

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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THE CAMPUS.

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, MEADVILLE, PA., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

CHANGES AND revolutions are signs of activity, the active manifestations of life, and whether there be progression or retrogression depends upon the fact whether or not the succeeding contain more persistent elements of growth than the succeeded.

THE CAMPUS, as all earthly institutions, is subject to its periodical cyclone, which carries the *Board* of a year's experience from the *Editorial* sanctum, and seats the uninitiated amid the debris to pluck from the ruins all useful remnants and cement them into a germ for another year's CAMPUS.

The editorial quill of our sheet has for the year past recorded the witty thoughts of so fiery and fertile a brain that we in our mental

feebleness hesitate to lay hold. Yet, perhaps, it retains inspiration from its former masters. Perhaps once grasped it will bring us assistance. Would it were thus. At least we trust harm will not result. Hope and faith be our guides as we modestly assume the responsibility of our positions, expecting not to surpass the brilliancy of our illustrious predecessors, but hoping by the aid and co-operation of our fellow students to attain success.

* * *

AS THE class of '90 passes from among us, we rise begging permission to say a word concerning it. The interrogation may seem unnecessary, yet the consideration of a few points will explain our position.

Underclassmen, do we not recognize that '90 has been blowing her horn for the last two years and we have been compelled to listen to the music, were it pleasing or not pleasing? She edited the *Kaldron* of '90, and the CAMPUS for two successive years. During this time her praises have been continually sounded in our ears. Indeed, so universal has been '90's rule that it has gradually come to be recognized without comment, to be accepted as the authentic chapter of divinely ordained rule for this period. It is then with some hesitation that a *barbarian* first records his opinion in regard to this *model* class as '90 would have it. However, we faint not in our task. We must admit that, although '90's self-estimated greatness does not give truth full justice, she does leave a history to be emulated in many, not all, respects by succeeding classes. Her whole course has been characterized by activity. Some energy has, indeed, been misspent. Factional strifes have been numerous and at times inimical to the interests of both class and college.

This clannishness we who remain should shun, but '90's vigor and activity we should strive to copy. And if '90 will only carry into the world that ability with which she boasts and will ever maintain her loyalty for her Alma Mater, Allegheny can but be proud of the noble sons who left her maternal wing under the "white and black."

* * *

THE COLLEGE battalion, though small in number, is undoubtedly the best drilled and best instructed body of cadets our institution has boasted in many years.

This reflects great honor upon Major Kreps, who has filled the position of Military Instructor for the past three years. The Major has gained the respect and esteem of all, and has especially endeared himself to the battalion boys.

But while the excellent condition of the battalion is creditable to Major Kreps, its smallness is discreditable to the College. Why this lack of energy, this want of enthusiasm? For enthusiasm all enterprises demand, since human nature is not satisfied with cold facts, but delights in deception.

We may be mistaken, but think we have one clew to the trouble. The unpromising condition of the battalion is due to the average student's misconception of its objects and the cold shoulder of indifference given it by the College authorities.

The government's object in establishing military drill in the various colleges of the United States are set forth in explicit language in that interesting article written by Major Kreps for '90's *Kaldron*, if you didn't have your specs on while reading that interesting book, hunt it up and read the article referred to carefully. It is worthy a perusal. On the other hand the average student's conception is that the battalion is the means to a little exercise, in itself no end and through it he owes nothing to the national government. While this idea prevails the battalion will continue to be a dead letter.

True, a little enthusiasm that involves no brains, will give it a boom now and then, but the flashes will hardly last long enough to cast their shadows. However little we think of the professional soldier, by the acceptance of the battalion we recognize and must support him. However much we detest the idea of warfare in this age of advancement, by tolerating the battalion we recognize its necessity. The position of Military Instructor is a most discouraging one under these conditions. No ideal can ever be attained, and under the present circumstances no instructor composed of mortal material could evince much enthusiasm.

The Board of Control should "screw up their courage to the sticking point" and make battalion attendance compulsory, no pretended, go-see-your-mother-about-it compulsian, but down-right business. Definite action in this line would not injure, but greatly aid the College. Allegheny's athletic nature is at a low ebb. She can find no more opportune point for the commencement of improvement than this.

* * *

ALLEGHENY HAS again successfully edited her annual, *The Kaldron*. This achievement is one of importance considering the fiery ordeal through which the publication has passed in the last year. Factional narrowness played its heaviest strokes in opposition. A great amount of time and labor was lost. Speaking from our standpoint we wish to deliver no decided opinion as to the worth of the publication, but feel certain an earlier start in the work would have been of great advantage and given us a fairer book, and in this line allow us to make a few suggestions which carry with themselves the weight of our experience. If *The Kaldron* is to be controlled by faction, if the power "to get there" and not ability is to be the criterion of eligibility to a *Kaldron* position, if positions are to be meted out to different factions per quota; not one part, but everything should be fixed in regular

rotation. The editor-in-chief should fall to the different fraternities in some regular order.

This, and this alone, will prevent bitterness and strife endangering the life of the annual every year.

Moreover we recommend the number of editors be reduced to *one* representative from each fraternity. A small, active board early at work is a safer foundation for *The Kaldron* than a more numerous board with several drones setting to business at high noon. And, moreover, it would certainly show a broader humanitarian feeling to give the non-fraternity men a representation.

* * *

A CRITIC MORE acute than a body of college students is rarely furnished by mother earth. The *new* professor, while passing through the successive degrees of his initiation, becomes painfully cognizant of this fact. The student, too, is often rash, pronounces judgment without discretion. The excellent acquisition, which our Faculty received through Professors Thomas, Fields, and Trueman, has undoubtedly raised the standard of the college. While they were unacquainted with the student and he was unacquainted with their special idiosyncracies, all was not lovely at sea. But the lapse of time has wrought a beneficent change. The appreciation of the worth of our instructors has continually risen, and we feel confident that every student will leave college, hoping, upon his return, to find the different chairs filled by their present occupants.

* * *

A PARTING WORD to every student as we grasp his hand for the "Good-Bye." Return in the fall. Don't give up the race now. Bring a friend back with you, several, if possible. Say a word for "Old Allegheny." Think, as you spend the summer days in pleasure hunting, or in labor, of the old building on the hill, quiet, deserted, lonely; and then resolve to do your part to see her halls filled again to overflowing.

ALL STUDENTS were deeply interested in the general remarks lately made by Doctor Wheeler on the subject of class fraternities; and while everyone has the deepest respect for the Doctor's opinion, yet there are perhaps those who disagree with him as to the worth of these organizations. That they do, as the Doctor stated, form a cloak for the devilishness of a troublesome few, and that things are committed under their names, which are not authorized by the fraternity in general, cannot be denied. But it is no less true that this meanness, which is an inherent quality of human nature and not a result of circumstance, will find some way of venting itself, and did so just as fully before the introduction of *Θ. Ν. Ε.* as it has since. And it is this *apparent* evil influence of the fraternity alone which receives consideration. Its uniting, binding influence among the several fraternities is in itself a good sufficient to counteract the evil done in its name by imposters. Again, it seems hardly fair to attribute the decline of literary work to the introduction of class fraternities. It is true each student has a given amount of time and energy. The greater the number of channels in which this energy is turned the more shallow the supply in each. In the early days of Allegheny the literary societies offered the student his only diversion outside the regular routine work. All spirit was centered there. The question was, "Are you an Alleghenian or a Philo?"

When an alumnus of earlier days visits college, the interrogative soon comes, "How are the literary societies?" Later the fraternities made their advent with peculiarly isolated circles of society and ostracism of the Barbarian, and perhaps the two most potent claimants of time and thought the "Girls" and amusements of the city. The class fraternities made their appearance last, and from their nature demand but little time, and instead of detracting from the force belonging to other lines of

work, rather utilize what would otherwise be wasted energy.

Factional strife first drew its line of battle between the literary societies, then between fraternity combinations, and it is hardly to be expected it will be changed thence to the class fraternities. And should it, no evidence is given of any great waste of time and energy in that direction.

The regular fraternities are responsible for the overthrow of literary society spirit. They develop a society too distinct and isolated and make too large a demand on the student's time. It requires a student of considerable mental firmness with a somewhat time-tempered brain to resist the narrowing influence of fraternity life.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 22, 1890, by President D. H. Wheeler, of Allegheny College.

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and the things which are not to bring to nought things that are.—1 Cor., 2:27-28.

THE DYNAMICS OF HUMAN LIFE.

These words may at first hearing seem inappropriate in this place at this hour. A careless reading discovers in them the divine contempt for whatever of wisdom or strength there is in man. The God some see in this statement is as jealous as Juno, as capricious as Mercury and as spiteful towards men as Jupiter. To such a view human life has no dignity, and human excellence no future. In scorn of man, in tyrannical empire, this Jehovah uses his power to make all human striving vain—that the worm may not exalt itself above its Creator.

But this reading is not according to the meaning of St. Paul and is due to a heathenism in us which ever seeks to make God like one of ourselves—a kind of petty human despot, keeping power by despotic arts. Paul is breathing hope into despairing Christians. "You are neither rich, nor wise, nor powerful, as men understand these things. But do not be afraid on that account. In the divine order there is a constant reversal of the misguided and unenlightened human judgment. There are triumphing powers in despised men, and so you shall plant the cross deep in the heart of the world. Yours is the future, because the stream of divine tendency carries you on its mighty bosom. In this divine order God plants his church and it will grow and overshadow all powers in the earth. Not

because you are few, ignorant, weak, despised, unknown, and but as a speck of dust in the human world; but because you stand for the truth and work in harmony with the order of the universe.

And how perfectly this has been realized. The weak have become the strong, the things that were not when Paul wrote this text now dominate the world. New philosophies, new political institutions, new peoples, a new humanity. This vast continent has risen out of the sea; the church of the Redeemer has set its foundations deep in the heart of races then despised or unknown. The power which crucified Paul long since yielded to the Goth of the north; and Christian science has supplanted the philosophies which reckoned as foolishness the wisdom of Jesus. This wisdom of Jesus has suffused all our speech and given new meanings to all moral terms. Honor, truth, justice, purity and kindness glow for us with heavenly light. The things that were are buried forever; the things that were not reign over our human world.

The deeper meaning of all this is that men of the world always mistake folly for wisdom, weakness for power, and the fleeting for the permanent, and that our poor reason is constantly subject to the dominance of the lower nature with its petty necessities. Plato was wise, but he could not conceive a happy world without human slavery. So always men struggle to keep the moral cancers that consume the spirit and seek strength in more degrading weakness. Every march in civilization begins by rejecting yesterday's wisdom and strength. The primitive man (the naturalist reasons) had to cut off the claws at the end of his fingers—parting thus with his only tool—before he could fashion with weaker hands the implements of early agriculture. From such a beginning came the great tools, the mighty engines. The paddle gave place to the sail, the sail to steam. The claws on a human hand surrendered to the hoe and the plow. From biting with his teeth man passed to the flint hatchet and the steel blade. And all this is true, at least in parable. For every advance has rejected an earlier wisdom; the things that were gave place to the things that were not. And in all this progress the advancing man becomes more intimate with divine power and method. Every invention is a step forward in God's way for men. Each new discovery is a whisper of infinite goodness enticing us to renounce the wisdom of yesterday and seek a wiser wisdom in communion with God's wisdom. Paul has epitomised all our progress in these wonderful words.

I invite you to some meditations upon the higher forces of life as they reveal themselves in the light of our text.

Perhaps there is no better opening upon this divine landscape than is afforded by examining one of our most troublesome beliefs. Christianity brings God into human life to suffer with men for men. Our wis-

dom distrusts the gracious news. "What," we cry out, "God incarnate *here*! Why the skies are full of mighty worlds and this planet is but as a speck of dust afloat on the ocean of space. God's incarnation in some vast orb might be possible. In this mote of a sunbeam, the thing passes all belief. We are little in a little corner of the universe. How can we accept the honors of a divine visitation. Surely it is a fable."

But if we examine this wisdom of ours a little more closely, it affords us no ground for our skepticism. For what does our wisdom affirm? Only that the universe is physically vast and the earth but a spot of dust in the infinite space. That and no more. If it said more, our doubt might take hold. If we knew that the mighty mass of some vast world had a population of intelligences higher and wiser than we; if we knew that in Saturn there are men a hundred feet high with a hundred pounds of gray matter in every brain, we might doubt our Christian doctrine of the incarnation. Think for a moment what it means that here only so far as our knowledge extends—here only—is the lamp of life lighted; here and here only burns the candle of human thought! So far as we know beyond us stretches a universe of desolation. The speck of dust bears human souls; the vast worlds are barren of life. And surely our science cannot say nay to us if not doubt but faith spring from our meditations on the singular distinction conferred on the little world as the cradle of beings made in the divine image. What if we really are a kind of first fruits of a creature race endowed with life and mind! What if here among us, partaking of the divine nature, the intelligent universe begins a march which is to sweep through God's eternities of worlds and minds. In such a progress the only begotten of the Father may fitly lead the way. It became him to become the captain of our salvation. Now a conception of this kind is far more consistent with our actual knowledge and actual ignorance than the well-worn unbelief. Here thought reside. We know no other planet where thought resides. Thought in man claims kindred with thought in God. Our Father's son, our elder Brother, visits his brethren.

At every step in such a speculation as I have just suggested, we are called upon to consider what are the great things, what are the great forces, what are the conquering powers in our universe, and in our human life. Is that great which is physically big? Is the dead clod or the living soul the greater? Does the future belong to the cosmical laws or to the thought which made and guides them?

There is an order of progress in our estimates of greatness. Man's earlier civilization is dominated by the respect for physical strength. The demi gods are physically mighty. They represent an age of giants. Our earlier literatures praise force in hunts and battles. The mighty blow, the skillful spear-thrust—these are man's glory. The giant, the primitive athlete, is master of the world. Princes reign be-

cause they are big-boned and swift and strong and cruel. But these powers by and by give place to intellect. The world of giants passes with its brutalities and cruelties. The thinker devises arts which defeat the mindless brute, and intelligence becomes king. The new empire is built on the ruins of the old. The things which were not, overthrow the things which are. All our history is a record of intellectual supremacy. The giant ages knew little of the means of reporting their deeds, and their world is one of fable and song. But the ages of intellect are in full view under historical lamps, and we know that just as the age of brawn despised brain, so the ages of brain have despised moral and spiritual realities. We are ourselves creatures of a transition from the reign of a remorseless intelligence to that of intelligence subordinated to the moral law. We believe in brain, in its useful and beautiful arts, in its genius working out our transfiguring inventions, our transfigured thought life. We confess our subjection to the moral law with a mixture of faith and fear. We have unbounded confidence in brains. We give a hesitating homage to goodness. We thrill with the emotions inspired by letters, music, painting, sculpture and architecture. We behold goodness with a kind of awe mixed with doubt. We assent when we are called to self-sacrifice, but to most of us it does not come as a choice privilege, a high calling to perfect joy. [Now, what Christianity means in its highest import is the unfolding of goodness as the choice royalty of the universe, as the master force in life, as the heavenly cause of all enduring conquest, all sure anchored hope.] What we are advancing to is this age of goodness become the supreme force in the world, wearing the crown of all encomiums, acclaimed by the universal heart as the highest object of human endeavor. Hitherto most men have desired to be wise, struggled to be strong and triumphed through intellect. To an Israel like this, Napoleon and Bismarck are gods, and Washington is less than they because he is frankly good and true. Just as an African is said to admire a beautiful lie, so we yield our respect to the brutalities of remorseless intellectuality. "He was mean but he was strong," is our comment on many a heartless monster who has filled himself with the blood of the innocent. Our fealty to brain power is manifest in our admirations in the realms of art. The impurity of Dryden, Swift, Zola, is covered out of our sight by the genius glowing their work. We hesitate to award Milton the first place in epic song because there is no vileness clinging to his greatness. [We apologize for the bad everywhere if we can plead imaginative or reasoning power over against the badness.] We are yet in transition and the march may be still a weary one to the full-souled reverence for goodness.

The reason for our hesitant acceptance of the Christian age is partly that we have still to put behind us the dead world of the flesh. Every period of

man's progress shows itself among us in survivals. Stone ages, bronze ages, all ages survive somewhere in this motley world of man. And, therefore, it is ours to contend against the delusion that things are more important than minds. The flesh man, the man abject before things, worshiping clothes and houses and lands, is always with us. The fetish of the thing—the idolatry of riches—is our nineteenth century religion, our real heart religion. And no better proof could be given than this hoarse, insane cry of socialism which rends the air about us. It is not a cry for the recognition of the soul of a man, but for more to put into his stomach and upon his back. It seems sometimes inevitable that this man of flesh, who is only the pale shadow of the giant man of the forgotten ages, must have his brainless way and trample civilization down under his bloody hoofs.

Fighting so incessantly against the lust of the flesh it is small wonder that we worship mind. Is not ignorance, is not the everlasting stomach, is not the insatiable hunger for things, set over against us in battle array? With the task ever before us of teaching men that knowledge is the life of a man, is it strange that we should forget the upper aid of the spirit? The carnal beast to whom riches are the all of life, survives to plague our philosophies and deride the first principles of our logic. The carnal logic, which asserts that to get and keep things is the best good and chief end of man, mixing sometimes a little heathenized Christianity with it to impart a flavor—this logic of the beast is upheaving beneath our feet the first principles of our age of brain. We must contend for the faith delivered to Socrates, how thus shall we find time to recognize the faith delivered to the saints? If we must disprove that the chief end of man is his clothes how can he rise to the contemplation of virtue?

But we have another reason for our hesitating reverence for goodness. Have we not been taught that it is the birthright of fools to be good? Has not ignorance in all the Christian ages clothed itself with a special sanctity as the beloved of God and the elect of the world to come? "The poor have the gospel preached to them" is somehow twisted round so as to mean that God rejects any man having any knowledge, and that a thinker belongs by vocation to the non-elect people left to the uncovenanted mercies of Jehovah. Out of the singular belief that the less a man knows the better he is likely to be, has grown some of that scorn of mere goodness which is one of the curses of human thought.

[The entire conception is false. The early church did not conquer the world because it was ignorant, and therefore good, but because grace inspired it to become wise.] It did not trample down Greek philosophy as with the feet of elephants, but it learned, appropriated and improved and Christianized Greek philosophy. Paul, the man who had charge of the conquest of the Gentile world, knew all that Athens

knew and much more that Athens did not know. [The church did not, as an ignorant mob, burn down the lofty structure of the Roman institutions, but it took possession of and cleansed and humanized and Christianized it.]

In short, goodness and wisdom have kept house together and are both loyal to Jesus Christ. But because ignorance may be sure of the next world, a rash thinking makes wisdom as insignificant as all the transitory and beggarly elements of the world must ever be. The fallacy lies in the degradation of the powers of thought, in a kind of contempt for the image of the divine mind shining in the soul of man. God is thought as well as love. He formed the worlds. He holds the reins of law. He thinks and his thoughts are worlds and cosmic laws and evolving dramas of infinite art. He is artist; He is historian; He is dramatist; He sings eternal songs; He paints and chisels and builds. Our songs, our pictures, our statues, our cathedrals, are but children's small copies of the eternal art which builds and glorifies creation.

Christianity does not seek to honor ignorance. It stirs men's souls with the desire of knowledge. Its nations are the enlightened nations of the earth. Its true believers struggle up into knowledge that they may "think God's thoughts after him." It creates all nobler hungers, and hunger for knowledge is next to the first and noblest hunger in the soul of man.

But we have a nobler calling. In our progress we are to "move upwards working out the best and let the ape and tiger die." And this calling is a calling unto goodness—to glory and virtue. It ought to be understood by this time that this transit to glorified virtue must be through glorified intellect. The ignorant man is the victim, almost by necessity of the fleshy influence. His belief must be in things since it cannot rest in thoughts. The transient things are his realities. By rare endowments of Grace he may escape into thought. But only by and in thought can he or we transcend the materialist's world of changeable things. But thought may find God's ways and not God himself. It may read the story of the rocks and dews and flowers, which have their hour, and miss the story of the virtues which have eternity. And our pride in thought may be only less foolish than pride in things. Nay, we may think the moral law through to the throne eternal and yet yield it neither reverent obedience nor triumphant joy.

To conquer and use the fist is the triumph of the physical man; to conquer and use the brain is the victory of the intellectual man; to bring every thought and feeling and fancy of the soul into sweet and enduring captivity to the obedience of Christ, is the last best conquest of the moral man.

In asense all real human victories are moral. The parting with finger-claws for weaker but more cunning fingers, involved a moral struggle. The first tool was a fruit of self-denial. The first letters grew out of

moral resolution. The stars told their first stories to men, bravely turning their faces to the skies. The first sail propelled the boat of a man lifted into a kind of faith in God. To write poems the old singers neglected feasts and despised the joys of battle. At the root of every floweret of invention lies a seed of courage if not of self-abnegation. It is only by the way of moral endeavor that men have ever scaled any intellectual mountain range. Why, then, do many men still despise goodness? Because they do not so much as know what it is. It stands to them as a kind of weakness though it is the strength under all their strength, the power of all powers in men. Even an old fighter of the giant ages would not have won by mere bulk and weight if a resolute spirit had not carried him to the bloody field and nerved his arm for the mighty stroke of fist or spear. He lived in moral midnight, but such goodness as he knew made him brave and firm and victorious.

Our trouble concerning goodness, our lack of reverence for the moral man in us, lies partly in ignorance of the simplicity of morals. We are like men who would learn arithmetic without the nine digits, or write without an alphabet. These simplicities of morals escape us. We construct moral systems in the air and wonder that they are unsubstantial. The beginning of all human effort are from moral strivings. The hour when intelligence awakens in a child witnesses a nobler birth—the birth of the moral man. Our infant strivings dumbly reveal our will to get and be and do what we desire. And thence onward in every move the conquering force is moral. You shall find it everywhere in this human world. The other day in the French Soudan some savages blew up their rude magazines and perished rather than surrender to an enemy. It was heroic because it was a victory of the moral nature over the love of life and the fear of death.

And so all force in human life rests on the moral base. It is a courage which overcomes the love of present ease and begets industry. It is a waiting for the harvest. It is endurance of the march, the darkness, the uncertainty, the perils by land or sea. It is the heroism of the creature man in all his races and climates. It is the real force of humanity. It may be bewildered and wasted in follies; but it is still the energy which makes a man a man. It builds all cities and nations and civilizations, and arts and philosophies and sciences. The brain is, after all, only the finest tool God has fashioned; the moral nature wields this tool and fashions life into the measure of comeliness it bears in any age. If we take this wider view of the moral man, we shall more easily comprehend the dignity he wears in the household of human powers.

To guide this human will into right strivings, to teach it to keep step to the music of eternal harmonies, to make it wise enough to seek the best and then seeking to find God—that is the purpose of the revealed moral law. And the Christian teaching, as teaching

has its precise value in showing us what is best. And as power it has its value in organizing the forces of the human will for a life-long, perhaps for an eternity-long, struggle, towards the blessed, perfect and eternal best. The moral in us is our striving power. This power has its right office when it moves us upward toward all that our fine choice would mean, when honor, truth, right, love and purity attract and draw us towards the precious verities which they express.

The humblest effort of the moral manhood is for something better, a choice of loss in the pursuit of a gain, a surrender of ease for the enjoyment of the fruits of toil, a peril incurred for a longer safety, life surrendered for something dearer than life. And so there is a fellowship between the savage who forgoes eating his corn that he may plant it and Moses choosing affliction having respect unto the recompense of reward. The shining pathway where the saints walk in white under the burning splendors of divinity were once but rough paths trodden by feeble men buried in moral gloom. This piece of divinity in man, this pulse of yearning upward, has carried the saints far, but it has pushed every man a little way towards the kingdom of God.

And this is the force which the giants despised, which the intellect rejects, which dark and bright ages alike look upon as a weakness, and unwisdom, a minor element in human life. Once more, why?

The answer lies in that endless conflict between the worse and the better, that mysterious sympathy with the beastliness below us which we call depravity, the domination of the lower man over the higher man. And, therefore, while all progress is by moral energy, all victories purchased by self-renunciation, all gains in civilization glorified by sacrifices of the lower present for the future better, we go on searching curiously in cosmic forces or in lettered brilliance for the mighty motors of our progress.

On an ocean steamship the passengers might fancy that the seething wave pushes the mighty bulk of steel straight on to the farther shore. And they would reason as men reason who tell us that the elemental world is regnant in man and causes our progress. Or those men on the deck of the steamship might say "It is the man on the bridge yonder. What skill, what energy, he must possess to drive the ship on its course merely by walking to and fro up there above us all." And so reason they who tell us that man's intellect is the force which makes our human progress. It is that wisdom which God makes foolishness forevermore. The wise passenger, truly wise in the mystery of things, goes down under the decks where the groaning engines wail out their agonies in the hoarse minor keys of all the conquering powers of earth, and says: "The driving force is here in this dungeon and prison house of the ship." An oriental heathen might say: "They have chained a captive god to the oar and he drives their ship with steady and incessant stroke." And this

passenger or this oriental is wise just as St Paul is wise.

Our ship, humanity, has moral engines below the decks and their minor keys, their distressful notes of self-denial of loss, of pain, their solemn music of the forge, the loom, of the land, the sea, of the night and the storm, beats out one by one the steps in our human march. And Jesus Christ has but laid bare the engines of life in teaching us to forego pleasure and endure pain—for the joy that is set before us—for the heavenly best which is above us.

Christianity triumphs because it is the divine expression of the dynamics of the moral universe, because it makes men capable of resisting the seductions of ease, pleasure, wealth, honor and life under the pressure of the engines of spiritual desire, through the vision of the divine better and best, through the allurements of participation in the divine nature. It towers still above the plain of our living, a holy mountain too far and too sacred for our poor feet, but all eyes look wistfully upward and every real advance bears up these rugged slopes. That way the multitudes lean still to catch the invitation of the Christ, that way the saints travel with bleeding feet, but beaming eyes. The wiser we are the more certain we become that if this mountain of holiness be only a mirage of way-worn travelers, then is all life but vanity and vexation. If we may not climb up to God, then we are but as bits of volcanic dust tossing a moment on the ocean wave. The last and most intimate verity of humanity is this divine dynamic energy in man, or no other verity has the least value. We know nothing if we may not know that we are the sons of God. We can work out the beast and let the ape and tiger die, or we can only be graceful apes and sleek tigers. The feeblest throb of a moral pulse in us is the promise and potency of an endless life, or life is a delusion so cunningly wrought that it makes chance wiser than God. These alternations compel us to condemn all we have ever praised and our entire vocabulary of moral worths, or to frankly accept our faith.

We have outlived the age of admirations for sheer physical strength. Even our athlete must be skilled and stout of heart. We like him best with the finer atmosphere of a college, and the theory, at least, that he is a student, enveloping his strength. We realize the uplifting power of all the decencies and moralities which give perfume and savor to life. Do we realize as we ought that we do really require some saintliness in our heroes, some self-abnegation, some devotion to the unseen, some fragrance blown out of the gardens of the Lord into the heart of the good man? If the worldling sees it not yet does the wise man see it and find a steadfast rule of the arithmetic of life in the Saviour's law, that the good treasures come out of the heart of a good man. And this good man—let me define him anew—as a man *striving to be better than he is*, reaching out for *the best* in his range of effort, trying to build on rock, with rock, a house of himself

which no elemental storms and no passions can shake. That man is the coming man, the perfect man, the victorious man, wherever and however he is now abased and unknown, he is God's choice, and he will rule this lower world and the kingdoms of eternity are his, as the younger brother of Jesus Christ.

This order of Providence which brings to naught wisdom by unwisdom, power by weakness, and things which are by things which are not, seems to me to find a small punctuation mark in the last of Professor Huxley's sayings. This time he lectures a pair of English bishops for rashly conceding the untenableness of the supernatural. He assures them that without let or hindrance from science, they may believe in miracles, providence and answers to prayers. Even the coldest scientists most realize that the despised worlds of spiritual life and energy loom vast and stately through our philosophies. We begin to see the kinship of the feeblest struggle for a better with the holiest prayer, the higher nature of man—that necessary basis of the Christian college—and the Christian culture of our higher nature must prevail over the things that were, while we move from ignorance to more perfect wisdom, from the vanities of life to its enduring conquests. Today's fool is to-morrow's oracle. This man Paul has the ear of the world. His homeless Master lives in the intimate heart of the unchanged world. To be like that Master is the noblest enthusiasm; to surrender the wide space of this world for an inch of Eternity is the profoundest wisdom.

Commencement Exercises.

SUNDAY.

The appearance of the morning portended a disagreeable day, but as the hours wore away the clouds began to be dispelled and, as the time for the inauguration of the commencement exercises drew near, the vast audience room of the Stone Church was filled even to the gallery.

The services were opened by the singing of the hymn, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," after which prayer was offered by Rev. J. Boyd Espy, of Erie. The anthem, "Let Us Sing Unto the Lord," by the choir, under the direction of Mrs. Juvia Hull, was charming. President Wheeler then read the Scripture lesson, the first Psalm. The hymn, "Earthly Transitory Things Decay," was announced, and while the offering was being received, Mrs. Hull rendered a solo in her exquisite manner.

President D. H. Wheeler, D. D., then preached from the text, "God hath chosen the foolish

things of the world to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and the things which are not to bring to naught things which are."—Cor. 1: 27-28.

The sermon, which is printed in full in another column, was a masterly effort, abounding in powerful argument and wise advice.

The senior class was seated in the front pews and arose while the President addressed a few choice words to them, closing with, "Ever strive for something better, do not rest at good attainment, but climb hour by hour, day by day this endless path that leads to God."

After singing the doxology, the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Wheeler.

In the afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the college chapel, the annual class-meeting was conducted by Dr. Hamnett, of the faculty. The Doctor has led this meeting for a number of years, and his words were well chosen and full of feeling.

The large audience that filled the auditorium in the evening was due to the announcement that Dr. Luccock, pastor of the First M. E. Church, of Erie, and former professor in the College, would deliver his annual address before the Y. M. C. A., of the college.

The exercises opened with the singing of the hymn, "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy," followed by prayer by Dr. C. E. Hall. Following the anthem, "It Is a Good Thing to Give Thanks," the congregation sang, "Thine Forever."

As the collection was being taken, a selection was rendered by Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, assisted by Mrs. Hull and Messrs. Hersperger, W. E. Porter and Laffer.

Mr. Jewell, of the class of '91, and President of the Y. M. C. A., then introduced Dr. Luccock, who preached from the text, "We Shall See What Will Become of His Dreams."—Gen-37: 20. "The text fits the subject. I am addressing a company of dreamers. Sometimes the best work of a life is preceded by a great event. In as much as I know college life, it is

not only one of instruction and culture, but it is a dream life. Envy has been possibly one of the most, if not the most, fruitful source of injury since Lucifer rebelled from Heaven. Superiority among men is very rarely acknowledged. The idealist, the dreamer, has always had a dreadful time in the world, and it has received the reformers with stones and clubs.

What is a dream? In most persons it amounts to very little, in some to very much. First it is a revelation of the native character of the soul.

I mean by dreams, the great hopes and aspirations that spring up spontaneously in the soul. Dreams that come from a great mysterious world within, as dark as the mysterious world without. Standing on the threshold of life, what shall be its end and aim?

The most critical point in life is when we stand at the parting way and the question comes up, "What shall I do? What am I good for?" Parents and friends help us, but besides this, light from within falls upon us. Individuality is a gift from God. If you will but follow your own individuality conscientiously and honestly, you will follow your destinies.

The highest attainment in life is to realize the divine hint in every individual.

We never can tell just when we are winning or losing our greatest battles. The best education a man gets is that which God gives him in his soul—development of character. What patience it takes for one to get possession of himself, but something of this kind must be done before man can do his greatest work. He must drop down out of self into the hands of God. No life is complete without God. The most precious thing in the world is a noble, loyal character. Human life is ever brief and not long enough to accomplish all our purposes and part must be carried over. It is a great deal better to stand upon the Mount of Transfiguration with God in honor than to walk around Jericho in the flesh. We live too low. If your dream is low and selfish, it will perish; if of noble character, it will endure forever. We shall see what shall become of your dream."

At the conclusion of the Doctor's discourse, the choir chanted the Lord's prayer, and after the singing of the hymn, the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Lucock.

MONDAY EVENING.

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST.

On the evening of the 23d of June, the evening set apart for the contest between Philo-Franklin and Allegheny Literary Societies, the Academy of Music presented a lively appearance. Interest had been growing for weeks, as the "teams" were conceded by all to be very evenly matched, and a close contest was anticipated. Early in the evening the building began to be filled, and continued showing every appearance of a full house.

The contest was to have begun at 8:15 o'clock, but it was some time after this when President Wheeler announced the first speaker of the evening, Allegheny's essayist—Mr. E. L. Mattern. Mr. Mattern's subject was "The Method of Culture." The essay was very ably written, evincing a study and research, which became more apparent as he proceeded. Throughout his essay was characterized by clearness and precision. His opponent, Mr. Fred. L. Bullock, choose for his subject, "The Public Schools, Their Foes and Their Future." Mr. Bullock attempted no "flight of eloquence," no combination of words, selected for the "jingling" qualities, but having a few "common sense" ideas on the subject in hand, proceeded, in a common sense way, to make his views on the ideas clear to all. Throughout nothing was more apparent than the writer's familiarity with his subject. The judges selected Mr. Bullock as winner of the essay contest.

The Northwestern Orchestra having given us a little of "the spice of life," the debate was announced, R. W. Elliott, of Philo, taking the affirmative and Will C. Deming taking the negative. The question was: *Resolved*, That the government should own and operate the telegraph systems in the United States.

Mr. Elliott's production showed great preparation and insight into his subject. Among

his points in favor of change were that it would decrease the price of messages and make the telegraph the servant, not the lord of the people. The facts the speaker brought forth were to the point, yet he lacked energy and force in delivery.

Mr. Deming, in reply to the statement that the telegraph systems were giant monopolies, pointed out what effect corporations have had and are still having on our civilization, and gave it as his opinion that consolidation of companies tends to reduce prices by decreasing expenses. The judges decided in favor of Mr. Deming.

The orators of the evening were Messrs. W. W. Youngson, who represented Allegheny, and M. J. Echols, who represented Philo. The subject of Mr. Youngson's oration was, "Philosophy of History." The golden thread running through the oration was the influence of divine man on events in history. It was delivered in a bright, happy manner, and carried with it the sympathy of the audience.

Mr. Echols choose as his subject, "The Watchwords of the Century, Political and Religious Liberty." The subject was dealt with in a very able manner, showing a depth of reading rarely seen in young men. His delivery was good, with here and there some eloquent passages.

The judges selected as winner of Oration Contest, Mr. W. W. Youngson.

Declamation Contest was next numbered on the program. Philo was represented by Mr. E. E. Miller, and Allegheny by Mr. J. L. Porter. Mr. Miller's production was entitled, "Jean Guello's Yarn."

Being a dialect selection, it was very difficult to deliver, but was presented in a fair way, the speaker not lacking his usual animation and energy.

Mr. Porter rendered, "The Chariot Race," (Ben Hur) in a truly excellent manner, and any one acquainted with the selection, and who knows Mr. Porter's splendid voice, will understand how Allegheny won the Declamation Contest.

The decision of the judges gave Allegheny eight out of a possible ten points. It is needless to say that the Alleghenians were wild with enthusiasm.

TUESDAY EVENING.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The class of '90 has always been a distinguished class, and now, in leaving the college after four years of strife and victory, in its last effort it nobly sustains its reputation. The Stone Church was filled on Tuesday evening, and the large audience listened to a program of superior merit.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Fradenburgh, after which the president of the class, Mr. W. C. Deming, made some happy remarks, *apropos* of the occasion and introduced the essayist, Mr. J. S. Gibson. His subject, "The Genius of Sociality," was ably handled, but unfortunately the gentleman did not speak loudly enough, and the effort required to hear his performance marred its beauty. When he had finished, the president spoke briefly of the important place assigned to verse, and introduced the poet, Mr. S. S. Marquis. Unlike previous performances of the kind, Mr. Marquis chose for his subject "Dreams at Bethel," and read a poem, faultlessly beautiful, which described, not the glories of the class, but the warrings of the mind.

Mr. Marquis is already well-known as a finished, thoughtful writer, and his production will raise still higher his reputation in the college which he leaves this year.

After this, the Glee Club entertained the audience by a song, which was followed by the performance of Mr. H. M. Barrett, the orator of the class of '90. The leading idea of his oration, the prevalence of a moral idea in all representations of the beautiful, was well brought out, and illustrated by examples from literature, art and song.

The historian, Mr. A. G. Fradenburgh, then gave a brief and spicy history of the class of '90.

Mr. C. N. McClure, the Prophet, read a well-written production, which beside its other merits, was commendable in that, departing

from the usual time-honored, or rather, time-disgraced custom, he omitted all personalities, making his prophecy general and glowing.

Mr. F. E. Russell, the Ladder Orator, in a graceful speech, presented to the Junior class a beautiful floral ladder, giving welcome and advice to the class of '90.

Mr. W. E. Porter then read a reply and accepted the tribute in behalf of the class of '91. By this time the heat and the length of the exercises were beginning to tell on the audience, but all weariness and discomfort were forgotten in listening to the sparkling, thoughtful, earnest oration of the Valdictorian, Mr. W. L. Siling. The oration was a plea for the higher culture, and was rich in stirring thought and lofty sentiment.

The benediction was then pronounced and the entertainment was over, the class of '90 had added a final triumph to their four years of victory.

WEDNESDAY.

CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

The fourth annual concert of the Meadville Conservatory of Music, at the Academy, on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mrs. Juvia Hull, was enjoyed by a very large audience, and all those in attendance will ever remember it as a musical event of no small importance.

About 8:15 the curtain rose and a beautiful scene was presented. The Philharmonic was seated on the stage, and in front was the Northwestern Orchestra, Meadville's pride in the line of musical organizations.

First on the program was an overture, "Prince Methuselem," by the orchestra, and it is needless to say that the same was finely rendered.

"Fair is the Night" and "Bugle Song," by the Philharmonic Society, was an excellent feature of the program, and very acceptably received.

"Waltz Song," by Clara Mae Raymond, came next, and the favorite singer proved that she has a sweet, well cultivated voice.

The appearance of Mr. Frederick W. Jameson, of New York, before the audience, was a

signal for applause. He sang Schubert's "Serenade," with orchestra accompaniment, and charmed one and all with the wonderful tone and power of his voice. Mr. Jameson was compelled to respond to an encore, and again favored the audience with a selection. Mr. Jameson is all that is claimed of him—one of the best tenor singers who has ever appeared before a Meadville audience.

"Annie Laurie" (ladies' chorus) with solo by Miss Florence Shrom, was a very pretty number, and closed Part I of the program.

Part II consisted of Cowen's "Rose Maiden," in which Mrs. Hull sustained a soprano part, Miss Carrie E. Crum mezzo-soprano, Mr. Jameson tenor, Mr. Harry B. Espy bass, with Miss Anna M. Kepler, pianist, a position she admirably sustained in Part I. All the favorites had prominent parts to sing, and the richness of their voices was brought out as never before. The fourth annual concert of the Meadville Conservatory must be characterized a financial as well as musical success.

THURSDAY.

Thursday and commencement was at last with us. A more pleasant morning could scarcely be asked. True it was warm, but the large auditorium of the First M. E. Church still held the coolness of the past night. The building was filled to overflowing when the exercises of the day were opened with music by the Northwestern Orchestra. After prayer President Wheeler introduced the first speaker of the morning, Mr. R. W. Elliott, who ably treated the subject, "Our Merchant Marine." The speaker called attention to the unsatisfactory condition of our merchant marine, attributed its weakness to the discriminating influence of our protective tariff. Our laws prevent the purchase of foreign-built vessels without heavy duty and at the same time maintain such high prices for raw materials as to prevent the building of vessels at home. Our commercial flag is below half mast. Free ships and free raw materials are the solvers of the problem. They alone will insure the restoration of our merchant marine to its rightful rank among that of other nations.

The oration was well delivered and received by the audience with favor.

Miss Ellen Chesbro followed with a very entertaining essay on the subject, "American Women in Literature." The American women of to-day are producing literary work marked by depth of thought and clearness of perception; are fully keeping abreast with the opposite sex in all literary endeavors. Miss Chesbro's delivery was very fine and showed carefulness in preparation.

Mr. M. J. Sweeney, the third speaker, handled the subject, "To-day's Temper." Mr. Sweeney's oration was polished to the last degree. Every sentence seemed moulded into its most musical and expressive form. This together with an admirable delivery, made this performance one of the finest attempts of the day. He referred to the ascendancy in this age of undue liberalism over our stolid puritanic principles, closing with an appeal for calm deliberation preparatory to the acceptance or rejection of any principle. "Let us bowlster up our judgments to winnow the wheat from the chaff. Accept nothing simply because it is new; reject nothing simply because it is old."

Mr. Sweeney's oration was followed by a selection from the orchestra, when President Wheeler introduced Mr. H. M. Barrett, who delivered an excellent oration upon "The Priest of Lutterworth." The orator reviewed John Wycliffe's life and paid him a tribute for purity and uprightness and his earnest endeavors in behalf of reformation.

Mr. J. S. Gibson next delivered an oration entitled "Our National Industries." The great industries of every country are agriculture, manufacture and commerce. Agriculture is the basis upon which all other industries rear themselves. A nation's prosperity depends upon the wages of its laborers. Our country has maintained a high rate of wages as a result of not in spite of our national legislation. The production maintained a clear, well-connected line of thought and showed a true conception of our industrial status.

Miss Helen Clark next read an entertaining essay on the subject, "Workers' Song." The

production was throbbing with emotion throughout and delivered in a very happy and entertaining manner.

After another selection by the orchestra, Mr. F. G. Stubbs treated of "An Ideal King." The English language contains no epic. Yet we possess in history an ideal king,—King Alfred The Great. The speaker then related in an interesting manner, the history of King Alfred's struggles in inaugurating political and social revolutions, his literary works, and especially the translation of the Bible, bringing light and truth to his benighted subjects. The oration was forcibly delivered.

Mr. Will Siling chose as the subject for his oration "The Mission of the Superlative." The orator stated there was no standard fixed and certain, but all measures are changeable. "The superlative of yesterday is the positive of to-day. The superlative of to-day is the positive of to-morrow." In religion, in society, in Government the superlative is ever dawning, marking a lofty goal for which we continually strive.

Mr. S. S. Marquis was the next orator. His subject, "Periods of Transition," was most ably presented. The subject was dealt with abstractly and in a manner showing depth of thought and research. Mr. Marquis' delivery showed skill and practice.

The last speaker of the morning was Mr. G. S. W. Phillips. His oration, entitled "A Republic," was animating and well delivered. It struck a patriotic chord, and perhaps kindled more enthusiasm than any other performance on the program.

After the orchestra had rendered one of its characteristically excellent selections, Dr. Wheeler, in a few appropriate remarks, presented the departing class with their diplomas. The ceremonies closed. Ninety had graduated!

Fraternity Banquets.

The fraternity banquets as usual formed an important feature in commencement exercises. Each fraternity reported a pleasant time. Many alumni were present, and all know, too, what enthusiasm it arouses in active fraternity

men to grasp the hand and listen to the eager words of an old alumnus. We give below the reports of the several banquets:

PHI KAPPA PSI.

The thirty-fifth annual symposium of Phi Kappa Psi took place at their beautiful chapter house on Highland Avenue. A large number of alumni were present. The parlors of the house were beautifully decorated. The banquet was served by Butler,—an elegant spread. The toasts were as follows:

E. A. ARTER, '64, SYMPOSIARCH.

Phi Psi's in Public Life,	C. H. Haskins, '89
District Council of '91,	J. L. Porter, '90
Future of Pa. Beta,	Hon. H. J. Humes, '71
Our Home,	E. A. Hersperger, '90
Our Contemporaries,	S. B. Smith, '86
Allegheny College,	Prof. Jonathan Rowley, '59
The Shield,	H. M. Barrett, '90
Phi Kappa Psi in the 50's,	Dr. J. P. Hassler, '56
The Ladies,	C. L. Miller, '91
Fond Recollections,	J. P. Colter, Esq., '68
Future of Φ. K. Ψ.,	Dr. A. T. Livingstone, '71

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

Phi Gamma Delta held her annual convivium at the Budd House, as usual, and about thirty loyal brothers assembled about the banquet table and did ample justice to an elegant menu, after which the following toasts were listened to:

"The Meeting of the Wise,"	Prof. J. H. Montgomery, Ph. D.
"The atmosphere breathes welcome."	
"The Pilgrims to Mecca,"	Rev. Jos. W. Miles, P. D.
"They come to join the band where only brothers meet."	
"Allegheny and Her Sons,"	Hon. Jon. F. Dravo
"The wealth of a college is in its alumni."	
"Allegheny and Her Faculty,"	Rev. N. H. Holmes
"A staunch old craft and nobly manned."	
Song—"Allegheny Days,"	Phi Gamma Choir
"Pi's Quarterly,"	Fred C. Howe
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."	
"The Pittsburg Alumni Chapter,"	R. C. Crowthers
"A hope soon to be realized."	
"The Diamond and the Purple,"	M. L. Phipps
"Great let me call them, for they conquered me,"	
"Phi Gamma Delta Standards,"	Dr. H. C. Carroll
"Congeniality, intellectuality and morality."	
"Phi Gamma Choir,"	M. J. Sweeney
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."	
"Our Fair Allies,"	L. H. Lauderbaugh
"Woman, lovely, woman."	
"Auld Lang Syne,"	Frank P. Ray
"They do say that the illusions of youth come back again with something of their old, unreal glory and charm."	

Then, on motion of Frank P. Ray, a telegram was sent to G. W. Delamater, an alumnus of Pi Chapter, congratulating him upon his nomination for Governor, after which the banquet hall, re-echoed to the Phi Gamm yell, and the guests departed.

DELTA TAU DELTA.

The twenty-seventh annual banquet of Delta Tau Delta was held at the Commercial Hotel, on Wednesday evening. The banquet, as all entertainments of the fraternity, was characterized with enthusiasm; was thought to be the most pleasant affair of its kind for many years. After the bounteous spread had been despoiled the following toasts were given, Major C. E. Richmond filling the position of Toastmaster:

"The Old Boys,"	E. P. Cullum
"Our Active Chapter,"	W. C. Deming
"Chapter Beta Lambda,"	S. B. Cullum
"The Delta Girls,"	D. A. Gill
"Delta T. A. Abroad,"	E. T. Lashells
"Delta Conservatism,"	Frederick Palmer
"Fraternity Spirit,"	J. C. Nash
"Our Seniors Five,"	C. H. Johnson
"The Kaldron,"	F. E. Russell
"Delta T. A. in Journalism,"	Ned A. Flood

The hearty applause which every speaker received proved that both active members and alumni had the fraternity's good deep at heart.

PHI DELTA THETA.

The eleventh annual banquet of Penna. Δ , Φ , Δ was held at the New Colt House, Wednesday night, June 25. After the Conservatory concert the active members, and many visiting alumni, repaired to the banquet hall, where an elegant repast was served. And true Phi enthusiasm was aroused by stirring speeches from several of the alumni.

The following toasts were responded to, W. A. Elliott, '89, as toastmaster:

Our Eleventh Anniversary,	H. B. Espy, '90
Our National Brotherhood,	E. P. Couse, '89
Our Absent Brothers,	E. H. Pond, '83
Our Sisters—Other Girls,	Will Bignell, '87
Phi's in Politics,	W. W. Johnson, '90
The Glory of Our Fraternity,	C. L. Smith, '87
Old Allegheny,	J. A. Parsons, '88
On the Threshold,	F. G. Stubbs, '90
Our Men of '90,	C. F. Ross, '91
Sword and Shield,	W. G. Warner, '81
Pan Hellenism,	W. H. Stenger, '90

Bones,	W. J. Bell, '88
Promises,	P. W. Elliott, '90
Auf Wiedersehen,	W. W. Case, '84

KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

The annual banquet of the Kappa Alpha Theta was held in their rooms at Huling Hall, Tuesday evening, June 24. Many of the alumni of the chapter were present and a delightful time is reported. After having partaken of a sumptuous banquet the following toasts were responded to, Miss Clara Howard acting as Toastmistress:

"Mu Chapter in 1884,"	Miss Mae Goff
"Our Seniors,"	Miss Gertrude Snyder
"The Babies,"	Miss Ellen Chebro
"Our Fraternity Flower,"	Miss Hattie Kellogg
"Antics of Billy,"	Miss Lillian Fradenburgh
"The Fraternity Pin,"	Miss Georgie Grant
"Our Chapter at Cornell,"	Miss Henrietta Miller

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

The fourth annual banquet of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity was held in their chapter house, Wednesday evening, June 25th.

An elegant banquet was indulged in. When all had satisfied the stomach, Mr. J. E. Hood, in a few appropriate remarks, called for the following toasts, which were responded to with enthusiasm:

"The Present Symposium,"	F. R. Work
"Omega's Past,"	S. A. Tones
"Chapters in South Land,"	A. L. Boush
"Sigs in the World,"	J. C. Carew
"Married Life,"	L. E. White
"Our Rebecca,"	F. A. Collins
"Chapter Houses,"	C. C. Freeman
"Extension,"	T. M. Morrison
"Duty of an Alumnus,"	F. H. McQuiston
"Present Relations,"	Jno. A. Gibson

After the toasts a couple of pleasant hours were spent in the parlors. The banquet was pronounced a perfect success.

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA.

The other ladies' fraternity departed from the custom and indulged in a picnic trip to Saeger-town, where they enjoyed themselves very much.

The present year closes with all the Greek letter fraternities in excellent condition, and the idea of Pan-Hellenism is steadily expanding.

THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

The elegant residence of Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler was used Wednesday night for the first time for the President's reception to the alumni of the college and their friends. The interior was beautifully decorated with fresh flowers and presented a handsome appearance. Among the guests were the principal citizens of the city, and from appearances the reception was a brilliant success in every particular.

Gossip.

Did you pass?

Lost—The Athletic Association.

Dr. Wheeler seems determined to have order in chapel.

Prof. Trueman expects to spend his vacation in Boston.

Mr. A. P. Steal recently spent Sabbath with W. C. Berlin.

Extra issues of this number can be had from the business manager.

E. J. Marquis is spending commencement with his brother, S. S. Marquis.

C. A. Shatto was compelled to give up college work because of ill health.

Miss Lucy Whitney spent commencement week with her sister, Miss May Whitney.

Rev. A. R. Rich, pastor of the M. E. Church at Grove City, came up for commencement.

Prof. Ogden, of the Pittsburg Female College, is the guest of Dr. Montgomery this week.

Miss Byrd Hyde, of Sharon, Pa., is the guest of Miss Maude Johnson, at Huling's Hall.

Judge W. L. Deming, father of W. C. Deming, attended the commencement week exercises.

Mr. Fred Ehrenfeld and daughter were the guests of J. G. Ehrenfeld during commencement.

Mr. Alex. Herrington, '92, was in the city for a few days the fore part of Commencement week.

Mr. J. F. Crowthers spent a few days of Commencement week with his brother, R. C. Crowthers.

Messrs. Alton and Fred Lindsey, '89, were among the "old boys" who "took in" commencement week.

We learn that a member of the Faculty has rented and is furnishing a house on Park Ave. Wonder who it is?

Dr. Wheeler administered a stinging rebuke in chapel to the class "frats" for their rowdiness during the year.

Messrs. Hood, Sweeney, Dice, Russell, Carr, Newkirk and Baldwin spent part of their senior vacation at their respective homes.

D. H. Deets, ex-'90, who graduated this year at Wooster, was the guest of his old classmates commencement week.

Lieut. J. F. Kreps, whose term of duty expires July 1st, will leave Meadville to rejoin his company in Northeastern Dakota.

Dr. Fields has not fully decided where he will rusticate. From here he will go to Washington, Baltimore and other cities.

Several of the "frats" made the weelkin ring with "Allegha!" and the yells of their chapters, in the "wee sma' hours" Thursday morning.

W. H. Stenger represented the Meadville Christian Endeavor Societies at their international convention at St. Louis, June 12-15.

Dr. Wheeler has a prominent place on the program of the National Teacher's Convention, to be held at Minneapolis, Minn., July 8-11.

Prof. Thomas will spend the early part of the vacation at his home in Brooklyn. The latter part will be spent in the Green Mountains.

Once more the announcement is made that one of the Seniors is married. The lucky man is M. A. Riggs, who has lately married Miss Johnson, of Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Fraternity.

C. J. Carew is home from Washington, D. C.

Mr. E. E. Proper, Phi Gamma Delta, spent Sunday among his friends in the city.

The ladies fraternities held a pan hellenic banquet the former part of last month.

Miss Ellen Emory, ex-'92, was the guest of K. K. I. throughout Commencement.

S. A. Tomes, '88, was the guest of Sigma Alpha Epsilon during commencement week.

Messrs. Parker, ex-'92, and Wallace, ex-'92, were entertained by J. T. J. during Commencement week.

Staples, Campbell and J. K. Howe, have been initiated in full into the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Rev. Dr Luccock, Phi Gamma Delta, delivered the annual address to the College Y. M. C. A.

Fred McQuiston, '88, now in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, of Oil City, took in the Sig banquet.

Woodward, of Williams College, and Adams, of Cornell, members of the Dunkirk base ball team, are Phi Delta Theta's.

G. W. Delamater, '69, the nominee, on the Republican ticket, for Governor of Pennsylvania, is an alumnus of Pi chapter of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

Misses Lillian Fradenburgh, '88; Gertrude Snyder, '89; Myrtie Rice, '88; Ellen Hoskins, '89; Henrietta Miller, ex-'90; Adelaide Robinson, '89, and E. C. Wood, '89, were the guests of K. A. O. during Commencement.

Degrees Conferred.

Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. F. M. Gregg, M. A., of Austin, Ill; Rev. W. P. Bignell, of Fredonia, N. Y.; Rev. B. F. Beazell, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. W. F. Oldham, of Singapore, Malaysia.

Doctor of Philosophy—Rev Jos. W. Miles, D. D., of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jas. T. Petty, Findlay, O; G. A. Benham, Courtland, N. Y.; J. Gorden Ogden, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. I. M. Crouch, Townville, Pa.; L. L. Doane, M. D., Meadville, Pa.; Rev. Anson Curtis Rives, Junction, Mich.; Prof. M. B. Griffith, Sharon, Pa.; C. C. Carrol, M. D. Meadville, Pa.

A. M. in Course—Will Bignell, '87, Rev. C. L. Smith, '87; W. J. Wheildon, '87; Miss Ella Goff, '87; Miss Maude Roudebush, '87.

A. M. *pro merito*—T. B. Allison, E. B. Bodley, F. H. Shaw, B. B. Pickett, Jr., H. W. McDowell, C. P. Lynch, Miss Minnie Martin, A. L. Chase, D. R. Coder, S. H. Horner, Henry Hall, Mrs. Mary Strayer.

Came for Commencement.

'79, Emory Wood, Baldwin City, Kan.
'88, Miss Myrtie Rice, Westfield, N. Y.
'88, Miss Lillian Fradenburgh, Warren, Pa.
'89, E. E. Proper, Titusville, Pa.
'89, John Nash, San Francisco, Cal.
'89, Miss Gertrude Snyder, North Bloomfield, O.
'89, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Pittsburgh, Pa.
'89, E. P. Carson, Sheakleyville, Pa.
Ex-'90, Miss Clara Miller, St. Louis, Mo.
Ex-'90, Miss Henrietta Miller, Brownsville, Pa.
Ex-'91, Miss Mary Harmon, Corry, Pa.
Ex-'93, Miss Ella Emory, Millboro. Pa.
'87, Will Bignell, Fredonia, N. Y.
'87, C. L. Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.
'91, Miss Anna Keeler, Bellaire, O.
'88, A. C. Lindsey, Sherman, N. Y.
'88, F. B. Lindsey, Sherman, N. Y.
'87, Leon V. Grove, New Lebanon, Pa.
Ex-'90, John Lockard, Franklin, Pa.
'76, W. P. Echols, Smithport, Pa.
'82, F. J. Warner, Cincinnati, O.
'87, Miss Ella Goff, Allegheny, Pa.
'86, Miss Mae Goff, New Haven, Conn.
'88, Samuel Tomes, Pittsburgh, Pa.
'92, Arthur Davis, Northeast, Pa.
'92, Miss Stella Foot, Wattsburg, Pa.

Mr. R. C. Crowthers very ably represented the *Tribune-Republican*, commencement week, and his reports of the various exercises were very accurate and impartial.

Next Year's Faculty.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Allegheny College was for the first time in years characterized by harmony. The present Faculty remains unchanged, with the exception of the addition of Prof. W. L. Dutton in the Civil Engineering department and Prof. J. S. Gibson in science and Natural History.

Prof. Dutton is a man of experience in instruction, and will undoubtedly fill the position with credit.

Mr. Gibson has made special preparations for this work, and his friends are confident his past success will continue.

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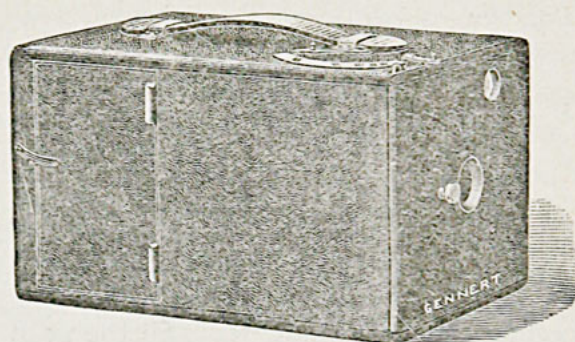
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SENATOR WM. B. ALLISON.

tertainers, and the reception was a most fitting and pleasant end of the Commencement season of '90.

Loral.

Of all sad words of lad or lass,
The saddest are these, "I did not pass."

The campus looks deserted.

Be sure and come back to Allegheny next year.

What do you think our new cover and editorial cuts?

This week belongs to the Class of '90 and the alumni of the College.

How many books have you taken from the library this term that you did not return?

The Baccalaureate sermon of Dr. Wheeler was printed in several of the large city papers.

The elegant illustration of Senator Allison was done by Messrs. Stevens and Morris, New York.

The absence of programmes at the Class Day exercises was a bad blunder. It should not be repeated.

Zeta Pi's came out in their colors June 16th, and great was the astonishment there by. Their colors are red, white and black.

When an institution the size of Allegheny, which excels in all things else, cannot have a "Field Day," it is time that a halt be called.

Amateur photography has been the rage this spring, and the College buildings are taken from every imaginable position on the grounds.

"Say, Mac, do you know where I can get a "pony" on this Latin in my diploma?" McClure—"Didn't know there was any Latin in it."

Professor in Latin—"Mr. R. *dic* is the contraction of what word? Sleepy Freshman (who is not looking on his book)—"Richard, sir."

The College cannons were removed to the diamond and used to aid the celebration in honor of the nomination of Mr. Delamater for Governor.

The parlors of the Phi Kappa Psi house have been recently much improved, a piano having been secured and an elegant carpet placed upon the floor.

The attendance at Commencement exercises was not as great this year as formerly. Perhaps this was due in some extent to the absence of "Field Day."

The Phi Gamma Deltas were in the procession Thursday that followed in the rear of Mr. Delamater, and their cheer was often heard. Mr. Delamater was a "Gamma" when in college.

In our report of "Class Day" we neglected to mention that Mr. W. E. Porter, in behalf of the Junior Class made a very pretty and fitting speech in response to the ladder oration of F. E. Russel.

How many long and enjoyable fishing trips Prof. Montgomery will have this long summer vacation! There will be no thoughts of a chemistry class to bother him as he sits meditatively waiting for "a bite."

The Alumni Essay contest of Allegheny was won by Benj. Heydrick. The contestants were Heydrick, Siling and Griffin, and the subject, "George Eliot." Mr. Siling received the vote of one of the board of judges.

Our athletic grounds are continually used by the youth of the surrounding district for base ball games. They have been getting more benefit out of the subscriptions for athletics than the members of the Athletic Association.

The graduating class has subscribed \$2,500 as a fund to be paid to the College, to be added to by succeeding classes and made a permanent endowment. The class of '90 was always spirited and patriotic, and this last act is characteristic of it.

At the last battalion drill Major Kreps made a short speech of farewell to those assembled and then passed down the line shaking hands with each cadet. He cordially recommended his successor, Lieut. Hughes, of the U. S. army.

Mr. James S. Gibson, of the class of '90, will take charge of the department of Science and natural history. He and Mr. Dutton are the only new members of the faculty of Chandler's college, who takes the chair of civil engineering.

Personal.

Baldwin's parents were at Commencement exercises.

Judge Deming, father of Will, was here for the week.

"Ed" Hersperger sails for Germany next month.

Mr. Will S. Siling will spend the summer at Chautauqua.

Mr. Fred Ehrenfeld was the guest of I. G. Ehrenfeld.

Misses Anna Keeler and Miss Hull are guests at the Hall.

E. J. Marquis visited his brother, S. S., Marquis, during Commencement.

Rodkey was called home on Tuesday by the sudden death of his brother.

C. A. Shatto was obliged to leave us before Commencement on account of sickness.

Mr. Joseph McClure, wife and son Frank, were here to see their son Charlie graduate.

Prof. Thomas will spend his vacation in the Green Mountains and at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Joseph Russell came up from Middlesex to see his son graduate.

Mr. J. L. Porter, '90, will spend next winter in New York studying vocal music.

Miss Lulu Johnson, of Conneautville, attended Commencement.

Prof. Trueman expects to spend most of his vacation in Boston.

Miss Harriet Kellogg goes to her home at Seattle, Washington State.

Mr. Carl Zinck has received the appointment to a cadetship at West Point.

Prof. Fields expects to spend vacation in the neighborhood of Baltimore.

Miss Ella Emory, ex-'90, and Lucy Whitney were guests of Miss May Whitney.

Miss Ella Youngson, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her brother, Mr. W. W. Youngson.

Misses Margaret Donley, Maude Kepler and Grace Barrett will spend the summer at Chautauqua.

Dr. Wheeler will speak at the National Teachers' Convention to be held in Minneapolis, July 8-17.

Mr. F. E. Russel will rest a while at home in Middlesex, Pa. He eventually expects to study law.

and son, Mrs. H. C. King, Mrs. H. McCray, A. C. Sturdevant and wife, Mrs. Fred King, Lena Wells and Louise Eighmy.

Miss Foster will enjoy her vacation at Lake Bluffs, and will make a visit to Minneapolis and St. Paul before she returns in the fall.

Mr. Chas. McClure sails for Europe on the 8th of July. He will travel three months on the continent and then go to Heidelberg.

The following persons from Springboro attended the Commencement concert: L. F. McLaughlin and wife, L. H. Sheldon, daughter

Miss Kate Christy, ex-'90, graduated this spring from Syracuse University. Miss Christy was one of the ten chosen to represent the class on Commencement day.

Miss May Warner starts Friday for a visit to Cincinnati, Chicago and other western cities. Miss Warner is also delegate to the Kappa Kappa Gamma convention which assembles in August.

Mr. Fred Trumper, who has been engaged in surveying in West Virginia, returned last

week. Mr. Trumper's horse fell upon him, spraining his limb severely and otherwise injuring him.

Misses Adelaide Robison Hoskins, Gertrude Snyder, Elizabeth Good, Lilian Fradenburgh, Myrtie Rice, Henrietta Miller and Ena Brundage are guests of Kappa Alpha Thetas during Commencement.

Alumni.

W. L. Ashue, '89, was here.

E. E. Proper, '89, was here for commencement.

Mr. Clem Carew, *S. A. E.*, spent a few days with us.

Miss Ena Brundage was present at commencement.

A. C. and F. B. Lindsey, '89, were here the first part of the week.

J. C. Nash, '89, spent three weeks including commencement, at the "Delta" House.

Rev. E. K. Creed, '75, again came up for a few days with us during commencement.

W. C. Lindsey, '86, a promising young lawyer of Jamestown, N. Y., was here on Thursday.

Rev. A. C. Ellis, pastor of the First M. E. Church, of Jamestown, N. Y., came up for a couple of days.

Fred McQuiston, '88, now in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, took part in the banquet of *S. A. E.*

As usual, the happy, pleasant face of Frank A. Arter, of Cleveland, and a member of the Board of Control, was seen in our midst.

Some other alumni that were present for Commencement are:

- '79, Emory Wood, Baldwin City, Kan.
- '88, Miss Myrtie Rice, Westfield, N. Y.
- '88, Miss Lillian Fradenburgh, Warren, Pa.
- '89, E. E. Proper, Titusville, Pa.
- '89, Miss Gertrude Snyder, North Bloomfield, O.
- '89, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- '89, E. P. Carson, Sheakleyville, Pa.
- Ex-'90, Miss Clara Miller, St. Louis, Mo.
- Ex-'90, Miss Henrietta Miller, Brownsville, Pa.
- Ex-'91, Miss Mary Harmon, Corry, Pa.
- '87, Will Bignell, Fredonia, N. Y.
- '87, C. L. Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

- '91, Miss Anna Keeler, Bellaire, O.
- '88, A. C. Lindsey, Sherman, N. Y.
- '88, F. B. Lindsey, Sherman, N. Y.
- '87, Leon V. Grove, New Lebanon, Pa.
- Ex-'90, John Lockard, Franklin, Pa.
- '76, W. P. Echols, Smithport, Pa.
- '82, F. J. Warner, Cincinnati, O.
- '87, Miss Ella Goff, Allegheny, Pa.
- '86, Miss Mae Goff, New Haven, Conn.
- '88, Samuel Tones, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- '92, Arthur Davis, Northeast, Pa.
- '92, Miss Stella Foot, Wattsburg, Pa.

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W. S. TWINING, C. E., Civil Engineering.

J. F. KREPS, 2d. Lieut., 22d. Infantry, U. S. A., Military Science.

GRACE I. FOSTER, A. M., Lady Principal, History.

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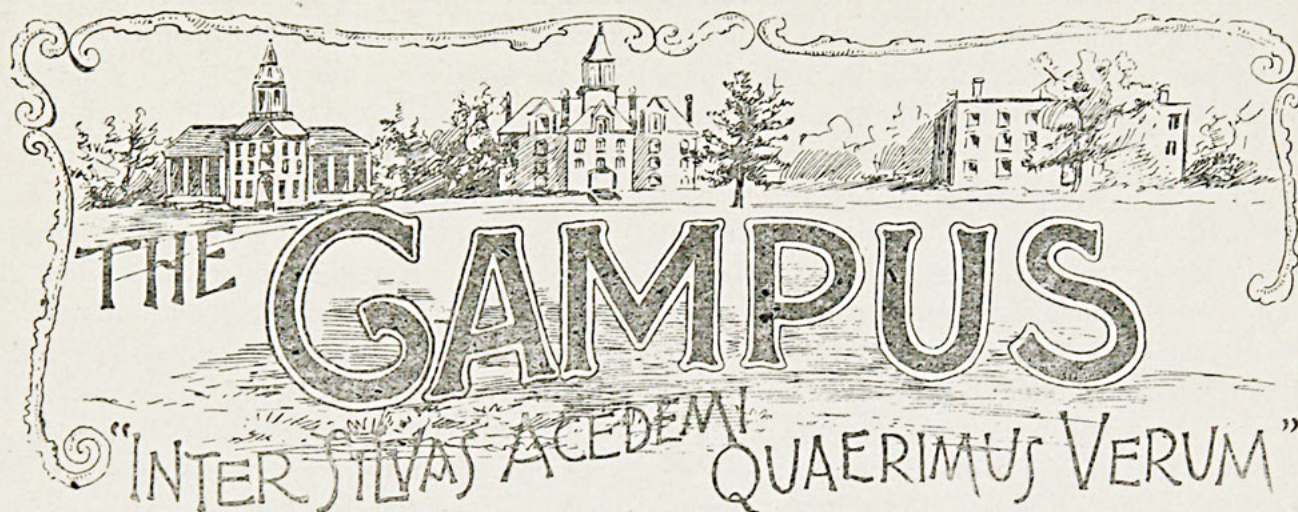
Fall Term opens September 17, 1889.

Winter Term opens January 2, 1890.

Spring Term opens April 2, 1890.

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Vol. VI., No. 15.

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, MEADVILLE, PA., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

WITH THIS issue a new board of editors take possession of THE CAMPUS. It is with a feeling of something akin to incompetency that we take up the pen lain aside by our predecessors. There is one thing, however, in which they cannot excel us—our loyalty to old Allegheny. We make no promises, preferring

to let our paper speak, rather than our editorial declarations. We shall not attempt to give our readers long dissertations on literary or philosophical subjects, except from the pens of older and more experienced writers, but simply to publish a newsy College paper, advocating in every instance what in our most mature judgment we may deem the best interests of the College.

* * *

THIS NUMBER of THE CAMPUS will have the largest circulation of any ever published, twelve hundred copies being issued. It is our intention to reach every student and alumnus of the College. We ask the subscriptions of all the boys and girls of the past, as we shall make a special feature of our "Alumni Column."

* * *

COLLEGE OPENS again September 17th.

Let every student return and be promptly on hand, for everything points to a most prosperous year, and a larger attendance than ever before.

* * *

WE CALL attention to the portrait on our front page, the first of a series of pictures of prominent alumni, which it is our intention to publish during the year. In Senator Allison we have chosen Allegheny's most distinguished

son to start the list, who, though not a graduate, cherishes the memory of his stay at the College with all the enthusiasm of an alumnus. We may well feel proud of him and his achievements. Mr. Allison is one of the safe men of his party and nation. He is without passion, prejudice, or very strong friendships. He has not made the mistake, so common in later years, of allying himself to a clique or faction. He is not weak, a trimmer, nor a man of undecided views. It is not because of any one of these qualities that he fails to make enemies; it is because he is never carried away by the tumult or passion of the moment, but is so moved and dominated by his judgment that public men who know him realize that his action is always the result of matured opinion. The current of events points toward the nomination of a man for the Presidency in 1892 from the Northwest, and many think that the honor will fall to Iowa's sturdy Senator.

* * *

THE BACCALAUREATE sermon of President Wheeler was a master-piece and a source of inspiration to all who heard it. He is surely dumb who listened to its words of truth and was not benefitted. How fortunate is Allegheny in the possession of so grand a man as a leader and instructor! Conservative Yale may be proud of her Timothy Dwight; cultured Harvard of her Chas. W. Elliot; but prouder still are we of our own Dr. Wheeler.

* * *

ALLEGHENY WAS an easy winner in the contest on Monday night. She has been doing poorer work than Philo-Franklin, perhaps, during the past year, though neither society has made a very creditable record. It looks as though this line of study is dying out. As able students are now in the college as ever before, and there seems no apparent reason for this decline in enthusiasm other than that the fraternities are drawing the interest away from the societies. We believe one of the

causes is the great number of inactive members in both bodies. A society is of no aid to a person who will not perform his duties as a member, and he is certainly a great detriment to it. If every person on the programme each evening would perform there would soon be no worry about lack of interest or attendance. A few members do all of the work and give all the performances, while the remainder but delay their progress. It is, indeed, disgusting to be the only one prepared, and then to give your production to a row of empty seats. It gives an incentive for hurried and poor productions, thus proving an injury rather than a benefit. In rushing men for the societies next autumn let them be men who will work and perform their duties. Let Philo endeavor to redeem herself and Allegheny to retain her victory in next year's contest.

* * *

THE REPORT comes to us that several students intend to enter other colleges the coming year. We indeed hope that this is nothing more than the usual "talk" in which it is customary to indulge during the spring term. Several have formed a scheme to go to Ohio's Wesleyan. Never change your college unless you can enter an institution much superior to the one you are now attending is a sound doctrine. You may have met disappointments here, but they are common disappointments and you will find them everywhere. To change is nomadic and a sign of instability. Choose a course and a college; stick to it and by it until you have completed; and in the end it is much more profitable. Stay at Allegheny, you will find it difficult to beat her faculty or curriculum among colleges of the Ohio Wesleyan stamp.

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IN THE decision of a recent society essay contest the report was unanimous. Upon looking into the matter it was found that one of the three judges was not in favor of the win-

ning production. It is pleasant to at least be accorded that which one has honestly earned. Our literary contests have degenerated sufficiently without such misrepresentation.

* * *

THE GREAT class of '90 has graduated and gone. Altogether it was the most remarkable and active class in the history of the College. It was from the very first engaged in quarrels and discussions, and it took as naturally to "wire pulling" as a fish to water. If some of its members do not find fame and fortune in the political world, we shall be greatly disappointed. We are sorry to see it leave us, for it contains the best material in the College, and there will be a large gap left to be filled by the younger students. We believe, however, they will be equal to the opportunity.

* * *

THE KALDRON for the year is exceptionally fine, and does credit to its able board of editors. The literary matter is elegant, the witticisms pointed and its criticisms, for the major part, are just. The typographical work is not as good as that of last year, but on the whole it compares favorably with the former issues. We doubt if any college in America of equal size and advantages publishes a better one.

* * *

MUCH HAS been written and said—much more than was necessary—here and elsewhere, concerning the advisability of Allegheny entering the Oratorical League of Western Pennsylvania. Our predecessor has waged an incessant battle against the idea, offering as his reason, that Allegheny would lower her dignity by entering a league which contained colleges inferior to herself. Judging from exchanges we have secured the eternal hatred of these colleges and have benefitted ourselves in no way. The final decision not to enter this year was made necessary by circumstances—circumstances of which a single student was

the author. He received a notice, some two months previous to the one received by President Wheeler, bringing the matter of a league before him, and requesting that he lay it before the students. This notice, however, never came to light until we were informed of its existence by the gentlemen who sent it. Why did not Mr. Crowthers place the letter before faculty and students? The only answer to be found is in the last issue of the CAMPUS, an extremely weak argument to come from the pen of its able editor, which says that Mr. Crowthers and a few of his friends read the letter, thought the matter over and concluded that Allegheny did not wish to enter the league. That would have settled it were not later communications received.

These young men may have been surprised to find that they did not represent the entire sentiment of Allegheny College, but if this is their way they must learn to accustom themselves to a great many surprises, and though they may be shocking, they will prove beneficial.

As it was, we were deprived of entering unless handicapped. We can see but little argument in the point of injuring the dignity of Allegheny. It would look decidedly funny to have an oratorical league composing all the colleges of Western Pennsylvania with so excellent a college as Washington and Jefferson in it and Allegheny left out. Would there not be an impression that Allegheny was afraid and possessed no literary men? The greater should never fear to do battle with the weaker. It is a contest of men and not of the merits of the respective colleges, and its object through the contests is to promote literary work among their students. Because a Waynesburg orator defeats the one from Washington and Jefferson it is no sign that the former is the better institution—and the people look at it in this light. It is the man that wins and not the college, and he will orate as well if a student of Geneva as of Harvard.

Let us turn to the future of this association. The prospects are certainly excellent. The first meeting was a success and now the originators are endeavoring to arrange for a league consisting of the best colleges in the State such as Dickinson, Franklin and Marshall, and Lafayette, and ultimately apply for entrance into the Inter-State League. He had we entered the contest this year, by natural order, the next meeting would have been in Meadville. Let us send a representative next year, and let him be chosen by a preliminary contest before able and disinterested judges.

* * *

NEWs HAS arrived of the nomination of State Senator George Wallace Delamater for Governor of Pennsylvania by the Republican Convention. Mr. Delamater is a graduate of the class of '69, and this is another victory for Allegheny.

* * *

WE GIVE up almost the entire space of double edition to the Commencement exercises and to the splendid sermons preached on Sunday.

This is the gala week of the college year. To the student after nine long months of study Commencement is indeed a source of pleasure, and the vacation that follows a needed relief. It might well be called the college reunion. The alumni returning to listen to the efforts of those who had taken their places in the class room and their seats in chapel; to renew old friendships and form new ones among the students.

* * *

IT IS to be regretted that there was no "Field Day" this year. It has always proven a popular event with visitors and students. We certainly lack enthusiasm in Allegheny in all athletic sports. It should be encouraged in all instances, for a man physically unhealthy can not be mentally healthy. There may be some brutality about base ball and foot ball, but a broken finger or a sprained ankle is better than the dyspepsia any day.

Literary.

William B. Allison.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Senator Allison has been in public life for many years. Born in Ohio on the 2nd of March in the year 1829, he is now sixty-one years of age. His early days were spent upon his father's farm, and while yet a boy he evinced those sturdy sterling traits of character which ultimately paved the way for his success. In 1848 he entered Allegheny College, and from this institution he received the bulk of his educational training. He was an industrious, sober-minded student, a member of Allegheny Society and a leader in all literary work. Though he did not remain to graduate, he has always regarded Allegheny as his *Alma Mater*.

After leaving college he studied law, was admitted to the bar and practiced his chosen profession in his native state until 1857, when he went further west to Iowa, where he has since resided. He began his public career as a member of the Governor's staff, and his first task was to aid in the organization of the volunteer regiments that were destined to serve in the war of the rebellion. While the war was still in progress he was sent to Congress, and has been Representative and Senator from that time to the present, except between 1871 and 1873, when he declined an election, so that he has participated in all the legislation that has been enacted during and since the great conflict. He has done his full share in it all, and his impress is on the statutes that have framed and modified our fiscal and coining systems, our methods of taxation, as it was on the laws which gave Mr. Lincoln the power to put down the rebellion, and which readjusted their relations to the Union of the once insurrectionary States. During the stormy times of '61-'65 he was one of the few Congressmen who were depended upon by the President and Secretary of the Treasury to devise ways and means for raising the money that was needed to support the government. After the war he continued

to be a radical Republican, and was a firm believer in the reconstruction measures which were intended to revolutionize the political complexion of the conquered South, and to make the freedman a citizen and a voter. In later political and Congressional history he quietly performed the duties intrusted to him and took no part in the violent criticisms of Mr. Hayes, nor in the stormy quarrels between the factions that soon came to be known as half-breeds and stalwarts.

Very few men are to be found who have continued in public life as long as Mr. Allison who are so scrupulously devoted to their work. Legislators like him are more often seen in the British Parliament where tenure of place is more secure. His familiarity with the business of legislation is as accurate and thorough as that of the Under-Secretaries of the British Cabinet. On his first entrance into Congressional life he came to the front in all the questions the Treasury, the banks and taxation. Some of his short speeches have indicated that he might have been a leading debater on Constitutional questions. There is no public man whose opinions on all fiscal matters are more respected than Mr. Allison's. For many years the Chairman of the Senate appropriations Committee, he has been of important service to the cause of sound administration. He is a wise economist, neither sordid nor extravagant. He does not advocate loose and ungarded expenditure, and is always desirous that every department and division of the Government shall have all it needs. And in all the long period that he has acted in his present capacity, there has not been a whisper injuriously affecting his reputation.

He never deals with public business in a partisan spirit, and as a legislator he is pre-eminently a man of affairs looking toward the best interests of his Government. His speeches are sound and logical and possess the ring of a statesman, his greatest efforts being upon the tariff and silver bills. Thrice he has been mentioned for the Presidency, and in the Republican convention of 1888 received 99 votes. He had the opportunity in the administrations of

Garfield and Harrison to become Secretary of the Treasury, but declined, preferring to continue in the Senate to which he has recently been re-elected for the third consecutive term a sufficient proof of the trust and confidence that the citizens of Iowa place in their most gifted son.

Mr. Allison comes from Scotch-Irish stock, possesses a sturdy frame, and a fine clear cut face fully indicating the strength and force of his character. His three score years sit as lightly upon his shoulders as many many another man's fifty. His fortune is ample, his tastes are refined, and those who know him best like him most. Kind and agreeable, an excellent listener and a better talker he is a general favorite in Washington circles. He is one of the few men in public life whom we may safely call a statesman. His portrait will be found in the frontispiece.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 22, 1890, by President D. H. Wheeler, of Allegheny College.

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and the things which are not to bring to nought things that are.—1 Cor., 2:27-28.

THE DYNAMICS OF HUMAN LIFE.

These words may at first hearing seem inappropriate in this place at this hour. A careless reading discovers in them the divine contempt for whatever of wisdom or strength there is in man. The God some see in this statement is as jealous as Juno, as capricious as Mercury and as spiteful towards men as Jupiter. To such a view human life has no dignity, and human excellence no future. In scorn of man, in tyrannical empire, this Jehovah uses his power to make all human striving vain—that the worm may not exalt itself above its Creator.

But this reading is not according to the meaning of St. Paul and is due to a heathenism in us which ever seeks to make God like one of ourselves—a kind of petty human despot, keeping power by despotic arts. Paul is breathing hope into despairing Christians. "You are neither rich, nor wise, nor powerful, as men understand these things, But do not be afraid on that account. In the divine order there is a constant reversal of the misguided and unenlightened human judgment. There are triumphing powers in despised men, and so you shall plant the cross deep in the heart of the world. Yours is the future, because the stream of divine tendency carries you on its mighty bosom.

In this divine order God plants his church and it will grow and overshadow all powers in the earth. Not because you are few, ignorant, weak, despised, unknown, and but as a speck of dust in the human world; but because you stand for the truth and work in harmony with the order of the universe.

And how perfectly this has been realized. The weak have become the strong, the things that were not when Paul wrote this text now dominate the world. New philosophies, new political institutions, new peoples, a new humanity. This vast continent has risen out of the sea; the church of the Redeemer has set its foundations deep in the heart of races then despised or unknown. The power which crucified Paul long since yielded to the Goth of the north; and Christian science has supplanted the philosophies which reckoned as foolishness the wisdom of Jesus. This wisdom of Jesus has suffused all our speech and given new meanings to all moral terms. Honor, truth, justice, purity and kindness glow for us with heavenly light. The things that were buried forever; the things that were not reign over our human world.

The deeper meaning of all this is that men of the world always mistake folly for wisdom, weakness for power, and the fleeting for the permanent, and that our poor reason is constantly subject to the dominance of the lower nature with its petty necessities. Plato was wise, but he could not conceive a happy world without human slavery. So always men struggle to keep the moral cancers that consume the spirit and seek strength in more degrading weakness. Every march in civilization begins by rejecting yesterday's wisdom and strength. The primitive man (the naturalist reasons) had to cut off the claws at the end of his fingers—parting thus with his only tool—before he could fashion with weaker hands the implements of early agriculture. From such a beginning came the great tools, the mighty engines. The paddle gave place to the sail, the sail to steam. The claws on a human hand surrendered to the hoe and the plow. From biting with his teeth man passed to the flint hatchet and the steel blade. And all this is true, at least in parable. For every advance has rejected an earlier wisdom; the things that were gave place to the things that were not. And in all this progress the advancing man becomes more intimate with divine power and method. Every invention is a step forward in God's way for men. Each new discovery is a whisper of infinite goodness enticing us to renounce the wisdom of yesterday and seek a wiser wisdom in communion with God's wisdom. Paul has epitomised all our progress in these wonderful words.

I invite you to some meditations upon the higher forces of life as they reveal themselves in the light of our text.

Perhaps there is no better opening upon this divine landscape than is afforded by examining one of our

most troublesome beliefs. Christianity brings God into human life to suffer with men for men. Our wisdom distrusts the gracious news. "What," we cry out, "God incarnate *here*! Why the skies are full of mighty worlds and this planet is but as a speck of dust afloat on the ocean of space. God's incarnation in some vast orb might be possible. In this mote of a sunbeam, the thing passes all belief. We are little in a little corner of the universe. How can we accept the honors of a divine visitation. Surely it is a fable."

But if we examine this wisdom of ours a little more closely, it affords us no ground for our skepticism. For what does our wisdom affirm? Only that the universe is physically vast and the earth but a spot of dust in the infinite space. That and no more. If it said more, our doubt might take hold. If we knew that the mighty mass of some vast world had a population of intelligences higher and wiser than we; if we knew that in Saturn there are men a hundred feet high with a hundred pounds of gray matter in every brain, we might doubt our Christian doctrine of the incarnation. Think for a moment what it means that here only so far as our knowledge extends—here only—is the lamp of life lighted; here and here only burns the candle of human thought! So far as we know beyond us stretches a universe of desolation. The speck of dust bears human souls; the vast worlds are barren of life. And surely our science cannot say nay to us if not doubt but faith spring from our meditations on the singular distinction conferred on the little world as the cradle of beings made in the divine image. What if we really are a kind of first fruits of a creature race endowed with life and mind! What if here among us, partaking of the divine nature, the intelligent universe begins a march which is to sweep through God's eternities of worlds and minds. In such a progress the only begotten of the Father may fitly lead the way. It became him to become the captain of our salvation. Now a conception of this kind is far more consistent with our actual knowledge and actual ignorance than the well-worn unbelief. Here thought reside. We know no other planet where thought resides. Thought in man claims kindred with thought in God. Our Father's son, our elder Brother, visits his brethren.

At every step in such a speculation as I have just suggested, we are called upon to consider what are the great things, what are the great forces, what are the conquering powers in our universe, and in our human life. Is that great which is physically big? Is the dead clod or the living soul the greater? Does the future belong to the cosmical laws or to the thought which made and guides them?

There is an order of progress in our estimates of greatness. Man's earlier civilization is dominated by the respect for physical strength. The demi gods are physically mighty. They represent an age of giants. Our earlier literatures praise force in hunts and battles. The mighty blow, the skillful spear-thrust—

these are man's glory. The giant, the primitive athlete, is master of the world. Princes reign because they are big-boned and swift and strong and cruel. But these powers by and by give place to intellect. The world of giants passes with its brutalities and cruelties. The thinker devises arts which defeat the mindless brute, and intelligence becomes king. The new empire is built on the ruins of the old. The things which were not, overthrow the things which are. All our history is a record of intellectual supremacy. The giant ages knew little of the means of reporting their deeds, and their world is one of fable and song. But the ages of intellect are in full view under historical lamps, and we know that just as the age of brawn despised brain, so the ages of brain have despised moral and spiritual realities. We are ourselves creatures of a transition from the reign of a remorseless intelligence to that of intelligence subordinated to the moral law. We believe in brain, in its useful and beautiful arts, in its genius working out our transfiguring inventions, our transfigured thought life. We confess our subjection to the moral law with a mixture of faith and fear. We have unbounded confidence in brains. We give a hesitating homage to goodness. We thrill with the emotions inspired by letters, music, painting, sculpture and architecture. We behold goodness with a kind of awe mixed with doubt. We assent when we are called to self-sacrifice, but to most of us it does not come as a choice privilege, a high calling to perfect joy. [Now, what Christianity means in its highest import is the unfolding of goodness as the choice royalty of the universe, as the master force in life, as the heavenly cause of all enduring conquest, all sure anchored hope.] What we are advancing to is this age of goodness become the supreme force in the world, wearing the crown of all encomiums, acclaimed by the universal heart as the highest object of human endeavor. Hitherto most men have desired to be wise, struggled to be strong and triumphed through intellect. To an Israel like this, Napoleon and Bismarck are gods, and Washington is less than they because he is frankly good and true. Just as an African is said to admire a beautiful lie, so we yield our respect to the brutalities of remorseless intellectuality. "He was mean but he was strong," is our comment on many a heartless monster who has filled himself with the blood of the innocent. Our fealty to brain power is manifest in our admirations in the realms of art. The impurity of Dryden, Swift, Zola, is covered out of our sight by the genius glowing their work. We hesitate to award Milton the first place in epic song because there is no vileness clinging to his greatness. [We apologize for the bad everywhere if we can plead imaginative or reasoning power over against the badness.] We are yet in transition and the march may be still a weary one to the full-souled reverence for goodness.

The reason for our hesitant acceptance of the

Christian age is partly that we have still to put behind us the dead world of the flesh. Every period of man's progress shows itself among us in survivals. Stone ages, bronze ages, all ages survive somewhere in this motley world of man. And, therefore, it is ours to contend against the delusion that things are more important than minds. The flesh man, the man abject before things, worshiping clothes and houses and lands, is always with us. The fetish of the thing—the idolatry of riches—is our nineteenth century religion, our real heart religion. And no better proof could be given than this hoarse, insane cry of socialism which rends the air about us. It is not a cry for the recognition of the soul of a man, but for more to put into his stomach and upon his back. It seems sometimes inevitable that this man of flesh, who is only the pale shadow of the giant man of the forgotten ages, must have his brainless way and trample civilization down under his bloody hoofs.

Fighting so incessantly against the lust of the flesh it is small wonder that we worship mind. Is not ignorance, is not the everlasting stomach, is not the insatiable hunger for things, set over against us in battle array? With the task ever before us of teaching men that knowledge is the life of a man, is it strange that we should forget the upper aid of the spirit? The carnal beast to whom riches are the all of life, survives to plague our philosophies and deride the first principles of our logic. The carnal logic, which asserts that to get and keep things is the best good and chief end of man, mixing sometimes a little heathenized Christianity with it to impart a flavor—this logic of the beast is upheaving beneath our feet the first principles of our age of brain. We must contend for the faith delivered to Socrates, how thus shall we find time to recognize the faith delivered to the saints? If we must disprove that the chief end of man is his clothes how can he rise to the contemplation of virtue?

But we have another reason for our hesitating reverence for goodness. Have we not been taught that it is the birthright of fools to be good? Has not ignorance in all the Christian ages clothed itself with a special sanctity as the beloved of God and the elect of the world to come? "The poor have the gospel preached to them" is somehow twisted round so as to mean that God rejects any man having any knowledge, and that a thinker belongs by vocation to the non-elect people left to the uncovenanted mercies of Jehovah. Out of the singular belief that the less a man knows the better he is likely to be, has grown some of that scorn of mere goodness which is one of the curses of human thought.

[The entire conception is false. The early church did not conquer the world because it was ignorant, and therefore good, but because grace inspired it to become wise.] It did not trample down Greek philosophy as with the feet of elephants, but it learned, appropriated and improved and Christianized Greek

philosophy. Paul, the man who had charge of the conquest of the Gentile world, knew all that Athens knew and much more that Athens did not know. [The church did not, as an ignorant mob, burn down the lofty structure of the Roman institutions, but it took possession of and cleansed and humanized and Christianized it.]

In short, goodness and wisdom have kept house together and are both loyal to Jesus Christ. But because ignorance may be sure of the next world, a rash thinking makes wisdom as insignificant as all the transitory and beggarly elements of the world must ever be. The fallacy lies in the degradation of the powers of thought, in a kind of contempt for the image of the divine mind shining in the soul of man. God is thought as well as love. He formed the worlds. He holds the reins of law. He thinks and his thoughts are worlds and cosmic laws and evolving dramas of infinite art. He is artist; He is historian; He is dramatist; He sings eternal songs; He paints and chisels and builds. Our songs, our pictures, our statues, our cathedrals, are but children's small copies of the eternal art which builds and glorifies creation.

Christianity does not seek to honor ignorance. It stirs men's souls with the desire of knowledge. Its nations are the enlightened nations of the earth. Its true believers struggle up into knowledge that they may "think God's thoughts after him." It creates all nobler hungers, and hunger for knowledge is next to the first and noblest hunger in the soul of man.

But we have a nobler calling. In our progress we are to "move upwards working out the best and let the ape and tiger die." And this calling is a calling unto goodness—to glory and virtue. It ought to be understood by this time that this transit to glorified virtue must be through glorified intellect. The ignorant man is the victim, almost by necessity of the fleshy influence. His belief must be in things since it cannot rest in thoughts. The transient things are his realities. By rare endowments of Grace he may escape into thought. But only by and in thought can he or we transcend the materialist's world of changeful things. But thought may find God's ways and not God himself. It may read the story of the rocks and dews and flowers, which have their hour, and miss the story of the virtues which have eternity. And our pride in thought may be only less foolish than pride in things. Nay, we may think the moral law through to the throne eternal and yet yield it neither reverent obedience nor triumphant joy.

To conquer and use the fist is the triumph of the physical man; to conquer and use the brain is the victory of the intellectual man; to bring every thought and feeling and fancy of the soul into sweet and enduring captivity to the obedience of Christ, is the last best conquest of the moral man.

In asense all real human victories are moral. The parting with finger-claws for weaker but more cunning

fingers, involved a moral struggle. The first tool was a fruit of self-denial. The first letters grew out of moral resolution. The stars told their first stories to men, bravely turning their faces to the skies. The first sail propelled the boat of a man lifted into a kind of faith in God. To write poems the old singers neglected feasts and despised the joys of battle. At the root of every floweret of invention lies a seed of courage if not of self abnegation. It is only by the way of moral endeavor that men have ever scaled any intellectual mountain range. Why, then, do many men still despise goodness? Because they do not so much as know what it is. It stands to them as a kind of weakness though it is the strength under all their strength, the power of all powers in men. Even an old fighter of the giant ages would not have won by mere bulk and weight if a resolute spirit had not carried him to the bloody field and nerved his arm for the mighty stroke of fist or spear. He lived in moral midnight, but such goodness as he knew made him brave and firm and victorious.

Our trouble concerning goodness, our lack of reverence for the moral man in us, lies partly in ignorance of the simplicity of morals. We are like men who would learn arithmetic without the nine digits, or write without an alphabet. These simplicities of morals escape us. We construct moral systems in the air and wonder that they are unsubstantial. The beginning of all human effort are from moral strivings. The hour when intelligence awakens in a child witnesses a nobler birth—the birth of the moral man. Our infant strivings dumbly reveal our will to get and be and do what we desire. And thence onward in every move the conquering force is moral. You shall find it everywhere in this human world. The other day in the French Soudan some savages blew up their rude magazines and perished rather than surrender to an enemy. It was heroic because it was a victory of the moral nature over the love of life and the fear of death.

And so all force in human life rests on the moral base. It is a courage which overcomes the love of present ease and begets industry. It is a waiting for the harvest. It is endurance of the march, the darkness, the uncertainty, the perils by land or sea. It is the heroism of the creature man in all his races and climates. It is the real force of humanity. It may be bewildered and wasted in follies; but it is still the energy which makes a man a man. It builds all cities and nations and civilizations, and arts and philosophies and sciences. The brain is, after all, only the finest tool God has fashioned; the moral nature wields this tool and fashions life into the measure of comeliness it bears in any age. If we take this wider view of the moral man, we shall more easily comprehend the dignity he wears in the household of human powers.

To guide this human will into right strivings, to teach it to keep step to the music of eternal harmonies, to make it wise enough to seek the best and then seek-

ing to find God—that is the purpose of the revealed moral law. And the Christian teaching, as teaching has its precise value in showing us what is best. And as power it has its value in organizing the forces of the human will for a life-long, perhaps for an eternity-long, struggle, towards the blessed, perfect and eternal best. The moral in us is our striving power. This power has its right office when it moves us upward toward all that our fine choice would mean, when honor, truth, right, love and purity attract and draw us towards the precious verities which they express.

The humblest effort of the moral manhood is for something better, a choice of loss in the pursuit of a gain, a surrender of ease for the enjoyment of the fruits of toil, a peril incurred for a longer safety, life surrendered for something dearer than life. And so there is a fellowship between the savage who forgoes eating his corn that he may plant it and Moses choosing affliction having respect unto the recompense of reward. The shining pathway where the saints walk in white under the burning splendors of divinity were once but rough paths trodden by feeble men buried in moral gloom. This piece of divinity in man, this pulse of yearning upward, has carried the saints far, but it has pushed every man a little way towards the kingdom of God.

And this is the force which the giants despised, which the intellect rejects, which dark and bright ages alike look upon as a weakness, and unwisdom, a minor element in human life. Once more, why?

The answer lies in that endless conflict between the worse and the better, that mysterious sympathy with the beastliness below us which we call depravity, the domination of the lower man over the higher man. And, therefore, while all progress is by moral energy, all victories purchased by self renunciation, all gains in civilization glorified by sacrifices of the lower present for the future better, we go on searching curiously in cosmic forces or in lettered brilliance for the mighty motors of our progress.

On an ocean steamship the passengers might fancy that the seething wave pushes the mighty bulk of steel straight on to the farther shore. And they would reason as men reason who tell us that the elemental world is regnant in man and causes our progress. Or those men on the deck of the steamship might say "It is the man on the bridge yonder. What skill, what energy, he must possess to drive the ship on its course merely by walking to and fro up there above us all." And so reason they who tell us that man's intellect is the force which makes our human progress. It is that wisdom which God makes foolishness forevermore. The wise passenger, truly wise in the mystery of things, goes down under the decks where the groaning engines wail out their agonies in the hoarse minor keys of all the conquering powers of earth, and says: "The driving force is here in this dungeon and prison house of the ship." An oriental heathen might say: "They

have chained a captive god to the oar and he drives their ship with steady and incessant stroke." And this passenger or this oriental is wise just as St Paul is wise.

Our ship, humanity, has moral engines below the decks and their minor keys, their distressful notes of self denial of loss, of pain, their solemn music of the forge, the loom, of the land, the sea, of the night and the storm, beats out one by one the steps in our human march. And Jesus Christ has but laid bare the engines of life in teaching us to forego pleasure and endure pain—for the joy that is set before us—for the heavenly best which is above us.

Christianity triumphs because it is the divine expression of the dynamics of the moral universe, because it makes men capable of resisting the seductions of ease, pleasure, wealth, honor and life under the pressure of the engines of spiritual desire, through the vision of the divine better and best, through the allurements of participation in the divine nature. It towers still above the plain of our living, a holy mountain too far and too sacred for our poor feet, but all eyes look wistfully upward and every real advance bears up these rugged slopes. That way the multitudes lean still to catch the invitation of the Christ, that way the saints travel with bleeding feet, but beaming eyes. The wiser we are the more certain we become that if this mountain of holiness be only a mirage of way-worn travelers, then is all life but vanity and vexation. If we may not climb up to God, then we are but as bits of volcanic dust tossing a moment on the ocean wave. The last and most intimate verity of humanity is this divine dynamic energy in man, or no other verity has the least value. We know nothing if we may not know that we are the sons of God. We can work out the beast and let the ape and tiger die, or we can only be graceful apes and sleek tigers. The feeblest throb of a moral pulse in us is the promise and potency of an endless life, or life is a delusion so cunningly wrought that it makes chance wiser than God. These alternations compel us to condemn all we have ever praised and our entire vocabulary of moral worths, or to frankly accept our faith.

We have outlived the age of admirations for sheer physical strength. Even our athlete must be skilled and stout of heart. We like him best with the finer atmosphere of a college, and the theory, at least, that he is a student, enveloping his strength. We realize the uplifting power of all the decencies and moralities which give perfume and savor to life. Do we realize as we ought that we do really require some saintliness in our heroes, some self-abnegation, some devotion to the unseen, some fragrance blown out of the gardens of the Lord into the heart of the good man? If the worldling sees it not yet does the wise man see it and find a steadfast rule of the arithmetic of life in the Saviour's law, that the good treasures come out of the heart of a good man. And this good man—let me define him anew—as a man *striving to be better than*

he is, reaching out for *the best* in his range of effort, trying to build on rock, with rock, a house of himself which no elemental storms and no passions can shake. That man is the coming man, the perfect man, the victorious man, wherever and however he is now abased and unknown, he is God's choice, and he will rule this lower world and the kingdoms of eternity are his, as the younger brother of Jesus Christ.

This order of Providence which brings to naught wisdom by unwisdom, power by weakness, and things which are by things which are not, seems to me to find a small punctuation mark in the last of Professor Huxley's sayings. This time he lectures a pair of English bishops for rashly conceding the untenableness of the supernatural. He assures them that without let or hindrance from science, they may believe in miracles, providence and answers to prayers. Even the coldest scientists most realize that the despised worlds of spiritual life and energy loom vast and stately through our philosophies. We begin to see the kinship of the feeblest struggle for a better with the holiest prayer, the higher nature of man—that necessary basis of the Christian college—and the Christian culture of our higher nature must prevail over the things that were, while we move from ignorance to more perfect wisdom, from the vanities of life to its enduring conquests. Today's fool is to-morrow's oracle. This man Paul has the ear of the world. His homeless Master lives in the intimate heart of the unchanged world. To be like that Master is the noblest enthusiasm; to surrender the wide space of this world for an inch of Eternity is the profoundest wisdom.

Dream Life.

Delivered Sunday Evening, June 22nd, by Rev. Dr. Lucecock of Erie, Pa.

"And we shall see what will become of his dreams."—Gen. 37:20

The text, I take it, fits the occasion, for I am addressing to-night, doubtless a company of dreamers; and we shall see what will become of the dreams. It is a good thing to have in youth a glorious dream; for the best work in life is always preceded by a lofty ideal. As one thinketh in his heart dreams, so will his life be in character and result. The blush of the morning gives promise of the noon-day splendor.

When Bismark was a boy he was fond of the study of geography. As a child he was impressed and distressed with the fact that there were more than thirty petty kingdoms in Northern and Central Europe of similar speech, tradition and custom. The thought of one day seeing them united into a great empire took possession of him, and the history of Europe for more than a generation has been but the unfolding of the youthful dream. Disraeli also, in his early novels, published when he was a dreaming youth, outlined his

own great career and the course of legislation in the East. Michael Angelo, facing the problem of St. Peters for the first time, said, "I will lift its dome into the heavens." He saw the end from the beginning, the thing of beauty and glory already in the embryo.

They point out a small room in Florence, a mere cell, in which the great Aschiliet worked out the grand result. Now that little room in Florence, out of which came the dome of St. Peters, is not the only small apartment in which great achievements have been dreamed and planned. The Iron Chancellor, whose shadow has filled the earth, is not the only one whose useful thoughts have been long, thoughts. Inasmuch as I know that college life is not only a place of instruction and discipline, but also a place of dreaming and a mount of vision, I have thought a frank talk on dream-life might be helpful.

As a basis of our meditation I have fixed upon a critical moment in the career of the splendid dreamer, Joseph. The words quoted are the words of his brethren as they lower him into the pit. "We shall see what will become of his dreams." The motive of Joseph's brethren need not detain us long. It is a very common one and is perfectly transparent. Ever since Lucifer rebelled in heaven, ever since Cain slew Abel, envy has been a most fruitful source of injury. Even in the ordinary competition of life success is often regarded as almost a crime, and the man ahead becomes the target for the field. Superiority of ability, knowledge, or character is acknowledged with difficulty among men, and is rarely forgiven. Joseph's superior endowment and his inflexible integrity stirred the envy of his brethren; but his dreams were a deeper source of irritation. He was a star gazer like Abraham, a meditative soul, like Isaac, and a dreamer, like Jacob, and they instinctively felt that his hold upon the future was larger and surer than their own. And so they conclude to make way with the dreamer and his dreams.

It is striking the contempt that men manifest for what is beyond and above them. "Behold the dreamer cometh," they say of Joseph, filled with his high hopes and aspirations. "It is a quarrel of the Monks," says Pope Leo, when Luther, the dreamer, began to stir in Wittenberg. "Sit down, young man, sit down," said a pious old brother to Carey, when with a heart flaming with inspiration like the bush in Horeb he plead anew the cause of the missions. The truth is the dreamer whose heart is open to the heavens and who divines the future, has always fared badly in the world. Joseph was extinguished by his brethren, Moses, rejected by Israel and the world in general, has received its deliverers and reformers with crosses and stones.

And yet the dream persists and dominates. "See that thou make after the pattern shown thee in the Mount" the tabernacle there in the wilderness, the nation there in the centuries, thine own life there in the years. Only as we work by the Celestial model do we work surely. So we follow the dream.

And now what is a dream? Well in most dreams very little, in some dreams very much. There may be one or all of three things in a dream. First of all there may be a revelation of the native qualities of the soul. By dreams I do not mean the idle fancies that feed our vanities, mere reflections caught from things without; but the great thought and hope and aspiration that rises within, "the light that never was on sea or land." Such dreams come from the unseen world within, the great and mysterious, like the world above. Wouldst thou know thyself? Look within. Study closely the ideals to which your soul mounts.

What are the dreams that lead you along the lighted way. In all the possibilities of life what do you pronounce good, desirable, blessed? What strikes the deepest harmonies in your being? Believe me, not in the gloriest light of day, not in the bustling activities of life, but in the dreams that rise out of the passive state, the soul most clearly reveals and registers itself. After the tumult of sacrifice at Gibeon, when the blare of the trumpets was silent, the swinging censors dim, and the crowds dispersed, Solomon was in dreams. The Lord appeared unto him and said, "Ask what I shall give thee." Halting now on the threshold of life with all of its possibilities before you out there in the coming years what shall your life be. You remember the wise choice, and heaven answers. Now I do not think this experience of Solomon's is exceptional. We deal too much with the scaffolding of life and not enough with its essence. God is not far from any one of us. The word is nigh unto thee in thy very heart. In the still hush of life he appears to every one. There is a light that lightens every man, a whisper that is the voice of God to the listening soul. "Ask what I shall give thee." What form shall your life take? What shall be its aim and end? And we answer in the dreams we cherish, in the things we aspire to and hope for. Thus in dreams the soul declares itself and makes its deepest prayer; for we pray most sincerely in our dreams.

Again there may be a prophecy in the dream. Perhaps the most interesting point of life is when we stand at the parting of the ways. We stand there but once, and we do not stand long. Life's question faces us with painful interest, like the riddle of the sphinx. What direction shall I take? Upon what lines play out my activity? What can I do? What may I become? What am I fitted for? Now these questions, our parents and friends, help us to meet by their counsel and sympathy. Teachers and schools help us by the training they give our faculties, the outlook, the opening up and the impulse they impart.

In addition to all this there is a helpful light falling upon these questions from our dreams. In the dream the soul registers native qualities. In the dream also the soul prophesies. "I have girded thee thought though thou hast not known Me," the Lord said to Cyrus. Now there is nothing exceptional in this, any

more than there was in the experience of Solomon.

In every soul there is the undergirding and equipment of God for some brave work in life, and it is in the power of each to discover it and do it, and the dream will help him. There is the handwriting of God in your natural inclination, a prophecy in your dominant desire, if native, which may be read aright. My thought is that your individuality is a gift and an understanding of God, and if you will be true to it, modestly, wisely, conscientiously, you will be true to your destiny. Is it not significant that warriors like Napoleon and Von Moltke should in their dreams and childhood years be leading armies and storming forts? Is it not significant that Scott, Dickens and Irving were led by their dreams from the uncongenial field of the law to the field of imagination and literature? Is it not significant that Alexander the Great, when a youth, should sleep with Homer's Illiad under his pillow, that the child Bismark should brood over the map of Europe, that Alexander Hamilton should grasp the problem of national finance before he was out of his teens?

"Then I consulted with myself," is the record which Nehemiah makes of a critical period of his work. No one walks surely who has not learned to consult with himself. Seek all possible light without, but neglect not that within. This, then, I take to be the truth; there is in every life a divine ideal enfolded by the years as the acorn holds the oak—an equipment in individuality. And this I take to be the summit of human attainment to realize as the days solely the fullness of that ideal, to interpret and fulfill the dream. There is a prophecy in the dream.

There may be the whisper of God in the dream. When Jacob awoke from his dream at Bethel he was surprised to find that he had been talking with God. "So God is in this place and I knew it not." It is the best thing of life to awaken early to the consciousness of God's presence with us and of his interest in us; to know that heaven is open above us and that its light and glory streams down upon us; to know that this human way in which we are moving is, after all, God's way, that our plans and purposes are taken up into his larger ones, that the fiery column of hope that leads the way through the darkness was kindled of heaven, that the voice that calls us is not Eli's voice, but God's, to know, in short, that our dream is not altogether our own, but that God is in it. Joseph's dream had all these qualities. There was the revelation of a royal Lord, the prophecy of a high destiny and the consciousness of a divine mission.

Turning from the dream, let us study the life shock that came to the dreamer. When Joseph was lowered into the pit, it seemed like an inglorious ending of a promising career. A sudden eclipse of all his glory. Where now is the splendid coat of many colors? The abeissance of the moon and stars? The bowing sheaves of his brethren? What did it all mean? What did he then think of himself and of his prospects? Now, it is

a life shock to pass suddenly from the world of dreams into a pit of darkness, to find your secret hopes, your dreams ridiculed by all about you, to find the very forces of life, the world itself, against you, to be left helpless and almost hopeless. That was the problem of Job, of millions. Why is light given to man whose way is hid? Capacity without opportunity? The dream to a man in the pit? The answer to all these inquiries is that of Jonathan to his armor bearer: "The arrow is beyond you." There is a hidden purpose which does not come into view. God's plans report themselves further on.

The most fruitful hours of Joseph's life were perhaps just those spent in the pit. It was an apparent descent, it was so, bodily, but it was an ascent of soul. You know there is such a thing as falling up stairs. Now anybody can fall down stairs without any labor, but to fall up stairs. Well, *hic labor, hoc opus*. You understand me, picking yourself up at a higher point after your reverse, as Peter did, marshaling defeat into victory, growing wiser after your errors, triumphant after defeat. So this trial of the dreamer was a crisis in his career, a crisis out of which *much came*. When the Italian soldiers were dying in the trenches before Sebastopol, Victor Emmanuel was greatly irritated, and threatened to recall them. "Let them alone," said Caivor, "it is out of that mud that Italy is to be made." It was true, for from the foothold in continental politics, from there, modern Italy came. One can just never tell when he is winning or losing his great battle. The Virginia surveyor was being equipped in the Western wilds for leadership in the Revolution. The flatboatman, drifting down the Mississippi, his heart smitten by the wail of the slave, was being tempered for his work of emancipation. So God was busy with the dreamer in the pit. It is a familiar saying of Scott, Gibbon, Bulwer, and others, that the education which a man gives himself is much larger and better than that which he draws from books. That is undoubtedly true. For the best things of any art or work cannot be written. But the best education of all is that which God gives one in his own soul. And He is busy in some form with every soul. All true life is a discipline in divine things, a development of character, a refinement of nature, a disenchantment of soul. "In patience possess ye your souls." That is, through patience get possession of your souls. What patience it requires! It was so with Moses, with David, with Peter. Is it not so with all? Moses, for instance, was the meekest man. Yes, at last, but possibly not always. When he laid his hand on the Egyptian and sunk him into the sand, when he broke the tablets on the mountain side, when he smote the rock, he was not just in possession with himself. And the wilderness term was a discipline in temper to fit him for his mission as an instrument of Jehovah. That is just what God was doing with Joseph, preparing him in temper for his work in Egypt.

When Joseph first dreamed he was unduly elated, in fact his self-consciousness was so rank that his

brethren were offended and his father rebuked him. God could not use him in that state. And so he disciplined him. In his later life there is no trace of that spirit, that unripe spirit that is pompous, overbearing and ridiculous. God knows how to reduce a man to his proper proportions and to bleach all the false colors out of him. And something of that sort must come to every one if he does his best possible work in this world.

And there was more than the discipline of the dreamer in that trial. There was a refinement of the dream. There was an unfolding of the method in human service. The words which our Lord applied to His own life and work are significant. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." There is decay which seems death but which is the fattening of life and fruitfulness. There is a seeming gain which is loss and a seeming loss which is gain. The divine purpose in any life may be smothered. It may abide alone or it may fulfill itself through the individual in blessedness and glory. Possibly the first painful thought which came to the dreamer as he went down into the pit, was that his individual life had reached its end, that his dreams were empty and his hopes vain. That his life was a lost, a wasted thing. But it is written that "Divine strength is made perfect in human weakness." When he thought of God and of his goodness and mercy and of his infinite resources, a great hope doubtless dawned upon him. When he remembered that God could take that lost, broken, ended life and glorify it, gradually it would become clear to him that his dream was not of private interpretation, but that there was a larger and diviner meaning to it which must be realized only in God's way.

We often have to go very far and very deep to learn some things, but they are worth all they cost. John saw the Holy City not from the crowded streets of Ephesus, but from the lonely isle of Patmos. It was from Bedford Street jail that the eye of Bunyan ran up the shining way. So Joseph in the pit saw the larger meaning of his dream and caught a new vision of God. "Ye are complete in Him." How true and how full of meaning! What is the eye without God's light? The lungs without God's vital air! So all our dreaming, hoping, striving must be vain in the end, without His presence and blessing. Without God it is not possible for any life to come to its true glory and blessedness. Without Him the heart may be empty though the barns are full, the life wretched in palace walls. With Him all things are yet possible in the deepest night or in the deepest pit. So as the river finds the sea, as the planet swings in its orbit the dreamer is conscious of God's presence within the pit and in the world, and serenely waits to see the future come.

Well, what of the dream? What did become of it? It was fulfilled in the largest way. The dreamer attained to one of the highest pinnacles of human glory.

His brethren did bow down to him and beg their own lives at his hands. But this was the smallest part of it. Once it had occupied his entire thought and excited his wonder. Now his thought dwells not on the personal glory of his station, but upon the divine purpose he had been permitted to fulfill. It all came about in God's way, which is always a wonderful way, utterly baffling and surpassing the wisdom of man. Now who supposed that the way through the prison would lead direct to the right hand of power. But it was so. "Commit thy way unto the Lord and He will bring it to pass." He will give thee the desires of thine heart. Your very dreams He will fulfill if He can but take thee up into His purpose. Hitch your wagon to a star, may be good advice, but give your dreams into the keeping of God is better. His dream was fulfilled in a larger way, in the moral development and the education of Israel. His personal character was a moulding force in that nation, and so a large factor in its influence. No good life is ever lost. Drops of water in the ocean are not wasted, nor are the rays of sunlight in the world. Providence is as economical as nature. A perfect life in earthly settlements is an ordinary one, but all heaven streams through it. But the best of life is carried over.

Joseph, in dying, gave his brethren charge concerning his bones; "for God," he said, "will surely visit you." So that the best of his dream carried over into the unfolding purposes of God. Life is not to be measured by the few mortal years we live, but by the quality it takes on and its relation to God's infinite purposes. The most striking illustration of this is the case of Moses. How pathetic his prayer on the banks of the Jordan. "Let me go over and see that good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon." Think of the building of that purpose in his soul, in Egypt, by the pyramids, and the Nile—think of the many years he carried it, and nourished it. And now, halting on the borderland, he prays for the fulfillment of his earthly purpose. But he dies on the farther side of Jordan. Such you say is a parable of life. Between the ideal and the real a river rolls, between the poetical and the practical a mountain towers, and in the transit, which we all make from the one to the other, many fond hopes are swept away by that river, and many dreams grow forever dim in the shadow of that mountain. But think again, the centuries pass and Moses appears, this time in Canaan itself, on one of its goodly mountains, at the supreme moment of our Lord's exaltation. Was it not better to stand on the Mount of Transfiguration at a post of honor in the shining glory, than to walk around the falling walls of Jericho. That is the parable of life. The best of its dream and purpose carries over.

One of our greatest needs is a larger horizon. Columbus pushed the horizon of the world three thousand miles to the West. Newton lifted it millions of miles in space, but Jesus of Nazareth lifted the soul beyond

the bounds of time and space into a vision of the eternal. As Stephen, in dying, said: "I see heaven open and Jesus standing at the right hand of God," as Paul saw in death a "Crown of Glory," God is carrying forward eternal purposes in the race beyond our utmost thought. Life's highest privilege is to have a part in the service here and in the crowning there.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
On sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the streets of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy for all its former woes,
A thousand fold repaid!

What is your dream? Selfish and earth-born? It shall perish. Noble, one of character and service? It shall endure and rise from glory into glory? "We shall see what will become of his dreams."

Commencement.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Commencement week has come and gone. The last senior has sprouted, received his diploma and bid the old college a fond good-bye. The poor Freshman having spent all but enough to secure a ticket home, has gone. The buildings and grounds look deserted and only the CAMPUS man remains to tell the story of graduation week. Though this commencement has not been as lively as former ones in many respects, yet it is remarkable if only for the largest graduating class on record. In another part we print the two sermons delivered on Sunday.

MONDAY.

On Monday evening the annual contest between Allegheny and Philo-Franklin Literary Societies took place. The following young gentlemen were the contestants: For Allegheny, E. L. Mattern, essayist; W. C. Deming, debater; W. W. Youngson, orator; J. L. Porter, declaimer; and for Philo-Franklin, F. L. Bullock, essayist; R. W. Elliott, debater; M. J. Echols, orator; E. E. Miller, declaimer.

A burst of music opened the programme, and at its close Dr. Wheeler introduced Mr. E. L. Mattern, who read an essay on "The Method of Culture," which, in point of literary finish was a splendid production. "The Public Schools; Their Foes and Their Future," was the subject chosen by his opponent, Mr. Fred L. Bullock. He handled it with sense and force. His language was terse, simple and clear.

The next was the debate, the question being: "*Resolved*, That the government should own and operate the telegram systems in the United States."

Mr. Robert W. Elliott opened on the affirmative in a well written speech, in which he offered strong arguments for his side of the question.

Mr. Deming followed him in a most effective reply, meeting and answering all of his opponent's statements. He seemed to be prepared with any number of facts and arguments to bring to bear upon any phase of the question. His delivery was forcible, his sentences well made and his victory of forty-eight points well earned.

The oration of W. W. Youngson, though thirty-five minutes long, long, was listened to throughout with intense interest by the entire audience. It was entitled "The Philosophy of History," and proved in its lines Mr. Youngson to be a most careful and observing student of history. "The Watchwords of the Century—Political and Religious Liberty," was the oration of Mr. M. J. Echols. It was the story of the gradual advance of the citizen in social and religious liberty. His delivery was excellent and the language of the production plain and beautiful.

The declamations were both very fine performances. Edward E. Miller recited "Jean Guellos's Yarn" in a manner that showed that he possessed an excellent knowledge of the fine points of elocution and the art of controlling and modulating his voice.

Mr. John L. Porter gave the chariot race from "Ben Hur," in an artistic and dramatic style. Mr. Porter has the reputation of being the ablest declaimer in college, and this was

one of his best efforts. He received the most careful attention throughout.

The decisions of the Judges, Dr. C. E. Hall, G. W. Haskins and A. M. Fuller, gave the contest to Allegheny, with eight of the ten points; the essay of Mr. Bullock alone saving Philo from total defeat; essay counting 2 points, debate $3\frac{3}{4}$ points, oration $3\frac{1}{4}$ points and declamation 1 point.

TUESDAY.

This was class day and a large audience gathered in the Stone Church in the evening to listen to the young men who had been honored by their class. The platform was decorated with flowers, and thereon sat W. C. Deming, President and Salutatorian. Mr. Deming made a pretty little speech in which he compared the four college years to the four decades in the life of man. His speech was delivered in a pleasant conversational style and he presided over the meeting in a most graceful and pleasing manner.

Mr. James S. Gibson, the essayist, we presume, had a very fine production, but he spoke in so low a tone of voice that we were not able to hear him very well.

Mr. A. G. Fradenburg, the historian, gave a sprightly and pleasing narrative of the class while at Allegheny. It was one of spirit from beginning to the end.

The poet, Mr. S. S. Marquis gave an excellent production, charming in its thought and style.

The orator, Mr. H. M. Barret, had a speech that was well written, chaste and showed excellent thought. The Prophet, Mr. C. N. McClure, predicted in a sprightly essay the future of the class. The Ladder Orator, Mr. F. E. Russell, made an excellent and deliberate speech, which was aptly replied to by Mr. W. E. Porter. The Valedictory of Mr. Will S. Silling possessed fine quality of thought and language, with an elegant literary style and finish.

WEDNESDAY.

The fourth annual concert, by the Philhar-

monic Society of the Meadville Conservatory of Music, was held in the Academy of Music, on Wednesday evening, June 25th, and was listened to by one of the largest audiences ever gathered for a concert in this place. The concert was not, we are sorry to say, quite up to the standard of such performances. The tenor, Mr. Jameson, of New York, sang with a great deal of style and feeling, but he would make more of a success at baritone singing than he does as a tenor, for, judging from his performance last night we would say his voice lacks the tenor quality almost entirely.

Mrs. J. C. Hull, the director of the Society, and soprano soloist of the occasion, conducted the concert very successfully and, being in good voice, captured the audience by the way in which she rendered her part.

The mezzo-soprano part, by Miss Carrie Crum, was a little too low for the artist's voice, and in the beautiful trio, in which the soprano, mezzo and bass take part, the mezzo part could not be heard.

The bass, Mr. H. B. Espy, handled his part well, although, his voice being a little husky, he was obliged to omit some of his high tones in the work, which detracted considerably from the solos.

The idea of introducing the Conservatory pupils into the prominent parts, is a new one, but it should not be carried too far, lest it may lessen the interest manifest in all the musical events of the Conservatory.

The choruses of the work were well executed, but very little expression was shown in any one of them, all being rendered in the full forte of the voices.

In the evening the annual banquets of the Greek letter fraternities occurred. These are the occasion of much joy on the part of all fraternity men. The alumni return and join in feast, song and speech in honor of the society whose fortune they followed through their college years. Old friendships are renewed and the alumni become acquainted with the new initiates. The prospects of the fraternity are told by those of the past and those of the present; its triumphs in college politics are

recounted with vigor; old differences or quarrels fixed up and a general reunion of good feeling prevails,

DELTA TAU DELTA.

The boys of Delta Tau Delta, with several of their alumni, met at a later hour at the Commercial Hotel, where Mine Host Martin had prepared a most sumptuous banquet. The tables were elegantly decorated and everything was "fit for a king." It was generally regarded as the most pleasant meeting ever held, with the exception of their twenty-fifth anniversary banquet. The following toasts were responded to. Toastmaster, Maj. C. E. Richmond.:

"The Old Boys,"	E. P. Cullum
"Our Active Chapter,"	W. C. Deming
"Chapter Beta Lambda,"	S. B. Cullum
"The Delta Girls,"	D. A. Gill
"Δ. T. Δ. Abroad,"	E. T. Lashells
"Delta Conservatism,"	Frederick Palmer
"Fraternity Spirit,"	J. C. Nash
"Our Seniors Five,"	C. H. Johnson
"The Kaldron,"	F. E. Russell
"Δ. T. Δ. in Journalism,"	Ned A. Flood

PHI KAPPA PSI.

The Phi Kappa Psis are always foremost in all spirit and appreciation of a good time. For this reason it was that they had so splendid a banquet at their chapter house on Highland Avenue. Everything possible was done to make it the happiest event of years.

E. A. ARTER, '64, SYMPOSIARCH.

Phi Psi's in Public Life,	C. H. Haskins, '89
District Council of '91,	J. L. Porter, '90
Future of Pa. Beta,	Hon. H. J. Humes, '71
Our Home,	E. A. Hersperger, '90
Our Contemporaries,	S. B. Smith, '86
Allegheny College,	Prof. Jonathan Rowley, '59
The Shield,	H. M. Barrett, '90
Phi Kappa Psi in the 50's,	Dr. J. P. Hassler, '56
The Ladies,	C. L. Miller, '91
Fond Recollections,	J. P. Colter, Esq., '68
Future of Φ. K. Ψ.,	Dr. A. T. Livingstone, '71

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

It was well on toward morning's dawn when the boys left the banquet room and its congeniality.

It was a merry crowd of old and young that sat down at the elegant spread of Phi Gamma Delta at the Colt House. Here is their programme:

PECTAM RATIONIC.

- "The Meeting of the Wise," . Prof. J. H. Montgomery, Ph. D.
 "The atmosphere breathes welcome."
 "The Pilgrims to Mecca," . Rev. Jos. W. Miles, Ph.D.
 "They come to join the band where only brothers meet."
 "Allegheny and Her Sons," . Hon. Jon. F. Dravo
 "The wealth of a college is in its alumni."
 "Allegheny and Her Faculty," . Rev. N. H. Holmes
 "A staunch old craft and nobly manned."
 Song—"Allegheny Days," . Phi Gamma Choir
 "Pi's Quarterly," . Fred C. Howe
 "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
 "The Pittsburg Alumni Chapter," . R. C. Crowthers
 "A hope soon to be realized."
 "The Diamond and the Purple," . M. L. Phipp,
 "Great let me call them, for they conquered me,"
 "Phi Gamma Delta Standards," . Dr. H. C. Carroll
 "Congeniality, intellectuality and morality."
 "Phi Gamma Choir," . M. J. Sweeney
 "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."
 "Our Fair Allies," . L. H. Lauderbaugh
 "Woman, lovely, woman."
 "Auld Lang Syne," . Frank P. Ray
 "They do say that the illusions of youth come back again with
 something of their old, unreal glory and charm."

The speeches of the "Phi Gam" orators were brilliant, and a jolly time was enjoyed by all.

PHI DELTA THETA.

Mr. Gable, of the New Colt House, knowing the habits of the students, had prepared a bounteous spread of everything in the eatable line that would tickle the palate of a college man. Their speeches were as follows, Will A. Elliott, '89, Toastmaster:

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| Our Eleventh Anniversary, | H. B. Espy, '90 |
| Our National Brotherhood, | E. P. Couze, '89 |
| Our Absent Brothers, | E. H. Pond, '83 |
| Our Sisters—and Other Girls, | Will Bignell, '87 |
| Phi's in Politics, | W. W. Johnson, '90 |
| The Glory of Our Fraternity, | C. L. Smith, '87 |
| Old Allegheny, | J. A. Parsons, '88 |
| On the Threshold, | F. G. Stubbs, '90 |
| Our Men of '90, | C. F. Ross, '91 |
| Sword and Shield, | W. G. Warner, '81 |
| Pan Hellenism, | W. H. Stenger, '90 |
| Bones, | W. J. Bell, '88 |
| Promises, | P. W. Elliott, '90 |
| Auf Wiedersehen, | W. W. Case, '84 |

Every one who attended this pleasant reunion declared himself a better fraternity man and Alleghenian at the close of the evening's festivities.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

At the pleasant home of the Sigmas there was a jolly, joyous party who made the old

chapter house ring with laughter and song. A fine table had been laid by their hostess, and here are their speakers and what they talked about:

TOASTMASTER, J. E. HOOD.

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|---------------------------|-----------------|
| "The Present Symposium," | F. R. Work |
| "Omega's Past," | S. A. Tomes |
| "Chapters in South Land," | A. L. Boush |
| "Sigs in the World," | J. C. Carew |
| "Married Life," | L. E. White |
| "Our Rebecca," | F. A. Collins |
| "Chapter Houses," | C. C. Freeman |
| "Extension," | T. M. Morrison |
| "Duty of an Alumnus," | F. H. McQuiston |
| "Present Relations," | Jno. A. Gibson |

The "Sigs" are a young "frat" here, but their progress here has been very rapid, and the reunion of '90 was an especially happy one.

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA.

Kappa Kappa Gamma departed from the usual custom of a banquet and *in toto* went to Saegertown for a picnic. The girls had a glorious time at the summer resort, and vote it far superior to any spread they ever had.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

Kappa Alpha Theta, a ladies' fraternity, held its banquet at Hulings Hall, and the fair ones enjoyed their feast fully as well as the gentlemen. Miss Clara Howard, the toastmistress, called for the following toasts:

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| "Mu Chapter in 1884," | Miss Mae Goff |
| "Our Seniors," | Miss Gertrude Snyder |
| "The Babies," | Miss Ellen Chesbro |
| "Our Fraternity Flower," | Miss Hattie Kellogg |
| "Antics of Billy," | Miss Lillian Fradenburgh |
| "The Fraternity Pin," | Miss Georgie Grant |
| "Our Chapter at Cornell," | Miss Henrietta Miller |

THURSDAY.

The Commencement exercises were held in the morning and were excellent and impressive. The ten orators chosen by the faculty as representatives of the class, did the speaking. At 10 o'clock the Northwestern Orchestra opened the programme with a piece of music.

The first speaker, Mr. Robert W. Elliot, who spoke upon "Our Merchant Marine." His speech was a plea for American commerce. The United States, the wealthiest nation of

earth, was excelled in shipping interests by many minor nations. Why should we be dependent upon Great Britain for our transportation upon the seas? Why should we neglect this part of our national industry? He was argumentative throughout, and all of his points were well made. He lacked vigor in his delivery, and his voice lacked moderation; yet it was one of the best efforts of the day.

Miss Ellen Chesbro read an essay entitled "American Women in Literature."

Then followed the oration, "Today's Temper," by Mr. Martin J. Sweeny. Mr. Sweeny is, perhaps, the finest orator in college, and he was at his best on this occasion. He treated his subject with power, logic and discretion. His delivery was graceful and forcible. "Every civilized institution, State or Nation, has for its polar star the realization of some fundamental ideal. This ideal varies at different epochs of its life, and the height or depth to which each rises or falls depends entirely upon its ideal. If the ideal of a nation be virtuous and lofty, the nation itself will be great and strong; if it be ignoble and evil, it will eventually decay through its own wickedness. Liberalism of other nations inspires prodigality in America. Every Christian home takes pride in shaping broad, liberal minds. So unsettled have men become in their opinions that no one is certain he may believe to-morrow what he believes to-day. A decade of such uncertainty and boundless change has moved into stalwart proportions a tendency to whose extreme outcome is universal anarchy. The lower classes are impulsive and easily moved, and even the best Americans themselves are profoundly broad, nervous, unsettled and optimistic. Nothing is steadfast and approved. Even the churches are affected. In politics liberalism reigns. But explosive thought cannot last forever; mind, like nations has its seed time and its harvest. Christianity has blessed America with a righteous ideal. This temper has survived war, panic, strike and insurrection, and has steadfastly guided a glorious people toward a more glorious goal. It remains to be seen whether the future historian must record with pain or pleasure the stability of to-day's temper."

Mr. Harry M. Barrett delivered a strong and impressive speech upon, "The Priest of Lutterworth. It was one of the finest productions given during the day. "Wycliffe was the first Protestant reformer. He was conscientious, pious and broad. He was always sincere, thoroughly honest and he made himself preeminently fitted for his great work. He cared only for truth."

Mr. J. S. Gibson gave an oration on "Our National Industries." We believe it was good, but as Mr. Gibson spoke so inaudibly we could not hear it. We will not pass upon it.

"Worker's Songs" was the subject of an essay by Miss Helen Clark. It was a very pretty and well written production. "Music is the best gift which an all-wise Father has bestowed upon his children. The sunrise resounds with it. The very stars are said to have harmony as they resolve, and the mountains and the hills clap their hands. The world is full of sweet songs. The music of art is only an imitation of the music of nature."

The subject of the oration of Mr. F. G. Stubbs was an "Ideal King," and had reference to King Alfred the Great, of England. He closed with a resume of the character of King Alfred. "Never before had England seen a ruler who set aside all personal aims to devote himself entirely to the welfare of his people. 'I desire,' said Alfred, 'to leave the men who come after me, a remembrance of me in good works.' His desire has been more than fulfilled, and to-day he stands before us as all that is noble, heroic and lovable; a worthy type and example of the Anglo-Saxon race and an ideal king."

Mr. Will Siling spoke upon "The Mission of the Superlative" and in point of literary finish and elegance it was the finest production given.

"Periods of Transition" was treated by Mr. S. S. Marquis, and was remarkable for its thought and force. The delivery of Mr. Marquis was forcible, but smirked of the "twang" of the preacher.

The final oration was that of Mr. G. S. W. Phillips, whose subject was, "A Republic." His speech was thoughtful and deliberate, and he

pictured in fine words his ideal of government.

The whole class then gathered upon the platform to take part in the grand finale of four years hard labor. Dr. Wheeler blessed them in a few earnest, eloquent words, and then Professor Thomas passed to each graduate in turn his "sheepskin," certifying that he was a graduate of Allegheny College.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1890.

- ΦΚΨ J. Robert, Anderson, Jamestown, N. Y.
 ΦΚΨ Lee A. Baldwin, (C. E.) Kinsman, Ohio.
 ΦΚΨ Harry M. Barrett, Titusville.
 Fred C. Bullock, New Castle.
 Alvah L. Carr, (C. E.) Mosiertown.
 ΚΑΘ Ellen Chesbro, Sheridan, N. Y.
 ΚΑΘ Helen A. Clark, Union City.
 ΣΑΕ Frank A. Collins, Espyville.
 ΦΓΔ Robert C. Crowthers, Wood's Run.
 ΔΤΔ William C. Deming, Mt. Olivet, Ky.
 Frank Dice, Akron, Ohio.
 John M. Dobson, Erie.
 V. F. Dunkle, Meadville.
 ΦΔΘ Robert W. Elliott, Gustavus, O.
 ΦΔΘ Harry B. Espy, Erie.
 ΦΓΔ A. G. Fradenburg, Warren.
 ΔΤΔ Frank L. Gageby, (C. E.) Greensburg, Ind.
 ΦΓΔ J. S. Gibson, Meadville.
 Charles B. Hawk, West Middlesex.
 John B. Hawk, Sharpsville.
 ΔΤΔ William G. Heiser, Maysville, Ky.
 ΦΚΨ Edward A. Hersperger, (C. E.) Pittsburg.
 ΣΑΕ James E. Hood, Miller's Station.
 ΦΔΘ William W. Johnson, West Middlesex.
 ΔΤΔ Cassius R. Manning, Santa Barbara, Cal.
 ΦΓΔ S. S. Marquis, Sharon, O.
 ΦΤΔ Edwin L. Mattern, Huntingdon.
 ΔΤΔ Charles N. McClure, Sharon.
 ΣΑΕ Thomas M. Morrison, Edinboro.
 ΦΔΘ Charles E. Newkirk, West Middlesex.
 Lucy Pickett, Meadville.
 G. S. W. Phillips, Meadville.
 ΦΚΨ John L. Porter, Meadville.
 Mark A. Rigg, Wilkinsburg.
 ΔΤΔ Fred E. Russell, West Middlesex.
 ΦΓΔ Will Siling, Greensburg, Ind.
 ΦΔΘ William H. Stenger, Greenville.
 ΦΔΘ F. Gurney Stubbs, Chicago, Ill.
 ΦΤΔ M. J. Sweeney, Kane.
 W. P. Varner, Salen, W. Va.
 ΣΑΕ Lorell, E. White, Conneautville.
 ΣΑΕ Fred R. Work, Meadville.
 ΦΓΔ John A. Wood, (C. E.) Pittsburg.

The CAMPUS is obliged to cut out several "ads" this edition, on account of the rush of Commencement matter.

Degrees Conferred.

The following degrees, beside the A. B. of the graduates, were conferred:

Doctor of Divinity was given to Rev. F. M. Gregg, Allegheny, '57; Rev. B. F. Beazell, Allegheny, '68; Rev. W. P. Bignell, Erie Conference; Rev. W. F. Oldham, of India.

Doctor of Philosophy—Rev. Jos. W. Miles, D. D., of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jas. T. Petty, Findlay, O.; G. A. Benham, Courtland, N. Y.; J. Gordon Ogden, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. I. M. Crouch, Townville, Pa.; L. L. Doane, M. D., Meadville, Pa.; Rev. Anson Curtis Rives, Junction, Mich.; Prof. M. B. Griffith, Sharon, Pa.; C. C. Carrol, M. D. Meadville, Pa.

A. M. in Course—Will Bignell, '87, Rev. C. L. Smith, '87; W. J. Wheildon, '87; Miss Ella Goff, '87; Miss Maude Roudebush, '87.

A. M. *pro merito*—T. B. Allison, E. B. Bodley, F. H. Shaw, B. B. Pickett, Jr., H. W. McDowell, C. P. Lynch, Miss Minnie Martin, A. L. Chase, D. R. Coder, S. H. Horner, Henry Hall, Mrs. Mary Strayer.

Alumni Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Allegheny College Alumni Association was held in the parlors of the First M. E. Church, Thursday morning. Various plans for the future were suggested and discussed. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, James P. Colter, Esq.; First Vice President, J. W. Smith, Esq., Second Vice President, Dr. J. H. Montgomery; Secretary, B. B. Pickett, Jr.; Treasurer, Frank L. Armstrong; Executive Committee, Chairman, A. G. Richmond, Hon. G. W. Delamater, D. A. Gill, W. A. Elliot, M. P. Davis, Esq.

The President's Reception.

In the evening a large number of the alumni gathered at the pleasant home of President Wheeler, on Walnut street, in response to the invitation for the annual reception. The interior was decorated with festoons of fresh flowers, whose fragrance permeated the atmosphere of every room. Many of Allegheny's distinguished alumni were there and a number of the leading citizens of Meadville. Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler proved most charming en-