ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

—OF THE—

East Greenwich Academy

—HELD—

JUNE 13-20, 1890.

Taken from the columns of the

Rhode Island Pendulum,

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

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Anniversary Exercises.

Program of the Week.

FRIDAY, June 13.—Graduates' Recital at 8 p. m:

SATURDAY, June 14.—Elocution Graduates' Recital, 8 p. m.

SUNDAY, June 15.—Sermon before the graduating class, 2:30 p. m., by Rev. W. F. Warren, D. D., LL. D., President Boston University. Conference Sermon, 7:45 p. m., by Rev. C. W. Holden, A. M., of New Bedford, Mass.

MONDAY, June 16.—Examination of classes to 3 p. m. Exhibition of the Normal and Intermediate departments, 3 p. m. Address before the Philognothian and Adelphian societies, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., of Boston, 8 p. m.

TUESDAY, June 17.—Examination of classes forenoon and afternoon. Annual meeting of the Corporation, 10 a. m. Annual meeting of the Board of Directors, 2 p. m. Annual Concert, 8 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, June 18. — Examination of classes during the forenoon. Prize Declamations and Readings, 2:30 p. m. Poem before the Aletheon Society, by Prof. Benjamin F. Leggett, Ph. D., of Ward, Pa. Subject, "The Doomed City."

THURSDAY, June 19.—Grand Re-union. Literary exercises, 10:15 a. m. Historical address: "Early Education; Its Relation to the War of the Rebellion," by Col. J. Albert Monroe, of New London, Conn., engineer of the Thames River Bridge. Poem: "The Waning Century," by Mrs. Marietta S. Case, of Highland Park, Conn. Oration, by Prof. S. F. Upham, D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. Exercises interspersed with music. Dinner by Caterer L. A. Tillinghast, of Providence, at 1 p. m. under a mammoth tent upon the campus, followed by toasts, etc., Dr. S. F. Upham, Toastmaster. Class Day Exercises, 5:30 p. m. Principal's Reception to the Graduating Class, 8 p. m.

FRIDAY, June 20.—Graduating Exercises 9:30 a. m. Art Room open to visitors during the week.

FRIDAY.

For eighty-eight years the Academy, like a beacon light, has been sending forth rays of learning from the heights overlooking Narragansett Bay. During these years many students have come to her, and from her many graduates have gone; but yearly when the days of June return their hearts and steps turn again to their Alma Mater. To the people of the town, Commencement is one of the events of the year, and personal acquaintance with many of the graduating class, and the interest always attending such occasions attract them to Academy Hall, where the best results of the work of the year are presented to and duly appreciated by them. Anniversary Week, 1890, was at times darkened by lowering clouds, but neither clouds nor rain was able to diminish the attendance on any occasion. The exercises began Friday evening with a musical recital given by two of the graduates in the music department, Miss Annie Holland, organ, and Miss Emma Carpenter, vocal. This department has been in charge of Miss Ella Greene, and the results more than justify the claim that she ranks among the foremost instructors in music of the present time.

The program was as follows:

Preludio,.....Dunham
"The Chorister,".....Sullivan
Melodie,.....Dunham
Wedding March,.....Wely
"Sleep and Rest,".....Ernest

Barcarolle, ...Gounod
(With Violin.)
Cavatina,.....Raff
"Di Tanti Palpiti,".....Rossini
Fantasie, "Linda de Chamounix,".....Alard
Miss Everett.
Overture to "William Tell,". ....Dudley Buck
"The Better Land,"..... Cowen
Coronation March, ...Meyerbeer
Arranged by W. T. Best.
Ave Maria,..... .. ..Gounod
(With Piano, Organ and Violin.)

The repeated encores that greeted the performers attested the estimation of those present for the proficiency they had attained.

SATURDAY.

ELOCUTION.

Saturday evening was devoted to elocution and the members of the graduating class did credit alike to themselves and to Miss Eva Coscarden, who has filled the position of instructor in that department during the past year.

Appended is the program:

Piano, "All' Ongarese,".....Scharwenka
Miss Weld and Miss Palmer.
Scene in a Southern Hospital,..... Donnelly
Miss Shippee.
Aunt Sylvia's Geography Lesson,.....Anon
Miss Carpenter.
The Angel.....Rubinstein
Miss Luce and Miss Vaughn.
Scene from "Marie Stuart,".....Schiller
Miss Butler.
"O Luce di Quest Anima,".....Donizetti
Miss Luce.
The Pilot's Story..... .....W. D. Howells
Miss Carpenter.
How Tom Sawyer's Fence was Whitewashed
.....Mark Twain
Miss Shippee.
Melody in E.....Lott
Miss Palmer.
Potpourri.....Anon
Miss Butler.

SUNDAY.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON BY REV. W. F. WARREN, D. D., PRESIDENT OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

At 2:30 p. m. the baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. W. F. Warren, D. D., LL. D., President of Boston University. In the front seats were the class of '90, wearing their neat ribbon badges, bearing their class motto "Semper ad Lucem." Rev. F. D. Blakeslee, D. D., read for the lesson Ps. 91 and 1 John 1. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. W. Holden. After the singing of Hymn 72, Dr. Warren announced as his text:—

Psalms xxvii., 1.—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

The first clause of our text in its Latin form, "Dominus illuminatio mea," inscribed upon the two pages of an open Bible and set in the heart of a fair heraldic shield, constitutes the coat of arms of the ancient University of Oxford. In the lives of many of Oxford's sons this sacred motto was incarnated and glorified. Their lives speak of light and strength of life. These are precisely the fundamental needs of every scholar and of every community of scholars. Your attention is therefore invited to this question: What are the inner and what are the outer conditions of personal and academic light and strength of life?

Intellectual light is knowledge, and knowledge is not molecular modification produced by unconscious cerebration; not any form of dialectic guesswork or surmise—it is the living, personal apprehension of truth of some sort. The inner or subjective conditions of intellectual light are, therefore, the inner or subjective conditions of the personal finding and appropriation of truth. There are three possible attitudes of men toward truth. First, the attitude of the man who, being false and perverted in his own moral tastes and affinities, disrelishes and repels the truth with a kind of spontaneous antipathy. Second, the attitude of the man who, professing respect for truth in the

abstract, announces his willingness to accept it just so far as its evidences compel his assent, but no farther. Third, the attitude of the man who craves the truth with a longing so strong and incessant that he becomes and ever remains an ardent lover and seeker of it. Personal repugnance, personal indifference, personal desire, are the three respective attitudes of men toward truth. Scholars have no respect for the first class of men, who are admittedly lovers of darkness rather than light. As to the second position, it cannot be denied that much may be said in its favor. To many minds there is something altogether sublime in the spectacle of a man who, having seated himself in a kind of God-like impassibility in the centre of the universe, in effect says: "If Truth has any claims on me, let her now present them and they shall be duly honored. If you philosophers, moralists and religionists have anything you want me to believe, bring it on, prove it, and I will accept and hold it just as I accept and hold any other demonstrated proposition. Only spare me your foolish appeals to sentiment. Thorough intellectual honesty requires that I divest myself of all feelings for or against the truth. The progress which the world has actually achieved has been in the teeth of a bitter opposition, sustained by feeling, and only as a thinker divests himself of all influences from the sentimental side of his nature can he hope to do anything to broaden the area of the known, or to lead humanity forward to grander visions of truth."

When in faultless English, polished essayists proceed to illustrate the mischiefs which a blind attachment to old beliefs has wrought, and when they dilate upon the sublime impartiality of a mind which passionlessly contemplates all problems of the universe, we are apt to be carried away with their doctrine and to say, "This shall be my attitude." Plausable, however, as all this sounds, it will not bear a moment's serious examination. It confounds the love of cherished opinions and habits with the love of truth. The men who have signally lifted humanity upward and forward were no leisurely, apathetic balancers of logical probabilities. They were men who possessed a love of truth so potent that it bore down weaker attachments to the old and familiar, and became the master passion of a mighty life. In no department of human endeavor is the indifferentist of any service. Sentiment, therefore, must have recognition in any right theory of knowledge. Indifference to truth is already disloyalty to truth and disloyalty to truth is now and forevermore the fundamental disqualification for its discovery.

The third, then, is the only attitude toward truth which can command respect. The man we honor is the man who loves and seeks the truth—loves it better than all his preconceived opinions, better than all his inherited impressions and creeds and partialities—who so loves it that, if need be, he can sacrifice human applause and the advantages of social station, and alone, year after year, consume his life in wasting labors—all in the single, but steadfast hope of helping humanity to a clearer and better vision of a single fact or principle. These are the men who adorn and dignify the world's history. Any inner life in which all faculties of heart and mind are not united gives the soul a loveless knowledge, or a knowledgeless love and produces misery.

Three, then, are the inner, or subjective conditions of intellectual light, personal and academic. First, there must be an ardent and quenchless love of truth. Second, there must be a vigorous and persistent will to find it. Third, the intellect, fired by the passion of this love,

must apprehend, construe, and appropriate to itself truth after truth in constant succession. In the unity of the human personality these three are one.

There are also objective or exterior conditions of intellectual light and strength of life.

First, let us notice this: Other things being equal, knowledge of the various objects of human investigation is easy and rapid in proportion to the natural affinity or relatedness of those objects to the cognizing mind. Mind cognizes mind more readily than it does matter. The child's first lesson in school is not the alphabet but the teacher. Every true teacher in her teaching remembers this and acts upon the principle that the child first of all knows her. She knows that the child takes lively interest in her and that he can be made to take like interest in any knowledge which she can present.

In the light of the law under consideration it is easy to see why in all wise systems of education, the Sciences of man as subject matter of instruction, have precedence over the Sciences of nature. It is not simply because man is superior to material things, nor yet because it is practical things, nor yet because it is more practically more important to the race to possess self knowledge how to possess a knowledge of minerals and herbs and insects. It is largely because the shortest if not the only road to the knowledge of even material things is the road which leads through mind. In many quarters science needs deliverance from her friends. Those purblind Comtean scientists who demand the exclusion from the laboratory of all those mind-born questions as to the whence, whither and wherefore of nature and of natural objects, who would reduce the student to a kind of automatic self-register of that which is, fatally injure the cause they would serve. A single breach of their rules by one Charles Darwin, has directly and indirectly done more to advance man's knowledge of nature than all that the whole regiment of these automatic, questionless, and purposeless observers have together accomplished. And I say this with full recollection of the fact, that Darwin's precise contribution to the philosophy of Nature's life was neither better nor more final, than many another contribution made by men who lived and died before him. Any mental interpretation of cosmic process is better than none. Even the attempt to establish an inadequate or false interpretation always helps forward a more adequate and true.

That the knowledge of God is simpler and easier than the knowledge of Nature is a fact that follows from the principle we have considered. I speak with strictest scientific precision when I say I know far more of the nature of God than I do of the nature of a sand grain. And I speak with equal soberness when I say that it is easier to give a child a right conception of the former than of the latter. God's day is from everlasting to everlasting, and the human child who desires to make His acquaintance is under no necessity to go to work as if the Heavenly Father had been dead some thousands of years.

A second objective condition of all knowledge is this: The reactions of personal objects of knowledge upon the cognizing mind are far more stimulating and enlightening and formative than are those of impersonal objects. Would we be ready for all emergencies, we must not be afraid to let our equals play in upon us, fencing with us in earnest and in sport.

All reactions of personal objects of knowledge upon the cognizing mind, for the reason that they proceed from free intelligence are, in no small measure, conditioned as to their quality, intensity

and effect, by the free bearing of the objects from whom they proceed. This fact furnishes a third objective condition of all progress, in the acquisition of intellectual light and strength of life.

In all these abstract discussions I have simply been opening up the two convergent highways, which lead the thinker slowly up to some proximate comprehension of that personal experience, of which our text is the expression. The true key to this psalm-word is found only when, putting all we have said together, we affirm that in the personal and conscious and loving fellowship with God, all these specified conditions of light, subjective and objective, are completely and most effectively actualized. Other things being equal, the soul which most intimately and consciously and lovingly communes with God, will also most love truth, most strenuously seek it, most clearly discern it.

The true scholar will not be deceived by names nor blinded by a stupid, guild conceit. They will appreciate the incalculable educational force of the myriad forms of personal influence in the complicated organism of civilized life. Least of all, will they forget the power of that Personal Presence which is infinite in resources of influence and omnipresent with docile spirits even in the humblest of occupations and in the lowliest of homes. There are thousands of men, who, missing in their youth three or four years of coveted academic opportunities, have now, for 40 or 50 years, been all the more diligent students in life's vast University, grappling with harder problems than ever were writ in algebraic symbols, conducting experiments more educative than the laboratory's most delicate manipulation. Such minds are not untrained. The existence of these bright, ever-hungry spirits, the earnestness with which they are striving for supplies of knowledge are something full of meaning to the student of social forces. They are a pre-announcement of failures to all attempts to limit learning to any caste, be it bottomed on birth, or wealth, or inherited culture. They are an assurance that whoever may rule the world's scholarship to day, the spirits who are to rule it to-morrow, are not those who are clothed in soft raiment, and who dwell in king's houses. These leaders are growing in the humble homes of religion. Hers are the children who answer to Plato's beautiful description of true philosophers, being "lovers of the visions of truth." Finally, it is fitting to remind ourselves that in order to perpetual increase in light and strength of life the light and strength acquired must not be hoarded, but applied and used for the improvement of man's estate.

Dr. Warren then addressed himself particularly to the class of '90 and said: Your plans of life are not irrevocably made. It is my duty this day to remind you of the essential conditions of all success in highest living. Let me hope you have caught some glimpse of the height, and breadth, and strength, and beauty of the character and culture which are God-inspired. Let me hope there is not one of your number who is not in love with that Divine companionship which makes such living possible. But the light of such a life cannot be hid. It is hardly necessary to remind you that it is in the very nature of light to shine. Nothing is gained by restraining the far-darting rays. They will not feed the wasting taper, nor cause it to burn one moment the longer. So with your knowledge. Let it flash out. Its use only multiplies it, creating new centres of spiritual illumination, whence it multiplies afresh, and thus in endless progression. But there is a nobler ambition than the desire to give to our equals or superiors. It is the

ambition to give to our inferiors in spiritual light and privilege. The former is a creditable ambition; this is a Christly one. Famous the possessor of the first may become, but blessed shall be the possessor of the second. Would you touch the altitude of the noblest and most blessed life, consecrate your years to the service of the unprivileged. Freely ye have received, freely give. Such living you can never regret, even though it take you as it did Heber to India's coral strand. But one life among men was all divine, and that was the life of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

And now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end, Amen.

Sunday Evening.

CONFERENCE SERMON RY REV. C. W. HOLDEN, A. M., OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

A large audience gathered in Academy Hall Sunday evening on the occasion of the Conference Sermon by Rev. C. W. Holden, of New Bedford, Mass. Rev. W. F. Warren, D.D. read the Scripture lesson from II. Corinthians v. Prayer was also offered by Dr. Warren. The sermon was based on II. Cor., 5.—"The love of Christ constraineth us." The greatest men are great because of a devotion to a lofty or single purpose. St. Paul was great because of his consecration to his ministry. He utters his protest against any other glory than that of the cross. The constant, constraining, controling principle to him was the love of Christ. The love of Christ was an absolutely original idea in the world. It was original because of its universality and its endlessness. The love of Christ is Christ himself and the best definition which can be written of him is, He is love. Paul had seen Christ and from that vision he had power to see the needs or humanity; for he who sees these needs most clearly has the clearest view of Calvary. This power of the love of Christ made Saul of Tarsus the apostle to the Gentiles. Let us regard the various methods by which this power manifests itself. First, in its power of expulsion. When Paul was converted pride of family, of Phariseeism, of learning were expelled from his heart. Thenceforward all his glory was in the cross of Christ. Let the love of Christ be kindled in the heart of a man and he will experience the expelling power of the love of Christ. Second, in its power of repulsion. In morals, repulsion can be spelled with two letters—"No!" Moral repulsion is the power of a holy life. But the Bible is not a book of don'ts. It is positive. Third, in its power of compulsion. It is this power which leads men to give themselves for others. This swept over the personality of Paul and removing all self, made him the laborer and martyr which he was. This is the transforming power in the world to-day. Its print is seen in the myriad-handed beneficence of the age. If the ruling principle of Paul's life is ours, there will come to us a clearer sense of right and the power which comes from holy living. May the prayer of everyone be "Let there be in my life this constant, compelling love."

MONDAY.

NORMAL AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS.

At 3 p. m. occurred the exhibition of the Normal and Intermediate departments. Part I of the program consisted of essays on the topic of Structural Geography by students in the Normal department: Value of Structural Geography, Lizzie S. Boardman; Of what should first lessons in Geography consist? Mabel E. Sweet; How to teach Structural Geography, Minnie E. Bisbee; What should follow the study of Structural Geo-

graphy? Annie M. Reynolds. These essays were illustrated by short essays by scholars in the Intermediate department. A practical class in reading was conducted by Nellie B. Kelly. Part second presented to a delighted audience Mother Goose and her relatives. Mother Goose was represented by Kittie Saunders, her various relatives by Daisy Palmiter, Willie Sharpe, Louie Fitts, Lucy Allen, Howard Allen, Bessie Hall, Natalie Arms, Dora Blakeslee, Fannie Brown, Lily Arms, Flora Thornley, Frank Hill, George Collins, Annie March, Sammy Allen, Howard Browning, Vernon Still, John Hall, John Bisbee, Willie Shaw. The costumes of some of the little people were very fine. All manifested much interest and considerable ability in their various parts.

ADDRESS BY REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D., OF BOSTON, BEFORE THE ADELPHIAN AND PHILOGNOTHIAN SOCIETIES.

In the evening Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., of Boston, addressed the Adelphian and Philognothean societies on "What Makes Success." Dr. Hale was introduced by George C. Chappell, president of the Adelphian society, who with the president of the Philognothean society, Arthur C. Dechman occupied the platform. The speaker of the evening was no stranger to the audience which thronged the Hall; for though the majority of those present had never before heard him speak, he had, for years, been bringing to them in his writings the perfect fruits of his intellect and personality. The address which follows received the closest attention and could not fail of inspiring those present with a desire to possess those qualtities which the speaker described as ensuring the most perfect success.

What Makes Success.

We will consider what is the place of a great institution like this in the work of the country, what constitutes the success of such an institution, what its alumni and alumnæ are to aim at and what constitutes real success. One of the most pathetic things in life is the return, after thirty or forty years, to a commencement of the college or school in which you were trained. You are told that the class will be found under a particular tree in the college yard. You are led there by an old friend who has been a teacher in the college ever since you left it yourself. To him, nothing seems changed. To you, the whole place is different. You find ten or a dozen old gentlemen trying to be comfortable on the grass, but really dreading the rheumatism which will follow the exposure. The son of one of the number and grandson of another, both now undergraduates in these scenes of your old life, are made to bring out chairs from some of the college rooms. This arrangement made, time soon rolls back, and you are all young again. Indeed, you have never ceased to be young. There is not a man who really feels a day older than when he left, though, alas! there is not a man who knows a tenth part as much as he knew then, or thought he did. But you are conscious that one or two strangers have found their places among you. You lead off, on one side, one of the fellows you know best, and you ask, "Who is that man with gold glasses, and who is the other man who coughed, and who seemed to know Hastings so well?" "Gold glasses?" is the reply: "Surely you remember Smith." "That man by Hastings? Why, you haven't fogotten Jones?" "Forgotten Jones? No; the world knows Jones. Jones is the man who drove a tunnel under the Straits of Gibralter. Forgotten Smith? Why, Smith is the Chief Justice of Alaska, who rendered the celebrated decision in

the case of Cobb vs. Webb. I remember Smith very well, and Jones sat next me at the table for four years—only they do not look quite as I remember them." Then comes the sadder business of ac counting for the boys who are not there. "What in the world happened to that bright Champernoon who roomed opposite you, Hastings?" "Has any man ever seen Culpepper, the man who wrote our class song? Did he not go to California?

Some men seem to have dropped right out of history. The most energetic class secretary can learn nothing of them. The years have covered them. They are buried in the sands. No token of them remains. Some very good fellows whom everybody liked, but nobody thought much of, have shot right up in public esteem, have filled important places in life, have died honored and beloved, perhaps, or have lived to be with us here to day. Sometimes the fellows have gone forward just as we expected, but sometimes everything has gone wrong, and all we meant and hoped has been wholly disappointing. I have said this because something of this sort is going to happen to you forty years hence.

Now we ask what is it we are attempting when we bring you together in work as you are now? There is this to be said: So far as intellectual ability goes, you are as good judges of your classmates as they will find in life anywhere. Mental power shows at an early period. It is not difficult to make a forecast of what a man's future will be. I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with James Russell Lowell, recently, our minister in England, when he was in college. We knew then, when he was 18 years old, that he was to be the first poet in America, as well as we now know that he is. Indeed, I went a few years ago to Cambridge, and ran my eye over the exhibition parts still preserved there of the thirty lads who won the highest college honors of my class. Of those of them who lived thirty years I doubt if I should have made three mistakes as to who was the author, had the boys' theses been read to me without the name; so far is it true that the boy is the father to the man. College work prefigures the mental power of the man, but you cannot tell how the man will turn out; but you can judge of his mental ability. If physical promise is well nigh certain, if intellectual ability shows itself quite early, what is the uncertain element which, in its results, surprises both the teacher and the fellow student, and sets us all adrift in our prophecies? Everyone knows the answer, though it shapes itself in a hundred different ways. All leaders of men have their aphorisms for making it clear to those they lead. It is manhood,—what the Romans called *virtus*, but which we call "Grit;" this is our translation of the classical term. It is from end to end a moral quality. Tender women have it, as strong men have it.

This manhood—this power of the hero and of the heroine—is infallably based on personal purity. The wisdom that is from above is first pure. He is chaste. He is temperate. He has not played with tastes and flavors till they have mastered him.

It follows in such self control that this man is true, not only is true in word—social pressure almost compels that now from anybody who assumes to be a gentleman—he is true as well in act and demeanor. He would scorn to be thought other than he is. If he be not a good Latin scholar, he will not take the airs of one. If he know nothing of the silver question he will not pretend to discuss it. And this purity and this truth—he scarcely thinks of them himself as traits of life doubtful or difficult; they seem to him to come of course. They rest indeed, in his

determination to live a life larger and nobler than the life of the table, of personal amusement, of the body. He lives with men, and for them. His is a life larger than Wall street or Broadway, larger than a tennis court—nay, larger than to-day and to-morrow. He lives by such law of heaven as he can find, and this means that he knows there is in this world and above this world a power that works for righteousness. To that power he is himself allied. God is his father and he walks with God. True manhood and victorious heroism mean love to man, life in heaven, and work with God.

The work of an Academy like this is to seek for its pupils such manhood, such womanhood, such self control, such heroism. It seems to me that with every year the mere machine rules of school keeping break down; we are coming nearer and nearer to the real success. In the determination that the institution shall send into the world not pretenders, not mere mathematicans or mere linguists, but men who are men, manly men, and women who are women, womanly women, the teachers and chiefs are met more than half way by the pupils. The boys and girls know each other; and they believe in truth and honor. It was so in the army: any soldier will tell you that. It is so on shipboard; any seaman will tell you that. And it is so in any great school; that, every teacher will tell you. In the effort to make the school a seed bed of chivalry, a nursery of manhood, the teacher has, on the whole, the decided help of the scholars. Truth, honor, loyalty, must exist in any social order, and the mean boy who lies and betrays is sent to Coventry by his companions. Personal purity, also, on the whole, tells in making up the characteristicts which boys love. I am quite sure that when I was at the Boston Latin school, fifty years ago, even cowardly boys would have been more afraid to tell a lie than of any consequences of telling the truth. The tone of the school was clear in that matter, and it was a tone given by the scholars.

On the other hand, the heads of the school always incur the serious danger of making hypocrites or of making prigs. It is certain that in many and many an instance, the left hand must not know what the right hand does. You cannot be giving prizes for virtue; for the distinction of virtue is that it is regardless of reward. You cannot pick people out and make them perform modesty on a platform. Once more; you cannot teach virtue by text books. You can guard people against vice; you can keep them from temptation; but their virtue comes by native impulse or by the contagion of virtue, or direct from the spirit of God.

The perfect school, then, needs first of all, teachers who shall love and respect the scholars, and be loved and respected by them. Mr. Emerson's old rule comes in play again. He wrote to his daughter when she was at school: "It is of little import what you study; the question is, with whom you study." And the pupil in this school, as in the larger school which we call life, is to use things which perish in the using—blackboard and chalk, examination papers and Latin grammar—so that when these fail, as fail they must and will, the children of light shall be glad to welcome him.

Yes; it is madness to reward with gold or with ribbons, virtue, purity, truth and honor. We may honor ourselves in recognizing them, but we cannot buy them with any such price. Honors or no honors, our school can show in its daily administration what the eternities are, and where they are. Every one sees that John is as near the teacher's heart as James, even as Stephen. But, you say, Stephen did his geometry without an er-

for yesterday, James dragged through it wretchedly, and John didn't do it at all. Quite true, my young critic, but John, who failed in his geometry, was first of you all on the top of the Blue Hills the day we went on our picnic there. Nay, he carried the heaviest burdens and helped the little boys at the same time. Do you not see that John's size and strength of muscle are just as praiseworthy as Stephen's keen fibre or brain? Each was given by a good God; and if each boy does his best with his gift, that is all. It may be that healthy life where God is recognized as one of the company may extinguish envy, give courage, honor and loyality their chance to grow, and make truth a matter of course in character.

All true education will depend upon the teacher. Such a teacher as Dr. Arnold will make such a pupil as Arthur Stanley, and from such a teacher as Alexander Borgia you get such a pupil, alas! as his daughter Lucrezia. Here it is that the danger comes of all our high pressure systems. You cannot create teachers as if they were light infantry men, who can be manufactured, it is said, out of clowns by three month's drill. We have tried that experiment to the bitter end. There was a theory among the illuminated, forty years ago, that with a proper dose of what they called pedagogics a good normal school would take anybody from any trade and in eighteen months turn him out a first-rate teacher. Now the truth is, that your first-rate teacher, with or without pedagogies, must be a first-rate man or woman when you begin.

And all this is to say, perhaps in more words than were needed, that our model school, our school for manhood, shall be as much like the school of life as we can make it. For what is the real object of living but this making of manly men? What is the world, but a training school in which the Good Father hopes we may become better fitted for life and for enjoyment and service? It is not, as the blind leaders of the blind tell you, a place of probation from which God takes us that He may assign heaven to one and hell to another. No; it is a place of training which takes these parts of being, these infant children, and passes them through its grades till they come out, perhaps at fourscore, perhaps in martrydom, perhaps in the crash of battle, fitted for the service which archangels render. So Socrates passed; so Stephen passed; so the unknown saint passes who is somewhere leaving the earth while I am speaking. All history is the record book of this great school and of its success in making men and women to be better. For what does Michael Angelo draw the plans of St. Peter's? Why does he order the stones from their quarries? Why are the vast arches thrown and hung in the sky? For what are these processions in the aisles and naves? What does the great cermonial mean and the place where it is, but that men shall come nearer God and be more like Him? It is all a part of the school, that they may be better men. Why does John Milton sing of man's first disobedience? Why does he tell us the story of Satan's fall, and of Uriel's loyalty? Why does there move in solemn order all the history of Paradise and of man's exile from it, but that through that every word of his, man may the more quickly regain his paradise; that disobedience may not be the law of mankind; that men may be better men. John Milton's friends are discouraged at the prospect as they see it. They long for sky unpolluted with incense, and for breezes not tainted with the songs of heathen worship. They leave their firesides, leave smiling Kent and fruitful Essex, and with no companionship, but the one household God whose voice has bidden them fare westward, they try the great

experiment, and found America. What is it all for? All that they may be better men, their children better children, and the world, a better world.

It is into such a determination of the God who rules history, and of the children of God who share His nature, that all our plans of education must be wrought, and with that system they must be coordinated. The purpose is enough. If that be right, all else will follow. If we highly resolve that before all other success we will place this central success, that we will have manly men and womanly women come from our schools, whether they be keen or dull, bright or stupid, we shall win that prize transcendent. And as in the past, so will this nobleness of life come to the generations that are born to-day. For brave men and true will make others brave and true. Lovely women will make others lovely. Purity will compel purity. Honor will compel honor. When I asked the Japanese Prince what studies were preferred to arithmetic in Japan, he said, "We think arithmetic makes men sordid; we study morals and history." The history of noble men and women quickens those who come after them to lead a life which is thus shown possible. I cannot let my hours rust if I know how my father spent his for mankind. The history of the martyrs, the history of the true saints, the lives of the women who have made the world sweeter, and of the men who have made the world stronger—these are the parables which our children will have and will learn from. They cannot read upon the walls of their school room the names of those boys who went before them, to die for liberty and union, without nobly determining that their lives shall not be mean. And as they follow back history, as they learn how one age has learned from another, and what are the fountains—at those fountains they will drink. As Winthrop, Putnam and Shaw followed in the steps of the men of the revolution, so those men were following and remembering Hampden and the men of the commonwealth. So those men were emulating their fathers, the men of the armada, such men as Granville and Raleigh and Sir Philip Sydney. Each age learned from the age before it, how to live nobly, and how to die for mankind. And each age, as it looked backward, found the divine quickening and the eternal lesson, when it came to the Master of life and to His death for mankind. He had shown them, indeed, that rather than a nation should perish it was well that one man should die for the people.

And now, young gentlemen and young ladies, what is all this for? We are sending you out all over America—we know not where—to stand among the educated, and to do the duty of men and women.

Nor does it matter where you go. You are to take thither the duty of educated men and women. Observe that wherever the people are, the scholar must be there also, if he is to carry on his work. D'Artagnan and Aramis, and Quentin Durward had to go to Paris, to the capital, to seek their Sovereigns, if they would save the state. But with us the sovereign is working in the mines of Lake Superior; the sovereign is herding cattle in Colorado, he is feeding the world from the plains of Dakota. The Empire of this country is no longer in the hands of the large cities, if it ever were. It is in the hands of those large country towns where the best men lead the town, direct its education, its local government, and give tone and courage to its people; towns without rings, towns not governed by bar rooms. It is the men from these towns who are pushed forward into important public life and loyally sustained by the American people. Emigrants from Europe, still blinded by European

prejudices, settle in large cities, and are led by other men. But the American people are still true to that enthusiasm for local government which so surprised De Tocqueville, and which, to this hour, not one foreign writer in ten understands. Find me the states, or parts of states, which on the whole, direct the American policy in our public affairs, and you find states or parts of states which are under the empire, not of the few large cities of America, but of her few numerous smaller cities or large towns. And the truth is,—that whether you or I work on society here in Rhode Island or in a ranch of Colorado—what we do which has the eternal element, will tell the graduates of this school as the Eternity of Truth must tell. Literally, gentlemen, it does not matter, for the sway that you are to have over the next half century, whether you go to the wilderness of Lake Superior, or to the most crowded ward in New York. A man's a man. A leader is a leader. If you have in you the stuff of which leaders are made, you will lead. That is, if you rely on the idea, if you make yourself an ally of the Almighty, speak His word and do His deed, you will, of course, take a place and authority among men.

So much for the question, *Where?*

As to the question when you shall take this direction, there is never but one answer. Now. To-day. Now is the accepted time. I trust that your years at school are not to be flung away like an old garment. I think you have just whetted your appetite in literature, in art, in science, in philosophy. As Paul Jones said, "you are just ready to begin." But you are not to stay here longer. No. But you are to go on in just these studies which please you most—with the freedom of manhood joined to the training of youth, and to carry them on, in one direction or another, till you die. You are, I trust, enthusiastic about Alma Mater. I hope you are always going to say that East Greenwich Academy is the best Academy in the world. Do not be satisfied with saying so. Show it wherever you go. Show what a man of education is by the eagerness with which you pursue that education. No one need shrink because he is going into what is called business. Every man and woman of you can secure—and ought—two hours a day for generous reading or study. No man or woman needs more to keep up bravely and well the line of education which he has selected for his own. Make it your duty, then, to carry wherever you go—be it to the ranch—be it to the mine—be it to the cotton plantation—the spirit, the thoroughness, even the elegancies of a metropolis. Why, Bernard civilized Western Europe by sending out from Clairvaux two hundred and fifty swarms of educated men, who made two hundred and fifty other centres of faith and of knowledge, in countries then barbarous. More than this is in the power—nay, more than this may be the future of the graduates of this school in the next thirty years.

Thus it is the duty of every man and woman of you to level up from the first moment the public education of the place where you shall live. The village school, the high school, the country academy or college, the public library, these live and grow, or starve and die, according as you determine. We have all seen what are called ideal communities, where effort in this line has been crowned. One comes to a village of Friends sometimes—of the people called Quakers—where there was never a pauper, where every child received what we call a high school education, where to each family the public library supplies the last and best literature. And this is possible everywhere. A man need not be on the board of school supervisors to do it. I met the other day a learned judge who told me that for more

than twenty years he had met every winter in his own library, once a week, a club of his neighbors, men and women, who came, and gladly, that he might guide them in the study of history. "And all these people," said he, laughing, "there are three or four hundred of them now, scattered over the world—they all know what to read and how to read it." You see that that village is another place because that one man has lived there. Yet there is only one man who chose to make himself so far an apostle to carry forward the light which his Alma Mater had kindled.

Or, consider for a moment how the great national pulpit might be improved—that pulpit to which ten men listen for one who sits in the church or chapel on Sunday, I mean the daily and weekly press of the land, if every man of liberal culture, in any humble village in the land, saw it was his part and privilege to hold up the hands of the spirited printer who has carried into the wilderness a few pounds of type, who prints the legal notices and the advertisements of the country stores. What folly to hold back from him and rdicule him! What a chance if you only make friends with him and help him! He does not want to make a bad newspaper. He wants it to be as good as the London *Spectator*. What graduate does not want the same thing? What might not the local press of this country be if the educated men came loyally and regularly to the duty and privilege—I do not say of making it the mouthpiece of their convenience—but the educator and enlivener of the community in which they live! Do not let such a prophet be undeserving of honor in his own home.

Does any man say that this is transcendental or mystical? Let it be so. The highest transcendentalism, the noblest mysticism is this lofty idealism which is satisfied with nothing less than the perfect world. It is not satisfied with that which has been attained, but reaches forward to something better and more. It is because you are nothing less than children of the Almighty God—who can share His purpose, conceive of His purpose, and enter into His service—that it is thought worth while to train your hearts and give you the armor for conflict, the arms for victory. It is as you shall accept the situation and enter into life as His children, that you shall be able to succeed in the trust committed to you. That the generation which waits for you may be more manly men and womanly women, may you live in this world as the living children of the living God.

TUESDAY.

THE ANNUAL CONCERT.

The annual concert was given at 8 p. m. and was listened to by an audience that taxed the seating capacity of the large hall. The program was one of the best that has ever been given here and was well rendered in all its parts. In every number the careful training and persistent efforts of the director, Miss Ella Greene, were clearly manifest. The choruses deserve special mention and the violin performance by Miss Agnes Everett received hearty encore. The program follows:

Soldier's Chorus.....Gounod
Chorus Class.

"Orpheus with His Lute," .....Sullivan
Annie E. Greene.

Good Humor. ....Baumfelder
Theodora Blakeslee.

"When the Wind Blows in from Sea."....Smart
Nettie J. Luce and Geo. E. Sargent.

Daughter of Error.....Bishop
Chorus Class. Solo by Miss Luce.

"Reminiscense de L'Elisire D'Amore," Eichberg
Miss Everett.

Nocturn in A major..... . .....Leschetizky
J. P. Case.

Marche Militaire.....Gounod
Annie C. Holland.

a) Greeting to the Woods..... ...Reinecke
b) Spring Song.....Oscar Weil
Emma F. Carpenter, (with violin.)
Gloria, (Mass in B flat,) .....Farmer
Chorus Class.
"O Mio Fernando," ("La Favorita."..Donizetti
Miss Luce.
Polka, "Le Bal,".. . .....Rubinstein
Lizzie Griffeth.
Religious Meditation.....Eichberg
Miss Everett.
"Down in the Dewy Dell,". .....Smart
Misses Luce, Vaughn and Greene.
a) Star of Descending Night.....Emerson
b) The Mountain Miner's Song.....Offenbach
Chorus Class.
Beauty's Eyes..... Tosti
Emma V. Vaughn.
Overture, "Stradella,"..... Dudley Buck
C. Clifford Bradford.
"Les Huguenots,"..... ...Meyerbeer
Arline P. Langworthy. Elizabeth W. Weld.
"O Turn Thee unto the Lord,".....Gounod
Chorus Class.
Accompanists—A. Kate Dosh, Annie C. Holland

WEDNESDAY.

PRIZE DECLAMATIONS.

The annual contest in prize declamation took place at 2:30 p. m. The relation sustained by these exercises to the department of elocution under the direction of the teacher of elocution is the same as the examination of the classes in the other departments of the school. The work performed by the various contestants was very satisfactory, showing as it did the general character of the instruction imparted by Miss Eva Coscarden, whose excellence and ability have been honored recently by the degree of Doctor of Oratory, bestowed by the Mt Vernon Institute of Philadelphia. The program:

Prayer,..... .....
By Rev. A. J. Coultas, of New London, Ct.
Organ, Offertoire in D. major,....Scotson Clark
Mabel Palmer.
The First Settler's Story, ...Carleton
William G. Farwell.
The Famine,..... .....Longfellow
Abbie J. Hart.
The Diver,..... ....Schiller
George C. Chappell.
Enoch Arden, ...Tennyson
Nettie J. Luce.
The Charity Dinner,... ....Moseley
Charles O. Judkins.
Song, "At My window,"..... .....Parker
Laura Robinson.
The Hero Woman,..... ...Lippard
Nellie M. Wartman.
One Niche the Highest,..... ....Burritt
Frank J. Howard.
Periton's Ride,..... ..... Tourjee
A. Jennie Palmer.
The Black Horse and his Rider,..... Sheppard
Arthur Dechman.
Piano, Valse Caprice, ...Bachman
Ethel Palmiter.
The Bridal Wine-Cup.....Anon
Bertha A. Nichols.
The Boat-Race. from "Jack Hall,".....Grant
Benjamin F. Thompson.
Vocal Duett, "Now Waits the Gondoletta,"
.....Ricci
Annie E. Green, Laura Robinson.

At 8 p. m. a poem, "The Doomed City," was read before the Aletheon Society by Prof. Benjamin F. Leggett, Principal of Ward Academy, Ward, Pa. In melodious verse were told the glory of the city of Pompeii before its destruction, the dire ruin which came upon it, its exhumation and its eternal fame:

'The sunset lingers: fair Campana smiles,
And seaward sleep the purple, phanton isles,
The orange splendor leaves a tender glow
On waveless sea and distant coves of snow,
And grandly while its dying gloriés flee
Pompeii stands transfigured by the sea:—
Swift from its throne by ruthless ruin hurled,
She lives to-day immortal as the world."

The speaker was introduced by Mrs. Abbie J. Hart, President of the Aletheon Society. At the conclusion of the exercises a reception on the lawn, which was brilliantly lighted by Chinese lanterns, was accorded the Adelphian and Philognothian societies by the Aletheons.

THURSDAY.

ALUMNI DAY.

At 10:15 a. m. the graduates and their friends assembled in the hall to enjoy the literary exercises of the day. The president of the Allumni being absent Rev. W. J. Smith, of Hazardville, Conn.,

was elected President pro. tem. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Talbot, of Providence. A quartette sang, after which an historical address was delivered by Col. J. Albert Monroe, class of '58, of Providence, R. I., on

Early Education; its Relation to the War of the Rebellion.

The primary education and the primary educator is more frequently lost to sight than recalled, in the consideration and discussion of men who have achieved duties that have called forth general commendation. The higher school and the college receive the credit for that training of mind which has caused the hero to win the approbation of his fellow men, yet the character that makes the man in his mature years, or the young man in the active affairs of life, has its first training around the domestic hearth and in the primary school. The higher school and college undo false work done here and begin anew the formation of character or bring to perfection and chrystalize the work already well begun. Education develops brain power and trains the mind to a more comprehensive grasp of the problems that daily beset one in whatever sphere his fortunes may be cast.

In 1861 the conditions, the life and recreation of the young were the same as at the present day. There were games, prize fights, regattas; but there was something more than this. All recreation, all sport, was secondary and subordinate to a principle and current of thought underlying and superior to every act of daily life. There was not a native born man, woman, or child in the whole land whose mother tongue had not been learned in listening to discussions of national questions absorbing the public mind, all of which had sprung from a common root. Thus the young of the South for generations had been taught to believe in the divine recognition of the institution of slavery as superior to the general government, while those at the north were as firmly seated in their belief that the institution was of Satanic origin and that the general government was supreme in the regulation of social systems. One was loyal to his institution, the other to his country, and both determined to preserve and perpetuate them. When the first gun was fired from Moultrie it lighted a fire that spread a thousand times more rapidly than a prairie fire, for it went upon the wings of the lightning. An inspection of the rosters of the troops that entered the field at the first and second calls of the President clearly proves from the orthography of the names and locality of residences that more than nine-tenths were native born Americans, reared under the influence of American schools and institutions of learning. From these men, without special training for a soldier's vocation, were drawn nearly all the officers who directed the details of the most important military movements of modern times; for here the habits and instincts of the student counted for advancement. The soldier with mind trained to investigate and to become familiar with immediate surroundings, soon became an adept in his duties and was acquainted with the duties of the grade and perhaps several grades above him; and thus he was always the most available man for promotion and the higher he rose in rank the more valuable he became to the service. The private soldier, trained to the habits of a student, studied the duties of the non-commissioned officers and they the duties of the subalterns above them, and they in turn the duties of the commissioned officers near and far in advance of them. Such men, familiar with their own duties and prepared to execute them without hesitation and almost mechanically, knowing also the duties of their own officers, were able to antici-

pate and thereby prepare themselves and comrades to obey them promptly. Hundreds of incidents could be cited to illustrate that the men with trained minds were the ones mostly to be depended upon in critical situations, the same precisely as in civil life the educated man inspires more confidence than the uneducated man, whether he is engaged in professional training or in manual industry.

The Waning Century.

MRS. MARIETTA S. CASE.

The blessings it has brought to us and our responsibilities and duties in return.

Living in the golden splendor of the waning afternoon
Of the nineteenth century's cycle! Is not this a priceless boon?
Cynics ask—Is life worth living? Dark indeed that path must be.
With no light upon the problem of its noble destiny,
But whose way seems ever clouded in a hopeless mystery.

Worth the living! Shall we question wisdom far above our thought?
Him, who formed us in His likeness and our souls with ransom bought?
Who has given us richest blessings, food for body, soul, and mind,
Bidding us with countless mercies strive our highest good to find?
Thus our hearts to Him in homage with sweet influence seeks to bind.

If a doubt our minds doth shadow, fail doth faith's bright ministry,
With the thought—my life is useless—may we not all vainly try,
To arraign our wise Creator, but ourselves the question ask,
Do we well perform our duty, faithful to each daily task?
And the answer of our reason will the tempter's art unmask.

Favored more than any people, ancient land, or sunny clime,
Is our nation, with its being in this most progressive time,
Rich in all the great resources lavish Nature can bestow,
Mines, and fields, and waving forests, streams with never-ceasing flow,
And their yield abundant harvests, which the skilful hand doth know.

Since its grand victorious dawning, truly wonders have been wrought
On this soil blood-bought for freedom, soil for which our grandsires fought;
And our Alma Mater's birthday came so near the century's birth,
That to her is known the story, of its triumphs and its worth.
In the making of Columbia peerless midst the lands of earth.

Peerless in the fleet extension of its realm from sea to sea,
In its growth of population, marvel and rapidity,
In the wonderful inventions which unite its parts as one,
In the thoughts with lightning message, that, from rise to set of sun,
Flash its length and breadth the tidings of what is, and will be done.

In the universal freedom given to speech, and to the press,
In its laws where each, though friendless, for his wrongs may find redress,
In our schools, which teach the children ethics of true liberty,
In the giving to the bondmen, sovereign rights, equality,
And the higher education of the equals yet to be.

When our star emblazoned banner to the breeze was first unfurled,
Emblem dearest to this people but revered throughout the world),
Six and seven its stars were numbered in their firmament of blue,
Six times seven its constellation now makes visible to view,
And save three, these all were added since her life our Mater knew.

And her sons, when discord threatened former glory to efface,
When some stars would fain have wandered, and have fallen from their place,
Pain, privation, yet unheeding, summer's heat, and winter's frost,
Still resolving our fair banner to defend at any cost,
Helped to save those stars from falling, and not one of them is lost.

Now while pausing at the threshold of its tenth and last decade,
And while we, with glances backward, note what progress has been made,
While we give our land the glory which, by right, to her belongs,
And with gladsome hearts and voices sing our patriotic songs,
Can we still, with truth unfaltering, say that here exist no wrongs?

We are called a Christian nation, but is this full merited?
Are the precepts of our Saviour those by which our lives are led?
Do we welcome every stranger? Is there no restraining rod?
Is there no oppression westward of that race whose feet had trod
O'er these hills long ere the pilgrims sought these shores to worship God?

Do we cherish any evil for the revenue it brings?
Are our firesides safe protected from the curse that bites and stings?
Are there no heart-broken mothers for the woes that need not be,
For their sons held fast in bondage worse than human slavery?
For that only held the body, while the soul, though sad, was free.

Have we here no blighted childhood, chilled by
poverty's sharp blast?
When to us are shown the causes do we seek to
hold them fast?
Do we pass these by unheeded, saying they are
not our own,
And their trials, and misfortunes should to oth-
ers be made known,
That the author of their sorrows may for sor-
rows grief atone?

There are crises now upon us, stern as ever have
been met,
We must meet these obligations, or to others
leave the debt,
But unworthy of our birthright and its blessings
shall we prove,
If we hear the calls of duty, listless hear, and,
do not move
For humanity, but only in our self-appointed
groove.

We must bear our standard bravely as the gen-
erations past,
If we hope our institutions will the storm of
foes outlast;
For our strong proud bird of freedom, if thus
slighted, will not stay
Perched upon a wavering banner, lowered in
fear of common fray,
But will, with the light of courage, spread his
wings, and soar away.

On the ocean of God's bounty, safely has our
ship of state
Ridden through impending dangers, and will
brave what may await,
If her crew with tireless vigil, and administra-
tion wise,
Guide her course, and keep from drifting to the
rocks of compromise
With an evil, whose dark purpose just beneath
the false light lies.

When His Holy Word the compass, and the na-
tion's chart becomes,
And its precepts find their kingdom in our
hearts, our schools, our homes,
Then will peace, and joy, and plenty reign su-
preme throughout the realm,
With no fear that foes may triumph or that
storms will overwhelm,
Since the day-s'ar lights the voyage, and our
Father guides the helm.

Now to each true souled Alumnus, passed and
passing from these halls,
With the voice of inspiration, clear our Alma
Mater calls,
Telling them a share belongeth in this work to
every one,
In the lifting of others' burdens, in the deeds of
justice done,
In the safeguards to the youthful, so they evil
paths will shun;

Not neglecting our own households, lest the faith
we thus deny,
And make void the sacred mission to the home
and family,
But, with this, let other duties to humanity, and
God,
Fill our lives with lofty purpose to avert the
scourging rod,
That will fall upon the nation, which the paths
of wrong has trod.

Who can tell the joyful pæans, then the waning
years will sing?
Or what blessings the full-rounded, nineteenth
century will bring?
If the few, in might uprising say: We will not
bend the knee,
At a shrine whose power is evil, menacing our
liberty,
But will make our lives worth living, here, and
for the life to be.

So to us who here assemble, representing many
a year,
Who are met in glad home-coming with our wel-
come words of cheer,
Giving thanks that through her trials our brave
Mother's life is spared,
That, with pride we scan the record of the
names for whom she cared,
In whose honor she is honored, in whose glory
she has shared.

Comes anew her voice to thrill us, as the years
shall speed their round,
To the hour when her existence with a hundred
years is crowned,
To incite to greater efforts that her fame more
bright may be.
That her light may gleam with radiance from
the page of history,
With her youth renewed and strengthened, for
the dawning century.

Address of Prof. S. F. Upham, D. D.

Subject: "Some Educational Problems of To-day."

A republican form of government on the American continent is still an experiment; for though "the past at heart is secure," what concerning the present and the future? Nearly thirty years have passed since the proclamation of universal freedom, yet the slavery of ignorance remains with all its perils. How to avert those perils is the question which to-day confronts statesmen and churchmen, patriot and philanthropist. Let us look at this question more closely.

The perpetuity of a free state necessarily requires the general education of the people. In a democratic commonwealth, like ours, popular ignorance is an abiding consumption at the vitals of the body politic. Here is one peril. Said Dr. Bushnell, "It takes only two centuries to change the high civilization of our boasted Anglo-Saxon race into unmitigated barbarism." Look at a few statistics startling in their present reality, more startling in their prophecies of the future. The census of 1880 showed a total of 6,249,958 persons over ten years of age, in our country, unable to read or write; a gain of 581,814 over the census returns of 1870. In view of these facts need we ask why are all the friends of order, law

and religion so moved with anxiety, especially when the male portion of this mass of ignorance 21 years of age and upwards has all the rights, privileges and appurtenances of American citizens? Hon. John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, writes, "Figures disclose the alarming fact that in eleven states these illiterate voters outnumbered votes cast in the last Presidential election (1880) by either of the political parties. Thus if they unite under any strong, impassioned, successful leader they would have absolute control of legislation and offices in those states and of the election of 22 members of the U. S. Senate." Is there no danger of barbarism?

My friends, the irrepressible conflict is going on. Ignorance and intelligence are arrayed against each other, each contending for the mastery. Now in view of this fact two questions arise, viz., who is the agent entitled to direct the forces of intelligence and control education, and what is education? These questions are interdependent and must be answered very largely as one.

We have in our country an old-fashioned institution called the "common school". It is not the result of national legislation; but like most things in our country worth preserving is a New England idea. Says the historian Bancroft, "In the laws establishing common schools lies the secret of the character and success of New England". Ladies and gentlemen, I submit that the American common school which has moulded and controlled the intellectual life of generations and next to the Living God done more than any other agency to nourish in the nation the idea of the divineness of the government, the supremacy of the law, human equality and the inalienable rights of man is not to be uprooted and destroyed by the behest of an Infidel Club. But I am loth to confess the obvious trend is in the direction of the absolute secularization of the public schools. This change has been going on in our educational system despite two facts, First, we are a christian nation; and yet this nation has within itself men who reject school books because they contain the name of God.

Second, While this stupendous change in our educational system is going on, evangelical christianity has been steadily gaining. This change is looked upon by Christain educators with positive alarm. To thoughtful men the situation appears grave. Several suggestions have been made for the solution of the problem:

First, Each denomination may have its own schools endowed by the state and teach its own views of religion along with secular learning. This offers no solution of the problem.

Second, Give "unsectarian" religious instruction the first hour of the day, while parents who dissent are allowed to retain their children. This plan is un-American, in that it creates caste.

There are some people who say, "we shall have to come to this;" but let us see how the matter stands. *Secular* education is a possibility; secular *education* is an impossibility. Looking at this matter from another standpoint we see how insane and absurd this attempt is to secularize education. If a teacher has promised to give no hint of anything religious there are periods in history, facts in cosmogony, physiology, ethics and political economy which can not be considered by the class.

Now we ask in this peculiar juncture of affairs what are the duties imposed upon us? First, we must get rid of a weak and sickly sentimentalism. "Minorities have rights;" yes, and majorities have rights, and we must no longer submit to the dictations of an infidal minority. Second, there must be found some common basis on which the christian majority may stand. Standing on the common platform of principles based on the ethical teachings of Jesus Christ we should insist upon holding the nation true to the theory on which our fathers founded the public schools.

Third, In this crisis the church has a most important part to perform. Christian schools under her patronage and control are a necessity. The free Academy, not sectarian nor narrow, but Christian through and through, still has an important part to perform, and when we all shall have passed on may this old hill top for ages to come still be a point whence shall radiate the light of a sanctified learning.

The Alumni Dinner.

Balmy breezes and propitious skies greeted the Alumni and friends as they gathered in the roomy tent that spread its wings upon the campus. Caterer Tillinghast provided the spread and 208 was the number that found seats at the table where former students touched elbows and in the spirit of hearty good nature,

ıade the flow of soul complete.

When they had satisfied their physical eeds they turned with zest to the "feast f reason" which was presided over by)r. Upham, as Toastmaster. He ex-)ressed his pleasure at being present and ıis delight at greeting again old friends, ınd announced as the first toast, "Our Alma Mater," which was responded to by)r. Blakeslee. He stated the Alma Mater)f those present was renewing her youth; :hat the cloud of debt was clearing rapidly ıway. He said the old barracks system of boarding school was passing to the rear and as soon as the debt was raised it was purposed to erect cottages in which real home life might be enjoyed by the students who in each cottage would be in charge of a professor and his wife. At the conclusion of his remarks Dr. Upham said it was well to strike while the iron was hot; subscriptions were therefore solicited for the effacement of the Academy debt. Those present responded nobly and soon $441 were subscribed. The next toast, "The Founders of the Academy," was responded to by Professor Benjamin F. Leggett, who read a poem abounding in beautiful imagery and felicitous turns of thought. Dr. Upham stated that the school's Board of Directors was one of the best in the country and Rev. R. F. Raymond responded in an interesting manner to the toast, "Our Board of Directors." "The Alumni" was responded to by Rev. Geo. F. Brightman. Professor Conn, of Middletown, Conn., spoke on "Wesleyan University," telling of the improvements there and the worthy efforts put forth for the cause of education by the University. Hon. Philip Stiness, class of '42, replied to the toast "The Years before the Flood", after which the toast "The Former Principals" was replied to by Rev. Dr. Talbot who made interesting remarks on reminiscences of former principals. The various speakers were frequently interrupted by applause and the utmost enjoyment and good-fellowship reigned.

The Founders of the Academy.

BY PROF. BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

Just four-score years and eight ago—how swift the years have rolled,
These halls of learning proudly sprang—they hardly seem so old!
'Twas very long ago in sooth, so long that few recall
The good old customs of the day, and how they lived and all;
Perchance some one in looking back so very long ago
From our progressive age may deem those times a trifle slow,
But not too fast good friend, I pray, good deeds are more than fame,
And what they wrought for future years might make us blush for shame!

Let us recall the olden days—look on the faded scene,—
The stars that lit our banner folds were then but seventeen!
Ohio was the far-west then and Tennessee was wild
And where Kentucky spreads her forms a few cleared acres smiled!
The age of steam was yet unknown, for Hudson's classic stream
Had never felt the earnest throb of Fulton's mighty dream!

Then Rip Van Winkle had not slept in Katskill's lovely dells,
Nor Dame Van Winkle vexed her soul as Irving quaintly tells,
Nor Sleepy Hollow peopled yet from his prolific brain
Had echoed yet with "Ichabod," whose family name was Crane;
Old leather stocking had not been, though since a world-wide name.
And genial Irving loved so well was all unknown to fame!
Our Sumners, Grants and Lincolns then knew naught of earthly joy
And Bunker's towering shaft was not, and Webster but a boy!
Our later day to light the world its glory had not lent
When Monticello's gifted sage was honored President.

Just how they lived in such an age we really do not know
Without our "Uncle Tom" to read, and Harriet Beecher Stowe!
With Lowell, Holmes and Whittier and Emerson unborn,
Longfellow, too, and Tennyson, and Bryant at youth's morn!
A host of books we read to-day then never had a name,
And Haggard's tales and "Bob Ellsmere" had not been christened fame.

Without the bounties of our day, our blessings manifold,
They lived and loved as loyal men and grew serenely old:
Without our grand electric light, or gas, or gasolene,
Or e'en the cheerful evening glow of standard kerosene!
With reading, writing, 'rithmetic, geography and song,
And Murray's ancient grammar book with conjugations long,
A little Greek and Latin too, to give their words a flow;
It would be difficult to say just what they did'nt know!
Without our ltnes of telegraph—those nerves of human will,
That over land and under sea forever throb and thrill,—
Without our talking telephones and ocean steamers grand,
And palace cars that thunder down to broad Pacific's strand,
Our photographs and microphones that almost think and feel,
And all the thousand forms of thought that work for human weal.
And yet they kindly thought of us—of all our years would need:
And nobly sought to bless our time and the world's hunger feed:
And so they reared these spacious halls and wrought this work so grand,
They kindled Learning's flaming torch to light and cheer the land:
And since that day their influence has run the century through—
God bless them, for they builded well—far better than they knew!

God bless the old Academy—her sons and daughters fair,
Who homeward throng once more to meet her kind maternal care:
And bless her worthy President, who seems so well to thrive
You'd scarcely take him for three score, much less for eighty-five!
May Time but lightly touch his brow and prospering breezes blow
Till on his head shall softly fall the sifted flakes of snow!
God bless you friends and comrades all—may hope out-live your fears,
And each one wear life's gracious bloom at least a hundred years!

Annual Meeting of the Alumni.

Next on the program came the meeting of the Alumni held for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. The meeting was called to order by Rev. W. J. Smith, President pro. tem. On motion, the Chair appointed a committee of four to report nominations. By vote, the committee was instructed to nominate a President, three Vice Presidents and five members of the Executive Committee. Mrs. Professor Williams and Messrs. Wightman, Longley and Upham were appointed. The following list of officers were reported and elected:

President—Rev. W. J. Smith, A. M., Hazardville, Conn.

Vice Presidents—Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., L. L. D., Madison, N. J., Hon. Robert Henry, Fall River, Mass., Mrs. Professor Williams, Providence.

Treasurer—Hon. Job Gardiner, of Swansea, Mass.

Secretary—Walter B. Frost, Providence.

Executive Committee—A. Judson Ward, Newport, Hon. Philip Stiness, Providence, Miss Mary E. V. Brown, Wickford, Rev. S. O. Benton, of Providence, Miss Jennie A. Thomas, East Greenwich.

Mr. Frost was also made Secretary of the Executive Committee. On motion Hon. Job Gardner was continued as agent of the Eastman Memorial Fund, and also the Financial Agent of the Alumni Association.

Class Day Exercises.

Driving rain necessitated the holding of Class Day exercises in the chapel instead of on the lawn. Class president, B. F. Thompson presided. The program: Botanical Analysis, M. Allie Knowles; Class Prophecy, W. N. Esten; Address to the undergraduates, Abbie J. Hart; Class History, A. Mabel Shippee; Class Song, composed and set to music by C. C. Bradford, sung by Emma F. Carpenter; Class Yell, by the Class, "Hear ye, hear ye, here we are! Here, hear ye, here we are! Onward, ever upward, ah! M—D—three Cs—'90, Rah!" A picture of the Roman Forum was then presented to the Academy by the President on behalf of the class. The class song:

The day is at hand when farewells must be said
To the place that will always be dear:
Far away we may go, and remote we may be,
Yet in thought we will oft times be here.

We've finished our course, our race is well run,
And the goal we all hail with delight.
We will keep in the way that's narrow and straight,
And 'always' look 'up to the light.'

Dear schoolmates and friends, and kind teachers too,
You will long be remembered with love.
With regret we shall part, yet we cherish the hope
Of meeting in the light that's above.

Principal's Reception to the Graduating Class.

The day was pleasantly closed by a reception to the graduating class by the Principal in the parlors of his residence, Rose Cottage. In addition to the class of '90, there were present members of the Board of Directors, former graduates, visiting clergymen and friends of the Academy from far and near.

FRIDAY.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

The showers of Thursday night had laid the dust and cooled the air and a perfect morning heralded the arrival of the last day of the class of '90 at East Greenwich Academy. At 9:30 the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The platform was occupied by the professors, directors and trustees, while high on the front of the organ was seen in letters of gold the motto of the class, "Semper ad Lucem." Prayer was offered by Rev. J. E. Hawkins. The program:

Quartette, "No evil shall befall thee,".....Costa
Emma Carpenter, Nettie Luce, Emma Vaughn, Miss Greene.
Salutatory,..... Benjamin F. Thompson
True Greatness,.....Gertrude E. Maryott
Effect of Education on Superstition,.....
.....Annie M. Reynolds
Blind Girl of Castle Cuille,.....Longfellow,
Emma F. Carpenter.
The Loom of Fate,.....Allie M. Knowles
Ecce Caelum,.....William M. Esten
Offertoire in D Minor,.....Batiste,
Annie C. Holland.
Michael Angelo, ...Helen J. Thompson
Character Sculpture,.....Abbie J. Hart
Mice at Play, "The Bradley's,"..... .....
.....A. Maybelle Shippee
Woman Workers,..... Minnie E. Bisbee
Our Country,..... Benjamin F. Thompson
Overture, "Peter Schmoll,".....Weber
Elizabeth Weld, Clifford Bradford.
The Red Cross,.....Lizzie S. Boardman
As a Pigeon Flies, (Lewis).....Ella T. Butler
A Factor,..... .....Chas. A. Place
Light, with Valedictory Address,..Rose M. Fuller

The Principal addressed the class of '90 and diplomas were conferred by him as follows:

LATIN SCIENTIFIC.

Rose M. Fuller,.....East Greenwich, R. I.
Abbie S. Hart,..... ....Fall River, Mass.
Allie M. Knowles, ...East Greenwich, R. I.
Chas. A. Place, ... East Greenwich, R. I.
Benjamin F. Thompson,.....Ridgway, Pa.

SCIENTIFIC.

William M. Esten, ...Glendale, R. I.

ACADEMIC.

Lizzie S. Boardman,.....East Greenwich, R. I.
Minnie E. Bisbee,.....East Greenwich, R. I.
Annie M. Reynolds,.....Davisville, R. I.

MUSIC.

Clifford C. Bradford, (Organ)....Westerly, R. I.
Annie C. Holland, (Organ)..East Greenwich, R. I.
Emma F. Carpenter, (Voice)....Glendale, R. I.
Elizabeth W. Weld. (Theory of Piano)...
....East Greenwich, R. I

ELOCUTION.

Ella T. Butler,.....East Greenwich, R. I.
Emma F. Carpenter,.....Glendale, R. I.
A. Maybelle Shippee,....East Greenwich, R. I.

ART.

Helen J. Thompson, ...East Greenwich, R. I.
Gertrude E. Maryott,..... ...Wickford, R. I.

COMMERCIAL.

Daniel W. Vaughn, John M. Van Slycke,
William H. Bowker, Walter P. Tucker,
Mary E. McGettrick, Vesta K. Budlong.

ELOCUTION.

Nettie J. Luce, Nellie M. Wartman.

NORMAL.

Mabel E. Sweet, Annie M. Reynolds,
Minnie E. Bisbee, Lizzie S. Boardman.

Prizes were awarded as follows: The William A. Nye prize, $10, to that member of the Botany class who presented the Academy with the most complete herbarium of East Greenwich and vicinity—Sadie M. Wightman; the Fiske prize, the gift of Everett O. Fiske, A. M., of the Boston Teacher's Agency, consisting of a $25 set of the Harvard Shakespeare to that student who, having been a member of the Academy not less than three years, had excelled in general scholarship, punctuality and deportment, with special reference to deportment—Rose M. Fuller; the Carpenter prize, $5, the gift of H. B. Carpenter, of Central Falls, R. I., to that student who, remaining a year in school, had made the greatest improvement in penmanship—Fred B. Cobb; the Raymond prize, $10, the gift of Robert F. Raymond, Esq., of New Bedford, Mass., in two sums of $5 each to the two students who excelled in art—Gertrude E. Maryott, oil and charcoal, Helen J. Thompson, water colors; the Packard prize, $10, the gift of Prof. J. C. Packard, A. M., $5 for excellence in Algebra—William M. Esten; $5 for excellence in Geometry—Benjamin F. Thompson. Honorable mention was made of Charles A. Place and Allie M. Knowles. The Davis prize, $10, the gift of Rev. W. F. Davis, of Bristol, R. I., to that student who excels in Greek—Arthur Dechman; the Douglass prize, $10, the gift of R. S. Douglass, A. M., of Plymouth, Mass., to that student who excels in Latin—Rose M. Fuller. A second prize of $5 was awarded to Benjamin F. Thompson. The Hargraves prize, $10, the gift of John W. Hargraves, of Fall River, Mass., to that student who delivers the best original essay or oration—Rose M. Fuller. The Normal prize, $5, presented by a friend of the school, was awarded to Lizzie S. Boardman; the Johnson prize, $15, the gift of Rev. I. T. Johnson, of Oxford, Mass., awarded in two sums of $10 and $5 to those two gentleman students who excelled in declamation—first, Benjamin F. Thompson; second, Charles O. Judkins. Honorable mention was made of William G. Farwell. The Phillips prize, $15, the gift of Capt. William H. Phillips, of Taunton, Mass., in two sums of $10 and $5 to those two lady students who excelled in reading or recitation—first, Nettie J. Luce; second, A. Jennie Palmer.

Rev. J. H. Nutting said he would offer for next year a prize of $10 for the best original essay, the manuscript to be placed in the hands of a committee before graduation day under the direction of the Principal. Robert F. Raymond offered for next year a prize of $10 to be awarded to that student who should pass the best examination in the department of history. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. A. J. Coultas, and with congratulations, rejoicing, yes, and tears, the academic year of '89-'90 was ended.

Prize Essay, "Light,"

BY ROSE M. FULLER.

Beautiful to the believer is every work of Nature. To him there is language and beauty in the humblest flower and smallest insect, and he realizes that whenever beauty is presented to the eye, then should instruction enlighten the heart. But light, more than all other objects, combines both beauty and loveliness. Ask the poet what object affords him the most illustrations of various truths and he answers, "It is the light." Inquire of the painter what most occupies his attentions, and draws forth his skill, when transferring to canvass the lovely scenes of Nature, and his reply will be "The light." Ask the rhetorician what sentence in the language is most sublime and beautiful and he, too, answers, "And God said 'Let there be light' and there was light." Throughout the world's history how many examples and ideas of happiness, beauty and learning are symbolized by that one little word, "light." How well do we remember that noble band of Pilgrims who, braving the perils of an unknown sea and an unknown land, came to our shores for the advancement of the Christian faith and for the Glory of God who is the Father of all lights. I see it now—that one solitary ship—the Mayflower, freighted with the expectation of a future home, and sailing across an untried sea. Days, weeks and months go by, but they come not in sight of the longed for shore. With scanty provisions, now delayed by calm, now driven onward by the raging tempest, the storms increase, the waves beat high, the ship bounds madly from billow to billow. Now I see them rescued from these dangers coming at last to the ice-bound rocks of Plymouth, way-worn with the voyage, poorly clad, without shelter and almost without food among hostile tribes. "Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?"

Some proceed toward the light faster than others. These become the pioneers of the race. Of this number was Washington the Father of our Country, in whose bosom beat the true spirit of patriotism; and Abraham Lincoln, our martyr President, the Saviour of the Republic, the Emancipator of a Race long degraded and crushed in the chains of slavery.

Sons of Freedom! May every heart be a temple consecrated to the memory of that noble band who fearlessly marched forward hand in hand to the red battle-field. "Liberty rang from every mountain top, and answering valley echoed back the sound. From the high portals of the heavens, swift on the wings of the eternal mandate, came the spirit of freedom to rest in the bosoms of the brave, who adopted for their motto 'Liberty or Death.'" Fierce was the conflict and many a brave soldier fell in defence of his country. Anon the welcome shouts came floating on the air, and victory, victory immortal, burst from every loyal heart. "Then was Freedom born." "High on each mountain crag and in mid-air the soaring eagle spread his wings, to guard the ethereal stranger wrapped in the bands of stars and stripes."

Beautiful is light in its mystery. Often, as I behold our glorious flag wave in the free air and bright sunlight of heaven, does my heart throb with unexpressed feelings of regard for those who brought it in safety from the hand of oppression, and a silent prayer goes forth that its graceful folds may still float in the breezes of the free land of America.

Next in importance to that glorious light of freedom and justice is that of education. Alexander the Great paid Aristotle, his tutor, one million dollars in gold for his education. Luther's mother gathered wood and carried it home on her back in order that her little Martin might be undisturbed in his studies. And the name of Luther is one synonym for light. Shall we fall behind the ancients in our appreciation of education since the path has been made so much easier and so many obstacles to its progress have been removed? No. But at thy shrine, O Education, we, as a nation, pause to pay our homage. Here our best sympathies are awakened, our noblest, purest and highest tastes cultivated and our desire to be good and useful strengthened. Here, too, that seed of immortality, already sown within us, is cherished and unfolded; here the capacities and talents, with which God, Our Maker, hath endowed us, are developed to their fullest extent.

When the Hebrew poet endeavored to portray the beauty and majesty of God, he said, "Who covereth himself with light as with a garment." The light has its lessons for all, and so indispensable is it as a medium of instruction that it has become but the second name for knowledge, and its absence signifies ignorance. Beautiful is the light to the prisoner, when, after years of darkness, he stands beneath the sun's glad beams; and beautiful is it to the invalid when he emerges from the couch of illness into the bright ocean above and around him, and from the depths of a grateful heart blesses God for the light. Beautiful is light to the poor man when it comes through the little lattice to brighten his humble cot, and beautiful to the prince when it streams through gilded casements to illuminate his palace. Yet more beautiful is the fireside light when friends around it meet in that dearest of all earth's cherished spots, "Home, Sweet Home." But above, around and through all these, enhancing their brilliancy, shines the sublime light of Christianity. Christianity, that pure and radiant gem, which shines with no borrowed lustre, not only amplifies and transforms, but transfigures all life. Remove this light and the world is well nigh in darkness; for gone is that which keeps in order the rulers of the people, comforts the poor widow in her lonely toils, and comes with its cheering rays to those who sit stooping and feeble, with failing eyes and hungering heart. It is gone, all gone, only the cold, bleak world remains. The soul wearies with this unsatisfying round, and would fain emerge into a clearer light—a light that will give "beauty and comeliness" to many objects which have never assumed definite proportions by reason of the darkness. Lo! a star now appears in the horizon which floods the earth with glory and bathes the world, as it were, in a sea of liquid light. We no longer grope in darkness, for the gates of pearl are ajar. Through the open portals we catch a glimpse of the inexpressible brightness that radiates from the great white throne. We behold the angel throng, the redeemed saints whom no man can number, the crystal sea and the streets of gold. We hear a voice saying, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne." We hear the sounds of "harpers." Heavens high arches ring with the loud "Alleluias" and praises of "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands," saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain forever and ever." "And the Golden City has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, for the Glory of God doth lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Valedictory Address,

BY ROSE M. FULLER.

Learned and revered Principal, learned and honored professors, those whom your care has trained and equipped for the warfare of life, and prepared for the still higher education which is to be acquired by intercourse with the world are here to speak, through me, their regretful and affectionate farewells. They stand here to bid adieu to these halls of learning and to part with the associations connected with their terms of study. Dear teachers, it is hard to part with you. At first the discipline of the school might have seemed irksome, the rules rigid and those who were to instruct us so far above us in learning, as well as in position, as to make us all feel like strangers in a strange land. But we soon learned that the discipline was for our benefit, that the rules were dictated by good sense and sound judgment, and that our instructors were in sympathy with our hopes, tender of our fears, keenly alive to our virtues and lenient to our little follies. What words can we use to express our sense of obligation for your faithfulness to duty, our gratitude for your kindness and the love for you that has grown up in our hearts? What terms, which are not weak and poor, can we employ to express the warm feelings that fill and thrill our hearts? We came here doubtful for the moment and fearful for the future. Under your firm hand the steps that were feeble have become strong We go forth with all the honors the Academy can bestow, in the flush of success, clad in the garments of triumph. But no associations, however pleasant, no new ties to be created can ever make us forget the scenes of our daily study. If in future years we lead useful and successful lives, if some of us, as may be, should attain distinction in our chosen vocations, we shall often reflect that your instruction gave us the elements of our success. Dismiss with your blessing, as we stand here in gratitude, this class of 1890 upon whom you have conferred inestimable good. And now kind and beloved Principal and teachers, as we bid you good bye we hope and pray that your lives, so useful and beneficent in their noon, may be gilded by the golden rays of ease and comfort as your sun declines.

Friends and relatives, we regret to bid farewell to you. Our acquaintance has been very pleasant. We thank you for your kind applause, your favoring smiles, and for the interest you have shown in our work. These tokens of regard have caused us to number you among our friends, and to give you a place in our heart of hearts.

Undergraduates, you who come to see us start on our journey of life, you who are still to remain and take of the bread of knowledge in the shelter of these halls and under the care of those who are so well worthy of your love and obedience, yet a little while and you shall follow in our footsteps. Many of you began your journey up the Hill of Difficulty when we had just accomplished our first mile; others of you came later and some again, so close to our going, that you seem to have passed the wicket gate only a little way. Hoping that you, in turn, will go forth with the honors of the dear old school upon you, we bid you a reluctant, yet kind good-bye.

Much loved classmates, we not only have to part from those around us, but from each other. And this is the saddest parting of all. We have stood side by side in our long journey; we have toiled together and climbed the heights whose craggy steeps and slippery pathways caused us so much labor. We have fought our battles shoulder to

shoulder and won our triumph together, and now, with victorious banners, we stand exulting upon the field to be mustered out to go each by himself apart from his comrades. Seas may divide us, leagues of land may be between us, but our hearts shall be ever linked by the many memories—some tender, some sad and some joyful—and by the same noble aims. As we go forth from this dear old Academy may we cherish the memories and pleasures of our school-days. May we, relying upon the great Helper and keeping ever in view our grand motto, "Semper ad lucem," so live as to become honored and esteemed by those around us; so much so that if, at any time, our names should be spoken in connection with that of our Alma Mater no blush for our faults need rise to her cheek, but may her praises fall as a benediction upon us as she proudly acknowledges us as her children; so live that at the last Great Day when the divine Teacher shall call the roll of the just at Heaven's Gate each one of us may answer, "Present."

Friends, teachers, classmates and dear old school, good-bye.

NOTES.

New curtains each side of the chapel rostrum were hung just in time for anniversary.

The campus never looked better, and with the five arc lights during the evenings of anniversary week the place seemed a fairy land.

The piazza of the Principal's residence is now illuminated by an incandescent electric light; also the piazza of the Academy building.

On the occasion of the last chorus rehearsal of the term Miss Greene, the conductor, was presented by the class with a beautiful etching. Miss Greene is held in highest esteem by all for her many excellencies of character and her superior ability.

Among the many pleasant events of anniversary week was the breakfast given by the art class in the art room on Monday morning; also an astronomical supper with tables spread in the Cabinet, by the class in astronomy, on Saturday evening. Each member of the class invited one guest.

Mrs. E. P. H. Hayward, the very efficient matron, has accepted a similar position at the Theological School of Boston University, 72 Mt. Vernon street, Boston, for next year. The former matron there, Mrs. E. F. Martin, takes Mrs. Hayward's place here. Mrs. Martin has a daughter who will be a member of the school.

The Agassiz Association.

The last meeting for the term of Capter A of the Agassiz Association was held on Tuesday evening. The following officers were elected: President, Bertha Palmer; vice-President, Albert F. Blakeslee; Recording Sec'y, Mabel Palmer; Corresponding Sec'y, Audubon Arms, Treasurer, Nettie G. Fuller.

A paper on the Colorado Beetle was read by the President. A fine specimen of the dragon-fly was shown and a short account of it given. The members were very much interested in a branch of the fig-tree with fruit. A live chameleon from Florida was presented and created a lively interest. A report from a delegate sent to a meeting of the R. I. Association of the A. A., held in Providence the previous Saturday, was attentively listened to. The East Greenwich Chapter has been invited to join the association. Chapters thus connected have an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the best scientists of the State and can do much toward helping each other.

A list of all the chapters was presented by Prof. Packard. This list shows that the A. A. has at present over 15,000 members. The East Greenwich Chapter was organized April 1f, 1890, with eight members, but now numbers fifteen. Each member gives his attention to some special branch of the natural sciences and endeavors to form a cabinet to illustrate the subject. Quite a number have taken up the study of botany; others, the animal life of the sea-shore, etc. The botanists have brought in many beautiful and curious specimens of wild flowers to be found in this vicinity. A few of the members have been making collections of bugs, moths, butterflies and other insects. The interest in this work has steadily increased from the first, and it is hoped that there will be a full membership next fall.

All of the rooms of the Academy, with the exception of the chapel, have, for two years, been lighted with the incandescent electric light. The chapel has had four arc lights, but while it has been brilliantly lighted the sputtering of the lamps has been more or less an annoyance. Recently new electroliers and incandescent lamps were placed in position and the audiences of the anniversary exercises were greatly pleased with the change.

The students naturally enjoy getting the start of the Principal, which they do once in a while, and notably so the other morning when, instead of leaving the hall after chapel exercises as he dismissed them, Wm. Esten of the senior class came forward and placed an easel upon the rostum and was immediately followed by Benj. F. Thompson of the same class who bore what afterward proved to be a large crayon portrait of Dr. Blakeslee, which after a few felicitous remarks from Mr. Thompson was placed upon the easel in full view of the school, the work of Miss Gertrude E. Maryott, who graduated this year from the art department, and which she donates to the Principal. Dr. Blakeslee responded in his usual happy manner, expressing his gratitude for this expression of the good will of his pupils. The picture is pronounced excellent and the artistic work very fine.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is doubtful if the work of the East Greenwich Academy was ever of such uniform excellence as during the year just closed. From visitors and those most intimately acquainted with its affairs we hear nothing but the highest praise. The teaching has been thorough, painstaking, conscientious, and has not been confined to the class room, but attention has been given to social and religious life as well. The aim is to make men and women—to develop character. The social gatherings at the principal's residence, the quarter-hour daily chapel talks, the religious meetings, all have contributed to give a most important culture not to be gained from text books alone.

Where all departments are so excellent it seems invidious to mention any in particular. If, however, we were to call attention to what seems to us the greatest improvement over a few years ago, we would name the present high standard and the superior work done in the Art and Commercial departments. We doubt if it

is generally known that the Commercial training here is superior to that in many of the much advertised business colleges and at much less cost. The exhibit of the Art department has not been equalled in years.

The literary graduates of the Academy are taking increasingly high rank in the colleges. The essays and orations on graduating day were of a high order of merit and there was a manliness and womanliness, a self-reliance, a maturity of thought and bearing, which is lacking in the average city high school graduate.

The reunion was an important feature this year and the former students gave many expressions of the love they bear their Alma Mater.

We congratulate our community that we have such an institution in our midst. It should be the pride of every citizen, and its interests and future prosperity dear to all.

Louie Madison
to A M M Lawrence
Sept 22, 1957