

"Go, teach all Nations."

WILLIAMS COLLEGE. AN APPEAL.

Dear Friend

Learned

~~Messrs. Editors:~~—Have you ever published the following stirring call to work for Christ in foreign lands? If not, please do so now.

Williams College, among the Berkshire hills, with its precious hay-stack memories, and "Mission Park," has a noble record in many respects; but has it any thing more glorious than the writing, within its walls, by NATHAN BROWN, of this touching poetic appeal? Especially is it right to ask this when we know that its author lived many years in Assam, India, even a score and more, and fulfilled his promise, as long as health lasted. I am glad to say he still lives to work for Christ.

William Cullen Bryant, another son of Williams. (God bless him—he was seventy-six yesterday,) did not do a better thing for God and humanity in writing that famous poem of his youth, "Thanatopsis, or a Hymn on Death," than did Nathan Brown, in writing this call.

Are there not many young men in this land of high privilege and hope, who will respond to this appeal, and personally obey the Savior's last command, "GO, TEACH ALL NATIONS?" May God grant it for the sake of Jesus Christ and the perishing millions of earth.

T. S. BURNELL.

Northampton, November 4th, 1870.

The Voice Coming on the Night-Air.

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"Go, teach all nations," from the eastern world
Comes on the night-air and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idol hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,
To show that never was it his design
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth then

It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot; bitter or sweet my cup,
I only pray, "God fit me for the work;
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife." Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done;
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory; and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lit my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven;
If one that has so deeply, darkly sinned;
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp; if one for whom
Satan has struggled, as he hath for me,
Should ever reach that blessed shore. Oh! how
This heart will glow with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

Messingway poem
given me by
Miss Burnell

William Messingway—lives for ever
in the hearts of those who love
him. His poems are full of
life and beauty, and his
writing is a joy to read.
I am glad to say he will
live for ever.

William Messingway's poems are
full of life and beauty, and
his writing is a joy to read.
I am glad to say he will
live for ever.

The Voice Calling out the Night

The voice calling out the night
is a voice of love and
beauty, and it is a voice
that is full of life and
beauty. It is a voice that
is full of life and beauty,
and it is a voice that is
full of life and beauty.

The voice calling out the night
is a voice of love and
beauty, and it is a voice
that is full of life and
beauty. It is a voice that
is full of life and beauty,
and it is a voice that is
full of life and beauty.

The voice calling out the night
is a voice of love and
beauty, and it is a voice
that is full of life and
beauty. It is a voice that
is full of life and beauty,
and it is a voice that is
full of life and beauty.

The voice calling out the night
is a voice of love and
beauty, and it is a voice
that is full of life and
beauty. It is a voice that
is full of life and beauty,
and it is a voice that is
full of life and beauty.

The voice calling out the night
is a voice of love and
beauty, and it is a voice
that is full of life and
beauty. It is a voice that
is full of life and beauty,
and it is a voice that is
full of life and beauty.

Bowdoin
Alumni Dinner
Boston 1871

Following list of officers
committee, and adopted:

President, Hon. Nehemiah Cleaveland, (1813).
Vice-President, Hon. John C. Dodge, (1834).
Secretary, D. C. Linscott, esq., (1854).
Executive Committee.—Rev. Dr. Rufus Anderson, (1818);
Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, (1834); Hon. John C. Dodge,
(1834); Cyrus Woodman, esq., (1836); Rev. Dr. E. B.
Webb, (1846); Lorenzo Marrett, esq., (1838); Thomas M.
Hayes, esq., (1849); and J. R. Osgood, esq., (1834).

Rev. Dr. Anderson, the chairman of the meeting, in a few appropriate words resigned the chair to the president elect, as the oldest graduate of Bowdoin residing in the vicinity of Boston. An adjournment was then had to the hall, where a sumptuous dinner had been prepared.

The divine blessing was then invoked by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, after which the company, numbering about sixty alumni, turned their attention to the feast before them. After the coffee had been served the president called the party to order and made an address filled with old reminiscences, classical quotations, and humorous remarks. He remarked that he was never able to believe himself quite as old as the catalogue made him, but however distant became the day when he graduated, he did not find the tie which bound him to the old institution growing any weaker. It will always exist. The alumni form one large family, and our gathering here tonight is only such as might take place in a family, long separated, but now determined to revive and renew fraternal affection. He briefly discussed the causes of the long delay in forming this association, but concluded that whatever the cause, we now have abundant motives for forming the society and drawing closer the ties which unite us. The memories of college life have a strength possessed by no others, and the friendships there formed are the most lasting of any in life. He did not envy the man whose heart was not stirred at the sight of a class mate or a college mate. The friendships may slumber for a time, but a little thing may awaken them and cause them to grow stronger and brighter. He thought it strange that the organization of this association had been so long delayed. If it had been formed five years ago we might have had present with us that great triumvirate, Longfellow, the most popular living poet, who is now receiving the homage of the learned men of Europe; Hawthorne, the strange genius whose works of fiction have so adorned the literature of America; Andrew, the patriot and statesman, who did so much and so successfully to carry us through the war. Of these only the poet, sweet psalmist of America, still lives, and long may he live to receive the grateful homage of Europe and America. [Applause.]

The Rev. President, Samuel Harris, D. D. (1833), was then introduced, and was received with prolonged applause. He began with a humorous allusion to the difference between the dinner of which the company had just partaken and the standard Commencement dinner, which elicited much laughter and applause. He followed somewhat the train of thought entered upon by Mr. Cleaveland, characterizing the ties of college life as something fresh and immortal. He illustrated it by the feelings with which he had tonight greeted a college friend after a separation of thirty years, and compared it to the fabled fountain which sunk into the earth by the seaside, passed under the salt sea, and sprung up on the other side as fresh and crystal as ever. Constant presence in the midst of college scenes somewhat dims the effect of old associations, but occasionally they revive in all their force. He read a list of names of persons who were in Bowdoin in 1823, among them Longfellow, Hawthorne, Pierce, Fessenden, Cilley, and many others who have since been famous in letters or in public life, and illustrated by it the power in the germ. Luther used to make a profound bow when he entered a school room, "for," said he, "who knows what great man may be among them?" Reference was made to the death of the lamented Professor Smyth, and a high tribute paid to his character, so bright, transparent, enthusiastic and tender. We have lost him and we mourn him, but we cherish his memory. He entered at some length into the various changes and improvements which have been and are taking place in the various departments of the college. Among them he mentioned that the whole chapter of college crimes and misdemeanors had been struck from the book of college laws and one short paragraph substituted, simply requiring the young men to behave themselves according to the standard recognized among gentlemen everywhere. The president was heartily applauded at the close of his remarks.

The Rev. Professor Alpheus S. Packard, D. D. (1816), was the next speaker and made very interesting remarks, chiefly of a personal character. He is the oldest member of the faculty and remarked that the professor who stood next to him in length of service in the faculty was of the class of 1839. He had known the college before she got into her "teens." Of sixty-four commencements since its foundation he had attended fifty-six. He had known every instructor who had ever taught in the college with two exceptions, and knew something of every alumnus but four. When he first went to Bowdoin her children numbered only forty-six. Now she has fifteen hundred. He thought that if Alma Mater could assume a personality she would smile upon this assemblage. Of all those present there was not one whom he could not pleasantly recognize. He spoke of the early history of Bowdoin, and how she had been guided by Harvard, whose child she really was. He also paid a high compliment to President Harris, as possessing in an eminent degree all the qualifications necessary to his position.

Hon. P. W. Chandler (1834) was next called upon, and indulged in some amusing reminiscences of his college life, and congratulated the alumni on the success of the experiment of forming a union, and more especially on the kind and genial feelings exhibited by all. He further suggested the needs of the college in having funds to provide for poor students who wish an education but cannot find the means to support themselves.

Rev. Dr. Rufus Anderson (1818) remarked on the fact that the affection one entertains for one's own college cannot be transferred to any other institution, illustrating it by his own experience. Though he had been chiefly concerned during the time since his graduation with Yale men, his heart turned back to Bowdoin, and he rejoiced that it did. The effort now making to increase the endowment of Harvard was referred to, and an imitation of the example was recommended.

Hon. S. P. Benson (1825), who succeeds Professor Smyth in the work of soliciting funds for the memorial hall, next gave interesting statistics of the progress already made and the prospects for the future, and enlarged upon the necessity of having such a building for the present purposes of the college apart from the memorial character of the structure.

Hon. William D. Northend (1843) followed in an eloquent speech in which he remarked upon the benefits Bowdoin has already conferred upon the country in furnishing so many noble men to various departments of public life and literature.

Professor Cyrus F. Brackett (1839) detailed various improvements which have been made in his department of Natural Science, and the purposes and prospects of the future.

Rev. J. O. Means (1843) spoke of the necessity of some plan to bring the alumni into more intimate connection with the college, and suggested that some practicable plan of giving graduates a share in the government of the institution ought to be devised.

Mr. Northend moved that a committee of five members of this association be appointed to visit the college at the next Commencement, to report at the next annual reunion.

Hon. John C. Dodge (1834), the vice-president, who had now assumed the chair, spoke strongly in favor of this plan. The motion was carried, and the selection of the committee left to the president.

Professor Jotham D. Sewall (1848) spoke of the policy of collegiate reform, and advocated an enlarged number of elective studies, so that after a certain term in college a young man may, if he has a natural bent, be at liberty to follow it.

Professor Egbert C. Smyth, D. D., (1848) advocated an enlargement of the funds of the institution so that all may have an opportunity to obtain a college education if they will. He referred to the fact that this is Forefathers' night, and that the policy established by the Pilgrims of placing education within the reach of all has thus far been maintained. This, he said, had made New England what it is. But the rule now is that most of the young men who go to college are the children of rich men, and there is need to turn back the tide of this revolution. He also spoke of the value of sentiment in training the young, and expressed the belief that one of the most valuable characteristics of the memorial hall would be its tribute to the two hundred and sixty-six names inscribed on the Bowdoin Roll of Honor.

Professor S. J. Young (1839) spoke briefly of the present condition of the library, of which he has charge.

A large number of letters were received from alumni, who expressed their sympathy with the objects of the association and their regret at their inability to be present. We print the following from ex-President Woods and Governor Chamberlain:—

BRUNSWICK, 20th Dec., 1868.
To D. C. Linscott, esq., Secretary, &c.:—
My Dear Sir—I have seen with great pleasure the notices which have appeared of the formation in Boston of an association of the alumni of Bowdoin College, and regret very much that it is not possible for me to accept your polite invitation to attend at the first reunion of its members. The occasion cannot fail to be agreeable to those who participate in it, and to be conducive to the prosperity of the college. Earnestly hoping that both of these objects may be accomplished by your meeting on the 22d,
I remain, my dear sir,
Very truly yours, &c.,
LEONARD WOODS.

STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
AUGUSTA, Dec. 17, 1868. }

D. C. Linscott, esq.:—
My Dear Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the meeting of Bowdoin College Association at Boston, at the St. James Hotel, on the 22d instant.

I hail with delight this inauguration as the dawn of a new day for Bowdoin. No college has better material or greater occasion for such an association as yours. Thus honored she will honor in her turn. When her sons shall meet in all the places which their genius and scholarship adorn, to perpetuate the friendships and renew the fealty of early years, the college will renew her strength and multiply her blessings.

I much regret that public engagements forbid me to participate personally in your interesting services, but I shall be with you with the best part of my heart.
Fraternally yours,
JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN,
President of the Association of the Alumni, Bowdoin College.

The occasion was one of great interest and enjoyment to all present. The speeches were not concluded until after midnight.

away. Mr. Dana of the New York Sun testifies that at the time of the capture of Richmond, the government offices there were found to have been carefully stripped of every document which was thought important, and that the rebel archives now preserved at Washington are of very little historical value indeed.

The author of the legal-tender act, Mr. Spaulding of Buffalo, has published a letter addressed by himself to Mr. McCulloch, expressing his view of that act in time of peace. Referring to the general restiveness under it, and the desire to return to the old basis, he says, after an allusion to the trying circumstances under which it was passed, that he offered it as a war measure, as a measure of temporary relief to the Treasury, conceding that it was a forced loan, and could only be justified on the ground of public necessity.

"As a war measure," he continues, "and as long as the exigency lasted, I believe it was necessary and proper to successfully carry on the war, and was therefore constitutional. I am usually clear that as a peace measure it is unconstitutional. No one would now think of passing a legal-tender act making the promises of the government (a mere form of credit) a legal tender in payment of 'all debts public and private.' Such a law passed while the government is on a peace footing could not be sustained for one moment. I think, now, that it is unfortunate that we did not have incorporated into the original legal-tender act, at the time of its passage, a provision that the legal-tender clause should cease to be operative in one year after the close of the war. In that case all parties would have shaped their business accordingly, and the law would have served its purpose as a war measure, and would not have been continued (as I think, unnecessarily) so long after the close of the war.

"I see that the constitutionality of the law has finally come up for decision before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. If the court had been called upon to decide the question during the war, or at its close, they would most likely have decided that the law was valid, inasmuch as Congress had decided that it was a necessary and proper means to be used in crushing the rebellion; but the law has been continued in force so long after the close of the war without any real necessity for it, that I should not be much surprised if the court should now declare it unconstitutional.

Three great measures were adopted by the government, which in my judgment were necessary to crush the rebellion, and maintain the national unity, viz:—

1. The legal-tender act, by which the credit of the government was brought into immediate action in the most available form.
 2. Emancipation, by which 4,000,000 slaves became intensely interested in the Union cause.
 3. The draft, by which the army was speedily enforced at the turning point of the rebellion.
- These three measures, backed by the people, and enforced by the army and navy, finally gave us a national triumph. If Congress will not act promptly in devising some plan for bringing the legal tender greenback currency on a par with gold, rather than continue the demoralization incident to a postponement of specie payments, it will perhaps be as well for the country in a long run, if the court, on due deliberation, should decide the legal tender clause to be unconstitutional. This would involve serious consequences for a while, and business arrangements would be materially affected, but we could very soon accommodate ourselves to the situation, and we would then emerge from the mists of an irredeemable currency, and all business operations would be established on a firm and enduring basis."

THE BIRD.

One of the prettiest and most attractive books of this holiday season is "The Bird," by Jules Michelet, illustrated by Giacomelli.* The book itself is well known as a graceful, extravagant and sentimental prose-poem in honor of birds. It contains many interesting anecdotes, and a good deal of information; but to give information is not the object of the book. M. Michelet loves birds; they are like persons to him; they have souls; and their plans and hopes and fears touch him as nearly as those of his own children. A person, for him, is a melancholy mourner over the past glories of its race, and excites in him tearful sympathy. The woodpecker is a misunderstood workman, and M. Michelet pleads his cause with an ardor and eloquence that might excite the envy of any workingman's friend who reads it. Vultures are the symbols of purification, and introduce a tender little French sermon into the book. The flight of birds, their plumage of flame, and their love of light, carry the author to heights of ecstasy; and no one but a Frenchman, and no Frenchman but M. Michelet, could make such a series of tender, impassioned little love-stories as the descriptions of the mating of birds are. The lover's patient courtship, the worldly prudence of the maiden, who demands some security for her future;—or perhaps the very reverse of this, a wild love reckless of the future, a swift marriage, and an intoxication of bliss;—the lover's proofs of power; the looking for a place for a nest, the pretty busy ways, and dainty work of the building; the hopes of the mother, the anxious care of the father; the pains and joys of maternity—none can hardly believe that all this is written of birds, and written by a man whose life-work has been the study of men. Bird-markets and slave-markets are of equal horror to him; and he uses all his eloquence to impress upon men their immense debt of gratitude to birds, without whom they could not live.

Madame Michelet sympathizes entirely with her husband in his love for birds, and his careful study of their characters. She has added to his book a pathetic chapter from her own life; and he dedicates the work to her in these words:

"I dedicate to thee what is really thine own; three books of the fireside, sprung from our sweet evening talk.—The Bird—The Insect—The Sea. Thou alone didst inspire them. Without thee I should have pursued, ever on my own track, the rude path of human history. Thou alone didst prepare them. I received from thy hands the rich harvest of Nature. And thou alone didst crown them, placing on the accomplished work the sacred power which blesses them."

But the great charm and beauty of the book lie in the illustrations. Two hundred and ten exquisite little pictures of birds and foliage persuade you to go through the book again and again, stopping to admire even the head and tail pieces, to trace out the delicate vines and foliage that encircle the pages of Madame Michelet's story; to linger with pleasure over the quiet little landscapes; to wonder at the variety which the artist has shown. Here are pictures from the icebergs and from the tropics; from tangled wild-wood and from the cultivated garden, and everywhere birds and their nests; no two alike, all full of character; the author has found an artist who does indeed illustrate his book. What could be prettier, and tell its own story more fully than the second illustration to "Education"! Two satisfied little creatures close together on the edge of the completed nest; she somewhat pensive, thinking of what is to come; he entirely happy but enchanted by her pensiveness, and looking at her with tender admiration; while the foliage which shelters them is perfectly graceful and delicate. How

en
a m
He
has
the
er
la-
who
ssed
the
vent
The
iel W
Colon
prayed
D. D.
was p
J. F.
Savag
vice-p
and t
Conce
and C
comm
dent,
pleas
—F
to at
—
Agri
Falls
—
Mon
Loss
—
teach
—
mon
of Z
We
—
Glo
67 p
age
—
erec
tain
plis
—
the
Nov
Sm
pre
stal
race
500
ren
occe
kin
—
kille
bein
—
the
Hor
Nan
new
plain
boar
first
amo
the
—
year
last,
clai
out
—
in A
on
\$36
—
since
sces
great
was
fath
(if
ary
tie
his
he
mo
his
—
was
axe
was
—
new
—
a w
form
—
com
Yor
den
phy
of
the
firs
from
—
sion
hur
em
—
gre
—
high
day
—
was
last
and
ins
—
New
Gen
Por
Spa
inte
Ha
sett
ma
—
Cro
maw
1st.
a so
was
cou
dov
a b
able
bee
vici
—
beld
fird
lum
—
a si
last
of
—
D
Dec
mor
The
am
cour
ear
pro
whi
tko
kno
ind
—
me
ch
as
wi
to
bl
F
—
a
fr
—
H
of
br
wa
De

Rowland B. Howard
Class 1856.

Editorial Correspondence.

Away from New York.—Country Scenes.—The Maine Hills and Coasts.—Bowdoin College.—Class Reunions.—Longfellow's new Poem.—Political and Centennial Quiet.—Blaine's Illness.—Maine the best type of Ancient New England. 7/20/76

Out of the fifteen days unbroken heat in New York, across the Sound to New London, Ct., thence over a landscape of green forests and fields to the State of Maine, with her mountain air and Ocean breezes, was a delightful change. This rear route via Worcester and Nashua, avoiding great cities, great crowds, noise and expensive hackmen, is becoming a favorite with New Yorkers who have learned to appreciate quiet and coolness. After hiding our *penates* among the breezy hills we went among the pines at Brunswick, near the sea, and enjoyed the literary and social reunions of our *Alma Mater*. Bowdoin College began with the century, and the forty-five stalwart young men who crowded the Commencement platform to-day, gave evidence of her unabated vigor. Over forty appeared at the first examination for admission to the Freshman class, which examination has not, like those of some of her contemporaries, "gone West." Nothing like the Longfellow class ovation of '75 was seen this year. Rev. Dr. Hill, former President of Harvard, gave a clear, thoughtful and instructive address on the Relations of Philosophy and Science. His favorite studies have been scientific, but he claimed and proved that in a right system of culture, science must be the handmaid of philosophy and not her mistress. In "Philosophy" he includes what we learn from consciousness; the mental, moral and religious development of man. With the evident power of a master, he dealt with some of the profoundest subjects connected with education, and left us with a deeper conviction than ever of the supremacy of man over mere nature and the sovereignty of God over all. Less than one-fourth of the graduating class appeared on the stage, but these performed their parts most creditably. Anne Louise Cary's Concert, in which she was assisted by some of the best talent in America, was an event that would have excited interest during the "Season," in any of our great cities. It is a most grateful thing to turn aside in the heat of summer, and in the still country listen to these sweet voices, trained in the highest school of this graceful art of song. It added a most appropriate attraction to commencement week. Miss Cary returns to Europe immediately to complete her very successful engagements abroad.

R. B. Howard.

We hope Bowdoin will never give up, as many colleges have, the old custom of out-of-door music and a procession by classes to the church and thence to commencement dinner. The most striking event in the after part of the latter, was a new poem by H. W. Longfellow, inscribed to his old teacher at Bowdoin. It was read by the venerable Prof Packard:

PARKER CLEVELAND.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER OF 1875.

Among the many lives that I have known,
None I remember more serene and sweet,
More rounded in itself and more complete
Than his who lies beneath this funeral stone.

These pines that murmured in low monotone,
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,
Were all his world; but in this calm retreat
For him the teacher's chair became a throne.

With fond affection memory loves to dwell
On the old days when his example made
A pastime of the toll of tongue and pen;
And now amid the groves he loved so well,
That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said Amen!

This poem, together with portraits of Professors Cleveland and Longfellow, is to be framed and hung up in the main entrance to Cleveland cabinet.

There was a remarkable absence of Centennial allusions, considering that it is 1876, and an equally remarkable silence on political topics for a Presidential year. The prostration of their leader is perhaps one cause of this unusual quiet among Republicans. They have not quite recovered from the disappointment occasioned by his defeat at Cincinnati, and are in deep sympathy with his present ill health. It is hoped that a removal to the sea side may hasten the recovery of Mr. Blaine.

No class reunion drew together so many (21) as that of 1856. Their supper, their call upon Prof. Packard, the revived and recorded reminiscences and history of the twenty years, the difficulties of recognition, the mingled humor and pathos of the occasion, can never be forgotten. Such scenes are unlike any others and as unlike in different classes, as are those classes and the individuals who compose them. Responses were made in this case from twelve States and from almost every phase of real life. Bowdoin, like almost every man and every institution, is suffering from a loss of pecuniary income, but her prospect in that regard is not nearly as dark as that of many. The completion of her Alumni fund of \$100,000 is a hopeful sign. A most delightful Alumni prayer-meeting was held, and will be continued regularly in future years. Rev. Mr. Dickerson, of Lewiston, in his recent able sermon before the Maine Missionary Society, declared, with reason, that henceforth Maine is to be the fairest field on which can be wrought out the New England idea of rearing men. Its population is chiefly native and not dense. Its business attractions are inferior to some other States. It has no great cities. It has a noble system of schools, public and private. Bowdoin College is its leading educational institution. Here, if anywhere, the question can be properly answered in the future, as it has been in the past, what can Maine do to give, to the world thoroughly informed and trained minds consecrated to the highest ends?

2 3 4 5 6
which capable integrity, not partisan zeal, shall be the condition of each public trust; and let us resolve that whatever it may cost, of labor, and of patience, of sharper economy and of general sacrifice, it shall come to pass that wherever American labor toils, wherever American enterprise plans, wherever American commerce reaches, thither again shall go as of old the country's coin—the American eagle, with the encircling stars and golden plumes!

In a word, fellow-citizens, let us each of us live, in the blessing and the duty of our great citizenship, as those who are conscious of unreckoned indebtedness to a heroic and prescient past, the grand and solemn lineage of whose freedom runs back beyond Bunker Hill or the Mayflower, runs back beyond muniments and memories of men, and has the majesty of far centuries upon it. Let us live as those for whom God hid a continent from the world till he could open all its scope to the freedom and faith of gathered peoples, from many lands, to be a nation to his honor and praise! Let us live as those to whom he commits the magnificent trust of blessing peoples many and far, by the truths which he has made our life, and by the history which he helps us to accomplish.

Such relation to a past ennobles this transient and vanishing life. Such a power of influence on the distant and future is the supremest terrestrial privilege. It is ours, if we will, in the mystery of that spirit which has an immortal and ubiquitous life. With the swiftest instruments now in our hands, with the land compacted into one immense embracing home, with the world opened to the interchange of thought, and thrilling with the hopes that now animate its life, each American citizen has superb opportunity to make his influence felt afar, and felt for long!

Let us not be unmindful of this ultimate and inspiring lesson of the hour. By all the memories of the

still to most an almost unknown world, the book well deserves its popularity. The two continents, North and South America, need to know each other better. Protestant churches of this country have been quite too indifferent to the urgent religious necessities of our Spanish speaking neighbors.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

—Frank Moore's *Record of the Year* for August, contains a fine portrait of Commodore Vanderbilt, who looks like some venerable college president with a D.D. dangling at his name. The magazine besides its diary of current events, is filled with an amazing variety of attractive reading, from the Platforms of all the political State conventions, to poems and anecdotes, sketches, and so forth.

—The *Congregationalist* for July, the monthly edited by Rev. R. W. Dale, London, is an unusually interesting number. Its picture of English affairs "A Hundred Years Ago" sets in striking contrast Then and Now. The political and social and religious changes that have occurred during the century are almost incredible. "A Glance at the Protest Work in Spain" is a plain statement, free from all exaggerations, of the good work of which the most that can be said is, that it is begun, and the prospect, in spite of immense obstacles, is hopeful. A very pleasant article is the one by Dr. Thomas H. Gill on "Watts in his Dealings with the Psalms."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- [All books received will be acknowledged in this column, and will, as soon as practicable receive such review as their character may seem to warrant and our space allow. Publishers are requested, for their own benefit and the convenience of our readers, to state the price of each volume.]
- THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST, in its Physical, Ethical and Official Aspects. By Alexander B. Bruce, D. D., Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. Chicago: Hadley Brothers. 8vo. pp. 502. \$6.00. [Special edition imported for use in this country by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.]
- A GENERAL HISTORY OF GREECE. By George W. Cox, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo. pp. 671. \$2.00.
- A GENERAL HISTORY OF ROME. By Charles Merivale, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo. pp. 701. \$2.00.
- PAPER MONEY INFLATION IN FRANCE. By Andrew D. White. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Paper covers. Fifty cents.
- THE TWO CHANCERLORS: Prince Gortchakof and Prince Bismarck. By Julian Klaczko. Translated by Frank P. Ward. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Chicago: W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co. 12 mo. pp. 332. \$2.00.
- THE PULPIT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, or the Political Sermons of the Period of 1776. By John Wingate Thornton. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Chicago: W. G. Holmes. pp. 520. \$2.50.
- FANNY PERCY'S KNIGHT-ERRANT. By the author of "The Whole Armor," etc. New York: National Temperance Society. Chicago: W. G. Holmes. pp. 267. \$1.00.
- THE ANDES AND THE AMAZONS. By James Orton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo. pp. 645. \$3.00.
- THE LIVING FAITH. By George S. Merriam. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Chicago: W. G. Holmes. pp. 282. \$1.50.
- CHAUNCEY JUDD. By Israel P. Waiter. New York: T. Y. Crowell. Chicago: W. G. Holmes. pp. 314. \$1.50.

LITERARY SMALL TALK.

It is stated that George Eliot has already received over \$25,000 for "Daniel Deronda."—A "microscopic prayer-book" has been printed at the Oxford University press, measuring three and a half inches in length by two and one-eighth in breadth, and a quarter of an inch thick and weighs just one ounce— an ounce of prayer-book. There are some we fear who would be suited with a still more microscopical manual of devotion.—Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" is the new "Vest Pocket" book.—The forthcoming autobiography of Secretary Seward will be enriched by portraits on steel of many prominent people of his time.—An English critic says of the late Miss Harriet Martineau, that she was "a radical in all things, a critic by nature, and nothing evil, crude or slovenly escaped her. She wrote cleverly for reviews, magazines and newspapers, and farmed with unsurpassed success, all in all, a positive and unique worker for the betterment of her race, and whose name and influence will not die." And another adds, that "in the strength of her intel-

Thursday, June 25. Commencement day at Bowdoin College. Found a few old friends and acquaintances. Among them was Mr. Ezekiel Ross of Newcastle, Me., who was at academy and college with me, but I had not seen him for thirty-six years. Our conversation was much of a common friend, Thos. H. Clark of Bristol, Me., who died an honored teacher, in Aurora, Ill. The Alumni prayer-meeting drew only a few together, none of the graduating class or the under-graduates—all these being exceedingly busy this morning. It cheered us to have Prof. Little, the excellent librarian of the college with us. Our first class-meeting simply organized for to-morrow, and designated a member to speak for us if desired at Commencement dinner. Mr. G. C. Moses was appointed and discharged the duty. Here are a few words contributed to a local paper by me:

"I saw fifty-two stalwart looking students graduate in their caps and gowns. The number of the latter astonished old graduates who used to have to disrobe for the next speaker, no matter what his size, if he chose to wear a gown. Some one maliciously suggested as Bowdoin still excludes women, she may have encouraged this universal gowning as an approximation to the coming reform, when the gentler sex will be welcomed to the College! Cannot the legs of the President's chair be elongated so that those in the body of the church can see his manly face above the desk. We had a delightful visit to the new Observatory. We noticed that the alumni performed well in the new Gymnasium at the dinner and the speeches—possibly better than some would with the ropes and poles. We wandered thoughtfully through the increasing graveyard where every person's grave was marked with the same name, 'Anna.'—(Anna-lytics.)

"Such as could not attend the examinations were compelled to judge of the proficiency of the graduating class by the lucidity and delivery of the ten essays from the platform. It was not a fair specimen of their attainments, I judge, but perhaps up to the average of thirty or forty years ago—why not better? So many new studies have been introduced; so many athletic exercises; so many night banquets of the societies; such social engagements and vacation expeditions demand attention that our great wonder is that those who address the uncertain and somewhat meagre Commencement audience, have enough time and nervous strength left to do as well as they do. The moral tone of the College was never higher. Hazing seems to be a tradition only, and signs of intemperance were more conspicuously absent than in any previous occasion of the kind."

Two or three social calls—one on the widowed mother of our classmate Whittemore—a pleasant walk across the Androscoggin to Topsham, near the new factory now being built. A few minutes at the house of Pastor Jones of the Congregational Church where his people were met socially, and a quiet and restful night at the familiar home of Capt. W. E. Frost. These were the things around which clustered many meditations awakened by reminiscences of five years of boyhood spent here, where almost all things are changed except the river, the pines, the plains and arching skies. Friends and companions of my youth, one the dearest of them all, you to me walk the streets again or sit in the shade. Your voices come back as we recite our lessons. Dear teachers, how much too little we loved and honored you! But you are nearly all gone. But the

places are here and again we go around and bid you good-bye. It is just forty-five years since I drove with my brother from Leeds thirty miles away. I was twelve, and the drive home alone with the old white horse and two-wheeled chaise are recalled as are the, to me, magnificent buildings of the College, the mysterious personages called "students"—the great church and the broad street.

Friday, June 26. An early train took several of us twenty-five miles to Portland, and sixteen of the class of 1856 met at the Preble House—the most extraordinary thing about that hotel being the entire absence of even the smell of intoxicating liquors. A new turn of the law-screw has at least temporarily again closed the secret bars and stopped the illegal sale. It was perhaps eleven o'clock of a most lovely day that we drove out to Cragmore the cottage of our classmate Prentiss Loring, whose guests we were for the day. Mrs. Loring and her sister welcomed us cordially, and we spent the morning chatting, reading letters from absent classmates, lolling upon the grass and gazing at the beautiful bay gemmed with lovely islands and dotted with white sails and steamers. A lunch and a drive back to the hotel, a dinner, and no speeches, but informal unfoldings of heart and life for the years gone occupied the afternoon. Our drives gave us repeated and striking views of the western mountains, the ocean, the city of Portland between Munjoy and Bramhall. We had a glance at the statue of Longfellow, the pride of the city and of Bowdoin College, the city home of our generous host, and the cottage of our classmate James O. Brown, a boy of affectionate disposition, polished manners, classical attainments and poetic genius who early passed over to the majority leaving a feeling of respect and tenderness in all our hearts. All of this has interest to but few. Others must pardon it for their sake. We have grown gray and bald and stout and old in these thirty-five years. But we all agreed that love was the best thing in life and whatever of that remained towards one another was sweet and comforting. Bankers, lawyers, judges, doctors, business men and ministers are we now who were once "boys" only, and to-day we are "boys" again. Our hands had a genuine clasp and an electric thrill as we formed our parting ring and sang,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

and one said, solemnly, tenderly, prayerfully, with some sense of a future about which we can now conjecture more than we once could, touching us all,—"*The blessing of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost be and abide with us all forever. Amen.*"

The last reunion was held five years ago, and since that time two members have died. The following were those who were present to-day: Prentiss Loring, Esq., Portland; Virgil L. Craig, Spiritwood, N. D.; Rev. Henry Farrar, Gilead, Me.; S. W. Hathaway, Esq., Boston; Rev. Rowland B. Howard, Boston; Judge Thomas Leavitt, Exeter, N.H.; Judge Enos T. Luce, Waltham, Mass.; Hon. Woodbury L. Melcher, Laconia, N.H.; Galen C. Moses, Bath; Rev. Edwin B. Palmer, Boston; Rev. Dr. Edwin P. Parker, Hartford, Ct.; Rev. Thomas S. Robie, Truro, Mass.; Prof. Jonathan Y. Stanton, Lewiston; James C. Strout, Assist.-Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.; George A. Wheeler, M.D., Castine; George C. Yeaton, Esq., South Berwick.

I reached my home over one hundred miles away before the town clock struck eleven. The next meeting is to be in Bath in 1896. Who will be there?

Sunday, June 28. Worshipped at the Friends' meeting-house, Lynn, Mass., and addressed the Sunday-school, where George C. Herbert is Superintendent, on Peace. In the afternoon attended and addressed a mission Sunday-school at a pleasant and capacious chapel just outside Lynn city limits in Swampscott, and spoke to a good audience on Peace in the evening, and received an offering for the cause. I was the guest of two kind families belonging to the Society of Friends. The day spent among them and their adherents was very like in satisfaction, to former years of real fellowship with persons who believed the same truths with myself and labored for their propagation. Ellen Collins of New York has for several years sent a number of copies of the *Angel of Peace* to the Friends' Mission Sunday-school mentioned above.

Tuesday, June 30. Two alumni of the Bowdoin class of '34, who celebrated their semi-centennial seven years ago, came in to see me and ask about Commencement which I had just attended, and met sixteen of my own later class (1856). They were Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., and Rev. Henry T. Cheever, D. D., aged respectively 80 and 77, certainly no mean specimens of Maine men, physically, intellectually and morally. Neal Dow went as far as Portland with me on my way to Brunswick. He had many reminiscences of Hamlin as a boy, though he (Dow) was seven years older. Hamlin told me Dow helped him to \$20 when he was \$70 in debt for his steam-engine (now kept as a relic by the College), by engaging him to lecture before the Portland Lyceum on the subject of it two nights. He also pushed the cylinder against the revolving drill in the lathe in order to make it hollow. Cheever is about to raise money to place a bust of Hamlin in Robert College in Turkey. It is to be by a first-class artist. Bowdoin will have a copy!

117 ROWLAND BAILEY HOWARD.

Γ.ξ.ρ'

A.B., 1856; A.M., 1859; LL.B., Albany Law School, 1857; B.D., Bangor Theological Seminary, 1860. 1st
 Declamation Prize, 1854 and 1855; 1st Essay Prize, 1856. Student-at-Law, 1856-57. Student of Theology,
 1857-60. Pastor, at Farmington, Me., 1860-70; at Princeton, Ill., 1870-75; at East Orange, N. J., 1875-79;
 at Rockport, Mass., 1879-84. Secretary of the American Peace Society, since 1884. Editor of the *Advance*,
 Chicago, 1875-82; of the *American Advocate of Peace and Arbitration*, since 1883. Father of D. P. How-
 ard, (Καρλα, '85), and Brother of C. H. Howard (Ξαρλα, '59).

Congregational Clergyman: 1 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

