



PS  
663  
C7M5

# PRIZE ORATIONS



KAS'DR.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf PS663

C4M5

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

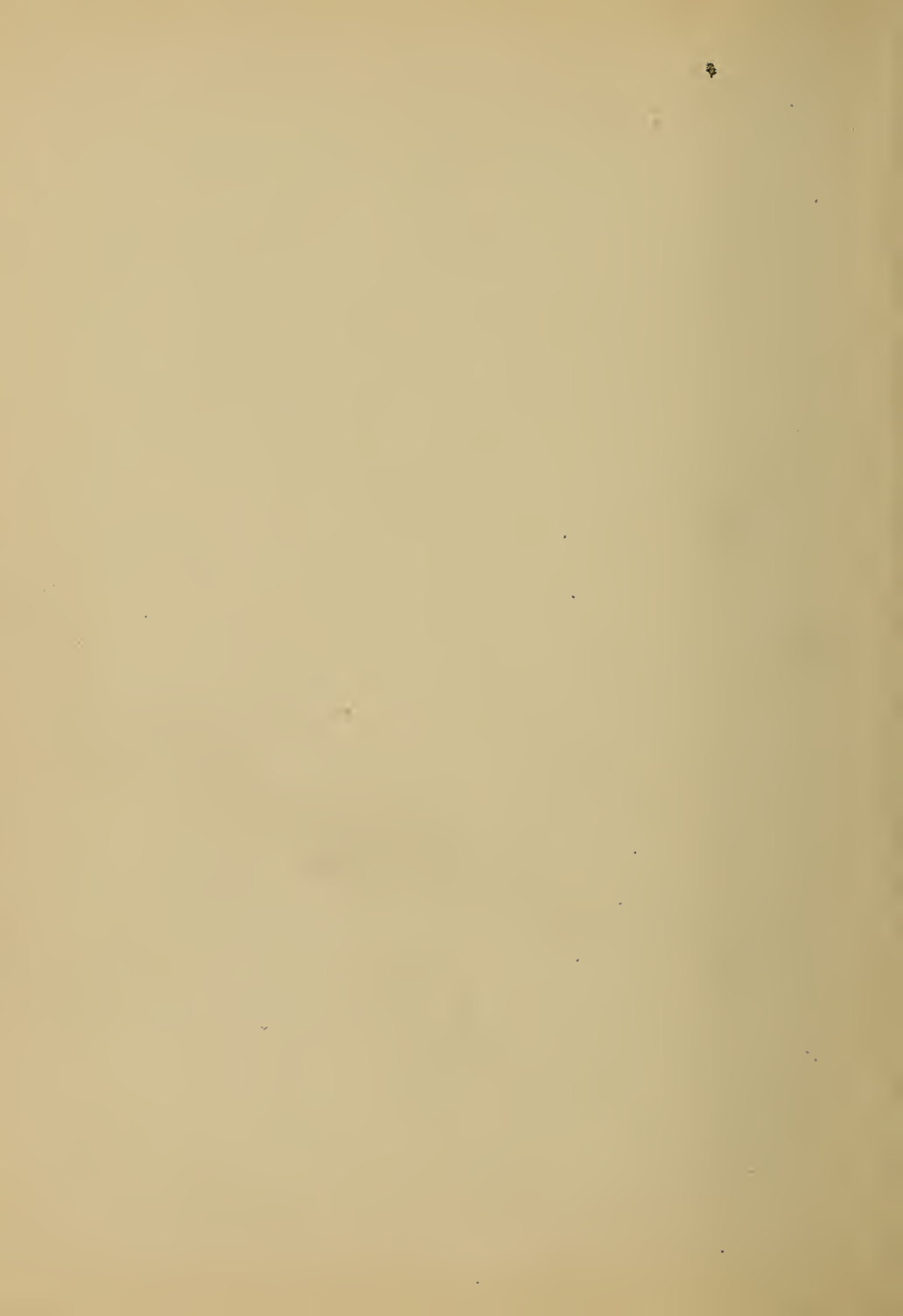






















*Missouri University*

A  
COMPILATION  
OF THE  
STEPHENS MEDAL  
PRIZE ORATIONS  
OF  
THE MISSOURI STATE UNIVERSITY.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE ORATORS

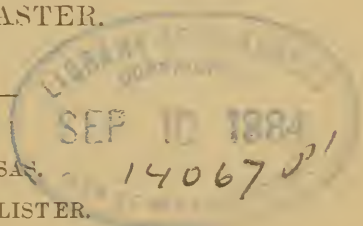
BY ✓

EUGENE L. KASTER.

OTTAWA KANSAS.

KESSLER & MCALLISTER.

1884.



PS 663  
C7M5

---

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884 by*

*EUGENE L. KASTER,*

*In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.*

---

## PREFACE.

---

The great interest exhibited in the annual Oratorical contests, of the University of Missouri, has induced the publication of this work. Great pains have been taken to make this volume as complete as circumstances would permit. To claim for a moment that it is perfect would be presumptuous. The few typographical errors are such, as are liable to be detected in almost any work, and the reader will find them no obstacle to a clear understanding of the subject. Our thanks are extended to Mr. J. H. Drummond and others, of Columbia, who have aided us in the preparation of this volume.

George H. Coffman deserves mention as having contributed an original poem of great merit.

Believing that this book will meet with the generous approval of all who take an interest in the greatest Educational Institution of the West, it is submitted to the public.

E. L. K.

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, June, 1884.





## CONTENTS.



	Page
Defense of the Goths and Vandals, . . . . .	1
The Modern Rivals, . . . . .	6
The World Moves, . . . . .	12
Principles and their Defenders. . . . .	20
“Those Whom the World calls Weak.” . . . .	26
The Statesman, . . . . .	36
Ministry of Poetry, . . . . .	41
“Let there be Light,” . . . . .	49
“Man the Shekimah,” . . . . .	54
The Ruins of Time, . . . . .	61
William the Silent and Free Worship, . . . . .	71
The Great Problem, . . . . .	77
Woman, . . . . .	86
Goldsmith as a Humorist, . . . . .	95
Biographical Sketches, . . . . .	107



## DEFENSE OF THE GOTHS AND VANDALS.

---

BY W. A. LENTZ.

---

CLASSICAL students, bewildered and dazzled by the gorgeous picture of Roman civilization, have for centuries abused the Goths and Vandals, as the barbarous destroyers of a glory never to return. While we would not detract from the fame of the countries, which gave birth to Demosthenes and Cicero, yet we would inquire,—as to the real character of those barbarous nations; whether they really deserve the odium heaped upon them by the admirers of classic lore and customs; whether indeed the licentious and effeminate Romans were, in reality, any less barbarous than their broad-shouldered hard-handed conquerors. A magnificent race of men were those war sons of the old north.

They may have been barbarians, but it was a grand barbarism, the germ of a noble civilization. Of prodigious energy, they had a strong passion for freedom

individual and civil ; and with their thirst for fame they were wonderfully pliant and malleable in their admixtures with the people they overran. The homage of our Gothic ancestors to the weaker sex had no precedent among the nations of antiquity ; and the devoted sentiment of those rude barbarians puts to shame the boasted refinement of Greece and Rome. A thorough knowledge, of the transactions of barbarous ages, will throw more light than is generally imagined on the laws of modern times. Wherever these northern barbarians settled, they carried with them, their native genius, their original manners and the first rudiments of the political system which has since prevailed in different parts of Europe. They established monarchy and liberty, subordination and freedom ; the prerogative of the prince and the rights of the subject, all united in so bold a combination that the fabric, in some places ; stands to this hour, the wonder of mankind.

The British constitution, says Montesquieu, came out of the woods of Germany. The same writer in speaking of his own country declares, it impossible to form an adequate notion of the French monarchy without a previous inquiry into the manners, genius and spirit of the German nations. Much that was incorporated with the institutions of those fierce inva-

ders has flowed down the stream of time and still mingles with our modern jurisprudence. Man is naturally a worshiper, and is elevated according to the being he worships. The Greeks and Romans worshiped gods made of wood and stone ; and even deified some of their emperors. The religion of the Germans was more spiritual. Go with us in imagination to the woods of ancient Germany, and behold those hardy sons of nature bowing in adoration to spiritual beings, and not to stocks and stones. Tacitus says, that they invoke under the name of gods, that mysterious existence, which they see with the eye of reverence alone. In point of morals the few plain maxims, which regulated their conduct, had a greater efficacy in recommending good and deterring from evil, than the ambiguous systems of ethics, which were founded on the doctrines of the Romanic teachers.

A people thus bold, vigorous and free, strong in will and thought and feeling, simple in manners, elevated in religion, barbarous though they were, deserve, surely not wholesale denunciation. And for the work they did ; for which the curse descended upon them, until vandalism means all that is atrocious : what is it ? They swept away the proud vestiges of the empire of the Cæsars, and what was the empire but a loathsome corruption, fit only for destruction ?

As the universal empire of Rome had grown out of civil war, so was it being fast undermined by discord and competition ; and could not by any great turn, have retarded the doom which was written on her drooping energies prescribed by internal decay and not all by external assault. That age was a rotting and aimless chaos of sensuality and anarchy. There was needed some infusion, of new and healthier blood, into the veins of a world drained and tainted by the influence of Rome. In the race of degenerate slaves, who at the time of the Gothic conquest, still arrogated the Roman name, every spark of manly courage, and intellectual force, had been been totally extinguished.

The pillaged wealth and contagious luxury of the East had debauched the simplicity of Roman manners, sapped the very vitals of the mighty nation ; had crushed the last image of liberty and political virtue ; and the empire had gradually swollen into a huge mass of voluptuousness and depravity. An abject and lethargic submission, everywhere, extended the influence of the same effeminate vices, under the degrading despotism of the Cæsars. The Roman world had sunk into such a state of utter corruption that nothing less than a total dissolution of the existing elements of society, could have rekindled her moral vitality, and reanimated her mental powers. The

vigor of the barbarian character, and institutions infused a new and healthful spirit, into a diseased and sluggish body.

Those Gothic nations took with them the very materials which were required for building up a future Christendom. Without the new element of vital power, furnished by the northern immigrations, nothing would have regenerated the degraded people of Rome. The alliance between the vigorous, healthy, and native intellectual energy of Germany, with the rapidly decaying civilization of Rome, was productive of the mightiest and most beneficial results.

Such was the character of the nations, who swept away the crumbling ruins of "Imperial Rome," and removed that huge mass of gilded licentiousness, and effeminate depravity. Such were the germs, which produced the vigorous and graceful shoots of modern civilization, and formed the foundations of all modern governments. While we glory in classic culture and elegance and grace; and lament that so much that was beautiful perished in the wild blood that swept from the north. We should not, remembering our own Saxon blood, forget to pay a tribute of respect to the strength and vigor, the freedom and earnestness, of the Goth and Vandal, conquerers of Rome.

## THE MODERN RIVALS.

---

BY BENTLEY H. RUNYAN. \*

---

NATIONAL prosperity is but a stepping stone to a nation's troubles. Its prosperity induces competition; competition begets rivalry; and the name of rival is sufficient to awaken the jealousy, hatred and heartless schemes of its superiors. Rome, the land of national virtue, casting her eyes across the Mediterranean, beheld the republic of Carthage, whose dominion of the deep, and superiority in naval strength, pouring the most unbounded wealth into the lap of the queen of the western seas, excited her jealousy and cupidity. The waters between were not broad enough to conceal the glory and magnificence which appeared on the African shore, or deep enough to quench the fires of ambition and rivalry in the Roman heart. Rome persecuted Carthage to its destruction. The evil examples of nations live after them, while the good is often buried in their ruins. This same spirit lives

---

\* Deceased.



to-day. England the mother of nations imitates well the example of Rome ; regarding few as equals, acknowledging no superior, she looks with a jealous eye upon the actions of her sisters, and draws close the reins of national authority. Professing to be the home of liberty, she joins the despots of Europe in crushing out the spirit of French freedom — Napoleon is banished to St. Helena, and English freedom is safe.

With a navy whose immensity peopled the mighty deep, an army brave and devoted, a court reveling in Oriental splendor, yet she trembled. Across the waters was heard the prattle of an infant nation, planted by her despotism, nourished by her tyranny, strengthened by an equilization of every political advantage, the home of the oppressed of every clime, of the martyrs of every creed, of the victims of any imperious and all grasping tyranny. She trembled for the safety of her royal authority, fearful that it would be overthrown by the patriots and pioneers of republican liberty ; men who dared to think and act regardless of the frowns and threats of the Ocean Queen. England having an ardent admiration for the imperial adjective English, watched with the vigilance of an Argus, the English colonies of America.

Whatever differences there may be in English society, there is one point where they all meet upon

the American platform of equality. They all agree in being *English*, all agree in having a common contempt for everything not English. With them liberty is English ; wisdom is English ; religion is English ; earth, air and hell are English. And this imperial dogmatism is wholly destitute of that uneasy self distrust which keeps through the vociferous boasting of corresponding American phenomenon. England regarded the kingdoms of the old world with a haughty contempt, while she looked upon the new, a country having the same religion, governed by the same laws, speaking the same language, with a special rivalry. The colonies rested proud and content beneath the shadow of England. In their wildest dreams, Fancy never pictured upon the canvas of the Future, a general confederation ; a free, powerful and independent nation feared by tyrants, loved by their subjects. America and her republican institutions, her ever onward and upward march to greatness, have ever been objects of jealousy to despots and their frowning votaries. Occupying the post of *honor*, in this crusade against the liberties of mankind, stands England. Various and powerful have been the schemes which she has devised for the submission of the grand superstructure of American Liberty.

As the colonies grew rich England tried to inter-

fere with their manufactures, and monopolize their trade. It was unjust as it was foolish. The proof of this, is the noble trade that has sprung into existence since England has lost all power of checking the course of nature. She taxed the colonies in defiance of the first principles of English government. Forgetting, in her blind conceit, that the Norman Saxon lived beyond her own narrow borders, she wantonly sported with the rights of the colonies. She endeavored to fill her own coffers by impoverishing the weak. Demand followed demand. The colonies stood tottering, upon the verge of ruin, ere the standard of rebellion was raised. Trusting in the justness of her cause, and the God of battles, she sent her sons to the tented fields, and our republic stands to-day a lasting monument of British oppression and American virtue.

The rapid advance of American commerce shook England's supremacy to its centre,—hence followed her demands of the right of search, and the impressing of American seamen; demands infamous as unjust. Confident in the power of her navy, she turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of justice; war followed. England stood the acknowledged mistress of the sea; yet every American bosom swells with emotion, at the recollection of the exploits of Perry and Bainbridge. Nor did the triumphs cease here.

The cross of England is trailed in defeat, while the emblem of freedom is unfurled triumphantly on the plains of Louisiana; another rebuke to English cupidity. Yet England's rivalry does not cease here. Go with me, if you will, to the halls of congress and listen to the venerable Madison, as he discloses the schemes of England for destroying our government by a disunion of its parts; and tell me if you do not see the germs of the great civil strife that has dyed the southern soil with the blood of America's noblest sons; tell me if demagogues supported by British gold did not first sow the seeds of sectional hate, nurture and feed it until civil war, with all its horrors, burst upon us! Tell me if England's treachery did not prolong it.

But the dark cloud has passed. Again the stars and stripes wave from the broad Atlantic to the Pacific, again the eagle sits with folded wings above our banners, and war and strife are ended. The Future lies before us. What is to be the destiny of the two great rivals? We can only judge the Future by the Past. The light of Rome went out on the altar of centralization. Is such to be the end of the seaborne empire, upon whose limitless bounds the sun never sets? Let the past give the answer. The future glory of our republic depends upon the prosperity of its

members. We have passed through the fire furnace of war. Brother has been arrayed against brother; father against son; state against state. Nature seems to be ashamed of the scene, and tries to efface all marks and signs of war, or to veil them to the vision, with a mantle of moss or the "long green leaves of the graceful fern." Let him who loves his country, who desires to see her occupy the zenith of national influence, follow this example pregnant with charity and wisdom; bury all hatred; forget all animosities and once more live and work in peace, harmony and brotherly love. Let it not be said of the American Republic, that she has a mind but not a heart.

## THE WORLD MOVES.

---

BY R. W. GENTRY.\*

---

WE live in a universe of change. "Every moment has its separate history ; and the history of no two moments is the same." Change is nature's fundamental law. Is it not recorded in the strata of the eternal hills? Is it not traced in the wave-worn rocks of the ocean shore? Is it not breathed upon the flowers, painted upon the cheek of youth, and stamped upon the brow of age? Is it not carved upon the dome of every temple, and upon the fretted fringe of every column reared by man? Everywhere above, around and beneath us—his unfeeling, and relentless iconoclast leaves his destroying foot-print.

To what principle, to what superintending intelligence, does he render homage? Is that intelligence wise and philanthropic ; and have these changes been for the better? Or is there no guiding intelligence? As to the physical world the change is known to have

---

\* Deceased.

been one of progress. Step by step the great plan has been unfolded ; first a chaos, then a nebulæ, then a cluster of stars, then a cosmos. "First a wilderness, then a battle field with savage nature, and more savage man ; then a harvest field ; then a mart of commerce, and lastly, the museum and hall of knowledge and delight."

Tradition, in olden times always located the golden age in the past, but if this world be the work of an All-wise Creator, the golden age is in our future, and the millennium is not simply a poetic fancy or a philanthropic dream, but a reality. Tradition gives way before the geologist, and his hammer ; and the gold of the legend is replaced by the flint of the chemist. The antiquarian draws the curtain aside and the cheat is detected ; the world's progress is revealed. The stone age heads the list, next comes the iron age, and then the age of bronze ; when history becomes so busy with herself, that, she ceases to name her eras, and leaves us to ask in what part of the series do we stand ? Is this the golden age ? Pestilence stalking over the land, says no ; wars and rumors of wars say no ; ignorance spread broadcast over the earth says no : communism, with its hydra head, in imagination already stained with the blood of tyrants and alas ! too with the life blood of every thing dear to humanity, says no !

Has there, then, been universal progress? Does the retrospect warrant a hopeful prospect? Is life after all worth the living? That there has been progress, not even, the gloomiest pessimist will deny. Dark as may be his view, nature rebukes him by emptying into his lap her countless luxuries.

The locomotive and steamer bearing our products across continents, along rivers, and out upon the world's great highway, proclaim the world's progress. The printing press, the iron preacher, is carrying knowledge to every house. The electric telegraph, that great annihilator of space and time; tremulous with the world's thought, is fast binding together the nations of earth and carrying knowledge, industry and culture into the brightest regions of the world.

When we are delving into mother earth and reading her history in the rocks; when with blow-pipe and test tube we are studying the very constitution of matter; when with the telescope and tasimeter and spectroscope, we are peering and feeling out into unmeasured space, discovering system upon system of heavenly bodies, and ascertaining the elements of which they are composed; can we be persuaded that the world has, in her onward march, lost anything she can ill afford to lose? What matters it if we have lost the art of embalming? It is but a relic of super-



stitution ; and if the sphinx and pyramids remain to us a profound wonder ? They are but relics of despotism and slavery.

Beyond all question, then, there has been progress in natural truth. Has not the progress in morals and religion been equally great ? The pyramids and coliseum are monuments of the time when muscle ruled the world ; when might was right. We live in an age of thought ; in an age, when the culture of muscle has given place to the culture of nerve — of brain.

The learning and culture of classic Rome, in her golden age, assembled to the oft repeated butcheries of the amphitheater ; to-day, we shudder at the loss of a single life. Thus has the world progressed from brutality to civility and from civility to love ; from the culture of nerve to the culture of soul !

But the most characteristic advance of modern times is that made in the science of government. The history of government is a history of slavery ; a history of despotism, aristocracy, oligarchies, nobilities, and the divine right of kings. And not till a century ago, here, in this new world of ours, was the great declaration made that all men are created equal. How slow the world has been in learning this great truth ! It is this, that is struggling for recognition to-day in every despotism of Europe. It can not be stifled ; it

will be heard, and woe to that government that heeds it not!

First slaves, then vassals, then subjects, then freemen. First a despotism, then an empire, then a kingdom, then a republic! This is the order of the world's progress and the order will never be changed. Doubt it as you may, republicanism in some form or other is the government of the future. And may this mighty republic of ours, to-day the greatest example of the world, never cease to be a republic, "till the last sun shall set on the last eve of time!"

In order to progress in morals, advancement must be made in religion. The religious element is the strongest element in man. It has figured most largely in the world's history and is in some shape the basis of every civilization. The religion of every nation is the key note of its history. What progress, then, in this great element can the world boast? The past is strewn with the wrecks of decayed religions. The religions of ancient Egypt, Assyria and Babylon; the mythologies of Greece and Rome are things of the past. Ceres no longer superintends the golden grain. Appolo's tuneful lyre is unstrung; Jupiter no longer hurls thunder bolts from his Olympian throne. A greater than all these has come. The true religion, though a unit, is one of progress. Judaism itself has been succeeded by its superior:

“The cedars wave upon Mount Lebanon,  
But Judah’s stateliest maids are gone.”

The fullness of time has come. We live in the latter days. Christianity, the fullness, the culmination of all that has preceded, has come. It is tinged by no nationality ; it is an exotic in no latitude. It comes unburdened by ritual and affords room for indefinite growth, in that it is for all nations and for all time. It is divine, it is perfect, it is ultimate ; it therefore does not and can not make any compromises. It has destroyed kingdoms, overturned empires and overthrown systems of philosophy. It has civilized the savage, emancipated the slave and elevated woman. It has given birth to civil governments, lessened wars and established peace and order. It has triumphed over death, and made the grave the very gateway to heaven. It is the friend of every friend, the foe of every foe, of the human race.

The progress of the world is not the progress of any one nation or class of men, but of all classes and all nations. Nor has the world progressed by eras alone, but by epochs ; not only by peaceful changes, but by mighty convulsions ! The waves of this great human sea have moved to and fro ; there are times when things look dark, but :

“Out of the gloom  
Future brightness is born.”

The world moves !

Every railroad, every telegraph and every printing press proclaim it ; every laboratory, every cabinet proclaim it ; the ruins of the past proclaim it ; the pyramids, coliseum and parthenon proclaim it ; the jury box, the law book, and the international congress proclaim it ; every school house, every church proclaims it ; every asylum, every charitable institution proclaims it ; every philanthropist, every missionary proclaims it ; business, commerce, government, science, morals and religion all proclaim the same great truth !

But the end is not yet, perfection is not yet attained. The major portion of the earth is still either savage or half civilized. Science has too many hypotheses. In morals there are too many conflicting codes and too much imperfect practice. The world is still cursed by many religions ; and even substitutes for religion, such as cosmic emotion, utilitarianism and the worship of humanity, are proposed. While socialism, communism and nihilism are threatening the very foundations of society itself. But these are only the ebullitions of the pent up fires, within, that propel the vast machine of progress.

Let science, morals and religion go hand in hand, and as surely as the withered foliage of autumn and the snows of winter give place to the verdure and

beauty of spring, so surely will each age of the world be succeeded by one of greater learning, culture and piety until, every nation and tribe of men shall with one accord join in that grand chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men!"

## PRINCIPLES AND THEIR DEFENDERS.

---

BY J. E. JOHNSTON. \*

---

THE Creator governs the world on immutable and righteous principles. A being of infinite justice and goodness could not govern otherwise. The more perfect man becomes, the more he conforms to the divine will, and consequently to the eternal principles of right. The foundations of the temple of truth have been laid deep and broad. Mind is the mighty architect, which with steady and skillful stroke erects this grand edifice ; no ephemeral structure to be swept away by the storms of prejudice and error ; no incongruous mass to fall for the want of unity, but a gorgeous enduring edifice, destined to stand forever, the joy of the whole earth. Thought on thought, reason on reason, principle on principle, are the materials of this structure. Whoever from a love of knowledge, or for the good of the race, labors upon this edifice ; whoever lays the deeper its foundations, strengthens

---

\* Deceased.

and adorns its columns, assists to raise its lofty dome still higher in the skies, unites himself with the truth adoring hosts of the past, and with them moves on to future triumphs.

As the world advances, theory must yield to demonstration. A false doctrine, which has for thousands of years been accepted as true, must at last give way to truth assured. Thus, theories, which destroy the symmetry of the grand temple, crumble away giving place to harmonizing principles. Pythagoras discovered that the planets ceaselessly moved in regular orbits around the sun and proclaimed the fact to the world. The great truth fell from his lips unheeded and for two thousand years lay buried beneath the sods of prejudice. Copernicus declared it true, opposed by all the unreasoning world. In the face of all opposition he asserts his ability to bring forth the proofs. We can but admire the courage of the old man as he ascends the lofty tower to make experiments on which hung his destiny ; either life and honor, or derision and death. We see him in his solitary march, from star to star, firm in the consciousness of right, grieving that those who were so far beneath could not follow him in his march through the skies. Truth gains another victory. And in his dying hour the old man clasped to his lips the printed page that proclaim-

ed a great truth which, suppressed for two thousand years, became the keystone in the arch of science.

Unflinching integrity and great moral courage are the prime requisites of defenders of principles. It is often necessary that they attest with their lives the sincerity of their belief and their fidelity to the principles of the cause they maintain. Opposition and persecution are certain. There is not a principle in government, there is not a truth of science, there is not a tenet of religion, but has had its opponents. There is not a line of revealed truth, but has been sealed by the blood of martyrs ; even by the blood of the Son of God.

Are not those martyrs for principles the grandest, noblest specimens of men the world has ever known. " Truth " says Socrates, " is never confuted ; " neither can there be successful opposition to principles of right. Such is their power, that they convert their very opponents to ardent defenders, changing prejudice to devotion. Devotion which follows principle is the sublimest of enthusiasm ; but grandest of all, when prejudice takes its flight and truth comes in to fill the infinite capacities of the soul. The most despicable man is he, who stifles his convictions of right because they are not popular ; who governs his actions by the multitude, keeping silence while a great principle of



right is at stake, yet when it is about to become triumphant, throws himself in with the clamoring multitude, that he may ride to power on the waves of popular devotion. He may ride with the tide but with the receding wave will be stranded on the beach. He makes a grand mistake, who looks at the judgment of to-day, and forgets the bar of posterity. Take, for example, the servile press of our country, the greatest curse to our free institutions, bound to the platform of a political party, simply, because it is in the majority, incited by the glittering hope of power; weighing public disorder, murder and theft in high places, in the scales of policy against a few paltry subscribers, Scurrilous when scurrility pays, and libelous when libel serves a purpose; boasting a free press, yet not daring to open their columns to condemn the wrong, except in a general and abstract way.

Let us have an independent press, supported by men decided in opinion, men who will maintain the right for self alone; men who can see the difference between duties and dollars, men who, when great principles are at stake, are willing to pledge their lives on the issues.

Principles are immortal. These walls shall crumble into dust, this dome shall fall. † But the principles which have been planted here shall endure

---

† Referring to the University edifice.

through time. As the sky aspiring mountains rests on granite ribs of earth, as "justice and judgment are the habitation of the throne" of Jehovah, so must nations and their institutions rest on the eternal principles of right.

Common times try common men, crises great men. Webster, by acting according to his convictions of duty, incurred the displeasure of his party. Friends became enemies. The clouds of prejudice thickened into blackness all around him. It was the crisis of his life. But there he stood, in the streets of Boston, defending the principles of the constitution, hurling in defiance, the prejudices of a proud constituency. Opposition flees from such a man. His moral courage knows no fear, when the public good demand his services.

Witness Benton, who maintaining his principles against powers and parties, against presidents and cabinets, finally gave himself a political sacrifice in their defence. The final triumph of the principles which he fell defending proves their correctness and his unflinching devotion to principles.

A nation's character is the sum of the deeds of its great men. May the example of these not be lost upon us. Let statues rise to their memories and history write their names on her brightest pages.

They are master workmen on the temple of truth. Let their counsels be obeyed. Let the republic be established on their principles. Then shall the unharnessed years sweep onward in their flight, to that glorious point, which even now, the tear-bedimmed eyes of a weeping nation can faintly descry. When with our banner high advanced, the olive branch extended to every people, our country, blessed among nations, shall be the favored of Heaven and dwelling place of Light and Liberty.

“THOSE WHOM THE WORLD  
CALLS WEAK.”

---

BY G. H. DAVIS.

---

AMONG the many stories of the bravery and heroism with which the Tyrolese defended their rugged mountain homes, from the attacks of Napoleon's armies, history records in a few simple thrilling words, the glorious martyrdom of a cripple peasant boy ; how, when all other eyes were wearied with watching, he alone kept virgil by the signal-pile, which was to be the beacon light of his country's safety ; how, when his quick ear caught the stealthy tread of the approaching foe, instead of escaping into the surrounding gloom, the young hero never faltered ; but lit with his shrunken arm, the alarm blaze and his own death flame, and how, as his blood fed the hard soil he had loved so well, flash after flash from answering hill tops broke upon the night, until his native land was encompassed by a chain of fire, his countrymen arous-

ed, and a whole army defeated by the dying act of one of those whom the world calls weak.

Why is it, that the simple recital of such a deed as this moves the deepest chords of human sympathy? Why is it, that when the poet, the orator, the sculptor or the painter wishes to send a great pulsing throb of pity through the heart of humanity, he chooses such a theme as this?

Why is it, that a universal thrill is felt at the thought of victories won by those whom the world calls weak. It is because of a deep seated sense of justice in the human heart. It is the feeling of a judge who finds that he has condemned an innocent man. It is that the world acknowledges that it has condemned, as weak and worthless, those who are strong and true; that the pure ardent patriotism of the lone young cripple whose torch flashed upon the dark mountain side, was of more avail in the hour of his country's need, than though he had possessed the might of Sampson or worn the armour of an Achilles. It is the recognition upon the part of the world, that all strength does not lie in the apparent and ostensible; that there are imponderable forces in human as well as physical nature and that they are as powerful in the one as heat and electricity in the other. It is another evidence of the gradual triumph of the immaterial over

the material, another trophy won by mind from matter

Slowly is the world learning the lesson of wisdom in the grand school of experience; opinion after opinion has been changed, judgment after judgment has been reversed, the never ceasing current of time is forever sweeping the broken wrecks of error into the ocean of the past and the skies of passing centuries are forever being blackened by holocausts of the world's broken idols. Slowly like the gradual emerging of some grand continent from a primeval ocean, rise the resources of humanity on the view of mankind. From the first brute force was recognized, then intellect became a power and still later the grand resources of the human soul began to dawn upon the world; thus many who were weak because their resources were ignored became strong when they were recognized.

In the barbarous ages of the past woman was degraded almost to the level of the brutes, but as the sun of civilization began to dawn over the dark valley of the middle ages, woman in all the loveliness of her character, in all the strength of her purity, came down the pathway of his morning beams. Flowers sprang up beneath her steps, at her approach the warrior relaxed his battle frown and dropped his blood stained weapons; the slave threw off his fetters, the artist caught up his pencil, the poet his lyre; a human

tenderness and intelligence lighted up every face and the word "home" began to be sweet to the ears of men. To-day the philosopher seats her upon her throne at the fireside clothed in the royal robes of her strong religious faith and pure example swaying with the scepter of her gentle influence the destinies of the nation, and crowns her the queen of the republic, the hopes of free institutions, and the mainstay of free government.

Whenever some towering, far seeking intellect, standing on the pedestal of its own originality looking far away from the prejudices and opinions of the time, descries some new resources in the broad field of its possessor, he becomes either a tyrant or a philanthropist.

If a tyrant he uses his power to shut down the curtains of ignorance upon a suffering world. If a philanthropist, he employs it to raise those curtains, and let the light of knowledge stream in on a rejoicing people. And just as surely as the philanthropist will receive his reward, so surely will retribution be meted out to the tyrant. The oppressors of the weak never go unpunished. Long ere the world fully realized the magic of song, Edward I., of England felt that though the Welsh minstrel wielded no battle ax couched no spear; nor wet his right hand in English

blood, the wild burst of his battle song and the weird simple music of his harp caused thousands of blades to flash the brighter in the cause of freedom, and kept alive the spirit of liberty among the mountains of Wales. Edward, the L., slew the bards of Cambria. Green grew the grass, light lay the turf upon the breast of Cadwello of the silver tongue and Lewellyn of the gentle lay, until, another bard, the poet Gray, lifted with the strong hand of his fancy, one of those minstrels from his lowly bed and placed him in the,

“Rock whose haughty frown  
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood.”

To pour forth with all the prophetic fury of his soul, the curse of the bard upon Edward’s ruined line.

The world is but a grand aggregate of erring humanity ; therefore its judgments cannot be unerring. It has called the strong weak and the weak strong. Nay it has been compelled to realize that out of seeming weakness strength is born.

The world thought that the weakness of Holland lay in the frailty of her dykes and the proximity of the thundering ocean to her fertile meadows ; yet, when the foot of the Spanish invader was crushing out her life, her noble sons tore down those dykes and her ancient enemy, the sea, came sweeping in to her relief and



tore the cruel Spaniards from the beleagured gates of Leyden.

Fifty years ago the world said that America was too new, too wild and savage to have a literature ; that the Augustian age could never come until many centuries after the rude times of Romulus and Remus. Sidney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, propounded his famous query, " who reads an American book ? " Yet, who will not admit that, in history, poetry, science, criticisms, biographies, political and ethical discussions, the records of travel, of taste, and of romance universally recognized, as high standard examples, of American origin now illustrate the genius and culture of the nation. Out of our weakness there has come strength.

The wild character of our scenery, the savage beauty of our frontier, our lakes, the majestic flow of our noble rivers, winding through a measureless expanse of forest which tosses, like some mighty ocean, its dark billows in breezes of spring and glances like some vast sleeping sea, its thousand hued foliage in an autumnal sun ; our fertile bosomed, far stretching prairies, the deep toned song of spray-dashing Niagara, the poet of our waters, the grand and glorious beauty of our fair young continent ; and the very fact of standing out from the chilling shadow of the time-

honored custom and soul-fettering ceremonies of the past, in the warm influence of free institutions, has given a freedom, an originality, a scope and power of thought, to the minds of our authors, and lent a freshness, a brilliancy and luxuriance of fancy to their pages which neither the smoothed shaven lawns, the well regulated parks, the closely trimmed groves of England, nor all the cathedrals of the continent can inspire.

To-day our gray haired poet of the woods has taken down with his trembling hands the huge mossy harp of the blind old man of Scions' Isle, which too many English bards have essayed to strike in vain. His first wild notes carried the world back to the old Homeric times and as his heart warmed with the true Homeric fire, and that ancient harp rang out its olden melody, a long forgotten strain of music seemed to sweep over the hearts of men ; the spirit of the present became blended with the spirit of the past, and the skillful hand of our master poet had rolled back the waves of civilization until they reached no further than the shores of Greece.

When we bid a last farewell to the sweet minstrel of the western woods, and he goes to sleep, with his twin brother Homer, in the poets corner of the shadowy land of the past ; he will take the old harp with

him, no mortal hand will ever strike it again. It will hang above them as they lightly slumber, and it shall vibrate only to the breezy fingers of grand old mother nature, as she sings a lullaby to her sleeping poet children.

The opinion of the world, then, is not infallible; the records of the past show that there may be mistaken judgments of the present which will yet be reversed in the future.

The world sitting in judgment upon the destinies of two great nations declared that France though shockingly destitute of those immaterial resources which constitute a nation's strength; though she has deep-seated in her social system the canker of infidelity though all faith in what is good, all reverence for what is pure, all relish for what is natural, has died out of her heart, will yet succeed in establishing a republic within her borders; but that Ireland, is doomed to perpetual slavery.

And yet can it be that all the blood of pure patriots, which has stained the turf of Ireland, has been shed in vain? May we not hope that the green island; from whose bosom so many noble, gallant men have sprung, whose statesmen have held English parliaments spell-bound, whose sons have fallen in so many battles beneath the red cross of England, whose poets have sung so sweetly and so well, that,

“Their tyrants themselves as they rivet their chains,  
Listen to the songs of their captives and weep,”

may yet be free, and the grand banner yet hang in the halls of a proud republic.

Let him who battles for right, truth and justice never tremble at fulminations, from the ocular lips of the world's wealth and power ; and though his banner be torn to shreds, his good blade broken and he himself forced to the knee, let him never despair, let him remember that the opinions of the world are mutable and transient and that truth is immutable and eternal, and will in the end prevail.

There is prevalent among all classes of humanity a desire to be ranked with those whom the world calls strong, and a dread of being numbered with those whom the world calls weak. Yet why should we shrink from joining the grand toiling suffering army, which though veiled in obscurity fights the battles and achieves the victories of the world? Is it nobler to win the world's praise than to procure the green island its benefit? Is not a hero, a hero though God alone sees him.

Is it not better to have the tears of one grateful heart, shed over our graves, than the hollow thunders of the world's applause roll over them? What though no poet embalms our name in verse, no painter traces

with glowing pencil our deeds upon material canvas? Old mother earth with kindly arms will gather us to her gentle bosom ; many-voiced nature with moaning trees, her foaming ocean and thundering cataracts will chant our requiem.

The tinted skies of sunset and of morn will keep our memories fresh in the hearts of those we love ; and when all these are passed away our consciences will wear the approving seal of those grand principles of right which last forever.

## THE STATESMAN.

---

BY J. R. LETCHER.

---

OF all the positions which man is called upon to fill in his relations to his fellow man, the state more than any other, offers an opportunity for the development of genius in every phase, — yet history furnishes but few instances wherein it can be said that he has demonstrated his ability to properly conduct its affairs. The clashing interests of society and the many complicated and often contrary demands arising out of them, where duty and justice are constantly opposed to gratitude and inclination, must ever make the profession of the statesman neither easy nor enviable.

Statesmanship in its present form is comparatively a new science. Previous to the close of the fifteenth century, which marks the great era of change in the political as well as in the moral and religious mind of Europe, eminence and influence were denied the noble and conceded to the noble only in war. Surroun-

ded by jealous and usurping barons, the monarch was refused the privilege of delegating his authority, statesmanship became possible only on the throne,—and royalty formed “a school too narrow to allow of the progress or even existence of that important science.” There were, it is true, legislators,—there were warriors,—there were financiers who undertook to raise the state revenue as a matter of private speculation but minds uniting all these various species of knowledge and capable of binding their several interests into one could not be found except upon the throne and rarely there.

The statesman should learn to accommodate himself to circumstances,—an essential element of success in this as in every other profession,—yet how often we see great talents, intense labor and long meditation employed in a struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed if not absolutely in vain, at least with doubtful success and feeble applause. The statesman may regulate himself by events, but it is seldom, that he can cause events to regulate themselves by him. Often such men have only a choice of evils and in the adoption of either discontent is certain, benefit doubtful.

The statesman should be a man of principle,—morality in public affairs has much greater latitude

than in private, but it is always judicious not to make use of that without extreme precaution, — for there is nothing except success which justifies it, and who can be answerable for success? Is it not lamentable to think what a gulf of impracticability must ever separate men of principle whom offices want, from men of no principle who want offices? The responsibility of persons intrusted with public authority is an immutable rule and can not be violated without injury to the commonwealth. In our day no statesman can hope that corrupt principles will escape a vigilance that never sleeps and an industry that never wearies — the free press.

The statesman should be an orator, — that art which has exerted such an influence in the world's history, is regarded by many as absolutely necessary for those who participate in the affairs of State. In ancient times this was true; — but in this age of progress when all questions of vast import are rehearsed to the people in the metallic tones of press and wire, the cadence of speech and the graces of action are silent, while the thoughts of the orator alone hold sway over the minds of men, yet the orator who appeals to the head rather than the heart, who resorts to argument and not to sophistry, who would “rather convince without persuading than persuade without convincing,” is an



exception to all rules and would succeed in all times.

The statesman should be a patriot,—he should possess a patriotism that ever prompts to service, that suppresses narrow, selfish instincts and stimulates others to generous endeavor,—a patriotism that imbibes the country's life by the study of its origin and growth, its outward and internal history,—that favors the education of the people, the enlightenment of the suffrage, the elevation of the popular character, and the awakening of a healthier sentiment, indispensable to the preservation of constitutional liberty,—a patriotism based upon the useful, the holy, the just, the true and the beautiful, those great forces that embrace all there is of hum in power, whether it thinks in the mind, thrills in the nerve or is developed in the muscle, and never losing sight of the fact that all these are better made in accordance with the laws of their Author than under those imposed by mere governmental agency. Patriotism is not only a legitimate sentiment, but a duty, — rightly used “it is the sure and necessary bulwark and support of civil communities.”

The greatness of a nation mainly depends on the greatness of its natural advantages and the use it makes of them. The highest gifts of heaven avail nothing unless skillfully and energetically appropriated, and the manner of this appropriation depends

upon the statesman. Respecting the accomplishment of these ends he should not be content to have his views merely known, — but should labor with his pen, his tongue, by personal exertion and political sacrifices of power and popularity to have his views prevail over the public mind. The mere promulgation of an abstract truth is not all that is required, — but to fit that truth upon the body politic or incorporate it into the social fabric requires profound judgment, clearness of vision, firmness of character, unremitting effort and a high moral integrity. It is not enough to have glorious ends — the statesman should ever strenuously insist upon the necessity of worthy means. He must know and feel that he has a country and with that sagacity which enables him to see “the top of distant thoughts which men of common stature can not see” he must apply the resources of the state to the common weal, confident of the result, and trusting to time and public justice for his vindication and his fame :

“The laurels on his honored brow  
In age shall flourish and with time shall grow.”

## MINISTRY OF POETRY.

---

BY MISS ELLA DIMMITT.

---

I N order to fully appreciate the ministry of poetry, it may be necessary to be somewhat methodical in a classification of the arts in general, and these may be arranged into two classes, the *useful* and the *ornamental*. To the former class belong those employed by man in securing the comforts of life. To the latter those which contribute to his pleasures. This latter class, less numerous than the first, though of wider application, includes what are called the fine arts," namely: painting, sculpture, music and poetry. Though this division be accepted, the line of demarcation can not be too sharply defined. Like the colors of the spectrum, they fade into each other by insensible degrees. Many things designed for use afford abundant scope for ornament, and many things whose prime object is to please, are not thereby rendered unfit for use. It has been said that the foundation of

the fine arts was laid in the luxuries of life, and that they flourish only in countries long freed from want and barbarism. This may be true with regard to painting, sculpture, and music, as sciences, but we have every proof that the earliest history of poetry is identical with the *earliest history of man*. The useful arts are acquired by study, while the impulse that is to make a poet, a painter or a sculptor must come from within.

As no two persons see the same rainbow, so no two persons agree in their views as to what constitutes poetry. What is poetry for one may be the plainest prose for another. The highest ambition of prose is merely to express the plain simple facts, while poetry performs a ministry of love, smoothing, ornamenting and making beautiful and lovely the rough paths of weary man. The true poet wields a mighty weapon, for his advantage and elevation all nature is laid under contribution. He whispers an incantation and legions of spirits on glittering wings fly to his aid! He waves his magic wand and all opposition kneels quickly at his feet! Does he frown? Gloom and despair envelop all things. Does he smile? The very skies become wonderfully bright. In answer to the question, is the poet's mission an ordinary one? We have only to remind you that God Himself is a poet.

He never speaks in prose, but communicates with us by signs, omens, inferences and figures. There are no poems that can be compared with the sacred Scriptures. The Psalms, even now after having been reduced to prose for three thousand years, presents the best and most sublime collection of lyrical poems. Then truly is the spirit of poetry a universal spirit, confined to no age, and limited to no country. The revelations that have crowned the tops of Horeb and Sinai have descended through all succeeding ages to us. It can not be questioned, however, that knowledge and refinement have a tendency to "clip the wings of poetry," as they limit the imagination. Only the new and novel charm the fancy, enabling it to reach the culmination of its greatness.

As we look through the present into the dim vista of the vague beyond, build lofty castles and people them with fairy forms, or connect them with dark myths of our own fancy, so, while unable to comprehend the universe, we fill it with demons or gods, dear enchantments or pleasant retreats, as our muse sees fit to picture. Indeed the imagination is the poet's great talisman, and why repress our feelings of sadness as we see the hand of science at work, hewing down the barriers, and tearing us from our loved images by rashly changing them into prose realities, thus robbing

poetry of her sweetest essence. There can never be another ladder where angles may ascend and descend from heaven as in "Jacob's dream" of old. Alas! science has done the cruel work here also. Astronomical research has measured the wide expanse between our world and Heaven rudely severing the link that connected us with the "pearly gates" of that "Celestial city." Yet in spite of this, poetry has many dear charms left. Life without this holy enthusiasm would be the sun without its brilliant ray, the diamond without its lustre. Poetry is the language of nature, and if it is not a reality, life itself is a mere phantom, since all forms of poetry are imitations of nature. In the expressive language of that classic writer Emerson, "nature itself is one grand trope, and all particular natures particular tropes." The various changes and productions of nature are merely the nouns of the poet's language. All the lower and higher emotions of the mind — fear, hope, joy, love and hatred are but a portion of his vocabulary.

"The world is full of poetry, the air  
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies  
And sparkle in its brightness."

The beautiful landscape, the crystal fountain, the grand painting, the lovely face, are all poems without

words, and though the thoughts are unexpressed, they are read none the less readily by the inspired heart. Man is a poetical being ; perhaps he may not acknowledge these principles or make them a study, yet he acts them through life. "Poetry is the royal language of high born genius." It seizes the common-place topics and clothes them in such a manner that they surprise and please us. How true the remark that "truth is stranger than fiction." For instance, the world has long thought that truth and poetry were deadly enemies. Strange idea ! At no time is poetry so well fulfilling her ministry as when in harmony with truth. There are no two friends in the universe bound together by stronger or more endearing ties of affection. In the earliest creation God united them, and ever since they have blessed Heaven and earth with their bright presence. Indeed the relationship between truth and poetry is so near that they have been called twin sisters, and in their progress through life they walk hand in hand along the same pathway. But very often men hear the silver voice of poetry, while their dull earthly eyes fail to see the silent companion so meekly at her side. Sometimes the silken cord that connects them is concealed by the rich drapery ; still they walk together all the same. These dear sisters, though many times in plain attire and not recognized

by the world at large, teach many beautiful lessons to the musing heart. When we read a grand poem each verse so fraught with beauty and truth, 'tis the poetry alone that appears on the printed page, while the truth is engraven on the soul. Yes, the poet is the greatest herald of truth, and how unlimited should be our gratitude to this welcome messenger, who by his soft whispers to us in solitude, starts a deep fountain of thought and feeling in the mind. The ministry of poetry has won for her another sweet associate, less fair, perhaps, than her sister truth, yet the connection may be more readily noticed. Poetry and liberty are firmly bound together. When freedom unfurls her banner of peace and prosperity and a nation is buoyed by brightest hopes for the present and future, then poetry catches the breath of inspiration and reaches its highest degree of perfection. As the literary productions of an age always partake of the spirit of that age, so the most brilliant political stars of a nation are found in the genial skies of liberty. 'Tis under the benign influence of liberty that poetry develops into a splendid system calculated to promote the best interests and extol the greatest acts of man. Poetry, the hand-maid of religion is often a balm to the weary and a consolation to the troubled. All Christian societies sing poems set to music, considering it a mete worship for



Him who loves the songs which angels sing. The most depraved man has been reformed by hearing familiar lines of poetry. Perhaps it was a chant sung by his mother as she pressed him to her heart, or perhaps a peice learned in the dear old Sunday school of years ago. Even the soldier in his rough campaign is more strengthened and encouraged by his national verses than by any other influence.

When he hears the fife and drum playing an accompaniment to loved words, how his heart beats the time with enthusiastic emotion as he nerves himself for the severest conflict. Hence in nature and in art, in truth and in liberty, in religion and in revolution, the fair goddess poetry faithfully performs her duty, making her charming presence felt and acknowledged.

Poetry does not confine her ministry to poems contained in books ; we have *unwritten* as well as *written* poetry. Wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power or harmony, there is poetry. Full many a heart overflowing with sublime thoughts and holy imaginings needs but the "pen of fire" to hold enraptured thousands in its spell. The "thoughts that breathe" but not the "words that burn" are there. Nature's own inspirations fill the heart with emotion too deep for utterance, and the poetry of the heart lies forever concealed in its own mysterious shrine. Unwritten

poetry! It is stamped on the bright blue sky—it twinkles in the star—it rides on the ocean's swelling surge, and glitters in the dew drop that gems the lily-bell. It glows in the gorgeous colors of the west at close of day, and gilds the rosy light of morn. It rests on the blackened crest of the thunder cloud and paints the bright sunbeam. It is on the mountain's height and cataract's roar, on the towering oak and in the tiny flower.

Thus we find her magic ministry wherever God's precious gifts find a resting place.

## “LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

---

BY F. W. KUMPH.

---

THE earth lay calm and peaceful as framed by the Creator's hand. That awful calm and silence, which death alone can give lent terror to the plastic world. The Creator said, "Let there be Light," and lo! the sombre clouds which had enshrouded the earth like a hideous funeral pall, vanished with the gloom, while the stygian darkness crept back into the depths of infinity. There in the east blushing hues surged up and intermingled! The golden disk sprang up through shrinking night, and his glorious rays danced upon the tremulous ocean. Yes! darkness was hurled from his throne and "holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born ruled eternal space forever more." That youngest day sped by but night ne'er ruled again for there on high: "Glowed God's bright firmament with livid sapphires; Hesperus that led the stary host rode brightest, till the moon rising in cloudy majesty, at

length, apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light and o'er the dark her silvery mantle threw."

Thus there was light! Light in the physical universe! Not so with the light of truth, or the mental! In pursuit of that light the mind of man has followed two main channels. That of religion, and that of science. The man of science claims to reason "from nature up to nature's God;" to trace the foot-prints of his Creator, and shed the light of truth about him through the study of his works.

Man takes the little flower of the fields learns the secret of its growth, and the secretion of delicate perfume. He looks upon the mighty oak whose time-worn trunk has braved the winters of half a thousand years, and in its concentric rings reads its history like a life.

He scales the lofty Cotopaxi, and while gazing down the dim, dumb crater dreams of the seething hissing billows of fire down in the hot heart of that mountain. He dives beneath the foam-crested waves of Neptune's wide domain, glides among the shattered hulks, the chests of treasures and those who sank,

"With bubbling groan  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

He looks upon the monsters of the deep which wind their slimy, loathsome limbs about the loved and cher-

ished forms of friends. He roams amid the crystaled caverns of the earth, and reads page after page of its volume of rocks. He looks upon the insect which flits for a moment and dies, upon the monsters whose life is told by centuries. He snatches the lightning from Jove's right hand, and "soon the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under the waters of every sea. He takes a tear, from the cheek of unpaid labor, converts it into steam, and thus creates a giant who turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil." Yet, unsatisfied he turns his eyes up to the belfries of the skies, and looks down the rows of worlds, as you look down your lamp lighted streets at night. He learns that already the moon is but a charred cinder of the earth; the earth but a dying-ember of the sun; the sun but a blazing fragment of the stars, and the stars themselves but dying suns, and all their galaxies doomed to pale and wane in universal night and death. And yet with all this, the man of science has best stood upon the portico leading to the temple of God.

When, on the other hand, we look back upon the scenes where the pale moonbeams of oblivion played about the noble deeds of men. How grand and glorious was the advance of Christianity. How few her followers when her conquest begun in the East, yet

how glorious her victorious march ; against the superstition of the multitude ; against the influence and crafts of their priesthood ; against the ridicule of wits, the reasoning of sages, the policy of cabinets, and the prowess of armies she has extended her conquest from the sacred shrines of Galilee to the light tossing waves of the Pacific The altars of impiety crumbled before her march, the faint glimmer of the schools disappeared in her superior light ! Power felt her arm wither at her glance, and in a short time she who had gone forlorn and insulted from the blood stained hill of Calvary to the tomb of Joseph, ascended Rome's imperial throne, and waved her banner over the palaces of the Cæsars.

To-day e'en as she did when Rachel wept for her children she raises up the bowed head of the mourner, divests the heart of its cares, and blunts the sting of death ! And when at last the scenes of life have passed by like some strange and curious panorama, with a smile like unto that Mary gave unto risen Jesus does she point out to the dying one the friends, on that beautiful shore, who are watching and waiting for him.

Oft have I looked up at that star in the north and contemplated its value to roving man. How many a weary mariner tossed upon the bosom of the angry

deep. How many a foot-sore wanderer seeking friends whom he knew not where to find, has turned his eyes up to that bright beacon of the heavens and been guided by its cheering rays to some blessed haven of rest. From earliest times that star and its north was known. When however years had rolled into centuries, man at length took the sand of the sea shore, constructed a telescope and turned its wonder speaking mouth up to that mute field of humanity, and lo! he finds that it is not a single but a double star the one revolving in endless cycles about the others. And so back in those dark ages, the star of Christianity alone was seen and man by its cheering rays was led to "That home where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

When however, superstition had vanished, with the gloom, impartial eyes were turned up to the star of Bethlehem, it to was found to be a double illuminary, the one the sun of Christianity, the other that of science, the resplendent glory of the one lending brilliancy to the dazzling splendor of the other, — both twinkling for eternity in the lovely vault of truth where the angels robed in their immaculate white, float and fly, in the realms of endless day, singing heavenly hallelujahs in praise of that Omnipotent God, who in the beginning said, "*Let there be Light.*"

## “MAN THE SHEKIMAH.”

---

BY W. S. COWHERD.

---

WE read, in that strangest and holiest of records, how in Jerusalem, city of sorrows, a temple was built by cunning hands; and all the world of its abundance sent forth ample stores to wise king Solomon. Ophir gave up her gold, Lebanon her cedars. Architect and mason, joined with equal skill in rearing a dwelling place for God. And within the temple, guarded by cherubim and seraphim upon the throne of thrones, shone the shekimah, glory light of heaven. But wars and ruin came. The decendants of Israel fled to the uttermost parts of the world, and with them went persecution and pestilence and death.

By rude assault the temple fell and the despised children of the desert reared an edifice with the stones brought by the cunning artisans of Hiram. And morn and noon and night, the Mussulman kneels to his devotions upon Moriah's rock, once the resting place of god.



But unhurt by time and war and ruin, the Shekima still exists. Still guarded by cherubims and watched by seraphim it glows upon the countenance of every heaven-born son of earth. However degraded and depraved, however clothed in infamy and shame, and sunk in vice's damning dregs, that heavenly spark will flash a moment into being, and proclaim the brute a hero, and the man a God.

Man after all, is but a temple built by more than skillful hands, whose walls have never heard the sound of hammer and of chisel. For unseen machinery raises from the earth each little molecule to fit it in its destined niche. So day by day the temple grows, and when at last it is complete the immortal soul comes down to take up its abode.

The record that this tenant keeps the "whirling mass of cares, anxieties, affections, hopes and griefs," we call the creature's life, and in the story of a single life, we read the history of the world.

Man strives at first with feebler animals, scarce knows himself to be of higher mould, until upon the tossing sea of life a noble iceberg, giant of the race, of thought, rears its head to point him heavenward and mind and feeling wake to sudden action. The creature thinks. The future glorious possibilities rise like a mist before him and kindle in his heart a flame the

ages shall not quench. He knows and feels himself to be a spark of immortality, a torch to light a wilderness of doubt, a fire to fit the soul for heaven.

When holy passion stops, ambition's goal takes up the strife for place and power, and wars are waged for gilded baubles and a nations blood flows with its rivulets. Honors empty, little lure men on to death and deeds the which a tiger might have done as well are hymned in verse and sung by bright young lips, till other hearts catch up the spark of passion and feel the war-lust on them; and are lighted on to still more ruthless deeds.

I sometimes think each individual nature is like a piece of music delicately writ indeed, and yet all hanging on a single note, and so through life we dully plod along until the master hand that sweeps the keys of fate, but strike the chord to which our soul is strung and all the passion, all the life within us wakes to sudden being. Some find the key note of their natures where the rude world strives for place or rank or power, and call it there ambition. Some seek it in the kindling glance that glows from dark black eyes, and in the blush that mantles beauty's cheek and there they call it love. Some only know it in the dismal cell, where the love anchoret pours forth his prayers, and dooms himself to pennance for his sins.

But whenever and wherever found, it wakens in the man powers not known before.

Touch but that chord and you may lead him on to deeds of daring, that shall form a theme for poetry and song. Touch but that chord and you better still will see acts of noble sacrifice of self, which the world never knows or ere appliuls, but over which heaven's angles weep, as they record the hero's name upon the book of life. He, who learns to play on such a harp divine, makes music sweeter than that with which Amphion moved the rocks to take their places in the wall of Thebes.

Such are the men who move the world. They learn the music "that with mighty wing-beat sweeps the chambers of the soul." They gather up the chords that lead from heart to heart, teach them to thrill with pleasure or vibrate with pain, and when they call for good or bad, humanity stands ready to respond.

Cæsar points to the walls of Rome, and the battle scarred heroes of Gaul forgetting honor home and country turns to salute a king. Napoleon lands at Cannes, and ere the tri-color greets the sunlight an army awaits his command. Unmindful of the seas of blood they have already shed for him, unmindful that their comrades bones bleach on every plain in Europe, giving to this man all the love they owe to *La Belle France*, they become his lambs to lead, his lions to incite.

Even at this day and age, we, who claim to have purified our nations of all their baser portions, and educated into nobler growth the divinity that dwells within us, still feel our pulses beat faster where the battle song is sung, and long to hear again the tale of war and rapine; and how the beast has conquered and the man has died. But savage war with savage state must cease. When all his fierceness has been quenched in blood, man turns to works of peace, and reason bears her heavenly home to guide his wondering foot-steps. So hand in hand these two climb, ever higher, up the hill of knowledge, and the heights of thought. Till to presumptuous grown, man dares attack the very gates of heaven, and finds in all consuming death a mete reward. The three dark sisters, whose seat is at the foot of the great tree of life, and who ever water its rootlets with their tears, have cut one of the strands their nimble fingers weave. One little leaflet bearing on its face the story of a life, has been borne away upon the sighing breeze. Will the other leaflets miss it? Will the sisters cease to weave, because one thread is broken? Thus dies the man, so perishes the nation. Where are the mighty kingdoms that once ruled the world? Tell me Babylon, Queen City of the brazen gates, why does the commerce of the Asias no longer throng your marts?

Far famed Illium, why grows the grass above the ruins of your sixth laid city? Beautiful Palmyra why do your massive columns and fluted pillars keep lonely watch over the vacant desert? Jerusalem much loved by heaven, why has a foreign prince usurped the throne of David, and the temple of Solomon become a mosque of Mohammed?

From one and all the same sad tale, war to their neighbors, doubts of their gods has brought the avenging hand. Go seek their vacant sites, where once the city's spires rose fair to meet the gaze, now lies a mass of mouldering ruins, and an idle savage turns in his hand a bit of broken pottery; or grows a little learned reads from carved stones, and moulded brick wondrous tales of those who once lived and loved where now he reigns supreme.

Truly, "the palaces of kings have become a den of wild beasts, flocks fold on the arena of the temple, and unclean reptiles inhabit the sanctuary of the gods. Thus perish the works of man; thus do empires and nations pass away." How soon such fate may be our own we know not. The broad diversity of our country and national character afford alike the elements of ruin and of life. The conflict of sectional interests leads to war. The common love we bear our country keeps us at peace. The example

of our fathers should hold us fast to the faith in our God. The spirit of our age doubts his existence. Already the conflict has begun. While in the east the pastor tells to his flock the story of the cross, thousands throng the halls to hear infidelity proclaimed in undying eloquence. In the West paganism sits idly nodding in the sun, beneath the very eaves of ancient monasteries. From the Atlantic, comes German atheism and old world doubt; from the Pacific, Confucius invades the realm of Christ. God grant the end be distant far, and nought but the arch-angles trump, that wakes to life the nations of the past, shall peal the death-knell of our race.

## THE RUINS OF TIME.

---

BY R. M. COOK.

---

NOTHING but dreary ruins commemorate the glorious triumphs of the past. Time remorseless as death rolls onward, ever onward, crushing and obliterating the grandest monuments of human ambition. We behold only the silent graves of human efforts, gleaming in mournful grandeur along the "Appian Way." Of his progress from Thebes to Troy, from Troy to Athens, from Athens to Rome, — eternal only in song and story.

The historian muses sadly amid the mighty ruins of the past, he lingers with awe among the whitened sepulchers of human hopes; views with sorrow the shapeless masses of broken columns and fallen porticoes beneath which lie crushed and mouldering the statues of gods and heroes modeled by inspiration and wrought by genius. The gloomy sphinx, with giant brow, all furrowed by the shifting sands of Egypt,

whispers his mystic prayer to the god of day, but his wierd voice sounding through all the ages reveals no secret of the dead past. The zealous antiquarian may linger long and earnestly within the sombre shadows of mysterious Memnon, but the oracle of the plain is dumb to all his hopes, silent as the lofty pyramids ; as the mighty temples of Thebes, or the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculanium, that need not the genius of superstition to vocalize their ruins. They speak not in whispers, but in trumpet tongues and the language of one is the voice of all. Once the proud monuments of mans creative genius, they now stand as wonderful witnesses of the devouring, blighting touch of time. A few more years and the shifting sands of the desert will have proved their winding sheet, hiding forever the mouldering monuments of the dead past. Like the lone sentinel of Pompeii, they are eloquent in their silence, fantastic in their gloom.

The pages of history gleam with the glorious exploits of heroes and statesmen and poets. The great monuments of antiquity were built to commemorate their virtues. Man, in the very infancy of the race seems to have appreciated the ravages of Time, and with the courage and energy of despair he reared the grandest monuments of antiquity. The unequal struggle commenced upon the plains of Babylon, while the



tragedy of the deluge was still fresh in the minds of all. The growing power and expanding genius of man but intensified the struggle which wider and fiercer grew as material for conflict increased upon the earth. Time, eternal in might, spurned the feeble efforts of men and laughed to scorn the very gods they worshiped. Hurling their temples in the dust, he buried idols and idolaters in one common grave, as did the vengeful son of Manoah in the house of Dagon. Alas! for the heroes of the dim past! helpless victims of a hopeless struggle! Even the states founded by their wisdom and nurtured by their prudence are gone. The language that once stirred the souls of millions to deeds of virtue and noble daring, live but in the text books; is spoken only at the altar. The poets who gave life and soul and power to the classic tongues have not so much as a tomb to do them honor. The heroes they loved, the gods they worshiped may have filled the world with their presence but time denies them a monument in fee-simple for all their pains. How earnestly they coveted such distinction! How vainly they strove to perpetuate their names through all ages! Some spent the spoils of triumph rearing glorious mausoleums only to leave the world in doubt whether their bones were within the crumbling walls or in the potters field without. The followers of the

cross despised the grandeur of pagan Rome and with pride born of humility despoiled the grandest temples to build monasteries, convents and chapels. The tombs of Emperor's became depositories for relics or prisons for heretics. Instead of Roman eagles, emblems of courage and victory, marshalling heroic legions to fields of glory, returning triumphant with the spoils of conquered nations, the cross is borne by mitred priests and hooded monks returning with Peter's pence and the victims of unbelief. Owls built their nests and reared their young in the temples of Mars and Jupiter. Time leagued with priest-craft reared the temples of the Nazarene upon the ruins of pagan Rome, sparing none of her proud monuments, not even the ashes of her illustrious dead. If Rome is yet great and glorious in her ruins, we have not to thank her popes and bishops; we only thank them for what they spared. The same may be said of Jerusalem, the city of the living God, the home of David and Solomon, the site of the famous temple, which contained within its walls all that was rich and beautiful and grand; all that could excite awe, admiration and delight. The whole world contributed to its construction, the nations of the earth to its endowment. Its golden vestments and silver ornaments; its altars of ivory and beaten gold, in its brazen sea surrounded by glittering

statuary, extorted the wonder and admiration of the human race. What of this vast temple to-day? Alas! it vanished before the foot-steps of time leaving us to muse in silence over its departed grandeur, as though it were a dream, or the recollection of an Oriental fable, heard in childhood and almost forgotten. The wandering Arab pitches his tent in the court yard of the great Being, and the shepherd folds his flock at night in the holies of holies.

The fruitful vine, the luxurious date and fig tree, the vigorous olive and citron, — themes of song and history, — where are those green trees and fruitful fields? The pride and boast of this God favored land. This land of promise flowing with milk and honey? Look but upon the parched and dreary landscape, dry, crisp and baren, hoary from centuries of drought behold the ruin of time, and ask not for the glory of Israel has departed.

Thus time rolls onward through the cycles of the ages, a veritable Juggernaut crushing life and hopes and memory beneath his giant wheels, yet man, presumptuous man, exulting in the triumphs of his genius, has dared to put forth his hand as if to stay the progress of this invincible chariot. Like the servant of the Hebrew king, the impetuous Uzzah, who laid sacrilegious hands upon the Ark of the Covenant, man has suf-

ferred for such to merit ; has paid the penalty of crimes unseen of justice and unknown to law. Such has been the power of time. Such the penalty of man's resistance through all the ages. The good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Pagan stand alike in the presence of all conquering time, all have striven ; all have perished in the strife ; yet time rolls around to other fields and grander victories among the children of men. The ruins that survive his progress are all seamed and defaced, mangled and distorted ; but monuments of blighted hopes teaching only the lesson of despair. Where is the grand mausoleum, of Mausolus, king of Caria, with its massive columns and beautiful statuary ? Not a vestige remains to reward the zealous labors of the antiquarian. Artemisia builded wisely and well, but time laughed to scorn her labors of love and duty. Where is the mausoleum of Alexander ? Once the glory and pride of Babylon, with its bronze galleries, and tier after tier of glittering statuary ? Where is the monument of Augustus, crowned with a colossal statue of the great emperor ? The mausoleum of Hadrian, the statues of which were hurled upon the besieging Goths while surging like the mad waves of an ocean about its marble walls.

The last alone survives, a papish bastile with a his-

tory redder than blood. The hand of destruction has been busy, but we are not left in doubt as to the magnificence of pagan civilization. The wasting powers of time have razed mausoleums of solid granite, crushing columns of Parian marble and hurled from lofty pedestals the statues of the gods and heroes, but through all this carnival of ruin, some fragments have yet escaped even down to our own age, an age which cherishes with laudable pride, and zealous care all that time has left to commemorate the bright and glorious past. But we look in vain for the academy and the Lyceum, for the famous portico from which resounded the voice of Plato, Zeno and their illustrious competitors. Those grand receptacles of learning, liberty, and laws are prostrate in the dust. The glory of Athens lives only in the silent tones of history. The temple of Diana of Ephesus, and the oracles of Delphi have likewise perished went down before the flaming sword of the Arabian fanatic, who came with commandments in one hand and the sword in the other. The palace of Nero and the shrine of Apollo are mingled with the ruins of the forum, the tribunal and the rostrum. The grand Coliseum, where the despairing gladiators poured out their life blood to amuse the Roman populace, remains a dreary mass of stone and mortar, ivy-grown and almost hidden from the light of day.

The Goths and Vandals, the warlike hordes of the Arabian prophet, the torrent of civil commotion, the fanatical votaries of the cross, the fierce struggle for liberty of conscience, the despotism of popes, emperors and kings all contributed to the overthrow of what centuries of prosperity, culture and power had erected along the fruitful shores of the Mediterranean, the "Garden of the gods" reaching from Byzantium to the gates of Hercules. Thus time seems to have suborned the very genius and power of man against all that was sublime and noble among the works of men.

Happily for those, who honor their race and cherish that which is good and great and beautiful in human nature, time has not yet been able to wholly obliterate the memory of human greatness. The history of man's achievements will remain forever like precious heirlooms among the children of men. The historians and poets perhaps obscure and despised in their day have snatched the world's great heroes from oblivion. Their written pages multiplied by thousands were soon beyond the rapacious zeal of bigots. The edicts of spiritual tyrants could not reach all the hidden *tomes* of learning and to preserve one copy was sufficient to save the genius of its author, and the exploits of his age from oblivion. The very machinery

which priest-craft put in motion to obliterate pagan civilization and culture recoiled in the salvation of many precious volumes. The lazy monks, isolated in their dreary cloisters, spent the best years of their lives in copying the works of pagan authors and when popes and bishops stretched forth their hands to distroy the literature of the past, their zealous efforts proved abortive, thanks to the servants of the church who builded wiser than they knew. The lessons of the past and the realization of the present, should humble the proudest heart. There is nothing immutable in this vast world of ours ; nothing in the life we cherish. If the journey of life ends with our three score years and ten, it is not much to live, still less to die.

If it be true, that :

“ It is not all of life to live  
Nor all of death to die.”

Then, there must be rewards, perhaps punishments beyond the power and dominion of death. It is an attribute of nature to hope, though we may not be able to give a reason for the hopes we cherish. When weary of the retrospective ; sad from contemplating the ravages of time and the unstability of human efforts, we naturally look forward to eternity, wherein the living are supposed to be co-existing and co-exten-

sive with time itself. This is hope, the pillar of fire by night, that rests like an angel of peace and mercy over the sanctuary of many hearts. Happy are those who can felicitate themselves with such thoughts, for the ravages of time, even death itself has no terrors to the hopeful. This world may perish; may be rolled together like a scroll; may melt with fervent heat, it is all the same to those waiting, trusting, hopeful mortals, whose faith enables them to look beyond the confines of this perishable world to one imperishable, radiant with light and beauty. There are no limits to the hopes of immortality nor to the duration of felicity, it is a picture seen only through the eyes of faith; a picture graven by the hand of God upon the minds of men; a picture without shadow and without gloom; a picture as glorious as the substance it represents; as bright as the light that beats upon the very throne of God.



# WILLIAM THE SILENT AND FREE WORSHIP.

---

BY PAUL ALEXANDER.

---

WHEN Charles V., abdicated his crown and left to his son the performance of the terrible policy, which he had begun ; he leaned upon the shoulder of the man, who was destined to deal that policy its most fatal blow. When Philip and his regents were sending persecution and death among their subjects and converting rich and prosperous cities into smoke and ashes, they were compelled to lean upon the shoulder of the man whose power they dared not resist ; yet whose genius they recognized as their deadliest and most implacable foe.

When all the Netherlands were writhing under the whip and torture of a pitiless foreign tyrant, and the last hope of mercy from their king had died in darkness and misery ; they leaned in utter helplessness upon the shoulder of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange.

The great religious contest had been postponed, for

some dozen years, in Germany, by the Augsburg treaty, in France by the crafty policy of Catharine, in the surrounding countries the contending factions had been brought to a halt, and the great struggle between faith and conscience on the one hand, and bigotry and outrageous greed upon the other was transferred to the Netherlands there to be fought out for the rest of the century, while all Christendom was anxiously waiting the result. From the east, and from the west the dark clouds of war rolled back only to concentrate themselves in more portentous darkness over the devoted soil of the Netherlands. The storm had been long in maturing but when it burst forth, it was like some huge flood in its onward course—yielding here, hesitating there, but as resistless in its progress and as irresistible in its results as the will of the eternal God from whom it sprang; and it would be more philosophical to inquire how it had resisted so long than to ask, why should such an outbreak occur. It was the outburst of a principle, which had been repressed, for ages by monarchs and prelates, whose every idea of justice was sullied by the greediness of their own boundless desires. The nobles so conspicuous, on its surface, at its outbreak, only drifted before a storm, which they neither created nor could control; even the most powerful and sagacious were tossed to

and fro, by the surge of great events, which as they rolled more and more tumultuously around them seemed to become both irresistible, and uncontrollable. It could not be that nations advancing so rapidly, in the higher arts should retain in their midst this eternal foe of civilization. That extraordinary culture had not dawned upon the world only to increase the power of absolutism and superstition; the new world had not been discovered, the Old World re-conquered; the printing press perfected, merely that the Inquisition might reign undisturbed over all the earth, and chartered hypocrisy fatten upon the spoils of its fairest lands.

Such was the stream against which the brave William set his noble breast, and such were the conditions of the times, when he struck the first blow for religious liberty, and held up to the view of all mankind, the brightest jewel that sparkles in the crown of modern civilization. When, in the woods of Vincennes, the blundering French king committed to the ears of William the Silent, the plot of two kings against their subjects; he stirred up in that breast, the spirit that was destined to be his bitterest enemy, and which wrapped itself in attentive silence; and from that day begun the preparation which was to free an innocent people from the hated yoke of a cruel and relentless king.

It is difficult for men, placed in a country, and living in a cold calculating age like this, to form a just idea of the contrast between the nobility of such a man, and the meanness and perfidy of the statesmen of his age. To do this we must lift the veil from those woeful ages, and look upon the events that fill the reddest pages in the history of religious persecution. When men, women, and children were driven in droves to the stake; when to effect the elevation of the nobility there were introduced into the country all the terrors of the dread Spanish Inquisition; when outlawed criminals, and merciless fanatics banded themselves under a common standard; and under that semblance of religion, duly committed the foulest crimes that history has ever recorded. To see the greatness of his intellect we must consider the bigotry of Philip, the craftiness of Granville, the brutal cruelty of Alva, against all of whom, single handed and alone, he contended for the welfare of the people who had turned to him as their only saviour.

To estimate his abilities as a general we must consider the readiness with which he made soldiers of merchants, regulars of tradesman, who had been strangers to the sword, and with them fought with success against the best trained troops, in Europe, led by the most brilliant of Spanish captains. He lived

in an age when duplicity, and cunning were considered the chief ingredients of statesmanship. He dealt with a king, who while he caressed and fondled him to his face was continually attempting to stab him in the back. His path through life was beset at every step by the bullets and daggers of the hired assassins of Philip. Yet midst all the turmoil, and confusion of the age; midst all the crime and calumny of his enemies, he reared himself like some great mountain peak, whose brow is unsullied by the murky mists that play around its base; whose form looms up only the greater from being viewed through the darkness, and gloom of the age.

But what was it for which he was contending with such devoted zeal? And what was to be the result of the work of a man, who lived and died for the principles he upheld?

The assassin's bullet, alas! finally found the vitals of Orange, but the eternal law whose justice he was maintaining could never die. Deep down in the hearts of all people there was growing the conviction that every man should worship as he chose; and welling up from countless fountain heads, it has spread itself over every land, and melted before it the last vestige of human opposition.

Right in front of the batteries, of the Inquisition,

there was planted a tender twig of this divine spirit, whose vital spark was only increased by the fannings of adversity, and taking root in that sandy soil it has grown and spread its branches till their shadows fall in every land; and to day mark the boundary line between barbarism and civilization.

In every town where beauty dwells. In every home where knees are bent. In every voice that sings God's praise, we hear it speak in tones of love, and see it reign in perfect peace. Out from its source, inexhaustable and pure, that river of life is flowing to-day and wending its way through the garden of life, it reflects back the scenes on its shady banks, and heightens their beauty in its sparkling waves.

## THE GREAT PROBLEM.

---

BY A. M. ELSTON.

---

NEWTON solved the great problem of the universe, and gave to the world that mysterious principle, by which moons, planets and trembling stars hang out in space unsupported. The Astronomer has succeeded in unwinding the eternal dance of the skies, and we now watch with awe and admiration, the movement of the spheres.

The untiring research of the scientist have unveiled the hidden mysteries of that all potent and wonderful agent, electricity, and to-day two sister continents step to the rocky beach and join hands over the crystal depths of the blue Atlantic; bridging the great gulf that once separated a mother from her child.

It was in the long ago that the "Pinta," turned her head Westward, spreading her white wings to an untried breeze. To-day the Great Eastern proudly rides the towering billows, curling her black rings

heavenward ; writing the deathless name of Robert Fulton. Thus was solved the problem of steam, but the great problem which should demand the attention of every individual, than which none other carries with it more of importace in its solution, is the simple query : "How can I make life a success?" It has been discussed by moralists of every age, all of whom claim to have arrived at a correct solution, they have enunciated its results so often, and with clearness, that we would think that there could be no failures, but the shores of fortune are lined with shipwrecked humanity, who have foundered upon the rocks of misapprehension.

This problem to a large extent must be solved by each individual for himself, and in order for him to arrive at a correct solution he must be careful not to reason from false premises.

Man, starting in life has been compared to a vessel of war leaving port under sealed orders. In his voyage only the ways of providence disclose to him to what parts he must go, or on what seas he must sail.

He knows not of the dangers that beset his course, of the sunken reefs, iceburg or stormy cape which may be his ruin. He must steer his unknown course through perilous storms and treacherous calms, without a chart or compass for his guidance, arching his



sails to this untried breeze like, Coleridge's mariner, "He is the first that ever burst into that lonely sea."

When starting out upon this great voyage we are liable to delude ourselves with the mistaken idea of what life really is. When we gaze around at the pleasurable scenes of this world; when we find ourselves surrounded by everything that would tend to add to our comfort, possessed of health and happy homes, we are lead to exclaim,— O how pleasant it is to live! How our whole-beings thrill with delight as we contemplate the magnificence of our surroundings. We acquiesce in the thought that every thing is complete, that the world was made for our special use and there remains nothing for us but to enjoy a life of ease and comfort, in short we regard life as,

"A summers day mid sweets and blooms to  
Dream ourselves away."

Be not deceived life is not a dream. It is a real conflict, and he, who would bear off the palm of victory must enter the field equiped for a fierce affray, realizing that there is no such thing as retreat but like the three hundred at Thermopylæ, he must conquer or fall. The man who has refused to enter this conflict, but passed through life without bearing his proportion of its burdens, has not lived; he has simply spunged his existence

So the individual who is about to start on this long journey, the first important requirement is that he select for himself some particular avocation. How sad it is to see young men, with unusual talents spending the best years of their lives, without any definite object in view. Man must have an aim. The marksman who does not aim at the object will never hit it. The rocket when projected horizontally is lost in its brilliant effect; but when pointed upward, it speeds aloft, increasing in its glowing splendor at every instant, ascending higher and higher; as if to pierce the Heavens in its flight and link itself with the remote and passionless stars, there rests for a moment and bursts with a halo of glory. What a wonderful illustration of human life. The effect which this article produces as a brilliant display, depends entirely upon its aim. So with us, if we ever expect to make a brilliant display in life, we must aim at the top:

“He aims too low who aims beneath the stars.”

Another important requisite essential to success in life is self-reliance. It is said that the lobster when washed high and dry upon the rocks will lie there and die waiting for the sea to come and carry it back. So there are many human lobsters who will wait until they have grown hoary with age expecting some

tidal wave to bear them upon its undulating bosom far out into the sea of successful life.

We might as well try to dip the ocean from its bed and hurl it into space, as to attempt to pass through life clinging like an ivy vine to others.

The Creator has endowed us with all these faculties necessary to that degree of success, which he intended for us, and if we use them to the best of our ability we are bound to succeed.

Some irresolute man will say that there is no field for the successful aspirant of to-day ; that the great battle of life is crowded with commissioned officers, who are stopping the avenues of promotion. To-night the world will retire after a busy day of strife and toil. Even now one half of the globe lies wrapped in peaceful slumber, who knows but that ere the golden orb ushers in the dawn of another day, the bugle of the Arch-angel will sound the resurrection call, summoning millions of pagan souls into the presence of their God. No field ! In what grander and nobler work can man enlist, than in the salvation of human souls.

To one half the world the story of Christ is unknown. Every converted soul adds another star to our immortal crown ; and when he, who has consecrated his energies to the accomplishing of this priestly

mission, has completed his earthly pilgrimage, he dies amidst the acclamations of ten thousand angels, dies amidst the drums and trumpets of Satan's host, dies amidst peal upon peal, volley upon volley from the saluting clarions of Heaven's assembled hosts.

We hear persons remark, Oh ! if I only had the ability of this, or that individual, if I had his attainments, his learning I might make a success of life. They seem to forget that the very thing they desire might have been attained by them, with half the effort it cost him. They imagine that they ought to secure without an effort, that which others attain only by the most persistent labor. Some even give up in despair, because they have not the wealth to carry them through ; but will wealth secure success ? No, "Labor is the price of excellence."

Go with me into the field of literature. Who are they that have plucked bright honor from the pale faced moon ? " Were they the sons of noble scions ? " No, they were the children of humble parentage, who were rocked in the cradle of poverty, the gentlemen of nature, who have trodden under foot the painted lizards of society.

In whatever calling we may embark we must bear in mind, that to succeed means to labor. No man has ever succeeded in any other way. Do we com-

plain that we have not the ability to succeed? The giant oak, that forest king, once nestled in a single acorn. A camel driver founded a new religion and revolutionized the whole world. Copernicus, the bakers son, caught in his inspiration the flight of planets round the sun. Caxton an obscure merchant by the introduction of the printing press into England revolutionized the whole intellectual aspect of society. History is full of such examples, showing that great achievements may be made by those who are apparently dwarfs.

Do we wait for opportunities, they everywhere present themselves. Grand and wonderful are the possibilities of this Nineteenth century; mighty and marvelous are the consequences to be achieved. Pityable is he, who accomplishes nothing, living in this age and in this grand common-wealth. No encomiums need be passed upon this nation. Here she stands, extending to generations yet unborn, the invitation to partake of inexhaustable resources, reaching from the surges of the Atlantic to the waves of the Pacific; from the lakes of the North, to the Southern gulf.

Now is our opportunity. Here is the horse saddled and bridled, mount him as he passes and yours is a triumphant ride to success, let him pass and the clat-

tering of his hoofs, as he gallops along down the corridors of time, will forever sound the death-knell of your departed hopes.

What a brilliant prospect awaits us in the future. Look at the youth of this age! Did you never dream of the mighty struggles that are in store for them, — the hard battles that are to be won, — the grand conquests in the field of statesmanship, the unfading wreaths in the realm of literature, and the eternal coronets that He, who sees the sparrow fall, clasps about their brows? Why, the world is at the young man's feet and untold wonders lie slumbering in his mighty arm. A man sets his mark at whatever height he desires, lofty or groveling as he may see fit, and the man who can consecrate himself to a life of pure, noble, lofty and honorable purposing and who supports his ambition with perseverance and courage; will succeed as sure as the sun ascends the eastern sky.

It was the same Hannibal, who swore his eternal hatred to Rome, who commanded the army that crossed the Alps and shook the power of the capital of the Cæsars.

It was Napoleon, the exemplar of French patriotism, who ascended the throne of a powerful monarchy, not by any accident of birth but by his manhood and

dauntless ambition becoming "Emperor with his foot on the throat of prostrate Europe."

It was Alexander, the world conquerer, who only stopped in his dazzling flight, when the blue waters of the Indian ocean checked his advancing feet. Success awaits us, and is surely ours, if we but put forth the proper effort. Let us, then be alive, patient, energetic, watchful and hopeful. Then if we fail, it will be with the consciousness of having done our best, which is after all the truest success to which man can aspire.

## WOMAN.

---

BY H. B. HILGEMAN.

---

THE poets tell us that one morning in the dim starlight of the distant past, the pleasant groves of Mount Olympus witnessed a dispute between Minerva, wisdom's goddess, and Neptune builder of the walls of Troy. Each wished to give the name to the Acropolis. High were the words and angry were the looks of both until at length the deities assembled, decreed the preference to whichever of the two should give the present of most value to the inhabitants of earth. At this, the god of all the seas smote the firm earth with his charmed trident and forth there sprang the horse, Emblem of war and strength and slaughter. Jove's daughter smiled, and opening her lips pronounced the magic words, at whose sweet sound the olive, token of peace, prosperity, success and happiness bloomed into blushing life. With one accord the deities pronounced the victory hers. She named the place



Athena, and becoming the tutelary goddess of the city there sprung up, fostered its youth and guided its manhood, till Athens rose to be the wonder of the ancient world. The lesson taught us in this charming legend should be engraven upon the heart of every man.

How beautifully it sets forth the influences for good which woman's presence and actions have usually exerted. These influences be it now our task to trace. Let us place ourselves under the guidance of the genius of truth, and wander with him down the path of history listening to the narrative he tells of woman's works. Closing our eyes upon the present, as they are shut out from the future, let us transport ourselves in thought, back to the time when our first parents occupied that wondrous spot where all the charms of nature vied with each other to delight the sense and please the eye ; and where within the sweet retirement of ambrosial bowers, they held direct communion with their God. Their exit from this garden of delight, marked the first entrance of suffering in the world, and who is there will say that woman has refused to bear her part ?

The spheres of action of the two sexes are widely different in appearance, yet, there exists between them a mutual dependence. It is woman's work to prepare

the young for the active contests of life, and after these have begun to cheer and sustain the faltering battlers in the strife. Man, treading in the path thus shadowed out for him, achieves whatever of success may crown his efforts. This was the truth that flashed upon the poet's mind and prompted him to tell the beautiful story, how Pallas in the guise of an aged man led the weak footsteps of the young Telemachus in those paths of truth and virtue where, were sown the seeds of wisdom that in after years developed into an almost perfect character. The individual in this case may be taken as typical of the whole. Each mother is a Pallas, each son a Telemachus.

In proportion as woman is educated, elevated, refined and free, does she exert an elevating, refining and enlarging influence upon those around her. The condition of woman is the true criterion of the civilization of any age or any country. It is this, which distinguishes savage from civilized nations. It is this, which distinguishes the east from the west. It is this, which contrasts Antiquity and the Middle Ages; the Middle Ages and Modern times. The emancipation of woman from the bondage imposed by paganism lends to Christianity the brightest jewel in its glorious crown. And this it is, which will serve to make the power of the Christian religion "as durable as time, and as abundant as the waves of the sea."

Turn we now to the various fields, of thought and action, to which the world's attention has been paid and let us examine the names that have left a lasting impression on their records. Whether we look upon fields when blossomed poetry and the fine arts in all their gorgeous beauty and perfection; whether we gaze upon the plains where contests decisive of the weal or woe of nations have taken place; or whether we enter at the gates that lead to the secret meeting place of cabals and councils; wherever we turn, the history of some powerful woman attracts no small share of attentive consideration. Hypatia, Sappho, Elizebeth, Catharine II., D'Stael and Hemans, form a constellation whose brilliance is not dimmed by contrast with any in the firmament of immortality. If thus the past produced names such as these, what may we not expect of the present and the future to bring forth? Liberal education, a just appreciation of her natural talents, an equal station in society and a welcome to all the avenues of wealth and industry; all these the present offers and she gladly accepts. The past desired them, and the influence which this simple, tardy justice to the so-called "weaker sex" has already exercised, is plainly to be seen in the school room, at the desk, in the religion, the literature, the manners, morals and history of to-day.

We read, in the annals of the Dark Ages that intellectual and moral right, of a monastery called La Trappe, where deadly crimes were expiated. "When sinners entered it, they made a terrible vow of everlasting silence, and from that awful moment never uttered a word, but daily with their nails dug their own graves. When the midnight bell tolled them to prayer, they left their solitary cells and moved with noiseless step and downcast look, through gloomy cloisters and whispering aisles, turning their rosaries but never spoke." Such is the penitence, such the everlasting silence, to which should be condemned, the man whose narrow soul and vicious heart disparage or neglect the honorable, almost heavenly influence suffering woman has exerted, and exerts to bring mankind to that perfection which an All-wise God intended he should reach.

Then let us, who live in the full blaze of this most enlightened age in the experience of this world, render due homage at the shrine of woman, offering there the holy incense of our grateful thanks for her good deeds, which centuries of ignorance and prejudice denied. Should this be done, but a few years would pass, till woman's talents and exertions, which hitherto have seemed like flowers that bloom and breathe their fragrance only in the shade ; would, by the kindly sun-

light of appreciation, grow to a hardy plant whose blossoms would shed a richer perfume upon life, and whose fruits would be a greater blessing and a greater joy to all.



GOLDSMITH AS A HUMORIST.





## GOLDSMITH AS A HUMORIST.

---

BY GEORGE H. COFFMAN.

---

The world has paid her homage to the great,  
Her warriors, poets, and her men of state,  
And oft' times shielded from distress and gloom,  
The hurried tread of genius to the tomb.

Yet in the ranks of that funeral train,  
Which bears the nations on to death's dark main,  
A form, bowed down by ill contending strife,  
Once passed across earth's shifting stage of life,  
Whom fortune oft' denied her shining crowns,  
Whose noble deeds, rewarded but with frowns,

On whom no kingly favors deigned to smile:  
Whom penury tracked e'en to his funeral pile.  
Thus Goldsmith trod life's dreary, desert plain,  
Where hopes and joys lie mercilessly slain,  
Where dread adversity, that cursed simoon,  
Heaps earthly pleasures in a common tomb.

Is this that bright, transparent, genial soul,  
Which, like some mountain lake, reveals the whole  
Of its clear depths, from which, there glittering shines,  
Half-hidden gems betraying richest mines?

Did Goldsmith live in that ungrateful age  
Which ill rewarded poet, priest and sage ;  
Which smothered genius with its dark plumed wings,  
And showered its honors on but lords and kings?

Could he have climbed, thus from his low estate,  
Up rugged heights to mingle with the great,  
When griefs and debts assailed him on his track ;  
When fame and wealth conspired to beat him back?

'Twas genius bore him on 'gainst adverse fate,  
With heart dejected but with hopes elate,  
And kept untarnished when alive, his name ;  
When dead emblazoned on the rolls of fame,  
His grave neglected, now is sought in vain,  
Where, undisturbed for years his bones have lain.

No marble shaft now stands above his head ;  
Can England thus neglect her noble dead ?  
Yet, he who oft' had caused the world to laugh,  
Had carved upon its heart his epitaph.

His mortal visage long may be forgot,  
And coming ages seek his burial spot,  
But in each heart his name will be enshrined  
As long as virtue charms the human mind.

A recent critic has expressed surprise,  
As, oft' in critics' minds such questions rise,  
That Goldsmith, who had trod life's miry ways,  
And mingled with the base through most his days,  
Had kept, unsullied from more vulgar hues,  
The simple robe which graced his modest muse.

His writings gleam with thoughts so chaste and free  
From all the taints of coarse obscenity,  
That one would think him reared in spheres refined,  
That vulgar thoughts ne'er stained his jeweled mind.

But here humanity suggests a hint,  
That different casts are made at nature's mint.  
His nature, moulded on a different plan,  
Did not imbibe the vices of his clan.

He studies good and bad, the young and old,  
And from the baser ores he smelts the gold.  
And in these lower scenes of life, though coarse,  
His sparkling stream of humor takes its source.

His characters are low but not unchaste ;  
His humor least offends the cultured taste,  
Though in high life there's many a courteous fool,  
'Tis not a fertile field for ridicule.

He thus drags human nature from such scenes,  
And lowers her to humors true domains.  
And dresses her with garbs of absurd styles :  
Makes her distort her face with clownish smiles.

Engages in her silly, blundering acts,  
And makes her jest unwittingly with facts.  
Thus Goldsmith paints absurdities of life,  
Which oft' he met in poverty's mad strife.

Men laugh at humors odd similitudes,  
Because they spring from vulgar traits or moods.  
They thus compare these absurd characters,  
Which humor makes ridiculous with theirs  
And triumph in the contrast which they find  
Between themselves and those of baser mind.

But when an author seeks, in men's defects,  
The subjects of his humor, and affects  
To smile at natural faults, or griefs, or woes,  
He makes at once the entire world his foes.

Dean Swift, who scoffed at men's deformities,  
Received the curse which wounded pride decrees.  
Proud human nature is a spiteful maid,  
Whose sanctity intruders oft' invade  
And, share the lashes of the angered dame,  
If they expose her secret faults to shame.

Poor Goldsmith, who, life's miseries had shared,  
By his associations was prepared  
To speak to troubled hearts in gentle tones,  
And win a laugh from lips which muttered groans.

And though he drinks with pain life's bitterest cup ;  
Though in his troubled bosom welling up  
Like surging billows on the stormy deep,  
Dread, hunger, anguish and dismay ne'er sleep.

Yet when he seeks some lonely, damp retreat,  
Reviews these scenes of coffee-house or street,  
He weaves them in, while in his muse's trance,  
To dress some comedy or quaint romance

His harp in hand ; his heart upon his lips,  
His soul's rich music from his fancy trips  
With humor tinged, with sparkling genius pearl'd,  
He tells his tale of woe to amuse the world.

As through the sombre clouds a struggling ray  
Of sunshine bursts upon a rainy day,  
His humor flashes from his gloomiest hours,  
And though he treads on thorns, he strews but flowers.

Not like those dark, strange volumes of Dean Swift,  
Across whose life such deep-dyed shadows shift ;  
Whose bitter humor burns through each keen jest  
Like branding irons on some victims breast.

The works of Goldsmith have a sweeter charm ;  
His joyous humor bodes no mortal harm ;  
He makes by choosing a more generous rule,  
Himself the butt of his own ridicule.

He to his pen, his comic muse, invokes,  
And, like a sculpture, piles his master strokes  
Until he carves in form somewhat uncouth  
A comedy, a burlesque of his youth.

"She Stoops to Conquer" claims no worthier cause  
For its rich harvest of the world's applause  
Than, that it re-enacts, with humor rife,  
A well known scene in Goldsmith's early life.

Young Marlow here parades across the stage  
The apparition of his youthful age.  
He copied human nature in this plot  
And scorned those counterfits of wit or thought.

The sentimental dramas, then extant,  
Which made their heroes cry and storm and rant.  
To raise a hearty laugh was his chief aim,  
And his success is measured by his fame.

Though Tony Lumkin's odd amusing tricks  
And comic speeches, with sound wisdom mix.  
His presence has been greeted on the stage  
With peals of roaring laughter for an age.

To feel the thrill that stirs a poet's soul ;  
To glean the thoughts that gild his written scroll ;  
To sound those depths beneath his magic art,  
Explore the sanctuary of his heart.

What is it, thus in Goldsmith's simple style  
That forces us with unrestraint to smile ?  
What caused him so to hate his venal muse,  
And though grim want assailed him to refuse  
The liberal pay as politicians' hack,  
And turn on mercenary jobs his back ?

It was his loving philanthropic heart !  
Which every wail of sorrow caused to start,  
That urged him onward to a nobler aim ;  
That gave to him a proud immortal name ;  
That to the world bequeathed a legacy,  
Which all inherit, — both the bond and free.

He sought to lure, with humors gentle strain,  
His fellow creatures to a higher plane,  
To break the shackles that enchained the poor ;  
To station charity at hungers door ;  
To brand those follies as a public curse  
Which snatch the shillings from the poor man's purse.  
No logic backed by syllogistic lore,  
Could teach such lessons to the rich or poor,  
As that sly humor sparkling from each page  
Of Wakefield's story, teaches every age.  
As in a crystal pool one sees his form  
And notes some defect or peculiar charm,  
When once before its silver depths he halts ;  
So in this story one may view his faults,  
And see himself as he's by others seen ;  
Deformed and rough,—his morals low and mean.  
These hideous faults, exposed to ridicule,  
Seem worthy only of a knave or fool ;  
Yet off' they coil within a wiser breast,  
Like hissing serpents in some songster's nest.  
But others see within the pool's clear depths,  
As each before its sparkling surface steps,  
A brighter picture, graced with virtue's charms.  
Around the Vicar's hearth, familiar forms  
Are seen to move and heard to laugh and talk,  
Whose simple merriment wealth's pleasures mock.



Here poverty assumes a smiling face,  
And filial love holds joy in fond embrace.  
What a luxuriant store of gracious thought  
Fair fancy here to ignorance has brought !

How many cheerless homes have been made bright ;  
How many burdened hearts have beat more light,  
How many dreary hours are rendered gay,  
How many persons laugh their griefs away,  
The young as well as those whose locks are hoary,  
While reading this delightful, charming story.

Who has not laughed at Moses at the fair,  
The luckless prey of that base sharper's snare,  
From whom, well practiced in such worldly whims,  
He buys his spectacles with silvered rims ?

Or who is not amused at the odd taste  
Which, in that family picture, was embraced  
And which, when 't was completed, was so tall  
That it was doomed to grace the kitchen wall ?

This simple story, like a gospel song,  
Applauding right and disapproving wrong,  
Oft' finds an echo in the hearts of men  
Whose base licentious lives, perhaps, have been  
Deemed proof against dull reason's puny might —  
Defiant enemies of law and right.

But courted with bright smiles, allured by forms  
Whose loveliness their morbid fancy charms,  
They feel the tender pathos, of this tale,  
Burst e'er their senses like a summer gale  
Upon the bosom of some sluggish lake :  
And thus their sleeping consciences awake,  
While they, pursuing pleasure thus disguised  
Are into reformation oft' surprised.

Sterne wrote but for the world's hard earned applause,  
And, with impatient hand his picture draws,  
Infusing absurd colors through the whole,  
And dressing with odd garbs, creation's droll.

Then, from behind his canvas, thrusts his face,  
Distorted with a laugh or forced grimace,  
As if to coax some slow unwilling smiles  
To mount the lips of those who trust his wiles.

If this does not elicit the reward,  
Which all mankind to humorists accord,  
He takes his brush and with his obscene strokes,  
Dismantles vice, indecency uncloaks,  
Thus in his writings often low and mean,  
An impure presence, undisguised is seen.

But Goldsmith scorned these paltry, vicious means  
 Of winning favor with such vulgar scenes.  
 His humor is not forced, nor dyed with vice,  
 Nought but his fertile genius could suffice  
 To win a nation's homage and renown ;  
 To place upon his head an ivy crown.

He strikes sad hearts with his enchanting wand  
 And, like those fountains, fed by springs beyond,  
 Which long before were sealed by blighting dearth,  
 They overflow with streams of joyous mirth.

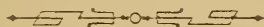
Though griefs oft' cast dark shadows 'cross his mind  
 His great heart bled for wretched human kind ;  
 And, though his dearest hopes were oft' entombed,  
 His friendly gentle nature always bloomed  
 Amid the chilling blasts of life's bleak storms  
 Like some lone, trampled flower 'mid less frail forms.

In his *Deserted Village*, he portrays  
 His father's image in his pastoral days :  
 But in this picture which his genius paints  
 His own soul mingles with its kindred saints.

“ Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all,  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”



# BIOGRAPHICAL.



## ROCHEPORT, MISSOURI.

### WILLIAM A. LENTZ.

However doubtful the propriety of publishing a biographical sketch of those who have not paid the debt of nature, the custom is fixed and has the sanction of the most learned and honorable men. Our subject is a native of Boone county Missouri, and was born at Booneton March 30, 1848. When seven years of age he was sent to Lanthrop academy, presided over at that time by Newton Searcy. We next find him at Walnut Grove academy pursuing his studies under such able instructors as O. Pinkey, L. B. Roy, J. F. Martin and G. W. Leatron. His father early appreciating the advantages of a liberal education, placed him in Union academy at York Pennsylvania, where he remained one year. After leaving this institution he received private instruction from Rev. John Merrill. In September 1865, he entered the Sophomore

class of the University. He graduated in 1868, with the degree of A. B. His oratorical ability won for him the *first* STEPHENS MEDAL ever given. Soon after graduating he commenced the study of law but failing health compelled him to relinquish the pursuit of legal lore. He is now the wealthiest man to whom this medal has been awarded. In October 1860, he was married, by Rev. B. Y. George, to Miss Margaret S. Hickman a brilliant and accomplished lady, of Bourbon county Kentucky. Mr. Lentz takes an active interest in educational matters. In 1871 he applied for and received his Master degree. Mr. Lentz now gives his entire attention to agriculture and the rearing of blooded stock.

#### BENTLEY H. RUNYAN. \*

Was born, January 17, 1847, in Jackson county Missouri. His rudimentary education was obtained in the common schools. During the year 1863 in consequence of General Ewing's famous order No. 11, he removed with his parents to Columbia Missouri. Soon afterwards he entered the State University of Columbia graduating, from the Academical Department, with honor, in 1869. He was peculiarly gifted as a speaker, possessing a richly modulated voice, and a commanding form. He was a man of great energy and ambition.

---

\* Deceased.

It is safe to predict, that had Providence permitted him to live, he would have risen to prominence, and become a learned and influential member of society. In 1870 he entered the Law Department of the State University, where he soon became noted as a brilliant student, his conception of law being remarkably clear and concise. He made it a point, never to pass a subject until he had carefully studied its relation to law as a science. While attending this institution he took a very active part in establishing, the Missouri Alpha chapter of the *Phi Kappa Psi* fraternity, in Columbia. In 1871 he was admitted to the bar, but still continued to give his attention entirely to his studies. Yet, when a glorious future spread her tinted skies before him, and the temple of fame stood out against an azure sky, his spirit took its flight and joined the angelic throng above.

“So vanishes our state, so pass our days ;  
So life but opens now, and now decays ;  
The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,  
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.”

RICHARD W. GENTRY. \*

Was born, at the well known St. Cloud farm, near Sedalia Missouri. His primary education was obtained at Georgetown. He also attended school at Lexington

---

\* Deceased.

Kentucky for one year. His literary education was completed at the University of Missouri, where he graduated in 1879, with the degree of A. B. While a student he became noted for proficiency in the various departments. Before leaving college halls to battle with the world, he obeyed the promptings of his heart, professed religion and united with the Christian church. Upon the completion of his collegiate course he returned to his farm near Sedalia Missouri, where he remained until April 1881. In the autumn of 1880 he was appointed a member of the State Board of Agriculture, by the governor. While a member of the board he held the office of secretary. He took a great interest in agriculture as a science, and labored earnestly to introduce new and improved methods, among the farmers of his native state. In 1881 he received a call to the pastorate of the Christian church at Columbia. His services being universally appreciated, at the close of the year he received a call for an indefinite period. Other duties requiring his attention he voluntarily resigned his charge and retired to his quiet rural home. In 1877 he was married to Miss M. Tussey, a most estimable lady, a native of Pettis county, Missouri. Mr. Gentry was an earnest christian, and practiced what he preached, in the daily walks of life. But as he approached the zenith of a grand career it



pleased the great Omnipotent to place him with that chosen few, who allure to brighter worlds and lead the way. In his death, —

“A bright light was eclipsed,  
A noble heart was stilled.”

JOHN E. JOHNSTON, \*

Was born June 4, 1845, at Antrim, Guernsey county Ohio. His early education was obtained in the common schools. When but seventeen years of age he left a happy home, at the wild call of the bugle, to brave the dread terrors of the battle field. He remained constantly with his regiment, the 122nd Ohio, until the battle of Cold Harbor Virginia, where he was dangerously wounded June 3, 1864. After remaining in the hospital for nearly one year he was honorably discharged. He then formed the resolution of obtaining an education, and with this object in view he commenced to attend school, supporting himself, by teaching during vacation. In the fall of 1869 his parents removed to Missouri locating at Kingsville. Young Johnston accompanying them to their Western home. In 1870 he entered the Junior Class of the State University. While attending this institution he was an earnest, faithful student, being often commended, by the various professors, for his proficiency in the differ-

---

\* Deceased.

ent departments. He graduated from the Academical Department in 1872. But ere he had commenced life's battle, it pleased the great Creator to call him to a brighter home beyond the skies. Of him it may well be said,

“ Brief, brave and glorious was his young career.”

### MARSHALL, MISSOURI.

#### GEORGE F. DAVIS,

Editor of the Saline county *Progress*, was born January 26, 1848 at Lexington Missouri. His father, William T. Davis, is a prominent educator, and until a few years ago, presided over the Masonic college of Lexington Missouri. When nine years of age he entered the public school of his native town. He next attended a high school at Glasgow. He remained here until the beginning of the great Civil strife. Soon after this mighty contest ended he entered the State University of Columbia, graduating from the English and Latin Departments in 1869. In 1872 he re-entered the institution and, completing the course in Greek, took the degree of A. B. Since graduating at Columbia he has pursued a thorough course in law at Washington University, St. Louis. Disliking the practice of law he devoted himself to teaching for a considerable time.

He is unmarried. Mr. Davis assumed editorial control of the *Progress* in 1880. It is now one of the most ably conducted papers in Marshall.

### **OURAY, COLORADO.**

#### JERROLD R. LETCHER,

Attorney at law, was born at Marshall Saline county Missouri, June 23, 1851. In 1861 he removed with his parents to California. After spending eight years in the golden west, they returned to St. Louis Missouri. He pursued his studies in the high school and was chosen, by his classmates, as their Valedictorian. He soon afterwards entered the Academical Department of the University of Missouri. As a student he made quite a reputation. While a student, he was an active member of the Union Literary society and he was also a zealous worker in the *Phi Kappa Psi* fraternity. He graduated from the University in June, 1873. During a considerable time he was Editor in Chief of the *University Missourian*, an excellent periodical published by the literary societies. † While a member of the Senior Class he received honorable mention, as having sustained the best written examination in "International and Constitutional law." In 1874 he

---

† Since discontinued on account of *restrictions* imposed by the University Faculty.

entered the Law Department and on graduating therefrom was admitted to the bar. He then formed a law partnership with his father and commenced practicing law in his native town. Here by active labor he soon built up a large and lucrative practice. Since leaving his *Alma Mater*, he has ever manifested the deepest interest in the cause of education. In the fall of 1878 he removed to Colorado and while traveling over the state, contributed, to the Saline county *Progress*, a series of articles descriptive of the Southern and Western parts. In 1876 he located at Ouray where he has since continued to reside. He was married in the spring of 1880 to Miss Kate Hawpe, of Marshall, Missouri, a woman of rare qualities of mind and heart. But the dark angel of death soon deprived him of his beloved companion. He was nominated, in the fall of 1882, for the State legislature as the standard bearer of the Democratic party and after a sharp contest was elected. Upon his return to Ouray, he was tendered a grand ovation, by the citizens in appreciation of the services he had rendered his section, and the State generally in its legislative halls.

### **KANSAS CITY.**

FRED W. KUMPF,

Attorney at law, is a native of Missouri and was born in St. Louis August 9, 1860. When he was but five

years of age his parents removed to Kansas City. His primary education was obtained in the public school. In 1876 he graduated from the High school. Desirous of a more extended scholarship he entered, the State University, in the fall of the same year. He was a bright student, a fluent speaker and a genial gentleman, who made hosts of friends. He graduated with the class of '78. A few months after graduating he sailed for Europe, and spent a number of months, as a student, at the celebrated German University of Heidelberg. He then traveled quite extensively in Germany, Italy and France, visiting the chief places of historical interest. Mr. Kumpt then returned to Kansas city and at once begun the practice of law and now enjoys a lucrative and constantly increasing practice.

#### WILLIAM S. COWHERD,

Attorney at law, is a native of Jackson county Missouri, and was born near Kansas City September 1, 1860. His early education was obtained in the common schools. The earnest manner in which he applied himself, foreshadowed a life of future usefulness. His parents seeing the great advantages of a liberal education placed him in the Missouri University of Columbia. While a student he was remarkably dili-

gent and received a very high scholarship. He was an eloquent speaker and a versatile writer. He graduated in 1881. The next year he entered the Senior Class of the Law Department graduating with the degree of L. L. B. He soon commenced the practice of his chosen profession. In 1883 he associated himself with Mr J. Campbell also a graduate of the State University. They have already quite an extensive practice, and enjoy the entire confidence of the public, Mr. Cowherd is a cordial gentleman and makes many friends.

### **ST. LOUIS.**

#### **H. B. HILGEMAN,**

Is a teacher of English and Elocution, at 2415 North twelfth Street. He is a native of St. Louis Missouri. His parents, believing a liberal education to be the best foundation that could be laid for a life of future usefulness, early placed him under earnest and competent instructors. After attending the common schools of his native city, he entered the Missouri State University, of Columbia, and graduated therefrom with high honors in 1880. He was awarded the Stephens Medal, being adjudged the best orator of the Senior Class. He is a man of rare ability, and as a scholar, ranks high. He is also an earnest stu-

dent of general literature, and devotes much of his time in preparing a work which he will no doubt bring before the public in a short time. He has a keen appreciation of the society of the fair sex, and never wearies of that gallantry thereto which has marked the career of the noblest men of the past.

### **PARIS, MISSOURI.**

#### **PAUL ALEXANDER,**

Teacher, is a native of Monroe county, Missouri and was born at Paris December, 14, 1861. His elementary education was obtained in the public school of his native town. When fifteen years of age he entered St. Paul's College at Palmyra Missouri. After completing the prescribed course, he entered the State University of Columbia. He was a good student and an excellent linguist. He graduated, in 1883, with the degree of A. B. In the following September he was elected to fill the Chair of Mathematics at Woodland College, Independence Missouri. He filled this position with marked ability. Mr. Alexander has just entered upon a bright career, and his life's work must yet be written, far down the stream of time.

**WOODLAND, CALIFORNIA.****ALBERT MORTIMER ELSTON.**

The subject of this sketch was born at Columbia, Boone county Missouri, January 5, 1861. He was left an orphan at an early age. He then made his home with his grand parents from whom he received an almost paternal care. He attended the primary schools of his native town. In 1876 he accompanied his grand parents to Woodland California. While here he accepted a clerkship, with a wholesale drug house for one year. At the expiration of that time he attended a high school with the intention of entering college. In the course of a few months he returned to Columbia Missouri and at the commencement of the collegiate year matriculated, as a student, in the Academical Department of the State University. He graduated in 1883 with the degree of A. B. As a student he displayed great ability, and sets sails upon the stormy ocean of life under the most favorable auspices.





























LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 178 0