lessons of truth.

With what charming simplicity he compares the squirming of insects and crawling creatures when a stone is upturned in a field, to the great cry of alarm which is heard when the light of truth is turned upon ancient error! "You never need think," he says, "you can turn over an old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it." The influence which his work has had upon the religious life of New England has been very great. It has softened the Puritan theology; made social life less harsh and more joyful, and has made religion less dogmatic and more Christ-like. Indeed, what Uncle Tom's Cabin was to the slave movement the, "Autocrat of the breakfast table" was to the liberal movement in the religious and social life of fifty years ago. There was much in the Puritan theology which was to the mind of the whole-souled Autocrat cruel, harsh, narrow and incompatible with the liberty-loving people.

All this received from him the criticism which it deserved and thus awakened a movement of healthy religious thought. As a result men became more sensible, more liberal, more happy, more truly religious and better citizens of the Commonwealth.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

MOLLIE M THOMAS.

America has produced scarcely four generations of writers, yet the high rank of our national literature is unquestioned. While we must recognize many defects, we are proud to compare excellencies and characteristic qualities with those of any preceding or contemporary nation.

The humor gleaming forth here and there from the pages of our literature is, perhaps, the quality most peculiarly our own. Ever since Washington Irving first charmed English readers with his graceful humor, that of no other nation has been able to compare with ours. It is this very quality that has done more than anything else to increase the popularity of American Literature in England. From Samantha and Josiah Allen in Jonesville to Bret Harte's Tales of Mining Life in California, all is purely American.

Our humorists form no separate class. The poets, philosophers, novelists, critics, each have their place; but humor prevades them all. The humor as well as the pathos is mingled with all kinds and styles of literature and is indispensable.

The genuine humor, such as we find in Franklin, Lowell, Holmes and Harte, will never lose its high standing in the literary field. This humor is not merely amusing, but it coexists with high moral and intellectual qualities, which elevate as well as fascinate us. But, ranking below these, is a class whose works are not marked with this moral and intellectual stamp. These we read, laugh over, lay them aside and they are soon forgotten. They leave no lasting impression on our minds; when the author dies, he takes his fame with him, and some one from the new generation fills his place with something in the latest fashion; for each year must bring a new style. Again, writing for our daily papers, is a class of jesters who amuse us with their rough and crude jokes; but unlike the second class, they last only for a day and are gone. Each issue must have new puns.

All books are made more interesting by wit and humor, and in this way it has the best effect on all good literature. More will read it and receive the good impressions and excellent lessons. For the same reason it does harm when found in books in which the author has not aimed at the higher and better qualities. We all read them to be amused and cannot help being influenced by the bad example too often found. It is in this way that Peck's "Bad Boy" has done so much harm, making wickedness attractive because seen in a humorous light.

Humor is presented to us in many different ways; one of these is political satire, found in its higher and keener sense in Lowell's "Biglow Papers." In these it is accompanied with the Yankee dialect, which gives it the pure American flavor. Shaw, in his "Poor Richard" and "Josh Billings," attracts all with his droll common sense, expressed, with many mis-spelled words, in a witty and off-hand way.

Mark Twain draws perfect character sketches setting forth, in black and white, the human follies and frailties of our neighbors in a ridiculous and over-drawn manner; and Kate Douglas Wiggin in her pleasant stories shows her ability to see and describe the funny side of every day occurrences.

Each of the wits and humorists has an original style of his own which gives his works spice and variety.

To enjoy and appreciate different humorous authors, the mind of the reader must be suited

LIVING PICTURES of Happiness are the men whose good

fortunes it is to Blossom out in a brand new attire from

The Peoples

to the particular style of the author he is reading. He must understand fully the author's real meaning. This is especially true in Burdette's writings; the humor lies under a most matter-of-fact exterior.

Humor gives to our literature what the coloring does to the picture. Without it our minds are not awakened to a keen appreciation of human life; but when it appears, like the sun, it brightens all things with its pleasant light.

THE AMERICAN AUTHOR AS A CITIZEN.

NEIL GILLIS.

Educate the people according to the principles of pure democracy, and there need be no fear as to the welfare of the nation. Someone has truly said,—“The persistence of democratic institutions is dependent upon the proper education of the people.”

Since much of the knowledge acquired by the majority of people is derived from reading, their literature should be such as to inspire patriotic regard for their country. The best form of literature for any nation is one into which is breathed the true spirit of democracy. The education thus obtained promotes democratic institutions, as can nothing else.

Read nothing at all, rather than that which will not enlighten the mind, purify the soul, nor fill the heart with generous ambitions and aspirations. “In ignorance alone is danger; in knowledge, safety.”

If the literature of America is to be inspiring, it is essential that her authors be true citizens. They must be citizens, not only as defined by law, but must possess a spirit so loyal to American institutions, as to make it their chiefest aim to idealize American life.

The majority of authors, in America as elsewhere, refrain from participation in political and social affairs. This affords ample time for developing the style of literature. But no authors can give a distinctive national caste to the literature of any country, who are not identified with it in every aspiration.

England, Germany, Scotland, France, in fact all the foreign countries, have a literature distinctively their own. The American authors, however, are not content with the simple national life of our country. They go abroad for characters and scenes, and those of their own land are but inadequately represented. The result is obvious.

Books of other authors fill our shelves, as our own writers lack inspiration enough to institute a complete national literature. How can they gain this inspiration, but through a knowledge of that which characterizes the life of very country! They should study our national life, as the authors and masters of foreign literature study theirs. The aim, therefore, of American authors should be to create a purely national literature, embodying a democratic spirit, comprehensive enough to include our country in all its various aspects and characteristics, and possessing such ideal value, as will excite a spirit of patriotism. For then, false doctrines would be abolished, and the people would have, as Wordsworth has said, a “Strong hand in forming their own laws, whence better days for all mankind.”

Strictly speaking, our country has a national literature, although not extensive. Since eighteen twenty-five there have lived few men who compare in literary genius with Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, or Hawthorne. The only real literature America has had, arose during the period in which lived these authors.

The first of these contemporaries was Whittier, who when scarcely twenty-one years of age, contributed to the literature of our country. “With that stern majesty of soul, which knows no color, creed, nor clime.”

Then came Emerson, who endeavored to teach his countrymen right ways, and to inculcate divine thoughts and moral purposes. His intention was,

“The needed truth to speak,

Right the wronged, and raise the weak.”

Lowell, however, is the peerless American. He by his supreme wit is instrumental in destroying sophistries in our country. Throughout his writings, he enforces the dignity of manual labor, while he fiercely declares the guilt of oppressing the poor. Would that we had more such authors, who would criticize the making of arbitrary laws.

Then let it be the aim to encourage a national literature, which will be attractive to the people of this vast republic,—a literature that will instill ideas of being and doing which are for the welfare of the nation.

Aim to educate true American authors, who shall be esteemed by their people as are Scott and Burns by the people of Scotland.

Our Prices Talk and Quality
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The Peoples

THE ORATION IN LEGISLATION.

FRANK E. A. RADENSLEBEN.

The last half century has witnessed a great change in the popular mind. In nothing does this show itself more plainly than in the place of the oration in our legislative halls. When Clay, Webster, or Phillips had a measure to move he presented it to the Congress in a grand oration which held the audience spell-bound by the magic of its words. But the power of the orator is becoming less in society and in politics. To-day a plain, straight forward statement carries with it more weight than the most cultured and highly elaborated speech of the classic orator.

The debator, not the orator, is the man of influence. Not the man who is the master of words, but the man who is the master of facts, commands the public ear. Oratory in the old fashioned, somewhat rhetorical style, has given place in all principal representative assemblies to debate by masters of fact and reasoning. We have not a supercilious Phillip to repress. We have not an ambitious Catiline to exterminate. We have no barriers of Nullification to burst asunder. We have not those sturdy and mighty pillars of slavery towering above us. But we have peace and tranquility, legislative oratory's most bitter adversaries controversy's greatest friends. In the past period of fifty years the scope of controversy has been nobly augmented. Every legislator is prepared to argue and demands a reason for every statement. He is heedless of sublimity, personal magnetism, grace of deportment, and sentences bedusted with gems of imagination and ideality. Consequently in debating, to possess effectiveness, he is comprehensive, unambiguous, and pointed. Our laborious "Solons" no more attempt to thrill the souls of their fellow workers. They ascertain their success by the quantity of applause they are capable of drawing from them by reason and logic.

The intensity of our economics, social, and political interests urge upon us this spirit of controversy. The magnificent structure at Washington is a business house. The business that confronts our Representatives is of the most entangled and complicated character; they are battling with political knots that necessitate dispute. Surely, their attention is bestowed upon weighty and serious business that holds in its hand the prosperity of our nation. Enter the English Parliament or the American Congress and undoubtedly the topic of discourse will be a tariff, a currency, or an appropriation bill. The details of recent affairs present no opportunity for the charming oratory of the colonial days. A few statistics often

render many pages of eloquence worthless.

The attention now directed to debate compared with that directed to oratory is like the ocean compared with the pond. Institutions for proficiency in debate are arising in every nation of intellectual capacity. They constitute the irises of almost all Universities and schools of high standing, whose various hues are cast upon the civilized lands and bring sunshine into the home of every inhabitant, whereas oratory proper is highly neglected in our vernacular establishments of learning. Few associations are formed for the culture of the greatest of all arts. Admitting the great usefulness of debate are we not paying it too much attention and too little to the oration? Why should the oration be slighted? It affords excellent opportunity for deliberation, candor, and profound inquiry extended over the whole subject. The mind is left to more independent action than is afforded by the strife in debate. It can mould the subject into the desirable form. It is persuasive, effective and powerful. It behests energetic study and deep thinking. Young men who are aiming at an education which will truly enrich the mind and give a wide mastery of topics must attain the clear, sufficient, and forcible statement which belongs to the good orator.

Let us hope that the oration will once again occupy a position of supremacy in the capitol, in the forum, and at the bar. Let us long for the personal magnetism of Henry Clay. Let a Daniel Webster again stir our emotions. Let honest Abraham Lincoln have a successor. Let there stand forth a contemporary of the world's greatest orator at the present time, Wm. Ewart Gladstone.

THE ORATION IN REFORM.

J. J. ENGE.

It is difficult to estimate the power and influence of the orator upon the world's history. Since the dawn of civilization, his triumphs have rivaled, if not surpassed those of the soldier.

Look for a moment into the public arena; you will here see great conventions and mass-meetings at which are gathered people of every nation. It is here that the power of the orator is made manifest. By his eloquence he moves, unites and directs the energies of the people and thus brings about the needed reform. Mere brute force in reform movements is fast becoming a thing of the past.

When Martin Luther was summoned to appear at the "Diet of Worms" to answer to the charge of heresy, his friends tried to persuade him to recant, but all in vain. He appeared at the

The Best Is Our Kind Always.

The Peoples

"Diet" and answered the charge and the result, all the world knows. Other voices had been heard upon this great reform movement, but it was the fearless and unfaltering tongue of Luther that brought the separate and wandering rays of protest to a focus.

In England, Wilberforce shines as a bright star in the firmament of reform; that noble and untiring pioneer, whose consecrated eloquence was heard, for nearly half a century, in behalf of the emancipation of the African slave. It seemed as if with authority he spoke to the British Parliament and said, "Loose them and let them go," and at his voice, the shackles fell from more than two million slaves.

Doubtless some who are here have heard the great agitator who has recently withdrawn from the fields of action; the eloquent orator and reformer, Wendell Phillips, that great champion of the abolition of slavery in our own country. There were no angel voices heard on that November morn, to announce the birth of one who perhaps came not as a Savior of the world, but as a champion, destined to deliver three million human beings that had been lowered to the level of the brute. This extraordinary man could not look upon slavery except as a sin personal and national, and he believed our duty to be immediate emancipation. His early ambition, however, was not to be a reformer, but rather a great statesman. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and as he sat in his office one October afternoon waiting for a client, he heard an unusual noise in the street; rushing from his office, he saw "Liberty" dragged through the streets of Boston in the form of William Lloyd Garrison, whom the angry mob were about to hang. That scene won for the slavery reform its chief exponent. The client that he had looked for came at last in the form of wronged and degraded humanity.

Mr. Phillips, however, met with great opposition. He was not supporting a popular movement. Large crowds gathered to hear him for the special purpose of breaking up his meetings. They would become noisy and even interrupt him while speaking. Cries of "Question," "Take that back," "Hang him," were often heard, but in one way or another he silenced them. If the noise became too boisterous, he turned to the reporter's table and said, "Howl on; through these fingers I address an audience of thirty millions," and thus he gained a hearing. During his entire career he never held a public office. Curtis says, "No nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his."

But there are now no wars that rock the continent; no armed rebellion that threatens to overthrow the institutions of the country: slavery has been abolished. No! No!! No!!! a thousand times, No! Slavery has not been abolished. There are thousands, yes, tens-of-thousands of men and women that are slaves to a more severe master than ever was the Southern slave driver. Slaves to a master that would dethrone them of their reason, sear their conscience, and rob them of every spark of true manhood. Slaves I say, to that demon, "Strong Drink." "Slavery with all its nameless horrors, still has its mitigations; of which, in intemperance it would be hard to find a trace."

During the past twenty years the liquor traffic has increased four fold; how long will it take, at that rate, to deluge this nation in drunkenness?

O that God would raise up unto us another Wendell Phillips to lift his voice against the evil that is threatening to overthrow our "Republican Institutions!" A man having all the qualities of an orator and in addition to these, that possession which the orator may lack, but which to the reformer is indispensable, an unimpeachable character; for in the world's final estimate, character goes farther than action, and great leaders appeal to us as much by what they have been as by what they have done. "Character plus eloquence—what can equal that?"

THE ORATION IN THE PULPIT.

ALEX. S. MORGAN.

"Centuries have passed since the great Pulpit Orator of Bethlehem sounded the words,—

"Go. Ye. and teach all nations."—Yet from that time till the present hour, his apostles have employed the oration, as the great means of spreading the doctrines of Christianity.

Would you know the power it has wielded?

Read it in the noble conquests of the Christian religion, which have regenerated human nature and established in the world the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man.

Read it in the history of the Christian martyrs, in the history of Rowland Taylor, burned at Hadleigh, Latimer at Oxford, Rogers at Smithfield, and Joan D'Arc at Rouens.

View the history of the world, before and after Christ.

In the first Century there were five hundred thousand Christians, but at the end of the nineteenth century, they number nearly two hundred and fifty millions.

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What has made this vast difference?

Nothing but the word of God, spoken through its champions all over the universe, either from the Pulpit built by human hands, in our civilized nations, or that fashioned by Nature in the heathen countries.

Not many years ago India was one tract of uncivilized land, but to-day the inhabitants are being brought to Christianity in enormous numbers.

In fine through the indefatigable efforts of the Pulpit Orators, the influence of the Christian religion now reaches around the world, encompassing both civilized and uncivilized nations.

The Indian Archipelago, Borneo, Sumatra, Java and the Fiji Islands, are among the late conquests, and we are cheered by the hope that the day is not far distant, when all people will recognize the Nazarine, as the savior of the world.

In our large cities, Pulpit Oratory is doing a great work for humanity; not only in teaching the truths of Christianity, but also in exposing crime and corruption in the social and political world.

When Dr. Parkhurst is through with his investigations, there will be more people in authority whom we may trust.

It is a fact to be lamented that the Pulpit at the present time, is not commanding the efforts of the brightest intellects.

In the state of Wisconsin alone, there is a great number of vacant pulpits.

To-day as never before there is need of the greatest talent in the Pulpit, to stem the tide of irreligion, the death-knell of Christian life and Christian civilization.

Infidelity is abroad in the land, sneering at the Bible, and making war upon the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath.

The only power which can counteract its influence, is the power of the Pulpit.

And there is no more power which the Pulpit can command so persuasive, so magnifying, so soul-inspiring as the power of Oratory.

Say if you will that the truths of God have the same effect, whether they fall from the lips of the simple village deacon, or whether they come to us in bursts of eloquence from a Talmadge, or a Beecher, but the voice of experience and history proves the contrary.

The preacher who is gifted with the power of oratory, ever has been, and ever will be, the one who arouses the soul of men from religious apathy and indifference, and bring them unto Christ.

Oh! you who are gifted with the power of Oratory, think not that the only field, broad enough for your activity, is the court or the Legislature.

The Pulpit offers a grander and a nobler field

for your talents, a field which has been ploughed and harrowed by a hand omnipotent and divine, and need but the sowing of the seeds, to yield a bountiful harvest.

PRACTICE THINKING.

E. A. SNOW.

All history, whether written in chronicles or preserved in the traditions of nations, is a strange mixture of truth and falsehood; of facts which men would fain forget, and facts which they cherish with pride, and are glad to hand down to nations yet unborn.

Seek the causes of the blood-stained pages of history, of the inhumanity and shame that marks every epoch, and you will too often find that it is the result of the rash, thoughtless deeds of impetuous men—men who allowed passion to blind their intellect; men who allowed others to form their course; in short, men who did not "Practice Thinking."

In the old days of the Roman republic, Rome, under Caesar's beneficent rule, was fast becoming great within herself. Well had it been for the world, if the envy-mad Cassius, brooding on Caesar's greatness, and weak, vain Brutus, led on by delusive sophisms, had but stopped to think, had but stopped to consider, that with every blow of the bloody knife they were piercing the heart of that liberty in whose name the crime was committed, and, with Atropos' stroke, cutting their own life threads.

Well had it been for the world if Chas. I of England, flattered by courtiers and fed with adulation, listening with foolish ear to the doctrine of monarchical rights divine, and clinging to those doctrines with the blindness of obstinacy—well had it been if he had but stayed in his foolish course.

How many lives might have been spared and how many persecutions might have been averted, if he had only extended his vision beyond himself to the contemplation of his Kingdom, and calm thought of how infamous is the law that raises a mortal to the skies by steps of human necks.

In the mature judgment of manhood Shakespeare created a lasting record of hasty folly, when he wrote the tragedy of Othello. How easy a prey does thoughtless passion fall to designing villany! And what burning remorse consumes Othello's soul after the storm of rage has passed and he views Desdemona by the light of truth! And yet even this picture is inadequate to express the horror of a soul haunted by a life's remorse, such as too often follows a single thoughtless act.

On the other hand, not a single noble deed or word has made the world better or wiser, but some brow has been furrowed with thought or some brain ached with care.

Galileo, by sheer force of intellect setting at naught the principles of ages—and it takes mind indeed to break from ancient prejudices—probed the truth of natures most mysterious laws. In opposition to previous knowledge, religion, all, he evolved the truth of planetary motion and gave man a new and higher conception of Deity in its infinite magnitude and uniformity.

Columbus, amid discouragement and jeers through long years clinging to his belief with unchanging zeal, knowing from thinking and acting from this knowledge, bequeathed a continent to the world and a country to us.

And Gladstone, the grand old man of our own time, carrying the burden of a nation upon his shoulders; bettering the world by his conceptions of freedom and truth, is a living example of the power and influence of a thoughtful man.

And these are instances of the work of thoughtful men, that make us proud to claim God's brotherhood with our race.

The importance, practical and poetical, of the ability to think, cannot be overestimated. Every affection and emotion is exalted by its presence; it is a word in itself, known only to its possessor; it renders man independent mentally, arms himself with the wit and the eye to scrutinize facts, that he may not be led astray by the fine rhetoric of demagogues; and finally, when man has passed the senior class of life's great school and is ushered into another world, it must, it does place him nearer to communion with our God.

VALEDICTORY.

Schoolmates, we are done. The last day of our High School life has ended, and we shall be with you no longer.

This night is our Rubicon. We must cross it, and before us lies a struggle as great as Caesar's.

The last four years have been our years of pleasure. True, we have had our struggles; but each struggle has ended in a triumph, and tonight we appear as masters over the whole number of books and precepts that aggregate the High School course.

We leave landmarks by which we may be remembered. It is left to you to perpetuate them; to the class of '95 is due the credit of inaugurating a class day. A class badge testifies our love of the beautiful; while the affection that you bear us,

shows a similar disposition on the part of our schoolmates.

From these familiar and pleasant scenes and associations, we must part. With pain and joy commingled, we say Farewell, Farewell.

Classmates, comrades, we too must part, each to tread his way alone. Alone, and yet with memories of school days and each other, that will last through life. If we had done nothing throughout our course, but form the friendships that the phrase "We were classmates," implies we would be well repaid for all our work, and all our time. We need no parting words. For let us hope, in the words of our class song,

"That in the larger life to come,
As in the past, we may be done."

To cheer each other in spirit and example, from day to day and year to year.

Our honored teachers, to you we owe a debt of gratitude that words cannot repay. Upon you has fallen much of the burden of our course, and you have borne with us in patience. In our transition from entering Freshmen to departing Seniors, we have made mistakes and committed faults. For your interest and help, your encouragement and forbearance, we will ever bear thankful hearts.

At this time, together with our Worthy Superintendent and Board of Education, who have been to us the power behind the scenes, invisibly directing and perfecting the organism of our schools, in behalf of ourselves of whom we cannot fail to be more worthy from the training we have received; in the name of our homes, of which we will be better sons and daughters; and in the name of our country, of which we will be better citizens, we thank you, one and all.

Friends of the schools and of ourselves, the class of '95 claims the distinction of being the most classic class, that has ever graduated from the Eau Claire High School. In another important matter we differ from our predecessors—we are the most masculine class. We will not say the latter proposition follows from the former.

We are proud to represent for the year 1895, the highest product of Eau Claire educational institutions. Leaving the future as our motto commands, with God, the class of '95 makes its farewell bow.

The High School Field Day will be a

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